

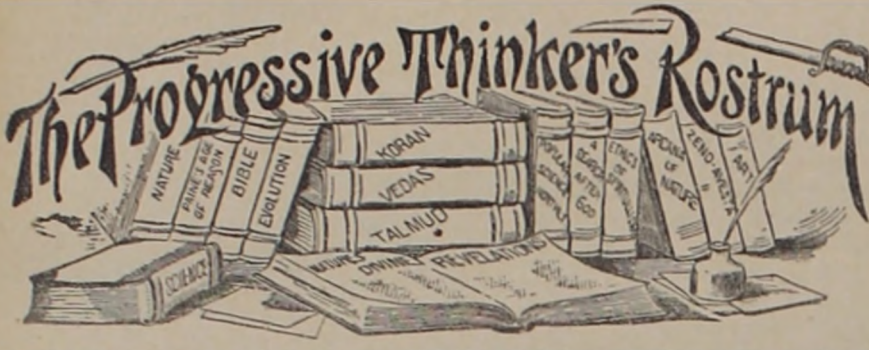
The Progressive Thinker

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

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BREAKERS AHEAD.

The Dangers to Our Republic.

They Present Themselves Under the Head of Ecclesiasticism.

A Lecture Delivered by MOSES HULL.

The following discourse was delivered by Moses Hull before the Progressive Spiritualist Society of Indianapolis, Ind., and reported expressly for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Thomas Paine said: "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered." He also asked: "When was a tyrant ever known to voluntarily take his hands off the throat of his victim?"

It is natural for men to love power; and the history of the thing called Christianity develops the fact that however much it may have changed men and women in other respects, it has not improved them in this. Even our Puritan fathers, who fled from persecution in the old world and faced the wild beasts and wilder Indians of the new world, and endured deprivations unheard of before, for the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, understood that freedom to carry with it the right to compel everybody else to take out and work by a Puritanic conscience.

If one happened to be a Quaker or a Baptist, his or her conscience must be drowned out or whipped out, or the owner of such odorous conscience had the privilege of enjoying it in a gloomy prison. Roger Williams and a few other Baptists were compelled to take their consciences out of the Colony of Massachusetts.

The fact is, the average man does not think; he only feels; when he is hungry or cold or persecuted, he knows it because he feels it. Let up on him a little, and he will turn, and, to the extent of his power, abuse and persecute his neighbor who happens to entertain a different opinion.

Gladstone wanted the franchise extended to the common people; he worked day and night for it until it was accomplished. As soon as that was done these newly-made citizens rewarded him by turning around and voting their benefactor out of power.

Luther's belief in liberty was not large enough to tolerate the opinions of Carlistadt or Zwingle. Zwingle believed in the liberty of conscience for himself and his coadjutors, and fought bravely until he obtained it. As soon as this was done he took up arms against the Catholic conscience and fell in the battle-field, in his effort to prevent the Catholic from exercising his conscience.

John Calvin who fled to Geneva to save his life from the persecuting Catholics, burned Michael Servetus at the stake for a difference of religious opinion. Luther said if he had been there his own hands should have kindled the fires which burned John Huss at the stake.

Probably no one will dispute that Catholicism has always been a persecuting power; few, except careful readers of history, know that Protestantism has always, where opportunity has presented itself, carefully trodden the path of Catholicism has made in that respect.

Henry VIII., the founder of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was one of the most cruel and bloodthirsty men who ever got into power; and the persecution of the Catholics by the newly-founded Church of England under Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth would equal in atrocity the bloodiest days of Catholicism.

William Cobbett, of England, once wrote a letter to Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, who had made a speech in the House of Lords, in which he had said, "There is no church on earth so tolerant as this." The letter is dated April 6, 1829. In this letter he says: "She," the Church of England, "started at first, armed with halberds, ripping knives, axes and racks; that her footsteps were marked with blood, while her back bent under the plunder of her innumerable innocent victims; and, that for refinement in cruelty and extent of rapacity she never had an equal, whether corporate or sole. I will not thus speak of her in general terms, but I will lay before your Lordship some general facts, to make good that contradiction which I have given to your words. I assert that this law-church is the most intolerant church I ever read or heard of; and this assertion I now proceed to make good."

Elizabeth established what she called a Court of High Commissions, consisting chiefly of your lordship's most tolerant church, in order to punish all who did not conform to her religious creed, she being the head of the church. This commission was empowered to have control over the opinions of all men, and to punish all men

according to their discretion, short of death. They had power to extort evidence by prison or rack. They had power to compel a man on oath to reveal his thoughts, and to accuse his friend, brother, parent, wife or child, and this, too, on pain of death. These monsters, in order to discover priests, and to crush the old religion, fined, imprisoned, racked, and did such things as would have made Nero shudder to think of. They sent hundreds to the rack, in order to get from them confessions, on which confessions many of them were put to death.

"I have not room to make even an enumeration of the deeds of religious persecution during this long and tolerant reign; but I will state a few of them:

1. It was death to make a new Catholic priest within the kingdom.
2. It was death for a Catholic priest to come into the kingdom from abroad.
3. It was death to harbor a Catholic priest from abroad.
4. It was death to confess to such a priest.
5. It was death for any priest to say mass.
6. It was death for any one to hear mass.
7. It was death to deny, or not to swear, if called on, that this woman was the head of the Church of Christ.
8. It was an offense, punishable by heavy fine, not to go to the Protestant church. This fine was £20 a lunar month, or £250 a year, and of our present money, £3,250 a year. [Of American money about \$16,250.] Thousands upon thousands refused to go to the law-church; and thus the head of the church sacked thousands upon thousands of estates! The poor, conscientious Catholics who refused to go to the most-tolerant church, and who had no money to pay fines, were crammed into the jails until the counties petitioned to be relieved from keeping them. They were then discharged, being first publicly whipped, and having their ears bored with a red-hot iron. But this very great toleration not answering the purpose, an act was passed to banish for life all those non-goers to church, if they were not worth twenty pounds, and in case of return they were to be punished with death.

"I am, my Lord, not making loose assertions here; I am all along stating from acts of Parliament, and the above form a sample of the whole; and this your Lordship must know well. . . . The names of those put to death merely for being Catholics during this long and dreary reign would form a list ten times as long as our army and navy both taken together. . . . There were one hundred and eighty-seven ripped up and boiled in England in the years from 1577 to 1603; that is to say, in the last twenty-six years of Elizabeth's reign; and these might all have been spared if they would have agreed to go to church and hear the common prayer! All, or nearly all, of these were racked before they were put to death; and the cruelties in prison and the manner of execution were the most horrible that can be conceived. They were flung into dungeons; kept in their filth, and fed on bullock's liver, boiled and unwashed tripe, and such things as dogs are fed on.

Edward Genings, a priest, detected in saying mass, in Holborn, was, after sentence of death, offered his pardon if he would go to church, but he refused to do this, and, having at the place of execution boldly said that he would die a thousand deaths rather than acknowledge the Queen to be the spiritual head of the church, Tanliffe, the attorney-general, ordered the rope to be cut the moment the victim was turned off, 'so that,' says the historian, 'the priest being little or nothing stunned, stood on his feet, casting his eyes toward heaven, till the hangman tripped up his heels, and flung him on the block, where he was ripped up and quartered.' He was so much alive even after the boweling that he cried with a loud voice: 'Oh, it smart!' and then he exclaimed, 'Sancti Gregorie, ora pro me,' while the hangman, having sworn a most wicked oath, cried, 'Zounds! his heart is in my hand while Gregory is in his mouth.' The great Oliver Cromwell was nothing more or less than a great Protestant butcher of Catholics. He paid the same premium for a priest's head that he paid for a wolf's scalp.

I might add a hundred pages to this bloody history, but the heart grows faint and the head dizzy. I will draw the curtain over the scene. Every impartial reader of history knows that Buckle was right when he said:

"A careful study of the history of religious toleration will prove that in every Christian country where it has been adopted it has been forced upon the clergy by the authority of the secular classes."

This does not contrast very favorably with paganism. Renan says:

"We may search in vain the Roman law before Constantine (the first Christian emperor), for a single passage against the freedom of thought; and the history of the imperial government fur-

nishes no instance of a persecution for contesting an abstract doctrine."—(Apostles, p. 259.)

A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

Within the last few years an entire change has come over the spirit of the dreams of the church. The time was when we all went to church; the fact is, we had to go to the church or to hell, and of the two, many of us manifested a slight preference for the church. We went there to get rid of going to hell. When we got there we heard ourselves described as having "hearts deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." We were treated to dissertations on original sin, total depravity, endless hell, an angry God, an almighty Devil, vicarious atonement and other such delectable morsels.

The church once held the public mind and led it into these things; to-day, one seldom hears them. The church has followed the world out of them. The fact is, the church was compelled to abandon them, or be abandoned by the people. Thus, in order to hold its power, the church has largely abandoned its doctrines, or, if it holds them, it holds them in silence.

When one goes to a revival meeting to-day, he hears more about temperance, prohibition, etc., and less about church dogmas.

Not long since I went to a revival meeting and heard a learned minister, in descending on the beauties of Christianity, ask the question: "Where would you prefer to live; in a religious community, where all love their neighbors as themselves; where they have beautiful churches; good music; good schools; fine Sunday-schools; and no whiskey—or in a community of infidels, where whiskey, profanity, fighting and Sabbath-breaking take the place of religious services, Sabbath-schools and Bibles?"

This speech was designed to create the impression on the minds of the ignorant that those who do not accept orthodoxy are necessarily profane, drunken debauchees, and to create the further impression that, somehow, laws must be made to protect religious communities—"lovers of their neighbors as themselves." Sabbath-schools and the "service of song," against drunken, fighting, swearing infidels; and you are made to believe that you cannot by any possibility be a temperance man unless you are a Christian; that you must choose between Christianity and whiskey.

All I need say in reply to all this rhodomontade is that Rev. Talmage was with me on my last spree, and was as drunk as I was!

I have before intimated that the weakness of the church is its power! In proportion as it weakens on its doctrines it retains its hold upon the people by renouncing its doctrines. The minister who preaches the doctrines taught in the creeds nowadays preaches to empty pews. On this subject I might present numerous testimonies, but I will content myself with quoting one.

Bishop McQuaid said, in the *North American Review*:

"But when it [Protestantism] thus left the Catholic communion, it was much like a mariner going out to sea in a ship without a rudder, who, when the storm comes, casts out one bit of cargo after another, in the vain hope of saving the sea-tossed and foundering vessel. Protestantism went out to sea without Christ's appointed pilot, and has been discharging cargo ever since to escape shipwreck. Now that there is little left to throw overboard; above all wrangling and contention the cry of distress is heard that danger is imminent and distress inevitable. In all its multitudinous forms Protestantism is decaying—dying. On all sides the confession is heard, 'It comes from the review and the newspaper; from the pulpit and the platform; from friend and foe alike. Empty pews tell the story Sunday after Sunday. Churches are lavishly furnished and made costly snug, the music is fascinating and artistic, the social standing of the members is above reproach, but the favorite minister, who is most acceptable on every other score, fails to draw and fill the pews.'"

I might present hundreds of such testimonies as this. Protestantism fails to hold the public mind back from progress. When people begin the work of protesting they will not stop where Luther did. Statistics show that only three adults in a hundred go to Protestant churches in Berlin; and it is nearly as bad, or good, in Boston, New York and Chicago. Go to any Protestant church, and you will find the audience larger in the daytime than at night. People go to be seen going to church; everybody sees them when they go in the daylight. Spiritualist meetings are always more largely attended at night. These people will not see them, and they will have the honor of attending the church and get rid of the odium *theologian* that the Grundys will fasten upon them if it is generally known that they go to listen to the wonderful truths vouchsafed from the Spirit-world.

OURS IS AND SHOULD BE A SECULAR GOVERNMENT.

Art. VI. of the Constitution of the United States says:

"No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the government."

The first amendment to the Constitution says:

"Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of a religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Art. II. of the Treaty of Tripoli says:

"The Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."

George Washington, in reply to an address on religious legislation, said: "Every man who conducts himself as a good citizen is accountable alone to God for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

This is authority enough on one side of this question. Now it becomes my painful duty to warn you that a large, growing and influential religious body refuses to accept the positions and proofs just stated, and is just now making Herculean endeavors to convert the world to the other side of the question. They publish several papers, and have missionaries in the field every day, with no other object than to change the form of our Government by converting it into

A THEOCRACY.

Their leading national organ is called *The Christian Statesman*. In the issue of that paper of Oct. 2, 1884, you can read the following:

"Give all men to understand that this is a Christian nation, and, that believing without Christianity we perish; we must maintain by all means our Christian character. Inscribe this character on our Constitution. Enforce upon those who come among us the laws of Christian morality."

The above quotation shows the trend of thought among those who are determined to subvert our institutions. The sentiments any one can see are exactly the opposite of those quoted from the highest authority in the world, Rev. M. A. Gault, of Iowa, is District Secretary of this order, which is fighting to supplant our liberties with their theology. This Presbyterian divine says:

"Our remedy for all these malefic influences is to have Government set up the moral law and recognize God's authority behind it, and lay its hand on any religion that does not conform to it."

Did popery ever do more? Could England, under Queen Elizabeth, have done more against religious freedom than is proposed by this divine? While such men lead public sentiments there is danger.

Of course a few of us will not relish any such deal as the Rev. Mr. Gault proposes, but Rev. E. B. Graham, one of the vice-presidents of the association, tells us what such can do. In a speech delivered in York, Neb., May 21, 1885, he said:

"We might add, in all justice, if the opponents of the Bible do not like our Government and its Christian features, let them go to some wild, desolate land, and in the name of the Devil, and for the sake of the Devil, subdue it and set up a government of their own, on infidel and atheistic ideas, and then, if they can stand it, stay there until they die."

Now, I humbly submit that the people whom this man calls infidels and atheists, were here first, and they propose to stay and maintain their rights, though this seems unnecessary. Rev. Jonathan Edwards believes in their rights and will maintain them for them. His views of their rights would fit a pope or an emissary of Queen Elizabeth much better than they would a free-born American citizen. In a speech in New York this man said:

"What are the rights of the atheist? I would tolerate him as I would tolerate a poor lunatic; for, in my view, he is scarcely sound. So long as he does not rave, so long as he is not dangerous I would tolerate him. I would tolerate him as I would a conspirator! The atheist is a dangerous man. . . . Tolerate atheism, sir! There is nothing out of hell I would not tolerate just as soon! The atheist may live, as I have said; but God helping, the taint of his destructive creed shall not defile any of the civil institutions of this fair land! Let us repeat, atheism and Christianity are contradictory terms. They are incompatible systems. They cannot dwell together on the same continent."

These quotations are sufficient to show the spirit that animates these Christian tyrants. Now, it may be well to enquire who they are. I assure you they are men of no small calibre or influence. Many of them are men of worldwide reputation. Among the vice-presidents of this National Reform Association are Rev. Joseph Cook, President Seeley, of Amherst College; Bishop Huntington, of New York, also every leading woman of the W. C. T. U.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH OUR SCHOOLS?

Senator Blair, during his whole sensational career, tried to get laws passed taking away the liberties of the people. In a letter to the Secretary of the National Reform Association he said:

"I believe that a text-book of instruction in the principles of virtue, morality and the Christian religion, can be prepared for use in the public schools, by the joint efforts of those who represent every branch of the Christian church, both Protestant and Catholic, and also those who are not actively associated with either."

No one can misunderstand this; a United States Senator would convert our public schools into church nurseries, and a part of the necessary education of our children must be "instruction in virtue, morality and Christian religion."

Now, no one objects to children receiving instruction in the Christian religion at their own expense, or at the expense of their parents, but some of us do most decidedly object to taxing the public for teaching something which is no part of our integral education. Some of us who know the Christian religion, "both Protestant and Catholic," to be a humbug, object to having our children spending their time, strength and school hours in learning that which it has cost some of us a half a lifetime to unlearn. There is no reason why the superstitions of Protestant and Catholic Christianity

should become a part of our common school curriculum that would not apply with all its force to Buddhism or Mohammedanism.

THE CHURCH'S POLITICAL METHODS.

Politics is not in any case the cleanest thing in this country, and when the churches resort to political methods they show themselves capable of getting down to the lowest degradation of the pot-house politician. This is thoroughly illustrated in the effort now being made to force a Sunday Sabbath upon the American people. In order to accomplish this the church selected one Rev. F. W. Crofts and made him field secretary, and gave him general charge of the work. This Crofts *The Signs of the Times* convicts of misrepresentation.

This man claims to have received 14,174,744 signers "twenty-one years old and over," to the following petition:

"The undersigned, adult residents of the United States, twenty-one years of age or more, hereby earnestly petition your honorable body to pass a bill forbidding in the nation's mail and military service, and in inter-State commerce, and in the District of Columbia and the Territories, all Sunday traffic and work, except works of religion, and works of real necessity and mercy, and such private work, by those who observe another day, as will not interfere with the general rest nor the public worship."

As I before stated, this man reported that he had obtained just 14,174,744 signers to this petition. How definite! Nothing like keeping up their positions! Everybody wants to know exactly how many signers there are! The wonder is why he did not ransack the United States and get just one more signer. Forty-five, as the last fraction would be more easily remembered than forty-four! But inasmuch as the other signer could not be obtained, there is nothing like being exact, and knowing just how many signers there are!

But, supposing they did get just that number; is that any reason why the 65,000,000 of people of this country should be deprived of their liberties? No one objects to this fraction over 14,000,000 people keeping the Sabbath, if they wish to do so. The thing objected to is that 14,000,000 of Sabbath-keepers should compel 51,000,000 people who do not believe in their Sabbath to rest on their day, and then calling this a Republican government! It strikes a few of us, who believe in fair play, that majorities have some rights that even Christians should respect.

But I am here to expose an immense political church fraud in this matter. As a matter of fact, Mr. Blair himself reported, as per *Congressional Record*, that of individual petitioners there were just four hundred and seven names! "Oh, my countrymen, what a falling-off was there!"

Now the question is, how do they increase this 407 to 14,174,744? Mr. Blair was forced to tell the committee how this was done. He says:

"Representative signatures, by endorsements of bodies and meetings, 14,174,337."

Now add the actual signatures to this, providing that no one who signed this belonged to these representative bodies or meetings, and you have the number claimed.

How was this done? Easily enough. These parties went to Cardinal Gibbons and got him to sign it; and then put down immediately 7,200,000 Catholics. They went to the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, and after arguing the matter before that assembly several hours, got a bare majority to vote for it. The total number present was not over 200, but they immediately put down 218,000 signers. Over half of these Knights of Labor were Catholics, and therefore have twice signed the petition without knowing it. They next went to a meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and after a two hours' wrangle got them by a bare majority, when there were not forty votes in all, to endorse the petition, and immediately add 20,000 locomotive engineers to their list.

The National Assembly of the W. C. T. U. of course sign it; then the same persons sign it as State Assemblies; then many of them sign it again as Local Assemblies; again the most of them sign it through the Methodist General Conference or the Presbyterian Synod; for these bodies both delivered their membership over to this petition. Thus a majority, if not all of these 407 persons who personally signed this petition had been delivered over to it several times in these national, State and local assemblies.

This entirely eclipses the English showman who was heard to cry out: "This way, ladies and gentlemen. Here we exhibit the great African 'Ierna,' the most wonderful animal in the world. This animal is just 34 feet long, 17 feet from the head of the nose to the tip of the tail, and 17 feet from the tip of the tail back to the head of the nose, making just 34 feet in all."

I submit that in anything else except in Christian work this would be downright dishonesty; but it is the method pursued by those who are determined, in the name of Christ, to subvert what there is left of liberty.

CHURCH TRICKS.

To illustrate the tricks of the church I only need to relate one instance. In the winter of 1881 I spent two months in the Iowa Legislature, and became personally acquainted with nearly all its representatives and senators. One day I was in the Senate Chamber, where petitions were being read, some of them signed by hundreds of names, asking the Legislature to stop the running of trains of cars through the State on Sun-

day. The chief reason given was that the movement of Sunday trains disturbed them in their religious worship. While these petitions were being read, Senator B., a good man, "but very profane in his speech," came to me and said:

"Hull, do you know that this is the d—dest humbug out of h—? Excuse me if I am a little profane, but I've looked into this business. A petition has been read from E—, that's my home. I have examined it carefully; I know nearly every name on it. Why, bless you, they have the names of nearly every child in our three Sunday-schools on that petition. I have a granddaughter only five years old, whose name is on that as being one whose religious worship is being disturbed by the running of Sunday trains. The church is over a half mile from the railroad, and no train comes in or goes out between 8 o'clock in the morning and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Why, do you know that such d—d chicanery as that is filling the world with infidels?"

To recur once more to the petition; it represents every signer as being "twenty-one years old and over." Does any one believe that among the over 7,000,000 of Catholics there is not one less than 21 years old?

I, myself, as a Knight of Labor, was delivered over to that movement. I personally know of thousands of Knights of Labor who could not be induced, under any circumstances, to sign it. Does any one suppose—but I'll stop. The whole thing proves the managers of this movement to be dirty political tricksters.

NOTE.—On account of the great length of this discourse our reporter was compelled to leave out Mr. Hull's analysis of the Constitution of the United States, as it is, and as it must be when the religious tinkers shall have fixed it to their liking. He has the report of that part of the sermon; and if required, it may appear in a future number.

The Cause at Napa, Cal.

We have a population of over four, and less than five thousand souls, with ten distinctly different creedal organizations, the members of each claiming to know more of evangelical truth than any, or, indeed, of all the others in the aggregate.

Dr. Dean Clark came among us and endeavored to put new and inspiring wine into the old ecclesiastical bottles, but the keepers of said bottles had been admonished of the danger of such experiments 1800 years ago and consequently kept the bottles hermetically sealed.

Dr. Clark talked some weeks each Sunday night to a select few in Odd Fellows' Hall before it leaked out that men of mind were losing a grand intellectual treat by absenting themselves.

The daily papers (*Journal and Register*), with a liberally worthy of intelligent, high-minded editors, opened their columns for respectful notices and reports of his lectures, and now it is safe to say that he gets the ears of as many listeners as any one of the six or seven of the churches that claim to know it all, or assume that nothing outside of their narrow conceptions is worth knowing.

Unlike, I fear, but too many of your contributors, Dr. Clark utilizes whatever he finds in the Bible that adumbrates spiritual philosophy, accepting—

"Truth wherever found."

On Christian or on heathen ground."

Hence his teachings are not repulsive to the feelings of the great class whose birth, training and education have made them hospitable to creedal religion while abuse of their traditional privileges will drive them away from our meetings or cause them to refuse to patronize or read our newspapers. To use a backwood adage, "We can lead a horse to water, but can't compel him to drink."

And here I am reminded of "Religion a Stultifier," by a luminous writer, whose essays I usually read with great pleasure and profit; but one, published in *Siemmerland* Dec. 24, 1891, is a puzzle. Had the words superstition, bigotry or fanaticism stood in the place of "Religion" in the caption, it would have harmonized with the general tenor of the article and been indisputably true; but I cannot understand how religion in the true meaning of the word, and generally accepted as defined in Mat. 9:12 and James 1:27, can be held responsible for all the wholesale inhumanities and cruelties he charges it with, no more than I can understand the fitness or pertinency of the multifarious definitions he quotes and gives.

They remind me of the reply Baron Cuvier gave to the inquiry by the authors of their Dictionary of Natural History, whether their definition of "Crab, a fish of a red color, that walks backwards," was right. "Yes," said the great naturalist; "right with three exceptions. First, a crab is not a fish; second, it is not red; third, it does not walk backward."

Your readers can see the point. Names do not alter things.

G. B. CRANE.

A clipping from a California paper gives an account of a seance in which numerous materializations occurred, under the mediumship of Mrs. E. M. Gilman, of Los Angeles, Cal. The seance was given under strictly test conditions, including the cruel testing of the medium. Notwithstanding this, however, twenty-five forms appeared. The particulars of the seance were signed and sworn to by sixteen of those present.

Spiritualists, we desire to increase the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—not because we wish to enlarge our bank account (it is large enough already), but because we are anxious to extend our usefulness. It is true that the circulation of The Progressive Thinker is much larger than that of any other Spiritualist paper on earth, and still there is a large field unoccupied that we want to reach. Just think of the small sum required to have it visit you weekly, each number containing reading matter enough to make a book of 150 pages. Each number of the paper is worth ten times its cost, and no one can afford to be without it. A single article in it, often requiring months in preparation, is worth far more to every reader than the cost of a year's subscription. The profit on a single paper for one year is very small—next to nothing!—but with a large list of subscribers the amount in the aggregate is no insignificant item, and will enable us to do a grand missionary work. There is a large unexplored field among Spiritualists, which the Spiritualist press does not reach. The circulation of all the Spiritualist papers in this country, outside of The Progressive Thinker, does not reach 25,000, and it is a most lamentable fact. The Progressive Thinker issues weekly more than half that number, yet there are millions of Spiritualists who never think of reading a liberal paper. They can only be reached through the instrumentality of our present subscribers, by calling attention to The Progressive Thinker. Terms: \$1.00 per year; 13 weeks 25 cents.

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

[The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under impression, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mortal, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the eclat of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called Illustrations, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sunny scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and aid it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.]

ON THE INFLUENCE AND CULTIVATION OF THE FEELINGS.

The object of all man's efforts is to gain some position he covets, or to obtain the means of living better and growing richer. You behold the most prodigious undertakings and wonder how men can run such risks, and encounter such hardships. But when you reflect that all a man has is never enough, you can see the motive that prompts him. We are all governed by feelings much more than by principle; and when a subject is proposed for our consideration, we feel as though we must first see if it be worthy our regard, or whether there is anything in it. There is no limit to our desires and no end to our ambition, so that whatever appears likely to gratify or flatter our feelings, is sure of a favorable hearing; when our good nature comes into play at the sight of any one in distress, we feel sympathy, and would assist him if we could, but if we cannot assist, we can at least give him our best wishes. Indeed, we never act without a large share of our feelings coming into play, and we never think of going into any enterprise unless we feel pretty sure of success. If we stop to reason, it is only to give strength to our feelings, and if ever we ask for advice, it is in nine cases out of ten to encourage the feeling we have on the subject. When we visit a friend, it is a matter of feeling, and when we avoid an enemy, it is the same. If we go on a journey it is to gratify a feeling, and if we stay at home, it is because we do not feel disposed to travel. When we visit a place of amusement it is to gratify the feelings, and when we retire into seclusion it is because our feelings prompt us. If we go into any new venture it is from a strange and excited feeling that seeks the stimulus of a new enterprise, and when we seek to carry on a matter of which we know nothing, it is from a feeling of curiosity. Indeed, there is scarcely anything in which we engage that is not less or more related to our feelings. It is therefore of much importance that we should cultivate our feelings, and give them as much attention as we do the mental faculties.

When we see how men are influenced by feeling, we cannot but experience a profound surprise at their continued neglect. We should train them as we do the body or the mind, and teach them the limitations within which they can operate; and we should be taught that self-restraint and self-denial are the true methods of regulating the feelings, and that judgment and reason should hold the reins over these unruly members of the body.

Nothing can serve better the ends of life than to devote it to good works and just sentiments. When we see any one running recklessly into excesses of any kind, a feeling arises that we would like to advise the man, and show him the folly of his conduct, or when we see anyone giving himself up to a life of self-indulgence without any thought of the consequences, we instinctively feel like laying hold of him and dragging him into better ways. This is what the reformer would do, but there is a still better way, and that is to teach the young man to practice a little self-denial, to show him the sad consequences of dissipation before he contracts bad habits, and thus prepare him for the battle and the temptations of life.

There is one source of instruction that is entirely overlooked, and that is discipline of the spirit. Here is the grandest of all errors, for man is treated as if he had no spirit at all, and yet without its inspirations man is nothing. The spiritual nature is his highest and best gift and the least attended to. It is here that the instructor has his finest work to perform; hence where the parent has his greatest duty to exercise.

Cultivate the spirit. It is the source of life, of thought, of feeling and of aspiration. It will raise a man above the vulgar temptations of sense, and ennoble his life with its refining influence. It may be asked how this is to be done? We answer, by a strict and constant regard to the rules of spirit life. Here we have the highest form of life, but it is not necessary that you should wait till you pass away before you can experience it. You may, by proper cultivation of the spirit while on earth, reach a very high plane of spirit life. What is necessary to this end is a regard to the dictates of that inward monitor which teaches us so many useful lessons, and chides us when we do wrong. It lifts its voice in the soul and speaks of retribution for every evil action. It is heard in pitying tone when we relieve the distressed or assist the needy. It is the stern rebuker which troubles us when we speak evil of our neighbors or stand in the way of the good man to hinder him in his work of beneficence.

When we behold a man struggling with some great temptation, it utters a cry of warning, and whispers the vital energy of his

nature to resist the malign influence of passion and propensity. How often we see a man in the full tide of prosperity, flattering himself that he cannot fall from his position, and in a short time the evil hour arrives bringing disaster to his hopes, ruin to his business and despair to his heart. Is there no reason why he has fallen? Yes. There is a cause for all things, and this man, puffed up with his success, has never thought of any means of beautifying his spirit while adorning his body and decorating his home, and now when misfortune has overtaken him he flees to the intoxicating cup to relieve his sorrows.

When the spirit is properly trained it leads a man in the right way. He conducts his business upon principles of justice and an honest regard for the rights of those with whom he has transactions; and it is seldom that such a man becomes embarrassed, and even when he is unfortunate, he stands clear in his own conscience and has the respect of those who know him.

It is not by any one act that the spirit is taught, but by most every act in one's life. To live with a full conviction that you have a spirit is the first requisite, for then you will feel the necessity of giving it some thought; and every act of kindness towards your fellow-men, every thought which raises your mind to higher contemplations, every word of truth, justice, equity and charity you utter, will refine your own spirit and embellish your life with new lustre.

It is the general conduct that reacts upon the spirit. If a man is vicious in his habits, he will have a poor, debased spirit; but if, on the other hand, he leads a good, true and useful life, his spirit responds to his deeds, and mounts to higher and higher planes of being, until he shall at last be welcomed into the celestial realms of life to meet with the loved ones above and to share with them the joys of a perpetual and divine existence.

ILLUSTRATION.

When the world shall learn the fact of human influence upon the conditions of the future life, there will be a great revolution in the conduct of men. In the world of spirits there are many deplorable evidences of the misuse that has been made of earth life by those who have ignored the future and lived as if there was no hereafter. I have experienced this truth in my own case. I lived for time alone, and never thought of any other state of existence. I was not what might be called a bad man, but I was indifferent to all the obligations that rested upon me as an immortal being. In neglecting the future I did not even enjoy the present, for the reason that the latter was without those inspirations which give elevation to the thoughts and sentiments of the soul, and by this means enlarge the enjoyment of our nature, and develops all those noble sympathies that ally us to higher beings.

When I entered the spirit world it was to me not only an unknown, but a confusing scene of perplexity. I had no conception and no feelings that fitted me for my new home. I was like one just born and had to learn everything. The prospect was discouraging enough. I was a stranger in a strange land, and one of the bitterest thoughts I had was the recollection of my indifference on earth. I suffered much and long from the reflection that I had no one to blame but myself, and my lot grew worse and worse as my neglected opportunities rose up before me like the phantoms of a guilty conscience. I found no relief until informed that I would have to live my life over again in order to fill in the wants and gaps that made it so imperfect. I devoted myself to this task for many years, and gradually I emerged from the gloom and despair that surrounded me, and am now comparatively happy; but it will be long before I can make up for the loss incurred by my disbelief, and rendered almost hopeless by a life of utter and exclusive selfishness.

I have sought an opportunity to send back word and warning to those mortals who, like myself, lived for the day of earth alone, and I would implore them by all the sacred ties of humanity to change before it is too late—to live for others as well as for themselves—and to deal justly with all men, giving to each a kind word or deed as occasion requires, and not to forget that they are the children of the same Father, who is God over all.

Oh! Who Will Rock the Cradle?

"Oh! who will rock the cradle when The women go out voting?" Is the old saw we daily hear The average men all quoting. And this, the answer I would give, While warm the question waxes, The one who did the rocking when The women paid their taxes.

Rock the cradle, keep it up, Rock the public's baby; Mother is for equal rights, Father also—maybe.

When women leave their families For charitable working; Who chides them for their waste of time, Or household duties shirking? 'Trough they should spend a week or more At fairs or supper tables, Do anxious men rise up and ask, "Oh! who doth rock the cradles?"

Rock the cradle, etc.

He most condemns the suffragists, And for excuse is looking, Whose wife goes out to earn their bread, By sewing, washing, cooking. She toils, while he gets drunk and votes, And seeks the gambling table— While they're both gone, I wonder who Stays home to rock the cradle?

Rock the cradle, etc.

The hand that rocks the cradle when The women, dressed so gaily, Go out to luncheons, clubs and balls, Or some amusement daily; Or when their studies they pursue, Or bend o'er artist's palette, Or draw or play—can rock again When women cast their ballot.

Rock the cradle, etc.

—Amaranta Martin.

PSYCHOMETRY.

A Critical Review of Its Value.

The spiritual gifts are many. Each gift has a general and special value. These values differ in their separate expressions. For instance, clairaudience has a delightful special value, and only a very indifferent general one. The gift of tongues has great general and little special value. For great value in all directions Psychometry is the gift pre-eminent. It is most used by the world at large. It will yet do away with the three professions of theology, medicine and law. It will trace all false theology to its source, and expose it; it will disclose and explain the destroying effect of drugs; and will make the law such a farce as to reduce it to common sense justice, and make it a system generally adopted through the natural love of right doing.

Every successful business man is a psychometrist, unconsciously; but it is this gift which enables him to feel characteristics; a good salesman could not be such without it. This expression is one of its most material phases.

Psychometry is soul-measuring, and a peculiarity of it is that the psychometer cannot psychometrize, fully, another soul that is greater than his own. Hence a public psychometer should not only have a great soul, but it should be developed in many directions. There is a limit to its powers of endurance. Like every other faculty the psychometric must have rest. Psychometry is partly physiological; thus the psychometer should enjoy the possession of good physical health. In the perfect expression of psychometry the soul and body are so clearly interblended that we cannot draw a line between them. The psychic senses correspond to seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting. The aspirations, ambitions, hopes, fears; loves, hates, etc., are all of the soul and are purely psychic. Enlightened psychometry is a mental attitude, a listening, a feeling for "the still, small voice." Everything has a record; the history of ore is complete from the first molten state, and the developed psychometer can trace such record. All mediums are more or less psychometers, though a psychometer may not necessarily be a medium. The perfect psychometer never fails to sense truth from falsehood. All persons do not feel in psychometry alike, each one feels the sensation according to his peculiar nature, and then he learns to interpret it. When psychometry is universally developed no one will dare be dishonest. The education of the psychometric faculty opens up a new world to see much where others see little. We do not really know anything until we either see or express it. The psychometer may be assisted by outside influences, and then he does not know how much is psychometry and how much is mediumship.

Psychometers may succeed in a single direction, with limited development, but to work for the public they should be highly and widely unfolded in knowledge and experience. As many are finding it profitable to consult successful psychometers, and as such like to know whom they can rely on, allow me here to add that I have had an extended experience with Prof. A. B. Severance, of 195 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and am prepared to state that, as a successful Psychometer, he has no superior. His health is perfect, he has a comprehensive soul, his general knowledge and experience are up to the highest degrees of the science of evolution, and his regular practice as a public Psychometer extends over twenty-five years. In the social, domestic, business and professional departments of life he psychometrizes accurately. He also foretells the future. A knowledge of Psychometry develops the whole man.

E. W. BALDWIN.

A Chinese Infant Evolved.

TO THE EDITOR:—A Chicago paper says that there was never a more surprised and dumfounded man in Philadelphia than a certain well-known merchant, whose wife presented him a short time ago with a little Chinese baby. "My —!" he exclaimed, when the nurse deposited the new-born infant in his arms, "where did you get this?" "It is yours," emphatically declared the nurse. The bewildered man gave one affrighted glance at his baby's queer little pigeon-eyes, high cheek bones and bald pate with dark shadowy tuft at the crown, and nearly fainted away. He tried to persuade himself that he was the victim of some horrible nightmare, but the evidence of his sense was too convincing. He flew to his wife's bedside to find her also in a most distressed state of mind over the advent of the miniature Ah Sin. "It is all due to that wretched Sunday-school class of yours," he could not help meaning. For a long time his wife has been a zealous teacher in one of the local Sunday-schools, and has been endeavoring to instill the gospel into the benighted minds of a class of Chinese. Her labors among them had so impressed their features upon her mind as to produce the disastrous result. Whether or not she will now give up her interesting class is a matter unannounced. Verily, nature is somewhat whimsical and freakish.

WHAT NEXT?

A Voice from Massachusetts.

TO THE EDITOR:—I received two copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I am more than pleased with it, it is so full of good meat. I wish I could afford to have it a weekly visitor in many homes that do not now receive it. My paper each week is almost in shreds, because I clip out so much for my scrap-book, for this is a good way to preserve these different articles, as they will all bear reading many times. I trust your subscription list will increase to many thousands during 1892.

J. O. LUNT.

Roxbury, Mass.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Music Hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast.

There are a great many interesting and truthful narratives on record and in the memory of the living, touching the power of music on men and other animals. A very remarkable circumstance occurred at the Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., on the evening of the day upon which Fort Sumpter was fired upon by rebel artillery. I have the facts from the parties to the scene and reproduce them for the benefit of your readers. I wrote it up some years ago for a country newspaper. To what extent it was copied into other papers I do not know. But "a good story is always worth telling more than once." That the following is a good story all your numerous readers will bear testimony, I have no doubt.

The city of Washington was crowded with strangers and citizens at the time mentioned in the recital. It was a day of great mental trepidation; the "Star of the West" had been fired into by rebel guns and the air was full of "war and rumors of war." When the news was flashed athwart the political sky that the "dogs of war" had actually been let loose, the people of the nation, North and South, for the moment held their breath for mortal terror. This was especially true at the capital of the nation. Probably the most silent day that was ever known in the great "city of magnificent distances" was the day and evening on which the fact was made known by telegraph that Fort Sumpter had fallen and was then in the possession of rebels against the flag of our nation. Seemingly, every man in Washington was afraid of every other man, and casual acquaintances only spoke to each other on the streets in bated breath; for no one scarcely seemed to know where his neighbor stood on the question of union or disunion. Every one, foreigner, stranger, citizen, did not know but what the man whom he addressed might be on the side opposite to himself, and that on the favorable mention of this side or that, he might find himself thrust through with a dagger. So there was silence in Washington, longer than there was in heaven, when a woman appeared there.

The parlors, offices, corridors, and stairways of the Willard Hotel were crowded by people in breathless expectation that something was about to happen. Strong men trembled and were pale with fear; delicate women were filled with terror and ready to swoon from fright. Men walked to and fro, or sat and looked into each other's faces, vainly striving to read the thoughts that struggled within. Thus the evening wore away. Half-past ten came and the silence was oppressive. Some one proposed that "we have some music." But every one's harp was seemingly hanged upon the willows. Who could "sing the old songs," "the Lord's song in a strange land," under such circumstances? And the silence grew more profound and more oppressive. But finally a move was made—a stir—and all eyes and ears were intent.

My personal friends, Colonel Daniels and his bride, were on their wedding tour and reached Washington the day before and were guests at the Willard Hotel. It will be remembered that Colonel Daniels was the geological surveyor of the State of Wisconsin at that time. The lady whom he had just married was a magnificent singer, as well as a pianist. She was escorted to the piano—a grand square, of rich, mellow tone. She took her seat at the instrument and her fingers wandered aimlessly for a moment over the keyboard, while she pondered in mind, "What shall I sing?" Ah! that was a question. For a moment her head swam; she grew dizzy, under a powerful influence that she did not know or understand. She and her husband were members of the Baptist church. In a moment the dazed feeling passed off and in a voice, clear, rich, melodious and ringing she sang, as she only could sing, "The Star Spangled Banner."

When she finished the first verse she modestly requested that friends should join her in the chorus. At first there were about a half-dozen voices, in feeble tone and half-suppressed breath, joined in the grand chorus: "The star spangled banner, O, long may it wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Mrs. Daniels sang the second verse, and on reaching the chorus a few more faint voices joined in singing it, and so on, the number of singers increasing in almost arithmetical proportion, till when the last verse was reached a full chorus rang out the glad song; and a clearer applause greeted the fair soloist. As it died away some one present "moved that the lady be requested to sing it again," and a good round of applause seconded the motion. She sang it again, and the numbers on the chorus increased with every verse, and when the end of the hymn was reached a second time, hundreds of voices made the chorus ring, and great applause followed. As it ceased, a gentleman clad in military uniform, tall and stately, arose and made a formal request that the "lady sing that song again!" This gentleman was General Winfield Scott, the General of the United States army and navy. Deafening applause followed this request from General Scott, and when silence was restored, my friend, with a divine inspiration, sang the hymn again and as never before. The chorus was sung by hundreds of voices in the hotel, and it was estimated that five hundred voices on the street joined in the chorus.

The next morning President Lincoln sent Mrs. Daniels an autograph note thanking her for the valuable service she had rendered the nation by her singing the night before.

When I last saw my friends, Col. and Mrs. Daniels at their home in Washington, she had the note from Mr. Lincoln and cherished it as a most valuable souvenir.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE RAPS.

They Give an Important Message.

TO THE EDITOR:—We are moving along in the even tenor of our way here in spite of all we have to contend with. Mrs. Lull has been speaking for us Sunday evenings and giving good satisfaction. Mr. Donovan is still here taking spirit pictures, and getting slate-writing under the most absolute test conditions. Circles are being held every night in different parts of the city, at which rappings and table-tippings are obtained, with the promise of better manifestations in the near future. We have now two more mediums in whose presence spirit pictures are taken: W. T. Smith and J. E. Rife, both of whom are old settlers here, and whose word would be taken anywhere and upon any subject, and no one who knows them would think of charging either of them with fraud. They simply go into a gallery and place a hand upon the camera while an exposure is made, and the result is from one to three distinct pictures beside the sitter, and nearly all of them are recognized as his friends. These pictures bother the outsiders, and they try to account for them upon some other theory than that of spirits present, but so far have failed.

There has lately come to light here one of the most remarkable tests through table-tipping that I ever heard of. C. F. Nesley, the son of a Methodist preacher, and now city editor of the *Daily Beacon*, and his family, consisting of his wife, two little girls, and his wife's mother, by calling over the alphabet, got a communication from W. G. Meredith, Mrs. Nesley's father, who died in the army in 1864, directing them to write so and so to Mrs. Rosa Carpenter, of Columbus, Ohio, whose husband was a brother of Mrs. Nesley's mother, and they would get some letters, papers and other things which would be of value to them, which had been delivered to Timothy Carpenter in 1856, and about which they had never heard. Timothy Carpenter dictated a letter to his widow about the matter, which I have been permitted to copy here, as follows:

"SPIRIT LAND.

"DEAR ROSA:—Get the papers out of the green box in the closet, and send them to the girls at Wichita. Get Hayden (a former partner of Meredith) to give you the key. The papers are tied with a blue cord and marked W. G. Meredith, Louisiana, Md., U. S. A. You will be glad to help them get their rights. Get the letter that Meredith wrote on the back of Ellen's (Mrs. Nesley's mother) about Sept., 1856. This letter proves his identity; or get Truman (Mrs. Meredith's brother) to attend to it. He will know the circumstance about the time I mention. Rosa, I love you yet.

"Your husband,

"TIMOTHY CARPENTER."

Mrs. Nesley also got the following from the same spirit: "In the chest at Columbus are some papers you must get to prove your right to that money. They are tied with a blue cord. Get them without fail. They are in the closet off my room upstairs, back of the front room. Your father gave them to me. He gave them to me on a boat, the War Eagle, between St. Louis and Louisiana, Mo. He was afraid he would lose them. They will prove his birth. I forgot them until I met him here. T. C."

Timothy Carpenter died in 1884. These things had never been heard of by any of Nesley's family until they got these communications as above stated. They wrote as directed, and Rosa Carpenter at once sent the package by express, without opening or knowing what it contained. When received here it contained the letters and papers referred to, a silk handkerchief, and a gold watch, which had not been seen or heard of since 1856, and which used to belong to Mrs. Meredith's father.

Now, all these things are true, and perhaps some of the opponents of Spiritualism can account for them upon some other theory than that of spirit communications. These people were not Spiritualists before, but are now.

Wichita, Kansas. S. M. TUCKER.

It Is the Best Paper.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am working like a beaver for your paper and the good cause, for I think it is the best paper I ever saw for the money; indeed, every issue is a mine of wealth to the thinking, liberty-loving people who have the pleasure of reading its inspired pages.

DR. ENSIGN.

A Spirit Photograph.

Mrs. S. McElhany, writing to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, gives two remarkable instances of spirit power. In the first: Six persons, having thoroughly cleaned a large plate of glass, sat for the development of a spirit photograph. In a short time there came upon the glass a picture of a spirited horse and rider. This was followed by a person in a skiff on water, and bodies in and out of the water. Then succeeded a steamboat at full speed. All seemed part of one scene, and recalled the drowning of a cousin and six men by a steamboat accident.

The other incident which the writer gives is one where she was out riding, and was told in a distinct voice not to turn upon a certain street. Disobeying the injunction because she thought she knew her own business best, she just escaped with her life from a runaway team attached to a load of wood. She concludes by saying: "I then and there made a solemn promise that I would pay heed to spiritual advice hereafter."

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.

Mariar In Heaven.

The p'ason's ben p'echin' 'bout heaven
To us who're outen the fold,
'Bout gates made of jasper and pearl,
And streets paved with nuggets of gold:
Says the folks there are saints, or else angels,
Some playin' on harps with gold strings—
(I allow it's a sort of accomp'tment)—
To tunes which the rest of 'em sings.

And I wonder and think of Mariar,
Who left me a year ago May,
How she tackled to all them fine fixin's—
For she didn't set much by display,
She was humble and shy like a livin',
As any with who I'm acquaint;
I reckon she don't feel to hum yet
When she talks with an angel or saint.

When she looks at the amethyst fences
And walks on the streets paved with gold,
Don't you s'pose there are times when she longs
For the lane in which me and her strolled?
The old grassy lane through the medder,
And the stile where my comin' she'd wait—
Don't you think she'd as lief have the stile there
As the beautifullest pearly-hinged gate?

And the pond on the farm by the willers,
Where she used to pick cat-tails and flowers,
Ruther have than the big crystal ocean?
'Cause she did love this old farm of ours.
Set me thinkin' in this way this mornin',
When I looked at her pansies and roses,
And I couldn't help wishin' her with me,
'Stead of stayin' up there 'long 'ith Moses.

As far me, it's lonesome 'thout 'er—
So solemn-like 'round the old place,
That I'm longin' to die and go to her,
Tho' I reckon I'm lacking of grace.
But if I should be sent down to—'t'other,
And could sit down 'ith her by the fire—
Why! what could be nicer in heaven
Than sittin' 'longside of Mariar?

'Taint orthodox, this way of talkin',
Ses the pastor to me 't'other day,
And he fetched me to his way o' thinkin',
Which wuz jest like Mariar's old way.
So I'm tryin' to live jest as she did—
Go to meetin' as she used ter do—
And her spirit hangs 'round me and whispers:
"Josiah, I guess you'll pull through."
—Mather D. Kimball.

IMPORTANT!

TO THE MOUNT PLEASANT PARK STOCK COMPANY
AND MEMBERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION:

As secretary of the above-named corporation, and being instructed by them to secure the signatures of two-thirds of the stockholders of said stock company to the agreement made August 19th, 1891, which provides for a consolidation of the two corporations, and that a *Trust Deed* of the grounds of Mt. Pleasant Park shall be given to the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, it becomes our duty to report that more than the requisite number of names having been obtained, the proper officers of said stock company have caused such deed to be executed and the grounds of the Park are now the lawful property of the Association. This perpetuates the grounds for all time for educational and scientific, as well as for camp-meeting purposes; as they cannot possibly be diverted to any other use, neither can they be disposed of in any manner whatever, but must forever remain the property of the Association. This insures the success of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, and the friends who have been waiting to have this matter settled before coming forward with their donations and bequests for a school or college, and for the improvement of the Park, can now be assured that their money will be used economically and for the purposes designed by the donors. The hotel which failed to materialize last season for the want of financial aid, is a pressing necessity, and it is hoped the friends will take hold of the project this season and see that the building is ready by the opening of the camp in August next. That the settlement of past difficulties will give Mount Pleasant Park an impetus for growth which it never had before, is already indicated by the fact that the Superintendent has no less than seven applications for building lots the present season, and no doubt there will be more to follow. Now let the friends of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association give a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together, and make this Park what it can be made—second to none in the land.

Arrangements are being made to hold the semi-annual meeting in Dubuque, notice of which will appear later. WILL C. HODGE.

Secretary.

The Cause in San Bernardino, Cal.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists' Society of San Bernardino held its annual meeting for the election of officers, at Liberal Hall, on Saturday, Jan. 30th, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Ella Wilson Marchant; Vice-President, Elizabeth Keller (daughter of William Heap, the deceased President of the Society); Secretary, N. H. Barton (the former incumbent); and Treasurer, Joseph Marchant.

We hope to be able to do good work for the cause of Spiritualism during the coming year, and to rally our forces, which have been considerably scattered for some years past; and we respectfully invite speakers and mediums who may visit Southern California to give us a call. We cannot make any glowing promises concerning financial remuneration, but we offer them a free hall, and the collections, for their work.

A Hearty Shake.

Give Judge Rosecrans a hearty shake for me, and keep his good words in print forever.

L. M. BALDWIN.

He Is a Good Judge.

Will C. Hodge, secretary of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is superb in every respect, and long may it wave."

Russell Sage's income is \$15 a minute and the additional day of leap year enables him to rake down \$21,600. Russell may take a day off, but that income keeps right on doing business without slipping a cog or dropping a stitch.



OUR COUNTRY IS SAFE SO LONG AS OUR FLAG
FLOATS OVER THE CROSS.

IMPRESSIVE STATISTICS.

They Speak in Thunder Tones and Show the Corruption in the Romish Church.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your editorial, "Gist of the Matter," in the issue of February 6th, you say: "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 was upon divorce." In substantiation of the above, I offer the following: The Rev. Seymour has recently published some statistics which bring to light the awful and almost incredible immorality of popish countries, one of the natural and necessary consequences of priestly celibacy, which seems to have assisted in depraving the morals of a large portion of the community, and lowered the standard of female virtue, as compared with other countries, by at least 40 to 50 per cent. The following table will show the comparative percentage of illegitimate births in England and the principal Romish countries in Europe:

Place.	Births in Year.	Legitimate Births.	Illegitimate Births.	Per cent of Illeg.
London,	78,300	75,097	3,203	4 per cent
Paris,	29,628	19,921	9,707	33 1/2 "
Brussels,	5,281	3,448	1,833	35 "
Munich,	3,464	1,762	1,702	48 "
Vienna,	19,241	8,881	10,360	52 "
Rome,	4,373			

Foundlings exposed in one year in Rome, 3,190, nearly three-fourths, or 73 per cent of the births.

Thus does Rome maintain her pre-eminence over all the world! Seventy-three per cent of the births in the "Eternal" city of the Seven Hills, the city of the "Holy" pope and his sacred cardinals, illegitimate!

Well might one of its ex-priests designate the Papal Church as "the spawn of hell and the cesspool of iniquity." And it is the duty of every lover of mental and physical liberty to be on their guard against the encroachments of this monster. Laws should be enacted permitting official inquiry and investigation of those barred and bolted female prison pens, convents and nunneries, monasteries and "academies for young ladies," of confession boxes and parish schools, and turn their rottenness inside out. EMANUEL.

At First.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All overborn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,
I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break;
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring beauty streaked with red,
Will all suffice. No other where
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of me aware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.
—Ananda T. Jones in the Century.

Organization.

TO THE EDITOR:—I fully agree with Bro. J. H. Randall in regard to organization, that "it is a scientific and demonstrable fact that the organized forces and forms in nature, as the rule, absorb, control and direct those that are unorganized; it is also demonstrable that institutions of human origin absorb, control and direct humanity; that men and women join old institutions founded on error, because the crowd already appears to be in them, and they do not know what else to do to express their social natures. Let Spiritualists hold up their heads and be counted; associate to do good. Let us build something better than the world has yet had, in the way of an institution to educate and bring comfort to suffering humanity."

To which an oppressed and priest-ridden people should at once say "amen!" If Mr. Randall will stop off at this little city of 5,000 he will find a few Spiritualists among "the common people," who will gladly listen to the "Word." The latch-string is out, Bro. Randall. C. H. MATTHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

The Apparition in the Elevator.

The well-known author, Eugene Field, in the *Chicago News* publishes the following story, which, by fully endorsing, he virtually gives his adherence to Spiritualism:

"Some years ago a young man came to Chicago from Germany. His father had cut him off from his annuity. He lived in the same house where I lived. He finally obtained a place in one of the big grain elevators here. I do not know what the place was, except that he had something to do on the top floor, away up under the roof. Several men were employed with him in the same place. One day while he was dusting he suddenly stopped and asked his assistants who that nicely-dressed old man was that was standing back there by the shaft. Strangers are never allowed in these big elevators, and to see one there well dressed was enough to excite comment. His companions looked in the direction indicated, and said they saw no one. He insisted, and when they laughed at him, he went to the place where he saw the figure standing. On his approach it vanished.

"The young man fainted. He recovered, and then asked his companions to make a note of the occurrence, the date and the time of day. He said the figure he saw was that of his father. In twelve days he received a letter from the old country telling him of his father's death. The date and time agreed with the date and time of the occurrence I have described. The letter informed him that his father had forgiven him and remembered him in his will. He returned to the fatherland, got his portion of the estate, and is living there now. You may say what you please, but I have never felt like scoffing from the time I heard this story. The spirit of that boy's father appeared to him on the top floor of that elevator."

A Move in the Right Direction.

The *Chesaning Argus*, edited by Mr. Willis Miller, has a Spiritualist department, in which the most salient features of the great movement are discussed. The public demands the news in this direction, and the paper that gives it is sure of patronage. Mr. Miller is an able and fearless man, and the department is ably conducted. He speaks as follows of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER:

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

A Good Medium at Springfield, Mass.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would like to call the attention of the many readers of your paper to the vast amount of missionary work accomplished by one home medium. I have had much experience with Dr. G. W. Frost, 71 Adams St., Springfield, Mass. He has just returned from a call to lecture and hold circles in Essex, Conn., where he accomplished some wonderful conversions. He is a trance speaker of a high order; also gives tests. Some of his controls are very amusing, as several young men who have slept with him, one on each side, can testify. Articles at a distance of several yards from the bed were thrown on to it; hands slapped them on the face and shoulders, and caught them by the ankles. Powerful raps around the room were heard, and shadowy forms and lights were seen, etc. One time they thought they would stop the fun by getting up and opening the door to let in the light, when they were confronted by the form of a tall and powerful Indian who seemed to be laughing at them. Societies in want of a good medium to give a thorough stirring up generally, should employ Mr. Frost.

H. W.

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

It is in this unkind manner that Kate Field pays her compliments to the brute man: "My old friend Harriet Hosmer claims to have discovered perpetual motion, and will next be squaring the circle. I'm glad of it, for we women are accused of never inventing or discovering anything, just as though we didn't discover more in men than ever existed and invent more lies to soothe their amour propre than even the father of them—I mean the Father of Lies, of course."

A Little Too Sweeping!

"I am of the opinion that not a Spiritualist supports any church, I care not what the denomination, but that does so because of the hope of ministering to his worldly instead of spiritual welfare."—Juliette H. Severance, M. D.

What strange compounds we are! How limited the mental vision of the most advanced students of moral philosophy. How little we know of each other in this world of sense blindness. How prone we are to estimate all men by the bias of our own mental habits? How we mistake each other's motives, and misjudge the springs of moral action that underlie these wonderful psychic machines. How differently the same environments impress each individual and bring out widely divergent results from apparently similar sources. How varied the emotions awakened in two kindred souls listening at the same moment to the same strains of music! True, we may infer general causes from common effects; but if we judge the motives of all men by what we know of a few, and assign the same cause to all apparently similar results, we are quite sure to do injustice. "It is so much easier to float with the current than to row up stream" for some. But do we not all do that which to us is easiest at all times? I suspect it would be the hardest rowing that Dr. Severance ever did in her life to "float with the current." It all depends upon the innate tendencies of the individual when acted upon by the totality of influences that evoke expression; and in every case we move in the line of the least resistance. I have never supported any church, but I like to attend them when there is something to be learned; and I know some gospel ministers whose sermons are quite as instructive and entertaining as the average platform speaking; and many progressive clergymen are doing as much to educate and spiritualize the people as most of our itinerant lecturers are.

It seems to me inconsistent with a generous liberalism to ignore the works of all Christians because we differ from their faith and methods. I have never been conscious of any effort to "cater to popular opinions," nor felt any disposition to compromise my convictions; but I have for many years realized that I may hold some opinions that I shall have to revise, and possibly accept some things that I rejected in my early apostasy; and some men in the church may hold some ideas and have some truths from which I can learn. I am not supposing that the "Query" was intended to apply to me; but I can imagine a situation in which I might support a liberal church for no other object than for mental and spiritual improvement. Hence I see no reason why others may not; and I think I know some who do. Of course we have many "advanced, highly-gifted spiritual lecturers." But very few localities are favored with their gifts in any regularity. One month may provide such mental food—where there is a society to secure it—and the next month something else takes the place, in which a portion, if not a majority, of those who appreciate philosophy and spiritual science take no interest. Then they must seek mental pabulum elsewhere, or go without. I have in mind a physician who has been interested in Spiritualism for thirty years—though still doubting—who supports the Unitarian Church, because there his intellect is fed. He has repeatedly offered to support the spiritual meetings as liberally as the best of them, if they would furnish speaking suited to his need. But he has no interest in the surface phenomena or mental pugilism. Spiritualism is not "in opposition to popular sentiment," and if the Spiritualists who direct its outward development so will and act as to present it to the public in its best light and in orderly persistence, they can command the respect of the world, and lead all other denominations in their recognized social influence. "Let us be honest and loyal to truth," and recognize virtue wherever found, "on Christian or on heathen ground."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Carry Wealth to Heaven.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Who does not feel great satisfaction when contemplating this prospect? Who would not do this if they only knew how? Most of our loved ones who have already passed onward, naturally have a longing desire, and never fail to remind us, when they can, of the important work of securing substantial riches by delightful memories over there. They all exhort us to so live that there may be no regrets, when they welcome us with open arms, as we vacate the worn-out body. They also urge attention to the message of Bishop Haven and others, so much in accord with the Sermon on the Mount. We are told that the Bishop, Jesus and others are joining forces to awaken the world, by bringing immortality to light, for which so many have given their lives to secure, and the question is, who will co-operate with them? The Bishop says on page 37: "The distribution of my pamphlet is stirring many souls. It will yet revolutionize the world and settle the question of a future life." To this end, the stereotype plates from which the Haven message is printed, will be freely given to any one who may be able to circulate it everywhere. The time is ripe for the work to commence, and it is hoped there will be no delay in corresponding with the undersigned. If some, however, are inclined to begin the agitation, and will take pleasure in helping others to advance civilization by making the conditions required for the millennial era to be ushered in, let them embrace this opportunity.

S. M. BALDWIN.

1202 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Gen. L. W. Colby, who commanded the Nebraska State troops, and who found an infant strapped to the back of a dead squaw on the battlefield of Wounded Knee, in December, 1890, is raising the child—now a pretty little girl of 18 months—as one of his own. Though regularly adopted by him, she has an Indian name, signifying "Lost Bird."

Shall We Have a Representation at the World's Fair?

TO THE EDITOR:—I am much pleased to see the interest manifested throughout this country in the cause of Spiritualism, and especially with the suggestions of John Brown, of Providence, R. I., whose idea of erecting a hotel to be conducted on the American and European plans combined, during the World's Fair at Chicago, is certainly a good one, and worthy of the consideration of all Spiritualists. So many have suggested the idea of some means for representing the growth and progress of Spiritualism since its advent into this country, and an exhibit of literature devoted to its philosophy and phenomena; but as the great Columbian Exposition is not intended for the promulgation of any particular belief, religious or otherwise, there are grave doubts in the mind of many as to the propriety of such an undertaking. I see no good reason why such an enterprise as the one spoken of by the brother from Rhode Island could not be successfully carried out. I would suggest that the building be suitably arranged with reading rooms, where all the various Spiritualistic publications, both of this and of foreign countries could be kept. There should be a conservatory, well-equipped seance-rooms, and ample halls for lectures, balls and other entertainments.

Spiritualists could thus find a pleasant and congenial home during their visit to the great fair. It is claimed by some authorities that there are 9,000,000 Spiritualists in this country alone; among that number perhaps there are many who cannot afford to assist in this enterprise; yet among that number we surely have 1,000,000 who will give fifty cents each, and we can have at once the \$500,000 necessary to conduct the enterprise, that certainly would be patronized by the majority of Spiritualists coming to the city, as well as investigators, and others, who, finding the accommodations ample, could have no cause to seek elsewhere for quarters. Spiritualists of America, now is the time to work. Do not wait, but let us at once take such steps as will secure to us, a progressive people, a monument of enduring fame, and at the same time bestow an appreciative favor upon the many who will find a pleasant home with us during their visit to the city of cities.

Who will be next to help start the ball rolling? We must at once to go work if we desire to accomplish anything in this direction.

Have no fears about the Spiritualists of Chicago; they will do their part, for in Bro. Francis, the editor of the best Spiritualist paper in this country, we have a noble ally and an efficient worker, who, I am sure, will do all in his power to assist in such a laudable undertaking. J. H. GUTHRIE.
Chicago, Ill.

World's Fair Sunday Closing.

There will be a mass meeting at Central Music Hall, on Saturday evening, February 27th, to protest against closing the World's Fair on Sunday.

The meeting will be held under the auspices of the American Secular Union. All who are in favor of an open fair are invited to attend.

Our government is founded upon the principle of the liberty of the individual. Let those who wish to attend the fair on Sunday, be free to go. Why should they be compelled to stay away, in order to conform to the religious scruples of others?

All societies and individuals who wish to take part in the demonstration, will please communicate with our Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, 402 W. Madison Street, who will aid in making the necessary arrangements.

Tickets for seats will be free, but the seats will be reserved only until 8:15 o'clock, after which time they will be open to the occupancy of the general public.

Those wishing seats will apply at the office of Dr. Greer, Room 5, 128 LaSalle Street.

Eminent speakers have been secured, and their names will be announced hereafter.

The exercises will be enlivened, also, by a variety of excellent music. C. B. WAITE,
President of American Secular Union.

Mediums' Order of Beneficence.

TO THE EDITOR:—Once more we would appeal to the hearts of the people through the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Again we announce that another auxiliary to the Mediums' Order of Beneficence has flung its banner to the breeze. A few more souls have awakened to the fact that mediums need looking after in a substantial way, and have so demonstrated by joining the ranks and clasping hands with those who know the needs of sensitives. This time Quincy bears the palm, an auxiliary which bids fair to flourish, because composed of strong and daring elements, such as are needed to pull against the tide of public opinion.

Our appeal is simply this, to again call your attention to the coming event, the second convention of mediums under the auspices of this Beneficent Order, which will be held here February 26, 27 and 28, in Red Men's Hall, where we expect to meet many of our co-workers. Being centrally located, we are easy of access, and those who avail themselves of this opportunity will find a cordial welcome awaiting them, whether known to us personally or otherwise, for do we not often find our nearest kindred among strangers so-called.

Haverhill, Mass.

WIN.

Judge Wheeler of the United States Circuit Court in New York, having been called upon for a decision as to whether corsets are to be scheduled as clothing or mechanical contrivances, has written an opinion in which, with becoming modesty, he says: "I think they are clothing. I am not, however, very confident about it." This isn't the kind of judicial ruling that stays are usually granted upon.

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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 send and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER thirteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER thirteen weeks, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the letter 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 to 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 20, 1892.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

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

VERY SUGGESTIVE.

Another Leaf from History.

The Moors in 711 became masters of a greater part of Spain. They were a mixed people, made up largely of Arabs, with additions from the various countries bordering the Mediterranean on the south, most of whom entertained the Moslem faith. The resident Jews, who had been oppressed under Christian rule, naturally welcomed the change of masters, seeing in the new order of things the prospect of protection. The various conflicting elements seem to have arranged themselves in provinces, the Christians occupying the northern, and the Mohammedans the more fertile regions in the south. Of course, discord and strife were prevalent for centuries between antagonistic religions and frequent change of rulers. In 1212 was fought one of the most sanguinary battles, in which the followers of Mohammed lost 100,000 killed and 50,000 prisoners.

When Isabella came to the throne of Castile and Aragon, in 1474, Granada was filled with populous cities engaged in the arts of peace. The ruins remaining of her cities and impregnable fortresses, show the greatness of these people; while their learning, literature and advancement in the arts, reflected on Europe, survive to our times. Indeed, we are indebted to them for the preservation of whatever remains to us of ancient learning. With the iconoclastic spirit in which the libraries of the world were destroyed by Christians, it is questionable if anything would have survived but the indestructible monuments, had it not been for the preservative hands of Jews and Mohammedans. Ingenious and inventive, they originated much that has been universally adopted. To them we are indebted for the first manufacture of paper, which made the printing press possible. And from them came gunpowder. Astronomy, philosophy and mathematics received their greatest impetus from these Moors. And it was they, in their Arabian homes, in search for the elixir of life, and for the philosopher's stone, who paved the way for modern chemistry. While Christian Europe was sunk in medieval barbarism, and the feudal lords and their clansmen sallied from their castles for plunder and women, leaving desolation and death in their path, these Moors were laying the foundations of our present civilization.

The city of Granada, the capital, was situated on two hills and intervening valley. A fortress crowned one hill, and the palace of Alhambra the other, magnificent in size and architecture, with musical fountains, perfumed gardens, gay and gorgeously-dressed attendants, which made the whole an edison. Every part of the city was filled with lofty structures and graceful colonnades. The plain was luxuriant with vineyards, citron and orange groves that ever blossomed. The river through the valley flowed in a thousand artificial channels, to water the verdure. Mountain peaks covered with snow rose along the frontiers of the Mediterranean which washed their base.

And the people: When Ferdinand and Isabella demanded tribute from them, said their ruler: "Tell your sov-

ereigns the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute to the Catholic crown are all dead. Our mint, at present, coins nothing but blades of scimiters and heads of lances."

Then the demon of war was unleashed. The Pope came to the aid of Isabella, and issued a "bull of crusade," which granted indulgences to all who should take up arms against the infidels. The Inquisition, under the good Torquemada, since sainted, engaged in its bloodiest work. At first the Moors were victorious, and the Castilians were routed and defeated; but they were finally overwhelmed by superior numbers, and though warring to perpetuate a nation tolerating conflicting religions they went down in blood, and the banner of the cross floated in triumph where for seven centuries had waved the crescent.

To meet the immense cost of carrying on this war of conquest and slaughter, Isabella pawned her crown jewels, plate, and personal ornaments, to which were added the treasures of the convents and monasteries which were thrown open to her. It was on this occasion, not to assist Columbus in his voyage of discovery, that the Queen pawned her jewels; though it is stated she expressed a willingness to thus aid the explorer if necessary.

Full of interest as is this forming period of later events, very reluctantly we pass them, to notice the outcome of this terrible tragedy in the history of nations. Ferdinand and Isabella entered the conquered city of Malaga, which had made such stern resistance, whose inhabitants were compelled to subsist on horses, dogs, cats, and boiled leaves, and only surrendered when pestilence added its loathsome horrors. Mass was celebrated by the victors, and thanks were given to the God of armies for enabling them to establish the Catholic faith in the land of the infidels. *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted, while the dungeons of Castile and Aragon were overflowing with victims of the Inquisition, else were suffering its tortures.

Finally the hated Moor was everywhere defeated. The terrified inhabitants were conducted into the spacious courtyard of the Alcazaba to hear their doom. A multitude of most beautiful Moorish maidens, educated and refined, were turned over to Isabella, to serve as slaves to her highness and her friends. The crescent had been the emblem of their faith, and they had no rights the followers of the cross should respect. Worn out with toil, watching and fasting, pale and trembling, these thousands of survivors listened to the decree of perpetual slavery from their victorious masters. "Daughters clung to their mothers," says the historian, "children in vain supplicated the protection of their fathers, family ties were disregarded, some were sent to the burning coast of Africa, some to the beautiful plains of Italy, while the noblest and fairest were selected to embellish the palaces of Spain."

This leaf from history would be incomplete, should we fail to mention that Ximenes succeeded the long-since-sainted Torquemada in the Holy Office of Inquisitor General. With his residence at Granada, he collected all the volumes of Moslem and classical literature he could find, to the number of eighty thousand volumes—reserving only a few medical books for his own shelves—and consigned the remainder to the flames in the public square. Even Isabella remonstrated against his excesses; but he is venerated as a saint, it being said of him: "His triumphs were greater than Isabella's, for she only conquered the soil, while Ximenes saved the souls of Granada."

Four hundred years of eventful history have passed since those bloody times. But for the historian who wrote in the interest of the church, and who apologized for her crimes, the turbid waters of Lethe would have borne all into the gulf of Oblivion, where conqueror and conquered would have disappeared forever. The effects of those terrible cruelties survive the ages, and are stamped upon our own times. Even the religious dogmas of that age of wrong and violence are perpetuated, and its spirit would revive those cruelties, and bathe the world again in blood, if clothed with sufficient power.

We own to the want of faith in the goodness of any creed which in its beginnings has been guilty of such barbarities on humanity. The mother church, and all her brood, while professing a love of God, and a desire to save souls, have ever shown they had no interest in the owners of such souls, save as they ministered to their aggrandizement.

G. W. BROWN, M. D.
Rockford, Ill., Feb. 17, '92.

Criticism Anthony Comstock.

A telegram from Milwaukee exposes one of the momentous frauds of modern times. Under a late date it says:

"C. N. Caspar, the antiquarian bookstore man, charged with sending obscene literature through the mails, went before Judge Jenkins, of the Federal Court, and pleaded guilty. His attorney asked for clemency on the ground that Caspar had sold the goods only under the most strict inspection of the character of his customers and without the knowledge of his clerks—every precaution having been taken to prevent the works falling into the hands of the young—and that he was ignorant of the enormity of his offense before the law. The case was brought upon the evidence of Anthony Comstock, who, under an assumed name, and from a small village in Vermont, had been able to induce the defendant to mail him some of the objectionable matter. Judge Jenkins not only exercised executive clemency, but took occasion to severely criticize Comstock. Before imposing the lightest fine possible, which was promptly paid, the Judge said:

"There are some offenses worse than the circulation of obscene literature. One of them is the practice of fraud and lying, of which Anthony Comstock has apparently been guilty. Mr. Comstock may be able to reconcile his conduct with the laws of God and of humanity, but this court cannot do so."

The Popular Science Monthly.

Dr. Andrew D. White will open the March Popular Science Monthly with a chapter on Astronomy in his Warfare of Science series. The strenuous exertions made by both the Catholic and the Protestant clergy to suppress the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo are set forth in this article with such strong evidence as to admit of no denial or shifting of responsibility. Everybody should have that number. It will be worth its weight in gold. Terms, single number, 50 cents; \$5 per year. Address, D. Appleton & Co., 5 Bond St., New York.

A Voice from the Mailing Department.

From all quarters come evidences that for some reason the Jesuits at the present time are forcing the fight all along the line. They are splendidly equipped with money and means. They understand how to handle the currents of thought and they are doing it. Whatever force Christian Scientists, Mental Healers, or others, awakened to their power for doing good to their fellows can do, the members of the Society of Jesus can do for selfish ends. That they are proficients in Black Magic, goes without saying. They never cease for a single hour to plot and plan for power and place. Where they dare not use the bludgeon, lest the blood spatter and betray them, they use the Italian stiletto and the internal bleeding gives no testimony against them.

Since the publication of Hudson Tuttle's story, we are annoyed by reports of papers being missed by our subscribers. A lady writes us from Massachusetts: "Please send me No. 110 which I did not receive, and No. 113 which I received, but with the story torn out. I don't know what it means, but it had been taken out of the wrapper. I think we must have a Roman Catholic in our post-office." This is a sample of letters coming almost daily. We use the utmost care in the preparation of our mailing list, which is in charge of an accurate, thoroughly-trustworthy, and painstaking lady. The mailing is in the hands of a business firm of long-standing and orderly methods. We know Uncle Sam does the best he can for us at this end of the route. But at the 8,000 "other ends," with numerous Jesuitical appointments, we cannot say, only that they will do anything for "the Church" to forward the interests of their masters. When our friends have trouble about their papers, will they take the trouble to find out how near their post-office is to the clutches of the Pope. Another thing: We don't care how blindly you write your letters to us, we can read almost any writing—even if we have to stand on our head to do it; but when you come to the signature and the address, write it PLAIN, so that every letter can be read without guessing. We can't guess out a man's name, when there is nothing in the context to tell whether it is Moses or Moore.

Incompatibles.

The derivation of the above term signifies: "That which cannot be allowed together." In chemistry, incompatibles are those substances which cannot co-exist, as salts, or other substances, which cannot be united in solution without decomposition; but the term is not limited to the domain of physics. It applies to conditions that cannot be harmoniously joined, as good and evil, which are in direct antagonism. Intelligence and ignorance are incompatibles, because they cannot be adjusted to each other in accordance with some uniform standard. Our common-school system and Catholicism are incompatibles, because each would destroy the other. Does the reader ask proof as to the correctness of the last proposition? Here we have it, in a recent telegram:

DETROIT, Feb. 3.—A unique service was held in some of the old Catholic churches here to day. It was the celebration of Saint Baise's day, a service that has been maintained among many of the Roman Catholics for centuries. The tradition is that a young girl who was choking to death on a fishbone was miraculously healed by St. Baise. Since that time persons affected with any throat troubles have looked upon the saint as their special patron, and many have reported cures. Owing to the prevalence of grip, the services were well attended, and many sought relief for their throat troubles. In the morning candles were blessed and formed in a cross. They were then applied to the throats of the sufferers, a special prayer for their recovery being made at the same time. Similar services were held in Montreal, and other Canadian cities.

Every schoolboy ten years of age, properly taught in the public schools, would know that the exhibition of all the saints in the Catholic calendar could not overcome any of the forces of nature; that fishbones entangled in the fissures of the throat cannot be removed by faith alone; that the curative powers of relics are tools of priests to enslave the people, and rob them of their wealth; that candles in the form of a cross are inert substances; and that special prayers are special methods to rob the credulous.

In that telegram alone we have the notice for establishing parochial schools, where the catechism and the names of saints and their wondrous doings play an important part in education.

A Genuine Haunted House.

TO THE EDITOR:—On Monday of the present week, I visited the residence of the Christian Smoker, near Berlin, Marshall Co., an Omish farmer whose house and premises have been the scene of some very remarkable psychic manifestations, covering a period of some four months. It began by ghostly apparitions presenting themselves to the two children, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve, and asking in a plain, natural voice for something to eat. These spirits were sometimes accompanied by an animal somewhat resembling a cat, but very much larger. Some two hundred cans of fruit stored in the cellar have from time to time been opened, and after a portion has been removed, the balance has been left to spoil. This occurred just the same when the cellar was carefully locked and the key hidden. A cupboard in the kitchen was cut and hacked up badly, the knobs sawed off and pulled out, and all sorts of capers cut up with various articles about the house, being piled up in a promiscuous heap as fast as they could be re-arranged by the family. One of the apparitions which has occasionally made its appearance resembled the usual form attributed to his Satanic Majesty, and the chains could be distinctly heard clanking as he moved about. The family have been terribly annoyed by these performances and greatly desire a cessation of the same, but are powerless to effect a discontinuance.

DR. A. Q. BROWN.
Plymouth, Ind.

Transition of Lena Bible.

At a meeting of the officers and trustees of the First Liberal Spiritualist Society of Williamsport, Pa., the following resolutions were accepted as the expression of the whole:

Whereas, The Angel of Death has drawn the veil between the spirit of Lena Bible and this, our mundane world and its work, be it

Resolved, That we as a new and struggling society most deeply feel the loss to the cause produced by the transition of our able and efficient co-worker and leader, and ask the sympathy of all to whom these words may come;

Resolved, That we, as friends and admirers of the departed, to whom we had become much attached, during her short stay with us, feel a sense of personal loss in her removal from this our present and visible sphere of usefulness;

Resolved, That we, to whom the loss is as nothing, compared to that sustained by the devoted mother, whose every earthly hope was centered in her daughter, and her work, do hereby extend to her our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy;

Resolved, That we desire to express to her and to the world our appreciation of the fact that Lena Bible passed to a higher life, a martyr to a noble, but too great effort for her frail body to endure, to extend the higher education to suffering humanity;

Resolved, That we ask the earnest sympathy of every progressive soul for the dear mother, ourselves as a society, and the cause, which has lost to its visible work so faithful and able a teacher and representative.

LYDIA R. CHASE, Sec'y.

Quarterly Meeting at Breedsville, Mich.

This meeting, held Feb. 6 and 7, was pronounced a success.

The music alone was sufficient to make anything a success. The local choir favored us all day and evening, Sunday, and they are exceptionally fine. There was a serious disappointment felt in consequence of the absence of Mrs. Woodruff and Mrs. Wisner, both of whom are much depended upon for the mental supplies and spiritual quickenings and the balm of social sympathy. But the President, W. R. Sirrine, imparted a lively energy and social tonic, sweet and tangible to all. Bro. E. L. Warner added helpful words and social cheer. An old man whose name I did not get spoke with much feeling and enthusiasm affectional emotion. Bro. Burdick was handy with lively wit and practical suggestions. Sisters Warner and Sirrine and Nesbitt and Sheffer added their spiritual pearls. The storm beat the outer walls and the winds moaned ominously; but within social cheer, intellectual scintillations, spiritual outpourings and harmonious fraternity made perpetual summer fresh and sweet with immortal bloom. Strangers met for the first time and the touch of lives welded new links in the eternal chain of unity. It was a time of growth; new impetus given to old facts and feelings; new purposes springing from old needs and new revelations crowning the glory of the past. It has come and gone, but lives on in the souls that shared the benedictions.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

J. O. Barrett.

This old-time lecturer and author in the ranks of Spiritualism has become an authority on the subject of forestry, which at this almost too late day is calling public attention. He is the Secretary of the Minnesota State Forestry Association, and actively engaged in the project of a grand reservation of 9,000 square miles, proposed by that State, as a National Park, for the purpose of controlling the river flow. He is thoroughly capable, and one who makes Spiritualism inwrought in his life. He is a grand man.

An Auspicious Day.

It will be a glorious day for Catholics when under the blows of justice and morality our school system shall be shivered to pieces.—*Catholic Freeman*.

Yes, when ignorance becomes rampant, Gods of paste can be thrust down the throats of the believers at the will of the priest; while the credulous shall give up his earnings to save some loved friend from purgatorial fires. The Inquisition will then commence its reformatory labors again; but the worthy Jesuit will be in his glory then. Auspicious day, indeed, when intelligence shall give place to ignorance, when superstition directs the Car of State, when scientific knowledge shall be suppressed in the interests of the church.

A Religious Parliament.

It is proposed to hold a congress of all Christian denominations in this city during the World's Exposition. It is to embrace all shades of religious thought; the object, to advance the common cause. To all who contemplate attendance upon this great collection of churchmen, we commend a careful perusal of Volney's "Ruins." The learned author gives a vivid picture of a general assembly of nations, convened to harmonize all creeds. It is certainly a realistic presentation of what will occur if the Chicago convention shall materialize. There the presiding genius closed with:

"O, nations, let us banish all tyranny and all discord; let us form one society, one great family; and, since human nature has but one constitution, let there be one law, that of nature—but one code, that of reason—but one throne, that of justice—but one altar, that of union."

All applauded. Ten thousand benedictions announced the transports of the multitude. They made the earth re-echo, "Justice, Equality, Union!"

The author continues: "Different emotions soon succeeded; soon the doctors and the chiefs of nations, exciting a spirit of dispute, there was heard a sullen murmur, which grew louder and spreading from group to group became a vast disorder; and each nation, setting up exclusive pretensions, claimed a preference for its own code and opinion."

Substitute the word church where nation appears, then follow the author to the conclusion, and the reader has the outcome of the proposed Chicago assemblage.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done, are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

E. F. Slocum informs us that Mrs. Elsie Reynolds has been holding materializing seances at his house, 409 Randolph street, and given excellent satisfaction, several spirits materializing while she was in full view. She is now holding seances at 560 W. Lake street.

Mr. Archer, the materializing medium, is now located at 223 Washington Boulevard, where he will hold materializing seances.

Dr. Willis's lectures are received with applause before the First Society of Spiritualists. He will remain this month. Mrs. Orvis will entertain the people there next month.

We have a note from G. R. Bennett. He commences by saying: "As sure as my soul liveth I have fallen in love with your PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I must confess that the testimony given by those agnostics who, like myself, have refused to drink what appeared to us to be wild witchery by magic or magnetic influences, is no more stranger than some of my own dreams." He says he saw the messenger, with a peculiar coat and hat, bringing a message of his mother's last illness, three days before the event happened. He in the same manner saw his wife distinctly, several days before he met her for the first time. He was also warned of his mother's illness, she being in Kansas and he in Michigan. All these events of personal knowledge and general testimony are too much for Mr. Bennett's infidel ideas; he is obliged to acknowledge the life beyond the grave.

Thos. Lees, of Cleveland, O., writes: "Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Chicago, filled a highly successful engagement in Cleveland, O., the last four Sundays of January, at Memorial Hall, under the auspices of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum. The subjects treated were as follows: 'Spiritualism: What It Has Done, and What It Will Do'; 'The Needs of the Hour'; 'Is Marriage a Failure?'; 'Disease, and the True Healing Art.' All of the themes were ably handled, and drew forth many questions from the audience. The Doctor made many friends while here, and a very pleasant reception was tendered her by the Lyceum at the residence of Thos. and Tillie Lees. Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, the well-known inspirational medium and improvisatrice, will conduct the exercises at Memorial Hall during the Sunday evenings of this month, and also take part in one or two entertainments. It is some years since this gifted speaker was here, and all are on the *qui vive* to see and hear this prepossessing and wonderful medium."

Dr. C. T. H. Benton, trance inspirational speaker, can be addressed for future engagements at 412 Eaton street, Peoria, Ill. Will also attend funerals.

Matthew Clark, of this city, writes us of the meetings at National Parlors, on Lake street, and also of some successful tests given under the mediumship of Mrs. DeWolf. He closes by saying that these meetings, scattered all over our city, are doing a great deal of good for the cause.

Geo. M. Eaton, writing from Cleveland, O., to renew his yearly subscription, tells us some wonderful things which happened under the mediumship of Mrs. Elsie Moss, of New York. In addition to the usual materialization and dematerialization, Mr. E. says: "We also have been sitting in the parlor talking, eight or ten of us, the medium not in a trance, and spirits have materialized and dematerialized, and talked and were recognized."

From a correspondent, J. W. B., at Providence, R. I., who adds his word to the universal testimony that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is an A No. 1 Spiritual paper, we have this explanation of a vivid dream: "That it was sometimes an impression on the brain, made by an unseen force, and the voices heard on such occasions are some intelligence or spirit speaking to him." This theory was confirmed by the guide of Marguerite St. Omer, who declared that the invisible are constantly influencing the sick to come and be healed by the healing forces thrown from the spirit side of life. Our correspondent gives an incident where the same medium sent a prescription to a child she had never seen, who had been given up by the doctors. The girl was healed, and the father, who had been a bitter opponent of Spiritualism, became thereafter an ardent supporter of the faith delivered to those who are wise enough to perceive.

W. Swandell writes: "As I have seen nothing lately regarding Mount Pleasant Camp Ground, which is located at Chesterfield, Ind., and thinking that some of your many readers would like to know how the work of improvement is progressing, I would say that there have been many changes since the meeting closed last summer, by clearing up, setting out evergreens and young, native forest trees, marking the lines of streets, and platting and staking lots. Improvement in the way of building is going to commence in a few days, on Mrs. Colby Luther's two-story cottage. We are looking forward to the coming meeting with great expectations, and have reason to believe it will be a grand success. With beautiful grounds, commodious buildings, and such noble, generous souls as Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Westfield and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bronnenberg at the helm, there is no such thing as fail. There are quite a number anticipating erecting cottages on the camp grounds this season. To those I would respectfully say that if they will send their specifications and drawings, I will give them the lowest estimate of cost of their building. I wish your grand, noble paper a greater success in the future than it has had in the past."

I. N. Richardson, Secretary, writes: "The Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists and Liberals, Delphos, Kansas, would like to correspond with good, reliable test mediums, and also speakers, for securing service of same for the coming camp meeting in August. Also request the address of Mrs. Mott Knight."

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull writes: "I addressed good audiences in Elgin, Ill., on the 24th and 31st ult. The Spiritual Society, though so recently organized, is doing a good work, and is most thoroughly in earnest in its effort to promote the cause of Spiritualism. Mrs. Richmond delivered a discourse on Spiritualism, on the evening of the 29th ult., in the Universalist church, under the auspices of the Spiritual Society; although the time for advertising the meeting was short, she was greeted by a good audience, and all were interested. I am solicited to return at an early date, to make a month's engagement if possible. G. H. Brooks set the ball to rolling in Elgin a few months ago, and I trust the good work will go on. Mr. Hull and myself commence our united labors for the Spiritual Society in this city the first Sunday of this month. Mrs. Orvis won golden opinions during her ministrations last month, and made a host of friends. Our address during the present month will be 932 Garrison Ave., St. Louis, Mo."

G. M. Stanley, of Jackson, Mich., writes: "Since the commencement of our spiritual meetings, which occurred less than a year ago, we have grown from a few of the faithful to a very fair audience of interested investigators; generally, we depend on home talent, but on last Sunday we were fortunately favored by an inspirational treat through the mediumship of Miss A. E. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, Mich., who is rapidly becoming prominent as an instrument through whom the denizens of Spirit-life can in a very clear and concise way give expression to the gems of advanced thought with which our philosophy so abounds. The subject chosen by her guides was handled in such a manner as to hold the audience spellbound throughout. We hope to have her with us again in the near future."

S. D. Forbes, writing from Wilmington, Del., suggests that it might increase the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to reprint 100,000 copies of Mrs. Richmond's discourse, printed in the issue of Jan. 23, 1892. We would be glad to put that number of such an excellent paper in the hands of our subscribers and their friends, but we have never tried to swindle the Government by inclosing circulars in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and don't intend to. So the only way will be to send for that issue of the paper as long as it lasts.

W. E. Tobey, writing from Little Rock, Ark., complains that in a city of 40,000 souls there are no sensitives of any description, and the strictest orthodox interpretations of heaven and hell have full sway over the minds of the residents. He refers to the article appearing in our columns explaining why THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER had moved to 40 Loomis street, and suggests, as there are centers of positive force, favorable to psychic development, there would necessarily be other centers, in which negative force would predominate. It cannot be possible that there is no one in Little Rock who can respond to the call of the invisibles, or thrill to the touch and vibration of the unseen currents. But although the place may be barren of spiritual unfolding, still there is a chance of changing the outer conditions by strong, earnest thought and action. Do not be discouraged, brother, but work on earnestly, and you will certainly receive your reward in the growth of spirit perception.

Mr. C. E. Winans, medium, is at Marshalltown, Iowa, and arrangements may be made there for private sittings, slate-writing, and seats for materializing seances, upon application to John D. Vail.

We are in receipt of a kind letter from Mrs. Marian K. LaRausier, of San Jose, Cal., in which she describes her first visit to a materializing seance, given by Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, of San Francisco. The force present was very strong, and during the three hours that the medium was entranced, about sixty different forms appeared, all of whom were recognized by some one or other of the sixteen persons present. The manifestations commenced as soon as the medium was seated in the simple cabinet—a cloth stretched across one corner of the room. One form commenced materializing in the upper part of the room, and finished as she flew down.

Prof. W. H. Chaney is an astrologer of note, and is well-posted in all things that pertain to the progress of the age. The following note from him explains itself: "I am married again, and permanently located at 1220 Lexington St."

Mrs. M. A. Clayton writes from Albany, N. Y.: "Miss Lizzie Emer, of Portsmouth, N. H., is the speaker for our Spiritual Alliance this month. She lectured last Sunday to fine audiences, and gave entire satisfaction. Her method of giving tests is quite novel, unlike the ordinary—and one comes in rapport with the medium and our spirit friends with a naturalness which is very pleasing and satisfactory. She is a woman of culture and refinement, and highly spiritual, and we congratulate ourselves as being highly favored in securing her services for the present month. We have local talent, which at times we find convenient to utilize; also a fine and well-disciplined choir, which adds so much in making our meetings the success they are."

Mrs. Geo. W. Sherwood, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "Although I am not an active member of the Spiritual Society in this city, nevertheless I take a deep interest in its welfare, and I can truly say that I appreciate the action of the Society in employing as a speaker for the month of January the talented young medium, Oscar H. Edgerly. I feel it a pleasure as well as a duty, not only to the gifted medium, but to the public in general, to write and let you know how well pleased we are with the work of his guides. He is without doubt one of the best trance speakers now on the platform, and as a circle medium he is surpassed by none with whom it has been my privilege to meet. I feel he is destined to do a great work in the cause."

H. A. McGindley, holding the responsible position of Grand Secretary of the National Council of the Knights and Ladies of the Orient, a fraternal and patriotic order, has been doing some good work for the cause of Spiritualism in Chicago. He has just finished an engagement of five weeks for the National Association of Spiritualists at 681 West Lake St., and will make appointments to lecture at any point in Illinois, Indiana, or Michigan. He can be addressed at 19 S. Ann street, this city. He is an ardent worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

Bro. T. J. Cooke, Vice-President of the Spiritualist Society at Indianapolis, writes us of the successful course of lectures just concluded there by Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson. They were all of power and unanswerable logic, and must result in much good to the cause. At the end of the closing lecture unanimous vote of thanks was tendered by the large audience present.

W. H. Hays, of Minneapolis, Minn., sends us a large list of subscribers and writes: "I have been reading occasionally a stray copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am more than pleased with it. Its columns are replete with matter which is not only interesting and instructive, but calculated to lead us upward and upward in the search for truth. May the angels help to speed on the good work."

Dr. Lyman, who gave us an able essay in "The Essenes," writes: "The article in 'The Secret of the Essenes,' was published in No. 115 of your paper, with a remarkable freedom from typical errors. But please find the true name of the German writer mentioned in the first paragraph of column five of the essay. The name in full was A. J. Groener. The name for English readers can be pronounced as if written Frehrer, omitting the G. He was a professor, of Stuttgart, in Germany, and published a work in 1838, in seven octavo volumes, entitled *Urchristenthum*, [or, primitive Christianity], which is a perfect compendium of Jewish theology, as it took shape in the 300 years preceding the preaching of Jesus, and is the main source of Christian theology, except in its doctrines about Jesus. The work was largely used by Alger in his most elaborate work on the 'History of the Doctrine of Immortality,' a very valuable work on the history of opinion on that subject, though Alger had no eye-witness for the facts touching spiritual phenomena occurring all about him and right under his nose. Groener's work has never been translated. But Christianity, in its original form, can never be understood if Jewish opinion at the coming of Jesus be not first comprehended."

A letter from J. H. Lohmeyer, Secretary of the First Church of Spiritualists, of Pittsburgh, Pa., informs us of the close of a most successful engagement of Mrs. Carrie E. D. Tving, of Westfield, N. K. Houses crowded to overflowing, and a general satisfaction with the truths unfolded through the inspiration of this gifted woman, have marked her work, and that of Ichabod, her control, through the whole time. She leaves behind her many warm friends, and the kindest wishes for continued prosperity in her labors for the uplifting of humanity.

We are in receipt of a long communication from Vicksburg, Mich., in defense of Harry Archer. We have given all sides a hearing. Mr. Archer has been fully sustained by his friends in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Any additional testimony would be but multiplying of words without effect on him. For the present the argument is closed, and the case submitted to the jury of intelligent American citizens who attend his seances.

We have an interesting account of Mr. Riley's mediumship from Coloma, Mich. Bro. Shimer, our informant, visited at Mr. R.'s residence. The cabinet used was simply a bedroom with a curtain drawn across the door. The slate-writing was very pronounced and convincing. Nine full forms appeared and made themselves known. Some of them in full light and others with it lowered. A number of Mr. Shimer's friends and relatives made themselves perfectly recognizable. Levitations of body and furniture were accomplished, but these primary manifestations faded away before the materialized forms in all their fullness and strength. We cannot refrain from quoting a postscript of the letter: "While there I was informed that a short time before sixteen persons visited Mr. Riley; after staying four days with him they gave him the sum of one dollar. The English language in all its copiousness fails of words to describe the abject meanness of such penuriousness. All we can say is, in the words of the old preacher, 'God bless their stingy souls.'"

We have a long letter from Mrs. S. S. Lutes, Aspen, Col., giving a detailed account of the growth in Spirit-life of her daughter May. We wish we could publish it in full, but we can only give a synopsis. The young lady passed to Spirit-life about the middle of last August. Before the body had been laid away, the bright freed spirit controlled a medium, giving directions for her own funeral. She desired light and whiteness in all the emblems and surroundings. She had been taken to Denver in an effort to restore her failing health. After being freed from the earthly tenement, she soon, in the invisible, found her way to Aspen, and has been in constant communication with her friends there ever since, and has even had power to materialize partially.

Lyman C. Howe, after finishing a successful engagement at Grand Rapids, Mich., went East. His permanent address is Fredonia, N. Y.

Creative Energy Never Rests.

Prof. David Swing, in his sermon at Central Music Hall, this city, on the 7th inst., has the ring of modern thought. We make a brief extract from his published utterances:

"The old notion that God made creation in six days, as we measure time, must be abandoned. God had no need to work as a common laborer on the eight-hour plan. It is a misfortune of our race that man seeks to believe the Creator as something like the created. It is a narrow view that pictures God as a being like a man. The prophets of old who urged their people to cry out for God—as if God were asleep—are like some modern Christians who hunt for God as if He were in some one place. It is difficult to conceive of a spirit without giving it a material association or a material covering. If we could do so, and understand spirit in its high, pure form, then we could comprehend God."

"The six days of creation mentioned in Genesis are eternity. The world is being made now. It is still under the care of the mind from which it came."

Cheap Divorce.

Now comes a telegram from Saginaw, Mich., that Joseph Brooks, in Spaulding township, sold his wife for fifty cents, forty of which were paid down, by a farmer near by. Possession was given at once, and the low-priced woman is now living with her new husband. Cheap divorce, cheap marriage. All parties were probably cheated.



SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

WOMAN THE EQUAL OF MAN.

Now, my friends, it seems to me that the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights that I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That's my doctrine. You are married; try to make the woman you love happy; try to make the man you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake, and so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so; and you can't be happy cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is the "boss." "That fellow in the dugout used that word 'boss' that was one of his favorite expressions; that he was 'boss.' Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song and saying: 'Now here, let's settle who's boss.' I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—a man who is 'boss,' and who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks let all the rest of them be still, some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth—do you know I hate this man unspcakably; and a cross man I hate above all things. What right has he to murder the sunshine of the day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to feel the light there is in the house; if it is in the night it will burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. It is just as well to go home a ray of sunshine as an old, sour, cross curmudgeon, who thinks he is the head of the family. Wise men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the Fifth Ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at eight cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon a man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them may be sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and taking care of them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two—she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this great gentleman—the head of the family. I don't like him a bit!

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth \$500,000 or \$1,000,000 in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine.

LITTLE CHILDREN AS SLAVES.

Now, if women have been slaves, what shall we say of little children? The children are just one shade worse off than the women. Most people have an idea about bringing up children, instead of letting them grow. You furnish a climate in the house, and the children will grow beautiful; but you must furnish the climate. In your house must be the climate of kindness, of honesty, of justice and generosity; and just as long as that climate exists those children will grow free and fair and beautiful. I have pity for the children—the children of the poor, the children of the rich, the children of the gutter and of the palace, the children of the criminal classes—and the still more criminal classes. I have sympathy with them all, because they have no liberty. If you want your children to tell the truth, you must stop lying to them. Over in Michigan I heard a story about a little boy at Grand Rapids. His father and mother had often promised to take him out riding, but they always evaded him. One day he caught them just as they were driving away, and he said to the nurse who had brought him to the door: "There goes the two worst liars in Grand Rapids." I do not believe children can be made honest through fear. There is no reforming power in fear. You may scare a man so badly that he won't do a certain thing, but I will take my oath you can't frighten him to that degree that he won't want to do it, and as long as he wants to there is no reformation. There is no reforming power in brutality. Children will grow only in the climate of kindness, in the climate of goodness. Give them a chance to be honest. If your child tells a lie, tell him you have told lots of them, and you have found out it is a bad policy. Don't pretend to be a saint, because after a while your child will see through your robes. Let us be perfectly free and frank with each other. Tell your boy: "You have never done anything worse than I have done, and probably never will." When your child commits a wrong take it in your arms, let it feel your heart beat against its heart, and let the child know that you really, and truly, and sincerely love it.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF SUNDAY.

In the old times Sunday was too good a day for a child to be happy in. That is what the gentleman in the dugout thought. He said: "You ought on Sunday to give your entire mind to the goodness of God in so arranging matters that nearly everybody is to be eternally damned. You ought to go and hear a sermon of that kind preached, and call it recreation. If you work all the week in the dust and the heat, and wish to be built up so that you shall be strong

enough for another week, go and thank God that you are still out of hell." In those old days they believed in the doctrine: "Be miserable Sunday. Don't walk out. Stay at home. Go to church if you go anywhere. Be sad. Wear the longest possible face. If there is a beautiful picture, don't look at it. If there is any music, don't hear it. If there are any flowers, don't be tainted with their perfume. Think of hell. Think about corpses, and shrouds, and epitaphs, and worms, and graves, and the worm that never dies. Improve your minds. And if there happens to be a fair in your neighborhood, especially if it is a World's Fair, don't go near it Sunday." They would say: "What shall it profit a man to look upon the landscapes of a great artist; these beautiful, tender, pathetic things? What shall it profit a man to see the work of Rembrandt, that Shakespeare of painting? What shall it profit a man to look upon the great marbles of the world—that marble of Venus de Milo, so perfect that it cannot be marred even by mutilation—the grandest tribute that genius has ever paid to woman: what shall it profit a man to gaze upon those works of genius? What shall it profit a man to have his family carried aloft by all this beauty, to see all these things and then lose his own soul? Do you think that God can calmly contemplate a workingman enjoying himself Sunday? I tell you no. Let him stay at home in a tenement house or let him go to church. Let him there learn that his chances are ninety-nine in a hundred of faring worse in the next world than he has in this." Call that recreation!

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In this city we are going to have the greatest fair ever witnessed by mortal men. A fair worthy of Chicago—that is saying enough; a fair that will represent not only your progressive spirit, your great attainments, but there is to be a fair here worthy of the great Republic. And I want that fair open to every human being that comes. I want it open every day in the week. I want it open Sunday. I have no objection to everybody going to church who wishes to, but I do not wish them to go to church for the same reason that the man had who went home about 4 o'clock in the morning. His wife said to him: "John, what makes you come home this time of night?" He says: "Mary, to be honest with you, every other place is shut up." I want every man to enjoy himself in the best way he can without interfering with the enjoyment of his neighbor. If Mr. Smith wants to go to hear Mr. Brown preach, what harm is it if Jones at the same time is looking at some glorious work of art? How does it hurt Brown? I say that any man who says that another shall not visit such a place Sunday is simply a monument of impudence. He lives 200 years after he should have been dead. He should go back to the days of the Inquisition. Now, another thing: It is just as bad to go to the Fair Sunday as to want to go: See? Because if you are imprisoned at home and think entirely about the Fair, how does that help the Lord? There is no day too good to be happy. There is no day too good for enjoyment. Yet when I was a boy most people thought Sunday was too good for a child; and when everything else looked out, when the fleecy clouds floated in the sky, and when, maybe, some bird sitting on a blossoming tree was singing and the songs of joy were tangled in its tiny throat, some little child would be leaning against a tree, and was supposed to be thinking about the worm that never died.

Commemoration of a Mother's Birthday to Spirit-Life.

Four years ago to-day, dear mother Sara Schwab passed to Spirit-life at the ripe age of 80 years. Owing to an inherited sound physical organization, and remarkable activity, she maintained a mental brightness to the last hour of her earth-career. For several days previous to her demise she became debilitated, and fearing a near dissolution, I was called to her bedside on Jan. 22, 1888, at 2 o'clock A. M., when she addressed me as follows:

"I have just been informed that at 12 o'clock to-day I have to leave you. To meet my loved ones in the other world is a happy thought, and if it is true what you have often pictured to me about the beauties of the next sphere of existence, I will promise to come back and tell you." Precisely when the clock sounded the first stroke of 12 her spirit fled without an apparent facial contortion, leaving a smile around her lips. This evening my wife and myself attended a materialization seance at Mrs. Moss's rooms, 260 Scoville avenue. Both of us had been entire strangers to the medium; we even had no introduction before the seance commenced. About twenty persons were present, and nearly every one perceived and recognized materialized spirit visitors. Finally the medium's control called me to the curtain to give strength to a spirit who wished to put on a form for recognition. Responding cheerfully, I observed a materialized hand, about two feet from the floor, endeavoring to part the curtain. I pushed it aside, took hold of a small, bony hand, which gradually rose higher until the entire form became visible. To my astonishment I at once recognized the small statue (about five feet high) of mother, a toothless-looking face (while the medium is a very stout lady, weighing about 200 lbs.), and looking at me she exclaimed in the German language and peculiar dialect: "Where is Eva?" asking my wife to come, who also recognized her mother's natural features. The materialized form embraced and kissed us both, and we sobbing for joy, mother said in a whispering tone: "Oh! what a glory to be again united and not dead. May God bless you, my dear children." Finishing the sentence, the form dematerialized slowly, and I still holding the small, bony fingers until they were slipping out of my hand.

Cheerfully I herewith report these facts, witnessed by about twenty respectable and intelligent persons, and would like to predict that the time will come when my Jewish co-religionists will transform "Jahrzeit" into a feast of joy. CLEVELAND, O. LEWIS J. KOHN.

Mrs. Dr. Parker writes: "The Spiritualist work is going on here in Kansas City. Mrs. Orvis has commenced another month's engagement, and every one is glad to see her back again. We have been asked many questions by friends regarding the Magi, and I am glad to have the paper to present to them, as it answers all they want to know. We are doing very well indeed."

HYPNOTIC INFLUENCES.

The Peculiarity of Their Action.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Psychic Research Society, as published in No. 106, brought up the subject of self-psychology, by relating that O. M. Kamsone unconsciously murdered his wife while asleep. Every neighborhood nearly has its historic somnambulists, who get up in their sleep and proceed to perform most astonishing things: Such as passing dangerous places; suspending themselves hanging to the eaves of high buildings; performing house or farm work; solving intricate problems; completing wonderful inventions, and carrying on an intelligent conversation, etc., which is beyond the courage or power to perform in waking hours.

Not ten blocks from my home there resides a well-known young lady, who goes from her bed in sleep to the street at night, barefoot, in her nightgown only, and like a ghost haunts and converses with any acquaintance passing. I have a friend who, a few nights since, while asleep, cried out: "Heave her up; boys!" at the same instant he seized his wife and dashed her to the floor with great force. He dreamed he was moving a ponderous weight.

Not long since I dreamed of defending a person against a vicious negro. I seized my wife and aimed a terrible blow at her head. She escaped injury only by the intervention of the bedding. Her cries awoke me in the act of repeating the charge with clenched fist, and a savage hold on her person.

Psychic research societies are always giving us phenomena, but seldom an unbiased logical deduction or opinion the plain man can comprehend. Such societies have generally fallen back behind diplomas, and declared that these things are the result of a disordered brain, and that such, or any other spirit manifestation, are either mind-reading, hypnotism or psychic force; but they don't seem to make it plain what either is. I think this one, however, struck a keynote in the right chord. It starts with the proposition that we are spirits, embodied in flesh; that the spirit or soul within it is the propelling, willing or psychic force. The real man which moves us about, even in our waking hours, sometimes landing against our design on some unexpected spot, or causes us to perform things we least expected to do.

The very logical conclusion is that this same force may control the body and direct its action all the more forcibly while in that most passive condition of sound sleep. Sleep, I presume to declare, is a hypnotic operation performed by nature. She sometimes silences in sweet repose both the mind and body. What a boon to health! The living spirit within sets to work to cleanse the body and bring it forth fresh and new in the morning, lightening our burdens and brightening our hopes. But does it appear that our spirit within does any of this? Why not? If the mind, or our volition, can move the body about in sleep, it can as easily keep it quiet, and proceed to cleanse it from impurities. The above instances, to me, are merely an exhibition of psychic force, without regard to physical results. It is simply giving expression to spirit by moving the sleeping body to perform acts which have at some time in past life left an enduring impression; and like the seed in the ground, only awaits the proper conditions for expression. Hypnotic conditions do not always depend on a psychic operation. How many times ether, laughing-gas, opiates or whiskey are used to silence the spirit that the body may be healed. My belief is that the will of the mesmeriser sets aside the will of the subject, and makes it the unconscious servant of the operator. Psychology is the control of the mentality while we are conscious of what we do, without power to resist.

To illustrate: A lady goes to make a purchase of a calico dress; she leaves with a silk one instead, with numerous things of which she has a plenty at home. She is vexed at herself, and declares she will never go there again. The truth is, the smiling salesman has possibly unconsciously psychologised her. This is common with both men and women, but not universal.

This subject has many phases which bear upon the power of mind over mind as well as matter. Every person should know of this law, and strive to be self-reliant. The phenomenally successful preacher, orator or business man possesses it in a most striking degree. If the divine uses it from pure motives, his congregation seldom suffer from lost virtue. Mothers, teach your daughters to rely upon no power save that from the great All-Father directing the inward consciousness. We must first strive to comprehend the mental or spirit forces controlling this life before we can truly understand their relation, even in a small degree, to a future consciousness. W. C. P.

Oakland, Cal.

Help the Circulation.

"Mr. Editor," seems most too formal: let me call you Brother Francis. We all should be brothers, and all must be, ere we see the millennium so much preached of. Sometimes I imagine that I can see its "dawning." Humanity grows dearer to me each day. Being at a conference meeting of Spiritualists recently, and seeing the "free-for-all" spirit that prevailed, I was reminded of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Variety is pleasing; all nature admires it. Every week comes THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER with its cheery face, fresh with the flush of some new thought. We hardly exercise patience in tearing off the wrapper so eager are we to see some new mind photographed on its pages. I run my eye hastily over its many columns, resembling a well-spread table; then begins the feast. While reading the last one this thought occurred to me: (Call it a query or scheme!) What would be the result if every one who sends an article for publication would enclose with it the name of one or more new subscribers? I think you had better answer this question yourself. Most of the thirteen week's subscribers will continue the paper. Some of them, at least, will become so attached to it that they won't know how to keep house without it. W. F. WHITNALL.

It Was Volney.

Supposed by many to be original with Col. Ingersoll, but it is Volney, over one hundred years ago, who wrote: "It is not God who hath made man, but man who hath made God after his own image." See p. 57 of *Ruins*.

PSYCHIC PICTURING.

Henry B. Foulke Succeeds Mme. Blavatsky.

A PRECIPITATED PORTRAIT OF THE PROPHETESS OF THEOSOPHY GIVEN FOR HIS SPECIAL BENEFIT—LETTERS FROM THE MASTERS MYSTERIOUSLY RECEIVED ON BOARD SHIP—EXTRACTS FROM THEM DECLARE THAT THEOSOPHY'S TIME IS NEAR AT HAND—MR. FOULKE WILL DEVOTE HIMSELF TO THE WORK.

TO THE EDITOR:—I enclose a clipping from a Philadelphia paper, which, if true, shows that on the plane of phenomenal display, Theosophists are a little behind Spiritualists. It is nothing new or extraordinary among the latter to have pictures precipitated by the invisibles for good psychics or mediums. It is true that Spiritualists have grand truths in their keeping. The same thing is also true of Theosophists. Why will they quarrel over mere matters of belief? Is it not better, if my neighbor says to me: "I don't believe that," to simply reply: "Well, you don't have to," than to insist that the clouds are either elephants or camels, as we may imagine at the time. Their quarrel seems so like that of two children, the one saying, "This," the other, "that." If these two wings of spiritual work will cease warring their strength in useless wranglings on points of doctrine, and each labor to cultivate in harmony and courtesy the fields they have severally pre-empted, man will become better and better for their efforts. The following is the article mentioned:

"After forty years of study in the realms of occultism, J. R. Perry, of Wilkesbarre, witnessed a climax of wonderful phenomena during a visit to this city within the last fortnight. Mr. Perry relates what is known among Theosophists, that not long before her death Mme. Blavatsky appointed as her successor in the work of which she had so long been the acknowledged head, Henry B. Foulke, of Philadelphia. Mr. Foulke for many years has been a student of theosophy and a traveler in Europe and India in search of the knowledge of occult truths. Mme. Blavatsky promised him the approval and guidance of the mysterious powers who had directed her own work on earth, assuring him also of her own personal co-operation from the unseen realms. Mr. Foulke, as the condition of his acceptance of this appointment, required unquestionable manifestations of the power of Mme. Blavatsky to fulfill her promises. He requested that her master should precipitate her portrait upon canvas, indicating also his own propinquity, after the manner which Theosophists claim often to have witnessed. In the parlors of Mme. Eugenie Best, the Philadelphia psychic, through whose occult powers many pictures of the departed are said to have been made, Mr. Perry declares that he witnessed the fulfillment of Mr. Foulke's demands. Several canvases had been for some time prepared and waiting for the desired precipitation, but without result. When Mr. Perry entered Mme. Best's parlors she showed him three canvases which had nothing on them. He placed them on a chair with the face side to the wall. The canvases were put in a partially curtained yet clearly lighted part of the room, where every article of furniture could be distinctly seen. Soon there was a smell of paint. Madame observed that the forces were at work, and after waiting in silence for perhaps five minutes Mr. Perry examined the canvases and upon one of them found a beautiful and correct portrait of Mme. Blavatsky. It was recognized by Mrs. Kase, who had known her for twenty years. During the time of the supposed making of the portrait Mme. Best had not once been within ten feet of the portrait, and it was impossible that she could have placed anything upon it. The next morning, according to Mr. Perry, while he, Mme. Best, and Mrs. Kase were looking at the portrait they saw in the upper left-hand corner of the background the gradual appearance of a face and head and finally a clean-cut figure. 'There was the white-robed form of Mme. Blavatsky sitting,' says Mr. Perry, 'with an expression of quiet repose upon her countenance and her marvelous, beautiful hands gracefully folded. Upon the window sill sits a Hindoo idol, an exact picture of one belonging to Mr. Foulke, which was taken by him to England some years ago and loaned to the madame. Below the window are shelves containing books with the initials I. U. and S. D. no doubt intended to refer to the volumes she has written—'Isis Unveiled' and 'Secret Doctrine.' Thus had the request of the chosen one been literally complied with under such conditions that no one can accuse Mr. Foulke of any complicity or duplicity in its production, as he was not present and an utter stranger to myself until I met him the following day after he had been sent for to look at the marvelous precipitation. In proof of Mme. Blavatsky's selection of Mr. Foulke for the work which he now feels himself fully accredited to undertake, it is declared on good authority that he has letters from her own hand. In one of them she says: 'If you wish to go into this work, come over to England and I will teach you all about the philosophy which you do not know at present. Then you will be prepared to take a leading place among the Theosophists of the whole world.' In another letter she writes: 'Whatever happens I will sustain you before God and man, as I always did.' Henry B. Foulke had already given up his large real estate business in Walnut street in order to follow what he felt to be higher aims of life in the pursuit and dissemination of occult knowledge. He now believes that he has the backing of the masters who stood above Mme. Blavatsky in her work. To confirm him in this belief he has received what he doubts not are precipitated letters from the masters themselves. Some of these he received while on board ship at sea, some when alone in his room in this city. In one of these is written: 'My dear child: We have guarded thee and watched over thee through all the ages and guided thee through all the bitter experiences of thy life. Be hopeful. Soon the time is coming when all will be well. Out of all the world thou hast been chosen to do this work. The time will soon be ripe for thy mission.' P. PHELON, M. D.

The Spiritual Christian Association, of Winfield, Kansas, meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

(Please condense your obituary notices so that they will not exceed 15 lines, or their publication may be indefinitely delayed.)

Passed to Spirit-life on Jan. 29th, Dr. Daniel White, at St. Louis, Mo., in his seventy-third year. Having been a pronounced Spiritualist for the past fifty years, and being a fine physician, he had a large circle of friends who will sadly miss him. A true friend to the helpless and deserving, a protector to the orphan, a kind and loving husband, he has reared a monument in the affections and memories of those from whom he has departed, that will outlast any made from stone or metal. He was a constant worker in the cause he so earnestly espoused. The funeral took place from his late residence, 2902 Olive street. Mrs. Alva Orvis, of Chicago, delivered the discourse at the house, which was very pathetic indeed.

On Jan. 11, 1892, in Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Ann M. Carter passed to the better life to join her husband and son. She had been for many years a fervent Spiritualist, and for her change held no tears, after 78 years in this world. She was well prepared for the new life. Out of our circle of ten members she is the fifth to pass over the river. We grieve deeply, but yet rejoice, for every one went joyfully. E. S.

From Mesopotamia, Ohio, on the morning of Jan. 31, 1892, Mrs. Olive S. Wilcox, wife of Joseph E. Wilcox and daughter of James and Eliza Lepper, passed to the higher life, aged 47 years. She and her husband were life-long Spiritualists, and during her long suffering with dropsy, carried out those principles and found comfort in them and the ministrations of the angels. La grippe at last set in and four days finished the work. On the morning of Feb. 1 her brother, Edwin J. Lepper, aged 33 years, succumbed to la grippe and joined his sister in the journey to the home beyond. Both funerals were attended in one on Feb. 2. The father and mother, quite aged, were not able to be present; but both find consolation in the knowledge that Spiritualism brings them. Services were conducted by Yours fraternally, MYRA F. PAINE.

Passed to Spirit-life from No. 152 Transit St., Lockport, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1892, Mrs. Marion Wright. She was born in Alexander, Genesee county, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1814. Of a family of six sisters and four brothers, one sister, Mrs. Martha Weld, of Lockport, N. Y., and one brother, Dr. W. H. Nelson, of Marshall, Mich., still remain in the earth form. Her body was taken to Hartland, N. Y., and buried near the graves of her parents. She was a sprightly, active old lady, and an earnest, consistent Spiritualist.

From the residence of his son, A. A. Pond, Norwalk, Ohio, Jan. 25, Paul Pond, in the 85th year of his age. He was one of the pioneers in Northern Ohio, and was always an active, energetic citizen, constantly holding some public office, and doing all he could for the public weal. His honesty of doubt kept him out of the church, yet that did not seem to react against his popularity. For the past thirty years he has been a Spiritualist, and demonstrated that it was not only good enough to live by, but to die by. The remains were taken to his old home in Rochester, Ohio, where a large number of his friends and neighbors assembled in the Baptist Church, and after the discourse by Hudson Tuttle the remains were reverently placed by the side of those of the companion of his youth, who was taken from him a score of years ago. The closing services were very impressive.

Wm. H. Meiser, Leipsic, Ohio, writes: "I wish to inform you of the death of one of your subscribers and faithful workers, Geo. W. Hoffman, of Leipsic, Putnam county, Ohio. He passed from this sphere to the higher life Jan. 31, 1892, aged 70 years, 8 months and 23 days. He leaves a wife, ten children, and a host of friends to mourn his loss. He was loved and respected by all. He was an active worker in the cause of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, was conscious in his last moments, and passed to Spirit-life without a struggle."

Charles T. Griffith, who passed to the higher life from his residence in Danby, Vt., on Jan. 8, 1892, was born in Mount Tabor, Vt., May 7, 1826. He was a firm believer in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, and derived great benefit, as well as pleasure, from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He was a man of unusual kindness of heart, and leaves a large circle of friends, besides a wife and two sisters, to mourn his loss. By his express wish, his brother-in-law, Rev. R. T. Sawyer, D. D., of Newtonville, Mass., attended the funeral and gave an excellent discourse. A. S. GRIFFITH.

Passed to Spirit-life from Springfield, Mo., Jan. 28, 1892, Edwin Henry Beam, aged 62 years. Disease, la grippe-pneumonia. He was a devoted and consistent Spiritualist, an intelligent, upright and kind-hearted man. He was born in Pennsylvania, and of German parentage. He removed to this city from Kansas about a year ago, and has endeared himself to many friends during his brief residence here. A wife remains, with whom he passed twenty-two years. The companion of his earlier years, and their three children, who passed on before, have welcomed him to their bright spirit-home. His genial face will be missed at our hall, but his spiritual presence will no doubt be felt. He reported himself present at a circle on the day of his transition. Funeral services by the undersigned. JAMES MADON N. ALLEN.

Another of our patriarchs passed on to the land of realities, Major Henry Link, aged 80 years. He was one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Little Falls, N. Y. As a lawyer he was painstaking and conscientious, and had the reputation of being one of the best-read lawyers in this section. He was a man of firm convictions, ever ready to give his opinions, but never pressed his ideas upon others. He had been a devoted Spiritualist over forty years. He was a great reader, a deep thinker, a profound reasoner, and was thoroughly read in Spiritual philosophy, and passed to the other side in full faith of its realism, and a happy reunion with those gone before. C.

Bro. T. J. Cooke, Vice-President of the Spiritualist Society at Indianapolis, writes us of the successful course of lectures just concluded there by Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson. They were all of power and unanswerable logic, and must result in much good to the cause. At the end of the closing lecture unanimous vote of thanks was tendered her by the large audience present.

W. H. Hays, of Minneapolis, Minn., sends us a large list of subscribers and writes: "I have been reading occasionally a stray copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am more than pleased with it. Its columns are replete with matter which is not only interesting and instructive, but calculated to lead us upward and upward in the search for truth. May the angels help to speed on the good work."

Dr. Lyman, who gave us an able essay on "The Essenes," writes: "The article in 'The Secret of the Essenes,' was published in No. 115 of your paper, with a remarkable freedom from typical errors. I please find the true name of the German writer mentioned in the first paragraph of column five of the essay. The name in full was A. J. Groeuer. The name for English readers can be pronounced as if written Frehrer, omitting the G. He was a professor, of Stuttgart, in Germany, and published a work in 1838, in seven octavo volumes, entitled *Urchristenthum*, [or, primitive Christianity], which is a perfect compendium of Jewish theology, as it took shape in the 300 years preceding the preaching of Jesus, and is the main source of Christian theology, except in its doctrines about Jesus. The work was largely used by Alger in his most elaborate work on the 'History of the Doctrine of Immortality,' a very valuable work on the history of opinion on that subject, though Alger had no eye-witness for the facts touching spiritual phenomena occurring all about him and right under his nose. Groeuer's work has never been translated. But Christianity, in its original form, can never be understood if Jewish opinion at the coming of Jesus be not first comprehended."

A letter from J. H. Lohmeyer, Secretary of the First Church of Spiritualists, of Pittsburg, Pa., informs us of the close of a most successful engagement of Mrs. Carrie E. D. Twing, of Westfield, N. C. Houses crowded to overflowing, and a general satisfaction with the truths imparted was the inspiration of this gifted woman, have marked her work, and that of Ichabod, her control, through the whole time. She leaves behind her many warm friends, and the kindest wishes for continued prosperity in her labors for the uplifting of humanity.

We are in receipt of a long communication from Vicksburg, Mich., in defense of Harry Archer. We have given all sides a hearing. Mr. Archer has been fully sustained by his friends in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Any additional testimony would be but multiplying of words without effect on him. For the present the argument is closed, and the case submitted to the jury of intelligent American citizens who attend his seances.

We have an interesting account of Mr. Riley's mediumship from Coloma, Mich. Bro. Shimer, our informant, visited at Mr. R.'s residence. The cabinet used was simply a bedroom with a curtain drawn across the door. The slate-writing was very pronounced and convincing. Nine full forms appeared and made themselves known. Some of them in full light and others with it lowered. A number of Mr. Shimer's friends and relatives made themselves perfectly recognizable. Levitations of body and furniture were accomplished, but these primary manifestations fade away before the materialized forms in all their fullness and strength. We cannot refrain from quoting a postscript of the letter: "While there I was informed that a short time before sixteen persons visited Mr. Riley; after staying four days with him they gave him the sum of one dollar. The English language in all its copiousness falls of words to describe the abject meanness of such penuriousness. All we can say is, in the words of the old preacher, 'God bless their stingy souls.'"

We have a long letter from Mrs. S. S. Lutes, Aspen, Col., giving a detailed account of the growth in Spirit-life of her daughter May. We wish we could publish it in full, but we can only give a synopsis. The young lady passed to Spirit-life about the middle of last August. Before the body had been laid away, the bright freed spirit controlled a medium, giving directions for her own funeral. She desired light and whiteness in all the emblems and surroundings. She had been taken to Denver in an effort to restore her failing health. After being freed from the earthly tenement, she soon, in the invisible found her way to Aspen, and has been in constant communication with her friends there ever since, and has even had power to materialize partially.

Lyman C. Howe, after finishing a successful engagement at Grand Rapids, Mich., went East. His permanent address is Fredonia, N. Y.

Creative Energy Never Rests.

Prof. David Swing, in his sermon at Central Music Hall, this city, on the 7th inst., has the ring of modern thought. We make a brief extract from his published utterances:

"The old notion that God made creation in six days, as we measure time, must be abandoned. God had no need to work as a common laborer on the eight-hour plan. It is a misfortune of our race that man seeks to believe the Creator as something like the created. It is a narrow view that pictures God as a being like a man. The prophets of old who urged their people to cry out for God—as if God were asleep—are like some modern Christians who hunt for God as if He were in some one place. It is difficult to conceive of a spirit without giving it a material association or a material covering. If we could do so, and understand spirit in its high, pure form, then we could comprehend God."

"The six days of creation mentioned in Genesis are eternity. The world is being made now. It is still under the care of the mind from which it came."

Cheap Divorce.

Now comes a telegram from Spaulding, Mich., that Joseph Brooks, in Spaulding township, sold his wife for fifty cents, forty of which were paid down by a farmer near by. Possession was given at once, and the low-priced woman is now living with her new husband. Cheap divorce, cheap marriage. All parties were probably cheated.



SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

WOMAN THE EQUAL OF MAN.

Now, my friends, it seems to me that the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights that I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That's my doctrine. You are married; try to make the woman you love happy; try to make the man you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake, and so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so; and you can't be happy cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is the "boss." "That fellow in the dugout used that word 'boss' that was one of his favorite expressions: that he was 'boss.' Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song and saying: 'Now here, let's settle who's 'boss.' I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—a man who is 'boss,' and who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks let all the rest of them be still, some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth—do you know I hate this man unspokeably: and a cross man I hate above all things. What right has he to murder the sunshine of the day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to feel the light there is in the house; if it is in the night it will burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. It is just as well to go home a ray of sunshine as an old, sour, cross curmudgeon, who thinks he is the head of the family. Wise men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at eight cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon a man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them may be sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and taking care of them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two—she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this great gentleman—the head of the family. I don't like him a bit!"

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth \$50,000,000, or \$10,000,000 in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the wretched hand of beggary and the white lips of famine.

LITTLE CHILDREN AS SLAVES.

Now, if women have been slaves, what shall we say of little children? The children are just one shade worse off than the women. Most people have an idea about bringing up children, instead of letting them grow. You furnish a climate in the house, and the children will grow beautiful; but you must furnish the climate. In your house must be the climate of kindness, of honesty, of justice and generosity; and just as long as that climate exists those children will grow free and fair and beautiful. I have pity for the children—the children of the poor, the children of the gutter and of the palace, the children of the criminal classes—and the still more criminal classes. I have sympathy with them all, because they have no liberty. If you want your children to tell the truth, you must stop lying to them. Over in Michigan I heard a story about a little boy at Grand Rapids. His father and mother had often promised to take him out riding, but they always evaded him. One day he caught them as they were driving away, and he said to the nurse who had brought him to the door: "There goes the two worst liars in Grand Rapids." I don't believe children can be made honest through fear. There is no reforming power in fear. You may scare a man so badly that he won't do a certain thing, but I will take my oath you can't frighten him to that degree that he won't want to do it, and as long as he wants to there is no reformation. There is no reforming power in brutality. Children will grow only in the climate of kindness, in the climate of goodness. Give them a chance to be honest. If your child tells a lie, tell him you have told lots of them, and you have found out it is a bad policy. Don't pretend to be a saint, because after a while your child will see through your robes. Let us be perfectly free and frank with each other. Tell your boy: "You have never done anything worse than I have done, and probably never will." When your child commits a wrong take it in your arms, let him feel your heart beat against his heart, and let the child know that you really, and truly, and sincerely love it.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF SUNDAY.

In the old times Sunday was too good a day for a child to be happy in. That is what the gentleman in the dugout thought. He said: "You ought on Sunday to give your entire mind to the goodness of God in so arranging matters that nearly everybody is to be eternally damned. You ought to go and hear a sermon of that kind preached, and call it recreation. If you work all the week in the dust and the heat, and wish to be built up so that you shall be strong

enough for another week, go and thank God that you are still out of hell." In those old days they believed in the doctrine: "Be miserable Sunday. Don't walk out. Stay at home. Go to church if you go anywhere. Be sad. Wear the longest possible face. If there is a beautiful picture, don't look at it. If there is any music, don't hear it. If there are any flowers, don't be tainted with their perfume. Think of hell. Think about corpses, and shrouds, and epitaphs, and worms, and graves, and the worm that never dies. Improve your minds. And if there happens to be a fair in your neighborhood, especially if it is a World's Fair, don't go near it Sunday." They would say: "What shall it profit a man to look upon the landscapes of a great artist; these beautiful, tender, pathetic things? What shall it profit a man to see the work of Rembrandt, that Shakespeare of painting? What shall it profit a man to look upon the great marbles of the world—that marble of Venus de Milo, so perfect that it cannot be marred even by mutilation—the grandest tribute that genius has ever paid to woman: what shall it profit a man to gaze upon those works of genius? What shall it profit a man to have his family carried aloft by all this beauty, to see all these things and then lose his own soul? Do you think that God can calmly contemplate a workingman enjoying himself Sunday? I tell you no. Let him stay at home in a tenement house or let him go to church. Let him there learn that his chances are ninety-nine in a hundred of faring worse in the next world than he has in this." Call that recreation!

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In this city we are going to have the greatest fair ever witnessed by mortal men. A fair worthy of Chicago—that is saying enough; a fair that will represent not only your progressive spirit, your great attainments, but there is to be a fair here worthy of the great Republic. And I want that fair open to every human being that comes. I want it open every day in the week. I want it open Sunday. I have no objection to everybody going to church who wishes to, but I do not wish them to go to church for the same reason that the man had who went home about 4 o'clock in the morning. His wife said to him: "John, what makes you come home this time of night?" He says: "Mary, to be honest with you, every other place is shut up." I want every man to enjoy himself in the best way he can without interfering with the enjoyment of his neighbor. If Mr. Smith wants to go to hear Mr. Brown preach, what harm is it if Jones at the same time is looking at some glorious work of art? How does it hurt Brown? I say that any man who says that another shall not visit such a place Sunday is simply a monument of impudence. He lives 200 years after he should have been dead. He should go back to the days of the Inquisition. Now, another thing: It is just as bad to go to the Fair Sunday as to want to go: See? Because if you are imprisoned at home and think entirely about the Fair, how does that help the Lord? There is no day too good to be happy. There is no day too good for enjoyment. Yet when I was a boy most people thought Sunday was too good for a child; and when everything else looked out, when the fleecy clouds floated in the sky, and when, maybe, some bird sitting on a blossoming tree was singing and the songs of joy were tangled in its tiny throat, some little child would be leaning against a tree, and was supposed to be thinking about the worm that never died.

Commemoration of a Mother's Birthday to Spirit-Life.

Four years ago to-day, dear mother Sara Schow passed to Spirit-life at the ripe age of 80 years. Owing to an inherited sound physical organization, and remarkable activity, she maintained a mental brightness to the last hour of her earth-career. For several days previous to her demise she became debilitated, and fearing a near dissolution, I was called to her bedside on Jan. 22, 1888, at 2 o'clock A. M., when she addressed me as follows:

"I have just been informed that at 12 o'clock to-day I have to leave you. To meet my loved ones in the other world is a happy thought, and if it is true what you have often pictured to me about the beauties of the next sphere of existence, I will promise to come back and tell you." Precisely when the clock sounded the first stroke of 12 her spirit fled without an apparent facial contortion, leaving a smile around her lips. This evening my wife and myself attended a materialization seance at Mrs. Moss's rooms, 260 Scoville avenue. Both of us had been entire strangers to the medium; we even had no introduction before the seance commenced. About twenty persons were present, and nearly every one perceived and recognized materialized spirit visitors. Finally the medium's control called me to the curtain to give strength to a spirit who wished to put on a form for recognition. Responding cheerfully, I observed a materialized hand, about two feet from the floor, endeavoring to part the curtain. I pushed it aside, took hold of a small, bony hand, which gradually rose higher until the entire form became visible. To my astonishment I at once recognized the small statue (about five feet high) of mother, a toothless-looking face (while the medium is a very stout lady, weighing about 200 lbs.), and looking at me she exclaimed in the German language and peculiar dialect: "Where is Eva?" asking my wife to come, who also recognized her mother's natural features. The materialized form embraced and kissed us both, and we sobbing for joy, mother said in a whispering tone: "Oh! what a glory to be again united and not dead. May God bless you, my dear children." Finishing the sentence, the form dematerialized slowly, and I still holding the small, bony fingers until they were slipping out of my hand.

Cheerfully I herewith report these facts, witnessed by about twenty respectable and intelligent persons, and would like to predict that the time will come when my Jewish co-religionists will transform "Jahrzeit" into a feast of joy.

Cleveland, O. LEWIS J. KOHN.

Mrs. Dr. Parker writes: "The Spiritualist work is going on here in Kansas City. Mrs. Orris has commenced another month's engagement, and every one is glad to see her back again. We have been asked many questions by friends regarding the Magi, and I am glad to have the paper to present to them, as it answers all they want to know. We are doing very well indeed."

HYPNOTIC INFLUENCES.

The Peculiarity of Their Action.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Psychic Research Society, as published in No. 108, brought up the subject of self-psychology, by relating that O. M. Ransome unconsciously murdered his wife while asleep. Every neighborhood nearly has its historic somnambulists, who get up in their sleep and proceed to perform most astonishing things: Such as passing dangerous places; suspending themselves hanging to the eaves of high buildings; performing house or farm work; solving intricate problems; completing wonderful inventions, and carrying on an intelligent conversation, etc., which is beyond the courage or power to perform in waking hours.

Not ten blocks from my home there resides a well-known young lady, who goes from her bed in sleep to the street at night, barefoot, in her nightgown only, and like a ghost hails and converses with any acquaintance passing. I have a friend who, a few nights since, while asleep, cried out: "Heave her up; boys!" at the same instant he seized his wife and dashed her to the floor with great force. He dreamed he was moving a ponderous weight.

Not long since I dreamed of defending a person against a vicious negro. I seized my wife and aimed a terrible blow at her head. She escaped injury only by the intervention of the bedding. Her cries awoke me in the act of repeating the charge with clenched fist, and a savage hold on her person.

Psychic research societies are always giving us phenomena, but seldom an unbiased logical deduction or opinion that the plain man can comprehend. Such societies have generally fallen back behind diplomas, and declared that these things are the result of a disordered brain, and that such, or any other spirit manifestation, are either mind-reading, hypnotism or psychic force; but they don't seem to make it plain what either is. I think this one, however, struck a keynote in the right chord. It starts with the proposition that we are spirits, embodied in flesh; that the spirit or soul within it is the propelling, willing or psychic force. The real man which moves us about, even in our waking hours, sometimes landing against our design on some unexpected spot, or causes us to perform things we least expected to do.

The very logical conclusion is that this same force may control the body and direct its action all the more forcibly while in that most passive condition of sound sleep. Sleep, I presume to declare, is a hypnotic operation performed by nature. She sometimes silences in sweet repose both the mind and body. What a boon to health! The living spirit within sets to work to cleanse the body and bring it forth fresh and new in the morning, lightening our burdens and brightening our hopes. But does it appear that our spirit within does any of this? Why not? If the mind, or our volition, can move the body about in sleep, it can as easily keep it quiet, and proceed to cleanse it from impurities. The above instances, to me, are merely an exhibition of psychic force, without regard to physical results. It is simply giving expression to spirit by moving the sleeping body to perform acts which have at some time in past life left an enduring impression; and like the seed in the ground, only awaits the proper conditions for expression. Hypnotic conditions do not always depend on a psychic operation. How many times ether, laughing-gas, opiates or whiskey are used to silence the spirit that the body may be healed. My belief is that the will of the mesmeriser sets aside the will of the subject, and makes it the unconscious servant of the operator. Psychology is the control of the mentality while we are conscious of what we do, without power to resist.

To illustrate: A lady goes to make a purchase of a calico dress; she leaves with a silk one instead, with numerous things of which she has a plenty at home. She is vexed at herself, and declares she will never go there again. The truth is, the smiling salesman has possibly unconsciously psychologized her. This is common with both men and women, but not universal.

This subject has many phases which bear upon the power of mind over mind as well as matter. Every person should know of this law, and strive to be self-reliant. The phenomenally successful preacher, orator or business man possesses it in a most striking degree. If the divine uses it from pure motives, his congregation seldom suffer from lost virtue. Mothers, teach your daughters to rely upon no power save that from the great All-Father directing the inward consciousness. We must first strive to comprehend the mental or spirit forces controlling this life before we can truly understand their relation, even in a small degree, to a future consciousness.

Oakland, Cal. W. C. P.

Help the Circulation.

"Mr. Editor," seems most too formal; let me call you Brother Francis. We all should be brothers, and all must be, ere we see the millennium so much preached of. Sometimes I imagine that I can see its "dawning." Humanity grows dearer to me each day. Being at a conference meeting of Spiritualists recently, and seeing the "free-for-all" spirit that pervaded, I was reminded of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Variety is pleasing; all nature admires it. Every week comes THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER with its cheery face, fresh with the flush of some new thought. We hardly exercise patience in tearing off the wrapper so eager are we to see some new mind photographed on its pages. I run my eyes hastily over its many columns, resembling a well-spread table; then begins the feast. While reading the last one this thought occurred to me: (Call it a query or scheme!) What would be the result if every one who sends an article for publication would enclose with it the name of one or more new subscribers? I think you had better answer this question yourself. Most of the thirteen week's subscribers will continue the paper. Some of them, at least, will become so attached to it that they won't know how to keep house without it.

W. F. WHITNALL.

It Was Volney.

Supposed by many to be original with Col. Ingersoll, but it is Volney, over one hundred years ago, who wrote:

"It is not God who hath made man, but man who hath made God after his own image." See p. 57 of *Ruins*.

PSYCHIC PICTURINGS.

Henry B. Foulke Succeeds Mme. Blavatsky.

A PRECIPITATED PORTRAIT OF THE PROPHETESS OF THEOSOPHY GIVEN FOR HIS ESPECIAL BENEFIT—LETTERS FROM THE MASTERS MYSTERIOUSLY RECEIVED ON BOARD SHIP—EXTRACTS FROM THEM DECLARE THAT THEOSOPHY'S TIME IS NEAR AT HAND—MR. FOULKE WILL DEVOTE HIMSELF TO THE WORK.

TO THE EDITOR:—I enclose a clipping from a Philadelphia paper, which, if true, shows that on the plane of phenomenal display, Theosophists are a little behind Spiritualists. It is nothing new nor extraordinary among the latter to have pictures precipitated by the invisibles for good psychics or mediums. It is true that Spiritualists have grand truths in their keeping. The same thing is also true of Theosophists. Why will they quarrel over mere matters of belief? Is it not better, if my neighbor says to me: "I don't believe that," to simply reply: "Well, you don't have to," than to insist that the clouds are either elephants or camels, as we may imagine at the time. Their quarrel seems so like that of two children, the one saying, "This," the other, "That." If these two wings of spiritual work will cease wasting their strength in useless wranglings on points of doctrine, and each labor to cultivate in harmony and courtesy the fields they have severally pre-empted, man will become better and better for their efforts. The following is the article mentioned:

"After forty years of study in the realms of occultism, J. R. Perry, of Wilkesbarre, witnessed a climax of wonderful phenomena during a visit to this city within the last fortnight. Mr. Perry relates what is known among Theosophists, that not long before her death Mme. Blavatsky appointed as her successor in the work of which she had so long been the acknowledged head, Henry B. Foulke, of Philadelphia. Mr. Foulke for many years has been a student of theosophy and a traveler in Europe and India in search of the knowledge of occult truths. Mme. Blavatsky promised him the approval and guidance of the mysterious powers who had directed her own work on earth, assuring him also of her own personal co-operation from the unseen realms. Mr. Foulke, as the condition of his acceptance of this appointment, required unquestionable manifestations of the power of Mme. Blavatsky to fulfill her promises. He requested that her master should precipitate her portrait upon canvas, indicating also his own propinquity, after the manner which Theosophists claim often to have witnessed. In the parlors of Mme. Eugenie Best, the Philadelphia psychic, through whose occult powers many pictures of the departed are said to have been made, Mr. Perry declares that he witnessed the fulfillment of Mr. Foulke's demands. Several canvases had been for some time prepared and waiting for the desired precipitation, but without result. When Mr. Perry entered Mme. Best's parlors she showed him three canvases which had nothing on them. He placed them on a chair with the face side to the wall. The canvases were put in a partially curtained yet clearly lighted part of the room, where every article of furniture could be distinctly seen. Soon there was a smell of paint. Madame observed that the forces were at work, and after waiting in silence for perhaps five minutes Mr. Perry examined the canvases and upon one of them found a beautiful and correct portrait of Mme. Blavatsky. It was recognized by Mrs. Kase, who had known her for twenty years. During the time of the supposed making of the portrait Mme. Best had not once been within ten feet of the portrait, and it was impossible that she could have placed anything upon it. The next morning, according to Mr. Perry, while he, Mme. Best, and Mrs. Kase were looking at the portrait they saw in the upper left-hand corner of the background the gradual appearance of a face and head and finally a clean-cut figure. 'There was the white-robed form of Mme. Blavatsky sitting,' says Mr. Perry, 'with an expression of quiet repose upon her countenance and her marvelous, beautiful hands gracefully folded. Upon the window sill sits a Hindoo idol, an exact picture of one belonging to Mr. Foulke, which was taken by him to England some years ago and loaned to the madame. Below the window are shelves containing books with the initials I. U. and S. D., no doubt intended to refer to the volumes she had written—'Isis Unveiled' and 'Secret Doctrine.' Thus had the request of the chosen one been literally complied with under such conditions that no one can accuse Mr. Foulke of any complicity or duplicity in its production, as he was not present and an utter stranger to myself until I met him the following day after he had been sent for to look at the marvelous precipitation. In proof of Mme. Blavatsky's selection of Mr. Foulke for the work which he now feels himself fully accredited to undertake, it is declared on good authority that he has letters from her own hand. In one of them she says: 'If you wish to go into this work, come over to England and I will teach you all about the philosophy which you do not know at present. Then you will be prepared to take a leading place among the Theosophists of the whole world.' In another letter she writes: 'Whatever happens I will sustain you before God and man, as I always did.' Henry B. Foulke had already given up his large real estate business in Walnut street in order to follow what he felt to be higher aims of life in the pursuit and dissemination of occult knowledge. He now believes that he has the backing of the masters who stood above Mme. Blavatsky in her work. To confirm him in this belief he has received what he doubts not are precipitated letters from the masters themselves. Some of these he received while on board ship at sea, some when alone in his room in this city. In one of these is written: 'My dear child: We have guarded thee and watched over thee through all the ages and guided thee through all the bitter experiences of thy life. Be hopeful. Soon the time is coming when all will be well. Out of all the world thou hast been chosen to do this work. The time will soon be ripe for thy mission.'"

P. PHELON, M. D.

The Spiritual Christian Association, of Winfield, Kansas, meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

(Please condense your obituary notices so that they will not exceed 15 lines, or their publication may be indefinitely delayed.)

Passed to Spirit-life on Jan. 29th, Dr. Daniel White, at St. Louis, Mo., in his seventy-third year. Having been a pronounced Spiritualist for the past fifty years, and being a fine physician, he had a large circle of friends who will sadly miss him. A true friend to the helpless and deserving, a protector to the orphan, a kind and loving husband, he has reared a monument in the affections and memories of those from whom he has departed, that will outlast any made from stone or metal. He was a constant worker in the cause he so earnestly espoused. The funeral took place from his late residence, 2902 Olive street. Mrs. Alva Orris, of Chicago, delivered the discourse at the house, which was very pathetic indeed.

On Jan. 11, 1892, in Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Ann M. Carter passed to the better life to join her husband and son. She had been for many years an ardent Spiritualist, and for her change held no terrors, after 78 years in this world. She was well prepared for the new life. Out of our circle of ten members she is the fifth to pass over the river. We grieve deeply, but yet rejoice, for every one went joyfully. E. S.

From Mesopotamia, Ohio, on the morning of Jan. 31, 1892, Mrs. Olive S. Wilcox, wife of Joseph E. Wilcox and daughter of James and Eliza Lepper, passed to the higher life, aged 47 years. She and her husband were life-long Spiritualists, and during her long suffering with dropsy, carried out those principles and found comfort in them and the ministrations of the angels. La grippe at last set in and four days finished the work. On the morning of Feb. 1 her brother, Edwin J. Lepper, aged 33 years, succumbed to la grippe and joined his sister in the journey to the home beyond. Both funerals were attended in one on Feb. 2. The father and mother, quite aged, were not able to be present; but both find consolation in the knowledge that Spiritualism brings them. Services were conducted by Yours fraternally, MYRA F. PAINE.

Passed to Spirit-life from No. 152 Transit St., Lockport, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1892, Mrs. Marion Wright. She was born in Alexander, Genesee county, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1814. Of a family of six sisters and four brothers, one sister, Mrs. Martha Weld, of Lockport, N. Y., and one brother, Dr. W. H. Nelson, of Marshall, Mich., still remain in the earth form. Her body was taken to Hartland, N. Y., and buried near the graves of her parents. She was a sprightly, active old lady, and an earnest, consistent Spiritualist.

From the residence of his son, A. A. Pond, Norwalk, Ohio, Jan. 25, Paul Pond, in the 85th year of his age. He was one of the pioneers in Northern Ohio, and was always an active, energetic citizen, constantly holding some public office, and doing all he could for the public weal. His honesty of doubt kept him out of the church, yet that did not seem to react against his popularity. For the past thirty years he has been a Spiritualist, and demonstrated that it was not only good enough to live by, but to die by. The remains were taken to his old home in Rochester, Ohio, where a large number of his friends and neighbors assembled in the Baptist Church, and after the discourse by Hudson Tuttle the remains were reverently placed by the side of those of the companion of his youth, who was taken from him a score of years ago. The closing services were very impressive.

Wm. H. Meiser, Leipsic, Ohio, writes: "I wish to inform you of the 'death' of one of your subscribers and faithful workers, Geo. W. Hoffman, of Leipsic, Putnam county, Ohio. He passed from this sphere to the higher life Jan. 31, 1892, aged 70 years, 8 months and 23 days. He leaves a wife, ten children, and a host of friends to mourn his loss. He was loved and respected by all. He was an active worker in the cause of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, was conscious in his last moments, and passed to Spirit-life without a struggle."

Charles T. Griffith, who passed to the higher life from his residence in Danby, Vt., on Jan. 8, 1892, was born in Mount Tabor, Vt., May 7, 1826. He was a firm believer in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, and derived great benefit, as well as pleasure, from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He was a man of unusual kindness of heart, and leaves a large circle of friends, besides a wife and two sisters, to mourn his loss. By his express wish, his brother-in-law, Rev. R. T. Sawyer, D. D., of Newtonville, Mass., attended the funeral and gave an excellent discourse.

A. S. GRIFFITH.

Passed to Spirit-life from Springfield, Mo., Jan. 28, 1892, Edwin Henry Beam, aged 62 years. Disease, la grippe-pneumonia. He was a devoted and consistent Spiritualist, an intelligent, upright and kind-hearted man. He was born in Pennsylvania, and of German parentage. He removed to this city from Kansas about a year ago, and has endeavored himself to many friends during his brief residence here. A wife remains, with whom he passed twenty-two years. The companion of his earlier years, and their three children, who passed on before, have welcomed him to their bright spirit-home. His genial face will be missed at our hall, but his spiritual presence will no doubt be felt. He reported himself present at a circle on the day of his transition. Funeral services by the undersigned. JAMES MADON ALLEN.

Another of our patriachs passed on to the land of realities, Major Henry Link, aged 80 years. He was one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Little Falls, N. Y. As a lawyer he was painstaking and conscientious, and had the reputation of being one of the best-read lawyers in this section. He was a man of firm convictions, ever ready to give his opinions, but never pressed his ideas upon others. He had been a decided Spiritualist over forty years. He was a great reader, a deep thinker, a profound reasoner, and was thoroughly read in Spiritual philosophy, and passed to the other side in full faith of its realism, and a happy reunion with those gone before. C.

Office.
Angel Visitations.
O'er the dizzy heights of mountains,
Through the valleys long and low,
By the side of crystal fountains
White-robed spirits come and go.
Through the palaces of grandeur,
Through the homes of want and woe,
Through the halls of mirth and splendor
White-robed spirits come and go.
Into the dismal prison cells,
Into dungeon's vile and low,
Even through the worst of living hells
White-robed spirits come and go.
Up and down the boundless ocean,
Through the storms of rain and snow,
Into every land and haven
White-robed spirits come and go.
Ever with their presence bringing
Peace and balm for every woe,
Ever blessing, softly singing,
White-robed spirits come and go.
—Mrs. Annie E. Thomas.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.
Is Connected with a Lame Arm.

TO THE EDITOR:—To say the least the following is suggestive. It first appeared in *Lucifer*, Madame Blavatsky's magazine:
"I will tell you now a strange case. You remember, perhaps, that for over five years before my coming to meet you in Paris (1884) I suffered almost constantly from a violent pain in my right arm. Whether it was rheumatism, neuralgia or anything else, I do not know, but besides great physical pain I felt my arm becoming with every day more powerless, so that when rising from sleep I could hardly lift or even move it. This made me dread final paralysis. Then I went to Paris. You also remember the little old gentleman called M. Evette, the mesmerizer, who tried to cure you by magnetism, only without any results. It was you, I believe, who suggested that he should try to cure my arm. The pain I was suffering from, and you will remember also that from the evening when he tried a few passes from the right shoulder downward I felt better. Then he visited us regularly every day for some time, and never failed to mesmerize my arm. After five or six sittings my arm was entirely cured, all pain had disappeared, its weakness also, to such an extent that my right arm suddenly became stronger than my left one, which had never given me any trouble. Soon after he parted. I returned to Odessa, and never feeling any pain in that arm from that date this New Year's Day, i. e., during the year and a half years, I soon lost every remembrance of my past suffering.
"But lo and behold! On January 1st, 1889, I suddenly felt with dismay that my right arm was again paining me. At first I did not great attention to it, thinking it would pass over. But the pain remained; my arm began once more to feel half-paralyzed, then finally I found it in just the same condition as it had been nearly five years before. I hoped that it was but a slight cold which would disappear in time. It did not, however, but became worse. My disillusion as to the potency of magnetism was a complete and very disagreeable one, I assure you. I had labored under the impression that magnetism cured once for all, and found to my bitter regret that in my case it had lasted only four and a half years! * * *
"Thus I went on suffering until the end of the month, when one day I received the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, which I go on subscribing for now as I did before. I began to look it through, when suddenly, under the title of 'Obituary Notices,' my eye caught these lines: 'Le 15 Janvier courant, on portait en terre la dépouille mortelle de M. Henri Evette, magnétiseur puissant.' (On January 15th were buried the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Evette, a powerful mesmerizer.) I felt sorry for the good old man, evidently the same that we have known, when suddenly a thought struck me. January 15, new style, means with us January 3d in Russia. If he was buried on that date, then he must have died on January 1st, or thereabouts, since in France, as elsewhere, the people are rarely buried before the third day after their death. He must have died, then, on New Year's Day, precisely on that day when the long-forgotten pain had returned into the arm he had so successfully cured some years before! What an extraordinary occurrence! I thought. I was thunderstruck, as it could never be a simple coincidence. How shall we explain this? Would it not mean that the mesmeric passes had left in my arm some invisible particles of a curative fluid which had prevented the return of pain, and had been, in short, conducive to a healthy circulation in it, hence of healthy state so far? But that on the day of the mesmerizer's death—who knows, perhaps, at the very hour—these mysterious particles suddenly left me! Whither have they gone? Have they returned to him and their now lifeless sister-particles? Have they run away like deserters, or simply disappeared, because the vital power that fixed them into my arm was broken? Who can tell? I would if I could have some experienced mesmerizer, or those who know about it, answer me and suggest an explanation. Does any one know of cases where the death of the mesmerizer causes the diseases cured by him to return in their former shape to the patients who survive him, or whether it is an unheard-of case? Is it a common law, or an exceptional event? It does seem to me that this is a very remarkable and suggestive one in the domain of magnetic cures."
Is not what is designated animal magnetism something more than a force—is it a substance that once infiltrated in the human system, exerts a potent influence—a highly curative medicine.
Jus Tice.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.
The Strange Vision that Came to a Philadelphia Quaker.

THOMAS SAY, A WELL KNOWN PHILADELPHIAN IN THE OLDEN DAYS, GOES INTO A TRANCE AND WHILE IN THIS STATE SEES THREE OF HIS FRIENDS DIE AND TWO OF THEM ENTER INTO HEAVEN.
Philadelphians nowadays are matter-of-fact, and not given to the belief in spirits, ghosts or visions, but in the last century, especially among the Society of Friends, there lived in this city a remarkable number of men and women who, like Joseph of old, claimed to have experienced visions and viewed the spirits of the departed. The stories told by these "Public Friends," as they were often called, were given credence as gospel by the best and most highly educated people of the Quaker City. In truth, they must have been difficult to refute, as generally they were promulgated by persons of steadiness and great respectability, whose veracity was considered by the community beyond question.
Some of these stories, as family traditions, have come down to us to-day. One of the best authenticated and most interesting of them was related to the writer recently. It is known as the most uncommon vision of Thomas Say, who was the grandfather of Thomas Say, the noted naturalist, and father of Dr. Benjamin Say.
Thomas Say was one of the earliest natives of this city, and during his day was quite a prominent doctor and public man. He was born on the 16th of September, 1709. His father, William Say, married at Friends' meeting in Philadelphia, in 1693, the daughter of Thomas Paschell, who came to this country with William Penn in his good ship the *Welcome*. When Say was five years old his father died, and his mother, some years after, married again. Benjamin Say's stepfather was a member of the Episcopal Church, and the boy was therefore brought up in the doctrine of that faith, but his inclinations were towards the belief of his father, and when quite young he joined the Society of Friends. When he was seventeen years of age he was taken sick with pleurisy, at which time he experienced his vision, or trance, an account of which, found in his diary handed down by his family, can be best told in his own words:
A DEATH-LIKE TRANCE.
"On the ninth day, between the hours of 4 and 5, I fell into a trance, and so continued until about the hour of 3 or 4 the next morning—for I left the body—my father and mother, Susannah Robinson, and others who watched me, shook my body, felt my pulse and tried if they could discern any remains of life or breath in me, but found none.
"Some may be desirous to know whether I was laid out or not. I found myself when I opened my eyes laid on my back on my bed, as a corpse is on a board, and I was told, after I got better, the reason why they did not lay me on a board was because my mother could not at that time find freedom to have it done. Then they sent for Dr. Kearsley, who attended me, to have his opinion. When he came he felt for my pulse and found none, nor any remains of life in me, as he told them; but as he was going away he returned and said that something came into his mind to try further.
"He then desired somebody to get him a small looking-glass, which Catherine Souder, who lived with my father, procured. The doctor laid it on my mouth for a short time, then took it off and there appeared on the glass a little moisture. Then the doctor said to them: 'If he is not dead, I believe he is so far gone that I think he will never open his eyes again. But I would have you let him lay while he continues warm, and when he begins to grow cold lay him out.'
SAY'S WONDERFUL VISION.
"This they told me when I returned into the body, at which time I inquired why so many sat up with me, not knowing that they thought me dead. Upon hearing me speak they were all very much surprised. The second time I spoke they all rose out of their chairs, and when I spoke the third time they all came to me. My father and mother inquired how it had been with me? I answered and said unto them I thought I had been dead and going to Heaven, and after I left the body I heard, as it were, the voices of men, women and children singing songs of praise unto the Lord God and the Lamb without intermission, which ravished my soul and threw me into transports of joy.
"My soul was also delighted with most beautiful greens, which appeared to me on every side, and such as never were seen in this world; through these I passed, being all clothed in white and in my full shape. As I passed along toward a higher state of bliss I cast my eyes upon earth, which I saw plainly, and beheld three men—whom I knew—die. Two of them were white men, one of whom entered into rest and the other was cast off. There appeared a beautiful transparent gate opened, and as I and the one that entered into rest came up to it, he stepped in, but as I was stepping in, I stepped into the body.
LONGING FOR THE FINAL CHANGE.
"When I recovered from my trance I mentioned their names, and the same time telling how I saw them die and which of them entered into rest and which did not. I said to my mother: 'Oh, that I had made one step further, then I should not have come back again.' After I told them what I had to say I desired them to say no more to me, for I still heard the melodious songs of praise, and while I heard them I felt no pain; but when they went from me the pain in my side returned again, for which I was glad, hoping every stitch would take me off, and longing for my final change.
"After I told them of the death of the three men, they sent to see if it was so, and when the messenger returned he told them

they were all dead and died in the rooms, etc., as I told them. Upon hearing it I fell into tears and said: 'O, Lord, I wish thou hadst kept me and sent him back that was in pain,' after which I soon recovered from my sickness.
THE VISION CONFIRMED.
"The third was a negro, named Cuffee, belonging to Widow Kearny, whom I saw die. Some time after my recovery the widow sent for me, and inquired whether I thought the departed spirits knew one another? I answered in the affirmative, and told her that I saw her negro man die whilst I was a corpse. She then asked me, 'Where did he die?' I told her, in her brick kitchen, between the jamb of the chimney and the wall, and when they took him off the bed to lay him on the board his head slipped out of their hands. She then said, 'So it did,' and asked me if I could tell her where they laid him.
"I informed her that they laid him between the back door and the street door. She said that she did not remember anything of that. I told her he laid there whilst they wept under the window, where he was afterward placed. She then said she remembered it was so, and told me that she was satisfied, and had reason to believe what she often thought, that it was so.
HOW THEY ENTERED HEAVEN.
"These men, upon inquiry, were found to die at the very time I saw them, and all the circumstances of their death were found to be as I related them. As some may be desirous to know how, and in what shape, these dead appeared to me, I would satisfy their desire by telling them that they appeared each in a complete body, which I take to be the spiritual body, separated from the earthly, sinful body.
"They were also all clothed, the negro and the person who entered into rest, in white, and the other, who was cast off, had his garments somewhat white, but spotted. I saw also the body in which each lived when upon earth and also how they were laid out, but my own body I did not see. The reason why I neither saw my own body nor entered fully into rest, I take to be this, that my soul was not quite separated from my body, as the others were, though it was so far separated as to see these things and to hear the songs of praise before mentioned."
Philadelphia, Pa.
Notes from Mrs. C. H. Hinckley.
TO THE EDITOR:—Though a little late in sending in my appreciative word for the *New Revelation*, owing to a press of other duties, yet my joy is just as great and my word of praise just as sincere for the beautiful paper you are giving us. I want especially to notice that excellent article in the Christmas number, by Mrs. Richmond, on Organization. To my mind it elaborates most completely the ideas I tried in my poor way to set forth a few months ago. While many of the productions of writers taking an opposite view contain some strong points, the greater share of the arguments betray inconsiderateness and lack of extended experience in the lines laid down by them for others to follow.
It seems to me that now Spiritualists who are in the advance guard have arrived at their waiting-time, and should quietly "ground arms" until the rear guard, the great body of religious thinkers, come up, and to the front, as they seem in some prominent quarters to be making serious efforts to do. When they shall have grasped the fundamental truths that lie at the foundation of the spiritual philosophy, then the great secular world will give respectful audience to the same, and the structure of society will gradually change to meet the new developments in all lines of thought, and what Spiritualists from their vantage-ground have so ardently longed for, viz:—a respectful recognition—will be an accomplished fact. Then organization of the true order of evolution will be the simplest and easiest of possibilities. Then from pulpit, school and theatre, the three great forums of education and social development, all may teach, listen and learn, according to their several abilities, in an unbroken unity. Angels speed the day.
MRS. C. H. HINCKLEY.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
What the Signs of the Zodiac Say.
ARIES.
Man shall receive of my golden fleece,
In ratio as his love and light increase.
TAURUS.
I speak with a voice untrammelled and bold,
As heroes all do when truth should be told.
GEMINI.
Were all mankind like us in love united,
Earthly wrongs would soon be righted.
CANCER.
I see Biblist, crablike, backward crawl,
Ignoring light within, that lighteth all.
LEO.
Men with my power alone discordant roar,
With woman shared, melodious evermore.
VIRGO.
I wave the magic wand of women's love,
And lo! the world is pure as worlds above.
LIBRA.
I the scales of justice poise in every brain,
By placing around them pleasure and pain.
SCORPIO.
Only ignorance is vicious, and my sting
The sweets of love and wisdom ever bring.
SAGITTARIUS.
See, oh man! my swift-winged arrow fly
And shoot the raindrops from the sky.
CAPRICORNUS.
Pope Leo and I, thick-skulled butter born;
He to butt freedom, I the sun at Capricorn.
AQUARIUS.
I teach man to make or break the rainy cloud,
And rid all earth of its frosty shroud.
PISCES.
We symbolize (swimming the waters of time),
That living in freedom is living sublime.
—W. T. Vance.
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, combining cheapness and excellence, should be in every family. Only one dollar per year. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents. Introduce it to your neighbor.

W. H. Bach in Texas.
TO THE EDITOR:—It is a long time since I made my last bow to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, having been "under the weather," suffering from the prevailing epidemic. I was taken sick at Appleton, Minn., December 14th, and was obliged to give up my engagements and go home, where I was not able to do any work for four weeks. As soon as I was well enough to do so, I started south to follow up the work, stopping for one Sunday at Omaha, and going from there to Missouri Valley, Iowa, where I held two public meetings with fair success. After leaving there I went to Stanberry, Mo., where I found a few friends doing what was possible for our cause. The Presbyterian Church, a very comfortable and pleasant edifice, had been secured for our meetings, and we held two very pleasant ones, while a third had to be postponed on account of severe weather, the thermometer being way below zero all of my stay at the above two places. Passing through Council Bluffs I had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Lockwood, who has been filling engagements with the societies of Omaha and Council Bluffs to their great satisfaction. He is assisted in his work by Mrs. Lockwood, who is said by those who have heard her, to be a very fine trance medium. After spending one Sunday in Kansas City, where I was pleased to meet and listen to our good brother, Bishop A. Beals, and also Mrs. Aber, of Spring Hill, Kansas, I started for this point. There are but comparatively few avowed Spiritualists in this city, but many inquirers after spiritual food. I spoke twice Sunday, Jan. 31st, and once Feb. 7th, following each lecture by psychometric delineations. It has been my custom to read direct from the person, but by request, last Sunday, articles were brought forward and I read from handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. In each case the reading was acknowledged as correct. One reading carried a lady from youth to her present time of life, noting the age at which certain events took place, one being a very bright spot which came at 17 years of age, when she met and married a man with whom she lived twenty-five years "in perfect bliss," and another being a dark point at 42, when he passed to the spirit side of life; also stating that all of her friends were on the spirit shores. Acknowledged as correct in every detail. Another, an old gentleman (71 years) was taken from the age of four years and carried up through his life to the present time, as he said, "better than he could have done it himself." These are simply given as samples of what the Spirit world is doing to prove its existence. To-day I was favored with a visit from a strong materialist and scoffer at Spiritualism who requested a private reading. After less than an hour's time he came out a wiser man, and stated that his father, who is in Spirit-life, had come and convinced him that "the so-called dead have been restored." He remained as long as he could, to learn more of our philosophy (which was entirely new to him) and then went away after making an appointment to call again and bring his wife with him. He stated that he came there with no belief, and went away convinced that he had held a conversation with his father, brother, and spirit daughter.
I shall remain in the South and do what I can for some little time, but will return North in time to attend to camp-meeting work for the Northwestern Spiritualist Association. I would be pleased to hear from friends of our cause who would like to have something in their own town, and will make very liberal terms; also from persons in places on my way back. My address while in the South will be care Independent Pulpit, Waco, Tex. Permanent address, St. Paul, Minn.
W. H. BACH.

An Excellent Medium at St. Paul.
MR. EDITOR:—It may be of interest to the many investigators and seekers for Spiritual light in this State, and especially south of St. Paul, to know that quietly domiciled in this city for the winter is one of the most wonderful physical mediums. Mr. and Mrs. Goodsel, of Howard Lake, this State, are now quartered at the residence of our good Brother and Sister Hall, near neighbors of the writers. Mrs. Goodsel (formerly Thayer) for a number of years has been quietly living with her husband at the above-named place, resting from her labors as a medium, and occasionally visiting in St. Paul (not as a medium, but for congenial association). It now appears that some of the denizens of the beyond (among them Charles H. Foster) are making an effort to induce this lady to again enter the field in which her wonderful medial powers so greatly capacitate her. Although not sitting at present professionally, she occasionally invites a few friends for a pleasant evening's entertainment. The writer and his better half a few days since were invited to spend an afternoon with Brother and Sister Hall, and Brother and Sister Goodsel, which was gladly accepted. After spending some time in pleasant conversation, we assembled in the room of the medium, where we took seats at a small, plain table. Two slates were lying upon it, which, on being cleaned, folded together and tied, were passed beneath the table and pressed tightly against the under surface by Mrs. Goodsel and Mr. and Mrs. Flower. After a few moments thus held, writing was distinctly heard upon the slates by each sitter. When the writing ceased the slates were withdrawn by Mrs. Flower, and on being opened disclosed a bunch of beautiful fresh carnation pinks, and the following written communication:
"I am glad to meet you. It gives me great pleasure to greet the old pioneers. You have battled well, my friends, for the great truth of Spiritualism. Your reward will come in the higher life. You have stood firmly by our banner of truth, and we will stand firmly by you. I find you have many loved ones here who are anxious to communicate, but not to-day. Your dear ones will speak to you both in the near future. They bring you

these earthly flowers. Keep them in remembrance, for these flowers will draw your loved ones near to you. Meet me again at no distant day. Your friends will then speak to you in tenderness and love.
"CHARLES H. FOSTER."
I could relate many wonderful manifestations that have occurred at Sister Hall's through this medium, but this notice is already too long.
M. T. C. FLOWER.
St. Paul, Minn.
If a Man Die Shall He Live Again.
TO THE EDITOR:—It was once said, that "If a tree be cut down we have hope that it will live again; but man dieth, yea, he wasteth away, and where is he? For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything; neither have they any more reward; for that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast." This is not only the language of ancient times, but of to-day. The great question of humanity is: Shall we survive the change called death? Shall we retain our identity, live and be ourselves? This is decidedly the question of the day, asked by saint and sinner. If we ask a Mohammedan for his evidence of eternal life, he will refer us to the Koran. If we inquire of the Chinaman, he also will point us to his sacred book. If we inquire of a Christian, he too will refer us to his Bible. We read these bibles, but, alas, they are the works of men. Man said that God said it. These men are all in eternity. We do not know whether they told the truth or not; all the evidence therein contained is second-handed. Men in the days of bible-making were very much like ourselves, imperfect. We read in our Bible the beautiful sayings of Jesus. That is, what others said that he taught; but we are told Jesus wrote nothing—it is all second-handed. Were the writers of the Bible perfect men? Have they made no mistakes? We are told that the tree is known by its fruits. What are the fruits of those men? Moses, we are told, wrote the first five books of the Bible, and we learn that the first act of his life that distinguished him was committing a murder. Judas was one of the twelve Apostles; he sold his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver. Peter was one also. He, when asked if he was a follower of Jesus, denied him three times, and the last with an oath. Abraham, Lot, David and Solomon, we are told, were righteous men of God, held up as patterns for us to follow as men of our counsel. Should we conclude to follow these precepts, we would be found hanging by the neck, or serving a term in the State's prison. In view of all this, where shall we find the evidence of eternal life? Let us look within our own souls. There we shall find a still, small voice which says: "Thou shalt live." We ask this voice for the evidence, and we are required to furnish the necessary conditions. We comply, and lo! the veil is parted, our long-lost friends come back and give us positive evidence that they do live, and that we will live also. We can now say, that if a man die he shall live again.
J. W. WESTERFIELD.
Spiritualistic Christening.
TO THE EDITOR:—I have taken the liberty of sending you the enclosed "christening." I was one of the ladies who were gathered together for our afternoon meeting at the medium's house, Mrs. Mullen, when one of her controls, Starr King, came and performed the ceremony, and I assure you it was a most interesting scene. Mrs. Becker lost her then only daughter some years ago, so the birth of this baby was a great joy to the parents, and they named her after the first, but added May, making it Clara May; this the spirit sister did not wish, so put it Bell—Claribell.
ADDRESS BY SPIRIT STARR KING.
"Claribell Becker, I come to-day in behalf of your spirit sister, to christen you in this name that she has chosen for you. I baptize you not with water, but with the divine spirit of love, truth and knowledge, and it matters not to her what they may call you here in this life, but to her and the Spirit-world you shall be known as Claribell; and may the angels who stand here to-day to witness this christening bear back the glad tidings, that to-day a child is born; yes, born, christened, and dedicated to the spirit work; and we promise that the angels shall watch over you; that they shall guide and direct you. They shall help to prepare you for the mission you are destined to fulfill. I see already a large band of lovely spirit children formed about you. They are chanting sweet, low lullabies. They are strewn your path with rare flowers, fresh from the fields of Paradise, true emblems of love, peace and fidelity. I hear a voice exclaim: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' And now, may the blessing of the Most High be with you through all time. Amen and Amen!"
A Grand Old Store House.
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a grand old store house of knowledge. I often wish it was printed on parchment, for I frequently wear my paper out in reading and re-reading. It contains so much in "nut-shells," I want to crack all, and let no kernel escape.
J. A. TEAGARDEN.
Miss Marsden, who has been striving to better the condition of the lepers in Siberia, and is to present their cause to the Czarina, has traveled over 2,000 miles on horseback in prosecuting the work.
Gen. Francis A. Walker would have the government levy a tax of \$100 a head upon every immigrant coming to us after July 1. Then he would notify the world that having received in ten years 5,250,000 foreigners we had concluded to take a rest for the next ten. Gen. Walker's head is generally pretty level.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN LENA BIBLE'S STORY OF PIONEER LIFE.

A MYSTERIOUS FAMILY

A Tale of Pioneer Life in Southern Michigan.

BY LENA BIBLE, NOW IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

The first white settlers in the vicinity where the McDonalds established their new home was a family whom, it appeared, had by some unaccountable means acquired the friendship of all the Indians in that section, who, for a long time, were the only people or neighbors with whom they would associate, or in any manner whatsoever mingle. How this conciliatory power was gained by this family over these uncivilized Red Men, or what the mystery which so completely enveloped them, no one pretended to know or even correctly conjecture, excepting occasionally a stranger coming into the community would fancy himself in possession of the secret. Some such had drawn upon their imaginations sufficiently to formulate the theory that they were working in secret with white outlaws, counterfeiters, or highway robbers, in conjunction with the Indians, else how came they in possession of so many things, not only comforts but luxuries, utterly unobtainable by most of their neighbors? One of the foremost in promulgating this idea, one day, while on a hunting expedition near the Mobatt (the strange family's) homestead, chanced to observe, while passing across the end of a pasture lot where nibbled a few sheep, an opening in the hillside nearly concealed by trailing vines and creepers. Immediately the thought flashed into his mind that here might be the long-sought opportunity for discovering the rendezvous of the band of outlaws of which he believed Mr. Mobatt a member. So, cautiously advancing to the opening, and pulling aside, as best he could, the natural curtain before it, he peered in. Naught but darkness greeted his vision. Carefully he crawled in a little way, when suddenly there came a mighty rush of wind as though produced by the passage of a heavy body through the air, and he was ejected so forcibly that he felt, as he afterward declared, as though all the bones in his body were being dislocated. As soon as he could collect his scattered senses he found himself confronted by a large and pugnacious-looking male sheep, whose rest in the shade furnished by this natural cavity in the earth he had unwittingly disturbed. And so all conjectures, though not always in so violent and ludicrous a manner, were proven erroneous, leaving the family in as great obscurity as before.

It was ascertained, however, that they were of French lineage; that in true politeness and good breeding they were by no means deficient, was very noticeable when sometimes they would unthinkingly reply to their neighbor's salutations in a manner at once courteous and pleasing, as they would meet on the highway; but they were ordinarily so very reserved, and at all times remained so entirely within themselves, seeming to say by their cold formality and chilling demeanor that they desired nothing of the people around them, only to be left exclusively alone, that no one felt any inclination to attempt the second time any familiarity with them, and so the hope of ever forming their acquaintance was finally abandoned by all; and this year after year passed away, and still no more was known of this peculiar family, than that a mystery was hanging over them with which no one cared to meddle, however. But even the children in their rambles, if they chanced to come across the strange old man, would exhibit as much terror, and run from him as though pursued by a ferocious bear; yet no one could really tell why they were frightened into feeling so unpleasant at the approach of the poor, relict old gentleman, whose shaggy locks and bent form seemed to indicate that the better part of his days were nearly passed, and his physical powers necessarily considerably decreased. But the rumors about himself and family had gained sufficient credence in the community to keep the people suspicious and afraid.

In addition to the doubtful circumstances in connection with them already related, it was said also that a young man had been seen to enter their home under cover of night, who was received with expressions of ecstasy and joy by them, and alternately folded in the arms of each. These visits were repeated, it was believed, once each year, at least, and always after nightfall.

It was universally admitted throughout the vicinity that these people had evinced excellent judgment in the location of their farm, and good sense in their selection of a site whereon to erect their dwelling, especially if it was their intention to always remain so completely isolated from the world around them; and appearances surely indicated that such, indeed, was their purpose.

Their house stood upon a slight elevation of ground in a beautiful valley, the hills surrounding it being so densely covered with large forest trees as to conceal it completely from observation; and strangers would never suspect the fact of there being a comfortable habitation coosily nestled there, entirely hidden as it was by its wild and picturesque environments, until they would approach so near as to be fully upon it, when, lo!

they are spellbound with wonder and admiration.

The upright or body part of the house was constructed of massive logs smoothly hewed and joined; the corners so nicely squared and evened as to denote the handiwork of some one possessing more than ordinary architectural skill and capacity. The roof was made of straw and bark, so ingeniously thatched and compressed as to effectually resist all storms. The grounds, which extended in a gradual slope from the house, terminated at a little brooklet which wound its silvery way through the green valley among the hills. The taste and skill evinced in the plan and arrangement of their yard and adjacent grounds indicated refinement and culture of no mean order. On a contiguous hillside was a field in which was pastured their cattle and sheep, across a corner of which flowed the waters of the same crystal stream. This lonely and romantic spot, as viewed from an opposite point, was one which an artist might covet as a model, and was situated some three miles from Tomahawk Lake.

The McDonalds had been settled in their new home a number of years; indeed, long enough to be considered old inhabitants, when one day Eleanor's brother Alonzo (famously called Lon), who was nineteen years of age and two years her senior, and herself set out with basket and pail containing all such "goodies" as are found in the pantries of thrifty farmers, to go berrying. It having been arranged the day previous that they should meet at a certain point specified with which all parties supposed each familiar, when a load of young people, gotten up mainly for the purpose of having a jolly good time generally, were to add them to their number. Eleanor and Alonzo having finally reached the place designated at an earlier hour than the one fixed upon when the rest should arrive, seated themselves under the branches of a large oak tree by the road side to await the coming of the party; but hour after hour passed and still they were waiting. At length, after revolving the matter over and over again in their minds, they concluded that probably the reason for their disappointment was due to misunderstanding as to the place of meeting, either on their own part or that of the company. They continued, however, to watch and wait until the sun had reached its meridian. Having then abandoned all hope of the delinquent party putting in an appearance, they turned their attention toward finding a more desirable place in which to eat their lunch, as where they then were there was no water. Therefore observing a little path leading into the woods, they at once decided to turn in and follow its windings, and so for a distance penetrate the cool, shady forest, for the day was intensely warm and sultry. Alonzo remembered, he said, where there was a spring of excellent water, from which he had at many times drank when out hunting, to which he suggested they direct their way, which they proceeded to do; and finally, after considerable rambling about, succeeded in discovering it. Having first hastened to quench their great thirst with the pure cold water issuing from a mossy bank, and, rolling away, forming a tiny sparkling stream, they proceeded to select a convenient place to spread and eat their lunch. The spot chosen was under the broad spreading branches of a massive tree, through the thick foliage of which the searching rays of the midday sun could not penetrate.

Being very weary they were not conscious of how swiftly time was passing until the blackness of a gathering tempest fogged their sleeping senses. After Alonzo had eaten his dinner, he threw himself upon the green, mossy ground, remarking as he did so, that the soft, flowery bed, fashioned by nature's faultless hand, was so loudly calling upon him to try its virtue, that he could no longer resist the impulse to acquiesce, and he was soon fast asleep; while Eleanor in the meantime sat under her green canopy of tall stately trees; with but here and there a hazy cloud sailing by, she knew not how long they remained, so perfectly enchanted by the lulling influence of the variety of sounds which fell in peaceful harmony upon her ear and senses.

(To be Continued.)

Mrs. Elsie Reynolds.

Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, the oft-quoted, oft-raided, arrested, fined and imprisoned, materializing medium of Los Gatos, Cal., gave a series of materializing seances in the elegant parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis T. Brooke, No. 1423 Locust St., Philadelphia. The evening of Jan. 15 she held her farewell seance, previous to her departure. The parlors were filled to their utmost capacity, many being obliged to stand, and mine host and hostess, in unison with the Spirit-world, did all in their power to make the occasion a grand success. It was a gathering of intellectual minds, doctors, lawyers, students and judges. Old friends from adjacent States, and even from Denver, Col., were there to share in the spiritual feast. The cabinet was formed by merely suspending a wire across the corner of the room, on which was hung a black cloth reaching to the floor, and about six feet high. It was thoroughly inspected by those who desired to do so. Among the many spirit friends that came in full form was mentioned a sister of the writer ("Josephine," who passed the "great divide" in 1880); also "little Mamie" (our daughter, aged six, transplanted to Spirit-life in 1882). E. V. Wilson came very strong, and those who knew him said it was perfect. Mr. Monroe, the chief control, came and sang. His voice was a deep bass, and he gave us words of counsel and cheer; said he would bring his medium back again in September, if possible, which was echoed by a continued "amen" from the audience. Many other spirits came (eleven in all), and all were recognized, except one, a powerful Indian, who spoke in his own dialect, and could not make himself understood. Just before the close of the seance the lights were extinguished, and we were visited by three illuminated spirit forms, who gave us words of encouragement, wisdom and love. Many were the good-byes and God-speeds given to Mrs. Reynolds by the entire audience, as we parted to our different homes, miles apart. I have known Mrs. Reynolds for a period of over eleven years, and I have always found her to be strictly honest, brave, refined, and a lady, in all that the word suggests or implies.

204 State St., Camden, N. J.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

A WINTER REPORT OF ITS ATTRACTIONS, AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE SPIRITUALISTS' CAMPING GROUNDS, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR:—In the past your columns and others have voiced the grandeur of Lookout Mountain, but reports given during the session of the camp-meetings here absorbed so largely the camp interests, we failed to see the mountain itself. With permission I shall give a winter report and name facts that will surely interest all readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

As to the purposes of the Camp Meeting Association for the coming summer, I am not prepared to speak now, but the Association owns a valuable property here and all the requisites for success. If they are awaiting facilities and the completion of another steam line to the top of the mountain, I am sure that this will guarantee greater success of the Camp interests in the future. Business men have engineered the Association's interests, and the tract of realty owned by the Association is worth \$27,000 more today than it cost them. The efficient management here will adopt wise methods for the general good. The Natural Bridge Hotel, owned by the Camp Association, is kept by W. H. Russell. He has a fair supply of health-seekers and more are coming.

The mountain is over eighty miles long and averages three in width, and is covered with timber. There are various farms and many residences on this north end. The mountain has an abundance of berries in season, and much fruit is raised. The clearest and best drinking water in the world flows from its many springs. These form lovely rivulets and creeks which meander for miles and flow through glens to the Tennessee river. Some, however, pour as cascades over the mountain rocks. Lulu Falls is the chief one on the mountain; its fine flow of purest water is a thing of rare beauty. The fall is a charming attraction, as it is a wide volume and has a perpendicular fall of 160 feet, so I am told.

Lulu Lake, near the large fall, is a lovely body of clear water. It is sixty-five feet deep. It adds much to the grandeur of the mountain. If fish inhabit its depths, they have beautiful parlors and mossy chambers in which to roam with belles and beaux, and in their shaded grottoes they may form many a sacred alliance, for this is a romantic and secluded retreat.

A Boston syndicate, representing \$1,000,000, has just bought the large tract of land, the immense Inn Hotel, and many other buildings of the former owners. This hotel lodges 1,000 guests in the lively season. Much of interest could be said about this great enterprise. They own a good railway and are operating it from Chattanooga to the top of the mountain by a very circuitous route. They are to construct a new incline or endless cable line directly up.

The Narrow Gauge Company have shown enterprise by their incline road, their Point Hotel and their track to the camp grounds. We have a post-office and several stores on the mountain. The Lookout Mountain House is another large hotel with many residences connected for the rooming of summer resorters.

Dr. Barton has a good Sanitarium on the mountain, and patients are beginning to come to it. Another place of interest is the Sanitarium kept for the last two years by Dr. Deitrich. Your correspondent has leased this property and opened it as the Lookout Institute, to be used for absent healing, and instruction in occult sciences; also from which he will publish his paper, *Light of Ages*. I welcome the sick, the weary, and the hungry to our invalids' home. We will live you a month free, Mr. Editor, if you will come and take a rest.

If space would permit, I would tell much of interest on and about this mountain, relating to war days. Fighting Joe Hooker left his tracks in the "battle above the clouds" part of the way up the mountain. Mission Ridge lies in full view, also Sherman Heights. Our glass surveys many fields of battle close to the mountain, and sweeps an area of vast extent, for we see seven different States, many towns and objects of interest. The mountain rises to a height of 1,800 feet above the Tennessee river, flowing close to its base. Steamers are plying daily, thus adding beauty to the enraptured vision.

The city of Chattanooga is most enterprising, and filling up rapidly with people from the North who invest heavily. Our weather here now is like October in Illinois. The temperature on the mountain is very even, and the afflicted coming here recover rapidly. If any of your readers desire to learn more about this lovely resort, I shall be willing to write all who inquire enclosing a stamp.

DR. A. J. SWARTS.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

MULTIFARIOUS VIEWS.

How very suggestive and worthy of careful consideration is Mr. Woodruff's letter in a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on management of camp meetings, and what a great improvement would take place were the same principles applied in other cases that admit of them. Take your own paper as a pertinent and telling example of the advantage of having everyone interested lend a helping hand, if possible.

I presume from the general tenor of your articles and correspondence that it is hardly necessary to call up for commendation the examples of the great reformer, Martin Luther, and yet I may be allowed to suggest that Luther began the work for us in that line. He protested against the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, and protested moreover to some purpose, but he only showed us the way to a still further and higher title to the name of Protestant.

He went as he felt impelled to go, as far, that is, as any man is justified in going, and was a great step in advance; for it was "the first step which costs," but if we are true to the spirit which animated him we shall see it was only a step. We are called upon to use our larger liberty, partly the result of his efforts, in advancing still further along the road he entered so fearlessly. We must, in all love and gentleness, but none the less firmly, declare our freedom from allegiance to any church. We must recognize the fact that each one of us has within the only judge whose commands we are called upon to obey, the only authority whose will, for our own peace and happiness, we are naturally constrained to execute. No church, no organization, no spirit incarnate or incarnate can rightfully deprive us of the

eternally inalienable use of our own conscience. We must all discern the truth for ourselves individually, that truth which alone can make us truly free. "And he a freeman whom the truth makes free. And all are slaves besides."

Spiritualists must not lean on their mediums or speakers any more than churchmen should on their ministers. Mediums are not supernatural beings, and if we were, that would not exonerate the others from thinking for themselves. We are each of us, medium or non-medium, endowed with reason, and we are bound to subject all questions to it for careful consideration. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God." So says the Bible, and so, I feel sure, say we all of us in our hearts, and so I like to see all, whatever their attainments, taking part in the discussion of matters that concern them. What is of interest to all, let all have the chance to say what they will concerning, and let each try and help the other in that way to a clearer understanding of the truth.

No matter though the point of view that troubles some may be clear to the majority, let the minority have their representation, so that all may be enlightened. Better have a little better have a great deal of repetition, than have it said by any one that his or her opinion was shouted out of the arena because it could not be controverted, and was not desired to be adopted. No matter what our educational or other disadvantages may have been, we can all help each other. If a dark or undeveloped spirit comes to me, trying to deceive me or work me harm, I do not expect spiritual advice, or noble thoughts and language from such a source, but he helps me all the same, for these very attempts at deceit and harm show me how I can aid him. Let us never, therefore, stifle discussion, but rather invite it, and let us remember that, owning intimate allegiance only to ourselves, we may safely receive and consider, and if it so seems good unto us, assimilate all or any of what the lowliest of our brethren may choose to offer. "To thine own self be true, And it does follow as the night, the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

I trust, then, that your valuable paper will go on as it is going, and doing so well, giving weekly valuable information and instruction from our brethren of greater experience, and yet freely opening its columns to the crudest and most undeveloped for the expression of their opinions. Opinions all the more to be welcomed the more they are distorted, or to better developed natures repugnant, for their very expression is to others a silent appeal for more light and kindly help and counsel.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." There is one point in this connection to which I should like to call attention, and that is that we must not rush from the one extreme of total subjection of conscience and reason to the dictates of a church, right to the other extreme of denying the utility or good of the church altogether. All churches, be they Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek or anything else, are doing good, and much good, and the nearer they come to the ideal of their founders, real or supposed, the more elevating and beneficial they are to the human race. True they have faults, all of them; they were not human otherwise, but we must not annihilate an institution because it contains error. Reform, not destruction, must be our motto, and reform by the wish of those who would make better.

"A man convinced against his will, is of his own opinion still."

We must therefore seek not the spread of any "ism," be it our own "ism" or any other person's, but the well-being of the race, the progress towards perfection of all life. This is a work which no organization can perform, though each can help towards its attainment if they will. It is a work which can be most effectually carried forward outside of, while yet within, all distinctive organizations. It is the work of the universal spirit of love—the Christ-spirit, if you will—which works in all men, and therefore works in all societies, but can be confined to none.

Let each of us then remain where our conscience impels us, whether it be in the church or out of it, and where we are, let us so live that we shall help, and not hinder, the progress upwards of the most misguided of our fellow-men.

"There is a life above, Unmeasured by the flight of years, And all that life is love."

DAVID REID, JR.

RECOMPENSE.

BY G. W. COOK.

Though thy path hath oft been clouded, And thy way seemed drear and dark, And thy soul hath all been shrouded, When grief assailed thy feeble bark;

Though the moths that flutter round thee, When the sun was o'er thy way, Soon as sorrows coiled around thee, And the clouds obscured thy way, Left thy side in holy horror (1), As the false and fickle will, And in all their well-forged terror, Keep aloof, avoid thee still!

Loving angels yet watch o'er thee, And of humans, still a few Sympathize and strive to cheer thee— Friends in sorrow, tried and true, Don't you see you've been the gainer From your sorrows here below, That they've served as moral strainer To save the wheat, the chaff let go!

Lo! He is the most successful Who, in every great defeat Following honest effort, peaceful Views the victory it doth secrete."

Strive thou, then, from all the sorrow And the pain thy lot hath known, Calm to meet each coming morn'g With a spirit stronger grown.

For every blast the whirlwind giveth The infant oak on mountain side, But strength enduring to it bringeth Till up it grows—the forest's pride.

Then, though life's whirlwinds surge around thee, Till thou art almost overborne, Bear up! and all around thee Will angels shower blessings down. So thank the past for all that's brought thee, Improve the present all you may, For all the future hope most calmly, And do some good each passing day.

But do the right what e'er betide! Have faith in God's all-bounteous love! Sure as eternal truth abideth, A recompense thou shalt receive.

Then faint not, though thy way seem lonely, Be strong; to others lend a helping hand, Live not alone for self but only, Make earth a little better land.

And when to cross the shining river Your time, at length, shall come, Sincerely calm you shall pass o'er, And angels bright receive you home.

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Meetings in This City.

The Spiritualists of this city hold reg. meetings on Sunday as follows: P. O. S. A. Hall, corner of Washington St. and Ogden Ave., Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond speaker, at 10:45 and 1:45. The People's Spiritual Society, under supervision of Mr. Jennifer, will hold reg. at Bricklayer's Hall, 93 South Peoria street 2:30. Services each Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. 681 West Lake street. A. H. Williams, President. 115

The Philosophical Spiritual Society meet at Arlington Hall, Indiana avenue and Th first street, at 10:45.

The First South Side Spiritual Society hold services at 77 Thirty-first street, at 7:30 p. m.

Prof. G. W. Van Horn lectures and tests at Bricklayers hall, corner of Peoria Monroe streets, each Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

The First German Spiritualist Society Chicago, meets at 116 Fifth Ave., every day at 2:30 p. m.

Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Summers will meetings at No. 11 North Adams St., every day at 2:30 p. m.



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