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WILLIAM HEAP.

An Address Delivered by
Mrs. Ella Wilson Marchant.

IN MEMORY OF UNCLE BILLY HEAP,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE A FEW
WEEKS AGO—A GLOWING TRIBUTE.

The following is the memorial address
delivered by Mrs. Marchant at Liberal
Hall, San Bernardino, Cal., Jan. 17,
1892, at the memorial service in honor
of the memory of Pioneer William Heap:

THANATOPSIS.
To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over the spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while from all around
Comes a still voice:

Yet a few days, and no more,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee shall
claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.

The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with
kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary beards of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green, and, poured
round all,
The ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite hosts of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Carcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings—yet, the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest—what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Pierd on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their enjoyments, and shall
come
And make their bed with thee. As the long
train

Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

And, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall
take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave—
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

I have chosen a popular poem, one
whose title means a view of death, and
one that made the early fame of its
author, then a young man of nineteen,
attending college, as a starting-point for
my discourse to-day, and also to show
the vague, uncertain, and melancholy
view of death which has largely pre-
vailed throughout the world, and es-
pecially within the last century or so,
when scientific investigations on the one
hand, and a strong revulsion of feeling
toward former teachings on the other
hand, had unsettled, in the minds of
multitudes, all unquestioning belief
in regard to a hereafter, and created a
widespread agnosticism concerning any
future for the race beyond the barriers
of the tomb.

There is nothing in the poem that I
have just read,—at least nothing until
the last stanza is reached, that conveys
the least possible hint of any life beyond
the grave. A gentle but decided
melancholy breathes through the whole
poem. The whole world is represented
as a vast, but magnificent mausoleum,
that swells in air and whirled through
space, lighted up by the electric light of
a great, blazing sun. "The golden
sun," he says, "the planets, all the in-
finite host of heaven, are shining on the
sad abodes of death through the still
lapse of ages." A mausoleum having
for its continuous requiem chant the
dirges of the waves of the ocean, whose
grey and melancholy waste is poured
round and beats upon this great, grand
and melancholy tomb of man. Accord-
ing to the still voice which he repre-

sents as breathing from all around us,
we pass into total annihilation so far as
our individual being is concerned.

Yet a few more days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.

He truly says that "All that tread the
globe are but a handful to the tribes
that slumber in its bosom," and consid-
ering that all the forms of human life
that have ever pressed foot upon this
globe have mixed forever with the ele-
ments, then the very air we breathe,
and every grain of dust we tread upon,
or that flies in the air stirred by the
wind, once composed a portion of some
human frame. And all vegetable life,
all animal life—yes, all human life—is
simply fed and nourished by those who,
having surrendered up their individual
being, have gone to mix forever with
the elements, and make new mould in
which remaining life can take root and
grow. And all remaining life is but, as
it were, a funeral procession marching
to the tomb. True, in this great pro-
cession we find mirth and glee and joy-
ousness, as well as grief and care and
sorrow; there are youth, beauty, inno-
cence and bounding health, as well as
age, deformity, crime and decrepitude;
there are the mountebanks, the clowns
and the minstrels, as well as the liturgy,
the chant and the dirge—but all alike
are swelling the long, long procession
that ever follows through the waning
years, the corpses of humanity.

Surely this is an awful, impressive
and gloomy picture or panorama, but, in
the merely material sense, it is a true
picture. We know that the very earth
beneath our feet is largely made up of
atoms and particles that once had place
in organic life; and that all vegetable
life takes root in the soil so made up,
and upon vegetable life depends all ani-
mal life, including human life. This
melancholy view of death, as given by
the poet, is gilded by one single ray of
light or hope, and this single ray glints
upon the closing passage—the closing
scene; and fitly so, too—in the exhorta-
tion to "So live that when thy summons
comes to join the innumerable caravan
that moves to the pale realms of shade,
thou go not like the quarry slave at
night, scourged to his dungeon; but, sus-
tained and soothed by an unfaltering
trust, approach thy grave like one who
wraps the drapery of his couch about
him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

I have chosen this poem to comment
upon, and have given you these intro-
ductory remarks because I desire to
make a striking contrast.

And now I shall give you another and
shorter poem, which entirely reverses
the picture, turns darkness into light,
night into day, and death into life; and
this poem was a favorite with the one
whom we have met to memorialize here
to-day—Mr. William Heap, the de-
ceased president of the society that for
many years has met in this hall.

This poem, which has often been at-
tributed to Lord Lytton, was written by
J. L. McCree, and is entitled:

THERE IS NO DEATH.
There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead!

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

See how this poem ends with a glad
shout of exultation, proclaiming that
what humanity has hitherto denomi-
nated the "king of terrors," "the last
great enemy," has really and truly no
existence whatever, no existence so far
as its being an annihilator, no existence
as an object of intelligent dread, no ex-
istence as an evil, a terror or an enemy.
As another poet has said: "There is no
death; what seems so is transition." That
is what it is—transition, a passing from
one condition of life to another
condition of life, and leaving behind but
the worn-out, useless covering that pro-
tected the individual. Nature, as if to
comfort us, has given us a beautiful ex-
ample and object-lesson on this ground
in what passes before our very eyes,
year after year, as regularly as spring
succeeds to winter, and summer to

spring. I refer to the butterfly, that
poem on wings, and the contrast be-
tween its two states of existence may
well represent the contrast between our
present matter-imprisoned, earth-bound
condition, and the larger, freer, more
expansive and beautiful life of the soul
after the transition called death. See
the repulsive, wriggling, crawling
worm, whose firmament is the leaf that
covers it, whose outlook is the hills and
valleys made up of the dust in which it
crawls; to-day a thing of no beauty,
liable to be crushed under the passing
foot; but to-morrow, seel covered with
gorgeous hues, flashing the sunlight
from its wings, "a thing of beauty and a
joy forever," lifted far above the sphere
in which it crawled yesterday, with a
far more expanded view, it flits among
beautiful flowers, sipping the nectar
from their honey-cups, and bathing in
the bright, warm sunlight of heaven, as
it darts hither and thither, all life, all
enjoyment and all animation. But now,
look under the leaf of that plant near
your window. See an empty, worm-like
shell, burst open at the back, whence
emerged its former occupant. Would
you consider that shell as all that is left
of the life that once occupied it? As
well might you do so as to consider the
lifeless form as all that is left of the
loved ones who used to walk by your
side and sit by your hearth. You did
not see the individualized life of your
loved one emerge, because it was in a
finer, more impalpable form than was
the butterfly, but nevertheless the
emergence was just as real, and the
present life of the individualized spirit
is just as tangible to that spirit as the
life of the butterfly is to the butterfly.

All organic life in passing through
the transition called death does so in or-
der to take up new and generally
higher forms of life. The tomb ever
becomes the matrix of a new birth, and
life ever springs up again, the crown
and lord of death. True, there ever re-
mains a residuum that slowly resolves
itself back again into the elements of
inorganic matter; and it must be so, in
order that a balance may be maintained.

The universe is made up of matter
and spirit, and matter is the fulcrum
upon which spirit stands, and also the
lever which spirit uses, upon which to
expend its forces, and by which to carry
out the purposes of existence. Spirit is
life, and matter is the spirit's vehicle,
by which it is able to take form and
individuality, and through which it
manifests itself, at least on the plane
that we are acquainted with.

Universal life is universal spirit, and
all organic life is imbued with spirit,
else it would not be life. And all or-
ganic life, as it performs its mission,
lives its life in any one of the millions
of forms with which we are acquainted,
when it drops that life separates itself
into spirit, or life, and a residuum,
which we call dead, and we apply the
term alike to the leaf, to the plant, to
the animal, and to man. But the spirit,
or life, of that plant, of that animal,
or that man, did not cease to exist, be-
cause nothing ever ceases to exist. The form
or combination may change, but no at-
om of matter or spark of life ever goes
out of existence. The spirit passed out,
unseen by us, into the earth's at-
mosphere, to be taken up into new
forms, in the case of the plant and of
the animal; but in the case of the man
to pass on to another state of exist-
ence and surroundings that are suited to
the new form in which he finds himself
habilitated. And the surroundings of
that spirit have been built up
from the life-essences that ever since
the world began have been passing
through transmutations from lower to
higher, from coarser to finer.

I have said that we cannot see the
individualized life when it leaves the
dying frame and passes out into the
unseen; and it is true that ordinarily
our physical vision is too obtuse to per-
ceive.

We can only see within certain limits
and we can only hear within certain
limits on this, our physical plane of life.
There are millions of microscopic ob-
jects floating in the air around us every
hour of the day that our eyes are not
able to perceive; and some cannot see or
hear as well as others; some are color-
blind and can only take cognizance of
comparatively very few of the many
hues and colors that variegate our
world; and sounds that are perfectly
distinguishable to some individuals are
entirely indistinguishable to others;
and there are those whose interior vision
has been opened to such an extent that
they can get occasional glimpses into
that realm of life that is just above our
present state of existence. Hitherto
this has seemed to be an abnormal de-
velopment of a certain faculty—abnor-
mal because it has been comparatively
rare and out of the ordinary; but I
believe the time will come when such a
development of the spirit vision will be
a common and normal condition gen-
eral among mankind. We call these persons
who possess this abnormal vision clair-
voyants, and they can often see the spirit,
the individualized life of the human be-
ing, as it leaves the physical body in
the form of a thin vapor and gradually
assumes the form and features of the
friend whose inanimate physical body
lies prostrate before them. There have
been clairvoyants, too, who have wit-
nessed the same thing with animals,
except that the vaporous life seems to
gradually dissipate and spread itself
through the atmosphere—yes, more, the
life essence has been seen emanating
from vegetation and floating off through
the air.

Hudson Tuttle, of Ohio, a very able
Spiritualist author, who, while yet in
his teens, under psychic or spirit in-
fluence, as he claims, wrote "The Ar-

cana of Nature," a work of two volumes,
and very ably written, from a scientific
as well as from a spiritualistic point of
view, in speaking of what he calls the
sublimation of matter, asserts that it as-
cends from all worlds as it is freed by
the processes of life. He says: "We
can see it escaping from the rock within
which chemical forces are at work; from
the growing or decaying plant, set free
by light, and from the dying animal
like a vapor."

Mr. Tuttle is a clairvoyant, and he
tells of a beautiful clairvoyant vision
which he experienced on the shore of
Lake Erie. He says: "The waves be-
came iridescent with the blended hues
of a myriad rainbows, but this soon
vanished, and then I saw what Reichen-
bach would call the oyle of the waves
ascending and enveloping me. But I
have another name and explanation for
it. I saw that it was a spiritual eman-
ation and originated from the agitation
of the water and decomposition of dis-
solved organic and inorganic matter.
After I had this vision of the sublimation
arising from the waters, I was spiritually
transported to the side of a dying
animal. The blood had already stopped
circulating in the veins; all the vital
functions were still. The process al-
ready described (in another chapter) as
occurring at the death of a man I saw
taking place; but when the vapory cloud
arose above the body and the connect-
ing cord was broken, the cloud, instead
of reverting to the form of the animal
from which it arose, as I had repeatedly
seen it revert to the human form over
the corpse of man, evaporated before me
and mingled in the ascending current
of heterogeneous spiritual sublimation."

This evaporation and sublimation of
the essence of life of all things on this
earth has two immediate destinies: the
coarser part is taken up again into other
forms of earth-life, to pass through these
transmutations again and again until it
is sufficiently refined to be carried for-
ward into the spirit spheres of life,
which lie outside of the earth's atmos-
phere. The finer, more ethereal ele-
ments are borne out by the currents of
vast magnetic rivers, to carry forward
the subtler, finer processes of life in the
Spirit-world. The quintessence of all
that is purest, sweetest, best and most
beautiful, the finest aromas, the sweet-
est perfumes, the essence of the hues of
the fairest flowers and of the flavor of
the most luscious fruits, go to build up
that home in the land where the one
whom we to-day memorialize has gone
to take up his abode. And that world,
that life, that home is just as real and
tangible to its inhabitants as our world
is to us. Their affections, memories,
identities, joys and employments are
just as distinctly individualized to them
as ours to us—yes, more so, for their
perceptions have become keener and
finer, in sloughing off the cumbersome
physical body, with its aches and pains
and weariness.

In speaking of the clairvoyant's vision
of the passing out of the spirit of man, I
must not forget to tell you that the
clairvoyant also sees spiritual beings—
the former friends and others—gather-
ing around the new-born soul, to greet
it, to administer to it, and to bear it
away with them to the home that loving
friends have prepared for it in the land
of souls. So, although to our dull senses
the passing soul seems to go out alone,
it is not so; and often ere the dying one
has ceased to recognize the earthly
friends gathered around his bed, his
spiritual eyes are opened to see the
friends of former days, father, mother,
sister, brother, wife, children and
friends, clustered in bright, beautiful
groups of spirit forms and faces, waiting
to bear him away.

You see that life, death, and the spirit-
life and the Spirit-world are all very
natural processes. Death is indeed
robbed of its terrors to those who un-
derstand these things. And even the
process of dying, itself, we are taught is
not the agonizing experience it has been
generally believed to be. In fact we are
assured that at the last, death itself,
the passing out of the spirit, is abso-
lutely painless. Whatever contortions
of the physical frame there may be, are
simply muscular, are caused by the ef-
forts of the spirit to disentangle itself
from the body, but the act of dissolution
itself so benumbs all the physical
senses that no pain is realized. And so,
with suffering left behind, and with the
bright spirit faces of kindred and
friends beaming upon him, the passing
soul is born into a brighter and better
existence, a higher plane of life, an exist-
ence to which the present life is but the
ladder and the threshold, where the les-
sons which have been learned in this
life, the experiences which have been
gained from the harvest fields of
earth, shall be the soul's capital with
which to begin existence in a new
world.

The soul, whose spirit-birth we memo-
rialize today, passed a little more than
three-score years and ten in learning
these experiences. He knew what toils
and trials, suffering and hardship, dan-
ger and adversity, all meant by his own
experiences. He knew what it was to be
"a stranger in a strange land," a
wanderer far from the home and the
scenes of his childhood. Taking his life
in his hand, and trusting his fortune to
the future, he turned his back upon
"Merry England" and sailed out of the
harbor, away upon the stormy, trackless
ocean, to seek a new home in the west-
ern world. Hardship, struggle and dis-
appointments were before him. He
found no rest for his weary feet, and no
sheltered spot upon which to build a
home, until, as a pioneer, he came into
the San Bernardino valley. Here he
shared the toils and struggles of early pi-
oneers who with stout hearts and daunt-

less souls endured the privations of a
frontier life, that themselves and others
might establish homes in the now pros-
perous, smiling and fruitful "Italy of
America."

It was not long, I believe, after he had
settled down here that he became con-
vinced of the continuity of life, and of
spirit return and communion. He joy-
fully embraced the beautiful and inspir-
ing faith—a faith which to many be-
comes absolute knowledge—and identi-
fied himself with the society that taught
and believed these things. For years he
was the president of that society, and a
more zealous and faithful official never
held an office of trust than was our
brother, William Heap, the president
of the society which held its meetings
here in Liberal Hall. Rain or shine,
storm or calm, heat or cold, be the audi-
ence few or many, William Heap was at
his post every Sunday afternoon, to oc-
cupy his now vacant chair upon this
platform. His whole heart was in the
work, and he loved to come. He said it
gave him spiritual food and strength to
carry him through the week. He was
ardent and joyful in his acceptance of
spiritual philosophy, and always ready
to give a reason for the hope that was
in him. To many bereaved hearts has
he endeavored to speak the word of con-
solation, and at many a grave in our
city cemetery has he helped to admin-
ister the last rites of respect and farewell.
He often expressed himself as ready and
willing to go when his summons should
come, and he seemed to have a premoni-
tion of his coming decease. Frequently
from this platform during the past year
has he told us that his spirit friends had
declared to him, through various
sources, that he would soon join the
ranks upon the other side. And you
know—you who have been in the habit
of coming here—how he came here just
as long as it was possible for him to get
here, even when he felt too weak to
preside any longer; when his feeble, tot-
tering steps had to be helped and guided
up the aisle and to this platform, where,
pale and exhausted, he would sink into
his chair. I well remember the last
Sunday that he was here—it was the 22d
of November—when I thought that he
looked more like a corpse than a living
man; but he said that he felt the better
for coming. It was the last time he was
to enter these doors until his mortal
body was brought here for funeral ser-
vices. But he has gone to a better home
than ever he was permitted to establish
in this beautiful valley, after having
passed through the toils and dangers of
an ox-team journey across the continent,
amid death-dealing enemies and over
burning desert sands.

I have been told of a company of
weary, toil-worn emigrants, some of
whom were fleeing for their very lives,
who, after crossing a weary, weary desert,
upon reaching a certain eminence
upon the mountains beheld a green,
smiling, fertile valley spread out before
them, with verdant trees and vegeta-
tion, and clear running streams of water;
and the cheering prospect, after a long
and almost hopeless journey, so affected
them that many broke down and wept
for joy. That valley was the valley of
San Bernardino, and I have been shown
the place, up here in the Cajon Pass,
where the first sight of their future
home burst upon that weary emigrant
band. It is true they seemed to be cut
off by precipices from this land of prom-
ise—precipices down which their wagons
had to be lowered by ropes; it is true
their homes had to be built and their
crops had to be cultivated before they
could hope for much store of food; that
hard, hard toil and weary waiting were
yet before them ere they could sit under
their own vine and fig tree and gather
their families around the domestic
hearth in the sweet enjoyment of home
life. But they saw that the materials
for home-making, the natural resources
for securing an existence, lay spread out
before them, and they rejoiced with
such newly-awakened hopes and with
such a great relief from the strain of
present and past sufferings and anxie-
ties as none may know save those who
have passed through such experiences.

Our pioneer friend and brother, Wil-
liam Heap, has entered another new re-
gion, where the contrast between his
happier conditions, and the weary, toil-
some, suffering journey of earth-life may
be as great, or even greater, than was
the contrast between the smiling valley
of San Bernardino and the dreary
stretch of desert, and the sufferings the
pioneer emigrants had left behind them.
There was this difference, however, that
whereas those pioneer emigrants had no
friends and acquaintances in this new,
strange land; no one had gone on before
to prepare them a home and to meet
them at the portals of that home—in
this new sphere of life to which Brother
Heap has gone, he knew that he had
many friends who were preparing a
home and reception for him. And al-
though it was to him a new land, yet it
was not altogether a strange land, for
he had heard many reports from it, and
had learned much concerning its states
and conditions. And he was not a stran-
ger there, for parents, companions and
friends were there to greet him, and to
make him feel at home among them.

As in earlier life, after a long ocean
voyage, he gained a port in the new
world, as it has been called, so now, after
the voyage of a long life, tossed upon
time's tempestuous ocean, he has gained
the haven of another new world. But
in the former voyage he had no friends
to greet him on the strange, new shore.
It was not so at the conclusion of his
life voyage, when he sailed into the
haven of spirit-life. I know that death
has been dreaded as a lonely thing, as
though the outgoing spirit would be
lost in immensity on the shores of eter-

nity, and feel itself stripped and lonely.
As said the poet, Faber:
Alone! to land upon that shore:
To begin alone to live forevermore,
To have no more to teach,
To have no more to learn.

The manners of the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease,
Oh! that we might die in pairs or companies.

No, not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before—
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love.

And so, no doubt, it was with our de-
parted brother. He has only passed on
before to join a large company of friends
who have been going one by one for
years and years. His genial face will be
seen no more among us; we shall miss
him in the old familiar haunts, but ere
long we, too, shall go over into the
same new country where he has gone.
And then old ties will be strengthened,
old memories sweetened, and new and
brighter hopes, plans and associations
will be formed for the future. There all
the vigor, strength, beauty and buoy-
ancy of youth will return again, only
heightened and intensified by the
brighter and better conditions of the
higher life.

So let us not think of our friend and
brother as "dead." He lives today,
more truly than ever before. He has
reached an altitude where the real and
sublime significance of eternal life is
more clearly demonstrated than is pos-
sible for it to be amid the fogs and
clouds and toils and cares of the
earth-life.

And now, I will close this memorial
with two stanzas of a poem that came to
me inspirationally a few years ago:

There is no death. The pearly gates of morn
Swing open wide to usher in the brightening
day,
When laughing hours, from all night's terrors
shorn,
Go lightly tripping up the shining way.
So, from earth's terrors and from its darkest
night,
Death opens wide to let the soul pass through
To realms of blissful rest and radiance bright
Of happier days, and scenes and lessons new.

There is no death. The friends who've gone
before
Mid brighter, happier scenes, are living yet;
And in their joy they love us even more
Than here they could amid earth's toil and
fret.

They wait for us in that bright summer-land,
Until we, too, shall pass death's portals
through.
And, with a joy too sweet to understand,
Life, youth and love eternally renew.

Letter from Titus Merritt.

TO THE EDITOR:—I herewith enclose
a statement of the amount of money re-
ceived by me on behalf of Mrs. Marg-
aret Fox-Kane since Jan. 2d. All received
before that date were reported in THE
PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Nov. 21st
and Dec. 19, 1891. About 235 subscribers
have listened to the appeal made through
your valuable paper, and have remitted
\$180, about 70c. each, which I think is
doing pretty well. I hope there are
many more readers that will take cour-
age and not be ashamed to send 10c., if
they cannot afford more. There are sev-
eral cases where ten women have clubbed
together and sent in one envelope \$1. I
have received up to date 52 letters and
answered all except those omitting
county and State, and nearly all are well-
expressed, charitable letters. If any
persons have sent contributions whose
names do not appear, please report at
once. There may be some letters mis-
carried, but I hope not. Your contribu-
tors have produced good results, and
Mrs. Kane feels grateful for the kind-
ness bestowed.
TITUS MERRITT.
323 W. 34th St., New York.

Used Her Limbs in the Interest of Religion.

It appears from dispatches from De-
troit, Mich., that a pretty little skirt
dancer displayed her ability there at an
entertainment at the parish building of
the Church of the Messiah, and the en-
tire congregation, which included some
of the leading social lights of the city,
is in consequence extremely agitated to-
day. The danseuse was Miss Blanche
Kern, a young lady of probably sixteen
years, of charming personality, and
while her skirts were not quite so ab-
breiated as those of the professional
skirt-dancer, she executed the move-
ments with all the grace and skill of the
secular stage. There was one drawback,
however; the young lady did all her
high kicking with her back to the audi-
ence, to the chagrin and disappointment
of the baldhead members of the congre-
gation, who, as is made proper by long
usage on such occasions, occupied front
seats. So manifest was the delight of
the audience that she received an en-
thusiastic recall. Her performance was
the emphatic hit of the evening. Miss
Kern has an exceedingly pretty face,
framed in a profusion of black curls, and
a trim figure. The affair was for the
benefit of the church, and was conducted
by a prominent young woman member
of the congregation, which is to-day
venting its indignation on the head of
the fair young dancer, who is probably
better and purer than those who con-
demn her.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER gladdens many
homes of Spiritualists who are unable to pay
its full price. The poor are sometimes the
best of God's children, and THE PROGRESSIVE
THINKER gladdens and brightens their homes.
Spiritualists, you who are blessed with ample
means, remember the philanthropic work we
are doing, and extend our circulation. No
other Spiritualist paper makes any pretension
of doing this philanthropic work. Call the at-
tention of your neighbor to the paper. It is
sent 13 weeks for 35 cents.

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 sundry 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.]

Faith and Belief.

We will write this morning upon the subject of man's ability to regulate his faith and belief. It is often said that he is not responsible for these; that they arise in his mind upon the facts and motives that fall under his observation, and as these impress the intellect or thinking principle, there spring up certain conditions of the mind, and certain convictions that he cannot help or control. If this is the true philosophy of faith and belief, then all the reasoning powers have been bestowed in vain, and the faculties of inquiry and research into the problems of truth are comparatively useless. That what we see and feel do make impressions more or less vivid upon the perceptive powers is of course a matter not to be denied, but the great and important fact is not to be overlooked, that this is only preparatory to the work of analyzing and comparing what we observe or feel, and forming opinions, not so much upon what the senses communicate, as upon the manner in which the mind reasons upon these perceptions, and deduces conclusions from a comparison of all the circumstances and feelings which arise and ask for consideration. It is upon these mental aspirations that opinions are and ought to be based, and upon which faith and belief are founded. Now it is evident that a man owes the obligation of study and investigation to himself and to the faith and belief he professes. The latter are, therefore, the result of study and reflection, and a man is responsible for what he believes in the sense that he must be diligent in seeking out the truth. When he has found it after patient thought upon any subject of belief and faith, then, indeed, is he free to say, my opinions are founded upon knowledge and meditation, and if I am wrong, it is not my fault.

ILLUSTRATION.

The great amount of knowledge in the world and the general diffusion of intelligence is one of the characteristics of the age; but there is much to learn regarding the spiritual interests of mankind, both in this and the other life. A man has only to look around and see the ignorance and indifference on this subject, and he will be satisfied that some influence greatly superior to any existing form of organized action is necessary to rouse the soul from the all-pervading lethargy. The absorbing nature of human pursuits diverts attention from higher interests, and appropriates the energies and ambition of men from all things except the material grossments of life. To be sure there are schools, and colleges, and churches and other institutions that are doing a grand work for humanity, and great numbers of men and women are engaged in charitable efforts all over Christendom; and these are carrying on the work of human progress, and elevating the tone of human society to a very gratifying degree; but still the general views of life are not raised to the spiritual plane, and it is only occasionally that the spirit is recognized and its culture provided for. When I first entered the Spirit-world, such was the condition of men's thoughts, and I was surprised at nothing so much as at the contrast I observed. The great object and study in spirit life is in regard to spiritual matters. If, for instance, we meet for conversation or other social purposes, the occasion is improved for the purpose of raising the thoughts of those present to the higher interests of the soul. If we call on a friend, we never forget to acquire a knowledge of any new information he may have, or to impart to him such as we possess; and if there is any one famous for wisdom, we seek his company and learn his thought. On one occasion quite recent, I heard of a great and wise spirit who was about to visit our neighborhood. We collected our friends and invited him to meet us. He was present and entertained us with a wonderfully interesting description of a journey he had made to a region in the far distance. On one of these occasions, as I was passing from my residence to that of a neighbor, I heard a loud voice, and was attracted by it to a large building or assembly hall where a venerable man was holding forth upon the subject of faith as a fundamental part of religious belief, and while he showed forth the power of faith as a motive, yet he taught that faith is not the subject of conviction unless it is based upon knowledge, or the evidence that arises from observation, or the secondary proofs of such knowledge coming from credible witnesses. He was, therefore, of opinion that faith should be the result of knowledge, reflection and the consciousness of truth in the soul. Thus there is a species of testimony to the highest of all faiths, and that is when the idea or truth springs up in the spirit itself as the record which the Creator has impressed of his own existence, and of the immortal nature of its own being. I am not aware how much the world has improved since I passed away from it, but there can be no

doubt that if every one were to study his own nature he would find nothing so valuable in it as the spirit, for it is that which allies him to his maker, and which gives him a claim to immortality.

At the Gate.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate With a solemn mien and an air sedate, When up to the top of the golden stair A man and a woman, ascending there, Applied for admission. They came and stood Before St. Peter, so great and good, In hope the City of Peace to win— And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank, and thin, With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin. The man was short, and thick, and stout, His stomach was built so it rounded out, His face was pleasant, and all the while He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choir in the distance the echoes woke, And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said she, "We two come hither, beseeching thee, To let us enter the heavenly land And play our harps with angel band. Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, There's nothing from heaven to bar me out. I've been to meeting three times a week, And almost always I'd rise and speak."

"I've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent of their evil way, I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all 'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal Fall, I've shown them what they'd have to do If they'd pass in with the chosen few, I've marked their path of duty clear, Laid out the plan for their whole career,

"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long, For my lungs are good, and my voice is strong; So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see The gate of heaven is open for me; But my old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way. He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got, And I don't know whether he'll pass or not."

"He never would pray with an earnest vim, Or go to revival, or join in a hymn; So I had to leave him in sorrow there While I, with the chosen, united in prayer. He ate what the pantry chanced to afford, While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord, And if cucumbers were all he got, It's a chance if he merited them or not."

"But oh, St. Peter, I love him so! To the pleasures of heaven please let him go! I've done enough—a saint I've been. Won't that atone? Can't you let him in? By my grim gospel I know 'tis so That the unrepentant must fry below; But isn't there some way you can see That he may enter who's dear to me?"

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray, But the chosen expect to find a way Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you So that their relation can amble through. And say, St. Peter, it seems to me This gate isn't kept as it ought to be; You ought to stand right by the opening there, And never sit down in that easy-chair."

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed, But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed; They're cut too wide, and outward toss, They'd look better narrow, cut straight across. Well, we must be going, our crowns to win, So, open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"

St. Peter sat quiet, stroked his staff, But spite of his office he had to laugh; Then he said, with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Who's tending this gateway, you or I?" And then he rose, in his stature tall, And pressed a button upon the wall, And said to the imp who answered the bell, "Escort this lady around to—hades!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone— Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone. A life-long, settled idea he had That his wife was good and he was bad. He thought if the woman went down below That he would certainly have to go; That if she went to the regions dim, There wasn't the ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent, To follow wherever the woman went. St. Peter, standing on duty there, Observed that the top of his head was bare. He called the gentleman back and said, "Friend, how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh), And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down He raised his hand and scratched his crown, Then seeming a different thought to take, Slowly, half to himself, he spoke: "Thirty years with that woman there? No wonder the man hasn't any hair! Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good. He smoked and swore—I should think he would!"

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp? Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp! A jeweled harp with a golden string! Good sir, pass in where the angels sing! Gabriel, give him a seat alone— One with a cushion—up near the throne! Call up some angels to play their best, Let him enjoy the music and rest!"

"See that on finest Ambrosia he feeds, He's had about all the hades he needs; It isn't just hardly the thing to do To roast him on earth and the future too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe, and a pair of wings, And he said, as he entered the Realm of Day, "Well, this beats cucumbers, any way!" And so the Scripture had come to pass That "The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

—Joseph Bert Smiley.

A Voice from Ohio.

MORE THAN FILLS THE BILL.

TO THE EDITOR:—Every copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a feast of good things, and I do enjoy reading it more than any paper I ever have had the privilege of having in my house. For many years I have wanted and looked for something that would be in the line with other papers put forward by the Spiritualists of our land. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER more than fills the bill. I never subscribed for the papers published in Boston or Chicago for the reason that they did not furnish enough reading for the money asked, and more often I could ill afford to spare from \$2.50 to \$3.00; but not so in your case; you give more than any one could have the cheek to ask for. J. M. GARRISON.

Mrs. H. L. Bigelow: I have tried to do what little I could to extend its circulation ever since the first copy came into my hands, and each time I send in my subscription I obtain the names and subscriptions of a few others.

BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

A One-Pounder writes: The New Revelation struck me with surprise, as well as the rest of the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and to keep up quality and quantity, you wish each and every subscriber to send at least one new subscriber. I herewith send you two yearly subscribers. The paper speaks. It is full of good knowledge and truth, and will stand the roughest tests.

John W. White: I feel that all Spiritualists who have the success of the cause at heart should work to spread the glad tidings.

Mrs. M. D. Bates: It is with pleasure that I forward another subscription for the coming year, and may you have many more to encourage you in your good work. How thankful I am that some one has arisen to do the very work that I have felt called upon to do for years, but conditions forbade.

Mrs. W. A. Lane: It is the best spiritual paper I have read.

Mrs. Laurie Dykeman: I cannot say enough in praise of your paper.

R. H. Willard: It is the best paper in the world.

S. L. Saunders: I am better pleased with it every week.

A. F. Hudson: It is a rattling good paper.

R. Bowerman: I like your paper very much.

W. P. Lepper: We like your paper very much.

Mrs. H. Pomerene: I am lost without the paper, and prefer to do without some necessities to get THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. V. Barnes: Since the paper has grown so large in size it is a wonder you can give so much for so little. I wish everybody would read it.

H. Fromby: I can't do without your valuable paper. It is the first paper out of five I read.

R. P. Slayton: For more than one year

Your paper I have read, And can truthfully say, What others have said: That among all the papers That are printed each week, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER Is the one I would seek.

S. S. Woodruff: It just suits me. W. H. Blair: I like the paper better and better, and cannot get along without it.

H. G. Hengendobler: I consider the paper one of the best papers published, for good and solid food for the intellectual brain; and since you have added the New Revelation it gives the reader two papers in one for the small sum of one dollar. Every reader should send you one new subscriber at least.

W. W. Beeman: I am taking a number of papers; any one of which I could spare, or even all of them, sooner than THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. S. M. Bartholmes: I think much of your paper, and find it a great comfort. I know I have received a great deal of good from reading your continued story by Hudson Tuttle; it is simply grand.

N. Rooney: I admire the paper.

C. A. Cowles: I take pleasure in aiding you in every way possible, and if every Spiritualist will take upon himself the task of sending two or more new names, we will see the paper one of the brightest lights that as yet has ever shone in the field of spiritual work, and it will be the means of upbuilding our beloved cause.

H. K. Carpenter: How much happier people would be if they would only read and study more such papers as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, instead of following the old orthodox teachings of hell fire and a future punishment.

Mrs. Jerry Emery: It is the finest paper I have ever come in contact with.

Joseph Brunt: We think so highly of your valuable paper that we do not like to miss a single number. We like it better every week, and wish you God-speed in your noble work.

G. W. Rogers: It is the best paper on earth. Long may its bright face shine in all the dark places.

H. H. Roberts: I am delighted with your paper; think it is filling a place no other paper has ever done; and I shall ever speak a good word for it to my neighbors and friends. I do hope you will have 100,000 subscribers within five years.

J. B. Armstrong: I have been taking your paper for some time, and would not think of doing without it.

Thomas Higgins: I wish success to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the most outspoken and fearless Spiritualist paper published.

J. W. Lohr: I am well pleased with Mr. Hudson Tuttle's story of "The Sacred Heart." I am quite well pleased with the paper, but sometimes matter gets in that gives me a backset. See? I'm an investigator. I was born of and raised by orthodox parents, who taught me that heaven was above and hell below us, and that God was just, merciful, avenging, subject to fits of anger, an omnipotent God, an omnipresent God, an individual God, and we made in His image. How can I get the truth? Hope that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may assist me in discovering the true light.

J. H. Houston: We like the paper. Its bold and fearless style is doing a great work to liberate the mind of man from the mental slavery of the past dark ages.

Mrs. E. P. Tallant: Your incomparably grand paper causes my heart to bound and soul to expand in the light it is shedding, the wrongs it is scorching, and the permanent good it will do, wherever its influence reaches.

S. Taylor: I have read Spiritualist papers from the first issue of one in the States, but have never yet found one that excelled THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. When I came to know that the paper was in the hands of the man that in years past gave such diligent and untiring search after God (with so little prospect of finding him), I said that the paper would flourish, for it is conducted by a mind that will not swerve from the line of right, and perseverance is his motto.

D. S. Cadwallader: I feel spiritually awakened and renovated since receiving your interesting and instructive paper; a cloud seems to be lifting, and a new light, I have no doubt, will beam in my pathway, leading me around and around, into the interior realms of spiritual intercourse and inspiration.

Jennie S. Johnson: How can you manage to give so much solid food as your paper contains for so little money? It is most invigorating to get every week such a clean sheet, devoted to truth, and so free from advertisements pertaining to material things.

Etta Saddlemyer: I cannot afford to be without a good Spiritualist paper, and while I live here, one shall come each week into my home, as a messenger of the good tidings, in this orthodox community. It seems necessary to have them upon my table, so that perchance a little seed be sown by the wayside. I often have people pick one up, glance at it, lay it down, as if stung; but they are sure to once more pick it up, and by-and-by ask in a tone that sounds as if they were ashamed of the weakness, if they might borrow, and read just this bit of poetry.

Was It Unconscious Cerebration.

Spurgeon, the great English divine, now in spirit-life, was in many respects a most remarkable man. He said:

"I am frequently surrounded by a little host of texts each clamoring for acceptance and saying: 'Me, me, preach from me,' so that I am often till 10 o'clock before I make my final selection. On one memorable occasion, however, all failed me. It was one of the strangest experiences I have known. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came and still I had no topic for the following Sunday morning. At last my wife came into the room, laid her hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Had you not better go to bed. Try what a few hours' sleep will do.' I took her advice and retired. About 8 o'clock I sprang from the bed under the somewhat unpleasant consciousness of still being without a topic. On leaving the room she asked me where I was going. I replied, of course, into the study. Noticing an amused smile upon her face, I asked her the cause. 'You will find out when you get there,' was the reply. Going up to the table, what was my astonishment to find a text jotted down, a lot of notes scattered about in my own handwriting, of which I had no recollection whatever, and to feel a train of thought come back to me with the notes which at once supplied me with a sermon. A glimmering consciousness of the truth dawned upon me, but I hastened to her for an explanation. 'About 2 o'clock this morning,' she said, 'you got up and went down to your study and I followed you. You were apparently fast asleep. You seated yourself in your chair, gathered paper and pen, and began to write. I feared to disturb you, so I sat and waited. You thought and wrote for about one hour, then rose deliberately from your chair and went upstairs to bed again, and slept till you rose just now.' I preached that sermon, and it was certainly not inferior to my usual productions."

He may have been in a somnambule condition; possibly he was controlled by a spirit, who wished to help him out of his apparent difficulty; or he may have acted under the influence of a dominant idea, resulting in unconscious cerebration. Who can fathom the mysteries of the human mind? I. QUERY.

New York.

A FAMINE.

Its Spiritual Significance.

There is a famine in Russia, and the suffering there has assumed gigantic proportions. The stories of individual suffering and death, of murder and suicide, of frantic and fatal efforts to maintain life against the heaviest odds, almost surpass belief. The *Novoe Vremya* tells of a man and of his two children found dying in the streets of Kiev. Restored for a moment, one of the children attempted to explain the cause of their condition. "We had nothing at all to eat," she said, "and when we cried for bread father said we should be better dead. He put some poison in the beer and gave it to my brother and myself, and then he drank the rest. We took it because father said we should never be hungry any more. My brother—" but she became unconscious again and soon died, with the unfinished tale upon her lips. The same paper relates another story that illustrates most vividly the desperation of the starving. "One woman, a type of many," it says, "maddened by the pangs of hunger, left her husband and sold herself to an unmarried man, taking all the children with her to his house. 'At least I shall have food,' she said in defense of her course, 'and it will be easier for my husband to get along for a time without such a charge as the young ones and myself.' " "During the space of two days," said a priest, "I administered the last sacrament to sixteen persons dying of hunger."

Does any one ask what steps have been taken to mitigate this incalculable mass of human misery? The answer involves a disclosure characteristically Russian. When the famine was foretold a year ago by the Minister of Finance the clergy were the first to move against it—not with food and money, but with all the prayers prescribed in the official liturgy for such an occasion. These failing, the ignorant and superstitious peasants resorted to their time-honored plan to meet the threatened crisis. They unearthed the bodies of drunkards and threw them into rivers, lakes and ponds in the pious belief that it would open the fountains of heaven and drench the thirsty fields with copious showers. But their efforts also failed.

This famine will set the ignorant and superstitious peasants to thinking, and the tendency will be to weaken their belief in the wonderful efficacy of that Divine Providence which the priests say rules all things. Therefore even this famine has a spiritual significance, and the result, though so appallingly disastrous, will have a slight tendency at least to set the people to thinking how powerless their God is to help them in cases of dire necessity. M.

Sir Edwin Arnold said to a New York reporter: "My trip through the country, although taken for the purpose of making money, has really been a source of pleasure to me. I like the American people, and during the last few months have had an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with them. My trip has also been highly successful from a financial point of view."

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.

The Planchette and the Minister.

HE GIVES HIS OPINION OF THE DEVIL AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By invitation, one of our St. John ministers called to see and try the planchette, saying: "I don't believe in it. I believe that modern Spiritualism is two-thirds humbug and the other third the work of the devil." After taking his seat it was found that he could run the planchette alone, and I was glad of it, for I was willing to give the minister, the devil and the planchette all a fair chance. After the planchette began to move, he wished me to ask where he preached before he came to St. John's, and after the name was spelled out I asked the Elder if the name spelled was correct?

"Yes," was his reply.

"Didn't you push it?"

"No; I let it run just where it liked."

By request I asked whose funeral did the Elder attend yesterday?

"Miles R. Georgia," was the answer given.

"Is the answer right?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you pick out the letters and push it?"

"No. I just let it run to suit itself."

"Well, that's strange. What do you think about it?"

"I don't know. Mind-reading may have something to do with it."

"Ormie Armes," was the next name spelled.

"Did you know Ormie Armes?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Then your mind had nothing to do with it, and as I was not thinking of him, my mind had nothing to do with it."

The next and last name given was Spurgeon, who said he "died yesterday." The next day, through the planchette, I called for the spirit of Elder Knapp, who formerly preached in "York State," and he said: "Your minister was badly fooled, for Spurgeon is *now* alive."

Now, we must remember, that at the outset the Elder spoke somewhat disrespectfully of the Spiritualists in supposing their religion to be "two-thirds humbug and one-third the work of the devil," and it may be the spirit didn't like it, so it thought it would tell one lie and one only, so the minister might learn that the use of disrespectful language is not the best way to make an honest investigation of Spiritualism.

Well, I treated the Elder kindly, for I think he means to do about right, so I gave him a kind invitation to call again and bring one or more ministers to help in the investigation, and I said: "I will furnish a room, and as you can run the planchette, you can have it all to yourselves, and continue the investigation in your own way." But I have waited a long, long while, and they have not called, which fact I consider a confession that they have come to the conclusion that Spiritualism is true and the planchette a medium between the living and the spirits of the dead.

N. BABCOCK.

Reception to Dr. Willis.

TO THE EDITOR:—On Tuesday evening of last week I had the pleasure of attending a reception at the elegant parlors of Dr. Juliet H. Severance, No. 2 Warren avenue, given in honor of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, who is lecturing for the First Society of Spiritualists the present month. Dr. Severance knows how to make a reception a pleasant affair. The parlors were well filled, the feast of reason and flow of soul bounteous. Among those present I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell; Mr. and Mrs. Seeley; Mr. and Mrs. Freeman; Mr. and Mrs. Westrup; Mr. Orvis and Mr. Lindkranz; Mr. and Mrs. Holmes; Mrs. White and Miss Frost; Mr. and Mrs. DeWolf; Mrs. Shaffer, and others. Mr. Freeman's selections on guitar, with piano accompaniment by Mrs. Holmes, were very much enjoyed by the company. Miss Love sang several beautiful songs most admirably. Mrs. Freeman read an original poem, which was very fine. Mrs. DeWolf's pleasant remarks were much appreciated. Mrs. Roberts' comic song and recitation was much enjoyed. Dr. Severance being called upon, responded with a few well-chosen remarks, eulogistic of Dr. Willis and his work, and the pleasure it afforded her to be able to add a little to his happiness by calling together a few choice friends in his honor. She said she knew from experience how much speakers appreciated such pleasant social gatherings, and always enjoyed giving them a reception. She then recited a touching poem, "The Dying Outcast," in a most feeling manner, bringing tears to the eyes of many of the listeners. Dr. Willis was then introduced, and in a most graceful manner thanked the Doctor for giving him opportunity for enjoying such a pleasant evening. He then spoke of some of his marvelous past experiences in mediumship. He then passed under control and gave a most beautiful poem. Good-night greetings were then exchanged and all expressed themselves as having had a most pleasant evening. Mrs. T. S. PALMER.

A Message in Eight Colors.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is not often that I write regarding my own mediumship, preferring to write of others'. Pardon, then, my seeming egotism, in relation to the details of a manifestation that occurred in my room during the night of Feb. 9. In the afternoon, a letter from a gentleman in Boston wished me to try to receive an independent message from his friends. I replied that my parents were so feeble, and I was feeling so very weak, I considered it useless to try, therefore I must decline. Quite early the next morning I went to my table, in the corner of my room, for an envelope, and to my surprise found quite a lengthy message for the gentleman.

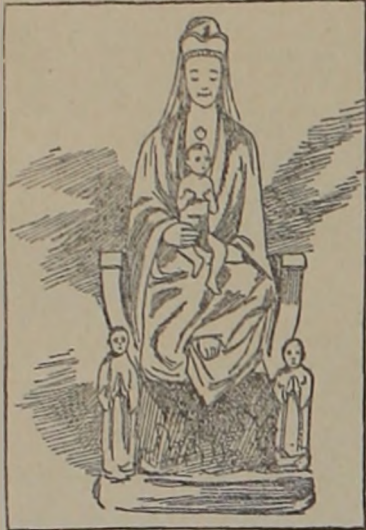
It was in eight different colors. It is quite a common thing for me to get the writing while I am sleeping, but never before in colors. I have no colored pencils the spirits could have used, or any other kind of colors, excepting black ink. I have stated the plain facts, without trying to explain. Mattapan, Mass. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

LEFT POWER BEHIND.

What Buddha Sacrificed for the Cause of Truth.

IMPORTANT POINTS IN THE DOCTRINE OF BUDDHISM AS SET FORTH BY ONE OF THE DISCIPLES—THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE EXPLAINED BY THE THEORY OF REBIRTH—THE DESIRE TO LIVE IS THE CAUSE OF SUFFERING—NIRVANA AND THE FOUR ROADS THAT LEAD TO IT—BUDDHISTIC TOLERANCE.

In response to the growing interest in Buddhism exhibited by western nations Subhadra Bickshu, one of its most exalted disciples, has recently published a catechism compiled from the sacred books of the Southern Buddhists for the use of Europeans, with explanatory remarks wherever needed. The work contains the most important points of Buddha's teachings, leaving out the superstitions with which the people's child-like fancy has, in the course of thousands of years, embellished them. In the January *Arena* Charles Schroder has an interesting paper condensed and translated from this catechism in which the chief events in Buddha's life are reviewed and the doctrine of Buddhism clearly set forth. Mr. Schroder tells briefly how Buddha, whose real name was Siddhartha, born of the kingly house of Gautama, lived the usual life of an Indian heir to the throne of a kingdom until his 29th year. Then, accidentally becoming acquainted with the existence of death, old age, and suffering, knowledge of which his father, the King, had hitherto kept from him, Siddhartha's whole aim was henceforth the endeavor to



MAYA AND BUDDHA.

ascertain the causes and mysteries of sickness, death, and rebirth, and to find a means of abolishing them. For this purpose he retired from the world, leaving behind him power, honor, riches, and those he loved best—his wife Yashodhara and his little son Rahula.

RETIRE TO THE WILDERNESS.

Going into the wilderness, he studied with two celebrated Brahmin scholars, subjected himself to the severest asceticism, and finally, after long years of experiment and search, after the severest battles with his earthly desires and lustful appetites, he conquered. The veil was torn from his eyes and the highest knowledge was his reward. He became a perfect, world-illuminated Buddha. He taught forty-five years, and at his death, which occurred in his 80th year, Buddhism was securely founded. The gospel of the Buddhists, as revealed intuitively to and proclaimed by the Buddha, is inscribed in three holy books: The Sutra, Vinaya, Abhidharma-Pitaka. They contain—first, the orations and expressions of the Buddha; second, the precepts and life rules for the brotherhood of the elect; and third, the religious philosophy of Buddhism. The contents of these writings are by no means claimed to be divine revelations, for the idea that eternal truth has been revealed to a few favorite ones by a God or an angel is held to be preposterous and founded on nothing. Men have never received any other revelation than through the medium of those exalted teachers of the race who, through their own powers and indomitable perseverance, have gained the highest perfection of which man is capable. Continuing, the author says:

"The aim of Buddhism is the release or emancipation from the Samsara, or the world of error, guilt, suffering, death, and birth. It is the world of the beginning and of the ending; of the eternal changes, deceptions, disappointments, and pain; the unceasing, never-ending course of rebirths or reincarnations, from which we cannot flee so long as the real light of redemption and truth has not entered into and found lodgment in our souls. The expression of rebirth, in the Buddhistical sense, has nothing in common with the Christian idea of new birth or being born again. The doctrine of Buddhism of rebirth—i. e.: the continued reincorporation of our real spiritual being—forms the fundamental principle of the great Asiatic religions.

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE EXPLAINED.

"The doctrine of the rebirth is alone sufficient to explain to the Buddhists the mystery of existence; it explains why the righteous man is often so poor and despised, while the evil-doer enjoys riches and honor; it replies to the despairing question addressed constantly but vainly to heaven by millions of souls, 'Why have we to suffer and endure so much?' It explains that, indestructible as are the forces of nature and matter, so, likewise, is the innermost being of man. Death is no annihilation, but only the passing over from one feeble form into another; whosoever takes pleasures in this world, there is none to gain say him, neither a God nor a devil can rob him of them, but he must abide by the consequences. Man's real fate depends solely on his inward being, on his own will, and he has the prospect of countless rebirths, in which he will earn the fruits of both his good and his evil deeds. But to him who is weary of this unceasingly renewed existence, and will

earnestly strive for freedom and release, is open a way of redemption.

"The cause of suffering, death, and rebirth is the will to live, which fills us all; the desire of individual existence in this or in some other



THE VIRGIN AND THE HOLY CHILD.

world. The will to live in Buddhistical sense is not only the conscious will, but that unconscious life force which dwells in all creatures and organisms, in animals and plants as well as in man. Only by abandoning this will, and by totally suppressing the desire for an individual existence, in this or in some future world, can man ever be freed and redeemed, and reach eternal peace.

"The road to this release, to Nirvana, we can find through the recognition of four healing truths—viz.: the truth of suffering, the truth of the cause of suffering, the truth of the cessation of suffering, and the truth of the way which will lead to the cessation from suffering.

CAUSE OF SUFFERING.

"Buddha teaches that it is because of our non-recognition of these four cardinal truths that we have to travel so long the mournful and dreary road of rebirths. But when these truths are once fully recognized and acted upon, the will to live disappears, the longing which leads to a renewed existence ceases, and the Samsara is a thing of the past.

"In the book relating to the announcement of a moral world rule, the following words, referring to the four healing truths, are said by the Buddha: This, brethren, is the supreme truth of suffering; birth is suffering, age is suffering, sickness is suffering, death is suffering; to be parted from loved ones is suffering; to be placed together with unloved ones is suffering; not to obtain that which we desire is suffering; to bear that which we dislike is suffering; in one word, existence as an individual, an Ego, is, according to its nature, suffering.

"This, brethren, is the supreme truth of suffering: It is the will to live, the desire to enjoy our existence which leads from birth to rebirth, and seeks satisfaction, now in this, now in that appearance. It is the longing to satisfy our passions, the wish for individual joy in this or in some other life. This, brethren, is the supreme truth of the cessation of suffering: It is the total destruction of our will to live, of our desire to exist and to enjoy. You must overcome and crush it, so that it has no place where it can hide. This, brethren, is the supreme truth of the way which leads to cessation of suffering: Verily, it is the supreme road, consisting of eight parts, which are called: true knowledge, true will, true word, true deed, true life, true endeavor, true thought and true forgetting of self. There are two roads of error, brethren, which he who is striving for freedom from earth-dominion may not travel. The one, the longing to satisfy our passions and sense-desires of whatever kind, is low, mean, dishonorable, and destructive; it is the road on which travel the children of this world. The other, the asceticism and self-torture, is sombre, painful, and utterly useless. The middle road alone, which has been found by the one who has attained perfection, avoids these two error-roads, opens the eyes, imparts self-knowledge, and leads to peace, to truth, to enlightenment, to Nirvana.

"The Nirvana, according to the explanation of the Buddhist scholar, is a condition of holy peace, accompanied by the indestructible certainty of obtained freedom and release. Nirvana means literally to be extinguished. The will to live, the longing for earthly joys here or somewhere else, is extinguished. The false idea that material goods can have any value or be lasting has evaporated. Gone is the flame of sensuality and selfishness.

"Although it is possible to reach Nirvana already in this life, an extremely small number are able to accomplish it. Our mental and moral condition, through the effects of deeds in former births, is generally so deficient that many rebirths are needed before we can arrive at this haven of peace. But to obtain a rebirth under favorable conditions is within the power of every one who earnestly strives for it. It solely depends on the wish to live which dwells in all of us, and forms the kernel of our existence.

NATURE OF REBIRTH.

"The nature of our rebirth depends entirely on our deeds, and is regulated by merit and guilt as exhibited in our former lives. If our merit is greatest, we shall be born again in a higher state or world, and under favorable conditions. If, however, we have subjected ourselves to heavy guilt through evil deeds, a rebirth in a lower place, and rich in sorrow and suffering, is the necessary and inevitable result. The consequences depend on our Karma, the moral law of the world, of which the physical law, as seen by us, is only the sensual and temporal appearance. Karma is that which other religions designate as divine purpose, providence, or fate. Rebirth may not only take place on this earth, but also on any one of the innumerable inhabited worlds, with partly lower and partly higher developed conditions.

"There are two kinds of Buddhists. Those

who express the refuge formula, and make five general solemn declarations, but remain in the worldly state, are called Upasaka—i. e.: acknowledge or followers of the doctrine. But the really true disciples of Buddha are only those who abjure the world and, in making ten solemn declarations, walk the supreme path of eight parts, which leads to enlightenment and liberty. These take the name of Bickshu, or Samanas, and form the Sangha—i. e.: brotherhood of the elect.

"The Refuge Formula (Trisaranā), which is binding on every Buddhist, reads: 'I take my refuge to the doctrine, I take my refuge to the Brotherhood of the Elect.'

"The five solemn declarations of the worldly followers are these—viz.: I solemnly declare:

1. Not to kill or injure any living being.
2. Not to steal.
3. Not to pursue any illicit pleasure—i. e.: to abstain from all forbidden sexual intercourse.
4. Not to lie, to cheat, or to bear false witness.
5. Not to drink any intoxicating beverages.

"The first of the above declarations (which is the neminem laede of Schopenhauer's) is the most important one. It not only refers to man, but to all living organisms. Whoever wantonly kills, injures, or tortures animals is no follower of Buddha, and cannot expect to receive a favorable rebirth.

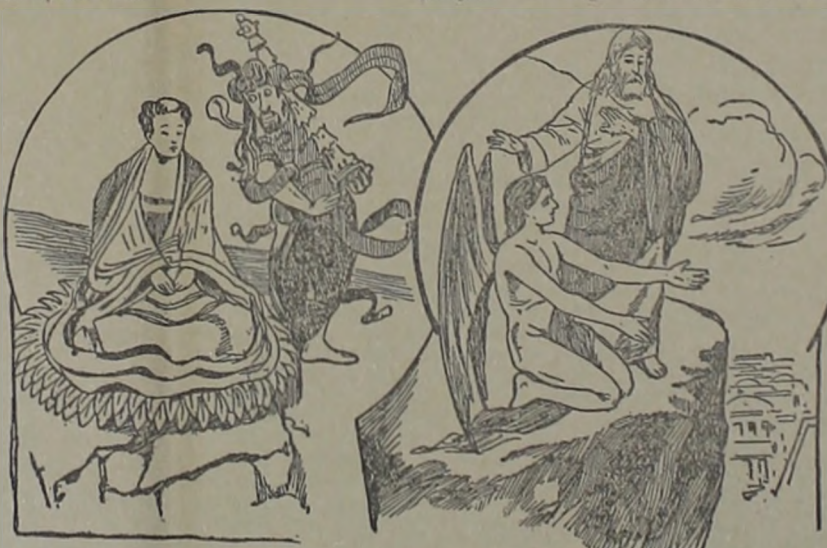


THE BAPTISM OF BUDDHA AND CHRIST.

"The fifth declaration, in its full sense, is only binding on the real disciple. For the worldly followers it merely means abstinence from the use of what are termed ardent liquors; the temperate use of wine and beer, however, is permitted to the Upasaka. Whoever sincerely lives up to these five declarations will be highly esteemed on earth, and his rebirth will take place under conditions more favorable than the former one.

"For the brotherhood of the elect, besides other strict life rules, are added five more solemn declarations, viz.: I solemnly declare:

6. To eat only at stated times.
7. To abstain from dancing, from the singing of worldly songs, from attending public performances and musical exhibitions; in fact, to avoid all worldly pleasures.
8. To abstain from vanity, give up the use of jewels and ornaments of every description, as well as that of perfumed clothing, soaps, salves, and oils.



THE TEMPTATION OF BUDDHA AND CHRIST.

"9. To avoid the use of luxurious, soft beds, and to sleep only on a hard and low couch.

"10. To always live in voluntary poverty.

"The third declaration is also made more strict for the Bickshu, in that it demands from him absolute celibacy, sexual virtue and purity, and the fifth declaration means for him that he must entirely abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages of whatever kind, nor is he permitted to eat any kind of animal food.

"The path of eight parts which the Arabat must pursue we have already explained. Many of the Bickshus live in monasteries or as hermits in forests. They are to be living examples to the Upasakas of abstemiousness, self-denial, and holiness; must, when the latter desire it, explain the holy teachings to them, and are required in all phases of life where the Upasakas need moral and spiritual support and guidance to give them their advice and assistance, the same as was formerly done by Buddha.

Every member is free to leave the brotherhood at all times, for the Buddhists know nothing of compulsion. Whoever desires to return to the pleasures (so called) of this world can make known his weakness to any of the prominent brothers, and is given his freedom without incurring any dishonor or having to listen to deprecatory remarks. But whoever casts ignominy on the society through heavy and wanton transgressions of his solemn declarations, receives the severest punishment known to the Buddhists—he is expelled from the brotherhood.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

"It remains now for us to point out some

of the principal differences between the religion of the Buddhists and that of the Christians and other sects. A redemption through the merits of Buddha is not known to the Buddhist.

"No one can shield another from the results of his evil deeds. Each one has to work out his own salvation. Neither can any one lessen the rewards due to a good man for his good deeds. Man gains moral rewards through living up to his solemn declarations in spirit, thought, word and deed, through constant effort after knowledge—i. e.: knowledge of himself, but beyond all, through kindness and justice toward all living beings.

"In order to gain real merit and reward we must overcome the love of self, as this is the foundation of all our errors, foolish and evil deeds; we must shun the evil and encompass the good. Evil is every thought and action purposing the injury and torture of other beings; every selfish desire having for its aim our own well-being, without considering whether others may have to suffer in consequence of it. Evil may not be repaid by evil; the discipline of Buddha simply leaves the evil-doer to eternal justice. He pities and pardons him, for the bad man will have to suffer for his unrighteousness in consequence of the effect of the Karma either in this or the next birth, and his sufferings will be severe in proportion as he now sins and rejoices.

"There is no eternal woe for the guilty one;

ual order of the world does not ask what one believes or disbelieves. Only to the Buddhist the road has been made easier, for he has the true teacher to point out the way. But that does not preclude him who follows the wrong teacher, after many erroneous journeys, from finally arriving at the right goal. It is probably unnecessary to observe that Buddha knows no miracles, as such, and that it does not consider prayer, sacrifices, and other usages necessary to reach salvation. The principal differences between Buddha's religion and those of other teachers are stated by Subhadra Bickshu in the following words:

"Buddhism teaches the highest wisdom and goodness without a personal God; a continuation of being without an immortal soul; an eternally blessed state without a local heaven; a possibility of salvation without a vicarious savior; a redemption where each is his own redeemer, and which can be reached without prayer, sacrifices, self-torture, or other usages, without priests and the mediumship of saints, without divine grace, and solely through one's own will and power; finally a highest perfection which may be enjoyed already in this life and on this earth."

Acrostic.

[DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. CAPT. FULLMER, OF CAMDEN, N. J., AND ROSE COTTAGE, PORTLAND, AND THEIR ARISEN DARLING, HARRY.]

Heaven has gardens of beautiful flowers;
Aye, brighter than any that mortals have seen,
Richer and rarer in fragrance than ours,
Roses, and lilies, and sweet eglantine.
Yes, and our dear ones are roaming those gardens
Fearless and happy; nor feeling a thorn;
Untrammelled and free, with but Loves for their warden,
Love that begins when an angel is born.
Listen, my friends! for your darling will whisper
"Mother, and Father, sweet sister, and all";
(Each day brings its message from your little lips)
"Reach up with your souls and I'll answer your call."
—Lydia R. Chase.

Mending Stockings.

A pair of baby's stockings!
They are small, and black, and plain,
But I find sweet satisfaction
In looking them over again.

I mended these same stockings—
It must be two years ago—
And then they were laid in the drawer;
There was no one to wear them, you know.

For our beautiful baby
Had gone to a fairer clime;
She had entered the golden city,
Where we hope to meet her some time.

And though in the mending basket
There still were stockings small,
There were none for a tiny baby
With daintiest feet of all.

Yet again from the open heaven
A wonderful gift has come,
And the sound of a baby's cooing
Is heard again in our home.

And tiny feet are moving
Along the nursery floor,
And dainty baby stockings
Are needed now once more.

Is it strange that I find a pleasure
In taking them in my hand?
They speak of our newest treasure,
And of one in the Fatherland.

—Mary J. Porter.

Make it Retroactive.

TO THE EDITOR:—In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Feb. 13th, I find that the Committee on Revision handed to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church a substitution to Section 3, Chapter 12, of its Confession of Faith, as follows: "Infants dying in infancy, and all other persons who are not guilty of actual transgression * * * are saved * * * by Christ through the spirit," etc. "So, also, are all other elected persons who are not outwardly called by the ministry of the Word." This substitution, of course, will only take effect from and after its passage by vote of the General Assembly. Now, since it is so easy for them to change the destiny of mortals, only requiring their vote to do so, they should amend this substitution before adoption, so as to make it retroactive, else all the described persons who have passed on under their old creeds, previous to the adoption of this act, must forever remain in eternal hell fire. How unchristianlike it would be to let this immense host remain in eternal punishment, when a few Presbyterians, simply by their vote, could rescue them, and place them in eternal bliss.

W. J. INNIS.

Certainly the Leading Paper.

Mrs. Dr. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "We were talking about the excellence and cheapness of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER this morning, and it seems a perfect marvel that you can furnish it at such a low rate. It certainly is the leading Spiritualist paper and destined to be known the world over. It stands on its own merits and needs only to be read to be appreciated."

Mr. Charles Crossmon, of the Crossmon House, who died at Alexandria Bay recently, was one of the hundred men who marched into Canada fifty years ago to conduct what was known as the "patriot war," a foolish attempt to revolutionize the Upper Province. The insurgents had hardly reached Canadian soil when they were repulsed and shot up in an old mill near Prescott. They surrendered after a brief siege by British troops, several of the "patriots" being killed. The leader, Von Schantz, was hanged, and most of the others were transported to Van Dieman's Island. Crossmon was pardoned in consideration of his youth.

Senator Morrill is the patriarch of Washington whist players. He has a thoroughly scientific knowledge of the game, and once a week at least he gathers about him a set of select players from among his friends in official life.

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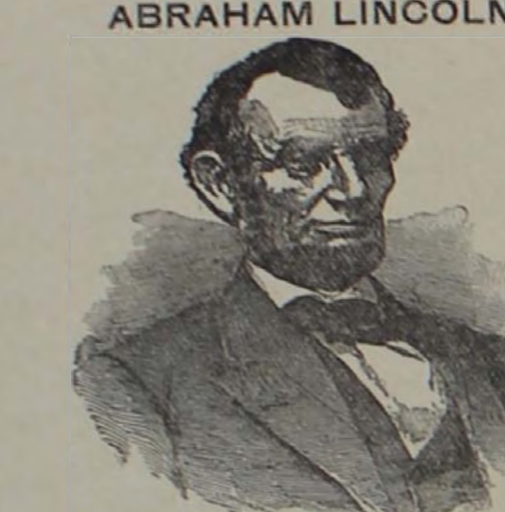
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



A SPIRITUALIST?!

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The Clerical Past Reflected from Mexico in the Clerical Present.

A N. Y. Herald correspondent, in a late letter from Monterey, Mexico, gives a faithful presentation of Catholicism in our neighboring republic. More, it shows the future of our own America, if the time shall ever come when the folds of the anascondia shall gain the ascendancy and shall succeed in closing our public schools, and parochial schools shall take their place. The facts are not overdrawn. All travelers agree in representing the clergy in all the Spanish governments of America as vile in the extreme. Possibly there are individual exceptions; but as a rule they are sunken in vice, and are ever plotting to rule governments and tyrannize over those, unfortunately, looking to them for religious instruction. Referring to the wise policy of Diaz, the present head of the Mexican government, the writer continues:

Instead of Diaz being assisted by the church, it has been his bitterest and most relentless enemy and opponent. The church in Mexico is opposed to all enlightenment of the people. The clergy, if they can be honored with that name, fight all improvements. They want no railways or telegraphs, and when they adopted a system of compulsory education the war began in earnest. Diaz was determined, however, and he retaliated by closing up the convents and prohibiting the establishment of monasteries. Being further opposed in his efforts at reform, and defied by the priests, he put hundreds of them in Pueblo in jail, and prohibited the ringing of church bells in certain localities. He forcibly impressed on them the fact that he was running Mexico, not they. He gave them to understand that his idea of Christianity was that priests should preach Christ crucified, and not revolution and infraction of the laws.

If any English-speaking Catholic thinks that the same state of affairs exists in this country as in Mexico, let him undeceive himself. . . . In Mexico priests can keep mistresses with impunity. From a church to a gambling-table is but a step, and the priests gamble with the rest. The rentals of houses of ill-fame, of gambling-houses, of bull-pens, all go to a church which is supposed to teach religion. Because Diaz, a Catholic himself, will not tolerate such crimes under the guise of religion, he is fought by the church, and is the recipient of their anathemas.

Take the leading church in Monterey outside of the cathedral. You step from the church-door to a plaza owned by the church, and in which stand fifty tents in which are conducted monte, roulette, and other games of chance. Behind this stands the bull-pen, and the profits and rentals go to the church.

With all these lights, the most plausible inference or theory is that the clerical party, as they see all these privileges being swept away, will cheerfully contribute the sinews of war with which to carry on a revolution against Diaz. They have agents in Europe, and the money can come through that source without detection.

With the opening of spring it is represented the revolution to overthrow the Diaz government will be in progress. Then the public press will ring with falsehoods set in motion by the Mexican

clergy, to excite hatred against the best ruler Mexico has ever had since the Spanish conquest.

Please Notify the Recipients.

We wish our friends who are zealous for the cause, kindly ordering papers sent at their expense to their friends, would notify the to-be recipients of their action. People who have been bitten once by having a moss-backed sheet fastened upon them, and then being obliged to pay for goods they had no use nor desire for, are very shy about taking a paper from the postoffice, unless they know it has been paid for; and that's right. But see how it works to the disadvantage of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, a paper which has never crowded a single copy upon anyone since it commenced its wonderful career. Friend Jones goes to the postoffice for his mail. Meantime his friend Smith has written to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, inclosing a list of subscribers and the money. He says: "Send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to Jones; he is a good fellow, and a liberal thinker. When the thirteen weeks for which the inclosed quarter of a dollar pays has expired, perhaps he will like it well enough to renew for himself," and they generally do. But Jones has had his dish of gruel from a swindling sheet of some kind. When the postmaster asks him if he has subscribed, he says: "No!" Then the postmaster, if he is a Catholic or a red-hot Orthodox dyed-in-the-wool, laughs with fiendish glee, and forthwith sits down and indites us an official notice, saying that Jones' paper lies in the Darktown postoffice unclaimed. Nor is this all. By-and-by, along comes a letter from Smith saying he has had a letter from Jones, who, forgetting the postmaster's suave inquiry, says in the innocence of his heart that, "he has not received the paper at all," the fact being that he has regularly mailed the paper to him, but they have gone into the old paper basket of the official who has the dealing out of local mail. But if our friend, who thus so nobly exercised his generosity, had informed the recipient what he might expect, all this might have been avoided. Of one thing all readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may be certain, and that is, when the paid-up time of the paper expires, it will stop. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER means to deal as squarely with its patrons in financial matters as it does in the truths it is defending. If THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER comes to you regularly, you may be sure it was paid for, before your name was put on the mailing list. It would scorn to enforce an unjust claim by an iniquitous law.

We Should All Laugh.

It has always been a mystery why kind heaven allowed this goodly city to go up in smoke and flame, with its great wealth, twenty odd years ago. We have it now. The pastors of the several orthodox churches were in session at the First Methodist Church, on the morning of the 10th inst. for the discussion of questions of common interest relating to the recently-organized Pastors' Alliance. C. C. Bonney read a paper on a general congress at the World's Fair. During his learned discussion of that subject he is reported to have said:

"The destruction of Chicago was permitted by Divine Providence in 1871 because it was foreseen the World's Fair was coming in 1893, when she would give an exhibition of local and rational progress unexampled in the history of the world."

Mr. Bonney is in luck to be able to enter the councils of Infinite Wisdom, and know why he allowed great events to transpire. A mystery has always shrouded that—then—considered great calamity, but through the revelations in that council of pastors we are enabled to look behind the veil. We are not surprised the pastors laughed, for they were getting knowledge from a new quarter, the inmost recesses of heaven.

Very Sensible.

In the course of one of his sermons delivered lately at Oshkosh, Wis., on "Soul Immortality," Rev. E. H. Smith said, among other things, that the future world was only this world expanded and prolonged; that the life hereafter was a natural, orderly, progressive continuation of life here; only another step in the wonderful development of man's being. Properly speaking there was only one world, one order, one system of law and divine government. This was the first half; the second was beyond the grave. He regarded death simply as a repetition of a process often undergone in life. Childhood died into youth, youth into manhood, and manhood into old age; but in each case the treasures of experience were handed on to the succeeding state, and only the transient perished. So death was only the passing into yet another stage. And as surely as what we were to-day had grown out of what we were yesterday, and the day before, so surely would our life hereafter be determined by our life here.

Thinks the Paper Worth \$2.

A subscriber writes as follows from Lynn, Mass.:

"I have long felt, especially since the enlargement of the paper, that we, the readers, were receiving weekly more than we were entitled to, when what we pay is taken into consideration. I feel an obligation binding on me, personally, to double my subscription price of the paper. May the ball so nobly started by our brother Truman be kept rolling."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is getting a large foothold in Massachusetts. The Spiritualists there find it a magazine of advanced thought, its articles being educational as well as soul-elevating.

Errata.

It is seldom that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has anything it desires to change, or take back; but occasionally the total depravity of types, and those who handle them, get the best of us. In last week's issue, a "standing line," the name of Dr. Phelon, was by mistake put at the foot of an article in regard to the precipitation of Madame Blavatsky's picture, in Philadelphia. The article to which his name should have been attached received another signature. We haven't heard from the other fellow yet; but the Doctor lives close by.

The World's Fair.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is receiving a great many communications from everywhere, talking about the desirability of some place of meeting as headquarters for Spiritualists during the World's Fair in Chicago. They suggest that the expense be borne by all the Spiritualists of the United States.

We endorse the idea as highly desirable in whatever light it may appear; but we are somewhat inclined to doubt its feasibility. In the orthodox churches, when a worthy object is presented for aid, and the hat goes round, fifty or sixty dollars will come from an audience of 500. But we have lately passed the hat to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER audience, numbering thousands, in behalf of the oldest living medium in the United States, and to whom all Spiritualists in the world owe the present great flood of light from the unseen, Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane. Everyone knows her to be in the most humiliating condition of indigence. What was the response? Not quite a penny apiece. Here is liberality for you!

Another instance! A woman called at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on business. During the conversation she said, incidentally, that she had consulted a certain medium for seven years, and never had paid a cent; yet some of our well-meaning Spiritualists think that mediums should make no charge. They are willing to sap their lives and sponge their energy, and when the physical power is exhausted, like Margaret Fox Kane and Anna Lord Chamberlain, they can be turned out to starve, denied even a postage stamp by the well-to-do Spiritualists of the country. Progressive thinkers, don't the thought make your cheeks burn? It makes us blush with shame!

Three cents apiece from each of our readers would have netted to Mrs. Fox Kane a good round sum, but even that small amount was not forthcoming from each one. And these people so thoughtful, so careless because they have not thought, want to "hire a hall," or "build a spiritual temple." They will let the spirits do it. But how are the invisibles to build, if our brethren follow the example of the ancient Egyptian taskmasters, who required "bricks without straw." They require from you the help already manifested. Do you desire them to waste their force doing that which you can just as well do?

Looking over the whole ground, is it any wonder that we feel dubious about a place of congregation during the World's Fair?

It has been suggested that the Editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER take the thing in hand; but you see his hat has had such poor success for the funds mentioned above, that he doesn't feel the least bit encouraged to undertake the building of a spiritual temple.

The Catholic Plan.

The Catholic Review comes to the front with its plan of education. It proposes to abandon "the little Red School House," and the public school system of education, and, save as regards the finances, let the churches instruct the youth. That we may not misrepresent the position of the Review, which evidently reflects the sentiments of Catholics the country over, we quote from its columns:

"We insist that government should encourage religious teaching in the public schools, because it has a direct tendency to promote good morals, and therefore to make good citizens. But as there is no union of Church and State among us, and therefore no danger of one denomination being given the preference over all others, the only plan is the denominational plan. That, as we have said, is perfectly fair and just, because it gives the preference to no denomination, but treats all alike. The idea is that the government contributes aid to each denomination, or to each association of individuals who choose to have a school, according to the average number of pupils in each school, and let each teach its own religion in its own way."

Follow that "plan" for one hundred years, with Jesuit management, and the country would lapse into ignorance, and be adapted to the re-establishment of the Inquisition. Such a proposition never emanated from a native American. It was born of the ignorance which priestcraft engenders.

Seventy Proofs, All False.

Rev. Dr. Jenckes, of Indianapolis, has seventy proofs that the world will end in ten years, and he gets sixty-nine of them from the Bible.—News Item.

A thousand proofs can be adduced to demonstrate that Dr. Jenckes has no knowledge on the subject. On the contrary, there is positive proof that all the millions, from the time Jesus declared: "This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled," and, as if to make it more emphatic, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death until they see the kingdom of God," were misrepresenting. They simply were predicting an impossibility; frightening the thoughtless and ignorant, that they might the better make them slaves to superstition. The earth has managed to jog along in its orbit, and wheel on its axis, for more than one thousand million of years. The same Law that has controlled it thus far will not be abrogated to accommodate the wish of any one, be he even a D. D., with Benton's interpretation of these cabalistic letters.

"The Progressive Thinker" the Favorite.

J. W. Dennis, a prominent Spiritualist of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER seems to be the favorite paper among us." It is so fully up to the standard indicated by its name, that all its readers are delighted with it. Every Spiritualist feels that he now has a representative paper, as well as a true friend of the cause, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Eleventh Hour Reformers.

Cardinal Gibbon appeals to the church to aid in discouraging and stamping out lotteries. Most of the State governments, as well as federal, have been engaged for years in this laudable work. The churches of all denominations have resorted to this source of revenue, long after it was "stamped out" by secular legislation. Indeed, the church fairs and lotteries were the most difficult of all to close.

After "infidels," as the church designates all reformers, had rendered the temperance movement popular, and had waged a successful war on slavery, then the church appeared as a special champion of these reforms. Now the Bishops permit the church to stand at the front in regard to lotteries. In a few years they will claim that this reform originated in the church; and the masses of the people will believe it, and know no better, especially if educated in parochial schools.

Let those outside of the churches continue their reform. In due time they will make the world fit for humanity to live in; then they who have retarded all progress will claim and be awarded the credit of bringing about this glorious result!

The Arena.

We publish in another column an article on Buddhism from THE Arena. We call our readers' attention to two or three lines: "The religion of the Buddhists is dominated by a spirit of the purest tolerance. Never and nowhere has blood been shed for its propagation; it has never, wherever successfully established, pursued and maltreated those whose beliefs were different. Whether other religion say this of itself? It is with this spirit of tolerance that THE Arena endeavors to hold its even way. It is standard in a literary view, progressive on the thought plane, and potent with those who desire knowledge and seek understanding. THE Arena and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have the same creed, and that is: 'Let Truth be Supreme.' If you want a first-class magazine, subscribe for THE Arena. It is chock-full of thoughtful articles. Terms, \$5 per year. Address 'Arena,' Boston, Mass."

Mrs. Jennie Moore.

In the late suit of the city against Mrs. Jennie Moore, the testimony which she gave in her own behalf was very impressive. She gave a detailed account of how her meetings were conducted. She said that they were of a religious nature and were always opened by the singing of hymns and prayer. She said that on the night of January 3d the police unceremoniously made a raid on the cabinet she occupied and dragged her out. She was not dressed in proper clothing for the street. They refused to give her an opportunity to dress, she said, and treated her in a brutal manner. Mrs. Moore declared that she entered upon her work as a medium with the same degree of reverence as characterized the ministrations of a clergyman in the pulpit. She firmly believed in Spiritualism, was convinced that it was a great truth, had never deceived her visitors, and considered her treatment an outrage.

Fully Determined.

Geo. M. Howard rode twenty miles to obtain a list of subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Such enthusiasm is commendable, and not often found. The fact is, the people grow enthusiastic over the paper, and labor hard to extend its usefulness.

Rough on the Priest.

Rev. T. Adams, a Roman Catholic priest of Long Island, has been unfrocked because he persisted in curing diseases by the use of holy relics.—News Item.

The error of the priest, probably, consisted in not dividing the proceeds of his holy-relic cures with the church. Relics are of no account if they are not productive of gold. Even the "Holy Coat" was placed on exhibition to swell the church coffers. Every shrine erected over the bones of an imagined saint, is expected to pay many times its cost in dollars and cents. But woe to the priest who does not pass the proceeds of his tricky habits into the church treasury.

Critically Examine It.

We ask you to give THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a careful and critical examination. Just see the vast amount of reading matter. Examine the great variety presented. Look at each page, chock-full of thoughts worthy of your attention. None of the other Spiritualist papers published present such an intellectual feast. To relieve themselves of the financial strain that rests upon us, they insert from ten to fifteen columns of advertisements, and then boast of their wonderful enterprise, saying, "How we boom!"

An Important Question.

Will some good Catholic explain why the per cent of education is so small in Catholic countries when contrasted with those which are non-Catholic? Bolivia is a South American republic lying north of Peru. It gained its independence in 1825, and has enjoyed for two-thirds of a century a period of general peace. It has a population approximately 3,000,000, and the religion is Catholic. Only five per cent of the children of school age attend schools, and less than three per cent of the entire population can read and write. Catholicism is taught in the schools, and the priests are happy.

A New Monthly Magazine.

And now comes Moses Hull, the irrepressible in the cause of truth, and deposes and says that he is about to resume the publication of *New Thought*, not as before, an ordinary newspaper, but in the shape of "a splendid monthly magazine." Its new birth is expected to be accomplished in May, prox. It will be issued monthly thereafter for at least one year. (We quote the prospectus.) For further particulars address Moses Hull and Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill., and at the same time enclose \$1, the price of one year's subscription.

Spiritual Songs.

We are in receipt from the publishers, Moses Hull & Co., of Mattie E. Hull's Spiritual Songs for the use of circles, camp meetings and other spiritualistic gatherings. It is a neat little pamphlet, containing in book form the songs previously published in sheet form, with some additions. We once heard a man wonder why the orthodox church had permitted the devil to steal all the cheerful music. Spiritualists have an opportunity to change all this for the better, and have words and music fitted to their belief, which is one of consolation and joy, and not of mourning. This is the point the author has accomplished, so far as she has gone. We trust the editions will be many and that each additional one will contain new gems from the pen of the gifted author, who so fully appreciates the need of the hour. For sale at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 10 cents per copy; \$7.50 per hundred, post free.

Cutting Off Revenue.

At a Lutheran church entertainment near Durand, Mich., half a dozen pretty girls sold kisses for a quarter apiece, until a commotion was raised by the staid members of the church, when the business was stopped, much to the disgust of those who were too late to invest.—News Item.

At this rate the entire revenue of the church will be cut off, save the ever-useful grab bag. No money must hereafter be allowed to buy organs or pay preacher's hire, from the sale of kisses, the proceeds of dancing, or the selling of lottery tickets. The product of the seductive still worm is no longer allowed to enlarge the purse of the deacon; neither can he sell a negro slave and pass the price of his flesh and blood over to the church to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. Until it is learned that oysters are harvested more abundantly on Sunday than any other day, the luscious church oyster stew may be allowed to do service as in the past, and, with the grab-bag, will constitute a large part of its receipts.

The Views of a Scholar.

Said Dupuis: "I cannot see that civilized people differ a great deal in religion from savages. The principle variation is in forms; the object remains the same, to induce Nature, and the Gentils who are presumed to preside over her operations, to execute the wishes of humanity. Take hope and fear away, and Religion vanishes."

The First Spiritualist Fraternity of Rochester, N. Y., has reorganized and holds its meetings on Sundays at 7:30 in the evening in Knights of Honor Hall, Market St. Dr. G. West is engaged as the speaker for Feb. The first meeting on the 17th inst. was quite a success; subject of discourse being given by the audience: "What Evidences are there that when a Man Dies he shall Live again?" On the following Sunday the subject was: "The Spiritual Signs of the Times," and the "Differences in Religion on the Other Side of Life." The latter meeting was followed by tests, many of which were acknowledged. On the evening of the 15th a very enjoyable social was held at the house of Dr. West, 11 Clinton place, in the pleasures of which all participated, and expressed their delight.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

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

David Ramsdell passed to Spirit-life from his late home in Maryland on Wednesday, January 13th. His funeral and interment took place at his old home, Laona, N. Y., on Sunday, the 17th inst. Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., delivered the funeral address. His was a kindly nature, and while his transition removes his physical presence it is to him but the losing of bonds. He had been physically ailing for some time, though his death resulted from the grippe. His wife and one son survive him.

Passed to the Spirit-life, Jan. 31, 1892, William W. Fellows, of Bridgewater, N. H., aged sixty-four years and six months. He was always of a liberal turn of mind, and for over thirty years was a firm believer in the immortality of the soul, through the evidence of his senses, caused by the phenomena of spirits, as given through different mediums. He was a great sufferer for years, and longed for the change to come, so he could join the loved ones gone before. S. D. HOWE.

Passed to spirit-life from Portland, N. Y., January 10, 1892, Mr. Herbert F. Raynor, aged 33 years. He was in hearty sympathy with the teachings of Spiritualism, and his life has been filled with good deeds. It could be truly said of him that he was an honest, upright man. He made Spiritualism his religion, hence his life was gentle, pure and good. Funeral services were held Jan. 13th, at the home of his father, H. L. Raynor, in Portland, and were conducted by Mrs. Clara Watson of Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. Fidelity Ellison, of Elkhart, (Ind.), passed to her spirit home on Oct. 3, 1891, after an illness of about one week. Mrs. Ellison was nearly 73 years of age. She and her aged husband, who survives her, had lived quietly alone for several years, sharing together the grand truths of Spiritualism. Mrs. Ellison was perfectly conscious of the change so near at hand, and was willing to go, although regretting to leave her aged companion behind. Just before the closing moments of earth-life, she had a vision of spirit friends, who came to welcome her over, calling them by their names. Mrs. E. leaves a large circle of warm friends, who will long remember her for her kind manner and upright spirit. Mr. Ellison has the sympathy of all who know him. The writer kindly extends all the consolation our grand philosophy implies. D. SEIBERT.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY, THE

Application of Sarcognomy, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body, to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Bodily and Mental Diseases by means of Electricity, Nervana, Medicine and Mesmerism, with a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and Mesmerism, and presentation of New Instruments for Electro-Therapeutics. By Joseph Roden Buchanan, M. D. A perfect mine of rare knowledge. A large work. Price \$5.00.

QUESTIONS SETTLED.

Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. An invaluable work. Price \$1.00.

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 day. 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 insert long 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.

James Riley writes: "Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., will lecture in the Centennial Hall, Marcellus, on the 20th and 21st of this month, and the Spiritualists of this vicinity will organize themselves into a society for the advancement of all truths."

A. M. Hall, of Joseph, Ore., writes: "I could find a good carpenter who is a married man, and who is a medium, or his wife a medium, I could give him employment at fair wages, thereby assuring him a support, and thus help him and the cause. We who have had our proe are all right, but what we need is some one to convince others, in order to build up our society to a sufficient number to be able to employ the best talent the country affords. If any one can point me to some such person or persons, he will do our little community a lasting favor."

Mrs. A. B. Conrad, of Los Angeles Cal., sends us a little item of two cases in which her double, the German Doppelganger, the *Sein Laca* of the Norsemen has been distinctly visible in company with herself in such bright light as to leave no doubt whatever of the matter. We would like to ask those who are posted, how near this is related to materialization?

Dr. J. M. Peebles is now located permanently at his sanitarium, San Antonio, Texas.

Frank T. Ripley will start for Boston, Mass., the first week in June, and can't engaged for camp-meetings and grove meetings, to lecture and give tests. Address him at No. 123 West 4th street, St. Paul, Minn., until April.

He is fully awake, and desires to extend the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Rolla Stubbs, of Long Lake Minn., writes: "Friends and Spiritualists around Long Lake: I will receive renewals and subscriptions to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

G. W. Kates and wife are lecturing Philadelphia during February; and engaged at Pittsburgh for March. They desire Western engagements for April and May. They give labor of two, with lecturing and Mrs. Kates giving tests for the usual salary of one person. Address them at 2234 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. M. Headrick, M. D., writes from Springfield, Mo., giving an encouraging view of the cause there. In conclusion he says: "Prof. J. Madison Allen, who has so acceptably lectured for us for months altogether, is still with us. M. L. Allen, his most estimable wife, who here also during December last, and gave excellent satisfaction. She has been filling an engagement in Iowa, but will return here this week, when we will probably arrange to employ her and Professor for another term."

Mrs. Gretchen Griffen, of this city writes: "The Spiritualists of the North Side have rented a hall for evening meetings, at 939 North Robey St. Their first meeting, on Feb. 14th, was well attended. There was an able discourse upon "The Mystic Man," by Mr. Lewis. Then 15 loved tests and singing. The hall started and conducted under the auspices of Mrs. Bumstead and son. The audience though small in number, manifested great interest. We regard it as a good field for working in the cause."

Oliver Holt writes: "The Spiritualists of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., will have a convention at West Potsdam, N. Feb. 27th and 28th. Lucius Colburn Manchester Depot, Vermont, will be leading speaker. The public are cordially invited."

The Social Wheel of Progress Springfield, Ill., hold public worship G. A. R. Hall, on 5th street, every day at 7:30 P. M., the Rev. A. B. Le officiating.

Lucifer says that Lois Waisbrook the 21st of February was 66 years old. E. T. Myers writes: "Mrs. A. E. I. trance medium, of Salt Lake City delivered five lectures at Ogden, were indeed a spiritual feast. The Spiritualists of Ogden were so well that they have engaged her to 1 here every two weeks, alternately Salt Lake City. She will also hold a roping class. Her address is 8 First, Salt Lake City, Utah."

May Williams, of Springfield sends us a copy of a spirit message her mother, through Mrs. Abe personal to her, and she expresses self as well pleased and satisfied with, as she has good cause to be so. R. Spalding encloses to us a from the *Sturges Journal*, of a Messrs. Wait and Buck, business that city, to Mr. Riley, of M. Mich. They were well satisfied what they saw and heard the seems to be the universal testimony.

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, of Alban walked two miles to obtain THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a list of subscribers. She deplores the interest on the part of many Spiritualists in the literature of Spiritualism deplorable state will remain to become accustomed by gradual and development, to reading a tion; then, of course, they will for a Spiritualist paper, and b ardent champions. The very culation of all the old Spiritualist is most lamentable, and will n in the aggregate, to more tha THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER ceded in two years in getting excellent foothold, and expects to reach a circulation of 20,000 as all the other Spiritualist papers combined.

A subscriber writes: "Quite of professed Spiritualists in a Pine Island, Minn., but no mediums and no circles."

A paper sustained on its merits, advertisements, should receive a co from Spiritualists. In Tas IVE THINKER you have just such a it is seen out 13 weeks for 35 cents.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

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

One year	\$1.00
Three months	.35
Single copy	5c

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

Take Notice.

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

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

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

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

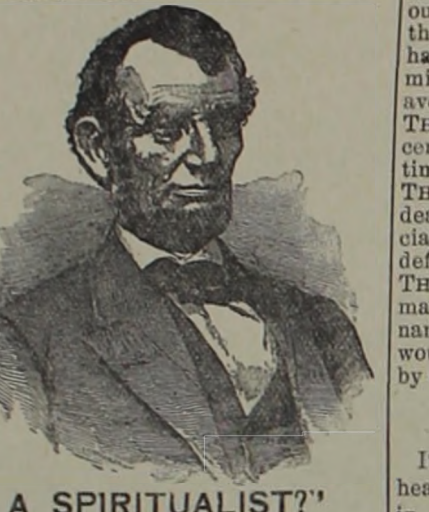
Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER thirteen weeks is only twenty-five cents. For that amount you obtain one hundred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

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 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.

The Clerical Past Reflected from Mexico in the Clerical Present.

A N. Y. *Herald* correspondent, in a late letter from Monterey, Mexico, gives a faithful presentation of Catholicism in our neighboring republic. More, it shows the future of our own America, if the time shall ever come when the folds of the anacosta shall gain the ascendancy and shall succeed in closing our public schools, and parochial schools shall take their place. The facts are not overdrawn. All travelers agree in representing the clergy in all the Spanish governments of America as vile in the extreme. Possibly there are individual exceptions; but as a rule they are sunk in vice, and are ever plotting to rule governments and tyrannize over those, unfortunately, looking to them for religious instruction. Referring to the wise policy of Diaz, the present head of the Mexican government, the writer continues:

Instead of Diaz being assisted by the church, it has been his bitterest and most relentless enemy and opponent. The church in Mexico is opposed to all enlightenment of the people. The clergy, if they can be honored with that name, fight all improvements. They want no railways or telegraphs, and when they adopted a system of compulsory education the war began in earnest. Diaz was determined, however, and he retaliated by closing up the convents and prohibiting the establishment of monasteries. Being further opposed in his efforts at reform, and defied by the priests, he put hundreds of them in Pueblo in jail, and prohibited the ringing of church bells in certain localities. He forcibly impressed on them the fact that he was running Mexico, not they. He gave them to understand that his idea of Christianity was that priests should preach Christ crucified, and not revolution and infraction of the laws.

If any English-speaking Catholic thinks that the same state of affairs exists in this country as in Mexico, let him deceive himself. . . . In Mexico priests can keep mistresses with impunity. From a church to a gambling-table is but a step, and the priests gamble with the rest. The rooms of houses of ill-fame, of gambling-houses, of bull-pens, all go to a church, which is supposed to teach religion. Because Diaz, a Catholic himself, will not tolerate such crimes under the guise of religion, he is fought by the church, and is the recipient of their anathemas.

Take the leading church in Monterey outside of the cathedral. You step from the church-door to a plaza owned by the church, and in which stand fifty tents in which are conducted monte, roulette, and other games of chance. Behind this stands the bull-pen, and the profits and rentals go to the church.

With all these lights, the most plausible inference or theory is that the clerical party, as they see all these privileges being swept away, will cheerfully contribute the sinews of war with which to carry on a revolution against Diaz. They have agents in Europe, and the money can come through that source without detection.

With the opening of spring it is represented the revolution to overthrow the Diaz government will be in progress. Then the public press will ring with falsehoods set in motion by the Mexican

clergy, to excite hatred against the best ruler Mexico has ever had since the Spanish conquest.

Please Notify the Recipients.

We wish our friends who are zealous for the cause, kindly ordering papers sent at their expense to their friends, would notify the to-be recipients of their action. People who have been bitten once by having a moss-backed sheet fastened upon them, and then being obliged to pay for goods they had no use nor desire for, are very shy about taking a paper from the postoffice, unless they know it has been paid for; and that's right. But see how it works to the disadvantage of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, a paper which has never crowded a single copy upon anyone since it commenced its wonderful career. Friend Jones goes to the postoffice for his mail. Meantime his friend Smith has inclosed a list of subscribers and the money. He says: "Send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to Jones; he is a good fellow, and a liberal thinker. When the thirteen weeks for which the inclosed quarter of a dollar pays has expired, perhaps he will like it well enough to renew for himself," and they generally do. But Jones has had his dish of gruel from a swindling sheet of some kind. When the postmaster asks him if he has subscribed, he says: "No!" Then the postmaster, if he is a Catholic or a red-hot Orthodox dyed-in-the-wool, laughs with fiendish glee, and forthwith sits down and indites us an official notice, saying that Jones' paper lies in the Darktown postoffice unclaimed. Nor is this all. By-and-by, along comes a letter from Smith saying he has had a letter from Jones, who, forgetting the postmaster's suave inquiry, says in the innocence of his heart that, "he has not received the paper at all," the fact being that he has regularly mailed the paper to him, but they have gone into the old paper basket of the official who has the dealing out of local mail. But if our friend, who thus so nobly exercised his generosity, had informed the recipient what he might expect, all this might have been avoided. Of one thing all readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may be certain, and that is, when the paid-up time of the paper expires, it will stop. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER means to deal as squarely with its patrons in financial matters as it does in the truths it is defending. If THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER comes to you regularly, you may be sure it was paid for, before your name was put on the mailing list. It would scorn to enforce an unjust claim by an iniquitous law.

Another instance! A woman called at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on business. During the conversation she said, incidentally, that she had consulted a certain medium for seven years, and never had paid a cent; yet some of our well-meaning Spiritualists think that mediums should make no charge. They are willing to sap their lives and sponge their energy, and when the physical power is exhausted, like Margaret Fox Kane and Anna Lord Chamberlain, they can be turned out to starve, denied even a postage stamp by the well-to-do Spiritualists of the country. Progressive thinkers, don't the thought make your cheeks burn? It makes us blush with shame!

Three cents apiece from each of our readers would have netted to Mrs. Fox Kane a good round sum, but even that small amount was not forthcoming from each one. And these people so thoughtless, so careless because they have not thought, want to "hire a hall," or "build a spiritual temple." They will let the spirits do it. But how are the invisibles to build, if our brethren follow the example of the ancient Egyptian taskmasters, who required "bricks without straw." They require from you the help already manifested. Do you desire them to waste their force doing that which you can just as well do?

We Should All Laugh.

It has always been a mystery why kind heaven allowed this goodly city to go up in smoke and flame, with its great wealth, twenty odd years ago. We have it now. The pastors of the several orthodox churches were in session at the First Methodist Church, on the morning of the 10th inst. for the discussion of questions of common interest relating to the recently-organized Pastors' Alliance. C. C. Bonney read a paper on a general congress at the World's Fair. During his learned discussion of that subject he is reported to have said:

"The destruction of Chicago was permitted by Divine Providence in 1871 because it was foreseen the World's Fair was coming in 1893, when she would give an exhibition of local and rational progress unexampled in the history of the world."

Mr. Bonney is in luck to be able to enter the councils of Infinite Wisdom, and know why he allowed great events to transpire. A mystery has always shrouded that—then—considered great calamity, but through the revelations in that council of pastors we are enabled to look behind the veil. We are not surprised the pastors laughed, for they were getting knowledge from a new quarter, the inmost recesses of heaven.

Very Sensible.

In the course of one of his sermons delivered lately at Oshkosh, Wis., on "Soul Immortality," Rev. E. H. Smith said, among other things, that the future world was only this world expanded and prolonged; that the life hereafter was a natural, orderly, progressive continuation of life here; only another step in the wonderful development of man's being. Properly speaking there was only one world, one order, one system of law and divine government. This was the first half; the second was beyond the grave. He regarded death simply as a repetition of a process often undergone in life. Childhood died into youth, youth into manhood, and manhood into old age; but in each case the treasures of experience were handed on to the succeeding state, and only the transient perished. So death was only the passing into yet another stage. And as surely as what we were to-day had grown out of what we were yesterday, and the day before, so surely would our life hereafter be determined by our life here.

Thinks the Paper Worth \$2.

A subscriber writes as follows from Lynn, Mass.:

"I have long felt, especially since the enlargement of the paper, that we, the readers, were receiving weekly more than we were entitled to, when what we pay is taken into consideration. I feel an obligation binding on me, personally, to double my subscription price of the paper. May the ball so nobly started by our brother Truman be kept rolling."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is getting a large foothold in Massachusetts. The Spiritualists there find it a magazine of advanced thought, its articles being educational as well as soul-elevating.

Errata.

It is seldom that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has anything it desires to change, or take back; but occasionally the total depravity of types, and those who handle them, get the best of us. In last week's issue, a "standing line," the name of Dr. Phelon, was by mistake put in the name of Madame Blavatsky. The article to which his name should have been attached received another signature. We haven't heard from the other fellow yet; but the Doctor lives close by.

The World's Fair.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is receiving a great many communications from everywhere, talking about the desirability of some place of meeting as headquarters for Spiritualists during the World's Fair in Chicago. They suggest that the expense be borne by all the Spiritualists of the United States.

We endorse the idea as highly desirable in whatever light it may appear; but we are somewhat inclined to doubt its feasibility. In the orthodox churches, when a worthy object is presented for aid, and the hat goes round, fifty or sixty dollars will come from an audience of 500. But we have lately passed the hat to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER audience, numbering thousands, in behalf of the oldest living medium in the United States, and to whom all Spiritualists in the world owe the present great flood of light from the unseen, Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane. Everyone knows her to be in the most humiliating condition of indigence. What was the response? Not quite a penny apiece. Here is liberality for you!

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Looking over the whole ground, is it any wonder that we feel dubious about a place of congregation during the World's Fair?

It has been suggested that the Editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER take the thing in hand; but you see his hat has had such poor success for the funds mentioned above, that he doesn't feel the least bit encouraged to undertake the building of a spiritual temple.

The Catholic Plan.

The Catholic Review comes to the front with its plan of education. It proposes to abandon "the little Red School House," and the public school system of education, and, save as regards the finances, let the churches instruct the youth. That we may not misrepresent the position of the Review, which evidently reflects the sentiments of Catholics the country over, we quote from its columns:

"We insist that government should encourage religious teaching in the public schools, because it has a direct tendency to promote good morals, and therefore to make good citizens. But as there is no union of Church and State among us, and therefore no danger of one domination being given the preference over all others, the only plan is the denominational plan. That, as we have said, is perfectly fair and just, because it gives the preference to no denomination, but treats all alike. The idea is that the government contributes aid to each denomination, or to each association of individuals who choose to have a school, according to the average number of pupils in each school, and let each teach its own religion in its own way."

Follow that "plan" for one hundred years, with Jesuit management, and the country would lapse into ignorance, and be adapted to the re-establishment of the Inquisition. Such a proposition never emanated from a native American. It was born of the ignorance which priestcraft engenders.

Seventy Proofs, All False.

Rev. Dr. Jenckes, of Indianapolis, has seventy proofs that the world will end in ten years, and he gets sixty-nine of them from the Bible.—*News Item.*

A thousand proofs can be adduced to demonstrate that Dr. Jenckes has no knowledge on the subject. On the contrary, there is positive proof that all the millions, from the time Jesus declared: "This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled," and as if to make it more emphatic, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death until they see the kingdom of God," were misrepresenting. They simply were predicting an impossibility; frightening the thoughtless and ignorant, that they might the better make them slaves to superstition. The earth has managed to jog along in its orbit, and wheel on its axis, for more than one thousand million of years. The same Law that has controlled it thus far will not be abrogated to accommodate the wish of any one, be he even a D. D., with Benton's interpretation of these cabalistic letters.

"The Progressive Thinker" the Favorite.

J. W. Dennis, a prominent Spiritualist of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER seems to be the favorite paper among us." It is so fully up to the standard indicated by its name, that all its readers are delighted with it. Every Spiritualist feels that he now has a representative paper, as well as a true friend of the cause, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Eleventh Hour Reformers.

Cardinal Gibbon appeals to the church to aid in discouraging and stamping out lotteries. Most of the State governments, as well as federal, have been engaged for years in this laudable work. The churches of all denominations have resorted to this source of revenue, long after it was "stamped out" by secular legislation. Indeed, the church fairs and lotteries were the most difficult of all to close.

After "infidels," as the church designates all reformers, had rendered the temperance movement popular, and had waged a successful war on slavery, then the church appeared as a special champion of these reforms. Now the Bishops are ready to come to the front in regard to the lotteries. In a few years they will claim that this reform originated in the church; and the masses of the people will believe it, and know no better, especially if educated in parochial schools.

Let those outside of the churches continue their reforms, and in due time they will make the world fit for humanity to live in; then they who have retarded all progress will claim and be awarded the credit of bringing about this glorious result!

The Arena.

We publish in another column an article on Buddhism from *The Arena*. We call our readers' attention to two or three lines: "The religion of the Buddhists is dominated by a spirit of the purest tolerance. Never and nowhere has blood been shed for its propagation; it has never, wherever successfully established, pursued and maltreated those whose beliefs were different. What other religion can say this of itself?" It is with this spirit of tolerance that *The Arena* endeavors to hold its even way. It is standard in a literary view, progressive on the thought plane, and potent with those who desire knowledge and seek understanding. *The Arena* and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have the same creed, and that is: "Let Truth be Supreme." If you want a first-class magazine, subscribe for *The Arena*. It is chock-full of thoughtful articles. Terms, \$5 per year. Address "Arena," Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Jennie Moore.

In the late suit of the city against Mrs. Jennie Moore, the testimony which she gave in her own behalf was very impressive. She gave a detailed account of how her meetings were conducted. She said that they were of a religious nature and were always opened by the singing of hymns and prayer. She said that on the night of January 3d the police unceremoniously made a raid on the cabinet she occupied and dragged her out. She was not dressed in proper clothing for the street. They refused to give her an opportunity to dress, she said, and treated her in a brutal manner. Mrs. Moore declared that she entered upon her work as a medium with the same degree of reverence as characterized the ministrations of a clergyman in the pulpit. She firmly believed in Spiritualism, was convinced that it was a great truth, had never deceived her visitors, and considered her treatment an outrage.

Fully Determined.

Geo. M. Howard rode twenty miles to obtain a list of subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Such enthusiasm is commendable, and not often found. The fact is, the people grow enthusiastic over the paper, and labor hard to extend its usefulness.

Rough on the Priest.

Rev. T. Adams, a Roman Catholic priest of Long Island, has been unfrocked because he persisted in curing diseases by the use of holy relics.—*News Item.*

The error of the priest, probably, consisted in not dividing the proceeds of his holy-relic cures with the church. Relics are of no account if they are not productive of gold. Even the "Holy Coat" was placed on exhibition to swell the church coffers. Every shrine erected over the bones of an imagined saint, is expected to pay many times its cost in dollars and cents. But woe to the priest who does not pass the proceeds of his tricky habits into the church treasury.

Critically Examine It.

We ask you to give THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a careful and critical examination. Just see the vast amount of reading matter. Examine the great variety presented. Look at each page, chock-full of thoughts worthy of your attention. None of the other Spiritualist papers published present such an intellectual feast. To relieve themselves of the financial strain that rests upon us, they insert from ten to fifteen columns of advertisements, and then boast of their wonderful enterprise, saying, "How we boom!"

An Important Question.

Will some good Catholic explain why the per cent. of education is so small in Catholic countries when contrasted with those which are non-Catholic? Bolivia is a South American republic lying north of Peru. It gained its independence in 1825, and has enjoyed for two-thirds of a century a period of general peace. It has a population approximating 3,000,000, and the religion is Catholic. Only five per cent. of the children of school age attend schools, and less than three per cent. of the entire population can read and write. Catholicism is taught in the schools, and the priests are happy.

A New Monthly Magazine.

And now comes Moses Hull, the irrepressible in the cause of truth, and deposits and says that he is about to resume the publication of *New Thought*, not as before, an ordinary newspaper, but in the shape of "a splendid monthly magazine." Its new birth is expected to be accomplished in May, prox. It will be issued monthly thereafter for at least one year. (We quote the prospectus.) For further particulars address Moses Hull and Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill., and at the same time enclose \$1, the price of one year's subscription.

Spiritual Songs.

We are in receipt from the publishers, Moses Hull & Co., of Mattie E. Hull's Spiritual Songs for the use of circles, camp meetings and other spiritualistic gatherings. It is a neat little pamphlet, containing in book form the songs previously published in sheet form, with some additions. We once heard a man wonder why the orthodox church had permitted the devil to steal all the cheerful music. Spiritualists have an opportunity to change all this for the better, and have words and music fitted to their belief, which is one of consolation and joy, and not of mourning. This is the point the author has accomplished, so far as she has gone. We trust the editions will be many and that each additional one will contain new gems from the pen of the gifted authoress, who so fully appreciates the need of the hour. For sale at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 10 cents per copy; \$7.50 per hundred, post free.

Cutting Off Revenue.

At a Lutheran church entertainment near Durand, Mich., half a dozen pretty girls sold kisses for a quarter apiece, until a commotion was raised by the staid members of the church, when the business was stopped, much to the disgust of those who were too late to invest.—*News Item.*

At this rate the entire revenue of the church will be cut off, save the ever-useful grab bag. No money must hereafter be allowed to buy organs or pay preacher's hire, from the sale of kisses, the proceeds of dancing, or the selling of seductive still worm is no longer allowed to enlarge the purse of the deacon; neither can he sell a negro slave and pass the price of his flesh and blood over to the church to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. Until it is learned that oysters are harvested more abundantly on Sunday than any other day, the luscious church oyster stew may be allowed to do service as in the past, and, with the grab-bag, will constitute a large part of its receipts.

The Views of a Scholar.

Said Dupuis: "I cannot see that civilized people differ a great deal in religion from savages. The principle variation is in forms; the object remains the same, to induce Nature, and the Genii who are presumed to preside over her operations, to execute the wishes of humanity. Take hope and fear away, and religion vanishes."

The First Spiritualist Fraternity of Rochester, N. Y., has reorganized and holds its meetings on Sundays at 7:30 in the evening in Knights of Honor Hall, Market St. Dr. G. West is engaged as the speaker for Feb. The first meeting on the 7th inst. was quite a success; subject of discourse being given by the audience: "What Evidences are there that when a Man Dies he shall Live again?" On the following Sunday the subject was: "The Spiritual Signs of the Times," and the "Differences in Religion on the Other Side of Life." The latter meeting was followed by tests, many of which were acknowledged. On the evening of the 15th a very enjoyable social was held at the house of Dr. West, 11 Clinton place, in the pleasures of which all participated, and expressed their delight.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

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

David Ramsdell passed to Spirit-life from his late home in Maryland on Wednesday, January 13th. His funeral and interment took place at his old home, Laona, N. Y., on Sunday, the 17th inst. Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., delivered the funeral address. His was a kindly nature, and while his transition removes his physical presence it is to him but the losing of bonds. He had been physically ailing for some time, though his death resulted from the grippe. His wife and one son survive him.

Passed to the Spirit-life, Jan. 31, 1892.

William W. Fellows, of Bridgewater, N. H., aged sixty-four years and six months. He was always of a liberal turn of mind, and for over thirty years was a firm believer in the immortality of the soul, through the evidence of his senses, caused by the phenomena of spirits, as given through different mediums. He was a great sufferer for years, and longed for the change to come, so he could join the loved ones gone before.

S. D. HOWE.

Passed to spirit-life from Portland, N. Y., January 10, 1892, Mr. Herbert F. Raynor, aged 33 years. He was in hearty sympathy with the teachings of Spiritualism, and his life has been filled with good deeds. It could be truly said of him that he was an honest, upright man. He made Spiritualism his religion, hence his life was gentle, pure and good. Funeral services were held Jan. 13th, at the home of his father, H. L. Raynor, in Portland, and were conducted by Mrs. Clara Watson of Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. Fidelia Ellison, of Elkhart, (Ind.), passed to her spirit home on Oct. 3, 1891, after an illness of about one week. Mrs. Ellison was nearly 73 years of age. She and her aged husband, who survives her, had lived quietly alone for several years, sharing together the grand truths of Spiritualism. Mrs. Ellison was perfectly conscious of the change so near at hand, and was willing to go, although regretting to leave her aged companion behind. Just before the closing moments of earth-life, she had a vision of spirit friends, who came to welcome her over, calling them by their names. Mrs. E. leaves a large circle of warm friends, who will long remember her for her kind manner and upright spirit. Mr. Ellison has the sympathy of all who know him. The writer kindly extends all the consolation our grand philosophy imparts.

D. SEIBERT.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY. THE application of Sarcognomy, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body, to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Bodily and Mental Diseases by means of Electricity, Nervous Medicine and Remedial Agents, with a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and Massage, and presentation of New Instruments for Electro-Therapeutics. By Joseph Louis Buchanan, M. D. A perfect mine of rare knowledge. A large work. Price \$2.00.

THE QUESTION SETTLED. A Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. An invaluable work. Price \$1.00.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Works, 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 long 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.

James Riley writes: "Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., will lecture in the Centennial Hall, Marcellus, on the 20th and 21st of this month, and the Spiritualists of this vicinity will organize themselves into a society for the advancement of all truths."

A. M. Hall, of Joseph, Ore., writes: "If I could find a good carpenter who is a married man, and who is a medium, or his wife a medium, I could give him employment at fair wages, thereby assuring him a support, and thus help him and the cause. We who have had our proof are all right, but what we need is some one to convince others, in order to build up our society to a sufficient number to be able to employ the best talent the country affords. If any one can point me to some such person or persons, he will do our little community a lasting favor."

Mrs. A. B. Conrad, of Los Angeles, Cal., sends us a little item of two cases in which her double, the German *Doppelgänger*, the *Scin Luca* of the Norsemen, has been distinctly visible in company with herself in such bright light as to leave no doubt whatever of the matter. We would like to ask those who are posted, how near this is related to materialization?

Dr. J. M. Peebles is now located permanently at his sanitarium, San Antonio, Texas.

Frank T. Ripley will start for Boston, Mass., the first week in June, and can be engaged for camp-meetings and grove meetings, to lecture and give tests. Address him at No. 123 West 4th street, St. Paul, Minn., until April.

He is fully awake, and desires to extend the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER: Rolla Stubbs, of Long Lake, Minn., writes: "Friends and Spiritualists around Long Lake: I will receive renewals and subscriptions to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

G. W. Kates and wife are lecturing in Philadelphia during February; and engaged at Pittsburgh for March. They desire Western engagements for April and May. They give labor of two, with lecturing and Mrs. Kates giving tests, for the usual salary of one person. Address them at 2234 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. M. Headrick, M. D., writes from Springfield, Mo., giving an encouraging view of the cause there. In conclusion he says: "Prof. J. Madison Allen, who has so acceptably lectured for us for four months altogether, is still with us. Mrs. M. L. Allen, his most estimable wife, was here also during December last, and gave excellent satisfaction. She has been filling an engagement in Iowa, but will return here this week, when we will probably arrange to employ her and the Professor for another term."

Mrs. Gretchen Griffen, of this city, writes: "The Spiritualists of the North Side have rented a hall for evening meetings, at 939 North Robey St. Their third meeting, on Feb. 14th, was well attended. There was an able discourse upon 'The Mystic Man,' by Mr. Lewis. Then followed tests and singing. The hall is started and conducted under the auspices of Mrs. Bumstead and son. The audience, though small in number, manifested great interest. We regard it as a good field for working in the cause."

Olive Holt writes: "The Spiritualists of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., will hold a convention at West Potsdam, N. Y., Feb. 27th and 28th. Lucius Colburn, of Manchester Depot, Vermont, will be the leading speaker. The public are cordially invited."

The Social Wheel of Progress, of Springfield, Ill., hold public worship in G. A. R. Hall, on 5th street, every Sunday at 7:30 P. M., the Rev. A. B. Lepper officiating.

Lucifer says that Lois Waisbrooker, on the 21st of February was 66 years of age.

E. T. Myers writes: "Mrs. A. E. Doney, trance medium, of Salt Lake City, Utah, delivered five lectures at Ogden, which were indeed a spiritual feast. The Spiritualists of Ogden were so well pleased that they have engaged her to lecture here every two weeks, alternating with Salt Lake City. She will also hold a developing class. Her address is 820 East First, Salt Lake City, Utah."

May Williams, of Springfield, Mo., sends us a copy of a spirit message from her mother, through Mrs. Aber. It is personal to her, and she expresses herself as well pleased and satisfied therewith, as she has good cause to be. Consolation is not denied the living.

R. Spalding encloses to us a clipping from the *Sturgis Journal*, of a visit by Messrs. Wait and Buck, business men of that city, to Mr. Riley, of Marcellus, Mich. They were well satisfied with what they saw and heard there. This seems to be the universal testimony.

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, of Albany, N. Y., walked two miles to obtain for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a list of subscribers. She deplores the lack of interest on the part of many Spiritualists, in the literature of Spiritualism. That deplorable state will remain until they become accustomed by gradual growth and development, to reading and reflection; then, of course, they will be eager for a Spiritualist paper, and become its ardent champions. The very small circulation of all the old Spiritualist papers is most lamentable, and will not range in the aggregate, to more than 20,000. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has succeeded in two years in getting a most excellent foothold, and expects this year to reach a circulation of 20,000, as large as all the other Spiritualist papers combined.

A subscriber writes: "Quite a number of professed Spiritualists in and about Pine Island, Minn., but no speakers, no mediums and no circles."

A paper sustained on its merits, and not by advertisements, should receive a cordial welcome from Spiritualists. In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you have just such a paper, and it is sent out 13 weeks for 25 cents.

From Los Gatos, Cal., comes a letter on organization, written by T. Archibald. He does not believe that Spiritualists can organize at the present time without danger of falling into the dogmatic and tyrannical ways of the old sects, with whom progressive thinking always has conflicted, and always will conflict. The race must rise above selfish aims, into the higher realms of pure altruism or real brotherhood before Spiritualists can organize to advantage. He well says: "We are organized now; the internal, spiritual brotherhood, the unseen, subjective force is thoroughly equipped, and if an external house is necessary, it will be raised up at once." It is evident the hour for organization has not yet struck.

Mrs. Anna Blanchard Lepper, of Springfield, Ill., has been legally ordained and licensed as minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism. She is now ready to answer calls as a public platform lecturer and test medium, or to officiate at funeral and marriage ceremonies. Her lectures are said to be interesting, plain and to the point, and her tests have never yet been in the least unsatisfactory. Her present address is 512 South 9th St., Springfield, Ill.

A friend writing from Waukegan, Wis., inclosing a club of subscribers, and a draft for \$7.75, and then modestly forgetting the signing of the writer's name, says: "I cannot get along without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Spiritualism is being agitated here with a lively interest." Our best thanks for the interest shown in our success.

Lyman C. Howe is booked for five camp meetings during the coming summer. He is yet open for engagements between August 12th and 20th. At present he is at his home, Fredonia, N. Y.

From J. E. Cropfield, of Muncie, Ind., comes a full account of a series of seances which he attended at Hartford City, in that State. The materializing medium was Charles E. Winans, of Edinburg, Ind. Mr. C.'s wife materialized, but as she was not strong enough to talk, and he was deaf in one ear, he asked her to write her message. This she did, resting the slate, as she wrote, on his shoulder; then she retired to the cabinet for strength. While she went in, his young daughter met her, passing out of the cabinet, so that there were two forms in sight at the same time. Three small children at the same time were visible and stood until all the audience had an opportunity to come up and examine them. Slate-writing was given under strict test conditions, and in a manner that was satisfactory to all those present. Mr. Cropfield concludes by saying that he thoroughly believes in the genuineness of Mr. Winans' materializations.

Wm. F. Pfeiffer, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Oscar A. Edgerly is engaged for the month of February to speak for the First Society of Spiritualists of Buffalo. He has for the last two Sundays occupied our rostrum after noon and evening, his guides giving most excellent discourses at each meeting. His tests were all recognized by those to whom they were given. Mr. Edgerly came to us a stranger, never having set foot in Buffalo until the first time he appeared before a Buffalo audience. He came recommended as a speaker and test medium, and we can truly say he has met our expectations. We regret to have to state that he has been called to his home at Newburyport, to attend the funeral of his aged father. After the fulfillment of this sad duty, he will return to Buffalo, to finish his engagement with our Society for the remaining Sundays of this month."

Chas. A. Gains, of Brazil, Ind., writes: "We need a good speaker and test medium here to get us started. There could be a good work done here if the right one would take hold of it."

A communication to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from Mrs. Mead Hatch describes a remarkable materializing seance, given at Onset last summer under the mediumship of Mrs. Hattie C. Stafford, of Boston. The circle was composed of Mrs. Anna Lord Chamberlain, William Johnson, of Cleveland; the son, Guy Hatch, Mrs. Hatch and Harry Stratton, the musician. The doors were locked. Immediately upon the medium taking a seat in the cabinet, three forms appeared almost at once. Then a full form spirit painted in distinct light and at a distance from the cabinet, a portrait of another spirit form; the portrait was painted on a plaque, which the form showed to the sitters as perfectly clean before she commenced, but she was obliged once during the painting to go back to the medium sitting in the cabinet, to renew the strength therefrom gathered. The writer says: "I saw a cloudlike substance under one of the chairs; then a head came out from the round and seat of the chair; soon it grew to a full form and gave the name of Alice to Mr. Johnson; conversed with him a few minutes, then went into the cabinet. Mr. J. was holding a pair of slates he has for slate-writing. A spirit took them from his hands and going as far from the cabinet as she could get, about fifteen feet, and close to the light, twirled them over her head, on her thumb, and in a moment returned them to Mr. J. with the remark: 'When you open them, you will find both sides covered with writing.' This proved to be true, a communication from Mr. J.'s mother and his wife. These and other demonstrations from thirty-eight forms constituted a rather remarkable exhibition of spirit power for those who had the pleasure of witnessing it."

Mrs. T. D. Giddings writes: "I have been a medium with varied experience almost since the 'Rochester knockings,' my first development being automatic or mechanical writing, but have now passed on to inspiration and clairvoyance. I am now engaged upon a work which promises to be somewhat lengthy, treating in condensed form the history of the lost Atlantis; its location, people, their customs, etc. I have obtained from the spirit giving this matter into my hands, many of the hieroglyphics, symbols, etc., peculiar to that mysterious people. It has been about fifteen years since the first clairvoyant and inspirational plan of the work was given me by one claiming to be an advanced and learned representative of the race whose history he wishes given to the world; but the many cares of domestic life and the lack of means delayed it until the present time; but I think now I will complete it within the present year."

E. K. Hosford, of Edinburg, Ind., has a good word for materializing mediums. He says: "Brother Spiritualists, let us never cry fraud till we know for a certainty that there is fraud, and then cry it easy for fear we are mistaken."



SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL.

Now, where did the doctrine of hell come from? It came from the fellow in the dugout, and he got it from his animal forefathers. This doctrine of hell was born of the grin of hyenas. It was born of the eyes of snakes—snakes that hung in fearful coils watching for their prey. It was born of the obscene chatter of baboons, and I despise it with every drop of my blood, and defy it. I make my choice now to-night. If there is any hell I want to go there, rather than go to heaven and keep the company of a God who would damn his own children. I heard a little story the other day about hell which is somewhat cheerful. There was a man who died and went to heaven, and he got in. In a day or two afterwards he came to St. Peter, and he said: "Do you know I have had a great desire to see some men I used to hear talked about in the world. I was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and I used to hear about these men. There was a good deal of discussion about whether these men were in hell or heaven. The most of us thought they were in hell."

"Who were you talking about?" said St. Peter.

"Why," said the applicant, "there was Voltaire, and Humboldt, and Darwin."

"My dear man," says St. Peter, "they are all in hell."

"Yes," he says, "I thought so, but I've kind of got a desire to see them."

So St. Peter says: "You can go down there any time you want to and see 'em. Trains run regularly every day."

"All right," says the fellow, "I'll go to-day."

So he got his ticket and went. All at once the brakeman or the conductor hollered out: "Hell!" He looked out and he thought they were fooling him. It was a nice-looking country, but he didn't think he had got there yet. So he sat there while the others got out, and finally the brakeman came to him and says:

"Get out! This is the place, and we don't run any further."

A SOJOURN IN HELL.

He got out, and he says to himself:

"What a magnificent place! Grass everywhere—billows of it! Trees, birds singing and flowers blossoming, and fountains playing, and gentlemen and ladies riding around—O, everything beautiful. This is the most wonderful thing I ever saw."

Then he saw a very tall man, and he went up to him, and he says: "Mister, excuse me, but what place is this?" And the man says: "It is hell."

"Well, you know I was up in the other place, and my particular object was to see three men—Voltaire, Darwin and Humboldt."

"Well," said the man, "young man, I am glad to see you. My name was Voltaire when I lived in the world."

The young man says: "You have no idea how delighted I am to see you, Mr. Voltaire, but is this hell? It doesn't look anything like what we thought it was."

"You ought to have seen it when I came here," said Voltaire. "It was horrible—brimstone, fire, smoke, and every thing horrible, but you know that every scientist for the last hundred years or so has come here. All the genius of the world is here, and about fifty years ago we set to work to improve the place."

We turned the lake of fire and brimstone: we conveyed it in pipes, and it does our cooking. We bored artesian wells, and we have got the finest of water, the finest you ever saw. The whole country is now irrigated splendidly, and we are having what you would call in your country a real-estate boom. We are getting ahead of the other place: I see by the papers that a lot was sold on the corner of the Square of Public Glory for taxes."

The young fellow said to Voltaire: "Do you know anybody that would like to buy my return ticket?"

FREEDOM IN ALL WORLDS.

I have insisted that in this life and in another man will have an everlasting opportunity of doing right, and that there can be no hell in which a man will not have the privilege of behaving himself, and that there can be no heaven in which a man will not have the liberty of acting like the devil; in other words, that there must be freedom in all worlds. That is my doctrine. One tear of pity has in it more reforming power than all the fires of perdition. There is more goodness in one ray of light than in all the hells that have been conjured; more goodness in kindness than in all brute force possible to conceive. This doctrine of hell—as long as I live I shall denounce it. I shall do what little I can to get that fear out of the human heart, out of the breasts of mothers.

Coming back to the question of Sunday, there is no day too good to be happy, and you cannot conceive of a sacred space of time any more than you can conceive of a holy vacuum. That day is the holiest day in which the most good has been done, in which the most people have been made happy; and I want children to have liberty that day. The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Remember that it is as easy to wake your children in the morning with a kiss as with a club.

Let us enjoy ourselves in this world. We are not sure about that other one. That boy was a great philosopher in 1843, when the world was coming to an end, and his mother said to him: "John, the world is coming to an end to-night."

"Well, then," he says, "let us eat the remainder of the mince pie."

I don't believe in eating skimmed milk

in this world, with a promise of butter in some other world. Let us get the cream here. Let us give our children an opportunity to enjoy a little of life, and when your child asks you a question you cannot answer, admit it. Then you and the boy investigate that matter together, and the first thing you know you will be intellectual comrades and you will like each other. Just treat them as you would like to be treated. Let them grow up in the sunshine of kindness. Let every man treat his wife as though she were a splendid flower and there will be a home filled with the perfume of joy. A home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world.

ORIGIN AND DESTINY OF MAN.

After referring to the fact that the northern continents have produced nearly all of the great men of the world, and a statement of his belief that man came up from the lower animals, Col. Ingersoll concluded as follows:

I do not pretend that I know how this thing is. I do not pretend to have answered the questions of origin and destiny. I do not pretend to have floated level with the highest thought. I simply say to this man: "Put down your whip!" to that man: "Unlock the prison door!" to this other man: "You have no right to stand at the edge of the tomb and prophesy evil for the sons of men."

I say to this other man: "Give to others every right that you claim for yourself." All I say is: It is too early to write a creed. Wait until we have at least one generation of free men, one generation of great and splendid women. It will be time enough then to write a creed. Let us hope, however, that we are going up instead of down. I remember that once when I delivered this lecture in New Haven a man walked in the lobby of the theater to get even with me when I came out, and as I came out he put himself prominently forward and said: "And so you think your grandfather was a baboon?" I said: "You are entirely mistaken, my friend, but I do think your grandson will be."

Now, if after all this, we are satisfied that the human race is progressive, and that all ought to be happy, then it is only a question of time. I want to do what little I can while I live to increase the liberty of the world, to hasten the coming of that great day when all men will be civilized enough not only to be free, but not to interfere with the liberty of others. I want to hasten the coming of that day when men will know that you cannot be religious without liberty; that you cannot worship without freedom; when men will be civilized enough to know that love cannot be forced, that it must rise like perfume from the heart—absolutely free. I want to live long enough to know that men think more of deed than they do of creed, more of what a man does than of his theories, and I want to live long enough to see universal and eternal liberty on the throne of this universe. O, Liberty! Dwell not forever in the dream of enthusiasts, in the hope of patriot, in the prayer of philanthropist, but come and take up your abode with the children of men! I know not what inventions may spring from the brain of the future. I know not what garments of glory may be woven in the loom of the years to be; but I do know that coming from the infinite sea of the future there will never touch this bank and shore of time a greater blessing, a rarer gift, than liberty for man, for woman, and for child.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Its Better and Truer Solutions.

To bow at sorrow's shrine and calmly say, "Thy will be done," requires more grace than most human beings are endowed with; but we can reflect over our separation from our loved ones and realize that it is only the body that sleepeth, and that the spirit has only temporarily passed from us; that it will not only await our coming to the city of light, but that even now it is possible, as very many believe, to be still with us, comforting and guiding us with its unseen presence as no word or thought of earthly friend could do. The body grows both sick and weary, yet the soul knows neither sickness nor death, but with the realization of the new spiritual sight sees why they were taken and the loved ones left to mourn, not for them but for their own loneliness and their desire for the material presence.

For him whose life has been lived in vain should we mourn; but to him whose life has been well lived should we wish the departing spirit God-speed! If a friend can better his condition by sailing to a far-away country, even though he be our nearest and dearest, with great pains do we prepare him for the journey and with pleasure do we think of the progress he is making. How beautiful it would be could we look upon the journey from earth to heaven in the same light, but this we cannot do until we learn to look upon the laying off of the body as the casting away of our worn-out or outgrown garments. Lives that might have been useful and grand ones have been ended by death entering the house and bearing a loved one away. Why? Because so little that is beautiful and true has ever been taught about death. Life and death of the body are hand-in-hand companions, and as sure as one exists the other must also. Then does it not follow that as we love and cherish life, that we too must or should give some thought to that which we call death? The sooner the world learns that death is not darkness, and the grave but light and life eternal, the sooner will the world grow wiser and better. When those who still sojourn here, realize that baby hands still reach out for mamma and that the mother's spirit hovers lovingly near her child, and that the husband and father's love and guidance still permeates the very air in which we exist, can we still move on in crime and sin? No! When we learn to look for angel faces and to listen for angel voices, that which is evil must depart, and in this way, and this way alone, can we build a safeguard around our sensitive loved ones.

Mrs. CELIA P. BARTLETT.

Mrs. Ann Gown, writing from Denver, Col., speaking of physical manifestations witnessed there, says: "Thirty forms came out of the cabinet. I have seen much of Spiritualism before, but not in that phase. The medium several times came out and stood by the spirit, but in a trance condition, which showed her to be independent of the spirits. The medium was Mrs. Bartholme. She is one of the best we have ever seen."

A NOTABLE CASE.

Christian Science Illustrated.

During the past week we have had rather a memorable case in our criminal courts, in which a Mrs. Ward, a Christian Scientist, was charged with manslaughter in having caused the death of George Lord, Jr., by neglecting ordinary common sense and well-known rules of surgery and medicine while taking charge of him and treating him by means of Christian Science.

There was no charge of malice, or of any intent on the part of Mrs. Ward of doing any bodily harm, or of any intent to shorten the life of George Lord, and the prosecuting counsel was very careful to disclaim any such charge or intention, but the law assumes that any one who kills, or shortens the life of another, whether by intent or negligence, is guilty, in a greater or lesser degree, according to circumstances, of the crime of manslaughter.

Mrs. Ward's case was examined by the grand jury of San Bernardino county, and it felt justified in having her indicted for the crime of manslaughter and held for trial before a common jury. In his charge to the jury the judge held that if Mrs. Ward had been careless or neglectful in having caused the death of George Lord, Jr., she was guilty of manslaughter. The trial lasted five days, and was very largely attended by women who were believers in Christian Science, who stood firmly by Mrs. Ward, both morally and pecuniarily. The jury had the case submitted to them about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after being out all night weighing the evidence, rendered a verdict about 7 o'clock next morning of not guilty.

There was no evidence adduced that Mrs. Ward had in any degree caused the death of George Lord, and the points most relied on were that Mrs. Ward had prevented competent physicians from applying remedies that might, in ordinary circumstances, have saved his life. George Lord and his wife both believed in Christian Science, and at their request Mrs. Ward undertook the case. The testimony of the doctors was very conflicting and contradictory, but all accounts agreed that meningitis or inflammation of the membranes covering of the brain was the cause of death. The disease is a very fatal one, and as there was no evidence that Mrs. Ward shortened George Lord's life, the jury acquitted her.

The testimony in the case showed that Christian Scientists had successfully cured many cases that the doctors had declared to be incurable. As many of the women present, or their friends, had been cured by Christian Science, they were very staunch advocates of the system. Mrs. Davis, the leading Christian Scientist, here testified in court that no knowledge was necessary to heal by their system, except a knowledge of the Bible. As most of her followers have come out of the churches, she and her followers have incurred their opposition, but as they all stick closely to the New Testament, and adopt it as their rule and guide in life, the orthodox preachers do not make any headway against them. When told that they heal the sick as Jesus Christ said his followers would, and that the churches fail to do that, ordinary Christians are dumb.

The most serious blow they have struck the churches is that they have left the churches because there is no spirituality there. To us outsiders there is some comfort in the idea that when they come out of the churches into Christian Science they are hardly likely to ever go back to them again. The same influence is working with the Christian Scientists that worked among the Mormons in the early days, and made them so successful, and that works in the Catholic Church at Lourdes, and in connection with the Holy Coat of Treves, and elsewhere, and enables the priests of that church to rivet the chains all the tighter on its devotees, under the belief that it is a miraculous interference on their behalf.

It is, perhaps, strange that the Protestant church is the only important religious body in the world that denies the possibility of spirit return, and that asserts that the age of miracles is past; and it is hardly to be wondered at that its followers are hungering and thirsting after spiritual things, and leaving it when Christian Science works the same works that Jesus Christ did, and claims it to be a proof of the truth of their teachings.

The Protestant Church is surely in a bad way when it denies everything of a spiritual nature, and recognizes nothing that is not apparent to the physical senses, and between the Salvation Army on one hand, and Christian Science on the other, and Spiritualism leavening the whole mass, it would seem to be but a short time when the dry rot in the main timbers of its foundations will send the superstructure they have been building up for several hundred years tumbling about their ears.

But seriously speaking, where is Christian Science leading the people to? Is it simply another form of creedal slavery, or is it going to be the Moses that will lead them out of the Egyptian bondage and darkness they have been in so long? A hopeful sign is the fact that many of their most successful operators are women, and they are all led to look for a spiritual source of power that they had no previous conception of. The discouraging side is that they look upon the Bible as an unquestioned authority in the science, in place of searching for the laws that govern and underlie all phenomena of that nature. The doing of the works is the sign that they have the special favor of the divine and a strong faith that a belief in Christianity is necessary to the work is all-important. Perhaps we, who have been more or less emancipated, ought not to expect too much at once, but ought to be content that so much is being done, and remember the fact that as hardly any Mormons ever went back to the churches, so also it is possible that no Christian Scientist can go back to the church, and that this, the first step, involves others that will come whenever it has been realized that progress is an attribute of our civilization, and that as woman is foremost in this work, so will her intuitions lead her right, and that the new life that has to be lived will cause a growth that soon will be apparent to all.

Evolution is the order of the day, and the system or people that cannot fall into line and keep progress with the march of events will necessarily be trodden under foot. Spiritualism has everything to gain and nothing to lose by change, and when we see our fellows coming out of the churches into more

light, we ought to rejoice, for the dawn of the new era cannot be very far off. *Riverside, Cal.* JAMES BOYD.

A Seance for Materialization.

My friend Albro, well known as the manager of the Berry Sisters' seances, I heard was giving materialization seances with a new medium, a Mrs. Martin; so I called to see him and learned it was a fact, and was glad, for he was the best manager and also protector of mediums under his charge that I ever saw, and I was glad to hear him say he was to give one the next Sunday afternoon, the 7th, and I went there and was highly pleased, for such seances are not so common here as they were a few years ago; their scarcity was attributed to the Curtis raids, although Mr. Albro was too much for his gang!

The seance, as I expected, proved a good one, and the arrangement of the room was agreeable and natural. The cabinet lay flat against the parlor wall, in a collapsed state, which he opened by drawing out the outer side, making three sides of an enclosure in the center of the room, with an open front, and when the seance was about to begin the curtain was placed in front, which made an enclosure about five feet square and seven feet high, and being open in front for a while, gave all the circle an opportunity of seeing and knowing it was empty. Mrs. Martin stood in front of the curtain and was introduced to the circle of twenty-five persons sitting before her in the usual horse-shoe form, when at her side, near the floor, appeared something white, conspicuous by the side of the medium's dark dress, which rose higher and higher, and when at its full height proved to be a materialized female spirit which walked two or three steps out into the room, and could not be told from a human being, although we all saw that it started from a small white speck by the side of the medium, who was still in sight, not having moved since she was introduced by Mr. Albro.

As this materialized spirit stepped forward, the medium retired into the then empty cabinet, which, as I have said, we all had had ocular proof that it was empty. Soon the spirit started, stepped back to the cabinet from which it started, and Mr. Albro said: "She gives the name of Hattie." The name attracted me and the form came at once over to me and said: "I am glad to see you, father, and I expected to, for I knew you were coming."

Hattie, as is generally known, is my daughter, who departed as a little child of six some thirty years ago, and now appeared as an adult. She has appeared to me many times through several mediums. I have to take her word for her identity, as I can remember her only as a little child, and now she is as large and has the figure of her mother. I have, as most readers of Spiritual papers know, had absolute proof of the materialization of spirits into apparently human beings, and I am sure the present form calling herself "Hattie" was a spirit manifestation, and could not have been anything else, for we all saw it form out of apparently nothing, until it was in appearance and in touch a human being.

Some twenty or thirty forms appeared during the seance of one and one-half hours, coming out of the cabinet, going severally to their friends in the circle, never making a mistake, and the interviews seemed to give to the parties general satisfaction. After about five or six spirits had appeared, a male spirit came to me and said in the hearing of all: "Father." It was my lawyer son, Elliott, and he said he was glad to see me here, and he knew I was coming, and said: "Why did not mother come with you?" What he said was only a few words; nothing so definite as to identify him. I have had in times past identifications, and I have no doubt I shall get them if I give him chances enough, and I propose to, but after all the main thing is to be satisfied the forms are spirit manifestations. I think whether they look as we remember them or not is a secondary affair; the important thing is: are they spirit manifestations? Of that I am satisfied, and I think it right and proper to take their word for who they are. I like the answer that M. A. (Oxon), the editor of London Light, gave to the question: "What are your reasons for believing that the phenomena are the work of spirits?" In his reply he had not materialized forms in his mind, but I think his answer covers the whole ground, and I am glad to introduce it here. He said: "My first reason is, that the intelligences that communicate say they are. My second reason is, that I never knew anybody who did. Forces what is used by intelligence, and the intelligence what I call, and what calls itself, as spirit."

It is hardly worth while to report the seance in detail. I am rather inclined to write lengthy articles, but I am trying to amend and so will be brief in telling my story. Several forms materialized on the outside of the cabinet, and when they got into shape, walked and talked with their friends, and seemed as really human physical beings as those that came out of the cabinet. That is one of the staggering things connected with these materializations; they in every case seem to be living, ponderable human beings, so real that it seems hard to realize that they are phantoms. I have seen them so vigorous that they would pass an examination for a life policy, and yet go out like a candle instantly, leaving nothing material as a residuum, not even a smoke.

Speaking of forming on the outside, I will mention one that interested me. I saw near my feet a human head of hair resting on something white like the upper part of the dress, which seemed in motion, and gradually rising until it was a full-grown human spirit; there was no mistaking this, for I saw it from the start, and know it started where I said it did, not a foot from my feet. It rose higher and higher, shaking out its clothes, which seemed to be confused when on the floor, but got into good form as it rose. I could see the light carpet all around and know it did not crawl from the cabinet under a dark shield, as some say, but rose from where I said it did. When it was fully formed and on its feet it went quickly over to Dr. Smith, who walked with the form up and down the room and brought her to me, and said it was "Star May," a guide that often comes to him. He said: "This is Mr. Wetherbee." I had seen "Star May" several times before, but she looked different on this occasion; but I am sure she came in the way I say she did.

Besides the forms that came severally to their friends, there came an Indian, also an Egyptian, a man of fine figure, who made salaams, bending his body half down, extending his arms, but said

nothing. A Catholic Sister came and gave her name as Sister Agnes of Notre Dame.

This was a fine seance, and from the talk at the close, all present were interested. I have tried to write this account exactly as it appeared, and I can assure the reader that it can be relied on, if my senses are reliable, and I have always found them so to date. JOHN WETHERBEE. *Boston, Mass.*

A PICTURE FADES AWAY.

A Mother's Photograph Disappears at Her Death.

On the 24 of February, while awaiting a train at Sandusky, O., in the Hocking Valley station, a lady was noticed pacing up and down the platform, stopping every few minutes to anxiously look at the clock, or inquiring of the officials if there could be any possibility of missing connection at Marion for Cincinnati. She was tall, slender, refined and intelligent, about thirty years of age. Deep, unmistakable lines on her face, and its pallor, betrayed the suffering of intense mental anguish.

A few minutes before the time the train was due, a telegram announced it to be half an hour late. Her eyes dimmed with tears. Seating herself in the waiting-room, she hastily opened a small leather valise; taking therefrom a cabinet photograph, she gazed intently upon it for a time, and then sobbed: "Poor mother! It's growing fainter and fainter every minute."

Observing that she had drawn attention, she again asked of a bystander about the train connections, and being assured that the delay ended not intervene at Marion, she said she was a married woman, with a family, and was anxious to reach Cincinnati, where she was sure her mother lay at the point of death.

Saying this, she showed a "photo." It had the appearance of a "proof," for a long time exposed to the light, but the outlines of a head could still be traced. She said Cincinnati was her native place. She had married in 1887. A year after, she had moved with her husband to the northern part of the State. Her mother had presented this picture of herself, before she left home. She had hung it up in her bedroom, by the side of her bureau, so that she could be sure to see it every day. On the morning of Feb. 1st, she was startled by a peculiar knock about the eyes, as if they were slowly closing. She was impressed that this was a token of her mother's illness unto death, and that her state could be indicated by the photograph. Although she had no telegram nor letter, she started Tuesday, and had come by way of Sandusky, hoping to make closer connection with Cincinnati. As she concluded, the photograph was handed back to her. She glanced at it, and said mournfully: "I believe mother is dead. See, not a trace of the face remains." She was requested to inform one of the persons present of the condition of her mother, upon her arrival at Cincinnati. A few minutes later, when she stepped upon the train, the time was noted as 1:45 o'clock. The following note shows that her fears were well-founded:

"CINCINNATI, February 5, 1892. "DEAR SIR:—Mother died Tuesday afternoon, at half past 1 o'clock. Was it not about that time her picture faded completely away and I told you she was dead? Wasn't it strange? I have not the heart to write more than a line. With a thousand thanks for your kindness, I remain yours respectfully, "MRS. J. A. RALLINGS."

Can any one explain the occult connection between the face and the picture? W. P. PHELON, M. D.

The Margaret Fox Kane Fund.

The following is a statement of money received by Titus Merritt on behalf of Margaret Fox-Kane since the report given in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, Dec. 19, 1891:

Mrs. Carrie Francis, \$1; Abner Sisson, 25c; A. D. Stowell, 20c; Lewis Kohn, \$1; Mr. , 10c; R. T. Baldwin, 25c; Mark P. Norton, \$1; Eliza Blakeman, 20c; Wm. George, 20c; Miss H. E. Walcott, 10c; Albert T. Breed, 10c; H. D. Orvis, \$1; Jepson, 50c; S. A. Marsh, 10c; M. H. Green, 25c; I. O. Lawrence, 20c; a friend, 10c; Mrs. A. H. Alborton, 25c; Mrs. Noblewomen, \$1; a friend, 25c; J. C. White, \$1; Emma and Amelia Anderson, 20c; a friend, 10c; N. Powell and friends, \$2.85; Alva Woodford, 25c; Wm. Peat, \$1; W. Townsend, 10c; James Wild, 50c; S. L. Sanders, 50c; Kate Gill, 25c; F. H. Bostele, 10c; Emma Rader, 25c; T. C. Ronse, 10c; Mrs. A. J. Brier, Wm. and F. E. Brier, \$2; Fred Herman, \$1; Mrs. Lotta Green, 25c; A. Prosch, \$1; M. A. Rendleman, 25c; John R. Francis and others, \$6.45; total, \$26.20.

PAID OUT.

Jan. 17, 1892, cash paid M. Fox-Kane, \$1; Feb. 1, rent for February, \$12; Feb. 3, gas bill, \$1.50; incidentals, \$1.75; balance to new account, \$9.92.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

The Kansas City Journal says:

"Prof. J. Rhodas Buchanan has recovered from his indisposition, and began his work in Kansas City by a free lecture at Spaulding Commercial College, Tuesday evening, Feb. 23. There is no more advanced thinker living than Professor Buchanan, and none more thoroughly equipped as a scientist to teach. He is the peer of the highest living scientists in all the regular fields of study and research, and far in advance of the schools in the higher departments of human thought and knowledge. One thing in the teaching of this eminent man, it is not alone the young student who can profitably become his pupil, but the most advanced in the profession can learn lessons of practical value in any stage of life, or in any profession. Ripe professional men and women have been his most enthusiastic students and pupils. Our city is fortunate in his coming as a citizen and a teacher."

W. H. Leidigh, of Villa Ridge, Ill., writes: "The cause is slowly but surely progressing here, and we expect ere long to form an organization. Last fall Mrs. Colby-Luther gave us five lectures, and we are expecting Moses Hill to stop with us a short season. Investigation is going on quietly in a number of families in the community. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the leading Spiritualist paper here, and in my humble opinion by far the best."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

A Loving Tribute to the Best Woman I Ever Knew.

This is the evening of January 1, 1892. The old year is dead, and a new one is born. Twilight has faded out, and has been succeeded by the sombre hues of night.

I am sitting in my room, thinking, thinking. Out on the streets I hear loud and merry shouts of joy and gladness, as with spirits bright and buoyant, the young people welcome the new year. I love to listen to these happy shouts and joyous expressions of pleasure on the part of the young people, for they call to mind the time when I also was young, and started out on the road of life, with hopes and aspirations as bright and spirits as joyous as are those whose shouts I hear to-night.

But to-night, while I listen to these merry voices on the street, I can't help feeling sad and lonely; for I am sitting in a room that once had another occupant—and was presided over, adorned, and its walls made beautiful by the skill and care of the best woman I ever knew. That woman was my wife and companion, the partner of my joys and sorrows through the clouds and the sunshine of many, many long years.

That woman was once a living, loving wife and mother, as well as the best friend I ever had on earth; but now, after acting her part as an angel on earth so many years, she has been called up higher, to become an angel in the Golden Land.

So to night, while I sit in this room all alone, I can't help feeling sad and lonely; I can't help but mourn; not that my dear wife and helper is out of pain and bodily agony; but no more on earth can I hear her voice, listen to her encouraging words, or look into her eyes that once mirrored the purity of her soul. With these thoughts in my mind, this is a night of sadness, and I am lonesome indeed; not because my friend, the companion of my life, the mother of my dear children, has already in this life finished her work and won her crown and place with those that have passed on, while I am left to win mine; but that I have no more of that help which came from her good wishes, pure counsel, beautiful, unselfish conduct and loving friendship.

To-night I am in the old home where we lived, toiled, and rested and hoped together, for so many years; but now she is gone, and I am sorrowing and alone.

No one here to keep me company save the unseen, guardian spirits, and the blessed angels that come to comfort and cheer me in my loneliness. The door of the room in which she suffered so long before she left the old physical body is just ajar. All is still, very still in there. I listen and hear the ticking of the clock—nothing more! Once I was afraid to sit alone in a room like this, where death had been. Then there would seem to come a terror over me; but now things are changed. To-night I am not one whit afraid. Why should I be? There is nothing here to harm me—only a lesson to teach me that my real home is not here. While I sit and write the loved one is at rest from the toil and labor her life was burdened with on earth. While I listen to the ticking of the clock, as time marks the hours of those that still have work to do on earth, she is waiting on the shore for the one whose very heart, soul and life she won by her purity and loving kindness while here, to bless him with her heaven-born influence. I know that I am not the only one that mourns to-night. I know there are many others that are sad to-night, and will sleep in restless beds to waken in tearful sorrow, while we all keep watch of the flying hours, each laden with souls going from here to the beautiful "Land of the Dead."

This dwelling was her home. In this room we joked and laughed and thought together. Oh! memories! Wherever the eye rests there is something to remind me of the absent one. Here is something she used to wear, which I kiss with tear-wet eyes. Oh, how still it is here in the room! It is so lonesome for the one that is left alone to look at the little articles worn or used by the absent one. In that little box, on that shelf, are little presents or keepsakes to her, from our dear, loving children. These little articles are more precious to me than gold, for they were hers. All about the room I seem to see her still. Oh! Father in heaven, why is she not here with her kind words, her pure love, her eyes so full of beautiful language?

She is here. She did not die (as people said); she still lives and loves the one that for so many years walked by her side and shared her joys and sorrows. Spiritualism is a truth. The lone one has seen with his own eyes her materialized spirit-form, and felt her lips warm with kisses all over his face; has looked into those loving eyes while she called him her "darling," and told him that she had not gone away from him, but was near him from day to day to comfort and cheer him in his sorrow and loneliness of heart; that her love for him was stronger than ever before, since she had left the old, worn-out and useless body of flesh, and donned the garb of the angels, and that she would meet him with open arms when he crossed the great river, and kindly and lovingly escort him to the home she had prepared for him at his coming. And all this joy and comfort that has come to me in my loneliness is the result of my investigation of Spiritualism—said to be the doctrine of devils and fiends, to delude and deceive poor, sympathetic, trusting humanity.

But I am not writing, to-night, an article on creeds, or doctrines or delusions. I am writing a "loving tribute to the memory of the best woman I ever knew."

On the walls of the room are pictures she arranged; she made everything so homelike. All about me are evidences of her work and care, for good women are so much more thoughtful than men. Here and there are evidences that she lived and loved. Garments that she wore till it seems now as if a portion

of her life were left therein, so much did she individualize everything about her.

What makes the tears come so? Because it seems she has gone; but she is here in the works of her hands. Children of ours, put these sad mementoes away carefully, these sacred tokens of past happiness! Let no rough hand disturb them! Put them away with tears, and when tired with this battle of life, look at them—think of the absent one. Thank God that there is a beautiful "Land of the Dead," where those who truly loved on earth will meet, live, rest, walk and work delightfully together; where thought is the implement, and minds of men and women the field of labor for ages and ages to come.

So, welcome death! Welcome the dawn! Come, good angel! Come in good time for those who are left to mourn! Come and bear them from pain to ease—from tears to smiles—from grief to joy—from separation to uniting! Then will you be a welcome, welcome visitor, and we will reach forth to call you to us, as a babe reaches out for the hands that are to bear it to the bosom of love! For really, what is death but life? Is it not the door through which, when opened, loved ones go to better and brighter lands to wait for our coming?

Then we will put away these things we have looked at as sad mementoes, and wept over, and we will also put away that terrible idea of a bigoted, ignorant past, that "death is so dreadful," for it is not when we realize that all our sorrows will be amply paid for, and meet with full compensation when we mingle with our glorified loved ones, as we surely will, when we cross the great river at the "Twilight's Last Gleaming." And thus ends our "loving tribute to the memory of the best woman we ever knew."

M. P. ROSECRANS.

A Dream of Long Ago.

I stand in the land of the Long Ago,
And my heart is light and my mind is free,
And the breezes are soft as the winds that blow
O'er the isles of the old Aegean Sea.
It is only a dream—would I never could wake
To the throb and to yearn for the youth-time gone;
Would it could last; for the heart must ache
When the Real comes back and the Dream has flown.

I lie by the river of Long Ago,
In the golden time of the golden June,
Oh, the grass is sweet, and the river's flow
Is whispering over the dear old tune
That I hear with a passionate content,
Tho' my heart's ablaze and my pulse aglow;
But I never dream that this life was meant
To hold such a pain as this Long Ago.

Only a dreamer, and only a dream;
But was there ever a dream like this?
Of lilacs and roses, and the gleam
Of a girl's warm eyes, and the clinging kiss
Of a boy's first love—had it been the last,
As I swore in my fervor it should be so!
Perhaps there would be no sting to the past
Or pain in this dream of the Long Ago.

—C. G. ROGERS.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Items.

TO THE EDITOR:—Thinking that you would like to hear from Buffalo, and knowing that others would like to know how we are prospering in a spiritual way, I will say that we are doing well so far this winter and fall. Mrs. R. S. Lillie was with us in Sept., 1891, and during October Mrs. Carrie Twing occupied our platform; in November Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, put in five weeks with us, and in December Mrs. Twing again entertained and instructed us. January, 1892, found Dr. Street with us again, and now Mr. Oscar Edgerly is doing his best to fill our hall. Each one of the above speakers and mediums has done well for us, and has had good and appreciative audiences, and the cause is in a very flourishing condition at the present.

Pierre L. Keeler, the slate-writing medium, is in town, and has been here for three or four months past. He is busy all the time, and has aided greatly in the good work. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER seems to be the favorite spiritual paper among us, and among our kind of people. The fact that our Spiritualism is spreading so fast among the people is a sure sign that you are doing a great work with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER among the thinking people of this great and glorious country.

J. W. DENNIS.

George B. McClellan, son of "Little Mac," is secretary of the bridge trustees in New York, and is very popular. In appearance and many traits of character he bears a strong resemblance to his father.

The original miniature of Daniel Webster, painted by Richard M. Staigg in 1844, has been purchased from the artist's widow by Col. Alexander Biddle of Philadelphia and presented to the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. It is large for that style of portrait, and is painted on ivory in oil colors.

Gen. d'Andlau, once a well-known figure of gay Paris, died in poverty at Cayenne, in French Guiana, a few days ago. The General, it will be remembered, was involved in a scandal which brought about the disgrace and fall of M. Wilson, son-in-law of President Greve. He was condemned to five years' imprisonment, to the loss of his title as Senator and of his rights as a citizen. He wandered about the world from place to place since then until death overtook him.

Insanity is reported to have increased in France to such an extent that the asylums are no longer able to hold the lunatics.

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The Liberal Lectures by A. B. French are embraced in a volume of 140 pages. They contain rare gems of thought, beautifully expressed, and will enrich any mind that is brought in contact with them. Thousands who have listened to this gifted speaker will want to see his thoughts in print, and come more directly in contact with them than by the sound of his voice. The following constitutes the table of contents: 1.—Conflicts of Life. 2.—The Power and Permanence of Ideas. 3.—The Unknown. 5.—Anniversary Address. 6.—The Ecstasy of Our Age. 7.—The Spiritual Rapture; its Duties and Dangers. 8.—What is Truth? 9.—The Future of Spiritualism. 10.—The Emancipation Proclamation. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

A Long, Spiral Curve.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of Jan. 23, in one of Mr. Richmond's lectures entitled "Evolution of Matter," occurs the following sentence, after having shown that the moon's path is a spiral wave-line: "The earth, while theoretically performing its revolution about the sun in one year, is, in reality, only forming a long, spiral curve, drawn out to conform to a motion of our sun forward in its orbit over five hundred millions of miles." A little farther down he says that a "prominent master" has "demonstrated that with only the elements of the motions of the sun, earth and moon taken into consideration, the moon only varied from a perfectly straight path one 200th part of a hair's breadth to the mile." Now, let us do some figuring. The distance of the moon from the earth is very nearly 240,000 miles; diameter of orbit, 480,000 miles. The distance traveled by the earth during one lunation is nearly 46,000,000 miles. Hence, by taking into consideration the motion of the earth and moon only, the latter would vary from a straight line 480,000 miles in a distance of 46,000,000 miles; or in the ratio of nearly 55 feet per mile, assuming the earth to move in a straight line. Taking into consideration the motion of the solar system, as above quoted, would not help matters any, because the velocity of 500,000,000 miles per annum is less than that of the earth, which is 575,000,000 miles a year. Hence we would have to add the whole variation of the earth, which is 183,000,000 miles per annum. I therefore conclude that the velocity of the solar system, as quoted, is a mistake. Even if we allow 500,000,000 miles per lunation, it would not begin to reduce the path of the moon to a straight line, for it would only reduce the variation of the moon to 5 feet per mile, assuming the earth to stand in a straight line. If, on the other hand, we accept the "demonstration" of the "prominent master," and taking the average "hair-breadth" to be about 1-250 of an inch, which is nearly correct, we find that the lunar variation would be 1-50,000 of an inch per mile, or 480,000 miles in 1,520,640,000,000 miles, assuming the earth to travel in a straight line—which it does not.

Taking into consideration the variation of the earth, which is 183,000,000 miles per annum, or about 140,000,000 miles per lunation, we find that the solar system would have to travel 44,352,000,000,000 miles per one lunation on account of the earth's variation alone in order to vary only the 200th part of a hair's breadth per mile. I am not aware that the magnitude of the solar orbit or the solar velocity has ever been exactly "demonstrated" or determined; if it has, I should like to know what it is. The above calculated velocity of 44,352,000,000 miles for one lunation, which is at the rate of 18,750,000,000 miles per second, seems rather flighty to me.

HERMAN FASCHER.

Echoes from "Starnos."

The influence of the Harmonial Philosophy, in emancipating the world from the bondage of bigotry and superstition, and setting in motion thought-waves that threaten the very foundations of orthodoxy, is recognized and appreciated by all who are familiar with its teachings. Looking back over the past forty years, one is amazed at the change that has been wrought. When Andrew Jackson Davis, then an uneducated boy of nineteen years, was first announced as a prophet and seer, chosen and ordained by divine authority to reveal the eternal principles of truth, only a few courageous, investigating minds dared accept the marvelous and complete philosophy revealed by this inspired seer. Fiercely denounced and violently opposed by church and clergy, it has slowly and surely made its way till, to-day, it permeates all liberal, progressive thought. It stands in the front ranks in the battle for social and political reform, and with a wisdom far exceeding the wisdom of mortals, presents the underlying principles of our grand and glorious Spiritual Religion.

To those who have not the time for study, or who cannot obtain the complete writings of the "Seer of the Harmonial Dispensation," the publication of "Starnos," by his accomplished wife, Della E. Davis, M. D., will afford an opportunity for spiritual enlightenment and refreshing within the reach of all. The "gems of wisdom," selected from the various volumes, have been woven with rare skill into the "Rosary of Pearls" which is extended to the world. One cannot doubt that the compiler was aided in her work of love by the higher powers, for the little volume contains, in a brief, concise form, the very essence of the Harmonial Philosophy. May it accomplish its divine mission and banish the shadows of death from mourning hearts, and stimulate struggling souls to rise to the heights of the spiritual living here and now.

MATILDA H. CUSHING.

Ascended Higher.

On Monday, Feb. 1, the body of John A. Mills, of Casnovia, Mich., was laid in its native earth. The funeral services were held at Grange Hall, and a large gathering signified the popular interest and regard. He had been twice married, and was father of thirteen children, ten of whom still survive. A Spiritualist for many years, he consistently requested that his faith be represented at the last rites, and the family carried out his wishes, an example creditable alike to the head and heart of all who shared the responsibility. Mr. Mills, it is said, made the first sawed shingles in Michigan, and was several times called to fill offices of public trust, notwithstanding his open confessions of heresy, as judged by church standards. Frank avowal of honest conviction and consistent conformance thereto in conducting the last rites of Spiritualists carry weight, and inspire confidence and esteem. But time-serving compromises with theology on such occasions weaken public confidence in the good faith of professed Spiritualists, and lower the esteem of friends.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

A Prophetic Communication.

THE VIEWS OF WASHINGTON.

On the 10th of May, 1861, two gentlemen, relatives, and myself included, called upon George A. Redman at his residence in New York City. We found him in feeble health (in fact he died in June, the next month). After passing the social amenities of conversation relative to his health, etc., as we were interested, he being an adopted son of mine, by the Boylston School, of Boston, Mass., we asked him if it would be detrimental to his condition to sit at the table for spirit messages. He thought not. We accordingly took seats, and immediately loud raps came upon the table in quick succession. He was then moved to speak, which was an unusual phase with him, and said:

"Whom am I talking with?"

I introduced the parties, and immediately Redman, manifestly under a powerful influence, reached across the table and grasped my hand with the strong grip of a Master Mason, giving one other of my friends the same grip. The other he took by the hand in the usual way, not belonging to the order; neither did Redman.

We were confident that some strong and efficient spirit was controlling him by the peculiarity of his voice, being strong and energetic, which before being controlled was weak and feeble. We were confident he was not conscious of his acts. After the introduction and shaking of hands, we remarked that "we should like to know with whom we were talking?" Immediately Redman grasped a pencil and wrote from right to left, as was his custom when under spirit influence, "George Washington." We inquired:

"General, do you know what is transpiring in Washington, in the Council Chambers?" (The Cabinet was holding a secret session. It was after President Lincoln had called out the 75,000 men.)

"The answer came: 'Yes.'"

"When will the Union army move upon the South?"

"The 24th inst."

"Do you think it will be much of a war?"

"Yes; a most cruel war. Blood will run freely."

"Do you think it will be of long continuance?"

"Four years; and after peace is declared, there will be great trouble in reconstructing the States."

The pencil dropped from Redman's hand, and he spoke in his former feeble voice.

This was entirely different from what we thought would be the result of the outbreak. We thought there might be a skirmish between the States, and the difference would be compromised and settled upon some other basis than war; so it could not have been any psychological influence from us upon Redman that led him to give these answers. It was evident they were dictated by a mind that knew whereof it spoke.

The tragedy to be played was plainly and vividly within the vision of the controlling mind, as every point of the prediction was remarkably verified.

Our army moved upon Alexandria on the 24th of May. It was a cruel, bloody war. It continued four years, and the reconstruction of the States—we all know how troublesome it has been.

The fulfillment of this prediction is equally as suggestive as true, that Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, the Adams and all the old patriots had a deep interest and wielded a decisive influence in the final results of that conflict.

L. D. NICKERSON.

Josephus's Opinion of the Witch of Endor.

We find that Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," book 4, chapter 14, verse 4, contains the following:

"Now it is but just to recommend the generosity of this woman, because when the king had forbidden her to use the art whence her circumstances were bettered and improved, and when she had never seen the king before, she still did not remember to his disadvantage that he had condemned her sort of learning; and did not refuse him as a stranger, and one that she had no acquaintance with; but she had compassion upon him, and comforted him, and exhorted him to do what he was greatly averse to, and offered him the only creature she had, as a poor woman, and that earnestly, and with great humanity, while she had no requital made to her for her kindness, nor hunted after any future favor from him, for she knew he was to die. Whereas men are naturally either ambitious to please those that bestow benefits upon them, or are very ready to serve those from whom they may receive some advantage; it would be well, therefore, to imitate the example of this woman, and to do kindness to all such as are in want, and to think that nothing is better nor more becoming to mankind than such a general beneficence; nor what will sooner render God favorable and ready to bestow good things upon us, and so far may suffice to have spoken concerning this woman."

The foregoing is the opinion of the great historian concerning the woman of Endor, usually spoken of by ministers and Christians of our time as a bad character and of a class that regarded not the laws of God or man, and to which they liken Spiritualists.

R. SPAULDING.

Wishes to Add His Evidence.

TO THE EDITOR:—I desire to add my testimony to the genuineness of the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie Moore, I having seen several of my spirit friends at her cabinet, whose features were true to the photographs in my possession, and which she nor any of the audience had ever seen. Much of this "fraud crying" is from the ranks of those calling themselves Spiritualists and even lecturers amongst us.

DR. J. CALDER.

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The Rise and Fall of Spiritualism.

ITS CAUSES AND THE REMEDY.

While it has been but little more than forty years since the phenomena of modern Spiritualism was developed, there are but few persons of mature age in its ranks who have not observed this remarkable feature. If the philosophy is angelic in its origin, and has come to stay, this ought not to be. These spasmodic fluctuations, or periods of rise and fall, of excitement and indifference, savors too much of the old orthodox revival systems once so popular, but now largely absorbed by evangelists who are doing missionary work. The remark is often made by old Spiritualists that they remember the time when a meeting was announced that every seat in a much larger hall than is now used would be filled, and many turned away for want of accommodation.

The same, or a similar experience has been observed in almost every community where organizations have been established, and enthusiastic meetings continued for months, when, without any known cause, the interest would cease and the society collapse, to be renewed only at some remote date. Whatever may be the cause of these oft-repeated fluctuations, they are undoubtedly demoralizing, and very damaging to the cause of Spiritualism. If, as some claim, this cause is in the hands and under the control of spirit-power, and is managed by spirits from the other side of life, the responsibility rests with them.

But as the large majority of thinking Spiritualists believe this philosophy to be developing for the benefit of humanity, and is left to the direction and management of the human race, under the influence of such spirits as are interested in this phase of education, and at this particular period of their pilgrimage, this class are interested, of course, in removing all obstructions to the steady, onward progress of a system of education and development that is so pleasing to them, and so elevating to humanity.

Undoubtedly there are many causes that contribute to this unfortunate inflation and depression, or rise and fall in spiritual progress and unfoldment; but that they exist all will admit, and now let us see if we can discover and apply a remedy. Among the many that may be suggested there is this one: A general organization throughout the whole system—a parent association as the head—and all local organizations and all Spiritualists that can be induced to form associations and become auxiliary. Thus, by connecting links, a bond of brotherhood will be formed whereby both spiritual and social relations will be established which will go far to interest all in the general welfare, through sympathy, interchange of thought and correspondence, thereby sustaining each other, and giving life and spirituality to the stronger, and vigor and encouragement to the weak and faltering; and in this way maintaining a constant equilibrium, for the want of which we have heretofore suffered. Another cause equally potent, perhaps, is that of curiosity to witness phenomena. Every new phase of development or new medium very naturally attracts attention, and creates an excitement which extends throughout the community, and a kind of orthodox revival is the result, which gradually subsides with the curiosity and the financial ability to continue it. This has a depressing effect upon the society and a general decline of interest is the result.

Nothing that can be suggested, perhaps, would do so much to overcome the evil of which we are considering, as that of providing a suitable building, a home, to be owned and occupied by Spiritualists for their exclusive purposes; at least one part of it sufficient for lectures, social gatherings, seances, etc. It requires no argument to prove the influence of such a home upon all in sympathy with its objects. Even if unpretentious in its style and character, if it is owned and becomes a permanent meeting-place for Spiritualists, it will soon prove an attraction that cannot be resisted by any who have ever realized that their spirit-friends will return to them under conditions made possible at such a home.

A concerted action on the part of a few wise and earnest leaders in every town or city, could easily provide such a building for a little more than they are now paying in rent, annually, for a hall, with none of the advantages suggested.

The social and benevolent objects that are made possible by such a home, saying nothing of the spiritual, would soon exert an influence in the community that should not be ignored by Spiritualists; and it is to-day the best and the principal agent for good in all the efforts of the church.

Another and a formidable reason is suggested for the frequent decline in what appears to be a permanent and flourishing society. It is financial embarrassment, a lack of means to defray the expenses. That usually arises from two causes. The first and principal one is, those that are able to contribute are not disposed to do so, although many who are far less able, in their immediate neighborhoods, contribute munificently to the support of the church. The other cause is, a large majority of Spiritualists are not millionaires, but are from the working classes, and are not able to contribute largely to the support of the society and to the phenomena also, and of the two they prefer the latter.

Tests are what they want, and will pay for, and as long as they can raise the necessary means, tests they will have, regardless of spirituality. As I said before, curiosity seems prominent oftentimes, to the exclusion of education and spiritual philosophy as taught from the platform. Hence it is beginning to be apparent that in order to keep up the interest in the society it is necessary that lecturers should be provided who have the ability to produce the phenomena in addition to instruction in spiritual philosophy.

While upon this subject of entertaining audiences, and keeping up an interest in the

society, I want to urge the necessity of more attention to music.

In all social, political or religious entertainments, there is no feature so attractive, so harmonizing, as that of good music. In order to attract a good audience, even the most comfortable churches find it necessary to provide good music. That has always been an attractive feature in the Catholic Church; and now the Protestant Church finds it necessary to fall into line in order to attract strangers and maintain their own standing in numbers. Moody, the evangelist, well understood the necessity and the influence of music, and without Sankey, or some other equally potent musical attraction, his pathetic appeals were unheeded.

No people realize more fully the power and influence of music than do Spiritualists in their efforts to attract spiritual communion with their friends in spirit-life, and yet no sect or denomination devotes so little time or money to secure that spiritualizing accomplishment as Spiritualists do.

In summing up, then, allow me to say, the remedy for the misfortune complained of, that of frequent lethargy or decadence, may be found in ourselves, and may be corrected by improved methods of thought and action. Has not the time come for Spiritualists to commence reforms they are competent to effect themselves? E. W. GOULD.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb., '92.

My Best.

I may perform no deed of great renown,
No glorious act to millions manifest;
Yet in my little labors up and down
I'll do my best.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world's confest
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame.
'Tis on the page of common life imprest;
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my best.

Sometimes I sing a very simple song,
And send it outward to the east or west;
Although in silence it rolls along,
I do my best.

Sometimes I write a very little hymn,
The joy within me cannot be repressed;
Though no one reads, the letters are so dim,
I do my best.

And if I see some fellow-traveler rise
Far, far above me; still with quiet breast
I keep on climbing, climbing toward the skies,
And do my best.

My very best, and if, at close of day,
Worn out, I sit me down awhile to rest,
I still will mend my garments, if I may,
And do my best.

It may not be the beautiful or grand,
But I must try to be so careful, lest
I fail to be what's put into my hand,
My very best.

Better and better every stitch must be.
The last a little stronger than the rest.
Good Master! Help my eyes that they may see
To do my best.

Julia H. May.

A Hand's Shadow on the Pane.

TO THE EDITOR:—Considerable excitement has been caused here during the last few days by the shadow of a hand on a pane of glass in a bay window of the house occupied by Isaac O. Johnson, a shoemaker, at No. 730 Cypress street. The hand was first noticed two weeks ago by a daughter of Johnson, and has appeared distinctly ever since. It is most visible in the morning when the sun shines upon the glass, at which time it may be seen from the middle of the street. In the afternoon it may be seen from the inside by holding a dark cloth before the glass. It has the appearance at times of a masculine hand with a yarn glove on, but sometimes appears without a glove. Mrs. Johnson has failed in all attempts to wash it off. Her theory is that it is some one in distress calling for help. Strange to say, on the very day that the hand appeared her sister started from Piqua, Ill., for a week's visit in Chicago, and has not returned nor been heard from since. Large numbers of persons have viewed it, and one and all confess that they are unable to explain it.

Ottawa, Kansas.

The Verdict of a Newspaper Man.

TO THE EDITOR:—Inclosed I send one dollar, for which please put on your subscription list to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the name of Zenas Freeman. This gentleman is an old friend of mine, and in return for courtesies from him, and as an act of fraternal regard, and wishing to benefit him, and add a mite to your circulation, I send him your splendid paper. In this connection I take much pleasure in saying THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER wins its way everywhere it gets an opportunity to speak. The wife of a friend of mine was strongly opposed to her husband's taking such a paper, being a devout member of a holiness organization; now he tells me that she first gets hold of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on its arrival, and until she has had time to completely peruse its pages no one else can have a taste. The parties at Brown, whose names I have sent in, unthinkingly agree in the statement that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is about the only, and always the first, paper they read. I have been a newspaper man myself, and know a success when I see it, and I pronounce your paper a splendid success, and what is grander, a success destined to have a pronounced influence in molding public thought.

Delta, Colo.

C. M. ALEY.

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.



BROTHER JONATHAN, IN CONSEQUENCE OF PLACING THAT FLAG OVER THE CROSS, ST. PETER WILL KICK YOU INTO HELL, AND YOU WILL ROAST THERE ETERNALLY.

HELL! HELL!! HELL!!!

QUOTATIONS FROM THE SERMONS OF EDWARDS, THE FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND DIVINE.

In view of the interest now taken in things theological, these quotations from Jonathan Edwards' sermons may prove curious and interesting. We do not have much hell-preaching nowadays. Edwards' sermons are full of meat, and are good reading. Huxley says of him that "his demonstration of the Necessarian thesis has never been equalled in power, and certainly has never been refuted." With the limp theology of our time, which sacrifices logic to sentiment, and hides in phraseology what it dares not proclaim, Jonathan Edwards would have had little sympathy. "He thought there was no need that the strict philosophic truth should be at all concealed," says one of his biographers. Hell, to him, was a reality to be shown to sinners; not a surmise to be explained away. There is not a Presbyterian clergyman in New York to-day who would venture to present its terrors in pictures as terrible as those in which he indulged. For example:

"I shall mention several good and important ends which will be obtained by the eternal punishment of the wicked.

"The saints will be made more sensible how great their salvation is. When they shall see how great the misery is from which God has saved them, and how great the difference he hath made between their state and the state of others who were by nature, and perhaps by practice, no more sinful and ill-deserving than they, it will give them a sense of the wonderfulness of God's grace. The views of the misery of the damned will double the ardor of the love and gratitude of the saints in heaven.

"The sight of hell-torments will excite the happiness of the saints forever. It will give them a more lively relish of their own happiness!" (Sermon IX.)

"When they shall see how miserable others of their fellow creatures are; when they shall see the smoke of their torment and the raging flames of their burning, and shall hear their shrieks and cries, and consider that they in the meantime are in the most blissful state and shall surely be in it to all eternity, how they will rejoice! . . . How joyfully they will sing to God and the lamb when they behold this!" (Sermon XIII.)

"Do but consider what it is to suffer extreme torment forever and ever, from one age to another; in pain, in wailing and lamenting, groaning and shrieking and gnashing your teeth, with your bodies and every member full of racking torture, without a possibility of moving God to pity by your cries! How dismal will it be under these racking torments to know that you never—never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope; when, after you have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars without one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered; but the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries, are incessantly to be made by you; and the smoke of your torment shall ascend up forever and ever. Your bodies, which have been burning and roasting all the while in glowing furnaces, yet shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through an eternity yet." (Sermon XI.)

Does the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke warn sinners thus? Or was this the truth a hundred years ago, and is it falsehood to-day? A. L. Danville, N. Y.

He Sends His Order in Rhyme.

Sing "peace on earth," more light for men,
While here I grasp my little pen
To send to you another name.
Really, am I growing into fame?
Just see! an old "Infidel" wants to be
From doubt and mental darkness free,
Concerning that immortal state
To which poor mortals are relate.
And since more light and truth I seek,
I'll take THE THINKER thirteen weeks.
My soul would fain like a pig in clover,
If the dear ones who have gone over,
Would drop a thought from "kingdom come,"
And visit me from that sweet home;
Then touch me from the unseen shore,
That doubting Seneca may doubt no more.
—F. C. Lewis.

Ex-Gov. Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, in his lecture on "The Fiddle and the Bow," gives imitations of the mountain dialect conversation of a number of old ladies, and of the speeches at an old-time backwoods political meeting. He also impersonates a would-be prima donna and an Italian tenor singer.



I TELL YOU, PATRIOTS, THAT OUR COUNTRY WILL NEVER BE ESTABLISHED ON A FIRM BASIS UNTIL THE AMERICAN FLAG FLOATS ABOVE THE CROSS.

A Veteran's Body Barred from Church Because Beneath the Stars and Stripes.

TO THE EDITOR:—Is not Brother Jonathan right in the statement that he makes above? Just read the following, occurring at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Feb. 11: "A scene took place in the St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church to-day. Pat McCann, an old soldier, was found dead in bed Tuesday morning, and the funeral was held to-day, under the auspices of Abe Lincoln Post, G. A. R. As the casket was about to be borne into the church, it being covered with a United States flag, Father O'Rourke, the priest, refused to allow it until the flag was removed. This the G. A. R. men and relatives of the deceased refused to do, and the body was taken to Weston, no religious services being held." Spiritualists, what think you of that? How would the cross look above the American flag. We leave you to judge? J. T.

Insult to the United States Flag.

TO THE EDITOR:—This city has been in quite a furore that does not subside. On the 11th, the Abe Lincoln Post of the G. A. R. were bearing the dead body of a comrade to be buried, and by his request, while yet conscious, he wanted to be taken to the Catholic Church, as he, Patrick McCann, was a Catholic. The column paused in front of St. Jarius and around the bier was folded the dear flag he had fought under; but Father O'Rourke told the officer in command: "The flag cannot come in!"

"Then we cannot come in!" said the leader, Mr. Malby, "nor our comrade's dead body, either!"

"It is immaterial to me," said the priest.

"Company! forward, march!" rang out on the cold, wintry air, and the column wended its way to the depot, and soon were away to Weston, a station nine miles out on the Rock Island railroad; where they lowered their old war-brother's body into its last resting-place.

But, oh! there was more than solemnity in their hearts, and through the city, like fire—ere the newspapers came out—spread the startling story—to be affirmed by all the papers. Nightly meetings of the G. A. R. have followed. The resolutions there passed were, "to not accept the apology of Father O'Rourke," who said he "had made a mistake ignorantly, and was sorry."

This has seemed only to have made matters worse. The boys feel as did the Irishman who, just from the "ould sod," hired to work on a farm, and while crossing a field wherein was a rampant bull, was just getting out in time to be pushed higher over the fence. Lying at full length, the bull pawing and bellowing, he said: "Och, I won't take any apology from ye, for ye meant it, ye d—s—of a—!" So the priest's apology makes the G. A. R. only hotter still. The outcome will prepare the people's mind to have the country's flag unfurled to the breeze over every public school; exercises with crayon also, at drawing their country's beautiful flag, by teachers, should be encouraged all over the land.

Council Bluffs, Ia.

W. DUNCAN.

Good Words from Texas.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is useless for me to try to formulate words to express the high opinion I have for your grand paper. I only wish that thousands more would read it, and imbibe its noble philosophy with its elevating teachings to poor, ignorant humanity. We read each copy with great pleasure, and send them to those who will not subscribe for fear of being censured by some church member; but I am happy to see many who are growing out of the narrow, bigoted dogmas that formerly held them in creedal slavery.

G. C. MCGREGOR.

John H. Williamson (colored), editor of the Raleigh (N. C.) Gazette, is a candidate for Congress upon the queer platform that the government should pay \$300 each for all former slaves, and the money should be equally divided between the former masters and slaves, or their heirs. He thinks this would be a just solution of the negro problem, and there would be no more bad blood between the races.

Dr. Bedloe says 70 per cent of the commerce of Japan comes to the United States. Japan's half million dollar appropriation for the Columbian Fair shows that she appreciates her interest.

A DIVINE LESSON.

Story of Grandma Wren.

TO THE EDITOR:—Divine lessons are always soul-elevating, spiritualizing, and in every way beneficial. The following is from M. Quad in the New York World:

One day, two months ago, when I was down in Hester street with little Pete he told me of the case of "Grandma Wren," as the people called her, and we went up to see her. She was an old, white-haired woman, too old and feeble to work, and was an object of charity among those who knew what it was to want for bread themselves.

Poor old Grandma was ragged, as you may believe, but even her rags were clean, and she had worked as long as she had strength. There were deep wrinkles in her face, and her hands trembled, and she wept sad tears as she said that she hadn't a relative on earth and no hope of bettering her condition. You'd have sympathized with her at sight.

She had a motherly face and a motherly voice, and you had but to see her to know that her long life had been full of hard work, and trials, and disappointments. A husband resting beneath the sod in Mexico—two sons sleeping in unmarked graves on the great plains of the West. There was a daughter. One night she stole quietly away and never returned. She had been wronged, and creeping through the streets in the darkness she reached a wharf, asked mother and God to forgive her, and leaped to her death.

Well, little Pete and I talked the matter over, and next day something happened to surprise Grandma Wren and her neighbors. She was taken to a clean and comfortable room—a better one than she had inhabited for long years—and it was all arranged about her board. Pete went with a woman to a store in Grand street to pick out a new dress and other needed articles, and we put a big rocking-chair in the room, and got a pipe and some tobacco, and a pair of spectacles, and I tell you things did look real homelike and comfortable when we got through.

It took us a good hour to make grandma understand. Poor old soul! She had frozen and roasted, and starved and endured—her years had been so full of dark shadows that she couldn't realize that such a change had come to her.

And little Pete and I used to drop down there often. Grandma was almost as much of a curiosity as a dime-museum freak. When she came to dress in the new clothes and to wear the lace cap, and to have plenty of rest and plenty to eat, she looked so motherly and happy that all the women kissed her and all the men shook hands and gave her a kind word. Now and then, as I talked with her, a scared look would come to her face. I knew what made it. It was a sudden fear that she was dreaming and that she would wake up to find herself on the heap of straw in the little dark room under the roof. By and by she was convinced, and the look returned no more. In place of it was a smile so full of thanksgiving to God that he who looked could read her thoughts.

"Say, pard!" said little Pete to me one afternoon after we had visited with grandma, "if some of these fellers who experiment on vegetables, cats, dogs, chickens, and horses would only experiment a little on human beings they'd git a new sensation, eh?"

"She's taking solid comfort."

"Becher life she is, and she's as nice a grandma as there is in all New York, and don't you forget it!"

The other night, when the rain beat fiercely down on street and house-roof, and when a gust swept in from the sea now and then to rattle the shutters and moan about the gables, they went in to help grandma prepare for bed. She sat in her rocking-chair, with the Bible in her lap. They called to her, but she did not answer. They touched her, but she did not move. Grandma was dead! Through the storm and the darkness her soul had been lighted on its way to Heaven, and only clay was left behind. She had died as she sat there reading—died so quietly and peacefully that she seemed to be asleep. On her pale face was a smile of gladness, and one trembling finger had pointed out the verse:

"And the same day, when the evening was come, he saith unto me: 'Let us pass over unto the other side.'"

Into a human life which had been embittered with poverty—which had been darkened with woe and wretchedness—which had been compelled to herd with vice and sin—there had come a few weeks of rest and comfort. I do not know that she had sinned when the bitterness of desperation was upon her, but if she had who can blame her? You or I would. But during those few weeks she was ever reading, and the women walked softly in upon her day by day to find her on her knees in prayer. And that smile on her white face as her soul went out told us as plainly as a printed book that she had made her peace with God.

S.

Wants Others to Share with Him.

Henry Flagel manifests the right spirit; he wants others to share with him the good things found in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He writes: "I like your paper so well that I want to share the feast of good things with others, even if I have to put my hand into my pocket and pay for the paper for others. I commenced with No. 21 and am not sorry."

Less than thirty years ago President McLeod of the Reading railroad was a rodman on the Northern Pacific. He is now the head of a 2,500-mile trunk line and the employer of 100,000 subordinates.

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

