

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

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GOOD WORKS.

A Notable Organization.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan have an informal organization which dates back to, perhaps, an earlier period than any other in this country. I think this took form about twenty-five years ago, and while that noble brother, J. O. Barrett, was missionary in this State. It is an informal body, rarely holding two consecutive meetings in the same place, whereby its quarterly gatherings have been able to reach a very large and varying constituency, bringing the truths of our philosophy before thousands of Vanuren and adjoining counties, and doing a good educational work.

The pioneers in this undertaking—the Sheffers, Warners, Browns and others—have been most devoted and self-sacrificing, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that this society has been instrumental in liberalizing the public sentiment, and breaking the force of superstition to some extent over a wide area. It is pleasant to record, too, that while there has been some difference of opinion, that in all these years a ripple of discord and not an unkindly word have disturbed the harmony of these conventions.

In this connection it is pertinent to inquire, why cannot such organizations be multiplied a hundred fold? I know no reason why in every Northern State many such meetings may not be successfully conducted with a little earnest work at the beginning. There is nothing exceptionally favorable in this locality. Spiritualists are not more numerous or more forehanded than in other sections. The expenses, individually, are slight. A small entrance fee at the annual grove meeting, and occasionally at the last session at other times, proves adequate, with a small individual subscription, for all expenditures; in fact, the pecuniary sacrifice should be hardly counted, as aside from the intellectual enlightenment, most members would quite generally agree that the friendly greetings and the social enjoyments are quite too well appreciated to be cheerfully foregone.

But may not the usefulness of these and similar gatherings be increased by a variation in the proceedings? Is it wise to fill in the entire time for five or six sessions with lectures, however profound or scholarly, while the audience, many of whom have been thus absorbing the divine afflatus for twenty years, sits in decorous silence, uttering never a word to break the established routine, neither upon topics of their own selection, nor in elaboration of criticism of the thought of the lecturer, as it is, it is a tax upon the speaker which is burdensome? At the last meeting Mr. Howe must have put in five to seven hours of solid talk, these lectures were, as usual, able and instructive, and gave great satisfaction. Of every speaker would be equal to such a strain, and, in any event, he thought of a lecture would be more fully outlined, and clearly apprehended.

Followed by a general discussion of the subject matter. The variety of thought and expression would heighten the interest and be more instructive to the audience. Such latitude would rock the nerves of the average clergyman, but we are under no obligations to spy their methods more than their words, and other organizations, whose noble purpose is the discovery of truth and the enlightenment of the members, whether religious, philosophical or scientific, give every opportunity for the widest discussion; such a course is exactly adapted to needs and propensities of an audience of intelligent, progressive, fearless and non-superstitious people, such as Spiritualists are supposed to be.

In all ways we should strive to make every person belonging to such an organization feel that he or she is of consequence to its success, and that each is a work and a responsibility of his or her own. Committees should be appointed for various purposes, including an executive committee, to report the order of proceedings. This is the usual custom at our quarterly meetings, as it divides the work, is democratic, and is most fitting for the whole membership to have a voice in determining the program.

Conferences should be encouraged, and not abandoned because they are not pronounced success at the first or second trial. The greatest latitude should be allowed, within reasonable limits as time, for the freest interchange of opinion, trusting to the good sense and discretion of speakers.

The first session might well be devoted to short speeches, free to all, the purporting, participating, as this would be informal and restrained than a first formal one is, delivered to a small audience, before the social intercourse and kindly interchange of thought have warmed and unified the mental atmosphere.

It is nothing to the purpose that few at the outset would participate in conference, and that sometimes the thought would be obscure and the delivery faltering. This is to be expected. Then, too, if the speaker is not brilliant, we are always thinking of the personality behind the words, and for this reason the words are often weighty, if not fluently delivered. But on the other hand, there is sure to be much of the thoughtful, vivid illustrations, and interesting experiences from men and women all unused to talking in public; and this power should be cultivated, and the local talent of the society,

which is always considerable, turned to the most profitable account by appointing different members to prepare and read essays at the following meeting.

This course, adopted and persevered in, would prove one of the most entertaining and instructive features of the meeting. Many striking facts and experiences, many valuable suggestions, and much sound thought, would thus be evolved, and give to the proceedings a cheerfulness, life and unity, with the flavor of personality, which would be profitable in many ways. Young persons who are now neglected, and more or less indifferent, could thus be drawn into the work, and be made zealous and efficient co-laborers.

What has been said about transforming and elevating the work of camp meetings is quite as applicable to meetings of this character. One writer advocates making our camps schools of spiritual philosophy. He would engage sound thinkers to discuss topics announced, to be followed by conference in which there could be an orderly interchange of thought and information gained by individual experience and research. In such a work, he says, there is work for all, and each can do a part.

Evidently there is a call upon us to come up higher. Is there not danger otherwise that, like the churches, we may get into a rut, and become narrow and non-progressive? If we continue to flail away at the old straw, already so thoroughly threshed, may we not end in a complete subjection to antiquated thought, and be counted out in the world's real work? Spiritualism teaches a progress that is more than a theory, and stands not only for a wide but widening outlook. It assures us immortality, leaving no contingent of the fear of eternal misery, and if we complacently stop here, feeling that our election is secure, without serious endeavor to make our work in the highest degree educational, reformatory and enduring for all who come within its influence, then we are crippled in our usefulness and unappreciative of our responsibility. No question vital to man's well-being and an advancing civilization is foreign to its purpose, and in connection with the discussion of the spiritual philosophy, specialists, scientific investigators, men of repute in different branches of learning, might with great advantage be called to our platform, and by thus diversifying and enlarging our work the future would yield richer harvests than any thus far reaped.

A. C. WOODRUFF.

South Haven, Mich.

TIED MOTHERS.

A little tired elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight.
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.
But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today—
We are so dull and thankless; and so slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surprising strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If you white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my house once more;
If I could mend a broken cart once more;
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say,
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never crumpled by a shining head;
My slumbering birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

PURE ANGELS VOICE OF LOVE.

Hark! from heaven's blissful sphere
An angel's voice methinks I hear;
Like music sweet it strikes mine ear,
And speaks of love.

Speaks to mortals here below,
Better ways of life to show;
Selfishness away to throw;
In love to move.

Welcome spirits to our home;
We're glad, indeed, that you have come,
To help us rise above the scum
Of carnal life.

A life offensive unto all
Spirits good who deem to call
Upon us mortals, of earth's ball,
In daily strife.

Strive to rise above the world,
Of darksome banners there unfurled,
Help us to rule may be hurried!
Pray help us, do!

Lest we all to grow pure love,
Such as angels grow above;
Pure as spotless emblem dove;
O, may it woo!

Woo us unto strong belief,
That away from mortal grief
We may turn to find relief,
By angel friends.

Friends who've laid their bodies by,
And to blissful realms did fly,
Where good spirits never die,
Pure love extend.

Now we know they hover 'round;
Evidence thereof abound;
Mediums oft hear the sound
Of voices sweet.

Voices by dear spirits given,
When from shining homes in heaven
Unto us they have arisen
With love replete.

—E. D. BLAKEMAN.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

Interesting Incidents and Tests.

No psychic researcher is any stronger believer in telepathy or mind-reading than I am. It does not explain the claim of Spiritualism, for it is the mortal part of man, not the mortal part, that reads mind and that can logically read it as well or better as a departed spirit than when in a mortal body, and as a firm believer in the fact of mind-reading; I am sure spirits cannot easily read my mind, even if they can at all. I proved that in writing a sealed letter to my father, who was a mortal, which was correctly answered without being out of my sight and signed, "Your once earthly but now spirit father." At the time my mind was fully charged with the fact that I was deceiving the spirit, and if the guide of the medium could have read my mind as it did the contents of the sealed letter, it would have saved itself the deception; and I have proved this absolutely a hundred times since, that my mind is a sealed book to the general run of spirits. I suppose I am so constituted.

I have lately had a sitting with a medium who never saw me, and did not know me. I was an entire stranger to her. A friend in New York said she was visiting in this city, and she wished I might have a sitting with her, and then tell him what I thought of it. I did so at once; was glad of the opportunity, as I am so generally apt to be known, so that what would be tests to some would not be to me. I called, found her engaged with a sitter, and so waited until she was at leisure. When she appeared it had got to be a little late, near my dinner time, so when she said to me: "Are you waiting for a sitting?" I said it was late and I would make an appointment, and we fixed the following Saturday, and as I was about going she said: "Your son, who is with you, seems disappointed, and says: 'Make father stop, I want to talk with him.'" This was quite unexpected. He did not know I had a son, or that he was a spirit. There was such an honesty in the expression that I considered it a good test, and I forgot my dinner and concluded to stop and see what he had to say.

Now, what I am going to relate will be actually spirit intercourse; it ought to settle the question of departed spirits, and would with me, had I had no other evidence. It must be the departed spirit it claims to be, and so of the others that come on this occasion. Some might say mind reading would account for it. Well, it might, but it does not with me for reasons stated. I think, if it were necessary, I can give evidence that it was not. This intercourse is just what it claims to be, a talk with my departed son and other familiar departed faces. I think those who know me will be interested in this experience, and it should settle the matter of a conscious future life, if it does not of immortality, and that is all I ever try to prove; but as Mr. Savage says: "If a man survives one death, it is conceivable that he may survive several or even a thousand, and forever."

When we entered her sanctum she became entranced and said: "Your son, who seems to be still at your side, is a fine young spirit. He calls you father, and that was the way I knew he was your son. His name is Elly, or Etty, no Elliott—Elliott Wetherbee."

"That is correct," said I. "I am glad, Etty, you are here."
The medium, continuing, said: "He passed away a few years ago. He died (she somewhat hesitated) by—yes, by suicide. It was a mistake he says, and he ought not to have left you. He was sorry for it as soon as he was a spirit. He is a noble spirit; has progressed finely, and it is due to you, you and his mother; he thinks everything of you, and he is with you both at the home a great deal."

I then said, addressing the entranced medium: "I wish I could realize your presence more than I do. We miss you very much. We don't know whether you are with us, as you say, or not. We have had hard times ever since you left us."

"Oh! I know that," said Etty through the medium. "I have tried all I could to sustain and help you, and you must feel at times that I am with you."

"Well, I do," said I, "but still I do not see how you can be happy, seeing how I am situated, and it is due in a measure to your unnecessary departure. I need your help, and you must know it, if you are with me as you say you are. I would turn heaven and earth to aid you were I a spirit and you a mortal, as I am."

The control then said: "He appears to be a fine spirit, and is very devoted to you both. He thinks everything of his mother."

Etty, then speaking in the first person, said: "Mother is thinking of me all the time."

"I know it," I said. "It is sad, Etty, because I am so close to her."

"I am at home with you as much as I was, and even more than when I was with you in mortal form."

I said: "I wish I had more tangible evidence of it—sort of realize it more than I do."

"Well, it is so," said the spirit, "all the same, and if you, father, was a spirit, you would know it. Still you must have impressions that I am with you."

"Well, I do have them, but impressions are not sensuous evidence. If you are with us so much, you must know how often I say that it is strange you

don't do something for me. I work for the spirits, and often say, 'How can you be happy knowing we need you, and miss you so.'"

Etty said: "I read you and help you spiritually more than I do physically, for I am a spirit; but I am interested in you every way. Nothing can happen to you but I feel it too. Perhaps I see the silver lining of the clouds that you as a mortal cannot see."

The control seemed to break in here, and said: "I see a change in your affairs for the better; I sometimes look into people's material affairs. In less than a year you will receive some money, a legacy from some one who will die; that is the way the money will come."

I asked then: "Is my son saying this?"

"He is using me," said the control, "but it is his suggestion, and he says you probably know to whom he refers."

I said: "I certainly do not, nor do I expect any bequest. I need it enough, but I have found spirits, promises or prophecies are apt to end in smoke."

"Well," said he, "this one will not." It would be a good test if for once they were right, but I shall not run into debt on any great expectations.

This spirit interview with my spirit son was very convincingly like him: name, mode of departure and family attachment were all perfect. The only thing in the interview that was not like him was his endowment prophecy. Why that was said, and how it was said, I do not understand. Well, all I can hope is: it will prove the exception to the general rule. Under all the circumstances I consider it a remarkable test, not only of his living presence, but of the presence of others of the old familiar family faces. There was not a guess name or superfluous one. It would be interesting to write them out some day, but I am already making this letter too long, so I will only say the following persons put in their invisible presence: My sister Adeline, who died in 1854; my daughter Hattie, who spoke of her brother Elliott; my brother William; my niece Mary Mathews; my aunt, Eliza Clap; my valued brother-in-law, Albert T. Elliott, for whom my son was named; so this was rather a family affair, and each identified himself or herself in a most extraordinary manner. Not a superfluous name came. Every one that came I recognized; they were the ones likely to come. Last of all came two outsiders, my friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent, and my very intimate friend, Wendell Phillips, both of whom identified themselves unmistakably. Take it altogether, it was a remarkable sitting, and one for which I was very thankful, and I think it will interest my friends who are numerous, and that will apologize for the details, which, of course, are only specially interesting to myself; but I am sure every one will see in this statement the evidence of a future life, and that is my reason for writing it.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Mass.

MY LITTLE BOY WITH LAUGHING EYES.

BY BISHOP A. BEALS.

When the days grow drear and chill
And my steps uncertain tread the way,
When no sunshine comes to still
The evils of the darkling day,
While heavy clouds portentous roll
Throughout veiled, arching skies,
Then your gentle presence fills my soul,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When I sit by sorrow's troubled stream,
With its sad murmur in my ear,
With but a faint and fitful gleam
Of love's summer-light and cheer;
When through the wanes of sorrow's night
There comes with glad surprise
Your dear radiant face of light,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When, too, your days shall fill with cure
And youth shall chase away,
The pleasures of earth's sunbeam prayer
Upon life's morning spray,
Then may God's sweet expression fall
From out love's bending skies,
And manhood's noble presence call
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When life's morning dream shall span
You, glorious as the rainbow arch,
And lessons rich from man to man
Lead on in wisdom's march,
Then may love's golden sunshine kiss
Your life of earthly sighs,
And all you with a heavenly bliss,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When morn and day are nearly passed
And shadows kiss the west,
And round your soul there linger fast
The light of angelic bliss,
Then may some loving presences cheer
Beyond earth's breaking lines
And whisper of the best land near,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

The Leading Spiritualist Paper.

Dr. J. M. Temple, platform test medium, of San Diego, Cal., writes: "We wish to subscribe for your worthy Spiritualist paper, the most popular and interesting one issued. We have made a tour of Southern California this winter, working at the Spiritual Camp-meeting at Summerland, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, and at present in San Diego, and we have noticed that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was the leading Spiritualist paper. While we are here we are engaged for every Sunday morning at the Spiritual Society of National City, a suburb of San Diego, while Sunday evening we hold our independent meeting here. This is a good field for workers, and we hope to be the means of forming a new society. There is none here at present."

THE ISSUE MADE.

Both Sides Fairly Stated.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your very admirable number of Dec. 26th, among the many interesting articles worthy of close attention, I observe one upon the subject of National Organization, through the "Guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond." Only from the fact of this high and respectable authority would I again presume to ask space in your valuable columns, to consider this oft-repeated subject. Coming through what Spiritualists delight to accept as good authority generally, I trust the article will be read by all who have carefully considered this question of National Organization, although the article occupies nearly three columns; but I think the subject is fairly presented, and the arguments from both sides duly considered, so far as they go. They are at least sufficient to make up the issue; and if determined in the negative, or in accepting the angelic authority, will settle the question of national organization, probably, for some years to come. While I have great respect for the opinions of our friends coming from the other side of life, under proper conditions, my experience leads me to the conclusion that they are not always wise or truthful, and that they often differ widely in their opinions and instructions, especially when being consulted in regard to matters pertaining to this life.

If the great body of Spiritualists endorse this writer, and believe they have nothing more to do than they are doing, to advance the cause of Spiritualism and humanity, or that no additional good can be secured to the cause, or to the world, by a well-organized and well-conducted national organization, they can very safely and very satisfactorily accept the arguments of the article referred to.

If such Spiritualists believe the Nineteenth Century has developed no improved methods of disseminating knowledge, of relieving suffering, of improving morals and of advancing science, they may be satisfied to leave their spiritual advancement and the well-being of society and the cause of Spiritualism entirely in the hands of their spirit friends. But there are many who believe, in the language of the Bible, they should "work out their own salvation" by modern methods of organization and co-operation, in acts of benevolence, good morals, etc., and in extending the knowledge of Spiritualism and pure morality to the ignorant and those who are deprived of this "bread of life," of which they have heard so little, and of which there is so much to be said.

The success and the example of their contemporaries, in extending these great auxiliaries to human advancement, is so apparent they do not feel that they can sit idly by and leave unimproved these great advantages, secured only through organization and co-operation. So far as the record goes, I know of no evidence that our spirit friends have assumed control or direction of our spiritual affairs, or relieved us of the responsibility of that very beneficial duty to ourselves as yet.

To be sure, they have opened the way and made it possible for a comparative few to walk therein. At the same time they have opened a door whereby the few can be and are advancing, slowly, leading the multitude to better light and purer lives. For this inestimable boon every true Spiritualist must feel forever grateful. But having placed us in position where we can help ourselves, is there any good reason why we should not do so? In what way can we benefit ourselves so much as by teaching and assisting others to walk in the light by which our footsteps are directed?

The great length of the article under consideration must prevent criticism, only in a general way. In fact, I am willing to accept what the writer "admits for the sake of argument" are the principal points favorable to national organization. To me they are quite conclusive, although to this author they are, of course, quite inconclusive. I submit to the judgment of those who have studied the question and read the arguments.

Remark that, from the mundane point of view, the "outpouring of the spirit," to which the writer refers, has never been of sufficient force or influence to overcome the long-cherished belief in human agency as the legitimate means of educating the young and directing the old; and yet he denounces in the most emphatic terms the thought of schools or institutions of learning, where the rising generations may be taught "without the baneful effects of a sectarian theology." While we have great faith in the possibilities of the future, through the power and influence of spirit agencies, the denizens of the nineteenth century have a great deal to unlearn before they will quietly abandon their long-cherished methods of moral and spiritual education.

If co-operation and local organizations are a necessity, as this writer claims, they are in promoting the cause of Spiritualism, in this republican America, it seems difficult to understand why, if local organizations are a necessity in carrying forward great enterprises and moral reforms, which is usually done, a head, a controlling influence, an organization, to give advice, character, and general direction, should not be equally legitimate and necessary in the Spiritual philosophy; not for the purpose of formulating creeds and dogmas, or exercising spiritual control.

In the present disorganized condition, "what is everybody's business is no one's," and our spirit friends seem to be devoting their principal interest where human agencies are the most active. A national organization would render effective all auxiliary associations, and

place in working order the practical machinery of which the Spirit-world could avail itself in carrying forward the great work so quietly and effectively introduced by them forty-three years ago.

But if, as suggested in the very interesting article referred to, the Spirit-world propose to ignore human agency in the future management of this great Spiritual movement, the friends and advocates of modern Spiritualism ought to be ever grateful, and feel that their "lines have fallen to them in pleasant places," whenever the new dispensation is inaugurated. E. W. GOULD.

St. Louis, Mo.

BEYOND THE GATES.

Mrs. Francis Atkinson, aged 81 years, passed to the higher life from her late home in Oxford, Ind., the 4th inst. Her husband, Thomas Atkinson, joined her in her home beyond the gates four days later, his passage from earth-life occurring the 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson in earlier life believed in the principles of the Quaker Church, of which their ancestors were members; but later, they embraced Spiritualism, and rejoiced in the consolation of its teachings until their last moments on earth. This couple had journeyed hand in hand for nearly three-score and ten years, their married life dating from 1825. Twelve children were born to them, six daughters and six sons; four sons preceded them to spirit-life.

Mr. Atkinson was the first one taken ill; his sickness had covered a period of less than two weeks, when Mrs. Atkinson was stricken down, but her illness was not considered serious. She had been very much worried over her husband's condition, and prayed she might not be left to survive him. How literally her prayer was granted! For her departure was a surprise to all; she went out without a struggle—went to prepare a beautiful home for the companion who was truly a part of her life.

As soon as it was made known to Mr. Atkinson that his life companion had left the form, he commenced making arrangements for their joint funeral, knowing he could survive but a short time. His mind was clear as long as he breathed, and he went into every detail relative to the prospective funeral with as much consideration as he ever planned anything in his life. He expressed a desire not only who should conduct the services, and who should say the last words over their remains, but selected the hymns which he desired sung by the congregation (unaccompanied by an instrument), and he particularly requested that his grandchildren should sing one of his favorites,—"namely it"—and that the congregation should sing while the friends took leave of the remains.

Dr. L. Bushnell (President of the First Society of Spiritualists, of this city), an old friend of Mr. Atkinson, was selected to take charge of the funeral ceremonies, and the writer was invited to say such words as the spirit might give utterance. Every Protestant church in the town was tendered to the family for the funeral service. The Presbyterian was accepted, and although it was a very cold and stormy day, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were compelled to stand during the entire service.

Dr. Bushnell opened the exercises with a few well-chosen words, and read a brief life-sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson which had been furnished him by the family. This was followed with congregational singing. The writer was then introduced, and after a short invocation, the grandchildren of the departed sang the hymn selected by their grandfather. "The Spiritualistic Idea of Death and Its To-Morrow," formed the basis of the discourse on this occasion. I was glad to know that the friends were entirely satisfied with the effort.

At the conclusion of the discourse Dr. Bushnell related a vision that had been presented to him, of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, as they stood in the presence of their friends, reunited in Spirit-life. It was beautiful, and in keeping with the teachings of our philosophy.

According to Mr. Atkinson's wishes, the congregation sang as the friends took leave of the remains. It was out of the ordinary course of funeral proceedings, but it was a pleasant departure. Notwithstanding my notice is lengthy, I cannot forbear relating an incident that occurred a little time previous to the departure of Brother and Sister Atkinson: One morning Mrs. Atkinson observed the outlines of a hand on the window-pane (it remained some time), and she remarked concerning it: "It may be a spirit hand, beckoning us away." How little they thought the hand was so near.

The little home is, in one sense, deserted; "father and mother gone," but the children know they are not left comfortless. They have the consolation that Spiritualism alone can give.

The aged pilgrims who have passed beyond the gates were pronounced by persons in the community where they lived as one of the most lovable of old couples; everybody enjoyed their society. Their home was "a little heaven on earth." They were kind to the suffering; sympathetic and tender toward the sorrowful, and ever with kind words sought to bless and make the world brighter. MATTIE E. HULL.

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Result of a Life Well Spent on Earth.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

There is no more fitting opportunity than the present for a few words on the subject of the final result of a life well-spent on earth. The great aim of mankind is to reach some particular end or purpose. The more a man knows the more ambitious he is to accomplish something, either for his own benefit or for the benefit of others. When he has seen his hopes fulfilled and his efforts crowned with success he says to himself: "Now I have succeeded in my plans and I will rest upon my laurels." He builds a house for a home, and there he thinks he shall live and die in comparative peace and contentment; but he soon finds that there is neither peace nor contentment in this world, and a sense of uneasiness and unrest takes hold of him. The moment he gets ready to enjoy life he finds that there are many things besides having a home and wealth to secure his happiness. The spirit craves its particular modes and methods of living, and aspires to a kind of enjoyment above mere sense, and much more refined than the material pleasures that gratify it. We are apt to think that the ordinary ways of life are dull and prosaic, and that the ordinary pursuits are tedious and wearying; but when we withdraw from them we find ourselves ill at ease, time hangs heavily upon our hands, and we conclude that it is better to do something rather than nothing.

Now comes the time when the spirit of a man can be brought out, and if it has a fair chance in regard to what is to be done, it will lead to a life in which it will play its part and carry on the man to better and better things, as time passes on, until the end of all things earthly approaches, and it plumes its flight into the invisible and the divine. When this happens there is a grand rush of friends and relatives to the funeral, and sadness clouds every face, and all the conventional modes of entering sympathy and expressing sorrow are indulged in, as if the man were indeed dead forever. This is what usually takes place, and mention is made of his good qualities, and perchance, of the good he had done, and he is buried out of sight, as if there were no more hope for him and no more life. The opposite of this is, however, the truth. The man was never more alive than at the moment of his obsequies, and if a good man, his condition was never so happy, and all the lamentation over his grave is as inconsistent as it would be to bewail his recovery from his sickness and his complete restoration to health, for no earthly good fortune can be compared to that of a spirit who rises from earth-life to the higher planes of immortal glory. When, therefore, we see a man living for this world alone, taking no thought of the one to come, and never preparing for its existence by living a good life here, then, indeed, there is occasion for sorrow and gloom at his death, no matter what fame or wealth he may have acquired, for these will be of little account in the great reckoning of the spirit. The final result is, therefore, to believe in God and humanity, and to so live as if we were conscious that the eye of the former was ever upon us, and the hope of the latter rose and fell with the ceaseless flow of man's conduct and elevation.

EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT-LIFE OF ONE WHO HAD BEEN IN PUBLIC LIFE WHILE ON EARTH.

I was a man of busy habits and led a very active life. Being much of a public man and having held many responsible positions, my attention was not devoted to anything of a spiritual character, and my mind was therefore free from all the prejudice that usually accompanies a life devoted to religious contemplations. There were many things to excite my wonder in the works of nature, but none of these ever attracted my attention from the objects of my ambition. Power, place and influence, were the grand aims of all my thoughts and pursuits, and when disappointment and failure attended my best-laid plans, I had no resource in my own consciousness and no hope outside of my own efforts. I could appeal to no faith in my own soul, to no hope of relief from any power above or below myself. At last ambition began to lose its influence and the pursuit of position seemed scarcely worth an effort to obtain them. I became moody and determined to abandon all hope of success. My record seemed to be closed, and a new race of public men entered upon the stage. At this period of my career a new light broke into my soul—a light from above. Strange voices were sounded in my ears, and visions of surpassing beauty passed before my eyes. I do not mean this in a physical sense. The voices I heard and the sights I saw were of the spirit, and impalpable to the senses. These were none the less real to me, and I seemed to enter into a new world. My whole nature was imbued with a new life, and my friends who had passed away long before came back with messages of love and tokens of identity that I could not doubt. From that time on I lived a spiritual life as near as I could, and enjoyed existence as I had never done before. At length the hour came for my departure, and I laid down my body forever and came to my home in the world of souls. The change was one of the most wonderful kind. I found a new thrill of life, a new sense of relief, and my form, though in appearance the same, was so changed that I could scarcely realize it was still myself. The body was gone, and in its place and form there was a counterpart corresponding in every essential particular, but light and luminous as a transparent crystal, and so void of gravity that I could ascend or go forward by a wish. There was an exquisite feeling of freedom, an elastic and vivid power of motion that made activity a

pleasure; but I cannot convey in your language any adequate idea of the wonderful transformation. There were no means used to put me in this condition. I became what I was without an effort and without assistance. This state of being was not, however, without a deep feeling of my responsibilities; and friends and instructors soon taught me how to discharge them. It appears that the event of my coming had been foreseen, and ample provision made for my reception; and I was immediately surrounded by those who had charge of the new arrival. I joined the circle and was at once admitted into companionship.

My first experience may interest you. I was taken to a very beautiful spot where stood an immense building, and in this I was located, with apartments. Here I remained under the tender care of those who were to impart all information necessary to my condition. For instance, how to do and how to act in a variety of circumstances until I should be able to be my own preceptor. In this company I enjoyed the greatest happiness. The loving kindness of those about me made the place seem heavenly. Many of the inmates were in the same condition as myself, and there hundreds and thousands of happy beings engaged in the same divine work. When I left this place I went to my home. On earth I had been twice married, and thought it singular that I had seen neither of my wives, and upon expressing my surprise, I was informed that they were not necessarily my wives any more, and would not join me in that relation unless there was between us a harmony of mind and soul that would constitute real marriage, for that is the basis of the marital relation in spirit-life.

I am now engaged a great deal of the time in what might be termed public business. I go to different localities and deliver addresses, or what might be called such, on moral and spiritual subjects, and many others do the same on scientific subjects. But the work which engrosses my time most is the cultivation of my own spirit. We congregate together and discuss spiritual matters, and just at this time there is great interest in spirit communion with the earth. In this work I expect to be much engaged, and it is the hope of us all that you may be used for this purpose.

And now, my dear friend, I desire to express to you my sincere thanks for allowing me this chance of writing. Adieu!

A Pathetic Scene.

THE CHARLIE WHO ASSISTED HER.

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take—I give it willingly,
For invisible to thee
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

"Can you give me a day's work?" asked a poor woman of a well-to-do matron. "You look very delicate," said the lady. "I need some one to wash, but you do not seem strong enough for the work." "Oh, yes; only try me and you will see. I have been sick and got behind-hand, and my children need bread; besides, Charlie will help carry the water and lift the tubs," concluded the woman eagerly. "Who is Charlie?" asked the lady of the house. "My husband, ma'am," was the low answer. The woman was engaged, and did her work well, but there was something that troubled the mistress of the house greatly. As soon as she left the house the woman would call Charlie, and she would hear her voice talking and laughing, and holding converse with some one, but when she went into the room there would be no one there. The water was carried, the tubs all lifted in their places, but the slight woman who washed was the only person who was visible. When the lady of the house paid her she said, "Call your husband; I would like to see him." "He wouldn't come, ma'am," said the woman simply. "No one ever sees him but me."

What do you mean?" asked the lady in astonishment. "Why, ma'am, Charlie is dead himself, but his spirit comes and helps me; how could I work this way if it didn't? I could no more lift one of those tubs of water alone than you could, ma'am. He's come ever since I was sick, and helped me that way." The compassionate lady placed another coin with those she had already given, "for Charlie and his children," she said; with tears in her eyes, and she saw afterward that the sick and wearied mother was helped by living hands. But there must be many people bearing burdens greater than they are able to, who are helped and made stronger by invisible guides—the memory of some dead Charlie, who lifts unseen the heavy load, with whom they commune as they work. How would the dull routine of daily life be glorified, could we for one moment see the angel helper at our side! It may be only a vague theory, the delusion of a sick brain—and there is an infinite sadness in it—but surely

"It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead.
To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round;
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from Heavenly ground."
—*Medium and Daybreak, London.*

Gladstone will be known as a Greek scholar and writer, some people think, as long as his fame as a statesman shall endure, and were he no statesman at all, he would be famous as an author. Yet great statesmen are rarely great authors. It is said with all seriousness that Chatham and Pitt, Wilberforce, Fox, and O'Connell "have left nothing which is in literature." Burke, the orator, statesman, and author, left speeches that will live with those of Demosthenes.

H. K. Davis: I consider it a grand spiritual paper in every respect.
M. L. Nottger: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a gem of the first water, and no mistake.
A. P. Beebe: It gives me a weekly feast of more than ordinary pleasure and profit.

An Expressive Vision.

An angel, clad in garments white,
Brought words of peace from realms of light,
In tones convincing, calm and clear,
Which banished quite my every fear—
She told of God, and spirit bands,
Who wander on through promised lands:
"Freed from corroding care," she cried,
"Fed with a feast which earth denied."
Upward and onward, ever led,
Happy are they—the holy dead.

"Filled with a wealth of love supreme,
Buoyed on the breast of endless stream,
Eternally they journey on,
Despair and doubt forever gone.
Passing many a shining shore,
They grasp some great undreamt-of store
Of possibilities so vast
No tongue can tell till death be passed.
Upward and onward ever led,
Happy are they—the holy dead."

"They glide o'er countless golden strands
To some more bright—still better lands;
Whilst beauties open more and more
With each succeeding shining shore.
On wings of light they speed through space
To sparkling founts of Godly grace.
Another change. They live again
Upon some great unthought-of plane.
Thus upward, onward, ever led,
Happy are they—the holy dead."

"Thither come, from day to night,
To tell thee what is wrong, what right;
To teach thee how to welcome death,
To teach thee how to lose breath;
To teach thee how to live, to die,
That death may waft thy soul on high,
And life may be for ever and aye,
Beyond the tomb, eternal day.
Upward and onward ever led,
Happy are they—the holy dead."

"If thou wouldst work, for bliss aspire,
Be thou of love a smoldering fire;
Burn warm and bright in sorrow's night,
To wanderers be a harbor light,
Glow in the gloom, a near, afar,
For storm-tossed ones a guiding star,
Be pure, be good, then shalt thou shine
Beyond the clouds in spheres divine.
Now am I called. Farewell, farewell;
And never fear thy funeral knell.
Upward and onward ever led,
Happy are all the holy dead.—A. H. B.

The Work at Bricklayers' Hall.

TO THE EDITOR:—I want to add my mite to the stream of evidence of spirit intelligence that is constantly gathering volume from all quarters of the globe, and is destined eventually to roll onward until in its immensity it shall sweep all opposition before it like a mighty wave.

All hail to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in its new dress. The New Revelation was just what was needed to open the minds of many who were in a state of pious lethargy, from which it has been the means of awakening them. May the 20,000 subscribers soon be reached so that they may receive another stimulus.

And now, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I would like to speak of the work that is being done at Bricklayers' Hall, Peoria and Monroe streets, where meetings are presided over every Sunday afternoon by our enthusiastic co-worker, Bro. Jenifer. These meetings are largely attended, and here from time to time may be found the best mediumistic talent the country affords. But more especially do I wish to speak of the meeting held there on Jan. 10th. It was one of intense interest. Music, a very interesting discourse by Bro. Brooks, State Missionary, mind reading of Prof. Sundean, and some excellent tests in clairvoyance by Prof. Reese, of this city, constituted the programme. Mr. Brooks is one of the most logic speakers on the philosophy it has been my good fortune to hear. Prof. Sundean is a Swedish gentleman, and has been in this country but a few years; his tests in mind reading are all given while blindfolded. Prof. Reese is one of the most wonderful clairvoyants I have ever met. He gives full names and dates; tells one of his most profound thoughts, and all in such a manner that the most skeptical minds are forced to admit the truth of his assertions. J. H. GUTHRIE.

Chicago, Ill.

He Dreamed a Cure.

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Although not a Spiritualist, I have consulted quite a number of clairvoyants in regard to my health, which at present is very poor, I being scarcely able to follow my employment. I have had medicine treatments and some of the best advertised specialists in chronic and nervous disease, among them the celebrated Nervine Doctor of Boston, Mass., but all seemed to fail to reach my case. Was about despairing of ever being any better; but one night when tossing on my bed the following dream or vision was presented to me: I seemed to be taken to a room in a private house. While therein I heard these words, "If you can see the lady who occupies that room, you can be restored to health." The lady I saw was tall and slender, and had black hair. This I related to several of my friends, but none of them knew of such a room or lady. Over two months passed, and one day, feeling discouraged and despondent, I quit my work to go and see another doctor. I had gone half a mile or more down street when I heard very distinctly the words 373 Bond street ringing in my ears, so I retraced my steps some quarter of a mile, and came to the house, and the name "Clairvoyant" was in the window. I asked for a sitting, got a diagnosis, which was as nearly correct as I could tell myself. It was the same room, same furniture and lady I saw in my dream, engaged only one week ago. Can any one of your readers explain why I should have a dream and see a lady who at the time did not have an office in this city, nor for two months after my dream? The Indian control was named Co-ka-chee, and told me to take baths and have magnetic treatments from Dr. B. to whom I related my dream. I never met a healer so powerful. He seemed to impart to my weak and diseased body new life and vitality. GEORGE ALLEN.

Providence, R. I.

E. Duncan: I like your paper very much, and think it is one of the most spicy Spiritualist papers there is published.
R. W. Simpson: It is impossible for me to do without the paper. It is so instructive and elevating.
Mrs. P. P. Rouse: I think the paper is just grand—a feast for the soul.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

They Teach a Divine Lesson.

PATHETIC TALE IN WHICH A MOTHER'S HOPE WAS BLASTED, BUT HER LOVE COULD NOT DIE—TWENTY YEARS AND THE LESSON THAT WAS BROUGHT HOME TO THE FATHER'S HEART—A WAYWARD SON WHO WAS SAVED AFTER BITTER EXPERIENCE—BAPTIZED IN TEARS.

It is a sweet face upon which the man is gazing tenderly—very sweet, indeed. The cheek is whiter than the pillow beneath it, the hair waves prettily back from the wide forehead, the dark eyes are full to overflowing of a happiness as beautifying as it is complete.

"And you are quite sure he looks like me?" she is saying eagerly. "Draw the cradle closer, Fred; closer yet, and look attentively. Now, tell me just what you think."

"I think—oh, I can't tell you half I think, dear." His voice is a trifle unsteady, and the hand her fingers clasp lightly is shaking nervously.

"Always to be with us," the low voice goes on; "ours to watch, and tend, and hold with in our hearts. Our boy—my boy—ah! God is very kind. And the beautiful, serious eyes will soon learn to read our faces and our hearts, the baby fingers will hold us tightly, the tender lips we kiss will teach us wonderful things, for heaven's own wisdom is in a child's imperfect speech, and the little hands—dear little hands! I feel like weeping for very joy when I think of them."

He lifts one baby fist and kisses it softly. "I will teach him all the fair and good things of life and guard him from all evil. Think of the little white soul, Fred. Is it not terrible to think of the world touching it?" The smile fades from her lips, and for a moment her eyes meet the sorrowful ones of the madonna.

"But our boy will grow up good, and pure, and true," she goes on earnestly. "He will be clever, too. I want him to be, don't you?" "Indeed, I do."

"He will be a student, a man whom the people will reverence, a writer of books, or, it may be, a great minister, and the whole world will be glad because he was born to us this Christmas time. I am going to be so economical, now that I have his future to look forward to; I am going to be so careful."

"Of yourself, I hope." He laughs. Then she comes back to the beginning of the conversation.

"And to think he should look just like me! They say he has even the little ridge in his nose that I have and the same curve to his eyebrows." She laughs softly and draws her husband's face down close to hers. "I—I am rather pretty, Fred?"

"Rather, yes."
"But I really wished him to have red hair, dear."

"Never mind. The world at large hasn't your predilection for red hair. I think if you realized all that my fiery locks have meant to me, you would be relieved that baby's hair is brown."

Her answer is to press her lips to the close-cropped head so near.

"We must hunt a name for him the next thing," says this young father, in quite a business tone. "We might call him Cyrus, after his rich old bachelor uncle. He—"

"No, no," she protests; "Uncle Cyrus is not a good man, Fred. I wonder if you will laugh when I tell you what I wish to call this child of ours. It sounds very much like a bit of 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,' and I dare say few will understand. But he came to us this Christmas-tide—the bells were ringing the very hour of his birth. He seems set apart in my heart as something holy, and I wish—now, don't even smile, my darling—I wish to call him 'Christian.'"

He does not dream of smiling. "If you love the name, I love it with you," he whispers.

"They say the fairest child born of love may grow up into an evil man or womanhood now." Her voice is deep and thrilling in its earnestness. "When we lose a prized thing, the gift of one we love, we search and watch for it again, and if we find it, though it be soiled and battered almost beyond recognition, we prize it in our heart of hearts and hold it even dearer than it was before—dearer, not fairer, mind. And I've been thinking, dear, that this babe is heaven's Christmas gift to you and me. If—if it happens in the coming years that he is lost in any maze of sin, in any mire of wrong-doing, you—you will remember, dear."

Her hand is still in his, and the firm clasp and the solemn earnestness of his "I will" suggests a covenant.

Whence comes it, this wonderful flood of tenderness surging through his heart, bringing the unwonted moisture to his eyes?

His son and hers. He stoops to lay his first kiss on the soft pink face, and as he does a tear slips from his cheek and splashes on the little head. A great warm sunbeam, the first of the new day, creeps noiselessly in and lays its radiant face above the sleepers. Ah, little one, a holy baptism is thine—a father's tear, God's yellow sunlight!

Was ever anything quite so soft, and warm and white?

And to think that only yesterday the great elms stood naked and ashamed before their old-time enemy, the wind, and their old-time mistress, the sun. How the wind flouted them, to be sure! No tyrant in the old fierce days of warfare ever took such vast delight in the ignominy of a fallen foe, stripped and set up as a mark for public scorn, as did that biting, boisterous wind of yesterday! And the sun, forgetting former graciousness, veiled its warmth and held aloof.

But nature seldom neglects her children for any length of time. She came last night with the shadows, and, after listening to the sobbing and the grieving, shook from its folds her softest, thickest ermine robe, and spread it tenderly over each naked, throbbing breast, and above each tossing, restless arm.

It is so still to-day. Upon the snow-clad highway leading to the village no traveler goes as yet. But one has traveled it since the day broke, for all the way from the solitary station to the gray house on the hill there is the foot-prints of one who came "from a far country." Such irregular, halting steps they must have been, judging from the zig-zag path outlined in the snow.

Up in that room facing the east a woman is kneeling beside the bed, sobbing out disjointed sentences of endearment, clinging passionately to a wasted hand, devouring with her gaze the face upon the pillow.

Such a wreck! He is not more than 25 this man, worn out, weary unto death. His hair waves up from the wide forehead, his dark eyes, hollow and blood-shot, are still red like the tender ones of the woman beside him, and when he speaks we notice that his voice is soft and plaintive as hers.

"My birthday, is it not?" he says, brokenly. "I remember you used to call me God's Christmas gift. O mother! mother!"

The wasted fingers can not press back the flood of hot, bitter tears. Her arms are about him now, her face is pressed to his. "My boy, you are His gift to me to-day." How exultant her tone? "I remember as though it were but yesterday, pride and joy and thankfulness, when I held you first close to my heart and knew you mine—my own. But to-day far transcends that other day, and if my tears fall with yours, why, they are but tears of happiness."

"But, my father? how can—?" A knock comes on the closed door, a voice calls: "Mary, may I come in?"

She draws the curtain before the bed and opens the door for her husband. He is rather stern, this gray-eyed man of 45, but his face softens as he notes her agitation. "Is it not a beautiful day?" he remarks. It is three years now since either have said the simple words, "A merry Christmas."

"It is a beautiful day, a glad day," she returns softly, "a day of rejoicing. Twenty years ago our gift from heaven was a white-souled babe, was it not?"

"Do you remember that morning? I know you do. We planned his future out for him; he was to be wise, and good, and great; as I said—you remember, dear—if we lose him the gift of one we love, we search and wait for it again, and if we find it, though soiled and battered beyond recognition almost, we prize it in our heart of hearts."

"But why speak of this to-day?" he says brokenly.

"And I said, she goes on, "if in the coming years our boy is lost in any maze of sin in any mire of wrong-doing, you will remember you have never forgotten?"

"No, never!" he answers; "though God knows there is bitterness in remembering." "Come!" she says, and throws the curtains back. "That day I showed you a white-souled babe to-day I show you one who was 'dead,' but is now alive, one who was lost, but now is found."

Just for a moment the memory of the heart-break caused by the erring one makes his cold and forgiving; then he gathers the trembling hands into his own and holds them close. The cathedral chimes come softly from the distant village; outside the clouds are settling. My boy! "My boy!" he cries, and stoos to kiss the wan, white face; "what happiness is this!"

Through the window a great warm sunshin steals; a new-born child receives once more that holy baptism—a father's tears—God's yellow sunlight! JEAN BLEWETT.

Evidence of a Divine Plan.

TO THE EDITOR:—While nature is endless in her diversity, certain truths are self-evident. A two-year old colt could not be made in minute; a valley requires certain environment or it ceases to be a valley; and so it is that blue rose is impossible, the conditions existing for its production. "There is a very interesting law which governs the coloring of all flowers. A knowledge of this law would save many flower-growers hours of unavailing and foolish hope. The law is simply this: The three colors, red, blue and yellow, never all appear in the same species of flowers; a two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the vic family (as pansies, for instance), but no red and yellow gladioli, but no blue."

Thus we find that the universe is governed by fixed laws in the floral kingdom, the same as it is in the spiritual and material universes. Everywhere we can see evidence of a

DIVINE PLAN.

Not a Spiritualist.

YET LIKES THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

TO THE EDITOR:—Although I am not a Spiritualist, I can appreciate and appropriate the spice of your paper. I never saw good a publication in the form of a newspaper. You do not seem to have that which pervades many editors, lest they say something, or allow some other writer to do so in their columns, that would offend. Clear, fearless and independent marks every column! I believe every fair in our land would be happier with such a friend coming weekly. I will do all I can towards introducing it.

It is seldom that I read the whole of any paper, but when THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER dated Jan. 16, 1892, came, I sat down and read the whole contents, and it is difficult to say which article was the best. It does seem that you ought to have as rapid an increase as did Peck's Sun of a few years ago. Once meet with such success it will not relapse, there will be no "bad boys" in it. I wish you, sincerely, all the success that enterprise and a fair show towards all merits. I will hear from me as often as I have a quar or a dollar to send you. W. F. WHITNALL.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

In Which the Spirit of Kindness is Illustrated.

I.

Oh, what a strange thing is human life, with its pangs and its sorrows, its sufferings and its wants, mixed in with its joys and pleasures! Why do we write so many of these pieces for others to read? Why do I sit and commune with the angels, and then put my thoughts on paper when all is still and quiet at the twilight hour? Let me see! Memory is at work when I sit at this hour. I call to mind many, many scenes or plays in which I was an actor on the great stage of human life in the years ago.

To-night I go back and trace my steps as I left their imprint on life's rugged paths, even back to childhood days. I go back to the time when I was an orphan boy of tender years; the time when I was weak in body and muscle, poor and homeless; the time when I was a boy trying in my weak and sad condition to work my way up through the world's trials, struggles and temptations, into a genuine manhood—to a home where could be found the comforts of life; a place where I could rest in peace my aching limbs; a home where would be cases filled with books and the walls covered with beautiful pictures; a home where angry words and unkind reproaches should be forever banished and excluded. Oh! what pictures came before my young mind as the great future, with its hopes, its aspirations, and its possibilities loomed up before me, and their realization seemed so far away in the great distance. Then I had no capital save that of muscle, backed up by a strong will and determination to succeed and conquer the many obstacles in my way. Well do I remember the time when I was without an earthly friend to look after me and care for me farther than to derive all the profit possible from my labor. I knew nothing in those days of the kind and loving guardian angels on the other side of life, who watched over and protected me from great harm; who impressed me with good thoughts; who stimulated me with hope; who incited me with proper desires; who prompted me to go on to a higher, a better and nobler condition, where the reward was great and the attainment certain. No! I knew nothing of this; behind the dark curtain all was mysterious, strange and uncertain; all was somber and gloomy. One simple sentence had learned by rote: "Servants, be obedient to your masters"; and, oh! how much cruelty and suffering these words have carried! One man born to be a servant; another to be a lord! Now there comes up an incident of my youthful days. I will note this incident and send it out on its mission of love, to be read by those poor boys and girls who are sad and sorrowful as I was; the ones who are poor and destitute, without homes and home comforts.

II.

One day, when I was a boy, I was badly beaten and abused by a cruel master for a fanciful wrong, as I thought unjustly and without any reason. I tried to explain the matter, but was turned out of doors and driven into the street without one cent of money, and with no clothing save the garments of my person, and these in a dilapidated or lined condition. Oh! did I feel bad? Words cannot express my feelings. I wondered why could not have friends like some other boys knew, who had beautiful homes, kind parents and pleasant surroundings—those who had kind words while I was scolded and abused, thought of my mother who, I was told, was in heaven, and I wondered whether she loved her boy that she left to the care of the cold world, to meet with only cross and angry words, while others were petted and encouraged. I wished that I might find with her a home where I could rest and gaze on sweet, smiling and kindly faces.

Wearied and sick at heart, I sought a home and employment, until night with its shadows settled down over the earth, when I called at the house of a man with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and with a sobbing voice I asked him if he would keep me over night. He told him of my sad state and condition; that I had no money and no home; and that I had found some place to work or I must starve, and I had come to him for advice and assistance. I had heard this man called "wicked" by some of his neighbors. It was said by them that he did not fear God, man or the devil, and was profane in his speech, and would go to church to hear the preacher. "Servants to be obedient to their masters." Said this man to me: "Come in, my boy! Come in! Wash your face and wipe those tears out of your eyes! Stay with me to-night! Yes, and welcome! Yes, stay with me to-night, to-morrow, and to-morrow night, and as much longer as you please! Stay until I find a good place to work where they will pay you like a little man. I know the man who turned you away and treated you meanly. I know him as a hypocritical snake—one who casts all his meanness on others and thus expects to work his way into heaven. Come in, boy! Wife and I are glad to see you! Just over there, beyond that hill, is a little mound; that mound marks the resting-place of our little James. He was but your size and age when we put his little body in the cold ground. There is the chair in which he used to sit. Take a seat in it by the fire and we will soon have tea. Wife, don't he look like Jim, when he sat in that chair and asked us so many questions? The preachers say Jim has gone to hell, and is now in torment, because he never was converted and knew nothing about Jesus; but if God would send that poor boy to hell, I want to go there too, and keep him company."

III.

Thus talked to me this man whom the church called "wicked," while his good, kind wife, with tears in her eyes, prepared the tea—the homely meal, of which I partook with a relish. Bedtime came; there were no talks with God, but with a kind "Good night, my boy," from my host and hostess, I retired to rest, thinking, thinking, thinking. As I sat at this quiet hour, the same thoughts came into my mind as they came to me on that night while lying on that soft, clean, neat, comfortable bed, in the house of the man the world called wicked—the man who had more faith in his own actions than he had in Jesus as a scapegoat for humanity's meanness. For a long time I tried to sleep, but sleep I could not. I contrasted the character of the kind man and woman in whose house and on whose bed I was resting, with the character of the man who had treated me so cruelly and driven me out into the street to starve. I contrasted my poverty and rags with the state and condition of those boys with homes, books, pictures, good clothes and loving companions; those boys that had time to play when I had to toil and labor. But sleep came at last, and my eyes closed to my immediate surroundings. Then I had a dream, which to me "was not all a dream," for it seemed to me a glorious reality; and this was my vision: For a few moments I seemed to be in darkness. Then I saw, peering down on me, a little, bright, twinkling star. This star came nearer and nearer, and as it approached the darkness seemed to pass away, to be succeeded by a golden wreath of atmosphere encircling me on every side. Out of this atmosphere seemed to float a being with golden hair, with a look of love, and radiant face, and yet on that beautiful face there seemed to be a cast of sadness and of sorrow—an expression of kind and loving sympathy.

As this form seemed to glide nearer to me, I saw and recognized my mother, possessing the same face that, as a child, I had learned to love. But, oh! that face possessed such angelic purity and loveliness I could scarcely bear to look upon it. For a time we seemed to gaze at each other; then the spell was broken and my mother said to me, while her voice sounded, oh, so sweet and melodious, these words: "My son, did you think your mother could rest quietly in heaven while her boy was in sorrow and trouble on earth? No, indeed, my dear boy! Your mother was early called away from earth by the fiat of inexorable law. Under this law I am invisible to your ordinary senses, but my love and care over you are as great as if still clothed in the garb of flesh. I went to prepare a home for you at your coming. Over here, my boy, you will find rest and reward. Be patient, my son, and trust me, your mother. Do not be discouraged; do not faint by the way; do not fear, you shall never want. I will watch over you. I will protect and guide you safely through dangers. In the darkest hours, remember I am near. Look upward and trust in me. Have faith and I will ever come when you are in danger and in trouble. I never will be long away. The clouds may gather black and thick between us, but I will come to you still, as I used to come to your cradle when you slept, but not in sorrow as now. One thing your mother asks of you in return. If you love her, always be truthful and manly; kind to those in trouble as the angels are kind to you now. Try to raise and educate the fallen and degraded up to a higher and nobler plane of life. Always be yourself; be firm and independent, but not arrogant and overbearing. There is much good before you in earth-life. Some day you will realize this, but not now. Then you will reap the harvest, the reward of patient toil; then you will see that God is just and that the law of compensation runs through all nature."

Thus spake my angel mother. Gently she came to my side. She placed her loving, soothing hand on my aching brow. She wiped the tears from my eyes and kissed my cheeks. Then the light began to fade away. Slowly she receded, and my mother was gone. The glorious vision was ended. Was it real, or was it imaginary?

In the morning my kind host said to me: "My boy, you have had a hard road to travel, but never mind. The future is yet before you, so make no note of the past. Your future is as bright to-day as ever. Take courage and be brave. Never despair, but with earnest endeavor live for the good of to-day and the joys of to-morrow. As others have been cruel to you, be not so to them. It is noble to forgive, and thus gain strength. Do not thank us, but help others when they are in trouble, and life will have more joys for you with each coming year. Once we had a boy who called us 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' but now his voice is silent and we hear it no more. The form of that poor boy has gone from our sight. You remind us of him. We do to you as we would have liked others to do to him, were he, like you, a wanderer without money or friends."

Years have come and gone since that memorable night! My friend sleeps side by side with little Jimmy, and there are three mounds now, for the mother sleeps there also.

IV.

But my vision, it has cheered me all through my past life; it has made me better, kinder to others, more forgiving, and induces me to comfort and encourage other poor boys who have cruel masters and are driven out into the world without money or friends, telling them never to despair; that the angels will come to them, will guard and shield them in the dark hours of sorrow, if they will lead good lives and look for the loving ones, as did I on that memorable night, of which I have written my thoughts at this twilight hour.

M. P. ROBERTSON.

"Becky Jones," who spent forty-five weeks in jail to prove that a woman can hold her tongue if she wants to, and whose silence as a witness in the Hammersly will case helped to carry the life interest in the estate to the present Duchess of Marlborough, says "the Duchess never gave me as much as I could hold on my thumb nail." Miss Becky was a martyr to principle alone.

BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

Augustus Baker writes: I was attending a camp meeting at Chesterfield, and there I first saw THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I cannot express to you my estimation of the goodness of your paper.

J. G. Potter: I like your paper so far, and think if you will continue to conduct it on the same principle, you will deserve the patronage of the Spiritualists throughout the Northwest.

D. Edson Smith: The quality of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER steadily improves. It ought to be in the hands of a hundred thousand families. Many papers begin well, but soon flatten out. You seem to have adopted the opposite course.

A Spiritualist: May the good angels ever bless THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. L. K. J. Howard: Through the kindness of friends I have had the pleasure of occasionally reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I admired its outspoken sentiments in the cause of truth, and felt a great desire to subscribe for the paper, but limited means would not permit. About a month ago my brother kindly sent my name and subscription fee. Now I have a weekly spiritual feast, for which I feel a deep sense of gratitude, and I earnestly wish this valuable paper might find a welcome in every household in the land; for not only does it furnish abundant proof of the near presence of our loved ones beyond the veil, but each issue is an additional stepping-stone in the pathway of knowledge. Knowledge is one of our greatest treasures. I believe, with D. H. Hamilton, that the lack of it is what causes man to sin, and the daily cry of my soul is, "More light." Professed Christians often suggest searching the Scriptures, but I find more light in one column of the spiritual philosophy than in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations. Of spiritual phenomena I have had proof sufficient to convince the most skeptical mind in the world. My husband was for five years previous to his transition to the higher life a clairvoyant and test medium, some tests of which I would be pleased to relate, would space permit. I will briefly relate an incident which occurred during the last painful hour of his dissolution. About twenty minutes before he breathed his last mortal breath, his faithful Indian guide controlled him and in feeble, yet audible whisper, gave me a farewell message. The first communications received from him after his transition three years ago were through the mediumship of my brother in Dakota. Several references were made to conversations which had passed between myself and husband, of which my brother had no previous knowledge. Have had many communications through other mediums, most of which were in his own handwriting. Also have had some remarkable test from my spirit daughter (who joined her father last March), some of which I may speak of hereafter, should this prove worthy of publication.

Aaron Burrows: You are awakening thought in minds that never took the trouble to think on the subject before.

Mrs. S. L. Woodard: We take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and think it one of the best of spiritual papers.

E. A. Aldrich: I like your paper very much in many respects, especially your pluck in charging on Romanism.

J. W. Farrar: The paper gets better with each issue. I could not afford to be without it; in a word, it is the best paper I have ever seen.

S. W. Rogers: Having taken your paper for sixteen weeks, and shown it to my neighbors, I became somewhat interested and entertained by its columns, and as I am always an advocate of progression, I send you one dollar for one year's subscription, and fifty cents for a trial.

Mary J. Dimock: Have enjoyed reading the wonderful PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and it has my best wishes for its future success.

Mrs. M. E. Macy: I find many beautiful lessons of life as I peruse your paper from week to week.

W. H. Breese: The articles on Romanism are eye-openers, and to the point.

A. B. Turney: Your paper just suits me.

Mrs. M. J. Payne: We have taken your paper, and think it grand.

Mrs. R. F. Bushnell Wilbur: It is wholly unlike any other spiritual paper I ever read.

C. D. Henry, M. D., V. D.: We can better do without our supper than our spiritual food, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best we get.

Mrs. J. M. Case: Your paper is all right; full of advance thought, and a good educator for the people.

Dr. R. Tolleson: It seems as if the time had come for just such an outspoken periodical as you publish; one that is not afraid to show up the dangers (in one direction at least) that menace our country.

M. A. Rendleman: I enclose one dollar for renewal of my subscription to the best paper in the world, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. H. White: I like the paper too well to let my time expire.

W. A. Wales: I am an old man, whose sands of life are nearly run, being seventy-two years old, and my greatest consolation consists in reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and contemplating the grand and glorious truths of the harmonious philosophy.

F. M. Duley: I wish that we could run its list up to a million copies per week.

H. M. Robinson: I have taken it from the first number, and hope to continue it as long as I live.

Geo. S. Dean: I esteem it very highly.

Silas A. Brandschett: I am more than pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Annie Osler: You are doing a grand work by scattering THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER broadcast at the price you do; it reaches poor but worthy people where other papers do not on account of the high price. The harvest time is coming for you, when you will reap the golden grain.

Lewis H. Briggs: Your paper has done me and my wife an abundance of good.

A. Yakes: Your paper should be read in every household throughout the land.

Mrs. Hattie M. Jackson: I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year, and I find it most excellent; cannot afford to do without it.

Mrs. Wm. Hunter: It is the best spiritual paper I ever read.

Mrs. M. C. Tuttle: I have taken your good paper now almost two years, and I cannot express to you what a joy it is to me. As soon as I read I fold and send it to some one whom I know is starving for just such a paper.

W. T. Jones: Every one here who has read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER speaks in highest terms of it. It is doing a grand work.

W. E. Tobey: Your paper is doing an immense amount of good, probably much more than you yourself have any idea of.

Mrs. B. J. Wakeman: We prize your valuable paper too highly to do without it.

Isaac Cox: As to the merits of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, there is no use of my saying much about it, for it speaks for itself much better than I can say anything for it; to me it is good, better, best.

J. B. Hull: Your paper has the right ring.

Jacob Schwartz: I am more than pleased with your paper.

B. Chamberlin: I am delighted with your paper, and wish it could be sent to every family in the United States.

Dr. Wheelock: I feel that I must send you more subscribers, or else more money to compensate you for the superlative paper that you are furnishing, not only for me, but the great spiritual world.

Jacob W. Snyder: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER should be in the house of every Spiritualist and Free-thinker; in fact, in every household where freedom and human liberty are appreciated.

Some one from Bangor, Me., lets off the following, but neglects to sign the name: I am interested in your paper, and glad to learn of one editor with moral courage enough to come out boldly and expose priestly hypocrisy. Since science has used electro-hydro-oxygen to burn the clouds in the atmosphere and cause the rain to fall on the arid lands of the West, to make the desert blossom as the rose, so may the light of the spirit spheres shine upon earth's benighted densens and unfold positive evidence to the doubting mind of their true condition relative to a continued life; then he who is a progressive thinker will learn that he will progress through the cycles of endless life. The best saviors are those who do the most to guide their fellow beings from error and serve their God the best.

Mrs. L. E. Spray: I cannot do without it; it gives me hope and strength.

Ivar Langland: I like your paper very much—the best I have seen for the money; in fact, it is the best spiritual paper.

Mary Jacobs: I admire your paper very much, and wish you all possible success.

J. D. Shearer: It is the very best paper that I ever read.

Henry Jones: It is a mine of wealth and a gem in the household.

Our Kind of a God.

He stood upon the palace steps, a wreck of humanity, with hunger weak, in rage and cold, naught but a tramp was he. The door was closed upon him now, no crumbs in there to spare: The parson had come a moment before, the family was at prayer; In purple and linen fine the lord must hear their plea. And thanks for all their clothes and food obtained from poverty; Thanks to a God who only sees through eyes so selfish grown. That he feeds but those who pay their way and leaves the rest alone. Hear the prayer within and without and then, in justice true, Pray tell who a God of love should show his love and kindness to.

PRAYER WITHIN.

Oh! God, we bow our heads to Thee in thanks for all this glittering wealth; These clothes, our food, our jewels, to all our children's health; These palace walls that keep us warm, this costly furniture, That fill our hearts with pride and weal, and make us feel secure. Thou hast blest us all with stomachs full and purses as replete; Hast given us from stores of earth, in heaven a promised seat; Hast given to us that others earned because we every day Leaned hard on Thee in all our work and ne'er forgot to pray; For all these things we thank Thee, God, and ask Thee once again To love and bless us chosen ones for Jesus sake—Amen.

PRAYER WITHOUT.

Oh! God, art thou the father of us all, the rich as well as the poor? Then e'er I perish of hunger and cold, open this rich man's door. If thou art father and we are sons, then why my brother bleed And leave me out in rags to starve, when I pray none the less? I ask no costly palace, God, no lands of breadth and length; Give me the crumbs a brother wastes; give to me work and strength. I'd give thee thanks, oh! God, if I had ever felt 'twas right To thank for naught and flatter loud a God so partial quite; But this weak form, this ragged wreck, these bruised and bleeding feet Are all I have to thank thee for—a home out in the street.

QUERY.

Did ever a God exist, pray tell, unmindful of the poor That stand in hunger, ragged and cold, and beg at the rich man's door? Could ever a God of Justice be so aroused by flattering praise And deaf to the plea of poverty, that a hand he would not raise? Oh! give us a God who sees the tramp who begs from door to door; Oh! give us a God unchained by gold, or greed, or thirst for gore; A God of wisdom, truth and love, "who sees the sparrows fall," Who loves the right, though rich or poor, or give us no God at all.

—DR. T. WILKINS.

Homely Gymnastics.

That there is not much sanitary or strengthening influence in dusting is evident; and yet many women, disdaining heavier work, reserve this domestic duty for themselves and waste much time upon it. Muscular motion is of little value unless vigorous and swift. The slow walk and loitering movement do not rouse the blood from its torpidity. The lowliest labor, when zealously performed, may be followed by an unexpected hygienic effect. There is the instance of a penniless young man, threatened with fever in a strange country, shipping as a deck-hand to return and die among his people. During the voyage he scrubbed away the dirt from the ship-boards, and with it the disease that had invaded his life-craft. A story is also told of a family whose women were of the delicate, ailing sort. Misfortune obliged them to perform their own domestic work. What seemed for them a sad necessity proved itself a double blessing. They gained what they had never known before, robust health; and their enforced economy restored them to a prosperous condition.

Not all physicians are clear-sighted or independent enough to prescribe as did one of their number. A young lady, supposed to be suffering with anemia, nervous prostration, and other fashionable ills, sent for the family doctor. "Is there anything I can do to get well?" she asked, after the usual questioning. "There is," answered he; "follow this prescription faithfully." The folded scrap of paper read as follows: "One broom: use in two hours of housework daily."—*The Popular Science Monthly for February.*

Organization and the New Revelation.

To THE EDITOR:—I write to express my heartfelt thanks for the article through the hand of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond on the subject of Organization. It expresses my sentiments exactly, and I hope it will be effectual in settling this much-talked-of question. The last paragraph in that article ought to be enough to settle all quibblings on the question and forever silence the would-be organizers. She says: "Organizations have closed the doors of inspiration, hung the prophets, crucified the inspired ones, put to death the teachers of science and philosophy, burned the martyrs, slain the inventors and discoverers—no wonder people dread organizations. Show us an instance in the world's history where an organization has opened the doorway of inspiration."

You who propose organization, save for temporal and temporary interests alone, read this article carefully, and then forever leave the management of affairs to the intelligent invisibles, the source from which it originated! Wear the sign of recognition and be content.

No. 109 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a marvel within itself—"A New Revelation," which I, for one, was not looking for. Say, Brother Francis, what may we expect next? I like the person that is full of innovations, especially where it is for human interests. You seem to fill every requirement.

Columbia City, Ind.

D. D. GLASS.

Prof. Orchardson Explains.

HE IS RECEIVING SPIRIT MESSAGES.

To THE EDITOR:—A friend has written to you under the complimentary heading of "An Eminent Conversion." Dr. Greer, in the main, is correct about the new step I have been compelled to take beyond the frontier of information, or the boundaries of what Science (in its present stage) considers the possible. My experience cannot be considered a conversion, but a sudden resolve on the part of the mighty immortals to seize me for their use and the redemption of this legalized crime-cursed planet. They have brought before me such a mass of incontrovertible evidence that no sane mind could possibly reject it.

The present struggle for existence (caused by vicious social conditions) has so permeated this world with business lies, political lies, conventional lies, respectable religious lies, and slanderous lies, that the pure white truth (from those in advance) is strangled amid this seething mass of corruption.

I delivered a lecture in North Side Turner Hall, recounting some of the facts, and announcing that I would give a demonstration of the immortality of the soul to all the worthy who had it in their hearts to help, morally and materially, to regenerate these corrupt conditions. An absolute demonstration of the immortality of the soul is as follows: Bring and keep in your possession your paper. Guard it sacredly from mortal contact. An intelligent message will be written upon it. No sane mind can find other explanation than that an immortal soul wrote it.

The reporters required a demonstration. The reports of my lecture were so wickedly false that I required the following conditions: That a letter from the editors giving an account of each reporter's experience, and sworn to before a notary public, should be published exactly as it transpired. These falsifiers will not do this, although two of these reporters got a demonstration of the soul's immortality without conditions.

The pusillanimous is the abject slave of capital, to perpetuate its power to bleed pale Italy.

It is difficult to make the truth prevail; but I shall do it, or rather, not I alone, but with the assistance of the grandest immortals that were known as Pythagoras, Plato, Zoroaster, Marcus Aurelius, Thomas Paine and Darwin. They have given me a great deal of MSS. that mortal never wrote, but that was written with the pen of lightning in the twinkling of an eye. They are written with an intellectual capacity far above mine, or any other on earth, and they are giving me the formula for lost arts. They say: "Unto thee is confided the elucidation of all the mysteries of nature." From their writing I find that they have watched over me from the cradle to the present hour. They quote from lectures I delivered years ago, and those more recent, and say that they have thrust this mission upon me, to redeem the world, because of my steadfastness to principle.

A common liar cannot believe the above because he measures others by himself.

Chicago, Ill.

C. ORCHARDSON.

The February "Arena."

The February *Arena* will be read with interest by thoughtful people. Its papers are all readable, many of them very strong. Briefly, the contents are as follows: Frontispiece, Herbert Spencer; a very fine portrait of the great philosopher. Herbert Spencer's Life and Work, by W. H. Hudson, for many years Mr. Spencer's private secretary; Danger Ahead, a thoughtful discussion of the electoral college problem, by Robert S. Taylor; The Railroad Problem, ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon; The Solidarity of the Race, by Henry Wood; Hypnotism and its Relation to Psychical Research, by B. O. Fowler; Inspiration and Heresy, by P. Cameron, B. C. L.; The Sub-Treasury Plan by C. C. Post, author of "Driven from Sea to Sea"; The Atonement, Rev. Burt Estes Howard; The Last American Monarch, by James Realf, Jr. "A Spoil of Office," part second of Mr. Hamlin Garland's great novel of the modern West. The *Arena* has long since been recognized as indispensable to thoughtful people. No other great review is in such sympathy with progressive and reformatory thought as this magazine.

Spirit Photography.

To THE EDITOR:—About a month ago I wrote you a letter containing an account of something which had happened here, in which I thought your readers might feel an interest. I mentioned the fact that we had developed two more mediums for spirit photography, and at the request of some of the friends I gave you an account of some things that to us were somewhat remarkable.

We have had the services of Mrs. Lull for the last three months, and she has given good satisfaction. We have no speaker now, but expect to have one soon.

I have a few photographs of spirits, one of which I send you herewith. This is a picture of J. E. Rife, a respected business man of this city. He sat for his picture, and this is the result. He recognizes the old lady as his aunt, and the young one as his daughter. The aunt has been in the Spirit-world many years, and the daughter about six years. He claims that the likeness is perfect. This picture was taken by the medium simply laying his hand on the camera while the exposure was made.

We have now in this city three mediums who get spirit pictures, and they are people who would not do a dishonest act. This kind of picture is taken either as photo or tintype, according to the wish of sitter; and in all cases the sitter selects his own photographer.

Wichita, Kan.

S. M. TUCKER.

Not Looking for New Revelations.

U. G. Figley, an Ohio boy of fine mediumistic qualities, and a spicy writer, says: "I have quit looking for surprises and revelations: I find them in every number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

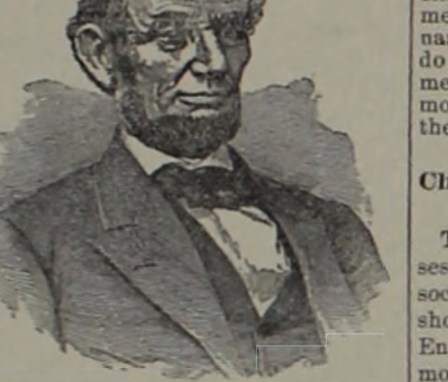
Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER thirteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred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

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER thirteen weeks, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—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 30, 1892.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



A SPIRITUALIST?"

12 mo., Cloth and Gold, 16 illus., \$1.50.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

Cranks in the Pulpit.

There are cranks, and cranks, and cranks! The very modern application of the term to the *genus homo*, who has cranky ways, says cranky things, and acts in a cranky manner—in short, is a crank, is the kind of whom we write. He is difficult to delineate, but once seen is quickly recognized. Cervantes described one under the name of Don Quixote, which may be taken as a type of the whole breed. The Don went forth to right the wrongs of humanity. Every wind-mill with which his native Spain abounded was a giant menacing the liberties of his people. Incased in invincible armor, his trusty sword in hand, and his esquire a faithful attendant at his side, the knight made a terrible slaughter on his imagined tyrants, and laid many a victim low.

Sometimes a mention was made in these columns of a clergyman in a neighboring city, who, in some respects, simulated the crank. Pleasure parties leaving the city on a Sunday morning to visit some shady retreat, where they could worship Nature in its ruder forms, free from the restraints of bigotry and of creeds, would no sooner reach their destination and begin to enjoy the sweet minstrelsy of Nature's choristers, and regale themselves in an atmosphere free from the dust and effluvia of the crowded city, when he would appear among them, having made the long distance to the grove on his bicycle, and commence religious exercises, followed by a sermon on Sabbath-breaking. A religious revival has lately been pending in the same town. When at its height this same Rev. S. L. Condie—of course he is not a crank—arose in his place and asked for prayers for Rev. Dr. Kerr, a clergyman of liberal thought, who has ministered in one of the best-attended churches in the city.

This action of Rev. Condie, however, is tame compared to that of Elder Knapp, of whom in another item. Rev. Dr. Kerr had formerly ministered to the Baptists in Rockford, but had outgrown his creed. He had formed the nucleus of his present large society, to whom he was regularly ministering. Elder Knapp, in the recently-vacated pulpit, with his richest war-paint, and clothed with the zeal of the revivalist, addressed the throne of grace:

"Oh, God, if it is in thy power, we pray thee to save that curly-headed Kerr, who recently occupied this pulpit."

In any other place, at any other time, from any other man, and addressed to any other person, such language would have betrayed the crank; but in a Christian pulpit, and fully conscious that each of the clerical gentlemen mentioned were covetous of good company "up there," we dare not intimate that they lacked courtesy to another of their own profession.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER gladdens many homes of Spiritualists who are unable to pay its full price. The poor are sometimes the best of God's children, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER gladdens and brightens their homes. Spiritualists, who are blessed with ample means, remember the philanthropic work we are doing, and extend our circulation. No other Spiritualist paper makes any pretension of doing this philanthropic work. Call the attention of your neighbor to the paper. It is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Creeds Not a Guaranty of Character.

Many of our older readers will remember the noted revivalist, Elder Knapp, who was so prominently before the country from twenty-five to fifty years ago. His fiery denunciations of infidels and infidelity yet ring in the ears of those who listened to his erratic methods for saving souls. Talmage in our day, with his terrible pictures of the yawning gulf, never approached Elder K. in his word-pictures of the miseries of the damned.

At the close of life, Elder Knapp was a resident of Winnebago county, Illinois. He had a fine farm, and large possessions, the accumulation of years of faithful labor in damning souls. He recognized the fact that the end of life was near, and wishing to dispose of his earthly possessions according to his own notions, he called in a scrivener, a learned Christian gentleman, to write his will. Disposition had been made of all his large estate, and the point was reached for naming the executor.

"Who shall I insert as executor of your will, Elder?" inquired the scrivener.

"George Tullock, please."

"George Tullock is an infidel!"

"George Tullock is an honest man, and I want an honest man to administer on my estate."

No doubt the Elder saw in imagination the vast numbers he has frightened into the church, by his portrayal of the miseries of the damned; Dives in hell rose before him, sent there for no offense save being rich, wearing fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; the Devil, with his trident—a survival of the sea-god Neptune—put in an appearance; but with all these and the thousands he had converted to Christ, the ransomed of the Lord, flitting through his mind, he wanted an HONEST MAN to settle his estate, and George Tullock was duly appointed. He faithfully discharged his trust to the entire satisfaction of the heirs and legatees, and yet lives, and can be addressed at Rockford, Ill., in full confirmation of this statement. The deduction from this simple narrative is: Creeds and beliefs in them do not supply those absolute requirements of honesty, integrity, and genuine morality which make good citizens, and the clergy are not ignorant of that fact.

Churches Not Leading, but Far in the Rear.

The Librarian of Congress, at the late session of the American Historical Association, read a paper on lotteries. He showed that with the beginning of English colonization lotteries were common in America, and that it was a favorite method of raising money for the building of churches; that as late as 1833 there were 200 lottery shops doing business in Philadelphia alone; that many of the colleges where clergymen were educated were built from the profits arising from lotteries; and that these institutions of learning are still in existence, and are still making preachers from capital wrung from the toiler by some shrewdly-managed lottery. He did not tell the association that petty lotteries in the form of church fairs, with their grab-bags, etc., are still in force, to raise missionary funds, buy church organs, or, perchance, to buy communion wine; and this, long after general legislation in most of the States, and as fully as possible by Congress, has been resorted to, to close such disreputable methods of extorting money from the people. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER does not wish to be captious, but it cannot avoid the inquiry: If Christianity has been the pioneer in every good work, and if we owe it everything for our advanced civilization, why was it not to the front in opposing lotteries, instead of being forced to retain these methods of money-getting when secular legislation, not led by the churches, enacted penal laws for their suppression?

Missionaries Needed.

An American journalist, traveling through Oriental countries a few years ago, and writing his journal, said:

"I see the American papers are literally full of accounts of villainy, outrages, murders, robbery, stealing, house-burning, drunkenness, assaults, debauchery, and many other crimes of the most revolting character. I must confess that, after having traveled over the countries of Asia, where I have not seen a fight, scarcely a quarrel, and only one or two drunken men, it makes me almost blush with shame to read over the account of wrongs and outrages committed in our own Christian land."

Miss Bird, a very zealous Christian lady, who traveled alone all over Japan, spending six months among those hospitable, sympathetic and inoffensive people, in parts where a European had never journeyed before, reported, in the narrative of her travels, that "She was uniformly treated with civility, courtesy and kindness. She was not insulted nor mistreated; no one tried to rob her, or offer her any indignity."

How long would this condition remain if the country was filled with missionaries, whose character in foreign lands may be judged by the letter a few weeks ago from one of them at Hong Kong?

Retarded Progress.

The union of the Atlantic and Pacific by a canal has been the dream of ages. Three hundred years ago a Spanish engineer proposed to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, but the king, at the request of the Bishop of Madrid, refused permission. The good bishop held that to pierce a continent would be to show blasphemous contempt of the scheme of creation, so the ambitious scheme of Antonio Galvas was nipped in the bud.—*Nova.*

That is the way churchmen have pushed forward the car of progress.

M. E. and Rosa C. Congar write: "We are not surprised, but rejoice in your success. We expect much from one who has had the experience you have had, and we shall be disappointed if you do not remain at the head, and lead all Spiritual publications. Chicago has waited many years for a live, earnest, independent Spiritual journal. She now has it in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and it will be generally sustained. We never lose an opportunity to speak the truth regarding its efforts and position."

Now He Has It.

Dr. Abbott preached rather a remarkable sermon at Kings Chapel one Sunday, on the remission of sins. In this discourse Dr. Abbott said: "But some one tells us there is no forgiveness of sins; that if we put our hand in the fire it will be burned; that nature is inexorable, and that God is nature. But does not nature heal the wound as soon as the cause is removed? And shall not the heart wounded by sin be healed? If there was no recuperative power in nature, what a looking world this would be! The moment a man ceases to do evil, nature begins her work of restoration. This recuperative process is social as well as physical. Do we not forgive each other? Do not parents try to drive out the evil from a child's mind and fill it with good?"

How long it has taken theologians, in their blindness separating God from Nature, to discover this fact; but when they find that God is immanent in nature, and nature is but the outward expression of his thought, they will be able to reconcile the forgiveness of sin, so-called, with the inevitable suffering caused by the violation of law, and as one error leads to another, so will one truth lead to another.

Theology consigns one party to eternal punishment, with no possibility of escape, and another to heaven, by virtue of a vicarious atonement, without deserving it. Admitting the recuperative process of Nature to extend to the moral and spiritual, the whole subject becomes plain, and while no individual is exempt from the consequences of violated law, yet all will have the benefit of the recuperative power of nature, and will eventually be healed. But it was reserved for Dr. Abbott to make the sensation in his third lecture before the Lowell Institute, when he denounced creeds. "The church of Christ is not founded on a creed," he said. "Creeds divide Christians; they never unite them. They are party walls, and I say, down with party walls."

Right again, Dr. Abbott; but what have you to say to the following report from your Presbyterian brethren:

"The members of the committee of the Presbyterian General Association met again this morning to continue their revision of the Westminster Confession. It was proposed to amend section 1 of chapter 4 by making it read as follows: 'It pleased God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, for the manifestation of the glory of His eternal power, wisdom and goodness, in the beginning to create of nothing the universe and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, and all very good. The heavens and the earth with all that they contain were made by Him in six creative days.'"

As well say: "The sun do move." Creative days is a new dodge, evidently intended to help them over the difficulty of six natural days, consisting of the evening and the morning for each day. Now the question the children will ask is: "What is a creative day?" When we were children we had no difficulty, because we knew that the Bible meant a day of twenty-four hours; but these people with their eyes half open to scientific truth have gotten things sadly mixed.

A Practical Test.

It is often said and repeated that spirits never give a practical, direct test of their knowledge; that they only give stale advice and deal in platitudes. Volumes of facts might be gathered from the records of private circles where most practical knowledge and interposition has been manifested. The following incident has recently been told to a reminiscence of the medium J. B. Conklin, who in his day had few equals in psychic power:

An Irish woman who had lost her little boy came to him in great distress. The spirits, through Mr. Conklin, requested her to describe the child to the medium accurately, mentioning where she had last seen him, and they promised to endeavor to trace him and give her an answer on a subsequent day. At the time appointed the woman again came, but the spirits were not yet able to report, and requested her to come at a certain hour on the next day. At the hour specified the woman arrived, and the spirits wrote by Mr. C.'s hand, instructing her to go quickly to the foot of a certain street on the North River, and search aboard a certain vessel, promising that she should there find her child. The woman hastily departed, and shortly returned with her boy, whom she had found precisely as the spirits had indicated, she having arrived just in time to receive him before the vessel on which he had taken refuge sailed from the wharf.

A Doubt Resolved.

Quite strenuous efforts have been made to prove that Abraham Lincoln entertained good orthodox belief, and if not a church member, only a short step from being one. Theodore Stanton, in the *Westminster Review*, happily says:

"If Lincoln had lived and died an obscure Springfield lawyer and politician he would unquestionably have been classed by his neighbors among free-thinkers. But, as is customary with the church, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, when Lincoln became one of the great of the world an attempt was made to claim him. In trying to arrive at a correct comprehension of Lincoln's theology this fact should be borne in mind in sifting the testimony."

Then he quotes from authorities which are beyond questioning, as follows:

"Scientifically regarded he was a realist as opposed to an idealist, a sensationalist as opposed to an intuitionist, a Materialist as opposed to a Spiritualist."—(William H. Herndon.)

"His only philosophy was, what is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree."—(Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.)

"He was an avowed and open infidel, and sometimes bordered on Atheism."—(John T. Stewart, Lincoln's first law partner.)

"He had no faith, in the Christian sense of the term—had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects."—(Justice David Davis.)

The facts have been suppressed by all his biographers, but beyond a doubt he was a Spiritualist. In that remarkable book, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" by Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard, the reader will find evidence of the intense interest both he and Mrs. Lincoln had in Spiritualism.

Poor and Crippled.

M. P. Pearson, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

"I am aware that my subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER expires this month. Although I am poor, old, and a cripple, my mind is as clear as ever. I am making an effort to not only renew my own subscription, but to send you some others within the month. I am very much interested in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and should be sorry to lose a single number. There is so much in it that tends to elevate the mind."

Here is a poor man and a cripple who, though lying flat on his back, has in his mind a project to help THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Is not his example worthy of imitation? We say again, as we have often said before, that the poor and crippled are sometimes among the best of God's children, and for that reason we always take an interest in their welfare.

How Can He Do It?

TO THE EDITOR:—Speaking of the paper and its value, we hear it said almost every time we call attention to the publication: "How can he do it?"—publish such a paper without advertisements. But I say, he does it, and it is already an immense success. Surely you shall not limit your success to 50,000 copies, but as you approach that number, reach out for 100,000.

Boston, Mass. DR. N. J. MORRIS.

The above is from one who was long a resident of this city, and who has a host of friends here. "How can he do it?"—that is, publish THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and combine CHEAPNESS and EXCELLENCE. Only those who are fully acquainted with the circumstances that surround us, and who know our peculiar make-up and financial condition, can fully realize how we are able to accomplish all this. Not another Spiritualist paper in this country could stand the strain for three months without sinking money, if it did not pad its columns with advertisements.

Doing What She Can.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am doing what I can for your paper, but Spiritualism is at a discount in this vicinity. I have ridden about six miles to-day to obtain these names; and the one I have added will make the third one I have sent on my own responsibility.

Oscego, Pa. MRS. L. D. RICE.

Thanks, sister, for your efforts in behalf of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Your efforts are worthy of emulation. Certainly your reward will come some time. The paper owes its very existence to spirited and spiritual persons like yourself. There is a large class of Spiritualists who are well off, who take no Spiritualist paper, and who, when the final day of reckoning comes, cannot put their finger on any reformatory work they have done. They are to be pitied.

A Marvelous Success.

TO THE EDITOR:—Let me congratulate you on your new departure—enlarged! Yours is, indeed, a marvelous success, and proves beyond a doubt what it is that the Spirit-world wants to make successful. I confess I am not in sympathy with your crusade against the church; but I have no doubt such a work needs to be done by somebody, or you would not be doing it. However, so long as you let every dog "wag his tail" in his own way, and as best he may, my best wishes go for your success.

New York. F. F. COOK.

What the Story, "The Convent of the Sacred Heart," is Doing.

A lady who is a noted public medium in the East, writes: "I have an Irish Catholic servant girl, who overheard us talking of the story, and the next day I found her reading a chapter. She asked me if I would allow her to read each number as it came. I replied: 'Of course,' and she has eagerly awaited each number. The other day I said: 'Well, Mary, what do you think of that story?' 'Holy Mother!' said she, 'It makes me hate the sight of Father C., the parish priest. But, I believe every word is true, for I know about it myself.' This little bit of reading has opened her eyes, and she will never be the firm believer she was before, if her intelligence does not wholly free her from the chains of superstition."

Subscriptions Rolling In.

Subscriptions are pouring in from all sides—North, South, East and West. Just think of the intellectual feast that can be obtained weekly for a mere pittance—2 cents. Look over this issue carefully—each of the eight pages. It is full of intellectual and spiritual food. One lady rode six miles to obtain additional subscribers. God and angels bless her. Our only aim in trying to extend our circulation is to do that much more good—not to make money. We have enough of this world's goods already without trying to accumulate more; and in our efforts to extend the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER we have only one object in view, to elevate the world to a higher plane.

A New Attraction.

A Chicago boy, a fine artist, is now at Munich, Germany, and has been engaged to furnish a series of illustrations for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, showing the superstition and ignorance of the people in that country, as brought to the light by that octopus known as the Catholic church. Spiritualists should be something more than mere Spiritualists—they should be well posted in current thought, and above all, understand the status of that enemy to human progress—the Catholic Church. Our paper is so large and so free from advertisements that we can present a large amount of miscellaneous reading matter, to spiritualize the soul and enrich the mind and understanding. Send us, please, an additional subscriber, if only for 13 weeks.

"Home Circle," of Decatur, Texas, writes: "We have twelve persons in our circle. We have materializing, trance, rapping, writing, clairaudient, clairvoyant, healing and impersonal mediums out of a circle of twelve. I think that is very good."

The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

This story by Hudson Tuttle is concluded this week. It has been intensely interesting from the start, and brought the writer more prominently than ever before an appreciative public. It has been instrumental in doing a world of good, and even now many inquiries are being made for back numbers of the paper containing it, but which were exhausted long ago. Mr. Tuttle is making a deep impression for good on the present age, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the most effective instrument that he employs for that purpose.

The Medium Archer.

In another column we publish two articles in reference to this medium, which explain themselves. We have published a great deal in his favor, and deeply regret that the friends of Spiritualism should have occasion to give such adverse views; but those at Lansing are too prominent in the cause to be ignored, and their opinions trusted, so we give space to their report. We sincerely hope that a like necessity will not exist again.

Rays of Light.

The Chesaning *Argus* gives expression to the following:

"We wish to resume our work in the spiritual department by first informing our readers that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that babe among spiritual papers, and now only two years old, itself in size, giving its readers an eight-page paper of six columns each, all at the same price—\$1 a year. This paper has sprung like a mushroom into existence, and now claims the largest circulation of any Spiritualist paper in the world. It combines excellence with cheapness. Is free from advertisements, except those of a spiritual nature, and is both progressive and fearless—just what the people need to give them backbone, knowledge, and to lift their souls above the low and selfish of earth. The cause in Chesaning would progress tenfold if every family had this paper in their homes. This is not intended as an advertisement, but is written wholly for the good of the cause we love, that our fellow-laborers may benefit themselves thereby; and to give just praise to a well-deserving editor who by his own push and energy has attained the success above recorded. Those desiring to join us in ordering the paper, thus saving several postal orders and stamps, can leave their names and cash at The *Argus* office. Who among you cannot afford two cents a week for this grand paper? If you do not care to risk a dollar, try 13 weeks for 25 cents. Only try it."

Passed to the Higher Life.

Samuel F. Fellows passed into spirit-life, Jan. 6, 1892, at Concord, N. H., aged 71 years. Surviving him in mortal life are a companion, a daughter and a brother. He had been a firm believer in immortality, through the manifestations made in the home circle and his own mediumistic gifts.

S. D. HOW.

Departed to a higher life, from his home in Ceylon, Ohio, Jan. 9th, Mr. R. Holmes. The funeral at the residence on the 11th was largely attended, the discourse being given by Hudson Tuttle.

Departed to a higher life, Mrs. Fanny Marsh Thompson, at her home in Florence, Ohio, Jan. 9th, in the 88th year of her age. She became a believer in Spiritualism in almost its beginning, and a healing medium of remarkable power. For many years she devoted herself to this work; it may be said without money or price. With all that makes a gentle, charitable, lovable character she was richly endowed; and a large circle of friends mourn her loss. Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle gave a song-service with recitations, and Hudson Tuttle a discourse replete with the assurance Spiritualism alone can give.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Work ers, Doings, Etc.

From Philadelphia we have word that the Spiritualist Society is earnestly engaged in active work. They have a new spiritual hall on Ridge Ave., and their meetings are entertaining and instructive. Mrs. Irene Stevenson, a trance speaker, has been serving them in the capacity of speaker for some time, and they are very much pleased with her brilliancy and power as a platform orator on the subjects concerning the invisible and real.

B. Longrigg, of Denver, reports that Mr. Jules Wallace, the Australian seer, is at present in that place, where he is reported as doing good work, both as a test medium and inspirational speaker. He expects to come East before long. Mr. L. gives an account of some excellent tests.

Dr. Dean Clark writes from Napa, Cal.: "Though poor in health with a gripe I still live, as Webster said, and while I continue to do so and have strength enough to stand upon my feet and wag my tongue, it will go in the service of the spirits, to proclaim the everlasting truth as it is in spiritual philosophy. I have been doing this in this city each Sunday night for two months, and am engaged for two months longer. I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and will aid it what I can to do its glorious work for human elevation and the overthrow of error and unrighteousness. Long may it wave."

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull is open for engagements during April, May and June. Address, 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull writes: "I cannot close this without congratulating you on the success attendant upon THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Its growth seems phenomenal; with Spiritualistic literature so cheap, no one need be deprived of it. There is no excuse for ignorance in spiritual matters when there are so many opportunities for enlightenment. May you have the aid you so nobly merit."

W. S. Clemens, of Columbus, Ohio, has our thanks for a large list of subscribers. Our list of subscribers, even in Ohio, is larger, probably, than that of any other Spiritualist paper.

Mrs. Summers and daughter, clairvoyants and rapping mediums, hold seances every Wednesday evening at 341 W. Harrison St.

R. S. Easign, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "A society has just been organized in this city which has been given the name of the Spiritual and Liberal Research Society. Its objects are to investigate the philosophy and phenomena commonly known by the name of Spiritualism, and to disseminate liberal truths. Most of the members are already firmly convinced that Spiritualism is a reality, and the others are honest searchers after truth, who believe that the subject of Spiritualism is worthy of their investigation. We are organized for work and investigation, and in this city of more than 50,000 inhabitants we confidently expect, in the near future, to be able to build up a strong and vigorous organization. As yet, however, we are weak financially, but we propose using such means as we may be able to command, to secure from week to week and from time to time such first-class lecturers and first-class mediums as may be able to give us some light on this important subject. If, during the coming winter, or at any time during the coming year, any speaker or medium contemplates visiting the Northwest, we would be glad to learn at what time you could visit us, how long it would be convenient for you to remain, what the exact nature of your work would be, and what to a young society like ours—would be your lowest cash price therefore?"

Wm. C. Adams writes: "I have been taken from the body many times, and have felt of myself and looked at myself for the purpose of knowing just how it is with us after death. Many other experiences I might relate in regard to this subject, but will not at this time."

Chas. A. Brown, of Crescent City, Cal., has our thanks for a large list of subscribers.

Prof. W. M. Lockwood has closed his engagement at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Prof. Laroge, of St. Louis, writes an account of an experiment where he held a patient by hypnotic power during a dental operation, which under these conditions was successfully and painlessly performed.

From a letter by Bro. Stubbs, of Los Angeles, we gather that Miss Abby A. Judson, under the guidance of her spirit friends, is doing a great work that society, in arousing progress thought, which leads inevitably toward Spiritualism. We are much obliged, for his commendation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and the account of the work it is accomplishing.

A correspondent in San Francisco, Cal., gives a very commendatory account of the work of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, a materializing medium, while in that city. The seances were satisfactory, undisturbed by the motives of greed, revenge or hate, and in many instances were very marvelous.

We are in receipt of a glowing letter from Indiana, describing the conversion of a business man, Mr. S. Lefever, to belief in the glorious doctrines of Spiritualism. Through a chain of circumstances, evidently under spirit guidance, Mr. L. was led to the house of R. V. Bowman, a perfect stranger to him, whose wife has very strong mediumistic powers. During the evening he spent there, a seance was held and the test given our friend were so unanswerable and convincing that, to use his words, "came away the next morning 'regenerated,' 're-born,' and knows now of certainty that those who have lived, 'not die' in the essential conditions that distinguish us as entities. Let him boast the faith that he has grasped at greater and brighter things await him."

Charles D. Knight, President of the American Union of Spiritualists, of Seattle, Wash., informs us that Spiritualists of that place are wide awake and using all means within their power for the advancement of the cause which means so much, not alone to professed Spiritualists, but to the world at large. They have an ably-conducted Children's Progressive Lyceum, in which the aid of the teachers is to indelibly impress upon the tablet of memory the truths the invisible and only real; and also love for these doctrines, and for a country and the American flag. Lectures for adults are from both sides the visible and the invisible. It goes without saying, that these people, the ancient ones, are making other things, besides those they possess, both themselves and others. We wish to all who believe the grand truths of Spiritualism had the courage of their opinions, and would dare to meet weekly, only two or three in number. If the centers of concentration were on started, how much the Spirit-world could help the visible.

A communication from Lawrence, Kansas, suggests that Mrs. Margie Fox-Kane prepare some souvenir which could be put on sale. The proceeds would do much to make Mrs. Kane's easier, for there are many who would value highly her photograph with autograph upon it, or some similar memento. The suggestion seems both feasible and practical.

John Brown, of Providence, R. I., suggests that the Spiritualists unite to put up a hotel in Chicago, to be run on a European plan, combined with the American, during the "World's Fair." writes: "Suppose 10,000 headings were printed, with a chance for a long list of names. Let every medium and lecturer in the world have one or more of these list could be brought to the not of all present. It would be necessary to know by April or May, 1892, whether it would be possible to raise three hundred thousand dollars for the enterprise."

"Theosophy, Its Facts and Fanc and Why It Has Failed," was the subject discussed by Frank T. Ripley at 21 W. hall, before the St. Paul Spirit Alliance.

The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists in Omaha, Neb., recently held their half-yearly election. The following changes were made: W. T. Dea, President; W. W. Emery, Secretary. Meetings are held every Sunday at 2 p. m., at Marathon hall, corner 25th and Cumming street.

Brother Pierce writes that the Spiritualists of Londonderry, Vt., had a festival Jan. 15. The order of exercises was as follows: First, the grand march in costume; second, the "ghost dance" dressed in white; third, a bountiful supper, served by the ladies. The entire evening was enlivened by Parker and Vale's orchestra, interspersed by songs rendered by the Johnson brothers. The assembly was all the larger and finer could well contain. Indeed it was grand success, beyond expectation.

Mrs. Abbie A. Judson writes as follows from Long Lake, Minn.: "Your paper is more attractive than ever, in its shape. In Long Lake where I have been lecturing the last two Sundays they take nothing but THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and think everything of it."

Robert Henkle, of Rochester, Ind., writes: "While the attendance at Lyceum Hall is not so large as it was a few weeks ago, those who now attend are seeking comfort and truth in their different beliefs; and though Agnostic, Orthodox or Materialist eagerly pick up the gems as they fall from the speaker's lips, and place them along with the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of the past. Sunday afternoon, the 3d, Major Bitters entertained the audience with a very instructive illustrated lecture on "Phrenology," a subject he is quite familiar with. The evening subject was: "Who and What is God?" "Salvation by Faith" was the subject of the evening of the 10th, and was the finest lecture of the season. On Thursday evening of each week, the Spiritualists have a meeting at which the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism is taught."

Lyman C. Howe is lecturing at Grand Rapids, Mich., this month. He will be followed by Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings.

C. B. Nael, of Salt Lake City, writes: "The many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are always anxious to get the much-prized paper. It sends a gleam of sunshine in every home it enters. Our band of Spiritualists in this city is swelling the ranks at every meeting. Our next four meetings will be taken up by a rendering of 'Faraday's Series on Scientific Topics,' after which any and all students in scientific pursuits are cordially invited to address us. We also solicit correspondence from any speaker or platform test medium who would like to visit our city, stating terms and date. Address all communications to me, at 73 N Street, Salt Lake, Utah."

Effie F. Josselyn, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Lyman C. Howe is with us this month and is doing valiant service. I am much interested in Hudson Tuttle's story, and shall look with interest for Mrs. Bible's."

A subscriber from Santa Cruz, Cal., gives the following curious experience: "I dreamed that I was flying in the air, or Spirit-world. All was strange to me, and so beautiful; flowers, colors and people so strange and yet so lovely! There seemed to be one to guide me. I was so happy that I had no thought of anything else. At last we came to my room; I could see my body lying on the bed and I thought I was dead. It frightened me and I awoke. I soon went to sleep again, and dreamed the same thing over. This time my face looked as though I had died in agony. I was so frightened I caught hold of my body, gave it a shake and was awakened. I walked the floor some time, before I dared to go to sleep again."

Effie Josselyn writes as follows from Grand Rapids, Mich.: "The Progressive Spiritualist Society meet at Elks' Hall, Ionia street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. It is the only society in the city holding regular lectures."

G. W. Kates and wife will serve the First Association of Philadelphia during February; and at Pittsburgh during March. Correspondence solicited for Spring and Summer months. Address, 2234 Frankford ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A subscriber writes: "When a medium is ordained and licensed to preach by a State Spiritual Association, does that license hold legal in other States where no State organization has been formed?" Yes.

Many thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, for a generous supply of cake—the result of a happy wedding. The Editor has outgrown his "sweet tooth," but his wife still retains hers.

Bro. Floyd, of Springfield, Ill., writes: "Many private mediums are being developed in this city, and our people manifest a greater interest now than formerly. Dr. Carr lectures in hall over 213 S. 9th St. Mr. and Mrs. Lepper are both being developed for public mediumship. Mrs. L. lectures every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at her parlor."

Henry F. Roden, of Plainville, Ct., writes: "I cannot thank you enough, to pay you for giving me the best paper I ever had. You have given it to me for the year '91, and I have no way to pay you—only in thanks. I hope you will always prosper, in your kindness to the poor. I do not want you to stop your paper, for it is food to me, and I would not like to do without it." THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER goes forth to many hearts hungry for the truth, but who are unable to pay the subscription price. We do this work on our own account, only asking the friends to increase our circulation so that we can without inconvenience stand the strain. Notwithstanding that we are doing this philanthropic work, there are hundreds of Spiritualists who will contribute nothing to support a Spiritualist paper.

A. S. Gilson writes: "Is it your purpose to publish in book form the story by Hudson Tuttle, now in course of publication? If so, my wish will be gratified. I most earnestly hope you will, for the extra good it might accomplish. A book will remain in the family with you, and demand attention constantly, while a paper will sooner or later become destroyed, and the benefit of the story would be lost in a great measure." Sometime in the future the story by Hudson Tuttle may be put in book form, but not at present.

We are in receipt of a Spiritual Badge which is ingeniously devised as symbolical of the great truths of Spiritual philosophy. On a square white ground is a twelve-petaled sunflower with a human face in the center. The four corners symbolize Time, Matter, Space and Intelligence, the dimensions of manifestation. As the sunflower turns toward the Sun, so ought the faces of Spiritualists to be turned toward the Sun of Truth. The twelve petals speak of the sublime number, embodying the fact of the union of spirit and matter in the perfect man, whose face is in the center, on the spiritual plane. These badges are in the shape of sleeve buttons and pins, and are not likely to offend the most fastidious taste.

The Spiritualists of Elgin, Ill., have organized under the name of Elgin Spiritualist Association.

Geo. H. Brooks has an engagement at Shawneetown, Ill., to lecture. Spiritualists in that vicinity can make arrangements for lectures by addressing him at once at that place.

Frank T. Ripley is meeting with good success at St. Paul, Minn., and his work is duly appreciated by the warm hearts who listen to him from week to week. He now expects to come to Chicago sometime in April next.

A letter from Grand Rapids, Mich., speaks highly of the growing power of Harry Archer as a materializing medium; another letter speaks of a circumstance constantly happening to mediums for physical manifestations.

Effie F. Josselyn, President of the Spiritual Society at Grand Rapids, Mich., writes very encouragingly of the result of united effort in supplying hungry souls with the truth, in that second city of the State.

Mr. Geo. W. Walron, trance speaker, clairvoyant, and healing medium, of Fort Erie, near Buffalo, intends to re-enter the Spiritual ranks as a trance lecturer. We are glad to make this announcement, as Mr. Walron brought with him a first-class press record of the several years' public work he did in Scotland before landing in America three years ago. He is open to engagements at all points accessible to Buffalo.

Mrs. S. M. Bartholmes, of Denver, Colo., writes: "Jules Wallace, of California, is here, and has been surprising the people of Denver with his remarkable power. He is one of the greatest mediums that has ever visited our city. His tests astonish all with whom he comes in contact."

Dr. P. T. Johnson adds his testimony to that of many others, that James Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., is a most excellent materializing and slate-writing medium. There were many full-form materializations seen. Writing was obtained on slates under crucial test conditions. He says: "The slates were again placed in the little room, and after the seance they could not be found. Afterward they were found in a little cupboard with the door nailed tight before the seance commenced."

Difference of Opinion.

It Must Be Tolerated.

HARRY ARCHER.

In answer to many inquiries in regard to Mr. Archer, who is doing a most excellent work here in the exercise of the phase known as materialization, I take this method of reaching many at once through your widely-circulated paper, by saying that this medium has been nobly sustained by his friends here from the beginning; and as the result of good conditions given him, his mediumship has increased in power, so that the results are now worth going a long distance to see; and that localities which may desire good work in this phase, if they can engage him, and will prepare right conditions made in honesty and with the intelligence of investigators—not the low, animal cunning of criminal detectives—will be well repaid with square and straight evidence of priceless value to any seeker for the truth.

Grand Rapids, Mich. H. W. BOOZER.

LETTER FROM P. F. OLDS.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of January 16th, under the heading of "The Veil Withdrawn," is an extended description of materialization manifestations through the mediumship of Harry Archer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and given there. With your permission I wish to record what took place in a seance given a few days since by the same Archer in Lansing. It was held at the residence of an old resident and Spiritualist of this city, with about twenty-five persons present, most of whom were Spiritualists. The cabinet was formed by black curtains in a bay window, back and front, and a dark lamp or lantern was arranged in front of the cabinet across the room near the ceiling and so arranged as to be controlled by a cord running overhead and coming down into the cabinet. Previous to taking his seat in the cabinet he called three gentlemen to a private room and had his clothing examined, which was satisfactory in proving that no extras were found on his person. After taking his seat in the cabinet a young man who came with Archer took his stand with his back to the curtain, ostensibly to introduce the spirits as they came out. Mr. Archer put himself under no test conditions, nor was he willing to do so, but commenced the seance by producing what purported to be a female spirit, well known in Lansing and vicinity. Next came one who said he was E. V. Wilson. Being well acquainted with the brother while in earthly life, I asked the privilege of shaking hands with him, which was granted; and, oh! what a spirit hand! I have been a Spiritualist for thirty-five years, and have attended many seances where I have seen genuine manifestations; but in this case I was shocked to find not a materialized hand, but a real hand of flesh and blood and a face totally unlike E. V. Wilson's, but very much like the face of the medium, Archer. Several more forms came out, but were not recognized. Quite a number of times a form calling himself Little Jimmy appeared at the aperture made by the parting of the curtains at the bottom. He was quite a talker, and said that he had no hands, which afterwards proved to be true. At one of these visits I entered into conversation with Jimmy, and drew near him by permission, got down close to him to see how he looked, and to my surprise there was no semblance of mortal or spirit, but "he" looked like a piece of muslin hung on something about two feet high. I said nothing, but other Spiritualists in the circle felt they were being imposed upon, and at a later visit from Jimmy, I took this piece of two or more yards of muslin from what-over it hung on, and once and showed, I held it up to the audience and showed the character of the manifestations. Immediately a commotion arose, the light was extinguished and a general demand for their money was made by the audience. Meantime a light was produced, the curtain was put aside, and there crouched Mr. Archer in a corner trying to get his clothes on, as he was found with his outer clothing removed. Now, to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER let me say: Try all things, prove all things, and hold fast to the truth.

Mr. Archer said he would hold a seance the following night and prove to the people under strict test conditions that the manifestations were genuine, but forgot his promise and took the first train to Grand Rapids. This statement of truth is not made to injure any one, but I believe it is the duty of Spiritualists to stand firm by the truth and put down error in every form. Knowing that thousands of your readers have read the article in the January 16th issue, I

felt it my duty to give this account of the facts as they occurred here so that people may see how easy it is to be misled. Enclosed is a piece of the muslin that was hung at the aperture to represent Jimmy. P. F. OLDS.

Lansing, Mich.

Advanced Thought.

The conflict between modern and ancient systems of ethical and progressive philosophies, is the barrier to modern Spiritualistic organizations. However unpopular modern Spiritualism is with the masses, it has attracted the qualifications in negative discussions of about as incongruous an element in diversity of belief as ever congregated outside of a Greek pantheon. In contradistinction to modern spiritual philosophy, we have the Spiritualists, the Christian Scientists, Faithists, Swedenborgians, Mental-cure-alls, Reincarnationists, Theosophists and the Jesuitical Elementarists, each and all clamoring for precedence on the ground of "superior light," and "higher phase of truth."

Whether this Salmagundian element has been attracted into the ranks of Spiritualism because of its increasing popularity and general recognition by the able minds of civilization, or is sent by Jesuitical spirits from realms invisible to disturb, diversify and disrupt the trend of modern philosophy regarding the "continuity of life" and of every man's inherent birthright to such natural progression, we shall leave the readers and thinkers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to decide for themselves. We have, however, some decided opinions of our own upon this topic, and shall, when the proper time comes, present some data bearing upon this point that seems to have escaped the attention of Spiritualists in general. But be that as it may, the confusion and disruption wrought in the ranks of Spiritualism by the introduction of this modern Babel overtops the ancient structure, both in quality and kind of discordant verbiage. In every city where there are Spiritualistic societies, you will note these social combinations, and in many places Spiritualism has succeeded, or been swallowed up by these remnants of ancient superstition. It is passing strange, in these days of discovery and analysis, that any modern mind can be so thoroughly imbued with the schisms of Oriental idealism as to cherish and nurse them to the exclusion of reason and the data of modern scientific research, in all questions of future life. In matters appertaining to the present life, these minds demand data and minute deductive exactness; but in speculations regarding future prospects, the "astral soul" or "the light that leadeth every man that cometh into the world," is the *summum bonum* of rational aspiration. If one questions the coherency of this pre-historic verbiage, then are we cajoled into quiescence by the information that our mortal mind is undeveloped and lacks spiritual unfoldment. This tendency, disposition, or desire to be regarded as a superior incarnation of truth, is illustrated by an assertion made by Sir Edwin Arnold in a recent interview with a scribe of the *Omaha Daily Bee*. When asked by a reporter what was his opinion of Spiritualism, "Oh," replied Sir Arnold with an expression of disdain incarnated, "Spiritualism is only the child-baby of Buddhism." Now, referring to this statement, we deny the parentage, the birthplace, and the babyhood of the philosophy. That Buddhists believed in spirit intercourse and practiced it, is true; but that they were the first to nurse this truth, is not true. The earliest worship known included communication with the Lares, Manes, and Penates who were the tutelary deities of the ancient Romans, or, in strict interpretation, the souls or spirits of departed ancestry. The philosophy of Zoroastrianism, inculcates this worship. Aristotle and Eudoxus place this system of ethics and religion 6,000 years before Plato. And here, let us say in parenthesis, that if modern Bible readers will, instead of reading the words "God" and "Lord God," as found in both Old and New Testaments, insert the words or terms, Lares, Manes and Penates, in the spirit in which these terms were understood by the ancient mind, it will save them much valuable time and humiliation in apologizing for the attributes of a Supreme Being which, in the oral traditions, were understood as human attributes, or as an expression of the character of the souls of departed ancestry.

Now, it will be seen that Sir Arnold misapprehends, in that Buddhism does not contain the only knowledge of intercourse between consciousness visible in the body, and consciousness invisible, but that this truth is as old as human conception. He further mistakes in supposing that the Buddhist idea of the relation of man to Buddha is essentially the same as that held by the modern Spiritualist regarding man's relation to his environment. He again mistakes in the inference that the recognition of a realm of life invisible entitles the Buddhist to be recognized as the father or founder of the realm. Thus it will be seen that Buddhism is not the parent of Spiritualism, but is itself the child of former astral beliefs, one of which is that of existence beyond that of life in the body. Whatever may have been the thought of the ancient Buddhist regarding the ultimate of life, whether it was to be *Nirvana* (blown out, as the word indicates), or *Moksha* (eternal bliss), the doctrines of Brahmanism of later date, it is certain that neither of these concepts sequence the philosophy of modern Spiritualism. This grand induction of modern thought makes the life principle a progressive formative energy. In its application to human consciousness, it is that sentient evolution of life principle found by the blending of those automatic chemical forces that project being. It has its individual vibratory rate in harmony with a law of propagation, and in accord with analogous principles of evolution. Hence, it is not the child of Buddhism, or of any schism; but is a modern truth, compiled from the vast resources of nature's laboratory—the data of which inheres in the principles and structure of molecular nature.

All classes of minds that are willing that continued existence shall be proven and established upon these eternal principles of time and space can organize for an active philosophical investigation, and the philosophical deductions of such an organization, properly presented to the scholarly minds congregating at the World's Fair in 1893, will make for humanity a new

era of progression, in which every man's birthright to eternal progress and individual existence shall be found in the fundamental principles of nature's formative forces, whose inherent tendency is from low to higher forms. Such a philosophy is worthy the intellectual consideration of the age.

W. M. LOCKWOOD.

The Margaret Fox-Kane Fund.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your very earnest and timely appeal in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of January 2d, on behalf of Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane, has brought me a number of kind responses, which I herewith acknowledge. One good sister in Normal, Ill., in sending her second contribution of \$2, regrets that the remittances have not been more numerous, and speaks of having been thanked in a circle by a spirit purporting to be the father of Mrs. Fox-Kane. As a matter of personal experience, allow me to say, that each gift (and it is a case of the "widow's mite," no less than in that of the larger ones) seems to convey a spiritual blessing, brought by invisible carriers. Owing to circumstances, thousands of dollars, destined for charity, pass through my hands every year, but as to none of them have I this feeling of spiritual presence and benediction. It is as plain as anything can be, that most of these gifts come from the poor—that they represent a personal sacrifice. This, to me, is their chief value. To relieve suffering is one thing. How we do it, in what spirit we do it, and out of what means we do it, are quite other things, and determine our spiritual status. With me, this matter goes deeper than the dollars and cents it represents.

In an objective sense these Fox Sisters represent the corner-stone of Spiritualism. In a subjective or spiritual sense they are likewise made to serve as *touchstones*. In the order of things—a wise and beneficent order, I make no doubt—these first instruments of the new dispensation fell by the way—sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of physical degradation—the victims of an inherited appetite. In these circumstances, what is our duty? Nay, what, as Spiritualists, is our blessed privilege? Had ever a people a better opportunity presented to them to rise above passion and prejudice, and do the service on earth that angels thirst for? I am well aware that there are some Spiritualists who are too good, and altogether too clean, to reach down into the mire to help the fallen. These we will leave standing on their pedestals of virtue and purity. For the "unco guid" the life of Margaret Fox-Kane has no *menage*; and I would not hurt their self-satisfied feelings by appealing to them. In the divine order they, too, will have their reward. But, happily, Spiritualists are not all built that way; and to another class I look with confidence to keep the instrument of the "rap" that has "encircled the world" out of the poor-house.

I have not had an opportunity to confer with Bro. Titus Merrill, but no doubt he has also received some remittances, and in due course will send you an account thereof. My receipts are as follows:

Previously acknowledged, \$100.11.
G. C. and A. P. McGregor, Waco, Texas, \$2; Mrs. Murphy and friends, Crown Point, Ind., \$2; "A Friend to Humanity," Normal, Ill., \$2; James Blinn and friends, Columbus, O., \$1.25; E. A. Bechtel, Staunton, Ill., \$1; J. H. Hopping, Mountain Cove, W. Va., \$1; Geo. D. Humes, Peterson, Kansas, \$1; F. S. H. Needham, \$1; G. S. Morgan, Webster, Iowa, \$1; G. W. Tripp, Osego, Wis., \$1; George L. L. Fuller, Tillamook, Oregon, 50c.; Mrs. Manley, Franklin, Pa., 50c.; G. W. Howard, Amoy, O., 30c.; Albert Holt and S. H. Lovejoy, Milford, N. H., 30c.; Doring Brothers, Troy, N. Y., 25c.; "A Spiritualist," Bolton, Mo., 25c.; H. J. Clark, Warren, O., 25c.; A Friend, Lockport, N. Y., 25c.; Mrs. Cora K. Moore, New Philadelphia, O., 25c.; G. W. Whitford, Oswego, N. Y., 25c.; "A Friend," Ceredo, W. Va., 25c.; Nicholas Rooney, Weedsport, N. Y., 25c.; Friend, 20c.; L. H. Yorktown, Pa., 20c.; O. G. Richards, Eudora, Kansas, 15c.; "A Widow's Mite," Chicago, 10c.; Friend, New York City, 10c.; New Bedford, 10c.; Adelia Reed, Ashley, O., 10c.; A Friend, Bristol, R. I., 10c.; J. A. Humphreys, On Train, 10c.; Subscriber, Richmond, Ind., 10c.; Mrs. H. D. Homestead, Palmyra, Me., 10c.; A. Blackman, Georgetown, Col., 10c.; Mrs. J. E. English, Elendale, Mich., 10c.; Mrs. B. L., Chicago, 5c. Total, \$18.70.

FREDERICK F. COOK.
79 Fourth avenue, New York.

A Tribute to a Good Medium.

TO THE EDITOR:—Inclosed find postal note for the renewal of my subscription to the *Best, BOLDEST and MOST INDEPENDENT* Spiritualist paper that I ever have read.

I want to also add my testimony to the merits of one of the truest and best mediums I know, James Riley. His manifestations are really grand, convincing, and in every way satisfactory. I have been personally acquainted with him for several years, and believe him to be in every respect honest and conscientious. So sensitive is he to the doubts and suspicions of stranger visitants that he invites the most rigid tests. Very rarely is a seance closed without the materialization of one or more friends of the sitters, from the tiny infant to those of old age, who often walk out, shake hands and converse with them. With such proofs of immortality life all over the country, it appears to me that Agnostics and Materialists ought to be converted. Mr. Riley is doing a good work, and Spiritualists ought to rally around him, and give him such financial support as to relieve him of the burden and care of furnishing bread and butter for his family. His service in the war of the rebellion, and hard labor since, has rendered him nearly a physical wreck, and if he is to be employed by the Spirit-world many years more as a bridge to this world, his physical body must be cared for. Let all remember that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Decatur, Mich. DR. A. J. KINNEY.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY. THE application of Sarcognomy, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body, to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Bodily and Mental Diseases by means of Electricity, Nervous, Medicine and Remedies, with a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and Passages, and presentation of New Instruments for Electro-Therapeutics. By Joseph Rodin Buchanan, M. D. A perfect model of rare knowledge. A large work. Price \$2.50.

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

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



SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

FREEDOM DEFINED.

Ladies and gentlemen, what do I mean by liberty? Let me explain myself. If a man is prevented from going where he desires by a range of mountains, or by a swiftly-flowing river, or by wild beasts, he does not feel that he has been enslaved. If he comes to the bank of a river which he wishes to cross, and there are tigers on the opposite shore, he does not feel that he has been robbed of his freedom. But if there is a man like himself on the other side with a gun, who says he shall not cross, he feels that his freedom has been interfered with. In other words, the idea of liberty, the greatest and grandest that can enter the mind of man, is not to be interfered with by like intelligences, whether on earth or in heaven; not to be interfered with by those who can gloat over the victory. And in the world of thought, in the world of speculation, there should be nothing but absolute liberty. In the world of action my liberty stops where the liberty of another commences, but in the world of thought there are no possible limitations. There is room in the intellectual air for every sail, and in the great republic of mind one is a majority; every brain, every soul is a sovereign, robed and crowned absolutely free. And in that republic of mind all good citizens give to every other human being every mental right they claim for themselves. And in that republic whoever appeals to force is a traitor. So, to-night, for the most part, I wish to speak of the liberty of thought, the right to investigate, the right to guess for yourself, the right to people the future according to your own fancy and to paint such pictures upon the canvas of the beyond as you want, dictated by none others. And if there be gods, I give to them the same right that I claim for myself. I live in a republican government, and I want to live in a republican universe, and if there is to be an arbitrary being who is to control the thoughts and loves and passions of men by brute force, let us elect him.

BELIEFS OF OLDEN TIMES.

In the good old days—and not so very many days ago, our forefathers (and I have no doubt they were honest)—absolutely believed that it was necessary for all human beings to think alike, especially on those questions about which nobody knew anything for certain. Our good forefathers really believed that there was somewhere in the infinite expanse a being whose happiness could be interfered with by some poor man crawling upon the face of this obscure earth. They believed it; and they believed that this being had promised eternal joy to all who should think in a certain way; and had threatened eternal misery to all who had a mind of their own. Now, so believing, our ancestors—they are all dead, and that is the best thing I can say about them. Our ancestors, acting logically from the belief, logically from the premises, said: We will make everybody believe the same—and they thought they could do it. And yet all the mechanics of this world, and all the ingenuity that has ever been born in the subtle brain of man, cannot make two clocks that will keep time alike one minute. It is impossible. All the ingenuity of the world, aided with all the machinery that has leaped from the brain of man, cannot make two things alike, and no one man can do it, and nature cannot do it. In all the forests that clothe the world there are not two leaves alike, and now when autumn has come upon us and that wonderful officer called Death has painted every leaf of all the trees, no two have been painted alike. And yet our old forefathers absolutely thought they could make thousands and billions of human beings, each clad in a robe of living, throbbing, passionate human flesh, each driven by the storms of passion over life's sea—and yet our forefathers imagined you could make two of them think exactly alike. Utterly impossible! And if you could, what a stupid world this would be.

INTELLECTUAL SPLENDORS BORN OF FREEDOM.

I believe in the intellectual splendors born of freedom and diversity, instead of the stupidity and orthodoxy of force as applied to the brain of man. Yet our forefathers believed it and they acted on the belief. When I used to read the old stories about burning people and torturing them, do you know I could not realize it? It never seemed to me that it was really so, and it never took hold of me until I saw the instruments, the arguments that our forefathers used. I saw, for instance, two little pieces of iron attached together by screws, and when some man—well, when he said he didn't believe that a fish ever swallowed a sailor to keep him from drowning, then they put those two pieces of iron on his thumb, and the gentlemen who loved their enemies began screwing these two pieces together. They said to this man: "You have made a mistake in your logic; you have dropped a link; we do this to call your attention to the subject." So they kept on until finally the poor wretch, suffering the agonies of the fabled damned, said: "I have made a mistake," and I do not blame him. I think I would have done the same. I would have said: "Write it down, and I will sign it; one god or a billion, but stop that." And do you know I wish there had never been a martyr in this world? A race that has to be raised from barbarism to civilization by the agony of martyrs had better remain in the mud where it started. And yet there was now and then a fellow who was such a brave soul he would not recant; and then these gentlemen who were all forgiveness screwed this down to the last thread. And had it not been for such men all of us would have been barbarians to-night; all of us

naked, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed on our flesh, dancing around a dried snake. Had it not been for that splendid spirit which said: "I will be true to myself; I will never stain the whiteness of my soul"—and, understand me, I am sorry they did it.

OTHER "ARGUMENTS" OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

And so I saw another of the arguments of our forefathers, "the collar of torture." Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside of that more than a hundred points sharp as needles. This being fastened upon the throat, the sufferer could not sit down, could not stand or walk; he could not stir without being punctured by these needles, and in a little while the throat would begin to swell, and in a little while suffocation would end the sufferings of that man. That argument was called the "Scavenger's Daughter," and when some man said, "I do not understand your arithmetic; how can three times one be one, and once one be three?"—there is something wrong in your logical multiplication table." They put him to this torture and kept him in that position until insanity and death in pity came to his relief. And this was done by the gentlemen who said: "If smitten on one cheek, turn the other." This was done for the purpose of spreading the gospel of "eternal love." Now, there is a mistake somewhere. There is such a difference between the argument used and the object to be attained that somebody has blundered.

And so I saw the rack with windlass and chains upon which the sufferer was laid; about his ankles were fastened chains, and about his wrists also, and then priests began turning this windlass, and they kept turning until the ankles, the shoulders and the wrists were all dislocated, and the sufferer was wet with the sweat of agony. And they had a physician standing by to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. What for? In mercy? No; simply that they might have the pleasure of racking him once again. And that was done in the name of universal love, forgiveness, and benevolence. Not done to one or two, but to hundreds of thousands. And when I saw this I began to realize what had been done by superstition.

(To be continued.)

AN EXCELLENT MEDIUM.

PORTRAITS DRAWN ON SEALED SLATES.

TO THE EDITOR:—As we are getting things from across the mists from our beloved spirit friends that are entirely too good to withhold from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER family, I send you a photo of a picture and messages that came on a slate securely fastened inside a table drawer. The original picture and message, so unique, I have covered with a glass, and count it a trophy indeed. The portrait on slate is in a kind of water colors, and is a marvel. We get portraits of sages of ancient times and noted men and women of later date. Ethan Allen, Thomas Paine, and others we have. We received a night or two ago one of a young lady, an acquaintance of one of the sitters at the time, that for beauty and strangeness never can be excelled. The slates are screwed fast together and sealing-wax stamped over the heads of screws, rendering it absolutely out of question to defraud. George Goodman is the medium, who is not yet fully developed in his grand powers. He is robust and stout in person; was a blacksmith by trade, and our noble cause is to receive help from him, of more interest to mankind than the iron interests of the world. I send you a copy of one or two messages received same way. They surely have merit:

"Destroy the churches? No. Let them be turned into grand lecture rooms, improving morality, humanity and education, by exposition of glorious truths and revealed facts of Nature, upon which alone they should rest, and which supply the only lasting incentive to their culture. Let every day be one of mental instruction and spiritual culture."—Ethan Allen.

"All the persecutors declare against each other mortal war, while the philosopher, opposed by all of them, contents by pitying them."—Voltaire.

"We of the ancients had mastered the occult sciences, and could consult with the gods,—spirits. The phenomena of Spiritualism is common to all ages, but conditions of national life, and habits of the people and religions, have had a depressing action thereon. The political and religious freedom of your country and nation make of it the natural trusting-place of spirits with yourselves. It is the garden of the gods."—Socrates.

These messages came in a very plain, bold hand, on sealed slates. We often get them in foreign tongues, French, German and Greek, and the spirits afterwards translate them for us. Should these have merit to get a place in your journal I can send more, quite as good, any time.

The genuineness of all these messages, as well as the photo of Socrates, can be attested to as to their genuine spirit origin by eight persons of as good intelligence and character as Missouri affords.

J. N. WASHBURN,
Superintendent Liberal Camp,
Liberal, Mo.

Overcoming Death.

What an extreme absurdity to advocate the possibility of mortal man overcoming the immutable law of nature by and through which all mortals pass on to immortality; a law which none would desire to transgress were it possible for them to do so; yet there are those who seemingly have had a good bite of the Tree of Knowledge, and evidently think they have also tasted of that other tree, which stood in the middle of the garden, the Tree of Life; but, according to the story as it is recorded, they must be mistaken, for God got there just in time to prevent any one, even our first parents, from tasting of that tree and living forever. How fortunate for the human race, for had Adam and Eve got a bite of the fruit of that tree, and all had lived forever, we would to-day have been many, many tiers deep, and pandemonium would have reigned supreme on this mundane sphere. The law of progression would have come to a stand-still, and we would have been deprived of the pleasure of passing on into those higher beautiful spheres of the great beyond. I, for one, thank God that he was on hand in time to avert such a dire calamity overtaking the human race.

W. J. INNS.

Take an Inventory of Stock.

OF THAT OF A SPIRITUAL NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Yes, take an inventory of stock, and see how you stand from a spiritual point of view. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—Ecclesiastes, vii., 10.

The merchant, about the first of January of each year, peers into every corner of his warehouse, marks down such goods as have hung heavily on the market, displays to better advantage those for which there is still a popular demand, reckons up the profits of the last twelve months, tries to forget his losses, and faces the new year with renewed hope and ambition.

It is quite as necessary for the scholar to take an account of the world's stock. His purpose is to find out what steps forward or what steps backward have been taken; what elements of strength have entered into our universal life and what elements of weakness have been abandoned. He examines with a critical eye the widening influence of commerce, the industrial activities of the people, the trend of public opinion; he watches the swirl and whirl of the great vortex of politics; he notes the war clouds which gather or are dissipated as circumstances demand; he sees a general desire to substitute the peaceful methods of arbitration for the gory chivalry of the battlefield. These furnish him with the means of balancing the historic ledger, discovering how many steps toward the ideal society the world has taken, and reaches a safe conclusion as to its moral wealth or poverty.

At first sight one becomes discouraged. The rattle and din of human affairs are confusing. If he forgets that din and rattle mean manufacture; that noise and controversy and threats—that strikes and mobs and revolutions and bombs are incidents of progress, if not the proofs of it, he concludes that pandemonium is running riot and that we are on the highway to Chaos. On the contrary, if he is large enough to see that mankind always pockets a profit after an encounter; that in spite of the rumpus, men are forever struggling to gain a higher vantage ground, he will cease grinding his teeth in rage and be convinced that every year and every conflict is a peacemaker and a man-maker.

For example, the tangled complications of Europe are apparently alarming. The armies of every nation are fumbling for their sword hilts. The crash is expected at any moment, and when it comes they tell us that the map of the Continent will be changed. But month after month it is delayed. Would it be delayed if men still fought with bows and arrows? The genius of invention which is hard at work for the production of projectiles so penetrating, of ordinance so formidable and infantry arms so death-dealing that war will shudder at its own horrors—it is that genius of invention which gives Europe pause. The tented field is no longer the opportunity of personal ambition. The chances of great success in battle grow more meagre daily, while wholesale butchery becomes a fact to be faced. With modern means of warfare, even prowess counts for less than in former times, for courage cannot stop a steel-pointed missile. And behind these controlling inventions stand the great multitude who have at last learned that military glory is no glory for them, but only sure death, or at best the plunder of their property and the ruin of their homes.

Or again, the critic sees an Irish question which drags its slow length along and blocks the wheels of the British Parliament; and a crisis in Japan, its House of Representatives dissolved and its House of Peers prorogued by imperial decree; and a wild gust of revolution sweeping through Brazil, leveling the bearded grain of trade by its destructive force; and uprisings and flashing gunpowder in Central America; and a controversy between Chili and ourselves so serious that our war vessels are already headed towards the Equator. He sees that disputes are epidemic and that no nation is wholly contented with its lot.

Shall we, therefore, go into mourning and predict the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," the utter and dead failure of civilization, the uselessness of further effort? If near-sighted, yes; if long-sighted, no.

The juice of the grape must needs pass through a process of fermentation before it is ready for market. Fermentation is progress by chemical change and destruction. The human race began as grape juice. History is only a record of its different stages of ferment. Let it alone and it will clear itself of all injurious elements and come at last to be something worth our while. Grape juice is clarified in a short time; it takes centuries to clarify mankind. But it is being converted, however slowly, into rich wine. From time to time we skim off from the surface of society old, decayed habits and customs, but that is all we can do. If we do that with skill and care we may safely leave the rest to the laws of evolution.

There is but one supreme duty, therefore—namely, to stop grumbling and lend a helping hand.

There is something very suggestive in the above, taken from the New York World. Every Spiritualist, like the man of business, should take an inventory of himself each year, and determine his exact moral status. How many hearts have you relieved during the past year? How many burdens have you lifted from sorrowing mortals? Did you give Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken anything when an appeal was made in her behalf? Did you send even the smallest sum as a testimonial to Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain? Yes, there were thousands of readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER who turned a deaf ear to the appeals made, not even sending them as much as a postage stamp or a word of sympathy. Yea, take an inventory of yourself and see how much you have to be proud of at the present time.

A. B.

Ben and the Owl.

Ben went into the barn to play
And saw two eyes up in the hay.
"Hullo," said Ben, "How do you do?"
Ben thought he heard, "Who who, who who."
"Ben Bolt's my name; and who are you?"
For answer came, "Who who, who who."
"Look out," said Ben, "If I were you!"
The voice again said, "Who who, who who?"
"You're making game; I'm four times two."
And now he heard, "Two two, two two."
Said Ben, "I'll bet you can't spell queue."
This time, quite low, "Tu whoo, tu whoo."
"Come see if I'm as big as you,"
An owl flew out and Ben ran, too.

At the Setting of the Sun.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.
The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.
For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Lectures by Prof. Van Horn.

TO THE EDITOR:—Prof. G. W. Van Horn, now of Chicago, delivered two very interesting and instructive lectures in the Town Hall at Chatsworth, Ill., to quite a large and appreciative audience, giving many tests of the return of our friends, which were in every instance recognized; also relieving pain instantly, from those who came forward. The deaf were made to hear in several cases, one of twelve years standing, another of one year. They could not hear ordinary conversation. Their ears were opened so they could hear as well as ever, even in a whispered conversation. We feel that the Professor has done us a good work here, and he should be kept busy.

Chatsworth, Ill. E. H. BANGS.

Mediums' Order of Beneficence.

This order is but one year old. It may not have gained especially in popularity, for lack of the one thing needful, but it has brought its members into closer bonds of friendship; it has bound up wounded hearts by its kindly sympathy; it has relieved physical suffering through its magnetic healers; it has provided for the needs of its members with financial aid, and we are as a cipher in comparison to what we will be at the close of another year. We have instituted two auxiliaries so far, with some of our most popular and practical lecturers and healers, as leading lights in them, and they are in first-class working condition. Several others are waiting to be organized, and so the good work goes on. We shall hold our second convention Feb. 26th, 27th, 28th, in Haverhill, Mass., where the Supreme Council is located; and we expect many of our best known workers and lecturers to be present. Any person who is disposed to donate articles for the Fair to be held in connection with the convention, or money toward the Home Building Fund, can forward it to "Mediums Order of Beneficence, lock box 118, Haverhill, Mass.," and receive in return a prompt recognition of the same. Any information regarding the work of the Order will be gladly given to any one sending to above address.

Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 11, 1892.

The Medium W. S. Davis.

TO THE EDITOR:—I attended Mr. Davis's seance for the first time last night, and to say that I was astonished would not half express my true feelings. About thirty-five persons were present, and they were all intelligent, well-to-do people. Mr. Henry J. Newton, probably the most well-known Spiritualist in the United States; Mrs. Alcorn, the inspirational speaker; Mrs. Holman, the famous clairvoyant artist; S. B. Bogert, the wife of the president of the Brooklyn society; Mr. Scott, the medium, and many other distinguished persons will all vouch for the fact that Mr. Davis is a medium of a very high order, whether newspaper reporters, anonymous letter writers and other enemies admit this or not. Mr. Newton sat in the cabinet and held Mr. Davis's hands, and the manifestations continued just the same. Others in the circle sat in the cabinet with the medium and held his hands. They tied him up with ropes; they dictated all sorts of conditions, all of which Mr. Davis cheerfully acceded to, and notwithstanding all this, the manifestations were grand. For rapid and startling phenomena, under crucial test conditions, Mr. Davis stands pre-eminent, and if there is any professional trickster in the land who can reproduce these manifestations by trickery, I think we can raise a good purse as an inducement for him to do so. THOS. NORTON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Saw a Fiery Hand.

WATCHERS IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH FRIGHTENED.

Word comes from Mechanicsburg, Ohio, that midway between that place and the neighboring village of Catawba something ghostly has been creating a stir. The house is upon the Springfield pike, and is a neat-looking two-story frame of modern architecture. It is in the interior of this house that the ghostly scenes are enacted. The last person who occupied the house with his family was a gentleman by the name of Prentiss, but himself and family remained no longer than they could help. A little child of Mr. Prentiss died, and several of the intimate friends of the family were sitting up with the remains. The occasion afforded the first intimation of a ghostly vision about the premises.

It was about 12 o'clock at night, and the occupants of the room sat dozing from their vigil, when, with a muffled exclamation, one of the ladies arose from the chair, and with a trembling hand pointed toward one of the walls of the room. Seemingly a hand of fire had suddenly appeared upon the wall. The hand first appeared near the ceiling, but did not remain motionless. With the index finger again pressed against the papered wall, the hand moved downward until the floor was reached. It then returned to the ceiling and back again, making six perpendicular visits downward and upward, after which it disappeared and was seen no more that night.

What it meant no one could tell or conjecture. Upon examining the wall where the hand had traveled another strange sight was disclosed. Lines the width of an average adult finger were upon the wall in the track the fiery finger had pursued, and along each line the wall paper appeared as though seared with a red-hot iron. It is not ascertained whether any unaccountable noise occurred during the maneuvers of the mysterious hand, as the living occupants of the room fled in terror. Although the house is not now occupied, it is supposed that the hand of fire is still at work, as visitors to the house during the day notice additional tracks where it is supposed the hand has traveled, and the same seared appearance of the wall paper.

How long the mysterious proceedings will continue is, of course, unknown, but at the present time it appears as though the hand of fire is going to leave its mark upon every inch of paper on the wall.

Cosmos.

New York.

Notes from Milwaukee, Wis.

I was very much interested in reading Prof. Buchanan's article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on "Theosophy." One of the reasons was, perhaps, because I entertain the same ideas in regard to the subject of Theosophy and its teachings. Like Christianity, it is all founded upon faith, or rather accepted on faith, with not the least bit of evidence to sustain such a belief. I was also very glad to learn through Dr. Greer of the conversion of my old friend, Prof. Orchardson, to Spiritualism. He is a radical thinker and a refined spiritual man, and a belief, or rather a knowledge of Spiritualism, will do him good, and he will help the cause of Spiritualism.

Our city has taken a new awakening in Spiritualism through and by the phenomena. Lizzie Bangs visited our city a short time ago, and she did a good work among the skeptics, bringing them in communication with their spirit friends.

There is a materializing medium here who is also at the present time giving seances, and I hear that the people who attend see and converse with their spirit friends. It is all done in a private way, without any newspaper advertising and among private circles.

In closing I wish to say your paper is improving all the time, and I hope you may double your subscription list in the next two or three years.

A. B. SEVERANCE.

Milwaukee, Jan. 17.

Notes from Geo. W. Walrond.

TO THE EDITOR:—The growth of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is simply phenomenal, and now that you have doubled its size and matter you will have no difficulty in doubling your list of subscribers. People are waking up every day more and more to the realities of Spiritualism and its indisputable evidence of spirit return. The spiritual wave is ebbing and flowing in every land to-day, leaving with every tide an indelible imprint of its permanency. A few pulpits mountebanks of the Talmagean type may deride its simple truths, but the work of progress is certain and sure, while the downfall of Christian hypocrisy and religious pretensions is inevitable.

I have been recently engaged in commercial pursuits, and have had an excellent opportunity of judging human nature from the Christian standpoint. Generally speaking, I found those who prayed the most paid the least. The old proverb, "Nearer the church the further from grace," has been over and over again exemplified in the case of those professing converts who used every mean artifice to shun or postpone the payment of a debt. On this subject I propose to write an essay when I have settled down to spiritual work again.

I found commercial storekeeping anything but a success, spiritually, physically or financially, hence I am returning to the fate of spiritual workers.

GEO. W. WALROND.

Fort Erie, Ontario.

Glad We Have Enlarged.

I need not tell you how glad I am that you have enlarged THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, since my wife and myself find so much the more delicious spiritual food to nourish and gladden our hungry souls. We know good angels bless your untiring perseverance and commendable zeal to educate, interest, and harmonize your thousands of readers.

E. D. BLAKEMAN.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

Sir:—My attention has been called to your ungracious editorial inferences, in regard to myself, in the Journal of November 7th.

I believe this is the fourth or fifth offense of this kind that I have passed without comment. Silence now ceases to be a virtue. I do not believe in, nor have I ever approved of the present system of conjugal compacts. I have a right to this conviction, and I propose to exercise it.

That somewhat celebrated "Contract" (an abiding by which has caused considerable ferment in the Spiritualistic ranks) embodied my principles, formed deliberately, and in good faith. I have no apology to make to any one therefor.

I believe in honesty, and not in dishonesty; I believe in genuine and not in artificial relationships; I believe in integrity, and not in subterfuge. I believe in love, and not in "lust;" I believe in freedom, and not in tyranny; I believe in honorable volunteerism, and not in "legal entanglements." I believe in dual partnerships, and not in dastardly double-dealing; and I defy any one on this planet—or any other—to sustain a single charge against my spiritual probity.

I demand "fair play," and I intend to secure it.

I am in nowise accountable for the "Primer" idea put forth by my able and noble friend, Lydia R. Chase (a woman who has too much soul to become hypnotized by the prevailing foulness parading in the name of virtue), but I have the capacity to present and to maintain my position, and unless these cruel and cowardly attacks upon myself and my former companion cease, someone, somewhere, will get a deal of light thrown upon the hypocrisy which despises justice and defames the truth.

Very sincerely and resolutely yours,
Boston, Mass., Nov. '91. MRS. H. S. LAKE.

A Few Words of Cheer.

I am greatly pleased with your ambition to make your excellent PROGRESSIVE THINKER as good as possible. Its liberality toward all variety and shades of thought to me is its best recommendation. May you, Mr. Editor, long live to shed abroad the light of reason and common sense. I wish you success, for you surely deserve it, and it is only just that you should be sustained in your effort to extend the knowledge of true Spiritualism. I wish you abundant success in the valuable work you are doing. As in the past, so in the future, I will do all in my power to help on the good work.

M. A. CLAYTON.

Albany, N. Y.

A DIVINE LESSON.

It is Like a Beam of Sunshine.

A divine lesson is often learned from a child's influence on its home. Many instances (says the Chicago Herald) there have been where a child instituted a complete change in a household. The little one, filled with the new ideas of perfect cleanliness and moral truth learned at the mission, would make the mother ashamed of her untidy rooms and harsh tones, and she in turn would influence the husband and father for better things. One teacher said that at one time the lesson had been on flowers and how they grew, and she had procured as gifts a number of geranium slips. After showing how the leaves of the plant were full of veins running with sap, like the veins and blood in our bodies; how the food of the plant was taken in through them in some way and how they drank in the air and sunshine, she gave one to each child, with directions how to care for it. What wonders one of those little slips worked in one home she learned later through the child's mother. Benny was very proud of his new possession, and carried it home in triumph to show his mother, a hard-working Irish woman, who took in washing. To his disappointment, when he showed the pretty green plant to her she only said: "O, don't bother me with it, ye'd better throw it away." But Benny hunted up an old tin can and filled it with dirt and set his geranium in it. The next day his mother gave him a piece of bright paper "to paste on that old can wid yer plant in it." A few days later she concluded that it was "too bad hev'in' it settin' on the greasy old winder-sill." So she washed the window and the sill and put a clean newspaper with scalloped edges on it. After that the floor was scrubbed to match the window, and when the father came home he found her with her hair neatly combed, a clean apron on and supper steaming on the table. Little Benny showed him his geranium "with a lot o' buds on it," then wanted to be held a little while before going to bed to tell him what he did at the kindergarten. After the child was asleep papa thought he would stay at home and read the paper instead of going down to Bill's saloon, where too many of his evenings had been spent, and for once that home was tranquil where too often hard words, snarls and swearing had reigned supreme. The next morning the news of a dreadful fight at Bill McCarty's saloon came out, and in the drunken fray a man had been killed. "An' I jist felt loike it was the little flower saved me man from bein' a murderer," the mother said when telling Benny's teacher about it, and she wiped her eye on the corner of her apron, "fer he would ha' been in it all, an' Lord on'y knows what he might ha' done, fer when he's drunk he's awful, an' now he don't drink any more." So these seemingly small influences go further than we oftentimes dream.

These rays from the sunny life of children often exert a divine influence, and elevate even the most hardened wretches of society. The kindergarten is one of the greatest civilizers of the present day; it originated no doubt, in spirit life.

BETTA.

Chicago, Ill.

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Give the Heathen a Rest.

LET HIM WORK OUT HIS OWN SALVATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—Yes, give him, the poor heathen, a rest while in our own midst are thousands of worse heathens. As set forth by the *National Standard*, the heathen is again to the front. At a recent revival meeting, held in the vicinity of Saratoga, a young, unsophisticated woman from the city of New York made herself previous and conspicuous by removing her diamond (paste?) rings and dropping them into the collection plate for the benefit of the "poor heathen." Whether this inexperienced maiden intended this as a piece offering, thank offering or love offering is not stated. A "Colonel" from Kentucky, another firm believer in heathen work, also made an exhibition of himself on the occasion referred to. This distinguished savior of heathen souls laid his gold (?) watch and chain on the altar of sacrifice, with the soul-stirring words, "Here is my mite." These sort of exhibitions are all very beautiful, but such performances are rarely, if ever, able to withstand the penetrating rays from the searchlight of honesty and truth. There are many "fake" schemes worked in the name of our Lord, but the greatest of them all is this heathen chestnut.

Religious frenzy is not divine inspiration, nor are fanatics the apostles of Christ. The Almighty does not govern this world or seek to redeem his wayward children by means of idle deeds of foolish people. We should let the heathen alone and attend to those in distress nearer home. Who are we, that we should presume to know more than the heathen? Are we not all like the children of God, created after His image and in His name? The all-wise, great and generous God has not created, nor does He continue to create, millions upon millions of human beings dependent upon the magnanimity of the diamond ring girl or the watch-and-chain young man for their hope of salvation. Nor has God intrusted the matter of saving souls to such a narrow-minded, egotistical crank as the "Reverend" Samuel Small, the champion modern reviler and lurid lightning pulpit orator of the day. Such as those are not creatures of the Lord to carry out the promises of His wondrous mind.

Some people make it pay by shouting "Save the heathen!" "Money for foreign missions!" etc. Others indulge in this sort of idiosyncrasy through a mistaken sense of duty. But no matter what the occasion or from what motive springs this scooping-in of the shekels in the name of the heathen, it can be truly said that such behavior is not authorized by the Lord.

The far-off heathen have lived and gotten along fairly well all these years without interference. And, no doubt, they are all the better off for having escaped the infliction. The Lord God saw fit to bring them into the world and He can be safely trusted to provide ways and means for the heathens' salvation, without our advice or interference. The gentle heathen is in better shape mentally, morally and physically than are we self-constituted and conceited Christians, after all. The less the gentlemen of the heathen persuasion know the better off they are. Knowledge with them does not mean power. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The heathen is full of bliss, and he is to be congratulated. We are chock full of wisdom, and we are to be commiserated with. The heathen knows more now, perhaps, than we are able to teach him. And as to the cooling and beneficial effects of Christianity transplanted to heathen soil, from the heathen's standpoint, this is, and has been from time immemorial, an ignominious failure. Take the late Mr. Columbus and his eminently pious sailor-crew as an illustration. About the first thing these distinguished foreign guests of the gentle savage did was to plant the cross and get down on their knees and pray. But what availed those prayers to the American aborigine? Where did that confiding creature come in? It is but four hundred short years ago, lacking one, that Christopher and his saintly discoverers came and saw and conquered. Much of the civilization and Christianity Mr. Columbus brought over with him still exists with us. From all accounts he did not have a very large cargo of the article; but such as it was, the seed took deep root, and grew as seed was never known to grow before. Ev'idences of the growth of this civilizing influence are to be seen on all sides of us to-day, notably in our pest-houses, hospitals, penitentiaries, jails, drunkards' graves and victims of the gallows. This work of civilization is to be found in all walks of life, among the rich as well as the poor. Surely the seeds of civilization the great and only Columbus brought over with him has done some noble work. But the savage—the gentle savage—he who was bid to come to the Lord and embrace the faith and give some firewater to celebrate his conversion with—what has become of him? Ask of our War of Interior Department, who have a record or those that yet remain. Lo, the poor Indian, has rapidly gathered himself unto his fathers in the happy hunting ground this many a day. Who is the base, skeptical wretch, with such evidence of glorious achievement in the name of religion as this, that will deny the power of civilization and Christianity as here applied? Again let it be said—give the heathen a rest. That individual has no further use for missionaries, unless it is to stow them and eat them. The worst that can be said of the heathen is that he has very poor taste. An appetizing rib roast or savory beef steak pie *a la* missionary may be a toothsome morsel to ye benighted savage, but to the average individual this side of heathendom cooked missionary is not considered in the nature of a table luxury.

One thing is certain, and that is, the first principles of Christianity mean that we should do unto others as we would have others do unto us—to be just, kind, generous, merciful, considerate and unselfish; to minister unto the poor and needy, and to lend a helping hand to those in suffering and in want.

Charity begins at home. He who helps his fellow creature without letting the right hand know what the left hand does; he who goes among the sick, hungry and wretched at his

own door and alleviates their misery—not with tracts and tales of the heathen, but with deeds of kindness and words of love—he it is who rightly conceives the duty of a Christian and true follower of Christ. It is such as these who are crowned with glory and whose praises are sung by the angel choir in the kingdom of our Lord to come.

These thoughts are potent for good. "Give the foreign heathen a rest" should be the watchword of every free thinker, while an effort should be made to reclaim the heathen in the churches.

I AM TRUTH.

Sanctimonious Ike.

His quiet ways an' honest look
Won all the diggin's at the start;
His blue eyes seemed an open book
In which we read his guileless heart.
He first showed up at Placer Mound
Jes' after that big '80 strike,
An' unobtrusive loafed around,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

Some thought he war a millionaire
From Frisco, lookin' up a snap,
Whilst others said he had the air
Of some revival gospel chap.
The boys soon tied him to the name
Of "Reverend Sanctimonious Ike,"
Jes' cause he played the pious game
So unconcerned an' quiet like.

He nursed the sick; spoke words o' cheer
To them as 'ras'led with despair,
An' at the bed o' pain you'd hear
His low, sad voice in earnest prayer.
No matter whar distress war found,
You'd see that Sanctimonious Ike,
Jes' like an angel movin' round,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

One night the safe, in which war kept
The dust of all the men in camp,
War busted open while we slept,
By some durned, ornery, thievin' scamp.
We took the trail amazin' quick,
An' soon struck Sanctimonious Ike,
Leadin' a pack mule down the creek,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

We found the stuff, a fedge was chose,
An' 'thor beneath a jackoak tree,
The court convened, an' w'en it rose,
We took the back trail quietly.
As up the mountain side we clim,
We took a back'ard glance at Ike,
A hangin' from a jackoak limb,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

A Few Thoughts on Organization.

AN EARNEST PLEA IN ITS BEHALF.

The truths of Spiritualism are interwoven with the spiritual nature of the human race; they are manifested in all the experiences of human life where there is capacity to discern them. Whether they induce associative effort on the part of individuals or not, so long as the mission of the earth is the evolution of humanity they will continue to attract attention more and more as the cares, vicissitudes, responsibilities and sorrows of life make men and women feel the need of them. The question, however, naturally occurs among many persons, may they not be made more influential by being brought to those who are in doubt and seeking light in relation to the life beyond that is hoped for if not realized? And does not this involve work that can be done more effectively by organization than by individual effort?

It is a scientific and philosophical fact that the organized forces and forms in nature, as a rule, absorb, control and direct those that are unorganized; it is also demonstrable that institutions of human origin absorb, control and direct humanity; that men and women join old institutions founded on error because the crowd already appears to be in them, and they do not know what else to do to express their social natures.

A vast number of persons, by the lives they live, show that they feel that a better way for mutual and united efforts to extend common knowledge and do good than that practiced by the organizations in existence is possible; hence they keep out of them, are classed as the world's people, but are hoping and expecting organizations the founders of which shall be in line with the practical thought, demands and needs of the age, instead of patching up and hypocritically assenting to doctrines and theories that originated in superstition and ignorance and that have long since been outgrown. Spiritualists are to be builders of a new religion with its principles resting on a scientific basis, or they will be absorbed to repair the exhausted spiritual force of the religion mixed with Calvinism that now characterizes the most of the creeds of Christianity.

To be builders does not involve the driving of stakes to limit individual growth; it simply involves the recognition and practice of co-operative instead of competitive business principles. There is not a State in the Union east and bordering on the Mississippi river but what might have from ten to fifty local business organizations of Spiritualists, and every State could through these hold a yearly camp meeting or convention, and thus utilize the best talent in the field of progressive thought and psychic phenomena in educating the people. There are local groups of Spiritualists in Illinois enough to warrant twenty-five business organizations, and if we had them we could have a camp meeting within fifty miles of Chicago a month every year, which would be a resort for several hundreds of people for recreation, instruction and the investigation of all phenomena relating to life and its continuation. Let Spiritualists determine to hold up their heads and be counted; associate to do good. We have been tearing down; now let us build something better than the world has yet had in the way of an institution to educate and bring comfort to ignorant and suffering humanity. I would like to hear from friends wherever they desire lectures and are thinking of organizing.

J. H. RANDALL.

Chicago. (269 California Ave.)

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, combining cheapness and excellence, should be in every family. Only one dollar per year. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents. Introduce it to your neighbor.

THE MICROSCOPE.

One Wanted that Will Reveal Spiritual Effects.

TO THE EDITOR:—There are microscopes that reveal the living germs in water. They are indispensable to the scientists at the present time in his investigations. See what poison they reveal in water. Is it to be supposed that the putrid soul, one steeped in sin, is any clearer than putrid water. Oh! for a spiritual microscope to see the dregs of a sinful soul. One will be invented sometime, and as preparatory thereto read the following, for which I am indebted to the *Chicago Times*:

A pleasant diversion for those persons in Chicago or elsewhere, who received microscopes as presents during holidays, would be to explore the mysteries of the drinking water they are in the habit of taking into their systems. Filling the little glass box with a sample of the unfiltered proceeds of the hydrant, and, adjusting the focus properly, the first monster of the deep you will encounter will probably be the lurco, or glutton. He looks like a sea, serpent, swelling and contracting, ex-



THE GLUTTON.

hibiting his various colors and rings of hideous beauty, and all the while driving the water into his voracious and capacious mouth in a mill-race stream.

He is by no means a rare animal in any of the water supplies of our large cities, and, when furnished with his favorite food, the animalcule known as the monoculus and other testaceous small fry, which he swallows and relishes with the kindness of a New Yorker for soft shell crabs, he attains such a size sometimes as to be plainly visible to the naked eye. Being translucent, the victims of his voracious appetite may be seen in his many stomachs, wriggling and making vain efforts to escape.

But this is only one of the countless thousands of varieties that inhabit all such waters, although it is a common error to suppose that these inhabitants may be found in all waters; as, for instance, that taken from the middle of a clean well, or from the center of a clear spring in which there is little chance of finding animal life. But it is true that myriads of animalcule live among the mossy sides of the clearest springs, as well as on the cool brim of "the old-oaken bucket that hangs in the well."

Another most curious inhabitant of water as it runs from the faucet of the hydrant, and which, when full-grown, attains the size visible to the naked eye, is the water-flea, known to science as cyclops quadricornis; though none of its limbs can be seen without the aid of a glass. It inhabits clear springs as well as stagnant water, and moves with astonishing ve-



THE WATER-FLEA.

locity. The female carries her eggs about her in two sacks looking like bunches of grapes.

The cyclops presents an exceedingly graceful and beautiful appearance, and is recognized by its jumping or plunging movements, which has given it the name of water-flea. The rapid motion of its feet and arms creates a whirlpool in the water, into whose vortex countless smaller animalcule are drawn to become its food. There is a vast variety of this family, with numerous collateral branches, one being the cyclops minutus, which measures only the 250th part of an inch.

As men on land and fishes in the sea, so do these animalcules prey upon one another, the big fish eating the little ones. Monads feed monoculi, and monoculi in turn fill the maw of the lurco; the lurco is seized by the minnow, the minnow by the trout, the trout by the pike or pickerel, the pickerel fattens himself for man, the lord of creation, and man in turn fattens himself for the maggots. These animalcule of every species decrease in a graduated scale to a size so minute that in a drop of water only one-tenth of an inch in diameter there is room for 17,000,000 to live and roam at will. "Vast chain of being, from infinite to thee, from thee to nothing."

There is infinite variety in these countless millions of animal life. Accompanying is a cut showing samples of a few of them taken from the sediment of hydrant water from Lake Michigan in summer, after it had stood in the sun for two hours. The marvelous fecundity of these micro-organisms of every species is almost beyond belief, as they may be said to increase and multiply under one's very eyes.

Chicago is not alone in her necessity for better water. Indeed, bad as it is, it is far better than that supplied to many other municipalities. A number of cemeteries drain into Brooklyn's sources of water supply, while

Long Island City pumps up its supply from an underground frog pond. Jersey City and Hoboken get theirs from the dirty Passaic river, and Albany and Kingston also have dirty river supplies. Philadelphia pumps up Schuylkill river sewage, and Boston's water system is polluted by poisonous vegetable



A FEW SAMPLES.

growth. Cincinnati's supply is taken from the Ohio river, three-quarters of a mile from the center of the city, and is subject to contamination. It is strongly impregnated with lime salts. Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans all receive theirs from the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi rivers, burdened with mud and filth. St. Paul receives her supply from a chain of lakes connected by natural and artificial channels, by gravity and direct pumping, and Minneapolis pumps hers direct from the city.

The Croton water system of New York, while the manner of its construction is admirable from an engineering standpoint, furnishes probably the most corrupt supply of any. Mineral matter is always visible in it in summer, and it is also impregnated with a poisonous green vegetable growth. This system has cost the city \$80,000,000. Lake George could have been tapped for less money. In the water of the river Thames, which supplies London, there is a ton of lime to 1,000,000 gallons of water. Lime injures the coats of the stomach, and the jockeys of the Derby will not give it as drink to their horses, but use rain-water instead.

Waukesha, Wis., and Eureka Springs, Ark., receive their water direct from natural perennial springs. At Eureka Springs the water gushes pure, soft, cool and sparkling from a thousand mountain springs. The water at Bay View, Mich., also comes from natural springs.

It is said to be a fact that beautiful women abound in soft water districts, and the poet Moore says that the women of Cashmere "Drink beams of beauty from its founts and streams." When Chicago gets to using smoke-consuming fires, and gives its ladies pure soft water to drink, and in which to bathe, they will rival the beauties of Cashmere.

Aside from pure spring water, pure lake water is the best, but absolutely pure water is obtained only by distillation in close vessels. Boiling water has the effect of throwing down the salts it contains, carrying with it organic impurities in a precipitate at the bottom of the vessel.

By filtering, after being cooled, or decanting it after all impurities are settled, we shall be able to get as pure water to drink as our modern facilities will afford.

The above illustrates a kingdom invisible to the unaided eye. I believe the time will come when an instrument will be invented that will reveal the spiritual universe to any one who wishes to look into it, and which will show, too, the true states of the spirit or astral body. Look out, then, you sinful mortal, or you will be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Jus Tice.

A Universal Brotherhood.

It is my object to organize a fraternal brotherhood to assist all who are seeking a higher life, and to create in those who are not, a desire to be uplifted. Recognizing the principle of love to be the only power that can save and uplift humanity, and that results can only be obtained by proper conditions, it will be our object to prepare the soil and sow the seed, trusting to that power of love which emanates from the Divine, to develop a growth. If we are to keep alive the divine within us, we must give to the needy ones around us and make room for the stream that is pouring into our own souls, giving with perfect love that others may share with us in bliss. It is our intention to form an order that shall admit all of God's children, rejecting none, not even the inmates of dens of vice, nor houses of ill repute; giving to all that love which will strengthen them to overcome the weaknesses of the flesh. Our motto shall be: One religion, the law of love; one God, the universality of love; one savior, the embodiment of love. For many years it has been our desire to establish an order of Universal Brotherhood like that which exists in the spiritual spheres, where no committees are sent out to make enquiries as to the candidate's standing in the community, but divine love with outstretched arms gathers all into the fold. A brotherhood which is not universal in its aims cannot look with good grace for Divine assistance. Let all who feel the inspiration lend a helping hand to organize little bands of Brothers and Sisters all over this land, and kindly remember, that if guided by pure love, differences of religious belief will be laid aside and all will pull together, for there is only one true religion, Love!

I shall devote much of my time to the building up of this new order, which is the coming religion. Persons wishing information with respect to organization, by sending stamp will receive prompt reply. T. ARCHIBALD.

Los Gatos, Cal.

Those who feel an interest in sustaining a free-thought paper, that is not crowded with advertisements, should introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to their neighbors and friends, and get them to subscribe. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Progressive Theology.

THE POTENCY OF ORGANIZATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—A progressive theology—indeed! Certainly theology is an essential element of Christianity which cannot be eliminated or ignored. Even the men who leave the church because they are opposed to all dogmatic statements of belief soon come to have a well-defined theology of their own; or if they do not, their movement speedily comes to naught. Any organization that is to live and grow must have principles. It must believe certain things and disbelieve certain other things. It must intend to reach some goal, or accomplish some purpose. All this implies on the part of its members a fervent belief in a certain body of principles, which in the case of a political organization is conveniently known as the party platform, and in the case of a religious organization is designated its theological system. The names are not the same; but names ought to count for little with men of sense.

This being so, it seems to us that the thing for the churches to do to-day is not to discredit or discard theology, but to see in what respect, if any, their theological systems may be improved. Certain windy church reformers are going about nowadays declaring that theology must be thrown overboard, and that dogmas of any kind are utterly opposed to the Christianity of Christ. Such talk is both shallow and vicious. The one thing which Christianity to-day needs supremely is an assured theology and a body of dogmas which its members can and will believe. The lesson of the present religious revolution is, not that dogma is to disappear from Christianity, but that certain dogmas and opinions no longer believed shall be replaced by others which are believed. That is the whole story in a nutshell.

Here, for instance, is a preacher who tells us that the whole of Christianity is summed up for us in our personal apprehension of certain speculative opinions about it. Just that and nothing more. It is all so exceedingly simple. You wait until the Divine Spirit comes to you, for, of course, you can do nothing yourself, and then suddenly there is a miraculous revolution in your being, and you believe. Henceforth and forever the whole problem of life and duty and endeavor is solved for you. But, however true or necessary this introspective view of Christianity may be, it does not meet the need of this age, and hence the general and widespread repudiation of it by men whose loyalty to Christ cannot be questioned. Christianity an agency for saving souls? Yes; but it is or ought to be something much more. If we interpret the spirit of its Founder aright, it is also an agency for saving men's bodies, and one of its objects is to make this world in which we are living better and sweeter and cleaner and happier. Those who look thus upon Christianity do not ignore or despise soul salvation in the world to come. But they believe with the Master, that those who lose their lives, if need be, in this world, in order to make others a little happier in it, are most certain to save their souls in the world to come. It is not enough for the Christian to try to get to heaven; the man who thinks only of that will never enter heaven, and, indeed, is not fit to enter there. It is selfishness, pure and simple, which leads us to take such an unworthy and un-Christlike view of Christ's teachings. We may disguise this selfishness with fine phrases; we may even quote texts of Scripture to give it a Christian standing. But though we may thus deceive our neighbors and ourselves, we cannot deceive Omniscience. Until we have emptied our religion of every vestige of self and made it a noble service for humanity, we are none of Christ's, we cannot hope to see God.

No; theology is not going to be overthrown; but it is going to change its character. It will more and more cease to concern itself with the speculative opinions of a bygone age, and will build itself out of the vibrant beliefs and aspirations and ideals of its own time. Philanthropy and sociology, and even the science of physical health, will find a welcome in its comprehensive and truly catholic system. And the world will come to learn that Prophets and Apostles were not mistaken when they described the Church of Christ as the Kingdom of Heaven.

The above from the New York *Tribune* illustrates an important lesson—a lesson that Christians should study and study well. A progressive theology—the thought is grand, for it will ultimate in Spiritualism, finally giving to the world.

DIVINE TRUTH.

Good News from Topeka.

In a letter from Topeka, Kan., Bro. Olney, President of the First Society of Spiritualists, gives some very encouraging news of the progress of the work under his charge. The society are all united and taking a long pull and a strong pull altogether. As a consequence of this harmony they are having wonderful tests and demonstrations, as is always the case whenever our spirit friends are extended the courtesy of loving, paternal welcome and greeting. We quote from his letter, "Old Orthodoxy is shaking in its shoes, as the things occur in their midst, and they are moving earth and hell to keep their followers in the belief that the clergy actually stand between them and an angry God, and so the good work goes on." He speaks flatteringly of Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Hammond.

The sentiment of personal loyalty has been declining for a long time. Nobody believes any longer in the doctrine of "divine right," and there is no more in England a disposition to accept with thankfulness, as a gift of God, a sovereign in the person of a Prince, who had somehow picked up the nickname of "Collars and Cuffs." The Prince of Wales might come to the crown amid something like popular enthusiasm, but no such sentiment would have greeted his son. The death of the heir presumptive will be received with something like a feeling of relief.

Take an Inventory of Stock.

OF THAT OF A SPIRITUAL NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Yes, take an inventory of stock, and see how you stand from a spiritual point of view. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—Ecclesiastes, vii., 10. The merchant, about the first of January of each year, peers into every corner of his warehouse, marks down such goods as have hung heavily on the market, displays to better advantage those for which there is still a popular demand, reckons up the profits of the last twelve months, tries to forget his losses, and faces the new year with renewed hope and ambition.

It is quite as necessary for the scholar to take an account of the world's stock. His purpose is to find out what steps forward or what steps backward have been taken; what elements of strength have entered into our universal life and what elements of weakness have been abandoned. He examines with a critical eye the widening influence of commerce, the industrial activities of the people, the trend of public opinion; he watches the swirl and whirl of the great vortex of politics; he notes the war clouds which gather or are dissipated as circumstances demand; he sees a general desire to substitute the peaceful methods of arbitration for the gory chivalry of the battlefield. These furnish him with the means of balancing the historic ledger, discovering how many steps toward the ideal society the world has taken, and reaches a safe conclusion as to its moral wealth or poverty.

At first sight one becomes discouraged. The rattle and din of human affairs are confusing. If he forgets that din and rattle mean manufacture; that noise and controversy and threats—that strikes and mobs and revolutions and bombs are incidents of progress, if not the proofs of it, he concludes that pandemonium is running riot and that we are on the highway to Chaos. On the contrary, if he is large enough to see that mankind always pockets a profit after an encounter; that in spite of the rumpus, men are forever struggling to gain a higher vantage ground, he will cease grinding his teeth in rage and be convinced that every year and every conflict is a peacemaker and a man-maker.

For example, the tangled complications of Europe are apparently alarming. The armies of every nation are fumbling for their sword hilts. The crash is expected at any moment, and when it comes they tell us that the map of the Continent will be changed. But month after month it is delayed. Would it be delayed if men still fought with bows and arrows? The genius of invention which is hard at work for the production of projectiles so penetrating, of ordinance so formidable and infantry arms so death-dealing that war will shudder at its own horrors—it is that genius of invention which gives Europe pause. The tented field is no longer the opportunity of personal ambition. The chances of great success in battle grow more meagre daily, while wholesale butchery becomes a fact to be faced. With modern means of warfare, even prowess counts for less than in former times, for courage cannot stop a steel-pointed missile. And behind these controlling inventions stand the great multitude who have at last learned that military glory is no glory for them, but only sure death, or at best the plunder of their property and the ruin of their homes.

Or again, the crisis sees an Irish question which drags its slow length along and blocks the wheels of the British Parliament; and a crisis in Japan, its House of Representatives dissolved and its House of Peers prorogued by imperial decree; and a wild gust of revolution sweeping through Brazil, levelling the bearded grain of trade by its destructive force; and uprisings and flashing gunpowder in Central America; and a controversy between Chili and ourselves so serious that our war vessels are already headed towards the Equator. He sees that disputes are epidemic and that no nation is wholly contented with its lot.

Shall we, therefore, go into mourning and predict the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," the utter and dead failure of civilization, the uselessness of further effort? If near-sighted, yes; if long-sighted, no.

The juice of the grape must needs pass through a process of fermentation before it is ready for market. Fermentation is progress by chemical change and destruction. The human race began as grape juice. History is only a record of its different stages of ferment. Let it alone and it will clear itself of all injurious elements and come at last to be something worth our while. Grape juice is clarified in a short time; it takes centuries to clarify mankind. But it is being converted, however slowly, into rich wine. From time to time we skim off from the surface of society old, decayed habits and customs, but that is all we can do. If we do that with skill and care we may safely leave the rest to the laws of evolution.

There is but one supreme duty, therefore—namely, to stop grumbling and lend a helping hand.

There is something very suggestive in the above, taken from the New York World. Every Spiritualist, like the man of business, should take an inventory of himself each year, and determine his exact moral status. How many hearts have you relieved during the past year? How many burdens have you lifted from sorrowing mortals? Did you give Mrs. Kate Fox-Jenken anything when an appeal was made in her behalf? Did you send even the smallest sum as a testimonial to Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain? Yea, there were thousands of readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER who turned a deaf ear to the appeals made, not even sending them as much as a postage stamp or a word of sympathy. Yea, take an inventory of yourself and see how much you have to be proud of at the present time. A. B.

Ben and the Owl.

Ben went into the barn to play
And saw two eyes up in the hay.
"Hullo," said Ben, "How do you do?"
Ben thought he heard, "Who who, who who."
"Ben Bolt's my name; and who are you?"
For answer came, "Who who, who who."
"Look out," said Ben, "If I were you!"
The voice again said, "Who who, who who?"
"You're making game; I'm four times two."
And now he heard, "Two two, two two."
Said Ben, "I'll bet you can't spell queue."
This time, quite low, "Tu whoo, tu whoo."
"Come see if I'm as big as you,"
An owl flew out and Ben ran, too.

At the Setting of the Sun.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.
The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.
For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Lectures by Prof. Van Horn.

TO THE EDITOR:—Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn, now of Chicago, delivered two very interesting and instructive lectures in the Town Hall at Chatsworth, Ill., to quite a large and appreciative audience, giving many tests of the return of our friends, which were in every instance recognized; also relieving pain instantly, from those who came forward. The deaf were made to hear in several cases, one of twelve years standing, another of one year. They could not hear ordinary conversation. Their ears were opened so they could hear as well as ever, even in a whispered conversation. We feel that the Professor has done us a good work here, and he should be kept busy.
Chatsworth, Ill. E. H. BANGS.

Mediums' Order of Beneficence.

This order is but one year old. It may not have gained especially in popularity, for lack of the one thing needful, but it has brought its members into closer bonds of friendship; it has bound up wounded hearts by its kindly sympathy; it has relieved physical suffering through its magnetic healers; it has provided for the needs of its members with financial aid, and we are as a cipher in comparison to what we will be at the close of another year. We have instituted two auxiliaries so far, with some of our most popular and practical lecturers and healers, as leading lights in them, and they are in first-class working condition. Several others are waiting to be organized, and so the good work goes on. We shall hold our second convention Feb. 26th, 27th, 28th, in Haverhill, Mass., where the Supreme Council is located; and we expect many of our best known workers and lecturers to be present. Any person who is disposed to donate articles for the Fair to be held in connection with the convention, or money toward the Home Building Fund, can forward it to "Mediums Order of Beneficence, lock box 118, Haverhill, Mass.," and receive in return a prompt recognition of the same. Any information regarding the work of the Order will be gladly given to any one sending to above address. WIN.
Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 11, 1892.

The Medium W. S. Davis.

TO THE EDITOR:—I attended Mr. Davis' seance for the first time last night, and to say that I was astonished would not half express my true feelings. About thirty-five persons were present, and they were all intelligent, well-to-do people. Mr. Henry J. Newton, probably the most well-known Spiritualist in the United States; Mrs. Alcorn, the inspirational speaker; Mrs. Holman, the famous clairvoyant artist; S. B. Bogert, the wife of the president of the Brooklyn society; Mr. Scott, the medium, and many other distinguished persons will all vouch for the fact that Mr. Davis is a medium of a very high order, whether newspaper reporters, anonymous letter writers and other enemies admit this or not. Mr. Newton sat in the cabinet and held Mr. Davis' hands, and the manifestations continued just the same. Others in the circle sat in the cabinet with the medium and held his hands. They tied him up with ropes; they dictated all sorts of conditions, all of which Mr. Davis cheerfully acceded to, and notwithstanding all this, the manifestations were grand. For rapid and startling phenomena, under crucial test conditions, Mr. Davis stands pre-eminent, and if there is any professional trickster in the land who can reproduce these manifestations by trickery, I think we can raise a good purse as an inducement for him to do so. THOS. NORTON.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Saw a Fiery Hand.

WATCHERS IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH
FRIGHTENED.

Word comes from Mechanicsburg, Ohio, that midway between that place and the neighboring village of Catawba something ghastly has been creating a stir. The house is upon the Springfield pike, and is a neat-looking two-story frame of modern architecture. It is in the interior of this house that the ghostly scenes are enacted. The last person who occupied the house with his family was a gentleman by the name of Prentiss, but himself and family remained no longer than they could help. A little child of Mr. Prentiss died, and several of the intimate friends of the family were sitting up with the remains. The occasion afforded the first intimation of a ghostly vision about the premises.

It was about 12 o'clock at night, and the occupants of the room sat dozing from their vigil, when, with a muffled exclamation, one of the ladies arose from the chair, and with a trembling hand pointed toward one of the walls of the room. Seemingly a hand of fire had suddenly appeared upon the wall. The hand first appeared near the ceiling, but did not remain motionless. With the index finger again pressed against the pained wall, the hand moved downward until the floor was reached. It then returned to the ceiling and back again, making six perpendicular visits downward and upward, after which it disappeared and was seen no more that night.

What it meant no one could tell or conjecture. Upon examining the wall where the hand had traveled another strange sight was disclosed. Lines the width of an average adult finger were upon the wall in the track the fiery finger had pursued, and along each line the wall paper appeared as though seared with a red-hot iron. It is not ascertained whether any unaccountable noise occurred during the manoeuvres of the mysterious hand, as the living occupants of the room fled in terror. Although the house is not now occupied, it is supposed that the hand of fire is still at work, as visitors to the house during the day notice additional tracks where it is supposed the hand has traveled, and the same seared appearance of the wall paper.

How long the mysterious proceedings will continue is, of course, unknown, but at the present time it appears as though the hand of fire is going to leave its mark upon every inch of paper on the wall. COSMOS.
New York.

Notes from Milwaukee, Wis.

I was very much interested in reading Prof. Buchanan's article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on "Theosophy." One of the reasons was, perhaps, because I entertain the same ideas in regard to the subject of Theosophy and its teachings. Like Christianity, it is all founded upon faith, or rather accepted on faith, with not the least bit of evidence to sustain such a belief. I was also very glad to learn through Dr. Greer of the conversion of my old friend, Prof. Orchardson, to Spiritualism. He is a radical thinker and a refined spiritual man, and a belief, or rather a knowledge of Spiritualism, will do him good, and he will help the cause of Spiritualism.

Our city has taken a new awakening in Spiritualism through and by the phenomena. Lizzie Bangs visited our city a short time ago, and she did a good work among the skeptics, bringing them in communication with their spirit friends.

There is a materializing medium here who is also at the present time giving seances, and I hear that the people who attend see and converse with their spirit friends. It is all done in a private way, without any newspaper advertising and among private circles.

In closing I wish to say your paper is improving all the time, and I hope you may double your subscription list in the next two or three years. A. B. SEVERANCE.
Milwaukee, Jan. 17.

Notes from Geo. W. Walrond.

TO THE EDITOR:—The growth of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is simply phenomenal, and now that you have doubled its size and matter you will have no difficulty in doubling your list of subscribers. People are waking up every day more and more to the realities of Spiritualism and its indisputable evidence of spirit return. The spiritual wave is ebbing and flowing in every land to-day, leaving with every tide an indelible imprint of its permanency. A few pulpits mountebanks of the Talmagean type may deride its simple truths, but the work of progress is certain and sure, while the downfall of Christian hypocrisy and religious pretensions is inevitable.

I have been recently engaged in commercial pursuits, and have had an excellent opportunity of judging human nature from the Christian standpoint. Generally speaking, I found those who prayed the most paid the least. The old proverb, "Nearer the church the further from grace," has been over and over again exemplified in the case of those professing converts who used every mean artifice to shun or postpone the payment of a debt. On this subject I propose to write an essay when I have settled down to spiritual work again.

I found commercial storekeeping anything but a success, spiritually, physically or financially, hence I am returning to the fate of spiritual workers. GEO. W. WALROND.
Fort Erie, Ontario.

Glad We Have Enlarged.

I need not tell you how glad I am that you have enlarged THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, since my wife and myself find so much the more delicious spiritual food to nourish and gladden our hungry souls. We know good angels bless your untiring perseverance and commendable zeal to educate, interest, and harmonize your thousands of readers.

E. D. BLAKEMAN.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

SIR:—My attention has been called to your ungracious editorial inferences, in regard to myself, in the Journal of November 7th.

I believe this is the fourth or fifth offense of this kind that I have passed without comment. Silence now ceases to be a virtue. I do not believe in, nor have I ever approved of the present system of conjugal compacts. I have a right to this conviction, and I propose to exercise it.

That somewhat celebrated "Contract" (an abiding by which has caused considerable ferment in the Spiritualistic ranks) embodied my principles, formed deliberately, and in good faith. I have no apology to make to any one therefor.

I believe in honesty, and not in dishonesty; I believe in genuine and not in artificial relationship; I believe in integrity, and not in subterfuge. I believe in love, and not in "lust"; I believe in freedom, and not in tyranny; I believe in honorable volunteerism, and not in "legal entanglements." I believe in dual partnerships, and not in dastardly double-dealing; and I defy any one on this planet—or any other—to sustain a single charge against my spiritual probity.

I demand "fair play," and I intend to secure it.

I am in nowise accountable for the "Primer" idea put forth by my able and noble friend, Lydia R. Chase (a woman who has too much soul to become hypnotized by the prevailing foulness parading in the name of virtue), but I have the capacity to present and to maintain my position, and unless these cruel and cowardly attacks upon myself and my former companion cease, someone, somewhere, will get a deal of light thrown upon the hypocrisy which despises justice and defames the truth.

Very sincerely and resolutely yours,
Boston, Mass., Nov. '91. MRS. H. S. LAKE.

A Few Words of Cheer.

I am greatly pleased with your ambition to make your excellent PROGRESSIVE THINKER as good as possible. Its liberality toward all variety and shades of thought to me is its best recommendation. May you, Mr. Editor, long live to shed abroad the light of reason and common sense. I wish you success, for you surely deserve it, and it is only just that you should be sustained in your effort to extend the knowledge of true Spiritualism. I wish you abundant success in the valuable work you are doing. As in the past, so in the future, I will do all in my power to help on the good work. M. A. CLAYTON.
Albany, N. Y.

A DIVINE LESSON.

It is Like a Beam of Sunshine.

A divine lesson is often learned from a child's influence on its home. Many instances (says the Chicago Herald) there have been where a child instituted a complete change in a household. The little one, filled with the new ideas of perfect cleanliness and moral truth learned at the mission, would make the mother ashamed of her untidy rooms and harsh tones, and she in turn would influence the husband and father for better things. One teacher said that at one time the lesson had been flowers and how they grew, and she had procured as gifts a number of geranium slips. After showing how the leaves of the plant were full of veins running with sap, like the veins and blood in our bodies; how the food of the plant was taken in through them in some way and how they drank in the air and sunshine, she gave one to each child, with directions how to care for it. What wonders one of those little slips worked in one home she learned later through the child's mother. Benny was very proud of his new possession, and carried it home in triumph to show his mother, a hard-working Irish woman, who took in washing. To his disappointment, when he showed the pretty green plant to her she only said: "O, don't bother me with it, ye'd better throw it away." But Benny hunted up an old tin can and filled it with dirt and set his geranium in it. The next day his mother gave him a piece of bright paper "to paste on that old can wid yer plant in it." A few days later she concluded that it was "too bad hev'in' it settin' on the greasy old winder-sill." So she washed the window and the sill and put a clean newspaper with scalloped edges on it. After that the floor was scrubbed to match the window, and when the father came home he found her with her hair neatly combed, a clean apron on and supper steaming on the table. Little Benny showed him his geranium "with a lot o' buds on it," then wanted to be held a little while before going to bed to tell him what he did at the kindergarten. After the child was asleep papa thought he would stay at home and read the paper instead of going down to Bill's saloon, where too many of his evenings had been spent, and for once that home was tranquil where too often hard words, snarls and swearing had reigned supreme. The next morning the news of a dreadful fight at Bill McCarty's saloon came out, and in the drunken fray a man had been killed. "An' I jist felt loike it was the little flower saved me man from bein' a murderer," the mother said when telling Benny's teacher about it, and she wiped her eye on the corner of her apron, "fer he would ha' been in it all; an' Lord on'y knows what he might ha' done, fer when he's drunk he's awful, an' now he don't drink any more." So these seemingly small influences go further than we oftentimes dream.

These rays from the sunny life of children often exert a divine influence, and elevate even the most hardened wretches of society. The kindergarten is one of the greatest civilizers of the present day; it originated no doubt, in spirit life. BETTA.
Chicago, Ill.

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Give the Heathen a Rest.

LET HIM WORK OUT HIS OWN SALVATION.

To THE EDITOR:—Yes, give him, the poor heathen, a rest while in our own midst are thousands of worse heathens. As set forth by the *National Standard*, the heathen is again to the front. At a recent revival meeting, held in the vicinity of Saratoga, a young, unsophisticated woman from the city of New York made herself previous and conspicuous by removing her diamond (paste?) rings and dropping them into the collection plate for the benefit of the "poor heathen." Whether this inexperienced maiden intended this as a piece offering, thank offering or love offering is not stated. A "Colonel" from Kentucky, another firm believer in heathen work, also made an exhibition of himself on the occasion referred to. This distinguished savior of heathen souls laid his gold (?) watch and chain on the altar of sacrifice, with the soul-stirring words, "Here is my mite." These sort of exhibitions are all very beautiful, but such performances are rarely, if ever, able to withstand the penetrating rays from the searchlight of honesty and truth. There are many "fake" schemes worked in the name of our Lord, but the greatest of them all is this heathen chestnut.

Religious frenzy is not divine inspiration, nor are fanatics the apostles of Christ. The Almighty does not govern this world or seek to redeem his wayward children by means of idle deeds of foolish people. We should let the heathen alone and attend to those in distress nearer home. Who are we, that we should presume to know more than the heathen? Are we not alike the children of God, created after His image and in His name? The all-wise, great and generous God has not created, nor does He continue to create, millions upon millions of human beings dependent upon the magnanimity of the diamond ring girl or the watch-and-chain young man for their hope of salvation. Nor has God intrusted the matter of saving souls to such a narrow-minded, egotistical crank as the "Reverend" Samuel Small, the champion modern reviler and lurid lightning pulpit orator of the day. Such as those are not creatures of the Lord to carry out the promises of His wondrous mind.

Some people make it pay by shouting "Save the heathen!" "Money for foreign missions!" etc. Others indulge in this sort of idiosyncrasy through a mistaken sense of duty. But no matter what the occasion or from what motive springs this scooping-in of the shekels in the name of the heathen, it can be truly said that such behavior is not authorized by the Lord. The far-off heathen have lived and gotten along fairly well all these years without interference. And, no doubt, they are all the better off for having escaped the infliction. The Lord God saw fit to bring them into the world and He can be safely trusted to provide ways and means for the heathens' salvation, without our advice or interference. The gentle heathen is in better shape mentally, morally and physically than are we self-constituted and conceited Christians, after all. The less the gentlemen of the heathen persuasion know the better off they are. Knowledge with them does not mean power. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The heathen is full of bliss, and he is to be congratulated. We are chock full of wisdom, and we are to be commiserated with. The heathen knows more now, perhaps, than we are able to teach him. And as to the cooling and beneficial effects of Christianity transplanted to heathen soil, from the heathen's standpoint, this is, and has been from time immemorial, an ignominious failure. Take the late Mr. Columbus and his eminently pious sailor-crew as an illustration. About the first thing these distinguished foreign guests of the gentle savage did was to plant the cross and get down on their knees and pray. But what availed those prayers to the American aborigine? Where did that confiding creature come in? It is but four hundred short years ago, lacking one, that Christopher and his saintly discoverers came and saw and conquered. Much of the civilization and Christianity Mr. Columbus brought over with him still exists with us. From all accounts he did not have a very large cargo of the article; but such as it was, the seed took deep root, and grew as seed was never known to grow before. Evidences of the growth of this civilizing influence are to be seen on all sides of us to-day, notably in our pesthouses, hospitals, penitentiaries, jails, drunkards' graves and victims of the gallows. This work of civilization is to be found in all walks of life, among the rich as well as the poor. Surely the seeds of civilization the great and only Columbus brought over with him have done some noble work. But the savage—the gentle savage—he who was bid to come to the Lord and embrace the faith and give some firewater to celebrate his conversion with—what has become of him? Ask of our War of Interior Department, who have a record or those that yet remain. Lo, the poor Indian, has rapidly gathered himself unto his fathers in the happy hunting ground this many a day. Who is the base, skeptical wretch, with such evidence of glorious achievement in the name of religion as this, that will deny the power of civilization and Christianity as here applied?

Again let it be said—give the heathen a rest. That individual has no further use for missionaries, unless it is to stew them and eat them. The worst that can be said of the heathen is that he has very poor taste. An appetizing rib roast or savory beef steak pie *a la* missionary may be a toothsome morsel to ye benighted savage, but to the average individual this side of heathendom cooked missionary is not considered in the nature of a table luxury.

One thing is certain, and that is, the first principles of Christianity mean that we should do unto others as we would have others do unto us—to be just, kind, generous, merciful, considerate and unselfish; to minister unto the poor and needy, and to lend a helping hand to those in suffering and in want.

Charity begins at home. He who helps his fellow creature without letting the right hand know what the left hand does; he who goes among the sick, hungry and wretched—his

own door and alleviates their misery—not with tracts and tales of the heathen, but with deeds of kindness and words of love—he it is who rightly conceives the duty of a Christian and true follower of Christ. It is such as these who are crowned with glory and whose praises are sung by the angel choir in the kingdom of our Lord to come.

These thoughts are potent for good. "Give the foreign heathen a rest!" should be the watchword of every free thinker, while an effort should be made to reclaim the heathen in the churches. I AM TRUTH.

Sanctimonious Ike.

His quiet ways an' honest look
Won all the diggin's at the start;
His blue eyes seemed an open book
In which we read his guileless heart.
He first showed up at Placer Mound
Jes' after that big '80 strike,
An' unobtrusive loafed around,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

Some thought he war a millionaire
From Frisco, lookin' up a snap,
Whilist others said he had the air
Of some revival gospel chap.
The boys soon tied him to the name
Of "Reverent Sanctimonious Ike,"
Jes' cause he played the pious game
So unconcerned an' quiet like.

He nursed the sick; spoke words o' cheer
To them as 'ras'led with despair,
An' at the bed o' pain you'd hear
His low, sad voice in earnest prayer.
No matter whar distress war found,
You'd see that Sanctimonious Ike,
Jes' like an angel movin' round,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

One night the safe, in which war kept
The dust of all the men in camp,
War busted open while we slept,
By some durned, ornery, thievin' scamp.
We took the trail amazin' quick,
An' soon struck Sanctimonious Ike,
Leadin' a pack mule down the creek,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

We found the stuff, a jedge was chose,
An' thur beneath a jackoak tree,
The court convened, an' wen it rose,
We took the back trail quietly.
As up the mountain side we clim,
We took a back'ard glance at Ike,
A hangin' from a jackoak limb,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

A Few Thoughts on Organization.

AN EARNEST PLEA IN ITS BEHALF.

The truths of Spiritualism are interwoven with the spiritual nature of the human race; they are manifested in all the experiences of human life where there is capacity to discern them. Whether they induce associative effort on the part of individuals or not, so long as the mission of the earth is the evolution of humanity they will continue to attract attention more and more as the cares, vicissitudes, responsibilities and sorrows of life make men and women feel the need of them. The question, however, naturally occurs among many persons, may they not be made more influential by being brought to those who are in doubt and seeking light in relation to the life beyond that is hoped for if not realized? And does not this involve work that can be done more effectively by organization than by individual effort?

It is a scientific and philosophical fact that the organized forces and forms in nature, as a rule, absorb, control and direct those that are unorganized; it is also demonstrable that institutions of human origin absorb, control and direct humanity; that men and women join old institutions founded on error because the crowd already appears to be in them, and they do not know what else to do to express their social natures.

A vast number of persons, by the lives they live, show that they feel that a better way for mutual and united efforts to extend common knowledge and do good than that practiced by the organizations in existence is possible; hence they keep out of them, are classed as the world's people, but are hoping and expecting organizations the founders of which shall be in line with the practical thought, demands and needs of the age, instead of patching up and hypocritically assenting to doctrines and theories that originated in superstition and ignorance and that have long since been outgrown. Spiritualists are to be builders of a new religion with its principles resting on a scientific basis, or they will be absorbed to repair the exhausted spiritual force of the religion mixed with Calvinism that now characterizes the most of the creeds of Christianity.

To be builders does not involve the driving of stakes to limit individual growth; it simply involves the recognition and practice of co-operative instead of competitive business principles. There is not a State in the Union east and bordering on the Mississippi river but what might have from ten to fifty local business organizations of Spiritualists, and every State could through these hold a yearly camp meeting or convention, and thus utilize the best talent in the field of progressive thought and psychic phenomena in educating the people. There are local groups of Spiritualists in Illinois enough to warrant twenty-five business organizations, and if we had them we could have a camp meeting within fifty miles of Chicago a month every year, which would be a resort for several hundreds of people for recreation, instruction and the investigation of all phenomena relating to life and its continuation. Let Spiritualists determine to hold up their heads and be counted; associate to do good. We have been tearing down; now let us build something better than the world has yet had in the way of an institution to educate and bring comfort to ignorant and suffering humanity. I would like to hear from friends wherever they desire lectures and are thinking of organizing.

J. H. RANDALL.
Chicago. (269 California Ave.)

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, combining cheapness and excellence, should be in every family. Only one dollar per year. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents. Introduce it to your neighbor.

THE MICROSCOPE.

One Wanted that Will Reveal Spiritual Effects.

To THE EDITOR:—There are microscopes that reveal the living germs in water. They are indispensable to the scientists at the present time in his investigations. See what poison they reveal in water. Is it to be supposed that the putrid soul, one steeped in sin, is any clearer than putrid water. Ohi for a spiritual microscope to see the drogs of a sinful soul. One will be invented sometime, and as preparatory thereto read the following, for which I am indebted to the *Chicago Times*:

A pleasant diversion for those persons in Chicago or elsewhere, who received microscopes as presents during holidays, would be to explore the mysteries of the drinking water they are in the habit of taking into their systems. Filling the little glass box with a sample of the unfiltered proceeds of the hydrant, and, adjusting the focus properly, the first monster of the deep you will encounter will probably be the lurco, or glutton. He looks like a sea, serpent, swelling and contracting, ex-



THE GLUTTON.

hibiting his various colors and rings of hideous beauty, and all the while driving the water into his voracious and capacious mouth in a mill-race stream.

He is by no means a rare animal in any of the water supplies of our large cities, and, when furnished with his favorite food, the animalcule known as the monocolus and other testaceous small fry, which he swallows and relishes with the kindness of a New Yorker for soft shell crabs, he attains such a size sometimes as to be plainly visible to the naked eye. Being translucent, the victims of his voracious appetite may be seen in his many stomachs, wriggling and making vain efforts to escape.

But this is only one of the countless thousands of varieties that inhabit all such waters, although it is a common error to suppose that these inhabitants may be found in all waters; as, for instance, that taken from the middle of a clean well, or from the center of a clear spring in which there is little chance of finding animal life. But it is true that myriads of animalcule live among the mossy sides of the clearest springs, as well as on the cool brim of the old-oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

Another most curious inhabitant of water as it runs from the faucet of the hydrant, and which, when full-grown, attains the size visible to the naked eye, is the water-flea, known to science as cyclops quadricornis; though none of its limbs can be seen without the aid of a glass. It inhabits clear springs as well as stagnant water, and moves with astonishing ve-



THE WATER-FLEA.

locity. The female carries her eggs about her in two sacks looking like bunches of grapes.

The cyclops presents an exceedingly graceful and beautiful appearance, and is recognized by its jumping or plunging movements, which has given it the name of water-flea. The rapid motion of its feet and arms creates a whirlpool in the water, into whose vortex countless smaller animalcule are drawn to become its food. There is a vast variety of this family, with numerous collateral branches, one being the cyclops minutus, which measures only the 250th part of an inch.

As men on land and fishes in the sea, so do these animalcules prey upon one another, the big fish eating the little ones. Monads feed monocoli, and monocoli in turn fill the maw of the lurco; the lurco is seized by the minnow, the minnow by the trout, the trout by the pike or pickerel, the pickerel fattens himself for man, the lord of creation, and man in turn fattens himself for the maggots. These animalcule of every species decrease in a graduated scale to a size so minute that in a drop of water only one-tenth of an inch in diameter there is room for 17,000,000 to live and roam at will. "Vast chain of being, from infinite to thee, from thee to nothing."

There is infinite variety in these countless millions of animal life. Accompanying is a cut showing samples of a few of them taken from the sediment of hydrant water from Lake Michigan in summer, after it had stood in the sun for two hours. The marvelous fecundity of these micro-organisms of every species is almost beyond belief, as they may be said to increase and multiply under one's very eyes.

Chicago is not alone in her necessity for better water. Indeed, bad as it is, it is far better than that supplied to many other municipalities. A number of cemeteries drain into Brooklyn's sources of water supply, while

Long Island City pumps up its supply from an underground frog pond. Jersey City and Hoboken get theirs from the dirty Passaic river, and Albany and Kingston also have dirty river supplies. Philadelphia pumps up Schuylkill river sewage, and Boston's water system is polluted by poisonous vegetable



A FEW SAMPLES.

growth. Cincinnati's supply is taken from the Ohio river, three-quarters of a mile from the center of the city, and is subject to contamination. It is strongly impregnated with lime salts. Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans all receive theirs from the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi rivers, burdened with mud and filth. St. Paul receives her supply from a chain of lakes connected by natural and artificial channels, by gravity and direct pumping, and Minneapolis pumps hers direct from the city.

The Croton water system of New York, while the manner of its construction is admirable from an engineering standpoint, furnishes probably the most corrupt supply of any. Mineral matter is always visible in it in summer, and it is also impregnated with a poisonous green vegetable growth. This system has cost the city \$80,000,000. Lake George could have been tapped for less money. In the water of the river Thames, which supplies London, there is a ton of lime to 1,000,000,000 gallons of water. Lime injures the coats of the stomach, and the jockeys of the Derby will not give it as drink to their horses, but use rain-water instead.

Waukesha, Wis., and Eureka Springs, Ark., receive their water direct from natural perennial springs. At Eureka Springs the water gushes pure, soft, cool and sparkling from a thousand mountain springs. The water at Bay View, Mich., also comes from natural springs.

It is said to be a fact that beautiful women abound in soft water districts, and the poet Moore says that the women of Cashmere "Drink beams of beauty from its founts and streams." When Chicago gets to using smoke-consuming fires, and gives its ladies pure soft water to drink, and in which to bathe, they will rival the beauties of Cashmere.

Aside from pure spring water, pure lake water is the best, but absolutely pure water is obtained only by distillation in close vessels. Boiling water has the effect of throwing down the salts it contains, carrying with it organic impurities in a precipitate at the bottom of the vessel.

By filtering, after being cooled, or decanting it after all impurities are settled, we shall be able to get as pure water to drink as our modern facilities will afford.

The above illustrates a kingdom invisible to the unaided eye. I believe the time will come when an instrument will be invented that will reveal the spiritual universe to any one who wishes to look into it, and which will show, too, the true states of the spirit or astral body. Look out, then, you sinful mortal, or you will be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

JUS TICE.

A Universal Brotherhood.

It is my object to organize a fraternal brotherhood to assist all who are seeking a higher life, and to create in those who are not, a desire to be uplifted. Recognizing the principle of love to be the only power that can save and uplift humanity, and that results can only be obtained by proper conditions, it will be our object to prepare the soil and sow the seed, trusting to that power of love which emanates from the Divine, to develop a growth. If we are to keep alive the divine within us, we must give to the needy ones around us and make room for the stream that is pouring into our own souls, giving with perfect love that others may share with us in bliss. It is our intention to form an order that shall admit all of God's children, rejecting none, not even the inmates of dens of vice, nor houses of ill repute; giving to all that love which will strengthen them to overcome the weaknesses of the flesh. Our motto shall be: One religion, the law of love; one God, the universality of love; one savior, the embodiment of love. For many years it has been our desire to establish an order of Universal Brotherhood like that which exists in the spiritual spheres, where no committees are sent out to make enquiries as to the candidate's standing in the community, but divine love with outstretched arms gathers all into the fold. A brotherhood which is not universal in its aims cannot look with good grace for Divine assistance. Let all who feel the inspiration lend a helping hand to organize little bands of Brothers and Sisters all over this land, and kindly remember, that if guided by pure love, differences of religious belief will be laid aside and all will pull together, for there is only one true religion, Love!

I shall devote much of my time to the building up of this new order, which is the coming religion. Persons wishing information with respect to organization, by sending stamp will receive prompt reply. T. ARCHIBALD.
Los Gatos, Cal.

Those who feel an interest in sustaining a free-thought paper, that is not crowded with advertisements, should introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to their neighbors and friends, and get them to subscribe. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Progressive Theology.

THE POTENCY OF ORGANIZATION.

To THE EDITOR:—A progressive theology—indeed! Certainly theology is an essential element of Christianity which cannot be eliminated or ignored. Even the men who leave the church because they are opposed to all dogmatic statements of belief soon come to have a well-defined theology of their own; or if they do not, their movement speedily comes to naught. Any organization that is to live and grow must have principles. It must believe certain things and disbelieve certain other things. It must intend to reach some goal, or accomplish some purpose. All this implies on the part of its members a fervent belief in a certain body of principles, which in the case of a political organization is conveniently known as the party platform, and in the case of a religious organization is designated its theological system. The names are not the same; but names ought to count for little with men of sense.

This being so, it seems to us that the thing for the churches to do to-day is not to discredit or discard theology, but to see in what respect, if any, their theological systems may be improved. Certain windy church reformers are going about nowadays declaring that theology must be thrown overboard, and that dogmas of any kind are utterly opposed to the Christianity of Christ. Such talk is both shallow and vicious. The one thing which Christianity to-day needs supremely is an assured theology and a body of dogmas which its members can and will believe. The lesson of the present religious revolution is, not that dogma is to disappear from Christianity, but that certain dogmas and opinions no longer believed shall be replaced by others which are believed. That is the whole story in a nutshell.

Here, for instance, is a preacher who tells us that the whole of Christianity is summed up for us in our personal apprehension of certain speculative opinions about it. Just that and nothing more. It is all so exceedingly simple. You wait until the Divine Spirit comes to you, for, of course, you can do nothing yourself, and then suddenly there is a miraculous revolution in your being, and you believe. Henceforth and forever the whole problem of life and duty and endeavor is solved for you. But, however true or necessary this introspective view of Christianity may be, it does not meet the need of this age, and hence the general and widespread repudiation of it by men whose loyalty to Christ cannot be questioned. Christianity an agency for saving souls? Yes; but it is or ought to be something much more. If we interpret the spirit of its Founder aright, it is also an agency for saving men's bodies, and one of its objects is to make this world in which we are living better and sweeter and cleaner and happier. Those who look thus upon Christianity do not ignore or despise soul salvation in the world to come. But they believe with the Master, that those who lose their lives, if need be, in this world, in order to make others a little happier in it, are most certain to save their souls in the world to come. It is not enough for the Christian to try to get to heaven; the man who thinks only of that will never enter heaven, and, indeed, is not fit to enter there. It is selfishness, pure and simple, which leads us to take such an unworthy and un-Christlike view of Christ's teachings. We may disguise this selfishness with fine phrases; we may even quote texts of Scripture to give it a Christian standing. But though we may thus deceive our neighbors and ourselves, we cannot deceive Omniscience. Until we have emptied our religion of every vestige of self and made it a noble service for humanity, we are none of Christ's, we cannot hope to see God.

No; theology is not going to be overthrown; but it is going to change its character. It will more and more cease to concern itself with the speculative opinions of a bygone age, and will build itself out of the vibrant beliefs and aspirations and ideals of its own time. Philanthropy and sociology, and even the science of physical health, will find a welcome in its comprehensive and truly catholic system. And the world will come to learn that Prophets and Apostles were not mistaken when they described the Church of Christ as the Kingdom of Heaven.

The above from the New York *Tribune* illustrates an important lesson—a lesson that Christians should study and study well. A progressive theology—the thought is grand, for it will ultimate in Spiritualism, finally giving to the world

DIVINE TRUTH.

Good News from Topeka.

In a letter from Topeka, Kan., Bro. Olney, President of the First Society of Spiritualists, gives some very encouraging news of the progress of the work under his charge. The society are all united and taking a long pull and a strong pull altogether. As a consequence of this harmony they are having wonderful tests and demonstrations, as is always the case whenever our spirit friends are extended the courtesy of loving, fraternal welcome and greeting. We quote from his letter, "Old Orthodoxy is shaking in its shoes, as the things occur in their midst, and they are moving earth and hell to keep their followers in the belief that the clergy actually stand between them and an angry God, and so the good work goes on." He speaks flatteringly of Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Hammond.

The sentiment of personal loyalty has been declining for a long time. Nobody believes any longer in the doctrine of "divine right," and there is no more in England a disposition to accept with thankfulness, as a gift of God, a sovereign in the person of a Prince, who had somehow picked up the nickname of "Collars and Cuffs." The Prince of Wales might come to the crown amid something like popular enthusiasm, but no such sentiment would have greeted his son. The death of the heir presumptive will be received with something like a feeling of relief.

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 XIV.
CONCLUDED THIS WEEK.

As Frantz stood waiting impatiently, every moment increased the danger of discovery. Well he knew what that portended, not only to himself, but that one dearer a thousand times than his own life. Brave as he was, his heart beat wildly, and every sense was tense with the strain of expectation. His ear caught a faint murmur, growing louder, and the muffled echoes of feet on the stone stairway. He saw by the number of lights that quite a large party were approaching. He had been betrayed, and the minions of the hated order were coming in such force as to make resistance useless. At such critical periods the mind is concentrated, and acts with the rapidity of lightning. At that moment, when all seemed lost, and fate's decree the doom of every hope, he instantly became calm.

"They will not expect a priest to fight! Aye, fight is the word! The church has been for ages making a class of shepherds, and the people into a herd of sheep. I am a wolf, a wolf from the fastnesses of the Alps, who will fight for his love and his life until beaten down and trampled into the dust. If I had the sword I cast away I could defy them, but alas, I am unarmed." He cast about him, and caught sight of a fragment of rock, which he eagerly seized.

"This will do," he said exultantly. "My arm has not lost its strength, and if I am to die, I'll die right here, doing all I can to deserve the object I crave." The passage was long, and the party came slowly, and thinking it better to surprise his enemies, rather than come upon him at the cells, where they would expect him, he whispered through the apertures: "Silence, whatever may happen."

He retreated behind the partial screen made by the jutting of the cells out from the wall, and with his hand touching the slimy stones, he went forward until he felt a recess, a niche in the wall, which might be a door leading into one of the subterranean passages. He halted with joy, for here he was protected from flank attack and could defy a host.

He had scarcely reached this retreat when he heard the sound of voices chanting a funeral dirge. The music was familiar to him, as he had heard it sung over the remains of blooming youth and decrepitude. Always sullen, wrathful, gloomy, now its muffled echoes filled the vault as the wail of despair. Coming nearer, he saw by the light of the dim candles they bore a party of nuns bearing a burden wrapped in dark cloth. His fears were groundless, and his only danger was in discovery. He sank down in the recess, and formed a part of the shadow of the wall. The nuns came directly opposite, but the whole width of the cellar was between them and him. Then they laid down their burden, and he saw that they had stopped before the entrance to the lime vault. The white heap of dust gleamed in the heavy shadows of the awful room, of which he had such vivid recollections. The sisters ranged themselves on either side and chanted another verse. They paused, and waited impatiently. After awhile one exclaimed:

"Why is not the gardener here?" "That is not for us to know," replied another. "Perhaps it is a penance for us, and may stand here until to-morrow. Poor Hildah! she has had her last taste of that medicine."

"The holy bath water did not agree with her," scoffingly said another. "Holy bath water! That did not kill her. I have drank it. Nauseating, but it will not kill."

"What did she die of, then?" queried a sister.

"She was sentenced to death by poison."

"What say you?" exclaimed several in a breath. "I say," was the reply, in a defiant tone, as though the speaker knew that there was penance for every word, "I say that we worship the Holy Mary, because she was a mother and a virgin, and Hildah was born poisoned because she was forced to imitate the Holy Mary, not by God, but by the Bishop." The nuns with a cry of indignation crossed themselves, as though in the presence of the Evil One.

"You will follow! You will follow!" they cried. "Yes, I expect to. I have no desire to live in this chancel house. Better go at once into the vault, where there will be no more physical pain or mental anguish. I defy the Superior, the priests; all the powers of the church!" There was another exclamation of horror.

Frantz overheard all that passed. It was, then, the sweet and gentle Hildah, whose tortured body they were consigning to the yawning grave. He loved her as a friend and sister. He had heard at the confessional the sad story from her own lips. She was born to wealth and title, being the youngest daughter

of Count Holendorf, and idolized by her parents. She was educated in a convent school, and fell under the hypnotic influence of her priestly guides. Education and heredity intensified receptivity. The dreams of her youth; the chateau by the sea, with one who, from childhood had been her companion, and later, her affianced; her father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, all forgotten, as in a dream! She strove to tear herself away, but was held powerless against this influence. There was the risk of her people claiming her, or of her awakening, and it was decided to send a colony of sisters to a new convent on the shores of the Pacific Sea. She went as a lamb driven by cruel butchers to the slaughter. Poor Hildah, once the fair, beautiful, accomplished, with all the joy of the world her heritage; now, after years of crucifixion and of shame, wrapped in coarse hair-cloth, awaits the last sepulchral rites. It shall soon be finished, for the bear-eyed gardener comes. He is half-witted, half-intoxicated, for one in his place must not know too much. He came and dragged the bundle to the mouth of the vault. The nuns fearfully approached.

"Now hold your candles as in a famous wake," he muttered, "and count yer beads to the Holy Virgin while I drop 'er in."

So said, so done, and no sound came out of the mouth of hell! He took the shovel and shoveled down the biting lime. The sisters mechanically turned and without a word went as they came. The old gardener disappeared, as a dog to his kennel.

There was darkness and silence. Frantz awoke himself, as one who has suffered from a horrid nightmare, and returned to the door of the cells. He found the inmates anxiously awaiting his return, and quickly opened the doors. The air was fetid and stifling. "Dear one, have you strength to walk from this accursed den?" he whispered.

"I must have strength," she replied. "Wait at the door," he said, and unlocking the door she came out also, and both stood leaning against the stone wall, two Chinamen, to all appearance.

"Take my arms for support and guidance," whispered Frantz. They obeyed gladly, for they were so weak they could not stand without assistance, and they walked with uncertain, staggering footsteps.

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"Oh, Frantz," whispered Eudocia, "I am so weak, and the fresh air makes me faint and dizzy. Oh! I shall fall."

"Heaven save us if you do," whispered Frantz. "No, you shall not, you must not!" He sought to strengthen her by an imperative command. This often is successful, when there is strength for reaction, but she had no reserved energy. She staggered a few steps farther, and then sank down limp and lifeless. The feeble rays of the lamp made her features more ghastly, almost as pale as Frantz as he turned to her. "Is your strength also failing?" he asked.

"The contrary. The dizziness I first felt has gone, and I walk with ease."

"It is well," he whispered, as he bent down and took the prostrate form in his arms, softly as he would a babe; her head rested on his shoulder; her arms flung nerveless by her side; they ascended the stairs. The nun was yet sleeping. They shaded the light as they passed her. Then along the passage to the basement. Here they paused, and for the first time the strong arms laid down their burden on a sofa on one side of the room. He closed the door and bolted it.

"We are safe for at least a brief time," he said, "and Eudocia must be cared for." He called her name, but no response came from her ashy lips. "Eudocia," he called again. "Dead! Just when you were free! Oh! speak, assure me—I am assured she will never speak again."

He knelt by her side and a sob of inarticulate anguish was the eloquent expression of his grief. As though in response to this, a scarcely audible sigh came from her lips.

"She lives," cried Eudocia. A slight flush came to the ashy cheeks. There was life, burning low, for the oil which fed its flame a few drops only remained.

At this critical moment some one attempted to open the door of the passage leading to the convent. "Hush," whispered Frantz. "Whoever it is, friend or foe, they cannot come." He softly opened the door to the street. As he did so, the clock struck two. A horrible thought flashed through his mind. So late! What if Eudocia had lost patience and gone! No, he would not abandon him! He again carefully took up his burden, noiselessly they passed into the street, and half the way to the place designated, when they were confronted by a policeman.

"Hold," he said, "what rascality is this?" The ready wit of Frantz came to his rescue.

"Hold!" he exclaimed in tones of authority. "How dare you touch a priest with your sacrilegious hands? Michael Donald, I have shrived your father, and prayed many times for your poor brother's soul in purgatory. I have confessed

your sins, and they are red, and cry to heaven. Now, you have exceeded them all. You have insulted the majesty of heaven. I ought to strike you dead!"

Michael Donald bowed down on the pavement and begged piteously for pardon.

"Out of my way," cried Frantz with anger. "This is not a confessional. Go to the cathedral Sunday, and confess to the Bishop. You will need your ill-gotten money to appease him." They left the policeman completely cowed by the authority of his priest, and passing into the shadow of the wooden wall covered with flaming posters, met Eudocia who was anxiously awaiting them. They quietly entered the carriage, and the horses, kept impatiently standing for long hours, sped away.

Eudocia had recovered her consciousness, but was not strong enough to support herself. Frantz was stronger, yet after this absence and unexpected reunion, scarcely a word was spoken until they reached the Joslyn mansion.

Frantz carried Eudocia from the carriage, and Eudocia would have done the same by Zeld, but she, stimulated by the arrival at her home, lightly ascended the steps, and directly went to her mother's room. Eudocia had visited that lady the day before and partially and cautiously prepared her mind. She was awake, late as was the hour, and Zeld heard her calling her name as she entered the door. Rushing to the bed, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and cried, "Mamma, mamma, I have come; come as soon as I possibly could. Oh! mamma, you do not blame me? I could not come. They would not let me. I love you; I love you, dear mamma, and have not for a moment forgotten you."

"Oh! child, child," sobbed her mother hysterically with joy. "I have been dying for want of you; dying for the want of you. My heart has starved for your love."

"And papa, dear papa, where is he?" "Have they not told you? Oh! this is cruel. Do you not know?" Her voice faded away in a sob and a moan.

"Told me what? What is cruel?" "Your father, Zeld; his heart-hunger was greater than mine. He could not live without you."

"Mamma, say you he is dead?" "Dead, Zeld. He starved to death for you."

The light went out of her life at these words. Her brain whirled, and she sank into a chair. Eudocia came and taking her hands said gently: "I had no heart to tell you, Zeld. I cautioned your mother not to tell you; yet it may be it is as well. Your father left his blessing for you with me, if I ever saw you, which I pledged him I would, and that if alive you should be brought to this old home. But it was not ordered for me to execute my promise. You owe your deliverance to the ability and bravery of Frantz. A more noble and true man does not live, and I shall ever feel under the greatest obligations to him."

"He has atoned by his kindness for the wrong he unknowingly committed," replied Zeld. "Where is he now?"

"With Eudocia in the parlor. I thought perhaps he would be the best physician, and hence have not interrupted them."

"Shall we not go to them?" asked Zeld.

"If you desire, we will," he replied, and they went into the parlor. As the two Sisters saw each other, they for the first time became conscious of the costumes they were wearing, and a smile came to the face of each at its grotesqueness.

"A charming costume," exclaimed Frantz, "and we'll keep it as an heirloom."

"You are recovering?" inquired Eudocia.

"Rapidly. I am quite myself; at least I should be did I not have a dread of being forced back into the convent."

"You may throw all fears to the winds," replied Eudocia. "You are among those willing and capable of defending you. Eudocia, pardon me for thus addressing you, as I know not your other name."

"Eudocia is the name of the nun; may it never again be spoken," replied Frantz. "Let me introduce you to the lady by her true name, Angela von Rhinberg; and myself, not as Frantz the priest, but as Carl Eisenbaum the man."

Eudocia extended a hand to each with congratulations on the happy termination of their enterprise. "We have been so occupied I had forgotten that you are famishing. A supper was waiting us at midnight—it is now nearly breakfast time. You will sleep the better if you partake of the refreshments."

It was like a dream to Zeld. This was her dear old home, and everything was familiar to her. There had been changes. The pictures on the wall remained untouched. There was her mother's, and by its side her father's. She wept as she looked on the fine face which seemed to smile on her, and had no reproach. Directly opposite hung her own portrait, the one around which gathered so many pleasant memories.

In the cabinet were the bric-a-brac, the sight of which brought back a flood of thought. On the table were the books and the album just as she left them. No hand had been allowed to touch these treasures.

She had suffered from a horrible nightmare, and had just awakened.

The days passed like a dream, and for hours she sat by her mother's side, holding her hands. The magnetism of her young life revived the drooping spirit of the mother, and she grew stronger in mind and body and was soon able to go out onto the lawn and enjoy the fresh air. Zeld had rapidly recovered, and the contrast between the pale, timid Sister and the ruddy health and vivacity of her manners was quite striking.

Eudocia had visited them as required by business, and his manner was courteous, and warmly friendly, yet by no word or sign had he manifested deeper feeling. That morning, as Zeld led her mother along the gravelled path to a seat in the summer house, her thoughts were occupied by the artist, and a glad smile came to her eyes as she saw him approaching.

"A happy morning to you, Mrs. Joslyn, and to you, Miss Joslyn," he said cheerily.

"May it be as happy to you," fervently replied Mrs. Joslyn. "My heart is brimming over, and I wish I had the sweet voice of a bird to sing my joy."

"You are not as happy as your mother," said Eudocia. "You ought to be singing, as you have the voice of the bird, and not a shadow on your face."

"Do you remember the time of the year? There is much in our moods taken from the seasons."

"You ought not to be affected. You are above the coming and going of the seasons. Your fortune has become fabulous. I learned this morning that some old mining stock your father was forced to take on a loan, has become of inestimable value. Your stock covers half the mine, and it is valued at millions."

"I pray you, Mr. Eudocia, do not mock me with wealth."

"It is a mockery most people would be pleased with. And aside from this, you have one of the most beautiful homes. What more can you ask for?"

"Mr. Eudocia, I ask for vastly more; so much that you will say these baubles are as nothing. Do you remember a year ago this day you spoke to me and asked me not to—said you did not wish a reply, which I must reserve for some future time? I have less reason to think you desire my answer now than I had then, yet you are magnanimous, noble, and have been a true friend. I will be as frank as you were, and give my answer without a second asking." She extended her hand. "Will you accept it?"

"If you will take the heart that goes with mine," he replied, clasping her hands, as pledge and seal of vows recorded by the angels in heaven.

Carl and Angela joined them. Both had thrown ten years from their shoulders, and again were young.

"You are beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. Joslyn, "beautiful as Zeld! You are my own daughter, and must regard me as mother."

"Indeed, I am grateful to you," replied Angela.

"We came," said Carl Eisenbaum, "to tell you of our plans, and that we will soon leave your home, which has been indeed a haven of deliverance to us."

"Leave us?" cried Mrs. Joslyn. "Nay, you must not. I planned that this should be your home, and Zeld had no other intentions for you."

"Indeed, my dearest friends, more than friends, brother and sister, this house is too large for me without you. I cannot let you go!" said Zeld.

"We shall be near you—just out of the city. I will tell you of a piece of good fortune. I had a gift from a dying Spaniard, when I first came to this Coast, which I held in trust for the Church, as I had no use for private means. Now I have more need of that gift than the Church, and I really think I can make better use of it. Glad am I that I did not transfer the deed. It is small reward for my services to the Church. What is more, it has become an exceedingly valuable tract of land. There is a fair residence there; in short, it awaits my coming"—he hesitated and glancing at Angela, said—"I mean—our coming."

Angela was silent, and he continued: "We have concluded to go before a magistrate and have the marriage ceremony performed, and then away to our home. This step will at once and forever cut me off from the Catholic Church, and—he added with a smile—"Angela will no longer be a nun."

"We will not hear to such an arrangement. Here is another couple ready for the altar. I will invite my old friends, and there shall be a double wedding."

And so it was arranged, Eisenbaum making this reservation, that the ceremony should be performed by a civil magistrate. "I cannot have a priest," said he, "assume a function that belongs to the civil authorities."

The ceremony was performed before a brilliant assembly of friends, and singular as it may appear Mrs. Joslyn was the only relative present.

This completes my narrative. "But," I hear the reader ask who has patiently followed thus far, "what of the wicked ones? Did they not meet just reward? A story that does not bring the villains of its plot to punishment is immoral!"

Kind reader, that may be true. I do not dispute you; yet, however justice is dealt in story, in life it is quite different. I write to life, and confess that the rascals and villains went unscathed of justice. The Mother Superior tyrannized over her subjects for years. The two Sisters were treated no more cruelly than countless of others. Equal cruelty is practiced to-day in hundreds of convents, one or more of which are located in every city of our land. The Bishop Lopez, despicable debauchee as he was, was no greater criminal than thousands of other priests. There is no outcry against them. They have an empire governed by the most arbitrary and cruel tyranny ever seen on earth, right in the heart of this Republic, and no one gives

the Bishop ought to have died in the penitentiary—he died on a bed of elder, covered with silken counterpane. He was placed in a costly casket, and crowds came to be blessed by touching his coffin! He was eulogized as worthy of canonization, and has an emblazoned memorial panel in the cathedral! Such is life. Such are the dark ways of justice. Censure not the writer who simply reflects nature, because his photographs are not an improvement, and make not beautiful the stains and scars.

Rotten censure the leniency of our government which allows such institutions to be maintained without the least

attempt at supervision, and under the plea of religion, these pest houses of degradation and shame to occupy the fairest sites in all the towns and cities of our land.

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