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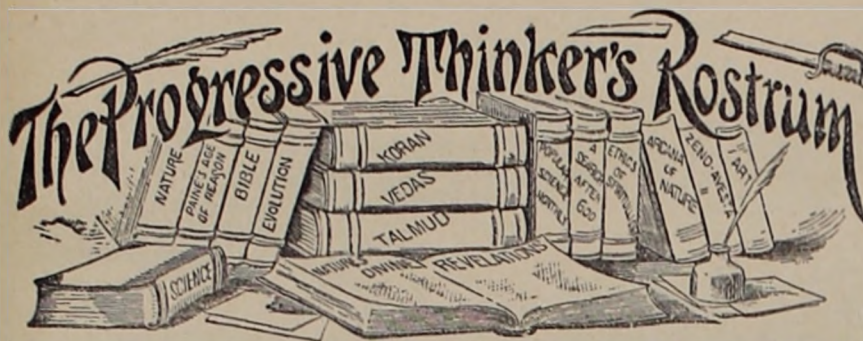
The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

NO. 115



A SCHOLARLY ESSAY.

The Secrets of the Essenes.

A Critical Analysis of Their History.

BY D. LYMAN.

About 166 years before Christ there existed in Judea a religious sect remarkable for its simplicity and purity of its practices and its apparent isolation from all other religious associations. This sect was known under various names, for example, Essaei, Osaei, Bethosaei, Therapeutae. The first three names are supposed by some to have been derivations from the Syriac word *assa*, to heal, or cure. From some modification of these terms has come the word *Essenes*, by which the sect is generally known to English-speaking people.

The chief sources of our knowledge of this sect are Josephus and Philo. The former, a historian, flourished between the years 37 and 93 of our era. He was a citizen of Jerusalem and a member of a priestly family. In the second book of his history of the Jewish war, he describes at length the three principal religious sects of that people, the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. In this work he sets forth in much detail the organization of the Essene brotherhoods, their beliefs, and the rules of their community life. In the thirteenth book of his *Ancient History of the Jews*, he briefly alludes to the same sect, together with the sects of the Pharisees and Sadducees. In the same book (book 13), he mentions by name the Essene Simon, who was called upon by the Jewish Prince Archelaus to interpret a dream which much disturbed the prince (about the year 4 B. C.); also another Essene by the name of Judas, who had predicted the death of Antigonus beneath Strato's Tower in the Temple at Jerusalem. Similar historic data indicate that brotherhoods of the Essenes were continuously in existence from before Christ 166 till his advent, and thence onward till after the fall of Jerusalem.

Philo was an Alexandrian Jew and a writer upon religious topics, consisting chiefly of mystical interpretations of the law of Moses. He was also of a priestly family. The year of his birth is unknown. But in his mature years he was sent by the Jews of his native city to Rome on an embassy to the Emperor, Caligula, about the year 40 A. D. In one treatise he describes the Essenes as of Palestine, and in traits closely resembling those in which they are portrayed by Josephus. In another treatise he describes a sect very closely resembling the Essenes under the name of Therapeutae, as located near Lake Mareotis in Egypt. The genuineness of this latter treatise has been called in question within the last twenty years by eminent biblical students of Germany and Holland.

The Essenes are also mentioned by Pliny, the elder, who lost his life while witnessing that eruption of Mount Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii; by Solinus, author of a work called *Polihistor*, and who lived in the third century; by Porphyry, a neo-Platonist and ante-Christian writer who flourished about the beginning of the fourth century; by Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, in the island of Cyprus, in the fourth century; and by Eusebius, the famous historian of the church, and Bishop of Caesarea, in Palestine, who died A. D. 340. All of these writers, except Philo, were largely dependent upon Josephus for their knowledge of the Essenes, and very small, if any, portions of their accounts were due to actual inspection of their societies. Pliny relates that a body of Essenes dwelt to the west of the Dead Sea, probably in a valley that descends eastward to that sea from Jerusalem. But we may infer from statements of Josephus that there were other Essene communities in Palestine, and he informed us that many Essenes resided separate from brotherhoods in various cities.

The order of the Essenes was essentially a religious society; that is, a society organized especially for religious ends; but including also in its scope the highest moral ends. Religious communion aims solely at the performance of certain duties for the sake of a deity, or some superpersonal person, real or imaginary. Morality aims at the performance of duties solely on the ground of their intrinsic rectitude. Religious associations are obliged to take moral duties more or less under their patronage. For example, charity to our human brother is a natural, moral duty; but the great religions enjoin it on the ground of its acceptability to the deities respectively worshipped by them. Into no religion of antiquity did moral duties enter so largely as into that of the Essenes. This tendency to support natural duties by religious sanction was an inheritance from its parent, Judaism.

Essenism was evidently a concealed secession from Judaism. It was a new worship, and differed so widely from the parent system as to cherish among its devotees a religious secret so well hidden that it was never disclosed to other religious devotees, or to the profane world. Let us consider some of its characteristics.

It constituted a brotherhood chiefly for the worship of God in a way that was new, and probably in a way that was dangerous to the worshippers. Members were admitted to the innermost degree only after a probation of three years. The new member was bound under formidable oaths never to disclose the secrets of the brotherhood, its sacred books, or the names of its angels (missionaries).

Brotherhood was its supreme moral duty, and as derivations from this duty, there were sanctioned and enforced by its rules community of property, reciprocity of service, chastity, truthfulness, care of the young, hospitality.

1. As pertaining to community of property, this religion forbade private property; even clothing and food were the gifts of the brotherhood to the individual. Their dwellings, and the land cultivated by them, were also common.

2. Out of their sense of the obligation of mutual service came their abhorrence of slavery. Every member was free; all the brethren were servants of all.

3. Their sense of the obligation of chastity drove the brotherhood into celibacy. Where the celibates lived together in brotherhoods they were males. Both Josephus and Philo set their members at four thousand. But there were also married Essenes; and Josephus is careful to mention how sacredly the wife was treated by the husband in the days preceding her maternity. It is a fair inference that chastity in thought was recognized also as a duty; though of course it could not be enforced by any social regulation. Neither Josephus nor Philo describes any brotherhood of married Essenes, marriage being a very refractory element in all human societies.

4. Absolute truthfulness was enjoined, and the support of personal declarations by oath was strictly forbidden. A simple yea or nay was considered all that was essential where simply affirmation or denial was required. The only exception to this regulation was the oath taken on admission to the brotherhood, if that really was an oath; that is, an invocation of a curse by a supernatural being on failure to keep one's word or promise.

5. The Essenes are the first society known to history who made the care of the young a special duty. This first grew out of the necessity of replenishing the brotherhood, which, consisting of celibates, would soon die out if not recruited from without the society. As adults were not good subjects for new religious opinions and practices, the Essenes were forced to have recourse to more flexible material for perpetuating their brotherhood. Hence we may infer that a motto not unknown to the Essenes was: "Suffer little children to come unto us." Thus in the long ages gone by was dropped the first seed of the modern Sunday-school, in the education and care of the young by societies.

6. Hospitality was also a duty growing out of the sentiment of fraternity. Josephus relates that an Essene in a Syrian city could enter the house of any member of the order and treat it as his own. Where brotherhoods lived together it may be fairly presumed that strangers were always welcome who were driven to them by the stress of any dire necessity. It is a characteristic of fraternity communities to rise above the bare duties to members into duties to humanity for its own sake. The idea of the possibility of a good Samaritan, it is probable, first arose in an Essene brotherhood.

The moral duties to one's self recognized by the Essenes were chiefly temperance, patience, and cleanliness. Temperance extended to eating as well as drinking. The persecutions which the sect underwent from the Romans, made fortitude and patience virtues in supreme demand. Cleanliness was enforced by rules requiring frequent ablutions. The attire of the brethren, consisting of white robes of linen or other material, shows how constantly present to their minds were ideas of cleanliness and purity. Minute attention was given to a proper disposal of all excretions from the body. Baptisms were frequent both as habits and emblems. Personal chastity, even where individuals of the opposite sex were not concerned, we may be sure, was also highly regarded by them, both from the celibate tendencies of the brotherhood, and from what Josephus relates of their conduct in wedlock.

and patience, with their concomitants, constancy and self-sacrifice, were observed as the highest religious, as well as the supreme moral duties, by a religious fraternity, before they were taught by Jesus and the Apostles. The noblest precepts of the Sermon on the Mount were practical rules of a close-communion brotherhood long before they were announced in Galilee, or more correctly speaking, before they were formally tabulated in a gospel.

Where there are any duties, purely religious, supposed to be peculiar to Christianity, anticipated in the same way by the Essene brotherhood?

THE ESSENCE OF JUDAISM.

The essential feature of Judaism as a religious system in contradistinction from Christianity, was that it sought to reconcile man with God by a multiplicity of sacrifices, chiefly the bloody sacrifices of animals. The original belief of the Hebrew was that the odor and the savor of burned flesh were grateful to the Deity. As the moral sense of that people matured, the belief was modified and the reconciling element in the sacrifices came to be considered the love and good will to God of the person that offered them. Seven and a half centuries before Christ, that noble prophet, the elder Isaiah, rose to the conception that the fat of bulls and rams was an abhorrence to Jehovah; but that idea never found a lodgment among the brotherhood; and had Jerusalem not fallen under the dominion of Rome or some other heathen power, the smoke of bloody animal sacrifices would still ascend day by day from the altar of burnt offering on the temple hill of Moriah.

Christianity substituted for a means of reconciliation with God, instead of the sacrifices of animals, the sacrifice of a divine man; but in connection with that sacrifice, to render it complete and effective, it required the practice on the part of the offeror of the very virtues essential to membership in the Essene brotherhoods. But the remarkable thing in Christianity was that it utterly set aside animal sacrifices. So long, however, were our gospels written, that the sharp struggles of Jesus with the State religion of the Jews, that nowhere in them is given a single precept from him directly impeaching the practice of such sacrifices. Only in an apocryphal gospel do we find Jesus distinctly teaching: "Carry no sacrifice to the temple." In this single precept is found a clearer echo of the strite between Jesus and the priesthood than in all the canonical gospels. When Judaism was struck on this point, the blow was aimed at its heart; for in the Jew's estimation, when the sacrifices were taken away, all possibility of atonement and reconciliation with God went with them.

Christianity proposed to utterly abolish the sacrifices. But that was precisely what the Essenes aimed at and accomplished among themselves, more than a century and a half before Jesus preached. The Essenes substituted for animal victims the performance of the cardinal moral virtues as the only acceptable sacrifice. The brotherhood would have been forthwith destroyed had they been vociferous in the propaganda of their antipathy to the official sacrifices. But they were "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and knew how, under the mask of extraordinary devotion to the law of Moses, to eliminate the letter and practice its spirit, and cloak the new worship in the disguise of a fraternity, in which the mystery of an acceptable method of atonement with God was bulwarked with three successive orders of graded devotees; to the last of which only was the prophet Isaiah's open secret revealed, namely, that animal sacrifices were not acceptable to God.

For my own part, I believe Jesus stopped precisely at that point where the Essenes, a century and a half preceding his time, rested their practices; that is, that he preached the observance of the moral virtues as the complete and sole requisite for full reconciliation with God. But in the first and second generations of Christians, in that turmoil of political and religious opinions which prevailed among Gentile believers outside of Judea, he was himself substituted in current belief for those sacred victims whose bloody atoning death neither Judaism nor Paganism imagined could be dispensed with. Hence, in three of the gospels he is represented as himself drinking the passover wine as an emblem of his own blood; and in the fourth, he expires on the cross as the divine lamb at the very hour the actual paschal lamb was slain. Thus early in Christian history was metaphor converted into fact; and from the dawn of the second century until now, it has been considered in all the great communities of Christendom far more essential to secure a vicarious atonement in his atoning death, than to sympathize with his sweet life in love, continence, temperance and self-sacrifice. Most singular irony of fate, that the foremost opponent of animal sacrifices to the Deity should of all men himself come to be believed as the most acceptable victim to God!

It is apparent from what has already been said, that the Essenes had a secret worship quite unlike that of the prevailing Judaism; that one cause of this secrecy was their rejection of the system of animal sacrifices as a means of reconciliation with God, and the substitution, in the place of such sacrifices, of the practice of natural virtues, such as charity, temperance and continence. These were the sacrifices offered by the Essenes. Their religion verged more entirely on morality, pure and simple, than that of its parent, Judaism. For it must be remembered that pure morality is the adherence to rectitude for its own

sake—the performance of duty because it is a duty; whereas, religion is the performance of duty, not for its own sake, but for the sake of some revered person, either natural or supernatural. A child acts religiously when it abstains from deeds which it regards as wrong, or performs deeds which it regards as duties from reverence for its parents. Of course the child acts from a more profound religious sense when it avoids wrong, or does what it considers right, for the sake of Jesus. Unable to act from purely moral motives, the child is lifted up toward morality by religious training. It does not matter whether the revered person, for whose sake religious acts are performed, is an actual supernatural person or purely an ideal one, to constitute the act a religious one. The worship of Diana by a Greek maiden in token of her regard for chastity, was as truly a religious act as would be the worship by an Italian girl of the Virgin Mary from the same motive. The essence of the act in both cases is the performance of a real duty for the sake of a supernatural person, real or imaginary. I do not say that the Greek maiden's religion was as pure as would be that of the Italian girl, but simply that the elements of religion would be the same in the acts of both worshippers. When the object of religious acts is purely fanciful, the religion is imperfect, though the act performed may be a real duty. When the duty performed is real, but the motive of the performance is simply dread of the object worshipped, religion has become superstition. It is as truly superstition when spurious duties are performed from love of an object worthy of worship. The performance of unreal duties on the one hand, and devotion to unreal deities on the other, are the rock and the whirlpool between which the bark of religion makes its perilous way.

The extraordinary emphasis laid on moral duties by the Essenes in place of ritual or emblematic duties implied a wide divergence in the brotherhood's conception of the Deity from that accepted by the prevailing Judaism. Ritualism, or a symbolic system of duties, had overlaid natural duties, and in a great measure displaced them in the ordinary Jewish worship at the time the Essene brotherhood came into existence. The secret of the divergence of Essenism from Judaism lay in the fact of an adoption by the brotherhood of a more human and personal Deity than that of Jehovah whose most conspicuous and acceptable worship consisted of animal sacrifices. The abolition of such sacrifices by the Essenes implied such a change in their conception of the Supreme Deity from that entertained by their people, as inevitably involved the performance of moral duties as a substitute for those sacrifices. The Deity substituted by the Essenes as an object of worship in place of Jehovah, I infer, was the Logos or the eternal son of Jehovah, recognized by many Jews of Alexandria, in Egypt, as Jehovah's other self, at least two centuries before Christ. The writings of Philo abound in references to this eternal Logos or word. A few instances may be cited:

"The eternal word of the everlasting God is the strongest and steadfast support of the Universe. From the centre to the extremities and from the limit to the midst, he pervades the long range of nature, binding together all its parts. For the father who begot him has made him the indissoluble bond of the universe."—*Platonic of Noah.*

"To the oldest word the father of the universe has granted this illustrious gift, that standing as a mediator he should determine between the creature and the Creator. He is at once the supplicant on behalf of perishing mortals to the incorruptible one, and the ambassador of the sovereign to his subjects."—*(Heir of Divine Things.)*

"It was necessary that he who performed the priestly rites to the father of the world should employ as his advocate the Son most perfect in virtue for the pardon of sins and for the supply of the most abundant blessing."—*(Life of Moses.)*

Though Philo was a contemporary in the early part of his life with Jesus, there is no trace in his works that Philo was aware of the existence of the Nazarene. But all the attributes of the Christ as priest to God from eternity, as an ambassador from God to men, and their advocate before God (for Paraklete), are ascribed by Philo to the eternal Logos; but he does not dream of the possibility of his incarnation.

These speculations about the eternal word were not the original coinage of Philo. The doctrine of an eternal son of God was originally conceived and fully developed by Alexandrian Jews long before his time. His writings on the subject reproduce and deliver down an old phase of Jewish faith that originated in Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies.

It was the secret worship of this ideal son that was probably the sacred mystery of Essenism, which justified and supported the more dangerous secret, that this divine son disapproved the sacrifice of animals for reconciliation with God; but required instead the self-sacrifice of his own worshippers by love, temperance, continence and personal purity.

Josephus relates that the Essenes honored "next to God, the name of their legislator." An English translator of Josephus (Whiston) suggests Moses as the name of this legislator. But whenever Josephus speaks of Moses in this capacity he calls him "our legislator." By speaking of the legislator of the Essenes as "their legislator," the historian implies that he does not recognize him as Moses, the accepted law-giver of the Jews. In what other name could

the rules of the Essene brotherhood, which were regarded as divine, have been promulgated by them, than in that of the eternal son of God, for whose sake they abolished the animal sacrifices? That name was evidently a very close secret, kept by the brethren as a sacred password.

Groerer, a German writer, alleges that on the passover day the Essenes dramatized the passage of the soul of man from the sub-human or unregenerate to the regenerate state, by acts emblematic of the forty-two stages of the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. As the Israelites, upon the termination of their long wanderings in the desert, crossed a Jordan into the promised land under the leadership of Joshua (Jesus), it is easy to conjecture what was likely to have been among the Essenes the sacred name of that mystic personage who was supposed to aid the contrite soul to make the critical passage from the desert of unsubdued passions into the land of serenity and loving self-sacrifice. But such use of the name as a sacred password, for an object of worship, is not proof that there was not an actual Jesus; though the accession of many Essenes to Christianity in the first and second century may have led to that apotheosis of Jesus which blossomed out so fully in the fourth gospel and for which the conversion of Paul, a Hellenistic Jew, of Tarsus, already a partial convert to the doctrine of the eternal sonship, prepared the way.

The celibacy of the Essenes, their skill in curing disease by processes akin to those of modern mesmerism, and their powers of prophecy, are hinted at by Josephus; but upon these points we have no extended historic details.

The contact of Judaism with Greek culture and learning at Alexandria in Egypt as early as the reigns of the first Ptolemies in the third century before Christ, induced a refining of Jewish conceptions of Jehovah that did not cease till there had been elaborated the idea of an eternal Son of God, called the Logos. This word indicates how profound had been the influence of Plato upon the Jewish students of Alexandria. Greek culture also brought about a spiritualizing of the Jewish law. The extent to which this was carried appears nowhere more vividly than in the writings of Philo.

The acceptance of these ideas by a few of the Jews of Palestine gave rise to an effort to create an ideal Israel, within which the spiritualized law could be observed, and Jehovah could be worshipped in his eternal fellow, the Logos, the divine Son who made the world. An ideal society was founded in Judea, and by it the most offensive feature of the law was set aside, namely, the worship of God by bloody sacrifice. But this new worship was so perilous, the reform it contemplated was so tremendous, that the new worshippers were compelled to conceal its purpose, its ritual, and above all the name of their founder, which could only be spoken as a sacred pass-word.

The secret of Essenism was that it proposed a new law, a new system of moral duties, and virtually a new deity. Jesus never, in my belief, was a member of this society, but by sympathy he understood its profound purpose, the summing up of the whole law in love to God and man. The adoption of the glowing hopes of John the Baptist, caused him to attempt a like purpose with the Essenes, the creation of an ideal Israel, a kingdom in which the coming Messiah could be supreme ruler; and thus to set aside openly the sacrificial system of his countrymen. His own sacrifice was the consequence. His apotheosis, and gradual identification with the eternal Son of God, an transformation into a messiah who is ever coming but never arrives, has been the historical issue of his mission.

OUR BABIES.

Hidden long beneath a tower of Babel
Hath lain a truth of ancient fable,
That wise men worshipped in a stable,
A baby.

And as light within begins to shine,
We'll worship at the baby shrine,
For all are Gods and all divine,
Our babies.

The tiny buds of an infinite flower,
Unfolding wisdom, love and power,
Through eternal ages, hour by hour,
Our babies.

Become this world's redeemers,
And spite of Jesuit schemers,
Free schools shall wave their streamers.
—W. T. VANCE.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman writes: "The annual meeting of the Ladies' Industrial Society, of Boston, Mass., was held the first Thursday of January. The acting board of officers were unanimously re-elected. Only one of their number has been called to drop the mortal for the immortal. One feature of this Society is that one evening during the month is given to amusement for the young; so far it has proved successful. Comfort to many a weary mourner has been given from the platform. The mediums are prompt and willing to do their part making the afternoon circles very interesting. There is a good hot supper at 6 o'clock, followed by an hour or so spent in social chat and games. All visitors find a friendly greeting. The aim of the members is to make all feel at ease by acts of love and harmony. An invitation to visit us is extended to all."

Dr. C. T. H. Benton, a medium of Peoria, Ill., writes: "The Magi will become the guiding star to all who can understand. I have received from the spirit side of life such testimony for the last three or four months."

A DOLLAR ONLY.

It Goes and It Comes.

TO THE EDITOR:—According to the Portland (Oregon) *Dispatch*, a dozen or more invited spectators met in Mrs. Mallory's parlors on 6th street, West Side, a few evenings ago, to witness an illustration of occult power. Some, at least, who went there expected to be astonished by the usual performance of slate-writing, spiritual manifestations of one kind or another, hear raps and see chairs start off and walk across the room; but a more amazing feat than any of these was performed in their presence.

A double slate, which opens and shuts on brass hinges, was secured at one of Portland's stationery stores and a padlock attachment was fitted on the middle of the opposite edges. This slate was examined by a number of persons, among whom were Dr. Taylor, W. E. Jones, W. H. Galvani, Mr. Metcalf, a representative of the *Weekly World*, and a *Dispatch* representative. They then placed a silver dollar, dated 1853, between the slates, locked them and fastened both ends tightly with screws. The key of the padlock and the screw-driver were held by one of the party and the slate handed to the little girl, Gracie. She then took her seat back of a table at one end of the well-lighted room with the slate in her hand. After her mother, Mrs. J. L. Hunter, had played on the organ and sang some, Gracie brought the slates back to the parties who had fastened them together with the silver dollar inside. An examination showed that neither the slates, padlock nor screws had been tampered with, but when opened no dollar nor the slightest trace of one could be found. Neither was it any where on the person of the little girl.

The slates were again securely fastened together as before, so tightly that even a dime could not be forced between them, but this time without a dollar being placed inside. The little girl again took her position at the table, and after a few minutes returned with the slate. It was opened and there was the identical dollar which had been taken out and returned in some mysterious way. How it was done, no one could say positively, but the fact that it was done and without opening the slates or leaving any trace of how it was done, no one for a moment doubted.

It was supposed by some that the dollar was dematerialized and taken out, then put back and re-materialized. One person thought there might be a dimension in nature, of which we know nothing, and the dollar got away through that in some way, aided by an unseen agency. The little girl says her grandfather, who has been in the spirit land for a number of years, comes and takes the dollar out and returns it.

There is nothing miraculous about this feat, but a great deal that is mystifying to our limited understanding. It proves beyond doubt that there are forces, agencies and occult powers in the realms of nature which we have not yet mentally mastered and cannot fully understand until we have attained a higher intellectual and spiritual development. In the meantime, and while ascending the scale into higher conceptions of spiritual forces, it is wise for us not to give ourselves over to influences which do not elevate and strengthen, but to make ourselves the overmastering powers of what we know. Mediums who yield themselves up to uncanny influences, almost invariably become weak, intellectually, morally and physically, and very seldom indeed have any of them given beneficial information to the world. There are things in heaven and earth which were never dreamt of in our philosophy, but we had better not let ourselves be made tools of until we know who and what our manipulators are.

A. L. N.

THE ORDER OF MAGI.

Note from a Prominent Lawyer.

I thank you ever so much for the very full exposition of the principles, doctrines and philosophy of the Order of Magi, published in last week's paper. I read all of the articles with much interest and profit, and find that I have been a member of this order for forty years; that I was born in it, and have been familiar with its teachings ever since I was fifteen years of age.

While they are much better and more clearly expressed than I could possibly do it myself, yet they are not the less a part of my intellectual and spiritual life. Some years ago I wrote an article for the *Chicago Evening Journal*, in which I undertook to show that the law of evolution was not confined to physical life, as demonstrated by Darwin, but that it was universal, extending through the domain of the spiritual life as well; that while change, growth and progress were everywhere visible in physics, the same was true of the human spirit, and followed it through all of its varied phases. I have been for more than forty years a Spiritualist, and have studied its phenomena and its philosophy in every aspect in which they were presented to me, and I do not find that these magical teachings are in any manner inconsistent with, but rather that they uphold, support and explain the doctrines of the higher and more comprehensive Spiritualism.

I write briefly, from the bed of a painful and protracted illness, but feel that I must thank you for this, as well as for all the other good things you are giving to the world. When I get back into the sphere of daily work I will ask you to present my name for membership in this divine order. GEO. SHUFELDT. Oak Park, Ill.

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

We do not speak of denominations here, as we are all united in a common religious belief; that is, we agree upon the main truths and differ about details only. We are all of one opinion that there is a great First Cause, whom we call God; and that He is worthy of our love and service; we are also agreed upon the duty of observing His laws and obeying them. The duty we owe each other is also one of general acceptance. To love and serve each other according to the Golden Rule is strictly enjoined. Other matters are of less importance, and we may have our own views about them without incurring the censure of any one. We often see a man holding views just the opposite of our own upon these latter points, and feel no want of faith in him. We are at liberty to criticize his doctrines, but never to denounce him on that account. The most eminent person among us would be ashamed to speak ill of any one from whom he differs in matters of opinion, however humble his position or attainments. Even when we know he is entirely wrong, he is not held responsible outside of his own conscience. There are many shades of opinion on every subject, and this is the very soul of research and investigation, and we are constantly employed in the examination of questions growing out of divided views. Whenever we see a man looking into a subject to ascertain its truth, he commands our respect and sympathies, and we give him such assistance as may be within our power. We are therefore mutual helpers and increase our own knowledge by adding to that of others. When a discovery is made it is common property and all may make such use of it as they may find needful. There is no monopoly here of anything that can conduce to the general or individual welfare of any one. The light is for all, and so is the truth. There are no means of concealment adopted. The only principle of our relation with each other is to do all the good we can.

ILLUSTRATION—A SOUTHERN WOMAN TELLS HER EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

I was born in the South and belonged to the educated class, having been educated in the North long before the war of the rebellion. I was raised amid the scenes of Southern institutions, of which negro slavery was, perhaps, the most conspicuous. To that system of labor the South owed its wealth. I was not adverse to slavery otherwise than for its bad effect upon the white people themselves, and I lived in the constant expectation that it would either utterly demoralize the owners or would itself be destroyed by some great upheaval. I cannot say that I was sorry for its abolishment; but my heart bleeds for the ruin and bloodshed it was the cause of. I was, of course, opposed to all the forms of spirit manifestation, and scouted the idea that they were anything but the fancies of overheated imagination, or the mere dreams of visionaries. When, however, my end was near I had many convincing proofs of spirit-communion. The eye of sense is dark and opaque to all things spiritual, but when the dissolving power of death seizes upon the human organism, the spirit begins to use its own faculties, and spirit objects become less or more distinct to its perception. Among the many things of this character which flashed upon my astonished soul were familiar forms and smiling faces. The sight was dim, but there was no mistake about the beautiful appearances, and they rendered my dying moments very happy. I had never been connected with any church, although I was in the constant habit of attending the church services, and I had a general conception of the future life with its probable conditions, but all was vague and unsettled, and almost as destitute of any influence upon my life or conduct as if I had no belief whatever upon the subject; but when the point was becoming a practical question in the view of a dying bed, my mind was exercised, my interest became intense; but I took no counsel except from the beautiful visions that came into my life. It may be said that these were the mere effect of drugs upon my nervous system, and that they sprang from the teeming fancies of an excited brain. This conclusion is undoubtedly in part true, and yet untrue in any real sense. That my brain and nervous system were in a different condition from that of former experience is quite true; but I deny that what I saw were mere delusions. I now know they were of the Spirit-world, and my perceptive faculties were excited, if you please to call it by that name, so that I could see them. The truth is that the spirit is not much affected by the condition of the brain in such moments, and while the latter may be stimulated to an excessive degree, the former frequently uses the opportunity to explore what would otherwise be invisible. The grand nature of the spirit, especially when about to be emancipated from the body, asserts itself, and indulges in these foregleams of the divine life, and becomes radiant with joy at the prospect. It is this that makes the beauty and the glory of so many death-bed scenes.

But I must hasten to the revelation of my transformation into a spirit form and my transition to my present condition. At first I felt as if I had been awakened gently from a sleep. I cannot recall when I ceased to respire the air of earth; but when I acquired consciousness again I felt a stream of living light slowly passing through my form, and giving a delightful sensation of rest and refreshment to every part of my system. It was not long before I could notice that my old body was no more a part of myself, and that although I was recreated in the similitude of the old image, everything about me was strange and new. I stretched out my hand and arm; they were

still there, but how different. The old sense of weakness resulting from injuries which I had received, was gone, and the somewhat emaciated limbs were straight and beautifully rounded. The blue veins were just discernible through the transparent skin, and the hands were formed upon the model of an artist. I looked around, and my sight was clear and took in objects at an immense distance. The dimness of earthly vision was gone and was replaced by the clairvoyance of the heavens. And so on, through my entire organism, all was new and beautiful. I respired a new air, and breathed with a delicious consciousness of a new life. My feet were bare and of a pearly whiteness. My hair fell in shining masses upon my neck and shoulders. My dress was loose and flowing, and a girdle round the waist glittered with reflected light as if jewels were returning the burning rays of the sun. A circlet confined my hair in its place, and that also shone with a brilliant lustre. Indeed, so great was the change that I should not have known myself but for the personality that pulsed through my spirit and assured me of my own identity.

A Spirit Returns to the Death Bed of an Octogenarian.

Another instance of spirit return to assist the dying has come under my personal observation. Nelson Forsythe, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, the type of a venerable patriarch, died yesterday at 5 P. M., at Fort Erie, Canada. Just before he died he said in words to this effect: "Is that you, Raymond? You have come for me. Which is the way? Where am I to go?"

Mr. Lorenzo Dulmage Raymond died on the 12th of January, just a week ago, at the ripe age of 81. He was also a magistrate. Mr. Forsythe was in his 83rd year.

The two octogenarians had been friends for many, many years. Now there is not the slightest reason to doubt the fact that the spirit of Lorenzo Raymond returned to his dying friend to assist and convey the spirit to its new home.

During the past twelve months I had many conversations with the late Mr. Forsythe on the subject of spirit return, and he narrated many instances of spirits returning and spirit warnings that had been experienced by him during his lifetime.

Fort Erie, Cana. GEO. W. WALROND.

Notes from New York City.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your readers are doubtless as well acquainted with phenomenal facts as the writer, yet accumulative testimony is valuable, and every day brings more valid evidence of our claims. Every time we confront additional facts we feel like some fortunate Columbus, and we hasten to proclaim to the whole world our discovery. For the time being we forget that other investigators are obtaining facts as wonderful as ours. It is encouraging, however, to find that we are not alone in our researches. Mrs. Mott Knight is in New York. Her address is 36 W. 24th street. On Thursday evening, January 21st, Mrs. Knight held a seance at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Robertson, 100 West 61st street, which was so thoroughly successful that I venture to hope it may interest your readers to know what took place.

The ladies and gentlemen having brought their own slates and retained the custody of them during the whole evening, there can be no cavil about prepared slates, etc. The parlors were brilliantly lighted and the manifestations occurred under such conditions that none could reasonably ask for more convincing evidences of the presence of an unseen power. Mrs. Knight took her place at a little table in the back parlor, which was covered with a rug. The sitters having prepared their questions on slips of paper prior to entering the presence of the medium, there can be no suspicion that she knew the nature of these interrogations. The questions without slate pencil were placed by the investigators between their slates and held under the table in such a manner as to convince them that whatever took place would not be a fraudulent production. While writing was audibly going on between the slates, Mrs. Knight's hands were in such a position as to convince the most skeptical that her hand, at least, was not the cause. Whilst I held two slates under the table, grasping both tightly, Mrs. Knight's right hand was in view and her left hand over mine, and not in actual contact with the slates at all. During this position of her hands writing was being produced. Every one obtained good results and were unflinching in their affirmation of the genuineness of the manifestations.

After the slate-writing seance, Mrs. Knight offered to sit awhile in the dark for other exhibitions of spirit presence. A pad of paper was brought, several sheets torn off and thrown upon the floor with lead pencils for the spirits to use as they saw fit. Mrs. Knight having been seated between two gentlemen and her hands held, the lights were put out. Immediately manifestations began. Writing could be heard and other sounds the nature of which could not be detected. When the lights were called for, we found to our delight written messages from departed friends, and pencil-drawings of faces and busts which in some cases proved to be that of deceased relatives. All were more than pleased.

Mrs. Mott Knight has given public demonstrations of her marvellous mediumship in Carnegie Music Hall and other places, and all unite in bearing testimony to the genuineness of the manifestations.

Dreams to Some Purpose.

It is well to dream, if one dreams to some purpose. Butler County, Pa., has an "oil smeller" who can give points to persons who bring out the power of the hazel rod. Some months ago Cunningham & Co. were drilling a well on the farm of Ira Stauffer. One night, while the well was drilling, Casper Keichner, a crippled jeweler Zelenople, dreamed that the well was dry, and in the same vision he saw a spot on the farm of John Schriver, near the Stauffer farm, where a well was flowing one thousand barrels per day. Keichner related his dream to Cunningham & Co., but a smile was all he got for his trouble. When the well on the Stauffer farm was completed it was a first-class duster. In their adversity the owners of the well went to Mr. Keichner and asked him to show them the spot on the Schriver farm where in his dream he had seen the coveted 1,000-barrel well. He accompanied them to the place and a well was started on the spot. A few weeks ago the pay streak was reached, the well actually flowed 1000 barrels a day, and the place is the richest oil farm in Butler county to-day. Really, what was it that caused the dream if not prompted by some higher intelligence?

Pittsburg, Pa. X.

It Is the Leader.

I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the leader of all publications of advanced thought; all others, in my estimation, are followers.

N. P. BRADISH.

Jim's Pathetic Story.

I tell you plain, if I don't try
To brace myself right firm, I'll cry.
This soft wind and this haze and sun,
And the gold and red that melt and run
And splash the hills; and she not here
To say things about the dying year!
Didn't I tell you? O, I see.
They called her Dora, all but me;
And she was a delicate lady born,
And I, well, I was huskin' corn;
So I called her Miss. She was stayin' here
For the country air she heft of the year.
Sometimes she'd sit out under a tree
And watch the hired man work, that's me;
But she got so frail-like, along in the fall,
That she didn't weigh nothin', wraps and all,
And the women folks got me to lend a hand
Movin' her out in the sun to be tanned.

That's what they said, but she didn't seem
To care about jokin'; just wanted to dream
And look at the foliage, gold and red,
On the hills, and talk about bein' dead!
Cheerful? Well, no; not exactly that;
But I used to potter around where she sat,
Just watchin' her, sort of, under the rim
Of my hat, an' wishin' she'd call me Jim!
Ever have that feelin'? Well, I never cared
For a girl that was well, but if I'd dared
I'd a-told her how it made me thrill
When I stole a look at her, sittin' so still
And holdin' the red leaves in her hands,
Quotin' some song about lotus lands,
Some place where it's always afternoon,
In a voice that was soft and sweet as a tune.
And so I just listened from under the rim
Of my hat, sort of wishin' she'd call me Jim!

That kind of girls ain't for such as me,
Nor for nobody else, fer's I can see;
Fer they jist creep into a hired man's heart
When the leaves turn red and the brown burrs
part;

And then when it snows and the skies are lead
And it's still in the house, you know who's dead!
I've no right to murmur, but somehow yet,
Try as hard as I may, I can never forget
How I thrilled when her white hand touched my
arm;

And now when the trees are red on the farm
Sometimes I listen from under the rim
Of my hat, sort of wishin' she'd call me Jim!

H. S. TOMER.

A Statement from Grand Rapids.

TO THE EDITOR:—Kindly permit me to send your readers in distant places a correct statement of the work of the Union Spiritual Society in this city, which has been somewhat misrepresented by Brother Howe, in his article recently in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, entitled "Work that Wins." The Union Society in this city, which has at present by far the largest following, has been in successful operation nearly six years. It is not opposed to hiring traveling speakers when it has the money in hand to pay them. Its work is unostentatious, but more far-reaching in its effects for good, and more self-sacrificing than a transient dweller among us can be aware of, especially if prejudiced by those interested in misstating facts, which Mr. Howe should have taken more pains to learn from his heretofore old and true friends here. His published statements reflect a one-sided view of the motives and works of by far the largest number of Spiritualists in this city, whose aims are ever to uphold right, to spread truth within the bounds of moderation, and without incurring debts that would cripple their usefulness. That there is not united effort here is true. The causes are from natural incompatibility, in part, and largely from greatly-differing ideas as to methods of work. The Union Society stands by mediums, especially those persecuted by so-called Spiritualists; and is willing to give all an unbiased hearing, and room to demonstrate whether they are genuine mediums or not, irrespective of what hearsay may denote. Therefore visiting mediums say: "We feel most at home with you people." We are willing to live and let others live, and do not expect to build up by efforts to pull others down. The Union does not attempt work it is not financially able to perform. It is not incapable of teaching and appreciating the higher education of Spiritualism. Its ideas of all mediums who require money for services is, that they are "commercial mediums," the more money the more commercial, be it for mental or other phases. Its social life is harmonious to a marked degree. We are neither drones, shirks, nor selfish. Whatever "twaddle" we deal in, is short and right to the point. We do not relegate all to the Spirit-world. We co-operate with, but do not attempt to monopolize it. We are not annihilated by false charges; but are wide-awake, persistent, and quietly progressing. We regard Spiritualism as eminently respectable, and able to stand on its own merits. We think the law of supply and demand active and imperative, and until a demand is made by the public at large, and the often falsely-termed "better class," any amount of forced supply, at a straining expense, is an over-production, and falls flat on the market, as it has in several instances in the Progressive Society lately, whose numbers, from packed audiences at first, have diminished, and only when the test medium shows up do the public pay much attention. This demonstrates a work of great expense, but not a "winning game," it would seem. Hence, recently, the cry has come from this pompous "Macedonia," which was at first an offshoot from the Spiritual Union, "Come over and help us." Bless their dear souls, we have helped them all the time, but they did not credit it. We are all learning our lessons.

Yours for truth,

MRS. E. C. HINCKLEY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

No Straddling the Fence.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am still on the move. My health was the cause. I made a trip to Kansas City after the Liberal camp. I found the society flourishing there. I did not stay long enough to get any subscribers, but intend to do what I can in this city for the best Spiritualist paper printed. No straddling the fence with it. If any one wants solid facts, they must take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Would rather do without one meal a day than be deprived of it. Mrs. A. J. SCHOFIELD.

Mrs. C. D. Green: Could not think of doing without the paper. I find it improving every week.

Notes from Bishop A. Beals.

TO THE EDITOR:—Five years have elapsed since my last visit here as a speaker for the spiritual society, and I find considerable change and improvement in the growth and general enterprise of this wonderful city; especially is this true in the present interest manifest in the subject of reform and spiritual culture.

Since here last, the spiritual rostrum has been occupied by some of our most gifted speakers, and this fact has been the means of moulding the mind and cultivating a taste for still greater advancements in spiritual knowledge, both in its phenomena and higher teachings.

The engagement here of Lyman C. Howe some two years ago, for a term of months, by some of the leading minds, was the introduction of a new psychic wonder in mediumship and opened up a fresh chapter of eloquence and poetic visions in the line of spiritual logic and culture, which is bearing fruit in the minds of many here.

I find a large society here of the so-called Christian Scientists, and a publishing house to disseminate their peculiar doctrines; also regular Sunday meetings. That there should be such a sect organized, the direct outcome of the teachings of modern Spiritualism in this age of research and progress, is no wonder when we think of the dearth and lack of spiritual life in the Christian churches; but to see the so-called professed Spiritualists uniting with these organizations seems to my mind a retrograde move and, in every sense, contradictory to spiritual growth and progress.

But no doubt there are many stages of development necessary to the perfect growth of the human mind; and these half-way houses are means to a more permanent establishment of the principles of Spiritualism in the minds of those whose brain-cells are yet clouded with the environments of old beliefs and theological theories.

The President of this society, Capt. Wingate, is well liked, and seems well adapted to marshal the forces to battle, as he has led to victory our Union soldiers in the last war.

Dr. T. H. Kimmell and wife are noble workers in the cause, Mrs. Kimmell being a fine medium and psychometrist, and their hospitable home has been to the writer a sweet haven of repose since I came here.

Some of my former friends, who were active in my meetings when last here, have gone to the higher life; others have gone into the popular Christian churches; others have secluded themselves from the public work and are resting in the valleys of ease and selfish content, waiting the incoming tide to lift them on to more solid and progressive foundation.

I hear on every hand the highest commendations and praise for the New Revelation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and wonder that so much real thought and important matter can be furnished for so little money.

Kansas City, Mo. BISHOP A. BEALS.

Waiting for a Message.

Only waiting for a message
From that bright eternal land,
To make this life a heaven
And our mind serene and calm;
Only waiting for a message
From loved ones gone before,
To bring the joyful greeting
That they live forever more.

Only waiting for a message
That shall banish every doubt,
And fill our heart with joy,
Not clouded but devout;
Only waiting for a message
To cheer us on our way,
And guide our every action,
Is our earnest prayer each day.

Only waiting for a message
To be written by spirit hand,
To bring us joy unspeakable,
From out the Summer land;
Only waiting for a message
From the loved ones over there,
To prove that life's eternal,
And drive away despair.

Only waiting for a message
To prove the truth sublime
That man shall know his neighbor
Beyond the stream of time;
Only waiting for a message
To throw light upon our way,
And guide our weary footsteps
To that eternal day.

—Jas. B. Bray.

A Golden Opportunity.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Western Christian Advocate, a Methodist publication printed at Cincinnati, O., gives currency to the proposition to test Spiritualism, emanating from Rev. Mr. Tucker, of Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind., and remarks quite exultingly that the proposition remains unaccepted to date, Jan. 20, 1892. The proposition is:

"To the Spiritualists of Rochester, or elsewhere, who will cause spirits to write on the inside of a slate, the slate to be prepared, sealed, and fastened by a committee of three, myself to be one of the committee, with two other unbiased and unprejudiced men, I will give \$100. Respectfully,

Rochester, Ind. H. A. TUCKER."

Now, Mr. Editor, if Spiritualism be true, and it undoubtedly is, why does not some independent slate writer go down to Rochester, Ind., and pocket the Rev. gentleman's cash? The Western says this is a good chance for somebody who believes in the religion of "ghosts" to pocket a neat sum, and also, at the same time, to prove the truthfulness of spirit communication; and further, "if you fail to accept this very fair proposition, it will be evidence that you can't do it, and that the profession of spiritual manifestations is a rank fraud." I want this notice of the proposition printed in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; so that some medium may go to Rochester. I believe the Spiritualists of the country do not want this offer to go unchallenged; this, at least, is the sentiment of

Yours fraternally,

BENJ. F. GRAVES.

John Collignon: I cannot do without the paper; it is the best Spiritualist paper that I ever read.

HERESY.

It is the Prophecy of a Better Religion.

Heresy is blooming as plenteously as cowslips in a spring meadow. It mostly appears in the Presbyterian enclosure, though it occasionally appears elsewhere. The latest case is that of Rev. Mr. Bausman, of the Beaver Falls Presbyterian Church, Pa. The Pittsburgh presbytery has requested him to resign his pastorate, but he refuses, his congregation standing by him, esteeming his heretical opinions no bar to his ministrations. We are to infer, therefore, that its members share in his heresy. What this may be, the dispatch does not say. How far the pastor has swung away from the canons of the church, or to what particular part of the creed or confession he and his congregation object, is not set forth; only this, he is a heretic. He, therefore, will be dealt with, probably convicted, then disfellowshipped. This, however, will not extirpate the church in Beaver Falls. The ecclesiastical connection being severed, it will become independent of presbytery or synod, and become a bright Bethlehem star in the Presbyterian firmament.

These constantly recurring outbreaks of heresy are a happy omen; they evidence the growth of liberality, and are mile posts, marking the forward push of the people on the great highway of progress. This nineteenth century has been a pulverizing one. Every now and then, some brave soul has sounded the slogan of reform, and summoned the long-dominating, moss-covered dogmas and creeds to judgment. Notably, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Plymouth Church was for more than a quarter of a century a fortress which rained cannon and grape-shot with immense velocity and unerring accuracy. They did good execution, tearing through the ramparts which bigotry had thrown up, leaving huge gaps impossible to close. Such artillery practice became contagious, and all along the years others essayed to continue the work so auspiciously begun. Mr. Beecher was never molested. He thundered from Sunday to Sunday, no ecclesiastical tribunal daring to call him to account. He tore hell up from the foundations, and riddled the old creed so thoroughly that it became a mere shred.

Heber Newton, too, has fired hot shot into the old theological hulk; he has been proclaimed a heretic as was Mr. Beecher, but, as yet, he has not been brought to trial. He is too much of a Sampson; so the bigots only scowl and call names. Those, however, who are not Sampsons are called to an account; but, as yet, the onslaught on heresy has been profitless. Ministers have been deposed, but they could not be silenced. They could still teach and preach, in many cases with more effectiveness than when "cabineted, cribbed and confined" within the folds of their churches.

On the whole, therefore, these heresy trials are wholesome. They release honest men from bondage, whereby the world makes a great gain. They weaken theological systems instead of strengthening them.

Orthodoxy is doomed. We have had a revision of the Bible; a revision of creeds is now in order; measures designed to head off the heretical trend and prolong the dominancy of the church. Vain the effort! The spirit of the age is too radical to be curbed and the freedom of thought too general to be checked.

Science and Spiritualism will prove more than a match for the conservatism which clings to a rusty past with its musty ideas. The cry, "Religion is in danger!" will be of no avail, for the masses begin to realize that dogmas are not religion; and, further, that good morals are not measured by long prayers and long faces, but rather by good deeds, which are independent of creeds, churches and parsons. The common observation and experience of men settle the question beyond all cavil. The popular religion is seen to be profession mainly. Indeed, the bulk of the dishonesty and cussedness of the world comes from these much righteous professors. So, on the whole, we may take heart; heresy is a redeemer. It will prove an agency of good, a promoter of progress, the destroyer of shams, opening the way for the religion of humanity, which is based on the divinity of love instead of fear, not on an anthropomorphic God, who permitted original sin, or the fall of man, that he might exhibit his power by plunging the foreordained sinners in an endless hell of fire and brimstone. All honor, then, to the heretics; every one of them is a prophecy of a good time coming—a better religion!

Providence, R. I. WM. FOSTER, JR.

A Most Beautiful Death.

TO THE EDITOR:—That was a beautiful death that occurred in Dover, New Hampshire, last December. There then passed to spirit-life Carrie, daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Jones, aged 11 years. She was a bright, active and pleasant child, the pet of the family. Shortly before dying she had been sleeping for a few moments when her mother went to give her some medicine. She looked up and said: "Mamma, it is no use to take it, I am going to die; I have seen my good Lord and papa. The good Lord has told me so." She said she saw a crown upon her papa's head and the good Lord told her she was going to be an angel in heaven. "There goes my papa up stars with a pretty crown upon his head."

Her mother asked her again to take medicine; she looked up and said, the good Lord knows better than the doctor. The last time she spoke to her brothers she called to the door and told them she was going to die. This incident illustrates the grand truths of Spiritualism, the Lord simply being a spirit who had come with her papa to warn her. Let it, however, be understood by all, that there is no

DEATH.



LINCOLN IN A TRANCE.

Reminiscences of the Martyred President.

His Reserve Fund of Humor.

Mr. Lincoln served a single term in Congress, during the Mexican war, and acted and voted with the Whig party while he was a member of that body. But such action, however proper, was not calculated to win popularity, and Mr. Lincoln made no effort to continue in Congress, but devoted himself all the more assiduously to his profession and to saving some money, inasmuch as by chasing the congressional bubble for some years therefore he had neglected his law practice to some extent and had run behind in his financial affairs.

When Lincoln retired from Congress the circuit he lived in embraced fourteen counties, and he sought practice in each and spent several months every year on the circuit. His method of travel was in a single, ordinary blacksmith-made buggy, drawn by an old, faithful, raw-boned, slow, plodding horse called Tom. The horse, buggy and driver had similar characteristics, all being angular, plain, substantial and weather-beaten. Lincoln's attire was most severely plain, his baggage meagre, his provisions against prairie storms consisting of a stout, circular, faded blue cloak, a serviceable but faded green-cotton umbrella, and a blanket, used ordinarily as a buggy cushion. His attire was not noticeable for a farmer, but it was for a lawyer, inasmuch as every other lawyer on the circuit was better dressed. Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, and John L. Stuart, his closest friends on the circuit, bestowed much pains on their apparel.

Judge Davis drove a two-horse covered buggy and took in some companion, such as Lovett, for company when he could. But Lincoln went alone, by preference, to save his faithful old horse and to gain opportunity for reflection.

The "taverns" were ordinary, indeed, and frequently the court and bar were forced to spend the night at a farmhouse on the road. This was notably the case between Urbana and Danville and between Charleston and Paris.

One night when Judge Treat and four lawyers, including Lincoln, were staying at a farmhouse east of Charleston, they were all put in two connecting rooms to sleep, in one of which was a fire whose smouldering embers cast fitful flashes of light in the opaqueness of the two chambers. Judge Treat slept in the room with no fire, and getting up in his long night-gown in the night to visit the fireplace for something, awoke Gen. Linder, who slept in the room having the fire. The latter, being superstitious, thought a veritable ghost had entered the room, and he set up a series of shrieks, which Lincoln afterward avowed chilled his blood to the extreme capillaries. Lincoln said, in describing the scene, that no one who had never heard such exclamations could imagine the awful terror which the human voice could convey.

Arrived in town, the best room in the hotel was reserved for the judge and such lawyers as he would indicate, for single rooms were unknown on this circuit in Lincoln's day. At Danville the ladies' parlor of the hotel was fitted up with a three-quarter bed for the judge and a double bed for Lincoln and myself. Artificial heat came from a wood fire in the heater. There was a long dining-table, graced at the head by the judge, who was flanked by the lawyers on each side. Then came jurymen, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, and the general public.

I well recollect a term of court at Urbana, where a prisoner who was on trial for perjury, used to spend the evenings with us in the judge's room; and of a term of court at Danville, where the prisoner, on trial for larceny, not only spent his evenings in our room, but took walks with us and ate in our immediate company.

When court would open, the judge would call up the grand jury, charge them briefly, and send them out to their chamber. Then he would call the civil docket clear through and winnow out the chaff from the wheat. In the course of this informal call there would be little dignity and much levity. For instance, here is an occurrence I recollect which is a fair sample of the style of Judge Davis' opening day on the circuit. Reaching a chancery case, he had to pass on the bill, which was drawn by a very able, but very indolent lawyer, and which was a very long one. When he had seen it, he exclaimed: "Why, Brother Quirk, how did you get up energy enough to draw so long a bill?"

The person addressed squirmed in his seat and ventured modestly: "I dunno, judge."

"See this, Lincoln? Eh, Lincoln?" quoth the judge.

That amounted to an order on Lincoln to have a joke at this point, and Lincoln was always ready. "It's like the lazy preacher who wrote long sermons. The explanation was that he got to writing and was too lazy to stop," said Lincoln.

But a real epicurism came in the evening after supper, when the yule log was in place, and Davis was surrounded by his courtiers; when he had no one present he did not want. Occasionally an interloper would intrude, when the judge would freeze him out

in this style: "Hold on a minute, Lincoln. Ah, Mr. Dusenbury, do you want anything?" Should Dusenbury venture, "Well, no; I came, designing," Davis would add, "Swett, just take Mr. Dusenbury out into the hall and find out what he wants; and, Swett, come right back yourself; shut the door, Swett; now Lincoln, go ahead; you had got as far as 'She slid down the hill'—but wait a minute till Swett comes in. Swett! Swett!! Lanon, open the door and call Swett!" Any one who knew the judge will recognize this.

What did we talk about? Oh, my! To illustrate: One evening we were discussing the doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls—that is, when one dies a babe is born, who inherits the soul of the dying one—and after we had discussed it for a while Drake happened to mention the name of Slick, a mean lawyer of Bloomington, when we left the subject of metempsychosis for a few minutes, till we had discussed Slick, then resumed metempsychosis. Meanwhile Lincoln had been in a brown study, and had contributed nothing to the conversation, when the judge reminded him that he must say something, by the usual nudge, thus: "Funny, ain't it? eh, Lincoln, eh, funny, ain't it?"

Lincoln was ready. "I reckon that's good doctrine," said he, "and it's nothing agin it that when Slick was born no one died," and Lincoln thus having got started would keep it up till we were all exhausted and preferred going to bed to any more fun.

Occasionally, however, our evening entertainment would go awry, and I well recollect two consecutive evenings at Danville when we had to entertain ourselves minus Lincoln. Immediately after supper he was missing, and as the evening wore on he failed to appear. We wondered where he could have gone; sent out to the stores and law-offices, but no Lincoln; and, after a comparatively vacant evening, we went to bed mentally hungry. Soon the door opened furtively, and the truant glided noiselessly in.

"Why, Lincoln, where on earth have you been?" demanded the judge.

"Why, you see, a man had a show at the schoolhouse, and I went to see it," was the reply. And he sat by the fire and narrated the wonders he had seen, a magic lantern, electric battery, etc.: a show carried in a one-horse wagon and entertaining to children and to—Lincoln, and just before that he had received 110 votes in a national convention for Vice-President.

Next night he was missing again. The show was still in town. That primitive show had more charms for him than our company.

Another habit of his was occasionally to wake up early and, sitting up in bed, introduce a monologue of the most bizarre and ridiculous order—all sorts of jumbled-up nonsense, addressed to no one, or "to whom it might concern," there being no one but the judge and I present. Then he would jump out of bed and hastily dress, rake the coals together, and put on more wood, and then sit before the fire till breakfast, immersed in thought and gloom and oblivious of all surroundings.

Lincoln was the most gloomy and melancholy man I ever saw. His jocose moods and propensity for story-telling were evidently no part of his real nature, but were simulated and utilized to suppress and put aside the gloom and dejection of spirits which brooded on him like a nightmare. Various causes have been given for this tendency to melancholy. John T. Stuart ascribed it to a failure of his digestive functions to work normally. Herndon attributed it to the early and premature death of his affianced, Miss Ann Rutledge. But my view is that it was ingrained and hereditary; that it was tenacious and ineradicable, and that when the fit was on him he suffered the most excruciating and almost insupportable mental horrors possible for a man to suffer and live.

I have seen Lincoln in a crowded courtroom sitting apart, clothed in gloom and melancholy, and utterly oblivious of all surroundings. I have watched him as he was evidently pursuing some specific sad subject through various sinuosities and shifting phases, and his face would grow more intense in its apparent suffering until it was evident that he was under the ban of some tormenting spell which was consuming his life slowly and bringing a realization of mental horrors which would drive ordinary minds to suicide and insanity. I have spoken to him when he was in those moods, and he would respond, but afterward, when spoken to about it, he would deny that he had seen me at all, and I have seen him start out of those fits suddenly and look about him bewildered, as if he was not all aware where he was, and possibly in a moment more he would be narrating a ridiculous story in an apparently light-hearted mood, as if he had not a care in the world.

Of dress, food, and the ordinary comforts and luxuries of this life he was an incompetent judge. He could not discern between well and ill-cooked and well-served food. He did not know whether or not clothes fitted. He did not know when music was artistic or in bad taste. He did know, however, if it suited him, and he had a certain taste in that direction, but it was not for anything classical, but something of a style to please the rustic ear.—Chicago Times

D. D. Glass: We do not want to lose a copy containing "What Next?" as we believe it will be a grand showing in the interest of the cause we so ardently espouse. It may be a little rough on the "elect," but nevertheless "how to the line" and let the chips fall where they may.

Geo. F. Titus: It is with great pleasure that I renew my subscription to this excellent paper. It is in every sense of the word progressive. I have learned much from it that is elevating and inspiring, and my views of physical and spiritual life have been greatly broadened by its study.

O. J. North: It is the best spiritual paper I get or have seen.

R. L. Hutchins: I cannot feel that I am progressing without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—I must have it.

J. M. Richards: We feel we can't do without your paper; it is the greatest paper out, and God speed the work.

BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

James R. Little writes: Having been confined to the house for several weeks past with sickness, most of the time in bed, I can assure you that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was a most welcome visitor, and after reading it I send it out to persons, hoping to make subscribers.

J. B. Eaton: I consider THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER one of the best periodicals in the United States. If all papers would come out and take a bold stand against the evils of the day as it does, we would have a far better world.

Mrs. A. L. Johnson: We cannot live without the paper. The grand truths it contains every week are elevating us to a higher plane of life. Long may you live to finish the good work you have so wisely begun.

Mrs. C. J. Schoemaker: May God bless you and give you strength to edit the best paper in the world for many long years to come, is the prayer of yours for truth and light.

Mrs. E. R. Pierce: It is with pleasure I send renewal for the best paper, I think, that is published.

Mrs. John Gifford: Consider me a permanent subscriber for your valuable paper.

J. K. Shimer: We cannot do without it.

H. M. Gault, who receives subscriptions of others: I do not count the loss of time and expense in putting in my order where it will do the most good in a cause that I feel is doing the greatest good to humanity.

M. E. T.: If ever a paper reached the summit of excellence in illuminative power and intellectual and soul instruction, I truly think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is entitled to the medal of honor in that respect, for it fills a want in the literary department of the spiritual philosophy never surpassed on this planet.

Henry K. White: Your paper is doing a good and great work.

L. R. Cobb: I like your paper better than any other spiritual paper received.

G. N. Miller: I think it is the best spiritual paper I ever saw.

Geo. M. Eaton: The paper is a daisy; that means fearless, you know.

Mrs. John L. Dalley: I think it the best paper of the kind that I have read.

Mrs. Eliza Partridge: It is food as well as drink for poor me.

L. D. Parth: Mrs. A. and I are both astounded at your eight-page paper for one dollar. Oh, how I wish you may succeed. We have both been doing our best to get subscribers for you. We think we shall find you some.

J. H. Bartholomew: I like it the best of any spiritual paper I ever saw, and it is a perfect feast each week for me.

O. H. Smith: I must have my paper; I cannot get along without it. It is the best paper I ever read.

E. R. Whiting: Enclosed find one dollar to renew my subscription for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year. It is well worth the money.

J. C. Walker: I cannot do without it.

Jas. Dawson: It seems to clear away the darkness of church creeds. We have something to think on. May every fair-minded man give a helping hand to the noble work you are engaged in, exposing the immoralities of the church members.

Mrs. O. M. Washburn: I could not spare one number of its useful reading. The cause you have taken up, to place the true status of Spiritualism before the world, deserves the approbation of every honest thinker, and especially Spiritualists.

Mrs. F. Korst: We are well pleased with it, and think it is a grand paper.

A. Jackson: In my opinion it is the best spiritual paper that I have ever read, and it is doing a good work here, as it does in every place where it is read.

E. Rhoades: I would not live without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. D. C. Stewart: I like your paper very much; can't think of doing without it.

E. C. Miles: The great breadth of mind, charity and ability, manifested in the conduct of your paper, make it very valuable as an educational work for the people.

Frank Woodard: I have taken your most excellent paper for over one year and cannot say enough in its favor.

Mrs. Geo. Shepardon: Your paper contains a feast of good things. I wish everybody could read it; it is elevating and soul-inspiring.

Anna Connelly: Your paper grows better all the time. It is more than worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. Anna Daniels: Your paper is doing a grand work—opening the eyes of the masses to the truth. Will do all in my power to extend its circulation.

Some one writing from Taylor Ridge, Ill., but not giving the name so that it can be distinguished from the subscribers' names, says: As we cannot keep house without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; you will find enclosed a draft for five dollars.

S. Leonard: I never saw a paper that takes as well among liberal-minded people as it does. You are doing a noble work; may your shadow never grow less.

Jeannette Fraser: I would not do without it. I consider it the first paper of the day.

Mrs. A. S. Gilbert: We like your paper very much; it is a grand, good paper, and is read with pleasure by us every week.

J. F. Smith: I like the paper very much—feel that I can't do without it.

James Leach: The paper improves as it grows older. When it gets of age it will be the cheapest and best paper in the United States.

B. F. Johnson: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, in my opinion, is doing more to open the eyes of the blind than any other paper in the land.

M. F. Merritt: I must have the valuable sheet continued right along—don't want to miss such a good friend.

J. L. Bachelder: Your paper is filling the long-felt want in its fearless attack on theological error and superstition. Hoping to be able to further assist you financially in your endeavor to protect and elevate Spiritualism to the high standard truth should have in the world.

Mrs. A. E. Reed: It is a valuable paper. We could not do without it.

F. E. Wheeler: Without doubt it is the best paper that has ever been published in the interest of Spiritualism.

N. W. Manning: We took it on trial for sixteen weeks, and can't very well get along without it. We like your style, and hope you will continue to grow.

O. V. Hooker: I would not miss one paper for price of one year's subscription.

S. Hakata: I am well pleased with the paper; think it is better each week. Am glad to see the stand you take against Catholicism. We need a thousand editors as fearless as you, and a million readers. I have long thought that any one who owes allegiance to the Church of Rome ought to be disfranchised.

Mrs. R. D. Foy: I do not wish to miss a single number. Am quite in love with your paper—none better.

OUR ARTIST AT MUNICH.

He Portrays the Catholic Octopus.



F Munich, the capital of the kingdom of Bavaria, were called the "Catholic City." I believe its name would then be thoroughly appropriate. I do not make this statement without knowing exactly what I say. In the last few months which I have spent here, I have seen more of the ignorant worshiping and doings of that most horrible of plagues, the Catholic religion, than ever before. Poverty reigns supreme here, as I have found it to be in all other Catholic communities I have ever visited. It is the subservience to that church which slowly and steadily bleeds its followers, by its manifold schemes. Grand structures by the scores are here maintained by the pit-tance of the poor laboring classes. Women sawing wood, carrying brick and mortar, or hauling wagons large and heavy enough for a horse, or men coming from their various tedious and laborious employments, may be seen at any time of the day entering the so-called churches, mumbling a prayer, crossing themselves, and then going back to work and, of course, generally leaving something for the priest. Priests and other dark-age remnants (namely, the sisters), are to be seen in the streets at any time of the day, while numbers of the passers-by will stop, remove their hats, and make a profound bow to these, their enemies—yes, enemies of liberty and truth. Indeed, to most of these creatures, their priest is their greatest and only ideal. They fear



SUPERSTITION AND IGNORANCE ON ITS KNEES BEFORE AN IMAGE.

him, and his command, were it even to destroy their brother, would be carried out to the minutest detail.

One morning as I was walking through one of the prominent thoroughfares of this city, just as I was passing a public (?) school (I must call them public, as, with but few exceptions, all schools here are under control of the Roman Catholic church), five white-robed men appeared, two bearing crosses, the third a bronze lantern, the fourth holding some object closely decked with a silk embroidered cloth, close to his breast, while, lastly, followed the officiating priest. As they came in sight, children, men and women, removed their hats, crossed themselves, dropped upon their knees and remained so until the robed procession of blasphemers had passed.

On another occasion, I noticed similarly-dressed men walking the streets, carrying various objects, while one rang a bell to call attention of passers-by, who, one by one, went through the same routine of contortions as before described, like clock-work. In one of the large public squares, known as the Marien Platz, stands an enormous monument of Virgin Mary and several saints, which occupies its very center. Here may be seen women, kneeling with rosaries in hand mumbling their prayers, unmolested or disturbed by the hundreds of passing people and vehicles.

Crucifixes and holy pictures are to be seen all over. In stores, in private houses, in hallways; yes, even in saloons. I am glad to say



A SALOON IN GERMANY WITH CRUCIFIX AND "HOLY" PICTURES.

that the saloons here have not low and degraded characteristics, as those in America. Though still to have a crucifix hung above, and holy pictures about the ever-flowing barrel of beer in a public saloon, does seem to be a curious combination. One does not need to travel half a square to find holy statues and figures and paintings. Houses are here decorated with religious scenes, with portraits of the various saints and religious verses. In

some instances the entire facade of a house is gorgeously ornamented in this manner. Munich, Germany. DON CARLOS.

The Station Despair.

We must trust the conductor, most surely! Why millions of millions before Have made this same journey securely And come to that ultimate shore. And we, we will reach it in season; And ah, what a welcome is there! Reflect, then, how out of all reason To stop at the station Despair!

Ay, midnights and many a potion Of trouble and sorrow have we, As we journey from ocean to ocean, From sea unto ultimate sea, To that deep sea of seas, and all silence Of passion, concern, and of care, That vast sea of Eden-set islands! Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow, Go forward, friend, led or alone; Ah, me, to leap off in some hollow Or fen, in the night and unknown, Leap off like a thief; try to hide you From angels, all waiting you there! Go forward! whatever betide you, Don't stop at that station Despair!

—Joaquin Miller.

Life is Good.

They come, they pass, with snow-soft feet, And deathless youth illumines their eyes; Allike to them are chaff and wheat, Allike the foolish and the wise, They bring the wound, they bring the balm, They light our smiles, they dry our tears; Careless of death or life, the calm Servants of time, the patient years.

The winds that rend and strew the rose Dissolve the sweetness through the air; This wind of time that beats and blows, Leaves all the past still fragrant-fair. Though hopes may fall and hearts may break, And fruitless all the striving be, One golden gift is left to make Man's bliss, consoling memory.

Hail and farewell, farewell and hail! The going and the coming guest, Welcome to daybreak's shining sail, As to the night beyond the west! The years may come, the years may go, And bring the sad or merry mood; Merry or sad, one thing we know That life is good, ah, life is good!

—New York Sun.

AN EX-CATHOLIC.

YET A GOOD MEDIUM.

TO THE EDITOR:—Allow me to congratulate you on the success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I would not think I was in the field as a medium unless I read your paper every week.

I suppose you are already aware that I am what is known as an apostate Catholic, being the only Spiritualist in my family, which includes seven sisters and four brothers; two of my sisters are nuns and two brothers priests, so you see I am well-surrounded by Catholic influence, which gives me much opposition in my work; but I am irrepressible, and the more my enemies try to crush me the more fearless I become. My independent style and fearless manner has made some enemies for me among the Spiritualists; but as long as my guides tell me I am right, like Davy Crockett, I will go ahead. I have given five public seances in Denver to the largest and most intelligent audiences any medium has ever had here, and each Sunday night my audiences appear to nearly double the preceding Sunday. I am awakening an interest in certain circles never before influenced in Denver, and have converted several very intelligent people. The daily papers have remained silent, as they do not want to let the church people know the effect my work is having on some members.

I feed fat on reading some of the articles in your paper, as, alas, I know how true they are from personal past experiences, both in and out of my own family.

I am sadly in need of a first-class physical medium, either slate-writing or materializing, to fully convince those I have set investigating. A medium with either of those phases could do well here, as the people are so anxious.

I will go from here to Kansas City, but not for some little time yet. JULES WALLACE.

Translation of a Leading Spiritualist.

TO THE EDITOR:—There passed to Spirit-life from his home near the city of San Bernardino, Cal., after a lingering illness, on the morning of Jan. 7, 1892, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. William Heap, a native of England, an old pioneer of San Bernardino valley of nearly forty years' standing, and for years the President of the Spiritualist Society of this city. The funeral services were held in the hall owned by the Spiritualists, and were very largely attended. The services were conducted by the writer and Mrs. J. D. Potter, in behalf of the Spiritualists, and a short address was made by John Borningo, in behalf of the Society of Pioneers, of which Brother Heap was a member. On Sunday, Jan. 17, memorial services were held at our hall, conducted by the writer. Mr. Brown also, in behalf of the Pioneers, read an interesting biographical sketch of the deceased.

Brother Heap was an ardent Spiritualist, and a faithful officer of the Society. He leaves a large circle of children, grandchildren and friends. ELLA WILSON MARCHANT, San Bernardino, Cal.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper sustained on its merits. It does not force into its pages ten or fifteen columns of advertisements, which are of no general interest, but furnishes in their place entertaining reading matter. Aid us by sending in an additional subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

William Bunn, the last full-blooded Indian on the Shinnecock Reservation, died in his little cabin on the borders of the once happy hunting-grounds of his tribe in the Shinnecock Hills, L. I., last Tuesday. The old brave had been stricken with grip, complicated with pneumonia.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

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

One year	\$1.00
Three months	.75
Six months	1.25
Single copy	5c

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

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

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

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pass and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of *The Progressive Thinker* 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 receive 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, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

Gist of the Matter.

The Catholic Bishop of the Denver diocese preached a sermon at the capital of Colorado two Sundays ago, in which he declared the public-school system of America propagates infidelity and divorce.

He said it was oppression to tax Roman Catholics to support public schools.

What is infidelity, to which Bishop Matz took umbrage? Lexicographers define the word: "Not in the faith, or want of faith in the prevailing religion. Mohammedans are infidels to Christians; Christians are infidels to Mohammedans. All Protestant denominations are infidels to Catholics. The term is also applied to those who reject the inspiration of the Bible, and deny its infallibility.

Our common schools teach the young to think. In advanced classes they familiarize the mind with the workings of natural law, and show how planets revolve on their axis, and journey in their orbits, producing day and night, and the changes of the seasons, with the heat of summer and the cold of winter. They tell how tornadoes and cyclones are produced, and explain why vapors rise in the air, float in the clouds, and descend as rain or snow. The phenomena of volcanoes, earthquakes, falling meteors, and lightnings are explained, all without the aid of prayer or miracle; and perchance the student becomes familiar with history, the rise and fall of empires, the origin and growth of creeds, with the tyrannies, persecutions and wars waged in their propagation and defense. He finds that popes, cardinals, bishops and priests are only ambitious men, who wish it understood they rule by divine right, and resort to all manner of vile schemes and intrigues to attain their end.

Youth thus educated are poor subjects to frighten with devils and hells. If all were thus taught Othello's occupation would be gone. Then priest, bishop, cardinal and pope would be minus their fine linen, and would find it expensive to fare sumptuously every day. Toll they won't, when begging in the name of a crucified God will bring the ducats.

And divorces: Of course it is better the wife be murdered, beaten or starved by a drunken husband, than that she should be freed from his brutality by law! It is better, in the priest's estimation, that prostitution, with all its physical and moral curses, should abound, than that the freed wife or husband should be allowed to marry again. Go to Catholic countries, where more than one-fourth of the children are born outside of wedlock; then it is not difficult to understand why a celibate clergy war upon divorce.

A Good Suggestion.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hope the balance of your subscribers will do as I do—send one extra subscriber, and lift you up where you belong; can't get along without *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. You will hear from me as often as I can get a subscriber.

L. O. PRESTON.

The Grandeur of Morality.

It appears from the *Tribune* that Prof. William M. Salter, founder of the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, has finished his eighth year as lecturer for the Society, and delivered his farewell address at the Grand Opera House. Prof. Salter will go to Philadelphia, to take charge of the Society in that city. He will be succeeded here by M. M. Mangasarian, who has been the assistant of Prof. Adler in the New York Society. In his closing address he said, among other things:

"To aspire after morality is often thought to be a common trait, but such morality generally means merely the keeping in abeyance of specific passions. In the true sense, the attaining of morality is not an easy thing. The feelings must be made to accord with the reason. Without ardent desire for self-mastery, what hope is there for the drunkard? Some heights of morality are as difficult to reach as heaven. Morality is not something easily measured. It is an abiding habit of choice. The really moral person is the one who cares for the right as such. One may be a very good fellow and forget to pay his debts. He may be accounted a great moral reformer, and be narrow outside of his hobby. A man who starts out to follow the unwritten laws of human brotherhood is like Abraham of old, who went out, not knowing whither he went. To live up to one's ideal, let come what will, is the essence of morality. To aspire to be like Christ means to die rather than to be untrue. Men ought to be able to view the world from God's standpoint. From such a standpoint something always remains to be attained, but the task should not be given up. Nothing can be worse than to give up the struggle and float with the stream. It is a virtue simply to keep the eye on duty, and in case of failure to say honestly that it was against our wishes.

"To think the present existence of society final would be to strip the universe of its graces and plunge the world in disaster. The bottom evil in man is to accept the world as we find it. Men's souls must be in a state of agitation if better things are to come. The law in the moral world is that you find what you seek. The kingdom of heaven will be the fair, consummate flower of men's works. Sometime, somewhere, the aspirations of all hearts will be fulfilled."

In bidding farewell to the Society Prof. Salter said that he had tried to be a voice of conscience to the people, and that his aspirations, although outwardly imperfect, had been towards the truth and the right.

Sorry indeed that Chicago should lose Prof. Salter, but hope his place will be well filled by his successor.

He Wanted to Open the Safe.

The *Tribune* states that Mr. Sundeen, a mind-reader from Stockholm, Sweden, gave some interesting exhibitions of his powers in the parlors of the Wellington Hotel. Mr. Sundeen had a chart containing letters of the alphabet and the figures 1 to 10. Blindfolded and with a subject grasping his hand, he spelled out from the chart the name of the subject and gave his name. This was repeated with half a dozen men.

A pin was taken by one man, who touched a bell-boy on the cheek and hid the pin in a book. While blindfolded Sundeen dragged the man who had hidden the pin to the place where the pin had been stowed away. He found it and then rushed off to where the bell-boy stood and touched him on the cheek with the pin, locating the exact spot where it had been touched before the pin had been hidden.

The only conditions Sundeen required were that the subject should keep his eyes and mind directed at the object sought. The mind-reader offered to open the hotel safe, but Charley Hilton would not allow him to do so. Sundeen claims he developed his mind-reading gift after witnessing a performance by Bishop several years ago. He says he is able to drive a team through the streets while blindfolded, provided the coachman sits beside him and holds one of his wrists. Sundeen resides at 185 Townsend street.

Good Authority.

Jean Hardouin, a learned Jesuit, born in 1645, and a scholar of vast research, maintained that the entire body of classical literature, with the exception of Pliny's Natural History, Virgil's *Georgics*, the *Comedies* of Plautus, and Horace's *Satires*, all in Latin, with Homer's *Iliad*, and Herodotus's *History*, in Greek, were all productions of the monks of the 13th century. That Hardouin was orthodox, hence strictly reliable, it is only necessary to state that the rotation of the earth, only lately established when he lived, he said was due to the efforts of the damned to escape from their central fire. Climbing up the walls of hell, they caused the earth to revolve, as a squirrel in its cage, or a dog in the pit.

Asked to Annul God's Laws.

Sidney Boyle, a wealthy Roman Catholic of San Francisco, is applying to the Pope for permission to wed his own niece. Suppose Mr. Boyle shall be so fortunate as to get permission from the Pope to marry his own niece, how does he propose to escape the penalty of State law? Several of the American States have made the marriage of such distant relatives as first cousins a penal offense, and all of them prohibit intermarriage of persons more nearly related.

The Pope, as the viceregent of God, may set aside the laws pretended to have been given by Him to the Jews; but American law rests on the authority of the people, which no ecclesiastical authority can nullify.

Tobacco and Christianity.

A singular combination, yet to be seen in the Persian "war cloud." The native priests do not want tobacco introduced among their worshippers, considering it altogether abominable, and the traders who follow in the wake of the missionaries engage in its sale. The Persians cannot be censured for confounding Christianity with the vices of those who come to teach it, and the character of the Christians. But as England forced opium on China, so the Christian nations will force tobacco and alcoholic beverages on the Persians.

Premature Interment.

Word comes from St. Petersburg, Russia, that at Proschovitsk, a village in Russian Poland, a physician recently became ill, and to all appearances died. The body was interred in the village cemetery. A few hours after the mourners had departed from the cemetery, some men who were engaged about the grounds were startled by hearing a succession of the most unearthly shrieks, which, to all appearance, came from the newly-dug grave. At first the men fled in consternation, but in a short time their courage returned and they decided to investigate the matter. Shovels were procured and the earth hastily removed from the grave and the coffin lifted out. Upon opening the coffin it was found that the doctor had been alive when he was buried, but that he had subsequently died from suffocation. The body gave evidence of the terrible agony endured by the physician when he regained consciousness and found himself in his coffin. He had made almost superhuman efforts to burst out of the coffin-lid, but the weight of the earth prevented this, and then frantic with the horror of his situation, the imprisoned man had bitten his fingers to the bone. He had turned on his side, and in the agonies of suffocation had beaten his forehead against the coffin until his head was terribly bruised.

That the utmost care should be observed in determining whether death has actually occurred or not is illustrated in the following: "Mrs. Levi Yost, of Ottsville, Butler County, to all appearances died on Sunday from pneumonia. The body was prepared for burial and her relatives from a distance were sent for. On Monday the corpse showed signs of life. The physician in attendance at the time of her death was called in and made a very careful examination, and found that instead of being dead she was lying in a trance."

Interesting Discussion.

On the evening of the 24th ult. a discussion was had in this city, between Prof. Cheney and Theodore Gestefeld, wherein the parties attempted to solve the important question: "Did Christianity Originate in Paganism?" During the discussion Prof. Cheney is reported to have said:

"Christians used the same forms as Pagans; 730 years previous to the alleged birth of Adam, according to the researches of a churchman, great libraries containing works on geology, astronomy, theology and literature were in existence; men had then made astronomical calculations which reached the conclusion that it required 360 days for the sun to make one complete circuit and had therefore divided a circle into 360 degrees, which custom is still in vogue. The ceremony of the Lord's supper was celebrated before the birth of Christ, but then it required nine days for the celebration; in these high pressure times it was compressed in a shorter space."

We believe Professor Cheney is sustained in his assertions by the ablest Oriental scholars who have turned their attention to the subject.

Beecher's Interesting Prayer.

Booth's Theater was crowded at the Decoration Day services of 1878. And Mr. Beecher was present and opened the ceremonies with a most impressive prayer. Subsequently it was decided to publish the proceedings in pamphlet form, and a letter was sent to Mr. Beecher requesting him to furnish the text of his exhortation. The following was his characteristic reply:

"PEEKSKILL, July 11, 1878.—General N. A. Barnum, Grand Marshal, etc.:—You request me to send you my prayer on Decoration Day evening. If you will send me the notes of the oration that whistled from the top of my tree in last June, or the iridescent globes that came by millions on the last waves that rolled in on the beach yesterday, or a segment of the rainbow of last week, or the perfume of the first violet that blossomed last May—I will also send you the prayer that rose to my lips with the occasion and left me forever—I hope it went heavenward and was registered; in which case the only record of it will be found in heaven. Very truly yours, "HENRY WARD BEECHER."

A Large Sale Awaits the Book.

W. M. Willfong, of Milledgeville, Illinois, who has just received and read *Aryan Sun Myths*, says:

"It is one of the books with information I have been wanting for years. It shows the origin of the great fraud known as Christianity, and yet is wholly silent in regard to the modern religion."

The book is bound to secure an immense sale. The author will be compelled to put a new edition to press soon, if the demand for it equals its merit.

Bound in cloth, gilt top, and mailed from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER office on receipt of \$1.25.

Truthfulness of a Sneeze.

The Rev. Myron W. Reed in a late sermon at Denver, is reported to have said:

"Only lately I read this well-put-together sneeze: 'The priests are ready enough to give the poor an equal share in all that is out of sight, but they take precious good care that the rich shall keep a tight grip on all that is in sight.'"

Does not every thoughtful person's observation confirm the truthfulness of that "sneeze?"

All Thinkers Want It.

We are just in receipt of a large invoice of "Aryan Sun Myths," a work every reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER wants to read. It is a nice 12-mo. volume, bound in cloth, gilt top. The publisher's price is \$1.25 per copy. We will mail it and pay the postage on receipt of that price. Five hundred copies should be sold in one month and would be if all knew its value. Don't delay your order until the edition is exhausted.

Next month Bishop A. Beals has an engagement at New Orleans, La. At the present time he is lecturing at Kansas City, Mo.

A Base Outrage.

We are in receipt of a long communication from S. S. Breckwell, justly denouncing a recent attack by a gang of self-styled seance-breakers, who, thinly clothed in legal armor by the presence of a policeman, forcibly entered the private residence of Mrs. Jennie Moore, 757 Warren avenue, and interrupted a lawful meeting for a religious purpose, namely, the demonstration of life beyond the grave. Not only that, but the outrage was endorsed by a daily paper of the baser sort, which ought to be in better business.

It is urged by the opponents of Spiritualism that a materializing seance is a show and ought to be licensed. How about the music, colored lights, flowers, and fervid oratory of our popular churches? There is a fee, of course, to compensate the medium for her time, and for the expense of strength and vitality necessitated by her projection of her own substance; but is there any difference between paying a specified sum in advance, and paying all and more than one can afford into a contribution box after the speaker has been hypnotized by pouring out all he has in his pocket; as was so well illustrated by Ben Franklin, who went to hear a celebrated preacher? He had some copper, silver and gold in his pocket. As the sermon commenced, the frugal Ben made up his mind to give the copper, a little later he thought he would give the silver, and as the mesmeristic force of the preacher continued he concluded to give the gold; but when the box came around he dumped all—copper, silver and gold—to be sorry, no doubt, as soon as he had recovered from the tidal wave of psychological fire with which he was for the moment overwhelmed.

In Mrs. Moore's case nothing whatever was found to justify a proceeding that has its counterpart nowhere except in the days of the Inquisition. It is time this sort of thing ceased, right here, at the beginning. If we must resort to the law for protection, then let us take it. If to the Legislature, then put none but Spiritualists or fair-minded liberals on guard.

Cannot Publish Everything.

Notwithstanding we have eight large pages to our paper, it is impossible for us to publish everything that comes to hand. The excellent essay that we publish this week on our first page, has been in our hands for about one year, waiting a place. That it is a meritorious article, all will admit. We cannot find space for many excellent articles and poems. Never be offended if your article does not appear, but take it as one of the "chances" of newspaper life. Send us your best thoughts, and if possible they will find a place in our columns. If not, don't be grieved; but bear in mind that some of the brightest men in the world to-day, failed to have all their writings appear in the press.

The Deadly Cold Bed.

If there is a deadly, death-dealing instrument of torture, it is the "spare bed" in the spare room, set apart for visitors. The favored guests are honored with sleeping in its damp sheets and icy covering. No, not sleeping, for that is impossible. It is more truthful to say, being tortured! To leave the warm and genial parlor for a sleeping room from which the light and air has been carefully excluded, and the bed unused perhaps for months, is a tax on vitality few are strong enough to bear. It is more hospitable for the host to offer the guest the parlor floor, than such a death-chamber.

A Flesh Diet.

The French Society for the Advancement of Science has recently received reports from eminent physicians on the baneful results of an excessive flesh diet, and especially if the flesh be raw, badly cured, or long kept. In such flesh, it may be added that of animals overdriven, frightened, or in the feverish condition induced by being kept without food or water as animals often are in slaughter houses, poisons more or less active are developed; a class of poisons known as Ptomaines, which as they cannot be secreted by the kidneys, remain and accumulate in the blood, and produce diseases difficult to diagnose, and yet more difficult to cure. Fevers, eruptions and cancer, are some of the more notable forms.

Faith and Works.

TO THE EDITOR:—As you seem to be getting your full measure of praise, from old and young, for the grand work that you are doing with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, you need none of that from me; but believing it to be equally as hard to live on words of praise (however well merited) as it is for us here to live on pure air and mountain scenery, I send with this a draft for \$10, payable to your order, with list of ten names, eight new subscribers and two renewals.

With best wishes for your success, J. E. FREEMAN.

Thanks, Brother Freeman, for the remittance. When faith is manifest in works, then great results may be expected.

The American Flag.

We learn from Geo. W. Swan, of Richmond, Va., that an order has gone forth from the School Board of that city, that on the 22d of February the American flag shall be raised over the public schools. It wisely refused to order the Bible to be read in them. Bibles are too numerous at the present time to be considered sacred.

Transition of a Noble Worker.

Just as we went to press last week, we received a dispatch from Mrs. L. R. Chase, of Williamsport, Pa., announcing the death of Mrs. Lena Bible. Mrs. Bible was just coming to the front as a worker, and her lectures and tests were well received on all sides. She was a good and noble woman, fully alive to the needs of Spiritualism, and ever sowing good seeds. La grippe was the cause of her departure. Her earthly remains were buried at Williamsport.

Bro. Floyd, of Springfield, Ill., announces that the excellent medium, Anna Blanchard Lepper, has been ordained a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, by the State Association of Missouri.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

The spirit artist, Frank N. Foster, has arrived in the city, and is located at 16 South Ada street, where he will conduct his business as spirit artist. We have only this to say of Mr. Foster, which we think is amply sufficient: During his Western travels one continual stream of good reports have come to us, speaking of his excellent work as a medium.

"Mrs. Benton, of Peoria, Ill., writes: 'Mrs. C. A. Nick, trance test medium, of our city, is now located in Milwaukee, Wis., flat No. 8, Juneau block, 233 Wisconsin street, where she will be pleased to meet all who are in sympathy with the cause of Spiritualism.'

In a note from San Bernardino, Cal., Ella Wilson Marchant, acting President of the Spiritualistic Society of San Bernardino, gives a glowing account of the work that is being done there, and also incloses a set of complimentary resolutions regarding Doctor Temple's services to the Society. They close with the following endorsement of the doctor and his wife: 'Heartily endorsed and recommended to the kind consideration of Spiritualists wherever they may go on their mission of enlightening the world.'

We are in receipt of a pleasant note from Mrs. Dr. J. Lamson, the wife of the treasurer of the Progressive Society of Spiritualists in Salt Lake City, Utah, describing the celebration of their fourth wedding anniversary. The exercises were of the most unique, enjoyable and satisfactory character, including messages and congratulations from both worlds and friends at a distance, whose kind and friendly thought, projected from a distance, materialized to the clear-sighted ones who were themselves guests in the visible at the feast of reason and the flow of soul. May they see many another festive occasion of the same kind.

J. W. Runner writes concerning a public seance of Miss Annie Fay, a committee of reputable men were called from the audience to the stage and were unable to account for the manifestations they witnessed. As in all large, miscellaneous audiences, a great variety of opinions prevailed.

H. C. Romaine writes: "The First Society of Spiritualists, of Troy, N. Y., held their annual meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th, when the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Elisha Waters; Vice-President, Mrs. Holmes; Treasurer, E. Geron; Recording Secretary, W. B. Cornell; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Romaine. The Society holds public meetings every Sunday evening at Keenan's Hall."

W. W. Beeman, of Tryonsville, Pa., sends us a communication in regard to the assertions of "A Doubting Thomas," published in our issue of Jan. 16th. Mr. B. argues that if the living can be personified in dreams, and be present in various other ways, why should they lose this power, when the thing which exercised that power is just as strong and vigorous after death as it ever was? The body, only a source of weakness, having removed its weight from the true and living entity. His arguments are well chosen, and to the point, and to our mind practically unanswerable.

Prof. A. J. Swarts, Ph. D. writes us that he has settled permanently on Look-out Mountain, Tenn. All should address him there. He will soon be heard from and we will learn, no doubt, what he intends to do. We hear something of an institute, a paper, etc., but will wait.

We have an encouraging letter from Mrs. Kate Gill, 535 Central Ave., who is our agent at Douglas Hall, Cincinnati. She says the society meeting there under the title of Society for Psychic Research and for Psychic Culture is doing a grand work through the mediumship of Mrs. Ada Sheehan and Mrs. Eva Sagmaster. Their meetings are full of interest, and Mr. Fred Herman, the worthy President, is doing his best to advance the cause of truth in its full unfoldment.

Mr. Jerry Bricker writes us from Logansport, Ind., a letter descriptive of some materializing seances in which he participated at the parlors of A. Willis, 264 East Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio. The pressure for space on our columns this week is so heavy that we must content ourselves with a few brief extracts: "Mr. Emmon's daughter, Helen, materialized and played the organ, while the father and mother sang. At another time she sang soprano, while another spirit played the organ." The writer's own daughter, a resident in spirit-life for thirty-three years, materialized in full form, and then, in dematerializing, showed the infant form. The medium, Mr. Willis, at the request of his guides, came out of his cabinet and sat on a sofa in the back parlor, while materializations went on in both parlors, the one opening out of the other, and the cabinet standing in the doorway between the two rooms. At some of the seances there were as many as seventy-five materialized forms plain to be seen. In addition to these and many others which the writer narrates in full, he had also some remarkable experiences at his own home.

The Spiritualists of Van Buren and adjoining counties will hold the next quarterly meeting at Gray's Hall, Breedsville, Saturday, Feb. 6, 1892, commencing at 7 o'clock, continuing over Sunday, Feb. 7. Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y., who was so highly appreciated at our last meeting, will be the speaker of the occasion. Mrs. Woodruff, of South Haven, and Mrs. Weisner, of Benton Harbor, are expected to be present. Good music will be furnished by the Breedsville choir.

W. R. SIRRINE, President.
H. BALFOUR, Secretary.

We have from a correspondent, G. E. T., an interesting account of the mediumistic powers of Mrs. H. R. Moore, who gives trumpet phenomena and slate-writing tests. A seance full of convincing and satisfactory exercises is quite fully described, and the writer says: "I could not understand how they (the spirits) could write without a pencil until Mrs. Moore explained. In about three minutes I heard the raps. The medium asked if they were through. Again came three raps, and to my surprise the slates were full, some of the writing in colors, the message being from my dear mother, giving a picture of her beautiful spirit home and a loving message. Mrs. Moore is doing a grand work here. She is talking of going West. We shall feel lost without her."

W. R. Packard writes: "I want to say to my friends and others who read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that the article you published by Dr. Benton in reference to the lost ring is true. My wife and I were at Cassadaga at the time and sat in a circle with him."

Owing to the protracted illness of the President, Mr. J. R. Sanford, the Sunday meetings of the People's Progressive Spiritual Society, of Detroit, Mich., will be postponed until further notice.

C. F. Pigeon, an excellent medium for physical manifestations, is now in this city, and will hold seances at 14 S. Ada street.

"E." writes: "The People's Spiritual Society met at their hall, 93 Peoria St., on the 24th, at the usual hour. There was a very large audience, and each one enjoyed the exercises very much. Mrs. Dr. Helm opened the meeting by being under control of Theodore Parker. The remarks were very fine. Prof. Charles Orchardson being present, was called upon, and related how he became a Spiritualist, rapturous applause greeting him. Prof. Van Horn closed the meeting."

A good brother at Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I am surprised at your promptness in discontinuing my copy of your paper. I have sent you not a few names, as well as the necessary wherewith to pay for all papers sent parties mentioned, etc. Yet, if I happen to lapse through absence, or other good reasons, I am promptly shut off. Of course that is business." However, there is principle likewise. I cannot do without the paper, so please send all back numbers from expiration of subscription, and oblige."

Our good brother should remember that he is on the list with thousands of others, and that among them all we have no means of telling who are entitled to special favors. Clerks have instructions to cut off all subscribers the moment the time paid for expires. We are all working to advance humanity. I am not striving for profit, but to advance each one to a higher plane. In sending us subscribers the writer of the above has the same aim in view.

H. J. Ray writes: "Our adjourned meeting at Ingraham's Hall, Coloma, Mich., was well attended, and a very enjoyable time was had by all the believers in Spiritualism, as well as others who attended the meeting. An adjournment was made, to meet again in two weeks, which would be on the 7th of February; but as the quarterly meeting is to come off at Breedsville on the 6th, we will dispense with our meeting there, as a good many want to attend the meeting at Breedsville; therefore there will be no meeting at Ingraham's Hall on the 7th of February next. Brother Cook is a host of himself, and many in this vicinity are seriously investigating the facts and principles spoken of by him."

Mr. Goodman, of Liberal, Mo., is represented as being an excellent medium, with prospects of doing a good work for the cause in the future. We have received a photograph of Socrates, with accompanying communication, produced through his mediumship. It is most excellent. We hope that Mr. Goodman will be sustained.

Peter Pfeifer, of Durhamville, N. Y., writes: "I have just returned from the South, where I have been giving tests, and proving to humanity the divine truth of another life. I found on my return home a New Revelation in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Please find inclosed \$3 for the New Revelation. I am impressed to send the fourth dollar for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I hope every Spiritualist that can spend one dollar will do so for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and send it to some one who is in need of such a developed paper. Save your money; drop some of your habits which are expensive, and send your brother or sister of the human family some of these golden truths which will give you a crown of truth on the other side."

S. M. Baldwin, 1202 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C., writes: "Much can be accomplished by giving a candid hearing to the experience of Bishop Haven, after ten years' residence in Spirit-life. We make an earnest appeal to all churches, moral and religious societies, to co-operate with us in hastening the millennial era, by securing and circulating this interesting pamphlet of 40 pages, giving these highly important and earnest words of encouragement. Also spirit messages from Lincoln, Grant, Sumner, Beecher, Wesley, Luther and many others, besides much reading of general interest. Societies and churches are rapidly selling them for ten cents. It is put at two cents per copy, below cost, to hasten the good time coming. Thus these loving messages, which prove there is only a thin veil between the two worlds, will accomplish a three-fold purpose—aid the financial condition of churches and societies, help their spiritual growth, and cause rejoicing by the angel world, who are longing to improve our very imperfect condition. Address me as above."

On Sunday evening, Feb. 7th, Alice M. Cary will deliver a lecture at No. 11 Ada street, Lodge Hall. She will take any subject from the audience, but requests it to be a spiritual one. After the lecture, Dr. J. E. McKee will give tests. All mediums and others are invited to attend.

Mabel Aber writes: "The cause is prospering nicely here, although we have passed through so much suffering to reach the peaceful camping grounds. We mediums must suffer everything but the fire, and I often think how far we are in advance of noble Bruno's time, and with a thankful heart go forth to suffer my small amount of persecution, compared with the noble martyrs of the past. I thank the angel world for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and may it continue to spread the light of advanced thought for ages to come."

The St. Paul News says: "The Independent Spiritual and Psychical Society held a very successful meeting in Van Ellemet's Hall, Moore Block, on Sunday evening. A large and very intelligent audience was present, to hear the first lecture delivered by and through Mrs. E. Braun, on the very interesting subject of a 'Spirit's Experience of Leaving the Mortal Form, and Three Years in Spirit-Life.' The subject was handled in a masterly manner, the voice and gestures were good, the audience gave the closest attention, and compliments were paid the lecturer."

Mrs. Edith E. Nickless, a lecturer and test medium, is engaged by the Society of Spiritualists, of Los Angeles, Cal. For the present she can be addressed at "The Arland," 3d street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dr. Willis, of New York, will occupy the rostrum of the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, during February and March. Mrs. Richmond will go to New York to fill an engagement there.

Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn, test medium and lecturer, held forth at Sterling, Ill., Wednesday and Thursday evenings. His subjects were "The Marvelous Power of Mind and Magnetism," and "Spiritualism reveals the science of spiritual life and establishes a connecting channel of communication between the two worlds."

S. G. Sheffer, one of the veteran Spiritualists who enlisted for the war, writes to us in regard to organization. He believes THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the true knight errant which can reform all the abuses which have been heaped upon the divine Sophia, Spiritualism, by those whose love for themselves and their own opinions are of more weight than the good of humanity. He argues that because Spiritualists as a body have no houses of assembling, no avowed schools for training the young, they must of necessity be under a cloud and at a disadvantage in the contest with old beliefs and rotten forms. But our brother must remember that the antagonist whose strength is not known is always more feared than those whose force can be exactly estimated. We meet spiritual thought and belief everywhere, in the churches, in the great flood of literature, and even in the daily press, and mocking slights are giving way to respectful attention and notice. When the world was ripe for it the call to awake was sounded at Rochester, in the hands of guileless children. In like manner, when organization is the next step, undoubtedly it will come in a manner just as forcible, and with far more power, because of stored force and sympathetic vibration in the visible. Bro. Sheffer, we can wait, for no matter whether or not we shall be visible to mortal vision, our joy in the triumph of the truth will be just as intense and real as if it were granted to us now. He endorses the plan of organization, as presented some time ago in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by Mr. Matthews, of Detroit, Mich.

Prof. J. E. McKee will hold a materializing meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, 3204 W. Madison St., and if desired will go to private parlors for materialization.

Frank T. Ripley has been re-engaged for three months by the St. Paul Spiritual Alliance, St. Paul, Minn. This speaks well for Mr. Ripley. During his work there the society has got out of debt.

Elsie Reynolds, of California, is located at the S. P. S. Home, 30 Sinclair St., Grand Rapids, Mich., and will hold materializing seances every evening, Sunday excepted.

Alfred Cooley writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your valuable paper. I have taken it from the first. I have taken other spiritual papers in former years, but never have seen one that could begin to come up to perfection on all points like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER." Brother Cooley doesn't believe in reincarnation, the Magi, or anything of that sort. That is right, Brother Cooley, don't believe in anything until convinced that it is true. There are those who believe in reincarnation, who take a great deal of stock in the demonstrations produced by Olney H. Richmond, and yet they never ask any one to believe what they do. Perfect freedom must be given to each one.

John Lindsay, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Myself and wife arrived home the 21st from Webster City, Iowa. Our trip West has been a success; we return thanks to the many friends for kindness bestowed."

Titus Merritt, of New York City, writes: "The First Society of Spiritualists of New York, and all friends of human progress, are anticipating pleasure and instruction from our gifted and inspired sister, Cora L. V. Richmond, who will occupy the rostrum at Carnegie Music Hall during the Sundays of February and March. The first time I listened to her eloquence was in this city about the year 1857. She has done much to destroy and overcome the errors of the past, and in revealing the brightness and beauty of the living present. Our brother, Walter Howell, has delivered many valuable lectures during the Sundays of January, which were appreciated by all who heard them. I have just received a letter from a friend in Calcutta, India, wanting THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, especially back numbers. I shall be able to supply him, in part. I assure you it affords great satisfaction to see the good cause progress so rapidly."

Spiritualism is said to be getting a very strong hold among some very intelligent families in and around Broad Ripple, Ind., particularly among the wealthiest and best-known farmers. Mediums from Indianapolis have held several meetings in this neighborhood, and they find their services in demand and very remunerative, in aiding their followers to converse, as they believe, with departed friends. One man, who has spent a fortune in drink, was warned by his father's spirit never to touch liquor again, and to day he is leading a sober, upright life. Another farmer thought it wrong to permit his children to attend Sunday-school, until he received tidings from the Spirit-land to cease swearing and to send his children to Sunday-school and teach them a knowledge of Jesus. Among the strongest believers are a Christian minister, a member of the State Board of Agriculture, a well-known miller, and a former advocate of Ingersollism. The excitement is intense. What the new faith will lead to is awaited with interest by the Christian people of this neighborhood.

Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham.

The lectures by Mrs. Brigham are always well received. They read well, and contain an exalted lesson that is calculated to do good. We have made arrangements to have some of her lectures reported, at considerable expense, and one will appear next week in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and will be read by at least 25,000, a larger audience than one hall can furnish.

Passed to the Higher Life.

Holmes Hammond, of Clinton, Wis., passed to the higher life on the 25th of January, aged a few days over 85 years. He was a veteran Spiritualist, and thorough, understood and practiced its philosophy. His friends were the entire list of his acquaintances. No higher evidence of his moral worth need be given. He was like ripened fruit, ready to be gathered. DAVID WILLIAMS.



SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

WHERE MEN HAD BEEN BURNED.

I also saw two places where men had been burned. What for? Michael Servetus said: "Son of the eternal God." That was his description of Jesus Christ. Calvin said: "No, the eternal son of God; not son of the eternal God, but eternal son of God." And for that difference Michael Servetus was burned at a slow fire of green wood. And when the wind blew the flames somewhat away from his body so that his sufferings were lengthened, he cried out to put the wood upon the other side, that he might die, and they looked and laughed and would not answer his petition. But in the midst of flame and smoke, true to his conviction, he said: "Christ, son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me." His prayer was not answered. But I say when I saw these things then I realized it. When I looked at these arguments it seemed to me as though I had suffered all these things; as though I had stood upon the shore of exile and looked with tear-filled eye toward home and native land; as though I had been taken from my wife and children, taken to the public square with fagots piled about me; as though flames had played around me and scorched my eyes to blindness; as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds by the hand of hatred, by the hand of cruel priests; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and had seen the glittering ax fall upon me. When I thus felt I swore that while I lived I would do what little I could not only to preserve but to augment the liberty of man, woman and child.

But, after all, it is a question of intellectual development. Tell me the religion of a man, and I know the point he has reached; I know what he is intellectually; I know what his brain is worth. Tell me what he believes, and I know what he is as a man. So it is a question of intellectual development.

RESULT OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

A little while ago I saw the models of everything man has made for his use and convenience. I saw all the models of all the water craft, from the dugout in which floated a naked savage—one of our ancestors—a naked savage with teeth two inches long, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head; I saw the water craft of the world from that dugout up to a man-of-war that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas; from that dugout to the steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York through three thousand miles of billows, with a compass like a conscience, that does not miss a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from one shore to the other. I saw at the same time the weapons that man has made, from a rude club such as was grasped by that savage when he crawled from his den and hunted a snake for his dinner—from that club to the boomerang. And I saw at the same time the musical instruments from the tom-tom, that is a little hook with three or four strings stretched across it—from that tom-tom to the instruments of our day that make the air blossom with melody. I saw these things, and I said to myself, after all it is a question of intellectual development. And I saw from the rude daub of yellow mud up to the art that enriched the galleries of the world with its paintings and sculpture; from the rude god with five or six heads and many ears and several rows of eyes, to the statue chiseled by genius with such beauty, such a personality that it seemed almost impudent to speak to it without an introduction. I saw these things. And I saw books; books written on leaves; books written on the shoulder blades of sheep, on the skins of wild beasts, up to the illustrated volumes of our day that enrich the libraries of the world—and I never say the word library that I do not think of the saying of Plato: "The house that has a library in it has a soul." I saw these things and I said to myself: After all, this question of religion is simply a question of intellectual development; that is all. A man with a great brain will not have a little, nasty, mean, selfish religion. Well, now, how is it? There is a reason that we have built better boats. How is it we have improved on the dugout? I will tell you. How is it we have improved on the musical instruments? How is it we have improved on the arms of war, defensive and offensive? It is because the whole world has said we want better boats, and whoever invents them we will give him wealth and honor.

NO PROGRESS IN RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

The whole world has said we want better books—in certain directions. The whole world has said we want better music. And so, from the rude beginning, we have the instruments of our day. The world has held out all the rewards in its power. But when it came to religion, then they said no. That fellow in the dugout had a religion; he was orthodox in his day; he believed in a devil, the same devil we believe in. And let me say here there has not been an improvement in the Christian devil for thousands of years. He has a long tail, arms of fire, and a cloven foot, such as many ministers suppose I am possessed of. That fellow in the dugout said: "My religion is good enough," and others said the same. Now, then, suppose we had pursued the same course in every other department of knowledge that we have in religion, what would have been the result? Let us be honest. Suppose the kings and priests had said—and I presume they were a priest, because it was a very ignorant age of the world—that the dugout is the best ship that can ever be built; that the model was given to a pious sailor by Neptune, the god of all the seas, and any man that talks about putting a stick in the middle of it

and some cloth on it is a heretic. He is a blasphemous wretch, and he shall die the death. What effect, in your judgment, would that have had upon the circumnavigation of the globe? If the king or priest had said that "the tom-tom makes the finest music of which the imagination can conceive; that is the kind of music they have in heaven, and an angel sitting on the edge of a wet and fleecy cloud playing upon a tom-tom became so entranced, so enraptured with her own music that she let it drop, and that is how we got it, and any man who says that he can improve it by putting a back and front on it, and several strings, and talks about a bow and resin, let him die the death." Do you believe that if that course had been pursued that human ears ever would have been enriched with the symphonies of Beethoven and with the operas of Wagner—that great music that carries the soul captive on wings of fire?

RIGHTS HE WOULD CLAIM.

But the world has said: "Give us better music; not better religion, but better music." And so all through every development, the world has said: "We want better." Now, I want to improve on that gentleman's religion in the dugout. All I claim is the same rights to improve upon his ideas of heaven and God, of law and of science, that the rest of the world has to improve upon the dugout or upon the tom-tom. But suppose that the King and priest had said: "That crooked stick is the best plow that can ever be made; that was given in answer to prayer. And that twisted straw is the best plus ultra of twisted things, and any man who denies it we will twist him." Do you believe that the fields of the great Northwest, and of this, our great and splendid country, would have been covered with wheat and corn? Now, all I ask, all I plead for, is the same right to improve upon his theology as on his musical instruments. That is all. And yet some people go so far as to think that I am almost an infidel because I am really in favor of a sensible, reasonable religion, one that a man can put his heart in and his brain in. I want a God, if I have one, who is a gentleman, because I have been taught that truth and justice and virtue and generosity are the same in every star.

AN ALARM SOUNDED.

It Comes from Tennessee.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am especially pleased at the stand you take in exposing the errors and encroachments of the Catholic Church. I am glad to find once in a while a paper that dares to speak fearlessly about what so few papers dare speak at all. The Catholic Church, in attacking that bulwark of our liberties, the public-school system, becomes a dangerous foe to our Government, and an enemy of civil and religious liberty. It thrives best by keeping the masses in ignorance, and not even allowing its membership to read their own Bible, and aims to prevent the diffusion of all knowledge except what comes through the priesthood. Nearly everywhere in our country the children of Catholic families are now kept from attending the public schools, and wherever possible they secure a division of the public school funds, using the portion assigned them for sectarian purposes.

This is the case in this town and county, as I will now explain. In several of the civil districts, which are also school districts, the Catholics have their parochial schools, and utterly refuse to send to any other. They demand and obtain a division of the public school money, and the result is that the Catholic schools of this county are run and paid for as free schools, the same length of time each year as are the regularly established public schools, and in them are taught the doctrines and forms of worship of the Catholic church and the German language at the public cost, in plain and palpable violation of our State constitution, our school laws, and the official oaths of those who permit it. I make no attack on these people as Catholics. Under our free institutions religion is free, and all are allowed to teach such religious texts as do not make people disloyal to our government, but, to say the least, a man who owes primary allegiance to the old man in the Vatican is not entitled to more rights and privileges here than the native-born citizen who loves his country more than any church organization. Again, these people vote almost solidly for school directors who will violate the law in their favor, thus in many localities keeping men in power who at heart are not friendly to the free school system. Other churches do not ask for a division of the public funds for their benefit, and I am glad to say would not so use the money were it offered to them. We can have only about four months free school in each year, and this unlawful use of our limited means still further reduces the time.

I want to mention another feature of the case, showing how slowly a moral wrong, made legally right, overturned moral standards, and destroyed the distinction between right and wrong in the public mind. Our Constitution requires that all officials shall take an oath of office. Such oath binds a man to execute the duties of his office in accordance with the law that creates it. Our Constitution and law forbid such use of the school funds, yet our officials, after taking such oath, violate the law with impunity, and little is thought or said about it. If a man violate his oath as a witness in court, he is liable to the fines and penalties of perjury. I wish some one would explain just how much less morally guilty the man is who deliberately violates his oath of office, and misapplies the school funds intrusted to his care.

No more sacred obligation can be laid upon us than the education of our children. A great battle will yet be fought around the American school-house. It is the object of attack by the un-American elements now crowding our shores from foreign lands, and heading the attacking column we find the Catholic church and priesthood. In this they prove themselves the enemies of our institutions. Americans need to be on their guard, and I, for one, would be very glad to see Uncle Sam close his doors to nearly all foreign immigration. J. J. W. STARR, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

We only appropriate two columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for advertising purposes. If we crowded our paper with advertisements, it would be an evidence of financial weakness. Our paper is sustained on its merits and not on advertisements. It is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS!

For the Consideration of Spiritualists.

There is a prevailing opinion among a certain class of what I choose to call do-nothing Spiritualists, that the Spiritualist movement is under the entire control and management of the Spirit-world. That all we have to do is to keep still and let the higher powers do all the work, and the world will become spiritualized, reforms inaugurated, and the millennium come right along with a flourish of trumpets that will be very startling to all skeptics. Such a consummation would undoubtedly be very gratifying to our ease-loving natures, and a belief in its possibility is undoubtedly one of the causes of the prevailing apathy among Spiritualists with regard to any active educational or propagandist work, that would show to the world that we have acquired any valuable knowledge or experience that has a tendency to build up a higher civilization, or in any way to promote the welfare of mankind. That the wise and philanthropic in Spirit-life should take an active interest in the affairs of this world, and that they have always taken such interest and been ready and eager to do all that lay in their power for the upbuilding of humanity, I have no doubt. Why, then, if they have such power, unlimited by earthly environment, as some suppose, has it not been manifested to a greater degree in past ages. If they have a strong desire to promote the welfare of mankind, and possessed the power to carry out their wishes, they certainly would have done so, and the world would have escaped the long years of ignorance and suffering through which it has come up to its present state of civilization. All human experience in past ages, as well as since the advent of modern Spiritualism, demonstrates the fact that spirit power is limited by conditions and circumstances. Until within the last half century, manifestations of spirit power have generally subjected the agents of the Spirit-world to untold persecution. Thousands of mediums have been burned at the stake as witches. That grandly inspired medium and teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, was crucified for the very reason, that he was the willing mouthpiece of his followers, inspired by the holy ghost or good spirits, gave up their lives on the altar of their faith. Modern Spiritualism could never have found a successful footing and recognition in the world until there were enough liberal and enlightened people to protect its mediums. It came at an auspicious time of great intellectual activity when public schools, colleges, a multiplicity of books and newspapers, and great advancement in science, had awakened a spirit of inquiry and prepared many minds for the consideration of any subject that gave promise of being of interest to humanity. Since that time there has been such an outpouring of spirit power and influence as was never known before. Spiritualism has made its way in every civilized country, and found its millions of believers because it has met with cultured minds to investigate its claims. Without the co-operation of such interested workers, its influence would not have been felt.

I have no doubt the whole movement is being wisely directed by the spirit side of life, and that so far as our spirit friends are concerned, all is being done that can be with the material there is to work with. They cannot perform impossibilities. Valuable lessons cannot be given to the world until there are means of communication by which they can be given, nor would they be of any benefit to us before we are prepared by education and experience to understand and appreciate them. The question for us to consider is, whether there is not a very important part of the work for us to do. The ancient saying: "The gods help those who help themselves," is just as true now as it was when every manifestation of spirit power was referred to some invisible Deity. Spirits are not going to bring any great good to those who stand idly waiting for the good time coming. It is not a fact that "all things come to him who waits," unless he also works as well as waits. Spiritualism has already done much to enlighten the world, and its influence has extended to every civilized community. That it has accomplished a moiety of what it is capable of doing, and that its work has only just commenced, is only too evident from the injustice, ignorance and degradation still to be found on every hand.

It teaches views of life's real destiny, aims and duties, greatly at variance with those promulgated by orthodoxy, and if its doctrines be true, our whole system of education and business methods should be remodeled to correspond with the broader philosophy that naturally follows as a consequence of a deeper study of the laws of human evolution and the relation of this life to the future.

If it be a fact that every person has one or more guardian spirits always in attendance, doing what they can to guide our steps aright, then it behooves us to order our daily lives so as to furnish the best possible means of co-operating with them in their efforts to benefit humanity. That their influence in many quarters is at present quite limited, we may conclude from the general conduct of human kind. Instances of natural mediumship are very rare. It is only when we meet them half-way, open our doors, invite them to enter our circles, and furnish the necessary conditions for spirit intercourse, that we can receive those highly-prized messages of love, sympathy and wisdom from the dear ones gone before! Inspirations from the spheres of wisdom are not likely to come to us when we are leading lives of excessive indulgence or striving to unjustly acquire wealth, to the detriment of others.

If this view of the situation were generally accepted and acted upon by all who would be glad to attain a higher degree of culture for themselves as well as to promote the general cause of human progress, the result could not be otherwise than fraught with inestimable blessings to the world. If we are to attain a higher degree of civilization, and more favorable conditions for growth and happiness, I believe the result will have to come along the lines here indicated, and that a large share of the work will have to be done by those still dwelling on the earth-plane.

Nor do I believe it possible for any one to attain the highest degree of culture and usefulness that they are capable of, who does not thoroughly believe in the future life, the guardianship of spirits,

and the doctrine of personal responsibility for every act and thought.

The wise and philanthropic in Spirit-life are ready and anxious to improve every opportunity to assist us in every good work. It remains for us to do our part, to study well the laws that govern the evolution of every department of the human constitution, physical, intellectual, social and moral, that we may enlarge our capacity for usefulness and consequent happiness. Much advancement has already been made in this line, but much more remains to be done. In what way we can best do this is a problem that each one will have to solve for himself. Where there is an earnest desire to assist in any good work, there is pretty sure to be found some method of accomplishing the end in view. The world is full of ignorance, suffering and wrong. In our blindness we go stumbling along our way, making mistakes and then reaping the penalty sure to follow. A better understanding of the true object of earth-life and its duties would enable us to avoid some of those mistakes that result in disappointment, sorrow and heartache.

If we would keep the sounding-boards of our hearts more responsive to the touch of the loved ones gone before, we might find the pathway more clear and some of the stumbling-blocks removed. If all who believe in the loving care and guardianship of the Spirit-world, would conscientiously try to live up to a high ideal of manhood and womanhood, to live such lives of unselfish usefulness as they think would help to make the world better for their having lived in it, and would merit the approval of the purified in higher spheres, then our homes would become the abode of happiness, the progress of civilization would be rapidly advanced, and the cause of Spiritualism would compel the respect of all sensible and well-meaning people. GEO. W. WEBSTER.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Milton D. Ives, of Suffolk, passed from this sphere to the higher life on the 3rd day of January, 1892. Previously to his closing with his earthly connections it was his pleasure, one not often granted to those in the mortal state, to see and communicate with relatives and dead friends gone before. Though formerly a Baptist, Mr. Ives had, in later life, become convinced of the reality of Spiritualism, and passed to the other side in full faith of its realism. Death had no terror for him, nor should it have for a good neighbor, a kind and loving husband and an out-spoken disciple of truth, for such he was. His death was caused by an attack of grip, followed by pneumonia.

The community where he lived will ever remember him as one active in dispensing truth and in encouraging others to see the light of reason as he saw it, and as we believe was right. C.

Thomas Leister, an old pioneer of Gorham Township, Fulton County, Ohio, passed to Spirit-life, Dec. 20. He had nearly reached the seventy-third milestone of his physical existence. He was very energetic and persevering in what he thought was right. After much study and deliberation he became a staunch Spiritualist. Although not obtrusive in his ideas, he never tried to hide the light that was given to him by the angel world. The services, according to his directions, were held at his late residence on Dec. 23, under the auspices of the Fayette Lodge of I. O. O. F., he being a very prominent member thereof; and a very large audience was addressed, in accordance with his wishes, from these words: "Come, let us reason together," by the writer. Mokena, Mich. MRS. B. G. HOIG.

Passed to Spirit-life, at his home in Watertown, Mich., David R. Cutler, aged 79 years. He had been for many years an ardent Spiritualist, and was ready for the summons. He leaves an aged wife and six children, all of whom are firm believers in our philosophy. When I saw the bereaved companion so bravely bearing her sorrow, and heard her say: "He would not have us mourn; it will not be long before I go to him," I realized as never before the power of our beautiful faith to sustain us even in the "valley of shadows." The writer was called upon to conduct the funeral services at the house, Jan. 24th, where the children, grandchildren and a large number of friends gathered to pay their last tribute to one loved and honored by all. A. E. SHEETS.

Passed to Spirit-life, from Oneonta, Otsego county, N. Y., J. W. Stille, M.D., aged 58 years. He had for thirty years been a firm Spiritualist and a zealous worker. He also practiced medicine in Morris, N. Y., for twenty-six years, and was considered their ablest physician. He recently removed to Georgetown, N. Y., and at the time of his death had come on a visit to friends. His wife, who survives him, is well known throughout the western part of this State as a trance speaker and test medium. S. C. JONES.

W. C. Beam passed to the higher life Jan. 14, 1892, at Springfield, Ill., aged 70 years. He was an ardent, life-long Spiritualist and was ready and waiting the call to come up higher. He leaves many friends.

Aunt Adaline Stevens passed to the higher life Jan. 23, 1892, at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Fred Schmitt, 1112 E. Monroe St., Springfield, Ill., nearly 84 years of age. She had been a resident of this county over fifty years; had been a Spiritualist since first the spiritual craft touched there. Funeral at late residence the 25th, at 2 o'clock. Spiritual ceremony over the remains the 27th ult. Circle on South 9th St., where the spirit of the deceased returned and thanked the friends for their care and attention. She is contented with her home in spirit land. J. L. A. FLOYD.

Miss Adeline Stevens passed to Spirit-life, Jan. 24th, from her home in Springfield, Ill., in the 84th year of her age. She was an ardent Spiritualist. In all reformatory works she took a deep and abiding interest. The world would be better and happier if there were more of her kind in it. As a citizen, she was a friend to the poor and unfortunate, loved by all who knew her. The funeral services were conducted by the writer, at the home of her niece, Mrs. F. G. Schmitt, and the mortal part was laid to rest by a large concourse of relatives and friends. Dr. O. K. CARR.

A STARTLING VISION.

Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am of the opinion that all the more important spirit manifestations, the miracles, so-called, prophecies, healings, etc., recorded in the Bible, have been more than duplicated in these modern times, and the more important of them in my own person. I have heard spirit voices. The great difference between spirit voices and other voices is, I always know where other voices come from; but a spirit voice I do not. I see nothing. It may be soft and tender, like a woman's, or coarse and harsh, like a man's; but it always indicates the prevailing temper of the speaker, like other voices. It has been said that Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist, but whether so or not, I believe he ought to have been.

On the 17th of August, 1862, my oldest son, Edwin, came to me with a boon companion, Ransom Walter, and said:

"What do you say, father, to my enlisting in the army?"

I argued against his enlisting at that time; but he said:

"Our neighbors have families to support, are liable to be drafted, but we have no families, and we feel it a duty to enlist, as the call, now out, must be filled."

I asked: "Has the war assumed such a moral aspect that you can conscientiously go forward and take life in it?"

Walter answered: "It has not yet, but it will soon."

I replied: "It will be time enough then to enlist."

Edwin said: "If you say, father, that I shall not enlist, I will not go unless I am drafted, and then I shall be compelled to go."

I said: "Edwin, you now are for yourself. The most I can do is to place the reasons before you, and leave you to do as you think best."

This reply he took as a partial consent, and immediately went to Preston and enlisted.

That night we lodged in the same room, but not in the same bed. I knew by his deep breathing that he was soon fast asleep, but I could not sleep; I was anxious for the welfare of my dear son, and was revolving in my mind the probable consequences of this war. Soon a vision came. I clearly saw the causes of the war; its foundation in the selfishness and covetousness of the people. I saw it assuming more and more gigantic proportions, and spreading havoc and ruin around. Oh! horror of horrors! such loss of life! Such destruction of property! Such madness and fury! At this view the thought came to me:

"What can I do to mitigate these horrors? Apparently in answer to my thought came this response from Heaven, in a refined and gentle woman's voice, very soft, musical and sympathetic, yet plain and distinct:

"Say unto the people as the voice of God: Cease all sectarian wrangling. Hush all party strife. Go unto the despised negro. Weep over his wrongs. Make atonement. Obtain his forgiveness; then, with a strong hand and a willing mind he will help you fight it through. There is no other way of salvation."

I now felt that I was fully authorized and required to act in this matter by the highest authority known. I had a short account of the vision published. I also wrote an account of it to Horace Greeley, for him to publish in the New York Tribune, together with some severe criticisms on the then conduct of the war. The following is a copy of the letter I now have in reply:

"NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1863.

"There is much truth in what you sent me, no matter how it came to you; but it is not truth. I cannot do any good by printing it; the readers of the Tribune do not need it. Those who do need it would not read it. Negro hate is the ruling passion of a majority, even of our Northern people, and our country is very likely to die of it. You cannot wean the vulgar and brutal from their injustice to the negro by reciting visions to them; things must go on in their own way; each of us who will must do his duty, and God must decide that this people is or is not worth saving. I await the manifestations of his infinite wisdom and mercy."

"HORACE GREELEY."

I have always thought that it was more on account of finding fault with the conduct of the war that he did not publish my article than of the reasons he gave; besides, he was known, privately, to patronize mediums; while, publicly, he opposed and ridiculed Spiritualism. Publishing my article would be in his favor.

I wrote a full account of the vision to Abraham Lincoln, together with advice in harmony with it. I advised him to send a "well-appointed army" into the most thickly-settled slave district; make friends with the negroes; arm, discipline and make soldiers of them, to put down the rebellion. The rebels were then massing at Manassas Junction, apparently with the design of attacking Washington. I prophetically told him that this move would cause them to leave Manassas, and he must be ready then to give them a total rout while they were leaving. The expedition of General Burnside into the South at first seemed in harmony with my advice; but no effort was made to conciliate the negroes or to do justice to them; but on the contrary the cry: "This is a white man's war, and the colored men are to take no part in it," rang through the land.

One negro who had divulged the fact to our soldiers that his master had arms and ammunition in a certain place, preparatory to making a raid on them, was given up, and whipped to death by his master for divulging the fact. This was in the early stages of the war. In about one year I wrote a second letter to President Lincoln, again giving advice. After our ironclads attacked the forts in Charleston harbor and were whipped off I wrote him a third letter, telling him that he should not injure those forts, but while the seacoast was blockaded to march in back of them, and with the aid of the negroes take possession of the whole country, and the forts would fall into our hands, to defend the country against foreign invaders. I kept no copy of the letters to Lincoln. Times then would not allow it, and he did not answer any of them. I doubt not he received them. If any one is now living who knows anything about them, I would be glad if he would let me know it. WILLIAM STORK.

BLIND TOM: HIS DECLINE.

Study Morality and Be Good.

A Little Boy's Divine Power.

DECLINE OF A WONDERFUL MEDIUM.

It is said by R. S. P. that the greatest musical wonder of the negro race—"Blind Tom"—who for years delighted the public with his remarkable performances upon the piano, is passing the closing days of his life amid the pathetic scenes of an insane asylum.

Tom, in the days of slavery, was the property of Gen. James N. Bethune, a planter of Georgia, who, after the war, moved to Virginia, and took up his residence on an estate near the town of Warrenton, one of the prettiest villages in the old commonwealth, a classic spot in the history of the war, and noted then as now for its cultivated and pleasure-loving people. Here it was, in the shadow of the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains, that Blind Tom's genius unfolded itself, found a vent in that atmosphere of refinement and culture, and finally astonished the world.

His masterpiece, "The Battle of Manassas" (which was fought a few miles away), is a miracle of imaginative form. His conception of the event captivates the ear with its first chord, and in the execution that follows he imitates the music of the life and drum, the charge of the cavalry, the thunders of the batteries, and the agony of the wounded and dying so faithfully that a great martial panorama seems to float through the fancy of the hearer.

When a mere lad Tom would conceal himself in his master's house, and after midnight creep into the parlor and play the same airs with which his young mistress had entertained her guests a few hours before, being cautious to suppress his notes by placing his foot on the "soft" pedal. He was soon detected, however, in this innocent diversion and reprimanded. The children of the household, delighted with his marvelous powers, encouraged him to play on all occasions by stealth. But his genius soon became so manifest that his master found it to his interest to have it cultivated and turned to profit.

Tom has been a simpleton from his birth. As an evidence of his mental weakness he invariably applauded himself by clapping his hands, and appeared as if in a fit of ecstasy after each performance.

Although nature fashioned him simple-minded, she gracefully atoned for this shortcoming, and attuned his gentle soul to a wondrous harmony.

Previous to his retirement he could reproduce the notes of the most extraordinary performers. Eminent musicians who have tested his acumen for music agree that he has the finest native ear for one who was born blind that has ever come under their notice.

Blind Tom was simply a medium—one of the best in his line that the world ever produced.

STUDY MORALITY AND BE GOOD.

Prof. William M. Salter, founder of the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, has finished his eighth year as lecturer for the society and delivered his farewell address at the Grand Opera House. Professor Salter will go to Philadelphia to take charge of the society in that city. He will be succeeded here by M. M. Mangassarian, who has been the assistant of Prof. Adler in the New York society. In his closing address he said, among other things:

"To aspire after morality is often thought to be a common trait, but such morality generally means merely the keeping in abeyance of specific passions. In the true sense the attaining of morality is not an easy thing. The feelings must be made to accord with the reason. Without ardent desire for self-mastery what hope is there for the drunkard? Some heights of morality are as difficult to reach as heaven. Morality is not something easily measured. It is an abiding habit of choice. The really moral person is the one who cares for the right as such. One may be a very good fellow and forget to pay his debts. He may be accounted a great moral reformer and be narrow outside of his hobby. A man who starts out to follow the unwritten laws of human brotherhood is like Abraham of old, who went out, not knowing whither he went. To live up to one's ideal, let come what will, is the essence of morality.

"To think the present existence of society final would be to strip the universe of its graces and plunge the world in disaster. The bottom evil in man is a tendency to accept the world as we find it. Men's souls must be in a state of agitation if better things are to come. The law in the moral world is that you find what you seek. The Kingdom of Heaven will be the fair, consummate flower of men's works. Sometime, somewhere, the aspirations of all hearts will be fulfilled."

That morality should be the chief aim of our life, all will admit.

A LITTLE BOY'S DIVINE POWER.

That some boys possess a beneficent—angelic, I should say—force no one can doubt, as illustrated in the following: J. B. Glauson, a Cleveland horseman, who was at the East Buffalo horse sale, last December, told a remarkable story of a child's control of a vicious horse. Says he: "It seemed to be a case of hypnotism. A farmer named White has a very fine stock farm about three miles out of the city. He is a good horse trainer, and prides himself on being able to handle the most vicious types of horseflesh that can be brought him. But last spring he got more than his match. Somebody sold him a black stallion that was the worst-tempered creature I ever saw. He would bite and strike and kick with such fierceness that no one could get near him, and White was finally obliged to turn him out to pasture. He thought that he would have to kill him, but, of course, he hated to do that, for he was really a valuable beast. But he was no good, for one could not get near him, to say nothing of controlling

him. White has a little boy, eleven years old, who is one of the brightest but most gentle little fellows that I ever saw. One morning what was his surprise and alarm to see little Ralph come galloping down the lane on the vicious animal's back, as happy as a clown. He rode up to the horse block, slid off his back, stroked and patted his great nose as if he had been the kindest creature in the world. But as soon as any one else went near him the horse would fight like a demon. For several months the little fellow had a good time with his pet, but as no one else could control him, he was sold to a stage-driver for \$25, and the little boy got \$10 for riding him twenty-five miles and delivering him safely in the stable.

Here we have an illustration of the wonderful effects of that divine force or magnetism inherent in some individuals, and which can overcome viciousness in man or beast. D.

My Philosophy.

I ain't ner don't p'tend to be Much posted on philosophy; But there is times, when all alone, I work out ideas of my own. And of these same there is a few I'd like to jest refer to you, Pervidin' that you don't object To listen clost' and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man Who does about the best he can Is plenty good enough to suit This lower mundane institute; No matter of his daily walk Is subject for his neighbor's talk, And eritic minds of ev'ry whim Jest all git up and go fer him.

I knowed a feller one't that had The yaller janders mighty bad, And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet Would stop and give him some resect For cuorin' of 'em. But he'd say He kind o' thought they'd go away Without no medicine, and boast That he'd git well without one doste.

He kep' a yallerin' on, and they Perdictin' that he'd die some day Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed, The feller did, and lost his head, And wandered in his mind a spell, Then rallied, and at last got well; But ev'ry friend that said he'd die Went back on him eternally.

It's nachural enough, I guess, When some gits more and some gits less, For them 'uns on the slimmest side To claim it ain't a fair divide; And I've knowed some to lay and wait, And git up soon and set up late, To ketch some fellow they could hate Fer goin' at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence A findin' fault with Providence, And balkin' 'cause the world don't shake At ev'ry prancin' step they take. No man is great till he can see How less than little he would be Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare. He hung his sign out anywhere.

My docteren is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied; Just do your best, and praise or blame That folers, that counts just the same. I've allus noticed great success Is mixed with troubles, more or less, And it's the man who does the best That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

100,000 Subscribers.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your enlarged paper is more than was promised or expected. It is a surprise. You now have the lead, and placing before the Spiritualistic readers the best paper issued in that branch of journalism. Allow me to congratulate both you and your guides. Your paper is a marvelous success. It will continue to grow more so. You are doing the work placed before you to do, "without fear or trembling." You are the right man in the right place, and the angels know "whereof they speak." You should have, and yet will have, the co-operation of all free thinkers that turn toward the beacon light.

The angels watch and wait for the culmination of their plans, and there is more joy among them when an instrument does its work well, as you have done, than there can be among the inhabitants of earth, whose achievements sway the multitude. You must not stop at 50,000 subscribers. Raise your voice to 100,000. There are Spiritualists enough in the United States to support THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and not begin to reach them all. The plucky, original, spicy, instructive and splendidly gotten-up paper will live and prosper. ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

San Francisco, Jan. 18, '92.

Williamsport, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:—For the first time in the history of this "Lumber City," a little band of spiritually-minded persons have organized a society for the presentation of liberal thought. Some able articles in the local press by T. G. Ruffhead and J. J. King, prepared the way for the advent of Mrs. E. Cutler, of Philadelphia, whose fine psychometric readings astonished the natives and paved the way for a permanent organization, which is a flourishing one for only one week's growth.

We have had with us Mrs. Lena Bible (now passed to spirit-life), of Detroit, Mich., whose fine lectures presented the spiritual philosophy in an attractive manner; supplementing them with tests of the presence of departed friends of those composing her audiences, which thus far have been large and enthusiastic. Perhaps the fact that we occupy Knights of Labor Hall accounts in part for the courteous attitude of the local press, which gives our meetings place under "religious" announcements. We ask the Spiritual publications to also notice our young society, and with their reading matter to help to educate the inquirers after the truths of our glorious philosophy—that "truth which makes us free."

LYDIA R. CHASE,

Sec'y First Society of Spiritualists.

The Slimy Octopus.

A Salvador lover put his girl in the care of a priest. The latter ruined the girl, and upon her confession her lover shot the priest. Friends of the priest refused to believe the girl's story and killed the young man in jail.

Wedding Bells.

In this city, at the home of Mrs. Nellie E. Bordwell, 315 W. Van Buren street, on the evening of the 21st inst., J. Fred'k Hartman, Chicago, and Mrs. Lizzie Kelley, late of Boston, were made husband and wife, in the presence of a large circle of friends. Mr. Hartman has been a Spiritualist for many years. Mrs. Kelley-Hartman is a prominent medium, and consistent with their ideas, they desired to have the marriage ratified by someone authorized to perform such ceremony, of their own faith. Accordingly the writer was invited to say the words that made them legally husband and wife. To record that the occasion was a happy one, but imperfectly expresses the feelings of those who participated in the festivities of the Hartman-Kelley wedding.

Mr. Hartman's home for some time had been at the residence of Mrs. Bordwell, (one of Chicago's best mediums), and she spared no pains to make the occasion one long to be remembered. About nine o'clock the bride and groom, accompanied by Dr. J. C. Phillips, Mrs. Lillie Simmons, and the writer, entered the pleasant parlor where the friends were waiting to congratulate the pair as soon as "the twain" should become one. After taking their position, the writer stated the purpose of the meeting of the friends, and made a few remarks apropos to the occasion, after which the contracting parties were addressed, and after answering the interrogations usually put on such occasions, the two were made one. Congratulations were next in order; the social enjoyment being soon interrupted by a messenger from the hostess, who summoned the friends to the dining-room, where a royal banquet had been served by Mrs. Bordwell. Not only was this feast served by her, but prepared by her own hands, and it would have done credit to a Delmonico. The table was beautiful with its decorations, the edibles were arrayed in an artistic manner, the conventional "bride-loaf" occupying its place of honor at the head of the table. Much credit is due Mrs. Bordwell for her efforts on that occasion, not only for the sumptuous repast, but the spirit of harmony and whole-hearted enjoyment she evoked in her pleasant home. Mr. and Mrs. Hartman will remain in Chicago. Their united work will be for the promotion of Spiritualism. They have the best wishes of a host of friends. May they realize, as the years come and go, that they have wisely chosen, and prove their union a love-marriage—in which their two souls may blend as one for the work of reform and spirit unfoldment.

MATTIE E. HULL.

Beautiful Oil Painting.

TO THE EDITOR:—The spirit forces have given us, through the mediumship of Mrs. Maria P. Hawley, of our city, a beautiful oil painting, from which they intend to teach the world some lessons in spiritual growth. They say we are children in our comprehension of spiritual ideas, and from this painting will be given kindergarten object lessons. The painting is different from anything ever seen before, we think, but wonderful in execution and exquisite in coloring. It is being delineated by a trance medium, Mr. James Nanson, from time to time, and the lessons are sublime. They are being taken verbatim, and when finished will be published and sent with the painting to Chicago. The medium, Mrs. Dr. Hawley, has carried out faithfully the instructions given by her spirit teachers, having no study nor conception whatever of the end in view, but has simply done the whole work under spirit control, it having taken a year in completing, with some interruptions. We, the undersigned, solemnly swear that we know the above to be true.

FRANK M. HAWLEY,
J. C. BAULSON,
J. M. HOUSEL.

Good Words for Jennie Moore.

TO THE EDITOR:—I desire to be among the first to enter my protest to the pretended expose of one of the purest and truest mediums for spirit manifestation that we have in this country. I refer to Mrs. Jennie Moore. I have been intimately acquainted with her for thirteen or fourteen years, since she was the frail Miss Jennie Shellenberger. I have sat in circles and witnessed spirit manifestations often during all these years. I have seen her under the best test conditions that could be devised, yet true manifestations continued to come to the circle.

Brother C. H. Freitag, of this city, another of your patrons, desires to be included in the same opinion expressed by myself in regard to the mediumship of Mrs. Moore. Aside from the unpleasantness of being arrested and defending fraudulent charges, we deem this a benefit to Sister Moore. Go on in the good cause; God and the angel band are with you, and will sustain and protect you.

Springfield, Ill. J. Q. A. FLOYD.

Complimentary to Frank T. Ripley.

TO THE EDITOR:—The cause of Spiritualism in this city is still advancing under the leadership of that most excellent speaker and medium, Mr. Frank T. Ripley. The Spiritual Alliance have re-engaged him for March and April. His work with this society has been a great success. When he came here there was no money in the treasury. We have since been able to meet all expenses, and lay by considerable as a contingent fund. Mr. Ripley's weekly test circle, given for the benefit of the society, has been crowded to the utmost, and often persons are obliged to go home and wait another opportunity. There was never a time in St. Paul when so much interest was manifested in the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism.

At present there are three societies holding meetings on Sunday evenings, and there is room and opportunity for all who are willing to work.

Mrs. E. R. HALL,
Secretary of Spiritual Alliance.

A Veteran Spiritualist.

He Gives His Views of the New Revelation.

TO THE EDITOR:—You may wonder that I have expressed little surprise at the new revelation. My greatest surprise was when it was announced in our daily papers that a new spiritual paper was started. I hastened to the office to see it, and was fortunate enough to get the last copy of the first issue. That was the first time I ever saw J. R. Francis, and being full of hope, expectation and anxious desire that we might at last have a paper worthy of the cause and of the great Western metropolitan city of Chicago. I scanned him closely to see if he was the right man, or if we were doomed to disappointment by a mere adventurer. But the first sight satisfied me that the man before me was a "pusher;" had all the elements of success in his makeup; and when I looked at the paper—Oh! what a fine baby in its first dress, with all the features and lineaments of a noble character fully developed and sparkling with vigorous life, and spiritual life too.

This is why I have not been surprised at any change, but looked upon it as the legitimate result of a good adventure, well-planned and thoroughly carried out; and I determined then and there to give it all the support and encouragement I could.

When it donned its second new dress it looked still more beautiful, though it was no dandy, but a real sterling worker and fighter, fearlessly facing every enemy of truth and right from the highest organized hierarchy to the lowest petty slanderer, and giving comfort and encouragement to the most humble lover of Truth and Justice. No wonder its success has been unparalleled in the history of spiritual journalism; and I would not be surprised to see it a great spiritual magazine, with a circulation away up in the hundreds of thousands. The Spiritualists could put it there as well as where it is now, and they ought to. What is a dollar? How many cigars would it buy to go up in smoke in so short a time for a little temporary gratification; and for that sum you get a large amount of useful spiritual literature every week for a whole year.

Now, friends, let your efforts on behalf of this grand organ be worthy of the cause you so dearly love. Let every reader be a solicitor for it, and send in subscribers, and they will be fully rewarded by the good it does.

To the editor and publisher I would say: Remember that he who most fully accomplishes the work assigned to him in this world will be the most highly rewarded in the next. I have not yet forgotten the reception given to Mr. White, of the *Banner of Light*, on his entrance into spirit-life, which was so immense as to appear to us almost incredible; and the Recording Angel never makes a mistake, but gives due credit for every deed done and the motive that induced it; and the higher and more God-like the more effective it will be in its results. The same energy you expend in the propagation of truth, if spent in the effort to make money, might make you a millionaire; but when you come to lay off the mortal and put on immortality, where would you be? "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Get money for its legitimate use, clothing for comfort, a house for shelter; after that let the rest go to those who need it more. Make the home comfortable in every way, especially by harmony and good-will, avoiding selfishness; subjecting the physical to the spiritual in all things. A true spiritual life makes happiness on earth and precludes all necessity of anxiety about a future life.

These are the teachings of a truly spiritual paper and which we are happy to find carried out in our favorite—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

R. NEELY.

Religion in a New Role.

It has been said that "there is nothing new under the sun." This doesn't apply to religion. There is one bran new sect! all new throughout!—having the only truths—the only God! the only savior! In fact, it is the only religion on earth that receives the sanction of God! A curious religious sect has purchased a large number of pretty cottages in the northern part of Detroit, Mich., and many of them have settled there with their leader, Michael Keifer Mills. More houses will be purchased, and the vicinity made the headquarters of the sect. The people profess to live in rigid accordance with the rules laid down in the Old Testament. They never cut their hair, and their appearance, especially that of the men, is grotesque in consequence. Mills has until recently lived at Crosswell, Mich. It was there that he was purified. "I thought I was being torn to pieces," he said, in describing the process of purification. "I was thrown to the ground, and balls of fire flew from all parts of my body. I said 'Praise God,' I suppose ten thousand times. Since that time I have been free from bodily infirmity. My food, which formerly disagreed with me, nourishes me perfectly, and I am fitted to lead the people in Israel." The house of Mills is the finest in the neighborhood, and the central house of the sect in the United States. In addition to the Bible they have a peculiar revelation called "the flying roll." The roll is said to have been in preparation for one hundred years, and to have been the work of the seven thunders. It contains unspeakable words, according to the faith, which it is unlawful to utter.

Thus the world wags, new religions coming to the front as thick as June bugs. The only religion on this earth worthy of consideration is TRUTH, based on scientific demonstration—Spiritualism!

TRUTH.

Archibald Forbes, who is declared to have made \$100,000 by his lectures in Australia and New Zealand, says, that "in America it takes you a year to get your name up, a year to make your pile, and a year to fizzle out."

Michigan Items.

The Freethinkers of Northwestern Michigan held their meeting at Ingraham's Hall, in Coloma, Jan. 24th, as per adjournment two weeks previous. They were ably addressed by Solomon Cook, of Hartford. The subject of his forenoon discourse was "The Council of Nice, and the First Spiritual Communications Recorded in History," showing quite clearly that they were consistent with the character of the ones through whom they were given in the dark and barbarous ages of the past. Although represented to the people as coming from God, they did not represent his character, because God is good, kind, and beneficent; he therefore pronounced them a libel, and defamatory to the character of God.

Ray Ellis, a boy nine years old, was called upon to give some music on a dulcimer, which was so nicely rendered that it called forth applause from the audience, when the speaker rose and said that it was not possible for a boy of his age, without having been trained or taught by a professor, to make such sweet and correct music, unless inspired by some musician from the other side. On a previous occasion a medium saw the spirit of an Italian lady controlling him, but the boy doesn't seem to be conscious of the control.

A picnic dinner was served in the usual way; a good, lively time ensued, until the hour for the afternoon meeting. The meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, D. Wigent. Bro. Peter Merrifield made a few introductory remarks, showing how quick and willing church members were to believe the unnatural occurrences recorded in the bible such as "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still," and were just as willing to pronounce modern spiritual communications a fraud and diabolical. Then Bro. Cook arose and continued the subject presented by Bro. Merrifield, and touched upon the political reforms of the day as being in some respects connected with Spiritualistic reform. Ray Ellis gave some more music on the dulcimer. The meeting then adjourned to meet in three weeks at the same place.

D. WIGENT, Vice President,
C. H. LEWIS, Scribe.

A Startled Audience.

TO THE EDITOR:—I enclose you a clipping from the *Telegram*, of this city, giving an account of a remarkable test:

"During the phenomenal manifestations given at Masonic hall on Sunday night, Harlow Davis 'warned' a young man to be careful in his habits; then, being given permission to tell all he saw, immediately described a saloon in which he asserted the young man had been at 9:45 the night previous. This being denied, Davis volunteered to conduct the man to the place if he would admit it if proved. This being assented to, Davis, in a state of great excitement, sprang to the man's side and, after a moment's hesitation, hatless, in slippers, swallow-tails flying, eyes tightly closed, and followed by a dozen or more from the audience, made a wild break for the door, dragging the affrighted man with him, running rapidly to the doors of the Napa wine vaults, Second street near Yamhill, where he fell, rigid and prostrate, surrounded by a great crowd attracted by the unusual spectacle. He was conveyed in an unconscious condition to the hall, where the gentleman frankly admitted the correctness of Davis' statement, explaining his denial by saying the time was wrong by a few moments. Davis then gave the exact time as 9:52, and proceeded with other tests.

"The puzzling difference between the work of Davis and a mind reader lies in this point: The mind reader requires his subject to concentrate his thoughts upon a place or object, and he divines the thought. In Davis' case he makes an assertion without asking anything of the subject, and, in face of strong denial and a determined resistance of will, proves his assertion correct, and can himself give no other explanation than that he was impelled to do this by a force or power which he could not resist. This invites the attention of scientists."

DANIEL SOMERS.

Portland, Ore.

An Excellent Pamphlet.

TO THE EDITOR:—"The Present Status of the Church, and Whither is it Drifting," is the title of a pamphlet by a layman, which has had quite an extensive reading and excited considerable attention in the East, on account of the exceptional ability with which the subject has been handled. Although the author's name, Dr. Ira W. Russell, does not appear on the pamphlet, I have known him over thirty years, as being one among the first to investigate Spiritualism, and ever since as a sterling reformatory, free and progressive thinker; he is a representative man and so highly respected that for some years he was honored by his fellow citizens with the office of mayor of Keene, N. H., where he resides. He has handled the subject of the pamphlet in a terse, logical, philosophical and keenly sarcastic manner. One newspaper, in speaking of it, says: "It is voluminous in thought far beyond many works of greater pretensions. Some of the propositions discussed are momentous and startling, but they are supported in the main by quotations from recognized authorities that must largely relieve the writer of any charge of indulging in fanciful speculations." It can be had by sending ten cents direct to the author at Keene, N. H., and it should have a wide reading.

J. H. RANDALL.

The American Flag Above the Cross.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your paper is not altogether in my line of thought; but there are many good things in it and it is doing much good. I hope it may live long and prosper. Keep the American flag above the cross; and also keep sectarian frauds out of our public school system.

J. E. VEST.

