

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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NO. 116

HENRY J. NEWTON.

His Critical and Painstaking Work.

His Fraud-Proof Cabinet.

The Medium Passed Through Wire Netting.

This is a scientific age. Every problem in human life is submitted to the judgment of reason. No system of thought, no system of religion, no religion or superstition, and no discovery can escape the investigation of science. Since the close of the Dark Ages there have sprung into being liberalizing schools of thought, which have turned the human mind to the study of natural phenomena. Science stands before the mind of this age as the most important form of knowledge in the conduct of life and the application of energy. When Spiritualism appeared and began to command attention, it could not escape the calm analysis of reason. The scientific man stretched out his hand and took it up. He has demonstrated a number of very important facts, and produced an extraordinary series of phenomena, which show that life and intelligence belong to a conscious entity, lost to the human mind in its beginnings, and puzzling to finite reason in its destiny. For ages the theologian and the Oriental mystic held exclusive possession of the transcendental study of the existence and qualities of the soul; curious and contradictory speculation entered into human belief as real knowledge. Human beings for centuries accepted the dreams of philosophers for the serious reality of life.

Spiritualism came into the world when the mind needed it. The age of reason silenced the loquacious theological schools, which made as much noise as rival colonies of monkeys in a tropical forest. Nature became reason's correct province of work. The sciences sprang into being. The spirit rap, through the mediumship of the Fox girls, proved a telegraphic method of communicating with spirits, and called forth the interest of the scientific intellect to solve some of the problems of life, and the relation of intelligent mind to these phenomena presented by mediums. He who had listened in vain to the eloquent pleadings of divines, turned with eagerness to the sublime manifestations of Spiritualism, the promptings of feeling and reason, and an unconquerable love of life lent a beauty and a charm to the prospects of a future existence, in harmony with the laws of nature, so unchangeable to the eye of reason.

At a period early in the history of Spiritualism Mr. Henry J. Newton took up the study scientifically. To him the subject had no religious bearings. He looked upon the existence of a spirit as a fact to be proved by sensuous evidence and experience, in the same manner as any other fact is established in science. The name of Mr. Newton is known and respected by every Spiritualist throughout the world—he is a cautious, painstaking student and investigator. He never takes a subject without first considering whether it is worth while, and whether it will be profitable in its results. Start him once, get him interested, and he never gives up till he knows all about the subject that other men can and do know. This has been the remarkable feature about him all his life. If he had a squirrel to catch, he would catch it. This was peculiar to him as a boy and tradesman, and more prominently so in the study of spiritual phenomena. He has great powers of application and perseverance, and to those who have no personal acquaintance with him a brief resume of his interesting career may not prove out of place at this time.

Dr. Jothan Newton, of Pennsylvania, was the father of this subject, a very affectionate and successful man; but he only survived the birth of his son eighteen months. He passed on in 1823. The training of the boy devolved upon the widowed mother, who belonged to Connecticut. She was a woman unusually gifted in mind and character. No man can ever tell what the effect of the death of the father had upon the son. It turned his mind to the subject of the transitory character and instability of all human things.

He received the usual education of a boy at that time, his mind early showing a decided taste for mechanical and scientific studies. Circumstances soon opened to him conditions for the gratification of his tastes. He became especially interested in chemistry, and made for himself a private laboratory, where he studied and experimented incessantly.

Mr. Newton came to New York City in 1849, where he engaged successfully in business. He early evinced a love of art studies—he worked diligently with the brush. His paintings are in a certain way unique. They are paintings from the real, and are correct copies of scenes which met his taste. They are very much superior to some of the work which is highly valued.

In 1856 Mr. Newton retired from business, and devoted his time to the study of art. It was at this time that he took up the study of photography. In speaking of him and his work in photography I select the following from "Anthony's Photographic Bulletin":

"From Prof. Seeley he obtained a fourteen by seventeen dry plate outfit. It is not to be wondered that Mr. Newton turned his attention to paper negatives. With such an outfit the amateur of our day would grumble from early morn till dewy eve; but Mr. Newton

manfully took up his load and commenced the study of the science in which he has achieved triumphs excelled by none in this country, and today he has negatives which, because of their exquisite beauty, are frequently borrowed to obtain prints, by well known photographers in this city. We have never seen anything to excel them."

The bulletin further says: "All efforts to compound a bromide emulsion with excess of silver nitrate and make it permanent had failed, until Mr. Newton made the experiment of neutralizing the excess of silver nitrate by adding a chloride. His valuable discovery was noted both at home and abroad. In the *British Journal of Photography* for 1875, page 268, are found some very favorable and commendatory comments on Mr. Newton's work."

About twenty-two years ago Mr. Newton was appointed President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute. He succeeded Prof. Charles Joy, of Columbia College, who succeeded Prof. Draper, the learned author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe," and which position he holds at the present time.

Mr. Newton has essentially a scientific form of mind. He loves the quiet of the laboratory. He is not destitute of public spirit, but could never be made to take any public part in politics. He was nominated Mayor of New York City by the Greenback party, but declined. The gentleman who accepted the nomination in his place was elected; that was Edward Cooper, son of Peter Cooper.

Mr. Newton was elected President of the First Association of Spiritualists in 1873, succeeding Dr. Hallack, which position he still occupies.

Materialization, as presented by Mr. Caffrey, led him to undertake the investigation of the subject. Mrs. Wells was the first medium he met who would submit to the conditions that would permit of a scientific study. It soon became clear that the investigation of materialization could not be conducted scientifically with the cabinets ordinarily used by mediums; that they gave opportunity for evil persons to commit fraud, and even left a suspicion upon good mediums. Mrs. Wells agreed with alacrity to Mr. Newton's scientific requirements. The history of his experience with her is before the public, and probably for a long time will be a fruitful subject of dispute among those who took part in the investigations. Mr. Newton is satisfied of the reality of the mediumship of Mrs. Wells. He holds that there is a power manifested in these phenomena that is new to human experience, and acts thoroughly to the discomfiture of man's established belief in the natural philosopher's definitions of matter. The transcendental action of spirit upon the atoms of matter, and its power and mode of producing physical phenomena, is a reality of nature, of which, at present, we know nothing. He is a bold man who dares affirm what spirit can and cannot do. Mediums, subject to the control of spirits, must be held responsible for their acts so far as they can freely and consciously act. I am ready to admit that in the presence of spiritual phenomena I am in relation with phenomena and forces that cannot at all times be reduced to the category or formula of scientific investigation. There are many forms of phenomena that cannot be scientifically proved, but they are well known to Spiritualists. Mr. Newton, in the course of his investigations, came to the conclusion that he could not in a high-handed manner dispatch the subject as one entirely of a fraudulent nature. The difficulty is not in the medium, but in the limitations of human reason itself. The spiritual world is above the powers of the intellect. Impatient minds were in too great a hurry to decide the claims of Mrs. Wells. Mr. Newton, with calm patience, continued to investigate and look for the facts without coming to any *a priori* conclusions. He was right in declining to submit the Wells' case to twelve men, who, in their own minds, did not believe in the natural possibility of materialization. To try a case before such a jury would be simply playing with justice, and absurd in the eye of reason. Persecuted mediums cannot get justice in courts of law today. If Mrs. Wells were the greatest fraud on earth, she was treated badly, and with great prejudice.

Mr. Newton became acquainted with Mrs. Roberts, the medium, four years ago. She is a woman of slender physique, and nervous. She is an ambitious and a fearless woman, one of those persons who show extremes of character, impulsive, intense and hopeful. She has in her constitution the necessary quality to develop the most splendid manifestations of the human mind has ever contemplated. She is eminently the medium for scientific study. Finding her endowed with these personal and mediumistic qualities, Mr. Newton went to work and constructed a cabinet after his own mind, and which those who worked with him deemed fraud-proof.

The idea primarily of a cabinet is to secure a place for the medium where the bad effects of light are excluded or prevented, the absence of light being one of the general essential conditions for materialization. This cabinet idea has been enlarged so as to make it a thing to add to the quality of the evidence in the production of the phenomena, by demonstrating that the medium it contains is not a party to the manifestation in a fraudulent sense. The ordinary cabinet used by Mrs. Roberts in her general seances is constructed like the one used so long by Mrs. Esplanade, consisting of two compartments, the medium usually sitting in the one and the forms appearing from the other. In

the private circles with Mr. Newton and his select seance, the cabinet in use was designed by Mr. Newton himself, and erected in his own home. The following description I have from the pen of Mr. Newton himself: "The cabinet is a very strong one, and the compartment in which the medium is placed is covered on all sides with a wire netting, also top and bottom. The framework is put together with two-inch screws, which are all screwed from the outside, consequently they are inaccessible to any person on the inside of the cabinet or cage. There are strap hinges to the door, which cannot be interfered with from the inside. In addition to this, every joint is sealed with sealing-wax, on which is the autograph of the person who placed it there. There are between thirty and forty of these seals; also twine is woven into the meshes of the wire, one line above and one line below the center bar. After the medium is locked in, the twine is drawn tight and tied, and the knots securely sealed with sealing-wax. Another line of twine runs over the top and under the bottom. This is also drawn tight and sealed at the side in the middle. Three spring locks fasten the door on the medium on the inside, and sometimes postage stamps are placed over the holes of the locks. Persons at the seance are at liberty to put on stamps or seals anywhere at their pleasure. Before the medium is placed in the cabinet she is dressed of every white or light garment by three lady members of the circle. There is not a thread of white upon the medium nor upon the cabinet." Such is the cabinet and its mechanical conditions as it exists in Mr. Newton's private residence, 128 West 43d Street, New York City. From the empty compartment of this extraordinary cabinet emerge forms of celestial beauty and whiteness. They appear to be solid. They can talk. They move freely. They go straight up to persons. They know all in the circle, and they display great muscular power. They seem to be persons as real as I am, and of different sizes, some tall, some small and delicate, and some as nimble as an athlete. It is the strong conviction of those who have sat privately for any length of time with Mrs. Roberts that she is best adapted for private and select investigation. Promiscuous seances dissipate the power. It is the serious opinion of Mr. Newton that if the important phenomena of Spiritualism were only quietly and privately investigated in a scientifically competent way, greater and more startling results would be attained; but that this show business and parade of phenomena, night after night, can only land the medium in disaster and shame. One great failing among investigators is this, they lack the necessary power of persistent application till worthy and satisfactory results are obtained.

The most startling and wonderful manifestations obtained yet through the powers of Mrs. Roberts is her coming through the meshes of the wire door. At the mention of this a sneer will cross the face of a skeptic; but the careful manner in which this phenomenon has been tested, leaves no doubt about the actual fact, though it may appear to contradict the uniform experience of reason. The whole subject of materialization is so extraordinary and lacking in the support of human experience, that what is here claimed assumes at first sight the actual character of a miracle; but a miracle it is not. The spirits say that it is done in harmony with natural law and spirit power. The experiment involves the assumption that spirits have power to pass matter through matter. The nature of matter itself, apart from phenomena, is beyond human knowledge and capacity. We know nothing of matter *per se*. We know persistent sensations as the qualities of phenomena. When reason appears to come in contact with a contradiction, it assumes something which is not correct. The fact is Mrs. Roberts comes out of the cabinet suddenly. She is pitched through the door into the middle of the room! A seal is not broken! A lock not disturbed! A single wire has not changed its place! The strings around the compartment are intact and undisturbed! All the tests remain perfect as they were when first applied, and Mrs. Roberts stands in the middle of the company free from the cage and unmutated. I make no attempt at explanation; the fact is stupendous. It is almost equal to claiming the truth of two contradictory affirmations. It is clear that reason is not a perfect instrument, and has been at work making assumptions about matter that are not correct. I can believe the gentlemen when they affirm that she was once in the cage. I have examined the cage after she had come out, and the tests were undisturbed. I have been present when she came out of the cage, and to the best of my judgment she seemed to come through the meshes of the wire door.

Mr. Newton tells me a very interesting and marvelous incident that happened at a private seance recently. The committee of ladies had disrobed the medium and thoroughly examined all her clothing. Putting only dark garments upon her, she was placed in the cabinet. Mrs. Newton took the grey ulster belonging to Mrs. Roberts and threw it around Mrs. Roberts's shoulders, the weather being very cold. At the close of the seance it was observed after the wire door and placed in the open compartment of the cabinet, that the ulster and one slipper remained behind in the locked compartment. The question arose, how were we to get them out without unlocking the door? The spirits ordered the lowering of the lights, and requested the friends to sing. In about three minutes the slipper was thrown from the cabinet across the room. A

few minutes later the ulster was thrown from the top of the cabinet. All the people in the room saw these things occur. The top of the cabinet, as before stated, is covered with wire, and also a cloth which is securely nailed. As yet I have no explanation how these things are done. But it is obvious to those who only use reason, that Mrs. Roberts is a passive instrument of a power that acts with a singular and most extraordinary results with the stuff men call matter.

A word more about Mr. Newton, for to him is due the wonderful results above narrated, in being the suggestive and prompting investigator. By urging the spirits to clearer and more demonstrative phenomena, he has caused the manifestations to become more and more important. Sometimes he has been much misjudged through the mistake of others. A more thorough and careful investigator I never met; a more cautious and resolute, painstaking and patient will, under unfavorable conditions, never moved a human brain. His mind is cool; his intellect takes time to decide; he has a prudent tongue. He seldom is betrayed to say anything about himself. He loves Spiritualism. In no sense can he be called a religious Spiritualist. He was bred a Methodist, but being incapable of enthusiasm, a more intellectual church than that he sought and found. He was the friend and helper of T. L. Harris and Mr. Frothingham during their services in New York City. Spiritualism is his darling study. He loves cold, dry facts and phenomena. Such workers as he are planting Spiritualism upon a foundation of everlasting truth. In these great labors he is supported by his amiable wife, who through sunshine and shadow has been a grand worker by his side for the cause of Spiritualism and humanity. When they have done here we shall be better able to accord their true meed of honor.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

LAW RULES.

It Is Demonstrated in Thousands of Ways.

But Who and What Rules Law?

TO THE EDITOR:—Law rules everywhere. It is the dominant factor in existence. It is not capricious, vacillating or unreliable, as illustrated by the *Inter Ocean*, in an article under the heading, "Lesson of a Day." As set forth by that paper, when brazen incompetence would clinch an argument, recourse is had to the declaration that it has always been so, and always must be. And when disputants are confronted with theories beyond their comprehension, and natural laws seem contradicted by daily happenings, a similar refuge is had in denying the existence of natural law, and reliance had on the silly declaration that all ends with the phenomena. The apple falls. It is only one of the phenomena which men cannot explain. This latter is the position of a class of alleged thinkers who follow the teaching of a philosopher who could not frame his philosophy without first supposing the existence of natural law, and a supreme lawgiver. How shallow the reasoning of both these classes is illustrated by the lesson of a day recently passed and over. A little over forty years ago Neptune was discovered. The apple had fallen for Newton, and led him to comprehend the universality of the law of gravity. Astronomers had carried the law into their study of the heavens, and had apparently found a proof of variation or exception, which, unexplained, would leave no ground for sustaining Newton's law. Uranus varied in its course, and in such degree as to make it absolutely certain that another planet remained to be disclosed. There could be no exception to a natural law. It must always operate, or it did not exist. Were there no other planet when Leverrier and Adams had placed it on the map of the heavens, then there was no supreme law, and science had lost its bearings and religion its God. But there was faith in natural law. Science brooked no thought of failure. It had been tested in every other direction with no shadow of failure or variation. The night of the 18th of September, 1846, a telescope was pointed in accordance with the instructions of an astronomer thousands of miles away. Peering out through the space, mortal eye first saw the star that had been twinkling for eons of ages. It was the triumph of natural law. It silenced the scoffers at a great lawgiver. But in the thought of a star found thus nearly 3,000,000 miles from the sun there is no warrant for faith that the lawgiver under whose hands it was fashioned made of any of these worlds which form dots in his universe homes for enforced poverty. No intelligent worship of majesty is based upon the idea that one who could measure such distances and mark the course of the stars could not so distribute his gifts as to make all his creatures happy. If there be room for deeds of charity offered to-day in Christian churches, if there be a minister saddened at the thought of misery among his people taxing the resources at his command; then is there a text for him in the last planet. Man had not seen it. But his faith had pointed to within a fraction of a degree to its position in the heavens. The hand was guided by a natural law, and the law was no greater than its maker. If it be the work of a Creator, and if this service is to be honorably performed, then must its ministers expose the absurdity that attributes to God the poverty of the masses and the luxury of the classes. Conditions which now the church laments it must

be brought to see are slanders upon the God it worships. If it would regain the support of the masses, it must look at them, rather than at their oppressors. God's laws work for man's happiness. In them man must find tests for his own statics.

That law rules seems to be self-evident. It is illustrated in hundreds of different ways. That God rules cannot be mathematically demonstrated; it is a hypothesis, without any of the supports of mathematics, or such evidences as are required in the sciences.

LAW RULES.

THE MEDIUMS' HOME.

Statement Made by Its Founder.

TO THE EDITOR:—Referring to the article in your issue of Dec. 19, 1891, headed, "That Mediums' Home," signed Videx, I have made up my mind to answer it for the information of the readers of your most excellent paper; also for the benefit of those desiring to contribute to the funds of the Hammatt Villa Park and Mediums' Home, that they may know that it is not all a *fak*, but instead is a solid and existing reality, based on a legal and substantial basis.

On the 7th of August, 1890, I filed in the San Diego County (Cal.) recorder's office a quit-claim deed from all the heirs to my estate, to prevent future litigation; also subsequently filed on same date a trust deed conveying to seven trustees and their successors forever 160 acres of land lying at Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal., and a 40-acre tract lying at Carlsbad, same county (said tract being held for sale for the home), together with buildings, improvements and personal property, which I consider to be worth \$10,000, for the foundation of a Mediums' Home. This deed is an irrevocable one. Neither the trustees nor myself can ever dispose of, encumber or use for any other purpose than the following:

1. As a specialty, the treatment and cure of the obsessed or so-called insane state of mediumship.
2. For the orphan children belonging to Spiritualists and mediums, to be brought up and educated until 21 years of age.
3. The aged and infirm mediums to have a home the remainder of their earth-life, among those of similar thought and belief.
4. For the temporarily sick and worn-out mediums to have an opportunity to recuperate and gather new forces preparatory to again entering the spiritual field of labor; also for the development of mediumship under favorable conditions, having time and opportunity of learning from their spirit band what their mission is before launching out into the world as a teacher.

The plan for building this home is in village form of cottages, from size of one to five or six rooms, the building spot being large enough to accommodate this style of building, and all of these classes of mediums in proper order and harmony. It is in the plan to buy up the adjoining tracts of land. We have 1,000 acres and purpose putting it under cultivation to nuts and fruits, as a revenue of support for those who are worthy but unable to pay their own way. This tract of land lies thirty miles north of San Diego City and is between three and four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and about two miles from the most lovely beach on the Pacific coast. The town of Encinitas is close to the beach, with a railroad running through from Los Angeles to San Diego. The scenery is simply grand. Sitting in my doorway I can see the sun set in all its gorgeous beauty over about two hundred miles of the ocean and seemingly falling into its great body. The Coronada, Catalina and Santa Rosa Islands can be seen without a glass. Lying on the east can be seen the whole mountain range with its noted peaks in all their majestic beauty, from the San Bernardino snow-capped mountain a hundred miles north, to away south of Table Mountain in old Mexico, together with valleys and foothills the nearest of which is within eight or ten miles. The climate is the finest in the world, the thermometer seldom ranging far from 70 degrees the year round; no winters freezing cold to cut short their life. It is just the climate to prolong the life of the aged and sick people. This property, now worth \$10,000, has a prospect of doubling in value inside of three years. The Government has already decided to invest several millions in harbor defenses, military posts and custom house at San Diego. Large iron industries are to be built, and the irrigation stream has already been voted, the plant of which will cause several millions to be expended in the county. The development of this water alone will double the value of property in the country. There are now over 1,000,000 citron trees in the country, the fruit of which will soon require another railroad to handle. I did not come to the world for the first dollar for the foundation of this grand project, but first laid myself this valuable foundation. I have already given seven years of my life forces in accumulating the property, and hope I may be able to give twice seven more years to this most valuable and necessary work. I have given my all for this supreme humanitarian object, and have nothing left to improve the property with preparatory to opening it up for use, and as is for the benefit of mediums throughout the United States, therefore, I have come to the Spiritualists of the United States for the necessary means to further this grand purpose. It is true I have reserved the right of control of the in-

stitution, thereby protecting myself with a home in my old age (now nearly sixty years), but more particularly that I might carry out the plans and wishes of my spirit guides, who helped me to accumulate the property for this especial purpose. I have been eighteen months soliciting from the public, commencing Aug. 10, 1891, up to Feb. 10, 1892, and in that time have collected \$469.48; expenses \$152.65, leaving deposited \$316.83. Many have become interested in this work, the outlook of which is very encouraging, and it is only a question of time in the near future when the home will be open for use. Should any of your readers desire to assist this philanthropic work by gifts or legacies, such legal and binding contracts will be entered into as shall satisfy the giver that such gifts or legacy will be used as desired by the donor.

Mrs. Helen C. Bushyhead, Box 254, San Diego, Cal., has been appointed Financial and Recording Secretary, and Mr. D. Edson Smith, Santa Anna, Cal., has been appointed Treasurer of the Hammatt Villa Park and Mediums' Home. Any person desiring further information may address either the Secretary or myself, and donations may be sent to the Secretary.

MRS. E. A. HAMMATT.
Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal.

[The trustees appointed give Mrs. E. A. Hammatt their cordial support, considering her in all respects honest and trustworthy.—EDITOR.]

HAST THOU SEEN MY ANGEL?

Have I not an angel—
A spirit ever nigh—
To guide me as I journey
And take me when I die?
For each is one appointed;
Tradition thus hath told;
Then am I lost in darkness,
Far from my happy fold!
Else tell me why mine waiteth!
Hath he some truer love?
Another mission hath he,
Or waiteth he above?
Am I forgot by heaven?
The loneliest of the poor,
The only child unheeded
And past all hope of cure!
Say, hast thou seen my angel,
And is it like his ways
To leave me in my sorrow,
Hopeless all these days!
And ye who search the azure,
In your ecstatic sleep,
Get ye from him no message,
Dropped from that upper deep!
And hath he sent no token,
And will he never attend?
The one with heart so broken
It hath no power to mend!
Ye, too, who rule in temples
And teach from holy page,
Bring ye from him no tidings
In your hard pilgrimage!
To lend my soul new courage,
To ebb the tide of tears,
Oh! that a God-sent angel
Might guard these twilight years!
To loose the galling fetters
And set the captive free;
Oh! should'st thou see my angel,
Make thou to him my plea
Of my long life of anguish:
Give him at once to know,
And tell this guardian spirit
I'm ready now to go.
Suffering here I linger
And pray with every breath
For shining ones to wing me
Beyond this vale of death.
That toward the home of glory
They'll cleave the mighty space,
Where with my heavenly vision
I'll see them face to face.

—E. D. SHAW.

The True Underlying Principles.

TO THE EDITOR:—Somewhere in my reading, I have seen a beautiful story, purporting to be a tradition concerning the site of the great Temple of Solomon. It illustrates fully and completely the principle of self-abnegation that must underlie all human brotherhood. The land is said to have belonged originally to two brothers, who held it in common, undivided. One of these brothers had a family, the other had none. On the exact spot on which the holy of holies was afterwards located, was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife:

"My young brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise and take of my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself:

"My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished.

This course of events transpired several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed with such associations as this was the temple of Solomon, erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf? So far has this gone, that even the vaunted benevolent paternities of the world are very largely in assisting those who need help unless under humiliating conditions. The great trouble of today is that the term brotherhood is but as a sounding cymbal and tinkling brass.

D. M.

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Spiritualism came into the world when the mind needed it. The age of reason silenced the loquacious theological schools, which made as much noise as rival colonies of monkeys in a tropical forest. Nature became reason's correct province of work. The sciences sprang into being. The spirit rap, through a telegraphic method of communicating with spirits, and called forth the interest of the scientific intellect to solve some of the problems of life, and the relation of intelligent mind to these phenomena presented by mediums. He who had listened in vain to the eloquent pleadings of divines, turned with eagerness to the sublime manifestations of Spiritualism, the promptings of feeling and reason, and an unconquerable love of life lent a beauty and a charm to the prospects of a future existence, in harmony with the laws of nature, so unchangeable to the eye of reason.

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In 1856 Mr. Newton retired from business, and devoted his time to the study of art. It was at this time that he took up the study of photography. In speaking of him and his work in photography I select the following from "Anthony's Photographic Bulletin":

"From Prof. Seeley he obtained a fourteen by seventeen dry plate outfit. It is not to be wondered that Mr. Newton turned his attention to paper negatives. With such an outfit the amateur of our day would grumble from early morn till dewy eve; but Mr. Newton

manfully took up his load and commenced the study of the science in which he has achieved triumphs excelled by none in this country, and today he has negatives which, because of their exquisite beauty, are frequently borrowed to obtain prints, by well-known photographers in this city. We have never seen anything to excel them."

The bulletin further says: "All efforts to compound a bromide emulsion with excess of silver nitrate and make it permanent had failed, until Mr. Newton made the experiment of neutralizing the excess of silver nitrate by adding a chloride. His valuable discovery was noted both at home and abroad. In the British *Journal of Photography* for 1875, page 268, are found some very favorable and commendatory comments on Mr. Newton's work."

About twenty-two years ago Mr. Newton was appointed President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute. He succeeded Prof. Charles Joy, of Columbia College, who succeeded Prof. Draper, the learned author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe," and which position he holds at the present time.

Mr. Newton has essentially a scientific form of mind. He loves the quiet of the laboratory. He is not destitute of public spirit, but could never be made to take any public part in politics. He was nominated Mayor of New York City by the Greenback party, but declined. The gentleman who accepted the nomination in his place was elected; that was Edward Cooper, son of Peter Cooper.

Mr. Newton was elected President of the First Association of Spiritualists in 1873, succeeding Dr. Hallack, which position he still occupies.

Materialization, as presented by Mr. Caffrey, led him to undertake the investigation of the subject. Mrs. Wells was the first medium he met who would submit to the conditions that would permit of a scientific study. It soon became clear that the investigation of materialization could not be conducted scientifically with the cabinets ordinarily used by mediums; that they gave opportunity for evil persons to commit fraud, and even left a suspicion upon good mediums. Mrs. Wells agreed with alacrity to Mr. Newton's scientific requirements. The history of his experience with her is before the public, and probably for a long time will be a fruitful subject of dispute among those who took part in the investigations. Mr. Newton is satisfied of the reality of the mediumship of Mrs. Wells. He holds that there is a power manifested in these phenomena that is new to human experience, and acts thoroughly to the discomfiture of man's established belief in the natural philosopher's definitions of matter. The transcendental action of spirit upon the atoms of matter, and its power and mode of producing physical phenomena, is a reality of nature, of which, at present, we know nothing. He is a bold man who dares affirm what spirit can and cannot do. Mediums, subject to the control of spirits, must be held responsible for their acts so far as they can freely and consciously act. I am ready to admit that in the presence of spiritual phenomena I am in relation with phenomena and forces that cannot at all times be reduced to the category or formula of scientific investigation. There are many forms of phenomena that cannot be scientifically proved, but they are well known to Spiritualists. Mr. Newton, in the course of his investigations, came to the conclusion that he could not in a high-handed manner dispatch the subject as one entirely of a fraudulent nature. The difficulty is not in the medium, but in the limitations of human reason itself. The spiritual world is above the powers of the intellect. Impatient minds were in too great a hurry to decide the claims of Mrs. Wells. Mr. Newton, with calm patience, continued to investigate and look for the facts without coming to any *a priori* conclusions. He was right in declining to submit the Wells' case to twelve men, who, in their own minds, did not believe in the natural possibility of materialization. To try a case before such a jury would be simply playing with justice, and absurd in the eye of reason. Persecuted mediums cannot get justice in courts of law today. If Mrs. Wells were the greatest fraud on earth, she was treated badly, and with great prejudice.

Mr. Newton became acquainted with Mrs. Roberts, the medium, four years ago. She is a woman of slender physique, and nervous. She is an ambitious and a fearless woman, one of those persons who show extremes of character, impulsive, intense and hopeful. She has in her constitution the necessary quality to develop the most splendid manifestations the human mind has ever contemplated. She is eminently the medium for scientific study. Finding her endowed with these personal and mediumistic qualities, Mr. Newton went to work and constructed a cabinet after his own mind, and which those who worked with him deemed fraud-proof.

The idea primarily of a cabinet is to secure a place for the medium where the bad effects of light are excluded or prevented, the absence of light being one of the general essential conditions for materialization. This cabinet idea has been enlarged so as to make it a thing to add to the quality of the evidence in the production of the phenomena, by demonstrating that the medium it contains is not a party to the manifestation in a fraudulent sense. The ordinary cabinet used by Mrs. Roberts in her general seances is constructed like the one used so long by Mrs. Espérance, consisting of two compartments, the medium usually sitting in the one and the forms appearing from the other. In

the private circles with Mr. Newton and his select seance, the cabinet in use was designed by Mr. Newton himself, and erected in his own home. The following description I have from the pen of Mr. Newton himself: "The cabinet is a very strong one, and the compartment in which the medium is placed is covered on all sides with a wire netting, also top and bottom. The framework is put together with two-inch screws, which are all screwed from the outside, consequently they are inaccessible to any person on the inside of the cabinet or cage. There are strap hinges to the door, which cannot be interfered with from the inside. In addition to this, every joint is sealed with sealing-wax, on which is the autograph of the person who placed it there. There are between thirty and forty of these seals; also twine is woven into the meshes of the wire, one line above and one line below the center bar. After the medium is locked in, the twine is drawn tight and tied, and the knots securely sealed with sealing-wax. Another line of twine runs over the top and under the bottom. This is also drawn tight and sealed at the side in the middle. Three spring locks fasten the door on the medium on the inside, and sometimes postage stamps are placed over the holes of the locks. Persons at the seance are at liberty to put on stamps or seals anywhere at their pleasure. Before the medium is placed in the cabinet she is denuded of every white or light garment by three lady members of the circle. There is not a thread of white upon the medium nor upon the cabinet." Such is the cabinet and its mechanical conditions as it exists in Mr. Newton's private residence, 128 West 43d Street, New York City.

From the empty compartment of this extraordinary cabinet emerge forms of celestial beauty and whiteness. They appear to be solid. They can talk. They move freely. They go straight up to persons. They know all in the circle, and they display great muscular power. They seem to be persons as real as I am, and of different sizes, some tall, some small and delicate, and some as nimble as an athlete. It is the strong conviction of those who have sat privately for any length of time with Mrs. Roberts that she is best adapted for private and select investigation. Promiscuous seances dissipate the power. It is the serious opinion of Mr. Newton that if the important phenomena of Spiritualism were only quietly and privately investigated in a scientifically competent way, greater and more startling results would be attained; but that this show business and parade of phenomena, night after night, can only land the medium in disaster and shame. One great failing among investigators is this, they lack the necessary power of persistent application till worthy and satisfactory results are obtained.

The most startling and wonderful manifestations obtained yet through the powers of Mrs. Roberts is her coming through the meshes of the wire door. At the mention of this a sneer will cross the face of a skeptic; but the careful manner in which this phenomenon has been tested, leaves no doubt about the actual fact, though it may appear to contradict the uniform experience of reason. The whole subject of materialization is so extraordinary and lacking in the support of human experience, that what is here claimed assumes at first sight the actual character of a miracle; but a miracle it is not. The spirits say that it is done in harmony with natural law and spirit power. The experiment involves the assumption that spirits have power to pass matter through matter. The nature of matter itself, apart from phenomena, is beyond human knowledge and capacity. We know nothing of matter *per se*. We know persistent sensations as the qualities of phenomena. When reason appears to come in contact with a contradiction, it assumes something which is not correct. The fact is Mrs. Roberts comes out of the cabinet suddenly. She is pitched through the door into the middle of the room! A seal is not broken! A lock not disturbed! A single wire has not changed its place! The strings around the compartment are intact and undisturbed! All the tests remain perfect as they were when first applied, and Mrs. Roberts stands in the middle of the company free from the cage and unutilized. I make no attempt at explanation; the fact is stupendous. It is almost equal to claiming the truth of two contradictory affirmations. It is clear that reason is not a perfect instrument, and has been at work making assumptions about matter that are not correct. I can believe the gentlemen when they affirm that she was once in the cage. I have examined the cage after she had come out, and the tests were undisturbed. I have been present when she came out of the cage, and to the best of my judgment she seemed to come through the meshes of the wire door.

Mr. Newton tells me a very interesting and marvelous incident that happened at a private seance recently. The committee of ladies had disrobed the medium and thoroughly examined all her clothing. Putting only dark garments upon her, she was placed in the cabinet. Mrs. Newton took the grey ulster belonging to Mrs. Roberts and threw it around Mrs. Roberts's shoulders, the weather being very cold. At the close of the seance it was observed after the medium had been brought through the wire door and placed in the open compartment of the cabinet, that the ulster and one slipper remained behind in the locked compartment. The question arose, how were we to get them out without unlocking the door? The spirits ordered the lowering of the lights, and requested the friends to sing. In about three minutes the slipper was thrown from the cabinet across the room. A

few minutes later the ulster was thrown from the top of the cabinet. All the people in the room saw these things occur. The top of the cabinet, as before stated, is covered with wire, and also a cloth which is securely nailed. As yet I have no explanation how these things are done. But it is obvious to those who only use reason, that Mrs. Roberts is a passive instrument of a power that acts with a singular and most extraordinary results with the stuff men call matter.

A word more about Mr. Newton, for to him is due the wonderful results above narrated, in being the suggestive and prompting investigator. By urging the spirits to clearer and more demonstrative phenomena, he has caused the manifestations to become more and more important. Sometimes he has been much misjudged through the mistake of others. A more thorough and careful investigator I never met; a more cautious and resolute, pains-taking and patient will, under unfavorable conditions, never moved a human brain. His mind is cool; his intellect takes time to decide; he has a prudent tongue. He seldom is betrayed to say anything about himself. He loves Spiritualism. In no sense can he be called a religious Spiritualist. He was bred a Methodist, but being incapable of enthusiasm, a more intellectual church than that he sought and found. He was the friend and helper of T. L. Harris and Mr. Frothingham during their services in New York City. Spiritualism is his darling study. He loves cold, dry facts and phenomena. Such workers as he are planting Spiritualism upon a foundation of everlasting truth. In these great labors he is supported by his amiable wife, who through sunshine and shadow has been a grand worker by his side for the cause of Spiritualism and humanity. When they have done here we shall be better able to accord their true meed of honor.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

LAW RULES.

It Is Demonstrated in Thousands of Ways.

But Who and What Rules Law?

TO THE EDITOR:—Law rules everywhere. It is the dominant factor in existence. It is not capricious, vacillating or unreliable, as illustrated by the *Inter Ocean*, in an article under the heading, "Lesson of a Day." As set forth by that paper, when brazen incompetence would clinch an argument, recourse is had to the declaration that it has always been so, and always must be. And when disputants are confronted with theories beyond their comprehension, and natural laws seem contradicted by daily happenings, a similar refuge is had in denying the existence of natural law, and reliance had on the silly declaration that all ends with the phenomena. The apple falls. It is only one of the phenomena which men cannot explain. This latter is the position of a class of alleged thinkers who could not frame his philosophy without first supposing the existence of natural law, and a supreme lawgiver. How shallow the reasoning of both these classes is illustrated by the lesson of a day recently passed and over. A little over forty years ago Neptune was discovered. The apple had fallen for Newton, and led him to comprehend the universality of the law of gravity. Astronomers had carried the law into their study of the heavens, and had apparently found a proof of variation or exception, which, unexplained, would leave no ground for sustaining Newton's law. Uranus varied in its course, and in such degree as to make it absolutely certain that another planet remained to be disclosed. There could be no exception to a natural law. It must always operate, or it did not exist. Were there no other planet when Leverrier and Adams had placed it on the map of the heavens, then there was no supreme law, and science had lost its bearings, and religion its God. But there was faith in natural law. Science brooked no thought of failure. It had been tested in every other direction with no shadow of failure or variation. The night of the 18th of September, 1846, a telescope was pointed in accordance with the instructions of an astronomer thousands of miles away. Peering out through the space, mortal eye first saw the star that had been twinkling for eons of ages. It was the triumph of natural law. It silenced the scoffers at a great lawgiver. But in the thought of a star found thus nearly 3,000,000,000 miles from the sun there is no warrant for faith that the lawgiver under whose hands it was fashioned made of any of these worlds which form dots in his universe homes for enforced poverty. No intelligent worship of majesty is based upon the idea that one who could measure such distances and mark the course of the stars could not so distribute his gifts as to make all his creatures happy. If there be room for deeds of charity offered to-day in Christian churches, if there be a minister saddened at the thought of misery among his people taxing the resources at his command; then is there a text for him in the last planet. Man had not seen it. But his faith had pointed to within a fraction of a degree to its position in the heavens. The hand was guided by a natural law, and the law was no greater than its maker. If it be the work of a church to make mankind respect the Creator, and if this service is to be honorably performed, then must its ministers expose the absurdity that attributes to God the poverty of the masses and the luxury of the classes. Conditions which now the church laments it must

be brought to see are slanders upon the God it worships. If it would regain the support of the masses, it must look at them, rather than at their oppressors. God's laws work for man's happiness. In them man must find tests for his own statics.

That law rules seems to be self-evident. It is illustrated in hundreds of different ways. That God rules cannot be mathematically demonstrated; it is a hypothesis, without any of the supports of mathematics, or such evidences as are required in the sciences.

LAW RULES.

THE MEDIUMS' HOME.

Statement Made by Its Founder.

TO THE EDITOR:—Referring to the article in your issue of Dec. 19, 1891, headed, "That Mediums' Home," signed Videx, I have made up my mind to answer it for the information of the readers of your most excellent paper; also for the benefit of those desiring to contribute to the funds of the Hammett Villa Park and Mediums' Home, that they may know that it is not all a *fake*, but instead is a solid and existing reality, based on a legal and substantial basis.

On the 7th of August, 1890, I filed in the San Diego County (Cal.) recorder's office a quit-claim deed from all the heirs to my estate, to prevent future litigation; also subsequently filed on same date a trust deed conveying to seven trustees and their successors forever 160 acres of land lying at Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal., and a 40-acre tract lying at Carlsbad, same county (said tract being held for sale for the home), together with buildings, improvements and personal property, which I consider to be worth \$10,000, for the foundation of a Mediums' Home. This deed is an irrevocable one. Neither the trustees nor myself can ever dispose of, encumber or use for any other purpose than the following:

1. As a specialty, the treatment and cure of the obsessed or so-called insane state of mediumship.
2. For the orphan children belonging to Spiritualists and mediums, to be brought up and educated until 21 years of age.
3. The aged and infirm mediums to have a home the remainder of their earth-life, among those of similar thought and belief.
4. For the temporarily sick and worn-out mediums to have an opportunity to recuperate and gather new forces preparatory to again entering the spiritual field of labor; also for the development of mediumship under favorable conditions, having time and opportunity of learning from their spirit band what their mission is before launching out into the world as a teacher.

The plan for building this home is in village form of cottages, from size of one to five or six rooms, the building spot being large enough to accommodate this style of building, and all of these classes of mediums in proper order and harmony. It is in the plan to buy up the adjoining tracts of land. We have 1,000 acres and purpose putting it under cultivation to nuts and fruits, as a revenue of support for those who are worthy but unable to pay their own way. This tract of land lies thirty miles north of San Diego City and is between three and four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and about two miles from the most lovely beach on the Pacific coast. The town of Encinitas is close to the beach, with a railroad running through from Los Angeles to San Diego. The scenery is simply grand. Sitting in my doorway I can see the sun set in all its gorgeous beauty over about two hundred miles of the ocean and seemingly falling into its great body. The Coronada, Catalina and Santa Rosa Islands can be seen without a glass. Lying on the east can be seen the whole mountain range with its noted peaks in all their majestic beauty, from the San Bernardino snow-capped mountain a hundred miles north, to away south of Table Mountain in old Mexico, together with valleys and foothills the nearest of which is within eight or ten miles. The climate is the finest in the world, the thermometer seldom ranging far from 70 degrees the year round; no winters freezing cold to cut short their life. It is just the climate to prolong the life of the aged and sick people. This property, now worth \$10,000, has a prospect of doubling in value inside of three years. The Government has already decided to invest several millions in harbor defenses, military posts and custom house at San Diego. Large iron industries are to be built, and the irrigation stream has already been voted, the plant of which will cause several millions to be expended in the county. The development of this water alone will double the value of property in the country. There are now over 1,000,000 citron trees in the country, the fruit of which will soon require another railroad to handle. I did not come to the world for the first dollar for the foundation of this grand project, but first laid myself this valuable foundation. I have already given seven years of my life forces in accumulating the property, and hope I may be able to give twice seven more years to this most valuable and necessary work. I have given my all for this supreme humanitarian object, and have nothing left to improve the property with preparatory to opening it up for use, and as it is for the benefit of mediums throughout the United States, therefore, I have come to the Spiritualists of the United States for the necessary means to further this grand purpose. It is true I have reserved the right of control of the in-

stitution, thereby protecting myself with a home in my old age (now nearly sixty years), but more particularly that I might carry out the plans and wishes of my spirit guides, who helped me to accumulate the property for this especial purpose. I have been eighteen months soliciting from the public, commencing Aug. 10, 1891, up to Feb. 10, 1892, and in that time have collected \$469.48; expenses \$152.65, leaving deposited \$316.83.

Many have become interested in this work, the outlook of which is very encouraging, and it is only a question of time in the near future when the home will be open for use. Should any of your readers desire to assist this philanthropic work by gifts or legacies, such legal and binding contracts will be entered into as shall satisfy the giver that such gifts or legacy will be used as desired by the donor.

Mrs. Helen C. Bushyhead, Box 254, San Diego, Cal., has been appointed Financial and Recording Secretary, and Mr. D. Edson Smith, Santa Anna, Cal., has been appointed Treasurer of the Hammett Villa Park and Mediums' Home. Any person desiring further information may address either the Secretary or myself, and donations may be sent to the Secretary.

MRS. E. A. HAMMATT.
Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal.

[The trustees appointed give Mrs. E. A. Hammatt their cordial support, considering her in all respects honest and trustworthy.—EDITOR.]

HAST THOU SEEN MY ANGEL?

Have I not an angel—
A spirit ever nigh,
To guide me as I journey
And take me when I die!
For each is one appointed:
Tradition thus hath told;
Then am I lost in darkness,
Far from my happy fold!
Else tell me why mine waiteth!
Hath he some truer love!
Another mission hath he,
Or waiteth he above!
Am I forgot by heaven?
The loneliest of the poor,
The only child unheeded
And past all hope of cure!
Say, hast thou seen my angel,
And is it like his face,
To leave me in my sorrow,
Hopeless all these days!
And ye who search the azure,
In your ecstatic sleep,
Get ye from him no message,
Dropped from that upper deep!
And hath he sent no token,
And will he ne'er attend
The one with heart so broken
It hath no power to mend!
Ye, too, who rule in temples
And teach from holy page,
Bring ye from him no tidings
In your hard pilgrimage!
To lend my soul new courage,
To ebb the tide of tears,
Oh! that a God-sent angel
Might guard these twilight years!
To loose the galling fetters
And set the captive free;
Oh! shouldst thou see my angel,
Make thou to him my plea
Of my long life of anguish:
Give him at once to know,
And tell this guardian spirit
I'm ready now to go.
Suffering here I linger
And pray with every breath
For shining ones to wing me
Beyond this vale of death.
That toward the home of glory
They'll cleave the mighty space,
Where with my heavenly vision
I'll see them face to face.

—E. D. SHAW.

The True Underlying Principles.

TO THE EDITOR:—Somewhere in my reading, I have seen a beautiful story, purporting to be a tradition concerning the site of the great Temple of Solomon. It illustrates fully and completely the principle of self-abnegation that must underlie all human brotherhood. The land is said to have belonged originally to two brothers, who held it in common, undivided. One of these brothers had a family, the other had none. On the exact spot on which the holy of holies was afterwards located, was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife:

"My young brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise and take of my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself:

"My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished.

This course of events transpired several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed with such associations as this was the temple of Solomon, erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf? So far has this gone, that even the vaunted benevolent paternalities of the world are very largely in assisting those who need help unless under humiliating conditions. The great trouble of today is that the term brotherhood is but as a sounding cymbal and tinkling brass.

D. M.

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 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 credit 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 *Testimonies*, 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.]

The Desire of Riches, Their Use and Abuse.

The object of all human endeavor is to accumulate riches and secure the advantage of wealth. The needs of men must be supplied, and these needs are constant and imperative, hence the universal desire for the means to supply them. The pursuit of wealth is, therefore, legitimate and natural, and when it is not made the great and absorbing passion of life, it answers a useful and necessary purpose. There is danger, however, that the real object of accumulation is forgotten, and the pursuit is made for the sake of wealth for itself, and not as a means of supplying our wants. When this happens, it becomes a base and degrading vice, and leads men into the most selfish schemes. When money is considered as a means to an end, and that end the support of one's self and family, or for the purpose of enabling the possessor to make suitable provision for those who are dependent upon him, it is a noble and useful pursuit; but when it is not for this or similar purposes, it is apt to be a matter of wealth only and not of support, and the more a man has the more he wants, and it is often carried to such an extent as to become the only motive in life, and no means are neglected, however dishonorable, to gratify the desire for more and still more. The example often occurs of a man who has acquired great wealth devoting it to beneficent purposes—the founding of liberal institutions and the endowment of wise charities, and when wealth is used for these and the like purposes, it is a good instead of an evil, and works in the divine order of the universe. The real philanthropist can do an amount of good in this way that will make his name memorable and his age happy. We have also to consider the effect of such conduct upon a man's condition in Spirit-life, for he who makes no such use of his means, but instead devotes it all to selfish ends, will occupy a poor place in the world where all earthly distinctions arising from mere material causes hold no sway. If a man wants to occupy a good place in the future life, he had better make proper use of his good fortune here. The spendthrift and miser are contemptible everywhere. He who is rich and niggardly will find himself poor indeed, in a world where there is no money to hoard and no riches to spend.

When we see a man devoting his whole time and energies to the accumulation of wealth, we think of a man who would drive a horse to death for the sake of winning a race, and comes in at last far behind on the course. Let the man who wins the race answer by what means he succeeded, and in nine cases out of ten he will inform you that it was by steady work and by saving the strength of his steed till the supreme moment, and then making a grand effort for the winning post. So it is with the man who would win in the race of life; he must save his resources till the moment when they are most needed, and then make such disposition of them as will enable him to enter the new life with the most favorable circumstances on his side. We are not aware of anything that can mitigate the inordinate passion for wealth so well as the fact that it can only be of use during the short span of man's life below; that no part of it will follow him into the unknown universe where he is to live forever, and where material wealth goes for nothing.

When we see any one amass a fortune, and spend it in works of beneficence, he appears to be nearer the perfect man than anyone else, for the reason that he does good and lays up treasure in heaven, where it will be safely kept for the benefit of his soul.

I remember the case of a millionaire who bestowed his riches upon his family alone, and never thought of anyone or of anything but his own. He acquired his wealth by avarice and sharp dealing, and no appeal could ever reach his sensibilities. He was loved by no one, not even by those who inherited his estate. Among his children there was a son who spent what his father had hoarded, and finally having exhausted his share he was left in poverty and rags. His wealth did good to no one, and was the source of ruin to his offspring. What a fate to contemplate, and yet how many are doing the same thing. In another case the possessor of great wealth endowed institutions of learning, founded charities, gathered libraries for the free use of the poor, and erected a school for the ignorant. When these two men entered spirit-life, how different was their condition! The first was lost to all the joys of that fair world, and the other was welcomed by the highest and most exalted spirits to share with them the blessed things of their happy state.

ILLUSTRATION.

The great mass of mankind look to the future life without knowing or caring much about it, but when the moment comes for them to die there is a fear and trembling, and an

anxious looking forward. This was my condition when I passed away. The key hand of death was laid upon my shivering form, and I felt the awful time had come for the inevitable summons. No ray of light fell upon the sinking spirit, no gleam of hope alleviated the parting agonies, and as my consciousness remained clear to the last, I felt the bitterness of losing all I held dear, even life itself. At length the light became dim and darkness shrouded the world. How long I remained in this condition I know not, but when I awoke the space about me was boundless, and no object was visible. A confused sense of life was all I could feel, and no symptom of anything human was near. Where was I, and what was the meaning of this solitude and silence? No answer came to my questions. No friend nor nurse was by to care for me. The thought came that I had passed through the last struggle of earth, for I felt no pain, nor did the languor of sickness depress my frame. At last a sound broke upon my ear. It was a voice, but so unlike the voice of a human being that I could not believe it came from any one I had ever known. It was soft and low, and I felt it like a ray of light passing through a crystal. The effect was marvelous. I knew I was no more on the earth-plane, and a wonderful feeling of relief came over me. I almost laughed at the ridiculous fears I had experienced regarding death, and I was astonished to find myself really over the dreadful chasm by a process so gentle that I scarcely knew it. When I left my body, there was no sensible pain or feeling that the physical life was departing. It was, indeed, the quietest and most peaceful moment of my sickness.

I make this statement of my own experience in order to show how groundless are the anxieties and trepidation with which so many regard the last great summons. Many deathbeds are made very unhappy to friends and relatives from an idea that the last of life must be one of great pain and distress to the departing one, when in fact, whatever may be the external symptoms, the patient suffers less than at any other stage of the disease.

I soon regained my power of observation, and was able to discern the forms of things and persons. There was a great mass of clouds overhanging the place where I was, and through rifts here and there I could discover a clear sky beyond. The place became contracted into a wide and beautiful lawn, the clouds opened, and parted asunder with a loud crash of thunder. A splendid company came floating through the opening and appeared to be surrounded by a golden light that burnished their garments and jewels. One of them came before the other, and you may judge of my surprise and delight on beholding my dear, sweet mother in a form of perfection that filled my soul with tender memories of her gentleness and love. The friends who accompanied her gathered around, and each bestowed a garland upon the mother and the daughter once more united to be separated no more. It is not a matter of surprise to the readers of these papers to be told that I was drawn forward by an inward impetus that was entirely new in my experience, and that I was finally, after visiting old and new friends, settled in a beautiful home near that of my beloved mother.

When the time came for my marriage, a noble spirit appeared. We were mutually attracted, and our friends who witnessed the ceremony of nuptials, attended to my husband's home, where an entertainment was prepared for all who came. There was music and dancing, and thrilling speeches of congratulation. The occasion was honored by the presence of many distinguished people, and the happiness of all around us, contributed to our own, made us feel how sacred and holy a relation we had entered upon. The love of two beings is like the divine rapture of a new Eden where the soul, yielding itself to the influence of the highest inspirations, is forever taking on the tenderness and harmony of a diviner life.

Bishop A. Beals in New Orleans.

TO THE EDITOR:—I reached this Crescent City a stranger, but found on my arrival friends ready to greet me and to give me the sympathy of their hearts and homes. I found in Capt. Jack (as he is familiarly called), who is the president of the society here, a genial-hearted gentleman, an ardent defender of the cause of spiritual truth and one highly respected by all classes of people. His news stand, at No. 11 St. Charles street, has all the spiritual periodicals for sale, and the demand for these papers here shows a growing interest in the philosophy and teachings of spiritual truth.

William Brodie, corresponding secretary of this society, is a young man alive to the interests of progress, and an important factor to the society socially and morally. The Catholic church here dominates society and holds in subjection the masses of that church, and with its natural ally, Protestantism, the foes of our cause here are legion, and like an incubus shadow the entire city; but notwithstanding these bitter enemies of our cause the beautiful teachings of spirit communion are rapidly spreading, and mediumship is developing in many cases of high character, phenomenally and mentally.

My meetings have been largely attended, and listened to with rapt attention, and the sympathy and appreciation expressed by the many warm-hearted friends have been to my soul an inspiration helpful and strengthening, and an encouragement in my missionary work and efforts.

Bro. Carding, of St. Louis, a medium of rare gifts, both physical and mental, has attended my meetings, and rendered valuable assistance in giving evidence of spirit presence.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the admired of all and commended for its progressive spirit and daring, outspoken denunciation of error and wrong, as revealed by the clear eye of reason. BISHOP A. BEALS.

AN OPEN LETTER.

It Is Full of Pertinent Suggestions and Points.

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY (Editor R. P. Journal), Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—I have taken your paper ever since you took charge of it, and for many years before. For twenty-four years I have read nearly every number, and in every one, I think, I have found some entertaining and profitable reading; and I like some things about it yet, and would very much like to see it popular with Spiritualists generally. The aim of the paper to purify Spiritualism and to place it on a perfectly sound basis by demonstrating the truth of its teachings in a scientific manner, and by men of such scientific knowledge and training that the results would be final and unanswerable, is an object the accomplishment of which I believe to be very desirable. It seems to me all who wish for a certainty of proof relative to a life after the change called death must consider such a consummation very desirable indeed. I believe all desire such proof, and therefore, the R. P. Journal ought to be popular with all, and if it is not, then there must be some reason why it is not. I do not presume to be wiser than the R. P. Journal editor, but every one has his point of observation, and from mine some things may be noticeable that may not be in the line of vision from his point of observation; and if I mention some such things as they appear from my standpoint, let me assure him it is in hopes of doing some good, and that I do it with kindly feelings, zealous only for truth.

I am prompted to this letter by a statement in the R. P. Journal of Jan. 23d, as follows: "The editor of the Journal, though far from being an expert, can write on the inside of a pair of slates which have the frames screwed together at each end, and the screw-heads sealed and stamped. He will even allow the slates to be further secured with twine. This trick is very simple."

Now, Bro. Bundy, if you in the above had said that you could so prepare slates that writing would be developed after they were so secured, it might have done good, by causing some investigators to be on their guard against imposition; but what you say is, that you "can write on the inside" of slates so fastened. If you can write under such circumstances, then the caution means more than you seem to wish to fully express; for your language is very comprehensive indeed. It says that such writing can be done by a "very simple trick," and that you can do it. If such is the case, then the scientists who have demonstrated that such writing must have been effected by what Spiritualists understand to be spirit power, were most likely imposed upon on account of not understanding this "very simple trick." I think you intended to state the fact truly, but I cannot believe the statement for all that. I think it is warped by the excessive skepticism that seems to influence you in all you write relative to the phenomena of Spiritualism. You seem to think yourself the only one who is honest, and to feel yourself a lone but mighty warrior against a host of fraudulent persons, and that the salvation of all of us poor gullible dupes depends on your mighty will! Well, if that is so, do you expect to save us by saying that you can do things which the masses of our people do not and can not believe you able to do? The common sense of most, if not all, intelligent Spiritualists forces them to conclude that you can not write inside of two slates in the way you say you can. If that reads harshly, then remember that the leading idea of this age is, let every man think for himself, and reason out his own conclusions. I remember that very often when I have tried to convince my Spiritualistic friends that the Journal sought the best interests of our cause, they have very persistently advocated that you were only professedly a Spiritualist; and that in the guise of a friend you were, in fact, an enemy, and as an enemy, always deceitfully ready to do them an injury, and that Spiritualists, in fact, received only wounds from the Journal, and never any brave and determined defense. You tell them to read the accounts of the investigation of these phenomena by noted scientists; but, when they look to those scientists for proofs to confirm them in their faith, you upset them again by saying the automatic or independent writing, claimed to be the result of spirit power, is a "very simple trick," which you can do yourself, and from week to week, and from year to year, you write in the same way about every other form of spirit phenomena, and the enemies of truth note it and giggle out that Bundy downs the whole thing. Those enemies are made glad, but Spiritualists feel only the smarting of ugly and oft-repeated wounds that come from their professed friend who claims to be advocating their cause.

Why make such radically rabid assertions relative to the devices of fraud as to make your readers doubt their accuracy and your veracity? Do not such extremes weaken your influence for good? Do they not exasperate the bad instead of reforming them? Do they not at the same time excite the disgust and contempt of the majority of the honest and intelligent among our people who are able to measure accurately the real merits of the Journal? Why "kick against the pricks"? Why war always? Why toady to church people for support when our own people would hold you up if you would only treat them decently? Why don't you explain that "very simple trick," instead of boasting about what you can do?

Again, why should Spiritualists support a paper that avoids explaining simple tricks that they are deceived by and only boasts of being able to do them so as to deceive? Why should they pay more for it than they have to pay for papers true to their interests. Let Spiritualists answer the last two of these

whys," but you, Bundy, be you true friend or disguised enemy, or whatever you may be, please answer them all to your own conscience, and according to your often-expressed desire for the elimination of fraud, and for a pure Spiritualism.

I hope the thoughts suggested may help to bring about such a purification as may do us all good. Perhaps they may make us more careful in our statements, so that what we write will not be discredited by the common sense of our readers. We may all of us become mighty hunters of fraud yet; we may even detect and expose vain, boasting falsehood, especially if we can only learn the sly tricks by which we are deceived. Hoping that you will explain this one "very simple trick," I remain, yours truly,

GEORGE BROOKS.

Bloomington Ill., Feb. 23, '92.

P. S. To feel that common sense is outraged is bad enough, but when a correspondent writes as yours is quoted relative to this matter in the Journal of Feb. 6th, and is mockingly referred, as he was, to instances where noted men were gulled by this "very simple trick," it is too bad. It is simply tearing open afresh our wounds by showing that our trusted leaders took this simple trick to be proof of spirit manifestation. That is how you advocate the cause of pure Spiritualism. G. B.

Homestead on the Hill.

When the heart is touched with sadness
And when brooding fancy plays,
There is naught that comes so sweetly
As the thought of other days.
As a burst of golden sunlight
When the waving storm is still,
Comes the pleading recollection
Of the homestead on the hill.

A soldier lay at midnight
On the silent battle plain,
Where the stars looked down in coldness
As if mocking mortal pain;
But through all the lonely hours
Sweet his heart the peaceful thrill,
That awoke with sweet remembrance
Of the homestead on the hill.

In the silvery mists of morning,
In the golden twilight gleam,
Then 'tis sweet upon the ocean
To invoke the sleepless dream,
And to yield a glad submission
To our thoughts' imperious will,
As they waft us o'er the waters
To the homestead on the hill.

Stand amid the regal splendor
Of the storied realms of old,
With their gilded domes and columns
Like a mountain tipped with gold;
What these types of earthly glory,
What these marks of human skill,
To the simple rustic beauty
Of the homestead on the hill?

Then I ask of Fate a fortune
That no fairer is than this—
That my life may be as joyous
As these conjured hours of bliss,
When I catch the cheering echo
Of those early voices still,
That resounded through the chambers
Of the homestead on the hill.

—J. H. Todd.

Thoroughly Trying the Medium.

TO THE EDITOR:—We have had with us for the past two weeks Geo. D. Search, who has given most wonderful manifestations. In several circles we have had the medium sewed to the carpet, a saucer filled with water upon his head, his hands tied with small thread, and in this condition four and five musical instruments are carried around and played upon; also numbers of hands were felt, lights were seen, and under conditions that preclude a possibility of doubt. We have also sewed gloves on his hands while he sat outside of an improvised cabinet, and while held by both hands by two of the circle hands and faces were shown, and all the instruments played upon.

He has also given a number of slate-writings to skeptics as well as believers. In a bright, sun-lit room, with the slates in full light, loud raps were heard, and I have seen the guitar float out in the room in broad daylight with both of Mr. Search's hands in sight.

Since he visited here last his control has changed for a higher order, and through his gifts many have seen the new light. I have known Mr. Search for a number of years, and since he has been cured of his one great weakness, I can recommend him as a first-class medium. W. S. ROBERTS.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Joaquin Miller has renounced the world and fled to the mountains near San Diego all because his son has gone to the penitentiary for three years for stage robbery. If the bard had been a father to the boy instead of permitting him to grow up a wild outcast he would receive more sympathy in the hour of his humiliation.

Leland Stanford is the richest man in the Senate or House.

Dr. Gibier, who has been conducting the Pasture Institute in New York, has become tired of using his private means in order to operate the establishment, and talks of closing it. He has treated there 300 patients.

Senator Foster, who is on his way across the Atlantic "for his health," is said to have habitually smoked an average of twelve cigars a day for the last twenty-five years.

Leslie Stephen, in a letter to the London Times, proposes a fund to erect to the memory of James Russell Lowell a monument, to be placed in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Lowell was one of the most popular Ministers ever sent from the United States to the Court of St. James.

Mr. Jay Gould has spent many thousands of dollars on railroad extension and many hundreds of thousands of dollars on railroad sustentation, but he has astonished the world by contributing \$10,000 to the work of the Committee of the Presbytery of New York on Church Extension and Sustentation.

Blavatsky's Successor.

TO THE EDITOR:—As in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you devote a column to the Foulke monomania, will you not kindly insert the inclosed slip in answer? Nothing can be more preposterous and insane than the whole recital regarding "Madame Blavatsky's Successor." J. D. BUCK.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

MR. FOULKE NOT THE MAN—NOT EVEN A THEOSOPHIST.

The following communication from the General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society will be interesting to those who have read Mr. Perry's recent article on Madame Blavatsky's successor:

Editor Daily Times: Will you permit me to correct the statement of Mr. J. R. Perry in your issue of Jan. 28, that Madame Blavatsky appointed as her "successor" Mr. Henry B. Foulke, and "guaranteed" to him the "allegiance" of the "higher spiritual intelligences and forces." As one of Madame Blavatsky's oldest and most intimate friends, connected with her most closely in the foundation and work of the Theosophical Society, and familiar with her teachings, purposes, ideas and forecasts, I am in a position to assure both Mr. Perry and the public that there is not an atom of foundation for the statement quoted.

Madame Blavatsky has no "successor," could have none, never contemplated, selected or notified one. Her work and her status were unique. Whether or not her genuineness as a spiritual teacher be admitted matters not; she believed it to be so, and all who enjoyed her confidence will unite with me in the assertion that she never even hinted at "succession," "allegiance," or "guarantee." Even if a successor was possible, Mr. Foulke could not be he. He is not a member of the Theosophical Society, does not accept its and her teachings, had a very slight and brief acquaintance with her, and pretends to no interest in her views, life or mission.

But anyhow, no "guaranteeing of allegiance of spiritual forces" is practicable by any one. Knowledge of and control over the higher potencies in nature comes only by individual attainment through long discipline and conquest. It can no more be transferred than can a knowledge of Greek, of chemistry, of psychology, or of medicine. If a person moves on a lofty level, it is because he worked his way there. This is as true in spiritual things as in mental. When Mr. Foulke produces a work like "Isis Unveiled," or "The Secret Doctrine," he may be cited as H. P. Blavatsky's intellectual peer; when he imparts such impulsion as does the "Voice of the Silence," he may be recognized as her spiritual equal; when he adds to these an utter consecration to the works of the Theosophical Society as his lifelong mission, he may participate in such "succession" as the case admits. But it will not be through alleged precipitated pictures and imagined astral shapes. The effect of these on Theosophy, whereof Mr. Perry inquires, may be stated in one word—nothing. WM. Q. JUDGE,

General Secretary American Section Theosophical Society.

New York.

Antiquity.

Why art thou sad, O soul?
I sit beside the ruins of the past;
I watch the crumbling atoms as they fall
And feel that I am old. The stars are young;
The cataracts are infants, and they leap
With joy that comes of youth and powers new-born;
But I was I, before the Fiat Lux
Was breathed upon the earth—before she swooned
Beneath the first embraces of the sun.
Why art thou glad, O soul,
That I am I? I feel the grasses green wave over
me and hear
The ocean surge around my thousand beds;
Each planet holds my dust, and every flower
I hold most dear has slumbered at my breast.
The east is mine, and every temple bears
The echo of my footstep as it falls;
The past is mine, eternity is mine,
The universe is mine, and mine is love.

—Katherine Grosjean.

Mrs. Jennie Moore's Seance.

TO THE EDITOR:—I deem it but justice to a true medium, who is being used by angel bands to communicate with their earth friends, to give your many readers a few lines with reference to a seance held at the residence of Chas. H. Freitag, this city, on the evening of Feb. 20. The medium was Mrs. Jennie Moore, of 757 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., who has been undergoing trial in your city for some weeks past, the charge against her being—"running and keeping a place of amusement without a license." (There was a J. C. B. at that end of the line.) There were present in the seance room forty persons. A thorough search of the person of the medium was made by a committee of six ladies, who reported that they found nothing on her person or in her clothing except what belonged there—all true and honest. The cabinet was examined by gentlemen present. The circle was formed and the seance commenced for materialization. The spirit friends came numerous and strong, all desiring to give some token of their presence. Then twenty to thirty spirit forms came materialized. All were recognized and conversed plainly with their friends in different languages. And it was not deemed a place of amusement, but proof positive of immortality. Mrs. Jennie Moore is always greeted here with gladness, for we know her to be a true medium and a true sister in the cause of truth. J. Q. A. FLOYD.

Springfield, Ill.

"What a Magical Growth."

Dr. T. Wilkins, prominent as a worker in the cause, and President of the Northwestern Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota, writes: "I shall ever have a word of praise for the brave young PROGRESSIVE THINKER. What a magical growth it has had and what an encyclopedia of knowledge and information and a tower of strength for truth, for good!"

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Reflections Upon the Bible Story.

One of the questions which is yet to be decided by our orthodox friends is: "Did Jonah swallow the whale; or was it the whale that swallowed Jonah?"

Many pious and truly good people have serious doubts about either version. This is confirmed by their writers and speakers. The Rev. Washington Gladden declares: The book of Jonah is one of the battlefields of biblical interpretation. It must be confessed that in the application of critical methods to the Old Testament books, grave difficulties are raised in many devout minds. Some of the most serious of these difficulties are encountered in the interpretation of Jonah. If we can find a rational method of dealing with this book, it will help us in many other cases.

The Book of Jonah is found among the minor prophets, but it is not in any sense prophetic; it is neither a sermon nor a prediction; it is a narrative. Probably it was placed by the Jews among these prophetic books because Jonah was a prophet. Of this assumed fact there is not a particle of corroborative evidence anywhere else in the Scriptures. But this book was not written by Jonah; there is not a word in the book that warrants the belief that he was its author. It is a story about Jonah told by somebody else long after Jonah's day. Jonah, the son of Amittai, was supposed to be a prophet of the northern kingdom in the days of Jeroboam II., far back in the ninth century before Christ. The only reference to him contained in the Old Testament is found in II. Kings, xiv., 25. But this book was almost certainly written long after the destruction of Nineveh, which took place 200 years later. One reason for this belief is in the fact that the writer of the book feels it necessary to explain what kind of a city Nineveh was. He stops in the midst of his story to say: "Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey." That explanation would have been superfluous anywhere in Israel in the days of Jeroboam II., and the past tense indicates that it was written by one who was looking back to a city no longer in existence. "Nineveh was." The character of the Hebrew also favors the theory of a later date for the book. We have, therefore, a tale that was told about Jonah probably 300 or 400 years after his day.

Can we consider it a true tale, a fiction, or one of the beautiful Aryan myths. We incline to the latter. In the early days before our poetic ancestors left their beautiful home in Siberia—before the ambitious Atlanteans had so upset the harmony of the vibrations of the earth as to utterly change the climate of that now most inhospitable country—the Aryans embodied all their teachings in these parables. When the sun set they said he was dead. This was partly due to the poverty of a language as yet unenriched by centuries of earnest search after truth, and meditation thereon; and partly to the developing imagination of the race. It is a very suggestive apologue, full of moral beauty and spiritual power, designed to convey several important lessons to the minds of the Jewish people. It cannot be regarded as the actual experience of a veritable prophet of God, because one can hardly imagine that such a prophet could have supposed, as the Jonah of this tale is said to have supposed, that by getting out of the bounds of the Kingdom of Israel he would be getting out of the sight of Jehovah. This is precisely what this Jonah of the story undertook to do. When he was bidden to go to Nineveh and cry against it, "he rose up to flee into Tarshish from the presence of the Lord; and he went down to Joppa and found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the fare thereof and went down into it to go with them into Tarshish from the presence of the Lord" (chapter i., 3). Is this actual history? Is this the belief of a genuine prophet of the Lord? What sort of a prophet is he who holds ideas as crude as this concerning the being with whom he is in constant communication and from whom he receives his messages? If Jonah did entertain this belief, then it is not likely that he can teach us anything about God which it is important that we should know.

Thus, without touching the miraculous features of the story, we have sound reasons for believing that this cannot be the actual experience of any veritable prophet of God—that it is not history, but mythical or veiled teaching. Why not? Can any one who has read the parable of the prodigal son or the good Samaritan doubt that myths may be used as veils in sacred Scripture for the highest purposes?

But it is argued that the references to this story which are found in the words of Jesus authenticate the story. The Master in Matthew xii., 39-42, refers to this book. He speaks of the repentance of the Ninevites under the preaching of Jonah as a rebuke to the Jews who had heard the word of life from him and had not repented; and he uses these words: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the Prophet Jonah; for as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

This confirms, say the orthodox commentators, the historical accuracy of the story of Jonah. "If," says Canon Liddon, "he would put his finger on the fact in past Jewish history which by its admitted reality would warrant belief in his own resurrection, he points to Jonah's being three days and three nights in the belly of the whale." This use of the incident by the Master clearly authenticates the incident as an actual historical fact. So say the conservative theologians. And so say also the men who labor to destroy the authority of Jesus. Mr. Huxley perfectly agrees with Canon Liddon. He praises the Canon's penetration and consistency; he agrees that there can be no other possible in-

terpretation of Jesus' words. The ultra-conservative and the anti-Christian critics are at one in insisting that Jesus stands committed to the literal truth of the narrative in Jonah. The inference of the ultra-conservative is that the narrative is historically true; the inference of the anti-Christian critic is that Jesus is unworthy our confidence as a religious teacher; that one who fully indorsed such a preposterous tale cannot be divine. Thus actuated by the selfish desire of proving his own theory correct, neither are able to raise the veil, and perceive the beautiful symbolism of the myth.

Unbiased examination of the text does not prove that Jesus Christ can be fairly quoted as authenticating this narrative. He evidently used it allegorically for the purposes of illustration, without intending to express any opinion as to the historical verity of the narrative. It was used in a literary way, and not in a dogmatic way. The Master speaks always after the manner of men—speaks the common speech of the people—takes up the phrases and even the fables that he finds upon their lips, and uses them for his own purposes. He does not stop to criticize all their stories, or to set them right in all their scientific errors; that would have been utterly aside from his main purpose, and would certainly have confused them and led them astray. He speaks always of the rising and the setting of the sun, using the phrases that were current at the time, and never hinting at the error underneath them. He knew what these people meant by these phrases. If He knew that these phrases conveyed an erroneous meaning, why did He not correct them? So, too, He quotes from the story of the creation in Genesis, and never intimates that the six days there mentioned are not literal days of 24 hours each. He knew that those to whom he was speaking entertained this belief, and put this interpretation upon these words. Why did He not set it aside?

These questions may admit of more than one answer; but, taking the very highest view of Jesus' person, it is certainly enough to say that any such discussion of scientific questions would have been, as even we can see, palpably unwise. There was no preparation in the human mind at that day for the reception and verification of such a scientific revelation. It could not have been received. It would not have been preserved. It would only have confused and puzzled the minds of his hearers, and would have shut their minds at once against that moral and spiritual truth which He came to impart. And what we have said about scientific questions applies with equal force to questions of Old Testament criticism. To have entered upon the discussion of these questions with the Jews would have thwarted His highest purpose.

But Mr. Huxley insists, and all the ultra-conservative commentators join him in insisting, that Jesus could not, if he had been an honest man, have spoken thus of Jonah if the story of Jonah had not been historically accurate. This is the way he puts it: "If Jonah's three days' residence in the whale is not an 'admitted fact, how could it 'warrant belief' in the 'coming resurrection?'" Mr. Huxley is using Canon Liddon's phrases here; but he is using them to confuse those for whom, as he knows very well, Canon Liddon does not speak. Those who say that the story of Jonah is an "admitted reality" may perhaps be able to see that it "warrants belief" in the "coming resurrection." Even this is by no means clear. How can the one event, even if it were an "admitted reality," "warrant belief" in the other? No past event can warrant belief in any future event, unless the two events are substantially identical. The growth of an acorn into an oak in the last century, "warrants the belief" that an acorn will grow into an oak in the present century; but it does not "warrant the belief" that a city planted on an eligible site will grow to be a great metropolis. The one event might illustrate the other, but no conclusions of logic can be carried from the one to the other. It is precisely so with these two events. There is a certain analogy between the experience of Jonah, as told in the book, and that of the Master, but it is ridiculous to say that the one event, if an "admitted reality," "warrants belief" in the other—whether it is said by Mr. Huxley or Canon Liddon. The Master's words convey no such meaning. In truth, if we are here dealing with scientific comparisons, the one event, if taken as an "admitted reality," warrants disbelief in the other. What are our Master's precise words? "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." We are told by Mr. Huxley and his orthodox allies that we must take this as a literal historical parallel or not at all; that if we treat

it in any other way we accuse Jesus of dishonesty. What, then, was the condition of Jonah during these three days and nights? Was he dead or alive? He was certainly alive, if the tale is history—very thoroughly alive in all his faculties. He was praying part of the time and part of the time he was writing poetry. We have a long and beautiful poem which he is said to have composed during that enforced retirement from active life. It would appear that his release took place immediately after the poem was finished. If, now, these events are bound together with the links of logic—if the one event is the historic counterpart of the other, the Son of Man, during the three days of his sojourn in the heart of the earth, was not dead at all! He was only hidden for a little space from the sight of men. He was alive all the while, and there was no resurrection! It is to this that you come when you begin to apply to these parables and allegories of the Bible the methods of scientific exposition. This may be satisfactory enough to Mr. Huxley. I should like to know how it suits his orthodox allies.

But there is another interpretation, taken from an ancient manuscript, which more fully explains the intended meaning than any we have seen. From this it would seem that this was apparently a fragmentary tale interjected among more serious matters.

Jonah stands for the Divine Monad, who was sent down into materialization, typified by the great city of Nineveh. Sent out from the presence of the Lord; so says the myth—that is, sent out on the descending arc of the manifested, from the "House of Fire."

By his example he was to individualize, or infuse, the message of the physical body that is endured for a season, of which the days typified the fourscore years of man's average life, and then came the destruction of the body of illusion. But if true knowledge were sought and obtained, life could be lengthened, as in the case of adepts. But the Monad, as we are informed by the ancient records, refused at the first to incarnate, or create, and thus brought themselves into the most terrible conditions of unrest and disquiet. These are typified by the awful storm, which upset the courage even of the ancient mariners of that day. They also forced the Monad down to the lowest conditions of the manifestation, symbolized by a huge animal moving unrestrainedly in the waters, that is, a fish. Thus, having chosen his lot, the Divine Monad incarnated on the lowest plains, in the very vortex of the disturbance of power, and in a measure helpless, by its own choice, waited the action of forces more powerful than itself; when it might have always remained dominant and potent, if it had but obeyed the law of its being. Stimulated and actuated by the outer forces, and disquieted by its own condition, it turned its thought and desire, both individually and racially, from the brutality of the lower physical to the higher planes of spiritual understanding and wisdom.

Having thus descended into matter, when the time for perfect accomplishment indicated by the number three, was finished, the Monad was thrown upon a condition of fixedness, quiet and rest, called the shore. From this as a starting point, seeking the unfoldment of its own destiny, it has moved onward toward the perception of truth, and of its own existence and individuality.

This, then, which is so floridly told in metaphor, has been a rock of stumbling to believers, and a matter of offence to disbelievers, in all ages. It is simply the lesson of the Master to his disciples—an Aryan myth—told over and over again so often in various forms and languages, and diverse coloring. It is often recalled and again forgotten, yet it is an epitome of the history of the Aryan race, from the beginning of its unfoldment. It is the history of the individual soul as well, in its unfolding. Let us recognize the conditions here grouped together. The impossibility and incongruity of the statement, as an actual occurrence, is always visible to him who shall attempt to explain it on a physical plane.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

Report from Mrs. Chamberlain.

TO THE EDITOR:—Since last report I have received \$7.25, for which I thank the kind donors very much, and I am, indeed, very grateful to you for your kindness. Mother is still confined to her bed, and father is failing.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Those who have not already contributed their mite to assist Mrs. Chamberlain in her struggles to sustain herself and aged parents, should do so now. Always send the contributions direct to her—not to us. Direct to her as follows: P. O. box 56, Mattapan, Mass.



Jottings from St. Louis.

TO THE EDITOR:—The work in this city is moving on grandly. The Spiritual Society is now in its second month of active work, and deserves much credit for its excellent management. Meetings are held in Howard Hall every Sunday morning and evening. At night our audiences are very large, every available seat in the hall being occupied.

"The Ladies' Aid," which works in conjunction with the Spiritual Society, is a fine organization, splendidly officered and composed of many bright and noble women. This society is helpful to the other society financially and otherwise. I have had the pleasure of meeting with them Friday afternoons since I have been here, and administering to them as I have been inspired.

Last week Mr. Hull and myself were called to Villa Ridge, Ill., to do a little missionary work. Villa Ridge is about one hundred miles from this city, twelve miles north of Cairo, and beautifully situated above the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Notwithstanding, it can more properly be called a hamlet than a town; the majority of the people in that beautiful fruit-growing country are wide-awake and progressive. We held four meetings and were surprised to meet, on every occasion, an immense audience. Grange Hall, where our meetings were held, is over two miles from town. The roads were muddy and nights were dark, but these conditions did not dampen the ardor of the people. So much interest was aroused that the friends have determined to organize their forces in the near future and, if possible, hold a several-days' grove meeting next summer. The PROGRESSIVE THINKER was seen in every home I visited. Verily, "the world moves."

Mr. Hull and myself have but one more Sunday with the delightful friends in this city. Already I feel a sadness at the thought of parting with the many noble men and women with whom we have been associated the present month.

Yesterday forenoon we had a varied programme. The first thing in order was a poem from the writer, subject, "The Angel Mother Guide." This was by request of a young girl in the audience. Mr. Hull discoursed as usual, after which Dr. Juliet Severance, who is here attending the Industrial Convention, was called forward and made interesting remarks. Dr. Severance was followed by Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, who gave tests in the audience. Mrs. Drake will remain in the city one or two weeks and demonstrate that death does not end all.

Our next field is in Duluth, Minn. I have an invitation to attend the Anniversary exercises in Milwaukee. I shall probably speak in Elgin, Ill., the Sundays of April. I would like to make engagements for May and June. Never was there a riper field or more earnest seekers after the truth.

MATTIE E. HULL.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

SHALL IT BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM?

From the numerous letters of inquiry received, there appears to be an earnest desire that this story, which has awakened so much attention as it has appeared in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, be issued in book form. I have published several of my last volumes by subscription, allowing subscribers any number of copies they desired, at wholesale prices, or even less, placing the books in their hands at as near cost as possible. This has proved highly satisfactory, and those who wished for the books for themselves, or as gifts to friends, were able to secure two copies instead of one, and a wide and rapid distribution was attained. If the readers of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" are desirous of extending its sphere of usefulness, and think it an efficient means of calling attention to the imminence of the danger threatening national life and liberty, they have only to so express themselves by letter or card, and as soon as a sufficient number of copies are subscribed for the book will be placed in the printers' hands. The price to subscribers will be, in paper cover, 25 cts.; 5 copies for \$1.00. Muslin bound, 50 cts. All I ask of those interested is for them to at once send their names and number of copies they desire. If the result warrants, they will be notified and may then send the amount of their subscription. Address, Berlin Heights, O. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mrs. Taylor, of Little Washington, Pa., is known as the Oil Queen because she has accumulated a fortune of \$3,000,000 by personal investments in the Ritchie County, W. Va. fields.

An Expression of Thanks.

TO THE EDITOR:—I notice that although you go for the Catholic priesthood and handle them without gloves—that is, you "skin 'em," you also allow the other side of the question to say a word quite often. For instance, Emanuel tells a few plain facts that does not look well for the Catholic Church side of the question, and in the same columns you allow another correspondent to rake down Mrs. Juliet Severance, because she goes very mildly for the churches; and this correspondent goes on and claims that he could support a Liberal Church quite well, if occasion required it. Now I want to say that I, as a Spiritualist, will not support any church of any denomination or of any creed, and I think mighty little of any so-called Spiritualist that will support anything but Spiritualism. I am a Spiritualist "died in the wool," without one drop of any other creed in my make-up. No mixed breed for me; no mongrel, no nothing but straight out-and-out Spiritualism. Superficial Spiritualists may do what they like, but with me it is the one thing or the other; no straddle of the fence business; no half-breed; no Christian Spiritualism, no nothing but just plain straight-out Spiritualism, which is good enough for any man, woman or child of intelligence in this nineteenth century.

But what I wish to thank you most for (and I do this thanking in behalf of every demonstrative medium, or what is commonly called phenomenal medium) is, that in the last number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER (and in all the THINKERS), you mentioned ten or twelve phenomenal mediums and the demonstrations coming through them.

So again, Brother Francis, in behalf of all our phenomenal mediums, do I most heartily thank you for the credit you give us. Phenomena is the basic foundation that supports and holds up before the world the whole grand structure of our knowledge, and of our belief founded upon this certain knowledge, and this certain knowledge is only obtained through phenomena, and upon this basic rock we must stand or fall.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is more than well liked here in Buffalo, and it is our wish that it "long may wave."

Buffalo, N. Y.

J. W. DENNIS.

Mediums

whose phase can be demonstrated in public meetings, who are well developed and qualified to give undoubted evidence of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, and who are true to their guides and controls, are requested to communicate, giving a description of their mediumship and references, by addressing E. N. PICKERING, 201 Third Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa.

The Jesuit.

In Rome a tyrant and Spain a thing,
That wears a mask and bears a poisonous sting,
In India a stranger, in France a knave,
In Ireland a bigot and a slave;
In our Republic a designing tool
And traitor, warring with the public school,
And whether in Greece, in Hindustan or Spain,
His record bears the progeny of Cain.

In the black arts, a chieftain and a king,
Moving in rapport with a sudden spring,
And in the game of infamy and sin
He steals a march, long ere his foe's begin.
His dupes he marks, and with a ruthless greed,
No means are left untold by which to take
The last long Peter's pence, for Jesus' sake.

In a most marvelous and crafty way
He flatters, fawns, and pounces on his prey.
If at his hands a kindly deed is done,
O, then! Beware of some dark plot begun!
The robes of light he dons, and serves his creed
In garments filched and suited to his need.

Hid from the light, in some dark, nasty aisle,
He learns to feign, to meddle and beguile,
And in his skill, avoids no toll nor care,
As link on link he weaves his wily snare,
Spins his dark web, and most adroitly piles
On poor confiding bats and helpless flies
The vilest of all arts and blackest lies.

His breath is like some dire and dread simoon,
Forever blasting with a curse and doom.
Whatever he touches droops beneath the spell
Of some dark haunting shade, cruel and fell.
Where'er he journeys, wheresoever toils,
There virtue weeps and innocence recoils,
And the fair cup of life doth overflow
With desolation, infamy and woe.

And thus he stands, a stigma and a blot,
With deeds confined to no special spot,
Where carnage, superstition, death and crime
Despoil an age, or devastate a clime,
There hath he wandered, there upon the soil
Hath left the curse of his unrighteous toil.

—Eliza A. Pittsinger.

A Great Power for Good.

E. W. Sprague, an efficient worker in the cause of truth, residing at Jamestown, N. Y., writes:

"Surely what work could be more blessed or more grand than that of leading mankind out of the darkness of superstition and ignorance into the light of knowledge and wisdom. You have been instrumental in bringing the light to many shadowed hearts, and I doubt not that at times you feel, perhaps, that your efforts are not appreciated by the people, as you must surely sometimes sense the ingratitude and selfishness of the world; but, brother, the earnest prayers of your many faithful and true friends must reach you laden with sympathy and love, which inspires, encourages and strengthens your spirit. There are many such good and true souls who send you silently and, perhaps, otherwise, their appreciation of your noble work in this cause. There are many who would like to be placed where they could do more for the 'great cause,' but they are bound by their surrounding conditions and cannot. So, my brother, knowing this and feeling it as you must, I think it must be a source of gratification to yourself, as well as others, to know that you are able to wield such great power for good."

A Voice from New Hampshire.

Geo. E. Mansfield writes: "In my opinion you are giving us the best Spiritualist paper ever published in this country—the most sensible and practical."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

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Take Notice.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bill will be sent for arrears.

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and we will be glad to send you a new copy, and if necessary, a new subscription, without charge.

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

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

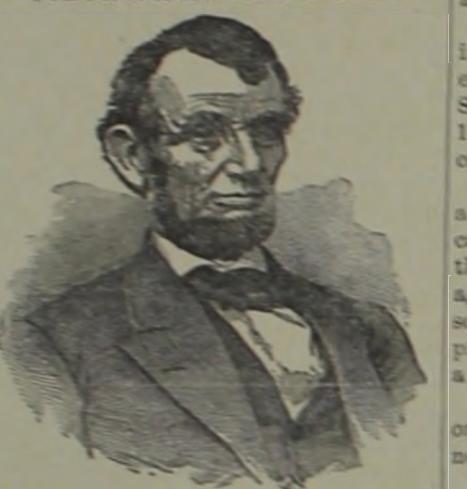
Do you want a more bountiful harvest than you can give your 25 cents? Just put in a small investment and you will receive a large return. The Progressive Thinker is a paper of great value, and one which will give you a large return for your 25 cents. For that amount you will receive a paper of great value, and one which will give you a large return for your 25 cents.

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to order several others to make with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of these amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and influence. The same suggestion will apply to all clubs of subscribers, which will do us a great deal of good. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing your friends to subscribe to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. For out of them can be obtained the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5 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.

Christianity in Russia.

We clip from a current news item:
"A curious custom of the Greek church was illustrated at the funeral of the young Grand Duchess Paul, of Russia. Before the coffin was closed the metropolitan placed a written paper in the right hand of the corpse, which read: 'We, by the grace of God, prelate of the holy Russian church, write this to our master and friend, St. Peter, gatekeeper of the Lord Almighty. We announce to you that the servant of the Lord, her imperial highness, the Grand Duchess Paul, has finished her life on earth, and we order you to admit her into the kingdom of heaven without delay, for we have absolved all her sins and grant her salvation. You will obey our order on sight of this document which we put into her hand.'"

Our good Protestant brother should not take exceptions to such exercise of powers over the "gate-keeper of heaven." Here is ample authority from Jesus himself, addressed to his disciples, Matt. 18:18:

"Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Unless "St. Peter" was familiar with the handwriting of the good prelate, it ought to have been authenticated by a national seal.

There is a Christian sect in Russia which draws its inspiration from Matt. 18:12, and who practice self-mutilation, as instructed by the Master. They are known as Skopists, and are said to be very numerous.

Well Put.

Better put wolves to guard sheep, hyenas to watch a graveyard, lunatics to tend a powder-mill, and devils to teach the angelic choir to sing, than trust your schools to the care of Jesuit teachers.—Rev. C. E. Murray.

Renounce every vestige of sectarian education from the common schools, supported by forced contributions from every shade of religious thought, and war upon all sects who insist upon teaching their own creed in the public schools, then we can all work together in harmony. It is as gross tyranny to thrust the Protestant Bible into our public schools as it would be to give place to the Catholic Bible. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," but don't imagine it is a compliance with this injunction when trespassing on the rights of any one, however humble.

Sharp Practice of Postmasters.

Postmasters are not our agents, unless having written authority from us. Some are accustomed, whenever a resident calls for a postal order or note, to ask if it is for a paper; and if it is, to appoint themselves agent, deduct 25 per cent as commission and forward the balance and the names of the subscribers. In most cases this petty swindling is carried on by Christian postmasters. Hereafter, such orders will not be recognized, and the subscriber will be the loser.

Those visiting San Francisco, Cal., are invited to attend the meetings which are held at 111 Larkin St.

EXPOSURES.

Crime the World Over.

The Daily Press a Vehicle to Carry on Prostitution.

The Vibrations that Result from Depraved Natures.

The Exposure of a Medium a Mere Speck Around Which Cluster a Hundred Truths.

SPIRITUALISM IN NO SENSE INJURED.

A few weeks ago we published a communication from a Spiritualist of Lansing, Mich., whose standing is first-class, giving his version of the exposure at that city of Mr. Archer. This letter stirred up the friends of Mr. Archer all over Michigan, and communications came flowing in from all sides in his behalf. The fixed policy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is to injure no one; to be very guarded how it casts stones, believing that one hundred guilty ones should escape rather than that one innocent person should suffer. Hence we published column after column in Mr. Archer's defense, thinking that probably our friend from Lansing was mistaken, and we earnestly desired that no injustice be done to Mr. Archer. Finally he came here and gave a scone before a circle of twenty-six. At a scone which followed shortly after, at which there were many sterling Spiritualists, the exposure took place which has been scattered broadcast over the country in the Chicago dailies. All his paraphernalia used in personating spirits were captured.

This little episode will in no degree injure our cause. Such scenes have been enacted for forty-four years—ever since Spiritualism was first inaugurated in 1848—and yet there are now in this country over 10,000,000 Spiritualists.

We always regard these exposures as a matter-of-course, resulting in some cases from the circle; in other cases from the general prevalence of crime; then again from the medium. Deception, in some of its multifarious forms, is very prevalent. Who among you never told a "white lie?"

How many of you self-styled perfect ones, in and out of the church, have never used any kind of deception? Stop and think a moment.

Corruption in politics! Nearly every city government has its boudlers!

The church is full of crime and criminals.

Nearly all the Southern States have repudiated their just debts.

City after city has "gone back on" its bonds.

"Christian" bank defaulters on every hand!

Not an important measure passes our City Council that the charge of fraud is not made!

Our city dailies are made a prolific vehicle for the perpetration of crime and prostitution through their advertisements. Profligate women advertise therein and practice their hellish calling.

Every city officer that has charge of the disbursement of funds is regarded as dishonest and must give bonds.

Merchants lie about their fabrics, and ministers about the Providence of God.

If two pulpits contradict each other, one or the other is a falsifier.

The contradictory views in reference to Jesus—only one can possibly be true—the others are all false.

Even a Spiritualist(?) fraud-hunter paper that boasts of its honesty, having a circulation of, perhaps, 3,000, allows its agents to get advertisements on a basis of 20,000. It is the same with the secular press—overestimates of circulation are made to get advertisements, illustrating the fact that an editor may be a fraud-hunter, yet a great fraud himself.

The fact of it is, the world is in many respects a festering ulcer. Mediums feel these deceptive and depraved vibrations as no other class can, and they may do wrong. We expect they will; in fact it cannot be otherwise. If any class of wrong doers is entitled to our sympathy, those who are really mediums should have it.

They feel the deceptive vibrations of the bank defaulter; of the hypocritical ministers of the gospel; of that lying Spiritualist editor who falsifies his circulation in order to get advertisements; in fact, they have to stand up against the criminal vibrations of the whole world! Therefore, when a medium falls, we shall be the last to cry—"Crucify him!" and instead, we will be the very first to extend a helping hand and encouraging word, giving advice to be honest always, under any and all circumstances. We say, then, to Spiritualists everywhere, do not be shocked at the "exposure" of a medium! These exposures are more the outgrowth of the general imperfections of the masses, than of any personal desire to perpetrate a fraud. Don't you know that the strings of a piano will respond to certain notes on a violin, played at a distance? And you should know that the sensitive is often led into crime by the sinful vibrations of a large class of people scattered everywhere throughout the land! Then, we appeal to you, never cry—"Crucify him!" On the other hand, extend to the medium a helping hand and encouraging word always to be honest; and to manfully resist the dishonest vibrations that seem to be a part of this century's civilization. But, of course, the law must take its natural course, in all so-called exposures, and that is right and proper, and the real fraud should be punished severely.

In connection with the Archer exposition, the *Inter Ocean* says:

"It is said by several prominent Spiritualists that this exposition will be a death blow to Spiritualism throughout the entire world, as it has been unquestionably demonstrated that at least in this instance it was a fraud."

"A death blow?" What nonsense! It will not injure Spiritualism in the least; it is a mere episode in the career of a single individual, and in no sense will it injure our glorious cause. As well claim that the wrecking of a city by an earthquake would everlastingly ruin the character of "Divine Providence!" The Sabbath School teacher who seduced several of his scholars, young in years, and the Rev. John Selby Watson, who murdered his own wife, did not prove much of a "setback" to Christianity. The exposure of a medium is a mere trifle compared with the hundreds of crimes committed in this city every day, and will in no sense prove deleterious to the growth of Spiritualism. And we have say to thinking Spiritualists everywhere: There are frauds in government; there are frauds on our police force; there are frauds among our merchants; there are frauds among church members; among ministers of the gospel and among lawyers. The secular press is a vehicle to carry on prostitution. In fact there is fraud, more or less, everywhere, and sensitive cannot, and will not always resist those vibrations that lead to wrong acts. There will be mistakes made by them just so long as wrong-doing is so prevalent; hence, be charitable, and while frowning on wrong everywhere, never, we appeal to you, act vindictively. Spiritualism can not be injured by one exposure, nor by a thousand. They are mere specks on the horizon of progress, around which cluster a hundred truths to overshadow them. Spiritualists as a class are the most moral people in the world. Though numbering 10,000,000, there are seventy-five crimes committed in the churches where one is committed by a Spiritualist.

The practice of exposing tricky mediums or rascals generally is not in harmony with the purpose or work of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It cannot act the part of detective. It aims to be a magazine of advanced thought, presenting each week the productions of the ablest minds in the world, and assisting thereby in gradually raising the masses to a plane where fraud cannot exist. These exposures are as much out of place in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as they would be in the *Arena*, the *Forum*, or the *Atlantic Monthly*. That there are frauds in Spiritualism as well as everywhere else, we know—arising, of course, from the general imperfection of the masses; but the medium is oftener sinned against, than sinning. We also know that a report of a seance for physical manifestations gives but an inadequate idea of it, and the general reader and investigator is likely to be misled thereby, and when they visit the medium for personal observation they may be somewhat disappointed. A person of enthusiastic nature, gushing in his make-up, will give an entirely different account from the one who is philosophical and critical, hence from the very nature of things the average report of materializations conveys no adequate idea of their exact status; but they must be seen by each one, some of whom will be delighted, while others will not. From the very nature of things such must be the case.

A Benefit Tendered Mrs. E. T. S. and Mr. G. L. S. Jenifer.

We have received a programme which says: "A Grand Literary, Vocal, Musical and Variety Entertainment! The P. S. A. and I. S. S. A., including many personal and devoted friends, have tendered to Mrs. E. T. S. and G. L. S. Jenifer (mother and son), a Complimentary Testimonial Benefit as a token of their untiring devotion to our noble and glorious cause of truth."

The programme is an exceptionally fine one, and will prove attractive throughout. The entertainment will take place on Thursday evening, March 10, at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St. Tickets 50 cents. We hope that at least 1,000 tickets will be sold.

Dr. Willis.

Dr. Willis, who has been officiating for the First Society of Spiritualists in this city, has won golden opinions by his masterly handling of various subjects. He will be followed by Mrs. Orvis, who is fully capable of maintaining the interest of the people. In the meantime, Mrs. Richmond is winning laurels in the East. She will return to her post of duty here the first of April.

Which?

The clergy want the gates of the World's Exposition closed on Sunday, to give laborers greatly-needed rest. They will know the needs of the toiler, and, of course, are his special champions. But how is it that the labor associations specially organized by the sons of toil, and in their interest, who are guarding with zealous care every infringement of their rights; holding great national conventions, voicing the wishes of millions, why is it they do not second the move of these self-appointed guardians of the interests of the laboring man? Whenever we hear from them it is in the interest of Sunday opening.

A subscriber writes: "I think Jacksonville, Fla., would be a paying place for a medium to come. There is a large number of Spiritualists here who need a little stirring up. I have never seen a medium here, and I have been here seven years or more."

Benjamin Fritz, a wealthy farmer of Sunnyside, N. J., has been for years a victim of somnambulism. One Sunday night lately he arose in his sleep, and, wandering through the house, fell head foremost down stairs. He broke his neck, dying instantly. He was the owner of several of the finest farms in the county.

A Threat to Inundate Hudson Tuttle.

A communication from Hudson Tuttle appears in another column, stating that if he has sufficient encouragement, he will issue "The Convent of the Sacred Heart" in book form, to sell for 25 cents in paper, and 50 cents in muslin covers. Those who are willing to take a copy are requested to drop him a postal card at once stating the fact, with their name and address. Now, if we are any judge of the progressive thinkers, they will inundate him with postal cards; in fact, let the postal cards, stating the number of copies of the contemplated work you will take, just flood Mr. Tuttle's town postoffice. You want "The Convent of the Sacred Heart," with which to do missionary work. It must go forth as a missionary of light. No money is required now, only send in your names and postoffice addresses to Mr. Tuttle at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A Musicals at the Home of "The Progressive Thinker."

Sunday evening, Feb. 21, was an event not easily forgotten by the guests at the parlors of the editor of this paper. The center of interest was the music charmed from the violin, mandolin, and harp, by Prof. Joseph Singer and his little son, Walfrid. Their remarkable performance has already been noticed in these columns in the past; but never have we been treated to so abundant a measure of sweet harmony by the same hands as on this particular night. Within the past year Master Walfrid has been studying the harp; and this, as an accompaniment to his father's violin and mandolin solos, made as unique as enjoyable a duet between them. This, varied by their violin duets and Walfrid's violin solos, prove sufficient material for an evening of rare musical pleasure.

The editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is not sufficiently versed in the practical side of musical art to criticize or analyze the distinctive points of musical performances. It is, however, his prerogative to open his soul to the delightful strains of melody, such as those two pairs of skillful hands evoked from the lifeless instruments. He but reiterates the opinions of the gathered friends, that never did they recognize such a wonderful sympathy of action between two performers. As accompanist, the child seems to divine the very unexpressed musical thought of the soloist, and be always prepared for its realization. Musical clairvoyance seems to us the only term describing this form of musical genius.

The brilliant violin solo of Walfrid also gave proof of the true artistic ear. This was especially noticeable in the exquisite rendition of "The Last Rose" for two violins.

During the evening's entertainment, with which all were greatly charmed, we learned that Prof. Singer, accompanied by Master Walfrid, contemplated visiting some of the numerous camp meetings during the coming season, and would like to secure engagements. We take pleasure in stating here that it was the verdict of all present that such a prize would prove invaluable to any camp meeting. Our best wishes go with them. Prof. Singer can be addressed at No. 674 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

After the music, Mr. Carl Sixtus gave an example of the wonderful power of hypnotism. After some very amusing experiments, he demonstrated how a hypnotic subject would act under a suggestion, and keep time after coming out of the hypnotic sleep.

What to Teach.

Dr. G. W. Brown gives a very clear exposition, in little space, of what he thinks should be taught in families, in the schoolroom, everywhere, to prevent the commission of crime; and he suggests the result which would follow:

"Teach that every infraction of natural law brings its own penalty; that guilt is like a barbed hook, and has a poisoned sting; that punishment is proportioned to the offense, and is as certain and unavoidable as light follows the dawn; that there is no God with sufficient power to set aside a fixed and eternal law; that Justice is securely enthroned, and Mercy is deaf to human appeals; then adhere to nine-tenths of the crimes, however secret, perpetrated with the expectation that some Almighty power will intervene and prevent justly-merited retribution."

Be Sure and Read.

If any reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER failed to read Moses Hull's lecture in No. 117 of this paper, from any cause, we pray him to hunt up the paper and read it at length. It is a powerful presentation of facts which should be in the possession of every one. If already read, another perusal will fix the facts more firmly in mind. It is to be regretted that every person of good, practical common sense in the United States cannot read it. We are doing our share in opening the eyes of the public, by giving them a paper bristling all over with stirring truths, at a price but slightly advanced beyond the cost of the sheet on which it is printed. Its wide reading is contingent on the zeal of our friends in getting for it new patrons.

California Badly Shaken.

The worst earthquake California has experienced in ten years was felt in the Southern part of the State Feb. 23, and early the next morning. The shocks began shortly before midnight, and continued at intervals through the night, with a few quakes to-day. In Paradise Valley, near San Diego, a church and schoolhouse were wrecked, and elsewhere in the mountains minor damage was done. In San Diego walls were cracked and plaster was dislodged. Lower California was also badly shaken. No loss of life has been reported. The earthquake is only a forerunner of what we will get when Prof. Buchanan's cataclysm gets around, and portions of the Atlantic Coast are submerged. The whole report of it will be published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Geo. P. Rudolph, ex-prize, writes: "I am skipping around lively here and expect to do a good work."

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

"Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish 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."

A springtime poet writes: "There's a kind of drowsy feelin' in the lingerin', lengthenin' days; the violets, shyly stealin', are a-scentin' all the ways; an' the field-larks are delighin', an' the hawks begin to scream; an' the golden perch are bitin' in the cool depths of the stream. She is here, she is there, she is smilin' everywhere! You can see her glances brighten, you can see her tresses gleam; with her sweet bird's caroling; with her leafy vines a-swing, she meets you and she greets you with the kisses of the spring; but also remember that it will well pay, if you will carefully read this 'General Survey.'"

Flora Hardin, Secretary, writes: "The quarterly convention of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists will be held at Muncie, commencing on the evening of March 31st, and continuing over Sunday. Mrs. Colby-Luther and other speakers will be present; also, Del. Herrick, an inspirational speaker and trumpet medium, who lives at Muncie, and Mrs. Mendenhall, a materializing medium, will be present. All are cordially invited to attend."

A. E. Willis writes: "The Adelphi Hall (New York City) Spiritualists will celebrate the anniversary of modern Spiritualism, March 27th. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, John Wm. Fletcher, Dr. A. W. Fletcher, M. P. Lyon, together with other speakers, will appear. In the evening 'Spiritualism Illustrated' will be delivered, with its wealth of artistic views. Special musical talent has been engaged."

Miss A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., will speak for the Windsor Society of Spiritualists, at their quarterly meeting to be held at Benton, Mich., March 6th. The Rockford (Michigan) Society of Spiritualists have secured the services of Miss Sheets for their next quarterly meeting, which occurs March 12th and 13th.

Dr. John C. Hennessey, writing from Montana, to renew his subscription, gives some details of his experience with the invisibles. He says: "I had a spell of sickness, with great pain in the pit of my stomach. My wife, who is a medium, tended me, put on hot cloths, and gave me the medicine the doctor had ordered, but it all did no good. Then I tried my own hand at prescribing, but with no better success: then my wife became so weary that she laid down beside me and fell asleep. Hardly had she done so, when my deceased wife, now in spirit-life, rapped on the headboard, and told me she had come to tend me while Susie was getting rested. Just then I noticed that my pain had disappeared; so I rolled over, and went to sleep. Is not this communication with those we have known and loved on earth, better than the preaching about devils and their imps awaiting a chance to carry all the human family into a superheated hell? My wife lately gave a slate test to a French Canadian, which astonished him very much, and we hope will bring some good to the cause."

One of our contributors says: "Spiritualists who come to the World's Fair will have so many wonders opened for their inspection, which they cannot fully 'compass' in one month's time, that they will only look for the best conveniences offered as to boarding-houses and hotel accommodations, regardless, to a great extent, of religion. They will not come here to seek for spiritual phenomena, for that they can have at any time, but to study the characteristics of the exhibition. A Spiritualist hotel is no more in harmony with our institutions than a Methodist hotel, a Catholic hotel, or a Hard-shell Baptist hotel." W. B. Lord takes another view of the subject, as follows: "The Spiritualists should have a splendid hotel at the World's Fair. Have good men take the matter in hand. Call for donations, and for every \$2 paid issue tickets good for one day."

H. G. Hogenobler, of Villa Ridge, Ill., writes: "This community has been favored with one of the grandest feasts of knowledge and truth the past week that the people here have ever witnessed in the lectures delivered by Bro. Moses Hull and his esteemed wife, Mattie E. Hull, who conducted the musical part of the entertainment. Bro. Hull gave us a series of four lectures which were eye-openers to any intelligent audience. His subjects were: 'Biblical and Modern Spiritualism,' and 'Jesus as a Medium.' His lectures did a vast amount of good. On Thursday night Mattie E. Hull gave us a very fine inspirational poem, at which time you could have heard a pin drop in the hall. I hope this will result in more subscriptions from this place, for one of the best papers published, namely, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Thomas Dane, Fort Maitland, N. S., writes: "Being eighty years old, my pathway to eternal rest is smoothed by your inimitable PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I have been a Spiritualist and medium since 1853. From time to time I have listened to addresses from the supernal spheres upon most exalted subjects. Not long since I was blessed with the one upon 'Creation,' beginning thus: 'That the universe was created by the fiat of an almighty being, out of nothing, is too absurd to need contradiction. The cosmic theory is the nearest correct.'"

Frank T. Ripley, sending us subscribers from St. Paul, Minn., says: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER improves each week. It is like good wine, the older it gets the better it is. He thinks the 'great, wild, woolly west' is crying for another story that shall be as entertaining as 'The Convent of the Sacred Heart,' and predicts that it will double the circulation. Be patient, brother; remember, the table of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER must satisfy the varying palates of 15,000 earnest souls. The interest in the cause is still increasing in St. Paul. It seems as if the people were growing hungrier and hungrier for the truth."

Albert Leighton writes: "I was much pleased and interested with the lecture by Moses Hull in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Ella Lively, of Island Park, Iowa, writes: "We live in a little, out-of-the-way station, on the K. C., St. J. & C. B. railroad, and I don't know how we could get along without your valuable paper; it seems like a gleam of sunshine breaking through the clouds to give us light. We have our circles, sitting for development, and hope through the faithful Indian guide, White Fawn, to soon have something that will repay us for our patience."

Dr. Ensign, of Duluth, Minn., in a letter inclosing four new subscribers, says: "This makes sixty-five names in all that I have sent you within the last two weeks, and I hope to supplement it with another list in the near future. I feel that this is a good showing for a man in his 83d year of age. Our Society is doing a good work in Duluth for the progress of free thought, and your paper is doing more in the same direction than a half-dozen societies could do." Thus it is coming to us on every hand, indicating plainly that we are making a paper that the people are anxious to read. Once in awhile, some good friends who from an isolated standpoint (imagine that they could run THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER better than we are doing), condescend to give us some good advice as to what we shall put in or leave out. We have been pretty successful so far (thanks to our spirit guides), in making a fairly readable paper. When we are in a quandary as to the matter, we shall have almost a half-dozen out of 15,000, whose proffered help we might accept; until then, thanks.

Bishop A. Beals speaks at St. Paul, Minn., the months of March and April, and can be addressed at that place for engagements for May. Letters will reach him if sent to 321 Thirteenth St. Mr. H. A. McGindley has completed his lecture appointments in Chicago, and will accept calls to lecture at any point in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan or Ohio. He is an ardent Spiritualist, and is said to be a forcible speaker. He can be addressed at 19 S. Ann St., Chicago, Ill.

We have a very interesting letter from Mrs. M. J. Pond, who, at 54 years of age, is much more active and capable than many of the younger members of the great family of progressive thinkers. She mentions specially the transition of Holmes Hammond to spirit-life. She is a witness of his conversion to Spiritualism from atheism, and of many remarkable cures performed through his agency, even to the healing of hydrophobia.

From San Bernardino, Cal., J. P. James, writing to renew his subscription, says: "During the last four months, San Bernardino has had the services of Dr. Temple, Mrs. Gilman, Mme. Cloud, and Mrs. Susie M. Johnson, who is now with us." These workers have all done most excellent work in their several phases, and San Bernardino is certainly to be congratulated that she has enjoyed the presence of so brilliant a galaxy, which will have its influence in bringing out local talent.

Rolla Stubbs, of Long Lake, Minn., writes: "Mr. Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, Mass., gave our society a lecture and scone the 22d of last month. Mr. Ripley is doing a good work. He is a very enthusiastic worker, putting new life into the cause. His tests were all acknowledged as correct. He has happily surprised to know they all here read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Talmage has engaged in patching up and mending "the holes in the Bible." It's a large job, and as all the gospel ministers in the world have been engaged at it for several hundred years, the holes growing larger and more ragged edged all the time, the prospect for the Brooklyn clown's mending them is not cheering. No one desires the holes mended, for they now serve an admirable purpose for the ministers to slip through and come out in other places, like the jack-in-a-box. It has been patched and tinkered now until, like a beggar's rags, it is difficult, ay, impossible, to tell the texture of the original.

Geo. Fitch, of Oakland, Cal., writes: "Harlow Davis is here, and last Sunday held a platform test scone at G. A. R. Hall. To say that he was a success is putting it mildly, for he astonished both believers and skeptics by the marvellous accuracy of the tests given. I, with several other friends, received very fine tests and would cheerfully recommend him to any one in search of a reliable medium."

Clara Miller, of Newburgh, Me., wants the Spiritualists to combine and erect a hotel in this city for the World's Fair. She will contribute her dollar and knows of others who will do the same. Probably \$1,000,000 would be sufficient for the purpose.

Della B. Platt, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "In looking over the reports in your paper I do not find any from Battle Creek. We have been favored the last two Sundays with lectures from Miss A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, and I deem it a pleasure, as well as duty, not only to the gifted medium but to the public in general, to let you know how well pleased we are with her lectures. She is a lady of culture and refinement and a fine inspirational speaker, destined to do a great work in the cause."

Edmond Peterson, of Bradford, Pa., writes: "Mrs. J. E. Allen, clairvoyant and business test medium, has been at the writer's home, giving sittings to persons of intelligence, and also on Sunday evening last she gave us a splendid lecture. The writer has been an investigator for thirty-five years, and I maintain that Mrs. Allen eclipses any one I ever met as a clairvoyant and business test medium."

E. W. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y., reports that the First Spiritual Society there is doing a fine meeting very Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. Hitt Butler, 344 East 4th St. Jennie B. Jackson has been speaking there in the Independent Congregational Church.

Mary I. Dinrook writes: "I would like to occupy a short space, to allude to the good work that Dr. J. M. Temple and wife are doing at National City, Cal. They have been here through the month of January, and will remain during February. Dr. Temple, besides being a fine test medium, is a great help to other mediums, encouraging them to do all they can on all occasions, no matter how little, as these little are beginnings of something greater. When Dr. Temple and wife leave here they will leave many warm friends behind, and the best wishes of this society will be theirs for their future success, wherever they go. Accept congratulations on the great and wonderful improvement of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mr. C. E. Winans, medium of materialization, slate-writing during seance, and in private sittings, platform tests, clairvoyant readings and development, is now in St. Paul, Minn., for a month with the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and his address is in care of Mrs. Nettie Howell, 321 East 13th St., St. Paul, Minn.

E. N. Pickering, of Marshalltown, Iowa, writes: "We had Brother Winans on his way to fill a month's engagement for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at St. Paul, Minn. He gave three materializing seances and a number of private sittings for life-readings and for development of others. He has an increasing number of friends here, as his worthy manhood and excellent mediumship well deserves. He gave better satisfaction this time than last fall on his first visit here. Our association, the Sunnyside Spiritual Institute, is increasing in numbers and good work among the unenlightened."

Fred. A. Heath, the blind medium, of Detroit, Mich., in a letter inclosing renewal of his subscription, says: "I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER ever since it started. I still have a desire to continue. I have two letters, one from Minneapolis, Minn.; the other from Waukegan, Pa., with no name or address. Will you kindly mention the fact, so that the parties can oblige me by forwarding their names and residence. They both contain a dime for a trial reading. Some people seem to think I can give their name and address, but my phase doesn't extend as far as that yet."

James Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., writes: "We had Hon. L. V. Moulton with us Saturday and Sunday. He gave us three grand lectures. There were five hundred persons in the hall last night, and I will say I never saw a gathering as large keep as quiet. People are anxious to learn the truths that we are able to present to them, both from the philosophical and phenomenal standpoint. We formed an Association. The names of officers elected: Reuben Snyder, President; Harvey Lambert, Secretary; Clyde Goodrich, Treasurer. Mr. L. S. Burdick and wife, from Texas township, came over and helped us in our meeting, he occupying the position of chairman. Mrs. D. F. Smith and daughter, and Miss Cora Fuller, of Vicksburg, were present. Miss Fuller helped us out by acting as organist. She also favored us with two grand recitations. She is a fine elocutionist. We have the material around here for a large society, and I think if we all do our duty, in a short time we can build a hall and have regular meetings."

The Jamestown News, N. Y., says: "There is a terrible rumor that comes by the way of Dunkirk. The *Observer* says that Frances Burke, a young lady of that city, aged sixteen years, died on Wednesday, and was buried Friday morning, although the family and friends think she was still alive. The girl's sister said in reply to queries that the undertaker had been at the house, but the family and friends all said that they did not believe her sister was dead. A mirror was put over her mouth, and there was moisture on it when taken away. Her lips were red, and her finger-nails remained pink; also color would come into her face and fade away, and on the day of her burial her cheeks under the eyes seemed to color. The body was at one time covered with perspiration, and did not get stiff or hard. No physician was called, or examined the body. At the cemetery, the mother and all asked that the lid of the coffin be taken off, which was done. A mirror and needle were produced, but before they could be used as a test the undertaker screwed the lid on, because the mother began to cry, and would not remove it again. The undertaker had no certificate of death or burial permit, and the affair has occasioned much excitement."

Frederick Tabor, a materializing medium from San Francisco, is here, and stopping at No. 12 Loomis street.

Investigator writes: "While attending the meetings of the Spiritualist Society of Indianapolis, I have become very much interested recently by the excellent lectures of Dr. Uriah D. Thomas, who has won the love and esteem of the society by his zealousness and sincerity in laboring for truth. The Doctor's evening lectures have been followed by tests, all of which have been acknowledged by those to whom they were given. The society is growing and progressing, and a spirit of harmony seems to prevail."

A short time ago an old man was buried at Casnovia, near Reedsville, Wis. His son returned from the West recently, and expressed a desire to see his father's remains. The corpse was taken up, and was found to have turned over in the coffin, tearing the hair, and lacerating the face in agony.

It may be felt that the action of the Belgian government in prohibiting the exercise of hypnotism for exhibition unless permission is given by a special license, costing 20,000 francs, is a trifle arbitrary. Physicians and scientists are still at liberty to make scientific investigations, but in Belgium, at least, there is to be no more idle trifling with the mysteries of hypnotism.

That Open Letter.

Geo. Brooks, a prominent Spiritualist of this State, has on another page of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, an open letter to the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. It speaks for itself; it is calm, dignified, and especially earnest. Mr. Brooks is one of those who are tired of being abused as dupes by Col. Bundy, and paying \$2.50 per year for a paper crowded with advertisements, and containing about one-half as much reading matter as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Especially Attention.

Glance over the eight pages of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER this week, and then find their equal if you can, on this wide earth. The paper is sustained on its intrinsic merits, advertisements playing no part in its support. Such a thing was never before known in the history of Spiritualism. Introduce the paper to your neighbors.

THE BIBLE.

SHALL IT BE READ IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS? This pamphlet by R. B. Westbrook, M. D., should have a place in every family. Dr. Westbrook is eminent as a thinker, and at this time, when various religious bodies are clamoring for the privilege of giving religious instruction in our public schools, the facts which he presents should be familiar to all. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.



HEAVEN AND HELL.

You Are Forming One of Them.

I. It is a fact, as the immortal Pascal says, that "kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used." There is a superabundance of weeds in the souls of some persons, and with them kind words are nearly an impossibility. With them snaps and snarls emanate from their venomous lips and foul breath as naturally as thorns thrust themselves forth on the branches of a tree. They live in an atmosphere that seems to generate cross words and gives birth to reptiles of antagonism. They are on a level with the malicious wolf, and their presence is as poisonous as that of a vile snake. Cross words, disagreeable snaps, snarls and a scornful curl of the lip, originate in darkness; kind words that encourage, sustain and strengthen the weak and erring, are brilliant with the polish that only angels use, and which emanate from heaven. Heaven or hell is within each one, and in the former kind thoughts, generous impulses and lofty aspirations blossom, sending forth an incense that gladdens even the feelings of an angel. In the latter a pestilential miasma is generated that is the appropriate food of scorpions and fiends. The world is beset by the hells that are nurtured in human hearts, and from which emanate scowls, malicious hopes and desires, scornful, malignant expression of the countenance, and words as poisonous as the saliva of a mad dog or the tooth of a loathsome snake. Cruelty originates in personal hells.

II.

It is said that in the south of France decoy birds have their eyes put out, and they sing to the rays of the rising sun, which they feel but cannot see, and they attract free birds from the woods. The latter birds—thrushes, nightingales, linnets, robins, blackbirds and larks—are mercilessly shot, twenty or thirty at a time. Such cruel practices can only originate in a hellish nature. Men decoy each other, ruin each other, blast each other's reputation, and fight as furiously as two hyenas, and as maliciously as two cobras. They do it because there is a venomous hell in their nature, which they do not try to repress. I knew a man once—a gay, festive, restless, adventurous fellow, who nurtured a very large hell. He had deserted his wife and three children, leaving them to struggle alone in this world of contention and sorrow. She possessed an extremely pale face, through the sadness of which could be seen luminous aspirations as they clustered around every loving thought she uttered. On her features there still lingered traces of beauty, as plain as the nature-penciled azure on the western sky just after sunset. As she gazed at her children her eyes beamed with an effulgent light as easily discernible as the aurora borealis as it flickers in the northern skies. She was as pure as the thought of a God, and inwardly as radiant as the loftiest angel. Yet she had lost her outward beauty, and to one who cherished, nourished, and delighted in possessing a good-sized hell, she was not acceptable; hence she was deserted. Her life had been wasted on the altar of lust, which her own husband alone possessed, and her loving, kind nature had gone out into the three children she had so tenderly nourished. She died of neglect, penury and wretchedness, yet she possessed a heaven grander than yon magnificent temple where lives a bloated millionaire. She passed to spirit-life as serenely, tranquilly and beautifully as a bright star emerges from a dark storm-cloud; around her remains were only three sad hearts, to whom she had given birth; their tears moistened her pale features now cold in death—a baptism as pure as unsullied affection could make it. In the spiritual realms the heaven of her soul found expression, and she realized then the goodness and grandeur of God! The husband, when his ungrateful life shall have been ended, will carry with him to the next life his hell, and between him and his noble wife there will be for a time an impassable gulf.

III.

You remember that noble heroine, Kate Shelley; her brave, daring deed; her perilous trip across a raging torrent to save a train of cars from destruction. Alone in an awful tempest, in a dark, dismal night, the rain at times pouring down in torrents, she saved a train of cars laden with precious human lives from destruction. Kate Shelley did this, for she had a magnificent heaven blooming as radiant as the expression of an angel, and in obedience to its demand she ventured forth. Darkness, rain, lightning and crashing thunder, and the deafening noise of the surging stream, could not intimidate this heroic girl. What undaunted courage! What unselfish heroism! How angelically sweet these words that she uttered to her mother who was trying to dissuade her from making the attempt: "Mother, I could never forgive myself if I did not make an effort to save those poor men calling for help, and the passenger train should be warned. I will go to Molineaux, or die in the attempt." That night, when dark storm-clouds, illumined now and then with the fierce expression of the lightning's flash, giving them the appearance of demons, overshadowed the sky, this frail but intrepid girl went forth, and some kind angel must have guarded her footsteps, as she sought assistance for others. There is an unsullied grandeur in a soul that has a beautiful heaven, and it is only those who possess it whose lives are characterized with heroic deeds—deeds that are pure, grand, unselfish, noble.

IV.

You remember what some one has said about "making pearls": There were two sisters, one of whom being cross and disagreeable, the fairy caused toads and snakes to drop from her mouth every time she opened it. The other was good-natured and kind; so when she spoke, pearls and diamonds came from her lips. Truly, whoever is bright and cheery and pleasant, pearls and diamonds

do drop from his or her lips even now, and that without the aid of fairies. More beautiful than beautiful words are beautiful deeds—little deeds of kindness: a gift of a book, of a meal to a neighbor, of kind help some way. These make the day on which they are done all the brighter. Remember, each one of you, that while on earth, you are continually making a heaven or hell, which will greet you after death. Heroic deeds on your part in behalf of right, truth and justice, actuated by a kindly, noble spirit, will form a heaven for you possessing a grandeur far beyond the power of language to describe. On the contrary, selfishness, a haughty, arrogant spirit, snaps and snarls, the manifestation of a disagreeable temper, will evolve a hell that will embitter your future life.

V.

Victor Hugo has well said: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like the forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal Spring is on my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and yet it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work'; but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland, because the truth compels me as it did Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity." So live on earth, like him, that the grandeur and beauty of your heaven will be presented to you undimmed in spirit-life, that you may continue there every noble work commenced here.

J. R. F.

HOW THE TOILERS ARE REWARDED.

Stoop-shouldered, care-worn, with head bended low.

With tired tread he walks the crowded streets, To hard and daily toil compelled to go; Scarce noticed by the fellowmen he meets, A "common laborer" the people say, A dollar buys his lease of life each day.

See you those women as they hurry home At night, from factory, shop and mill? Rejoiced that night to their relief has come, (For toil like theirs is often known to kill,) Yet we condemn them if they go astray; Although they get but sixty cents a day.

To yonder dock a prisoner enters in— A woman old and haggard 'fore her time, She doesn't look like one deep steeped in sin, But she has killed her child and chose the crime.

Lest it should starve. She lives (so says her cousin,

By making shirts at thirty cents a dozen, Another "criminal" "sent up" for ninety days.

Has stolen bread his starving child to feed, Before had always walked in better ways; But lost his "job" that had supplied his need, His "job" was underground—shaft number one.

Where he dug coal at forty cents a ton, Those children—nine in number! See how sad Their faces look and prematurely old, You wonder why they are no better clad, Their father labors hard in heat and cold, And often dreams how he'll care for them when

His wages are raised above a dollar ten.

A wagon covered white—a weary road— A mother with an infant on her arm, Walks at its side "to lighten up the load," The same old story of a mortgaged farm; The debt was greater than the crops would pay;

Foreclosure came and took their home away. A family shivering in the street, Although the shades of night are close at hand,

The children try to warm their naked feet, By patting them upon the cutting sand. They're homeless in the street without a cent, Evicted 'cause they could not pay their rent.

And thus might we continue on to write Until the list was doubled o'er and o'er. And every stanza would but still indite The system that so grinds the worthy poor. But if one tries the system to amend;

A "crank" he's called by those his views offend.

H. A. HART.

Items From St. Paul.

In a communication from St. Paul, C. L. Larpentuer gives us very full details of the work going on there at the present time; and the stimulating effect that the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has upon the unfoldment and development of the truth. There are three flourishing societies in St. Paul, of which the oldest is the Spiritualist Alliance, presided over at present by Frank T. Ripley. It numbers in its membership some of the oldest citizens; among them those grand workers for the cause, M. T. C. Flower and his good wife. He was the first President of our State Association. The second, the Progressive Society, is growing very rapidly. It is fortunate in having some very active members. The present officers are President Way, George T. Howell and wife, should be named. They are making great efforts to secure permanent ground for camp-meeting purposes. The third and youngest society, the Independent Spiritual and Psychical Society, appears to be already on a solid foundation. This is due principally to that energetic worker, Mrs. E. Braun, who is a good medium and an accomplished musician. She has been aided by those well-known workers, Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall. They meet twice every Sunday, each having its own hall. In addition to this, they hold a social dance, or some entertainment, weekly. Moses Hull and Oscar A. Edgerly are expected there soon, to fill engagements. Bro. Larpentuer objects to a door fee; but we submit if a small fee which reaches all attendants, equally, is not preferable to the orthodox way of thrusting a contribution box in one's face, to receive niggardly pennies, and thus evade the payment of just dues? He closes by saying: "With my best wishes for your valuable paper and the noble cause it represents, I am fraternally" &c.



SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

Time and space are lacking to answer all who have replied to me. Several of the replies contain substantially the same lack of argument, and need not be noticed separately. A few are exceedingly absurd, and while reading them I thought of a saying of Thomas Paine: "To argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." This applies with great force to the author of one of the last and longest of these replies.

DR. DE COSTA.

The Rev. Dr. De Costa, drawing a distinction between Christianity and Churchianity—claiming, of course, to be governed himself by Christianity—calls me, in an exceedingly argumentative way, "a tiger," and then, to clinch the argument, suggests that, after all, "I may be an ass under a tiger's skin." Fearing that a loophole might still be left, he asserts that "some go so far as to assert that he (meaning myself) holds a brief for Satan, and is doing the best he can for his client."

He makes the familiar assertion that "By its fruits we may know Christianity." Now, if by Christianity he means kindness, candor, the spirit of investigation, observation, reason—in other words, if he aggregates what are called the virtues and calls them "Christianity"—then there need be no dispute.

But is this true? Every religion teaches a code of morals, plus something else, and it is this "something else" that determines what each religion is.

Buddhism is a code of morals, plus a belief in the transmigration of souls; in the illumination of Buddha; in certain prayers, ceremonies, genuflections and superstitions.

So Christianity is a code of morals, plus that the God of the Old Testament is the Creator of the Universe; that the Christ of the New Testament is the same God, and that by his death an atonement was made for all who should believe in him in a certain way, plus certain ceremonies and superstitions.

MORALITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

No one objects to the morality of Christianity. The industrious people of the world—those who have anything—are, as a rule, opposed to larceny; a very large majority of people object to being murdered; and so we have laws against larceny and murder. A large majority of people believe in what they call, or what they understand to be, justice—at least as between others. There is no very great difference of opinion among civilized people as to what is or is not moral.

It cannot be truthfully said that the man who attacks Buddhism attacks all morality. He does not attack goodness, justice, mercy, or anything that tends in his judgment to the welfare of mankind; but he attacks Buddhism. So one attacking what is called Christianity does not attack kindness, charity, or any virtue. He attacks something that has been added to the virtues. He does not attack the flower, but what he believes to be the parasite.

If people when they speak of Christianity include the virtues common to all religions, they should not give Christianity credit for all the good that has been done. There were millions of virtuous men and women, millions of heroic and self-denying souls, before Christianity was known.

IN REGARD TO PERSECUTION.

It does not seem possible to me that love, kindness, justice or charity ever caused any one who possessed and practiced these virtues to persecute his fellow man on account of a difference of belief. If Christianity has persecuted, some reason must exist outside of the virtues it has inculcated. If this reason—this cause—is inherent in that something else, which has been added to the ordinary virtues, then Christianity can properly be held accountable for the persecution. Of course back of Christianity is the nature of man, and, primarily, it may be responsible.

Is there anything in Christianity that will account for such persecutions—for the Inquisition? It certainly was taught by the church that belief was necessary to salvation, and it was thought at the same time that the fate of man was eternal punishment; that the state of man was that of depravity, and that there was but one way by which he could be saved, and that was through belief—through faith. As long as this was honestly believed, Christians would not allow heretics or infidels to preach a doctrine to their wives, to their children or to themselves which, in their judgment, would result in the damnation of souls.

THE RIGHT TO KILL.

The law gives a father the right to kill one who is about to do great bodily harm to his son. Now, if a father has the right to take the life of a man simply because he is attacking the body of his son, how much more would he have the right to take the life of one who was about to assassinate the soul of his son?

Christians reasoned in this way. In addition to this, they felt that God would hold the community responsible if the community allowed a blasphemer to attack the true religion. Therefore they killed the free thinker, or rather the free talker, in self-defence. At the bottom of religious persecution is the doctrine of self-defence; that is to say, the defence of the soul. If the founder of Christianity had plainly said: "It is not necessary to believe in order to be saved; it is only necessary to do, and he who really loves his fellowmen, who is kind, just and charitable, is to be forever blessed!"—if he had only said that, there would probably have been but little persecution.

If he had added to that: "You must

not persecute in my name. The religion I teach is the Religion of Love—not the Religion of Force and Hatred. You must not imprison your fellowmen. You must not stretch them upon racks, or crush their bones in iron boots. You must not flay them alive. You must not cut off their eyelids, nor pour melted lead into their ears. You must treat all with absolute kindness. If you cannot convert your neighbor by example, persuasion, argument, that is the end. You must never resort to force; and, whether he believes as you do or not, treat him always with kindness," his followers would not have murdered their fellows in his name.

If Christ was in fact God, he knew the persecutions that would be carried on in his name; he knew the millions that would suffer death through torture; and yet he died without saying one word to prevent what he must have known, if he were God, would happen.

All that Christianity has added to morality is worthless and useless. Not only so, it has been hurtful. Take Christianity from morality and the useful is left, but take morality from Christianity and the useless remains.

KNOWN BY FRUITS.

Now, falling back on the old assertion, "By its fruits we may know Christianity," then I think we are justified in saying that as Christianity consists of a mixture of morality and something else, and as morality never has persecuted a human being, and as Christianity has persecuted millions, the cause of the persecution must be the "something else" that was added to morality.

I cannot agree with the reverend gentleman when he says that "Christianity has taught mankind the priceless value and dignity of human nature." On the other hand, Christianity has taught that the whole human race is by nature depraved; that if God should act in accordance with his sense of justice, all of the sons of men would be doomed to eternal pain. Human nature has been derided, has been held up to contempt and scorn, all our desires and passions denounced as wicked and filthy.

Dr. De Costa asserts that Christianity has taught mankind the value of freedom. It certainly has not been the advocate of free thought; and what is freedom worth if the mind is to be enslaved?

Dr. De Costa knows that millions have been sacrificed in their efforts to be free; that is, millions have been sacrificed for exercising their freedom as against the church.

It is not true that the church "has taught and established the fact of human brotherhood." This has been the result of a civilization to which Christianity itself has been hostile.

Can we prove that "the church established human brotherhood" by banishing the Jews from Spain? by driving out the Moors? by the tortures of the Inquisition? by butchering the Covenanters of Scotland? by the burning of Bruno and Servetus? by the persecution of the Irish? by whipping and hanging Quakers in New England? by the slave trade? and by the hundreds of wars waged in the name of Christ?

We all know that the Bible upholds slavery in its very worst and most cruel form; and how it can be said that a religion founded upon a Bible that upholds the institution of slavery, has taught and established the fact of human brotherhood, is beyond my imagination to conceive.

Leaflets of Thought.

B. E. Litchfield's "Leaflets of Thought. Gathered from the Tree of Life," is rightly named. From the seen and the unseen, has the author gathered these treasures of divine wisdom, and sent them out upon the wings of good purpose and loving intent, they can but do good. While, perhaps, there is nothing really new in the book, yet to the mind of the ready thinker there is very much that will find an echo in the heart of many a weary soul, and thus lift the burden that has laid heavily upon them, for these many years, because of the uncertainty that has hitherto hedged in the so-called future life. "As above, so below," is an occult saying that means more to mankind when reversed, and read, "As below, so above." We can only know of the one true, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent all good, by the manifestations of itself in and through nature. In his book, the author has tried to lead his readers by analogy, from nature, up toward the light and guidance of the higher self, who truly is "Our Father in Heaven." If the reader is seeking spiritual light and unfoldment along the line of the life beyond, and keeps the eye fixed upon the real, then will these "Leaflets of Thought" accomplish that whereunto they were sent. God speed the good. For sale at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; price \$1.25.

Notes from Broadhead, Wis.

J. W. Stuart, of Brodhead, Wis., writes: "The card which I sent you last fall and which you kindly published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, brought me many letters from Spiritualists in various places, but among all who have written, we have as yet not been able to secure a slate-writing medium to visit our church-riden little city. We shall only be too glad to entertain any slate-writing medium who shall make our place a visit and demonstrate the fact of the continuity of life (and there are many in whose presence these demonstrations occur), and will take pleasure in compensating them also pecuniarily for the time and labor which they expend for our enlightenment. We have many intelligent people among us, who will be only too glad to see the evidence of a life in the future, such as it has been my good fortune to perceive in the presence of Brother Henry Slade, and which many others are able to show us. If you can call the attention of some reliable slate-writing medium to the needs of the people of our little city, and if he or she will come here, such an one will do us a great favor, besides receiving what we think will be satisfactory pecuniary compensation, and also add to the readers of the best Spiritualist paper that it has ever been my fortune to see."

HOW TO MESMERIZE.

FULL AND COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO MESMERIZE. Ancient and Modern Miracles by Mesmerism. Also is Spiritualism True? By Prof. J. W. Caldwell. Ancient and modern miracles are explained by mesmerism, and the book will be found highly interesting to every Spiritualist. It is the only work ever published giving full instructions how to mesmerize, and the connection this science has with Spiritualism. It is pronounced by Allen Patnam and others, who have read it, to be one of the most interesting books ever written. Paper, pp. 128 50 cents. For sale at this office.

MEN AND ANIMALS.

In Many Cases the Same Impulses Control Their Actions.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was very much pleased with the able and instructive article entitled, "Can Monkeys Talk?" with its original and very suggestive illustration. Perhaps people who are distressed by any recalling of their poor relations, might object to the picturing of these parodies of man, but they can certainly find no objection to the words of wisdom, and the search for truth, which evidently inspired the writer of the article. That all animals are closely related to man on the plane of the animal soul, cannot be successfully denied, by anyone who has given any attention whatever to the subject. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in discussing the relation of man and the animals, says:

"The impulses and motives which lead to the commission of crime are essentially the same in beasts and in man, and students of penal jurisprudence are just beginning to learn that the psychology of criminality in civilized society can never be fully understood except by a careful scientific study of it, not only in savages, but also in the lower animals. Many actions, such as the killing of deformed or sickly infants and of old and infirm individuals, are common to barbarians and to beasts, and are regarded as right because they contribute to the collective strength and consequent safety of the tribe or herd; but with the civilization of man and the domestication of the brute this precaution is no longer needed and the primitive practice is abandoned. Mice take excellent care of their aged, blind or otherwise helpless kin, concealing them in safe places and providing them with food. It must be remembered, however, that the mouse has lived in a semi-domestic state as the companion of man from time immemorial. In the development and organization of social and civic life, the bee and ant hold the foremost place among articulate, corresponding to that of man among vertebrates. They stand respectively at the head of their class and represent the highest point attained by insect and mammal in the process of evolution. As regards form of government, it is a mistake to speak of the bee state as a monarchy; it is, on the contrary, the most radical of republics, or rather a democracy of the most rigorous kind, with absolute power vested in the working class. The claims of 'labor' to the exercise of supreme control in political affairs are here fully recognized and practically realized. The so-called queen is really the mother of the hive; her functions are maternal rather than regal. If she may be said to reign in a certain sense, the workers rule, deciding all questions and performing all acts affecting the common weal. Populous and powerful bee communities sometimes relapse into barbarism, renounce the life of peaceful industry for which they have become proverbial, acquire predatory habits and roam about the country as freebooters, plundering the smaller and weaker hives, and subsisting on the spoils. These brigand bees seldom reform; if they busily 'improve each shining hour,' it is not to 'gather honey all the day from every opening flower,' but to range the fields in looting parties and ransack the homes of honest honey-makers. Against these anarchists of apian society and other foes the honey bees often fortify their hives, barricading the entrance by a thick wall, with bastions, casemates and deep, narrow gateways. When there seems to be no immediate danger of hostile attack these defensive works, which seriously interfere with the ordinary industrial life of the hive, are removed and not rebuilt until there is fresh occasion for alarm. It has now been ascertained without a doubt that in Texas and South America, as well as in Southern Europe, India and Africa, there are ants which not only have a military organization and wage systematic warfare, but also keep slaves and carry on agricultural pursuits. Nineteen species of ants with these habits have been already discovered and their modes of life more or less fully described. Indeed, nearly all the institutions and gradations of culture and civilization which the human race has passed through, and of which we find survivals among the different tribes of men, exist also among ants. Besides the tillers of the soil just above mentioned, there are other species like the Peruvian cazadores, who still lead a nomadic life, having no permanent homes, but wandering from place to place; entering the houses of the natives by millions, killing rats, mice, snakes, and all sorts of vermin; devouring offal, and performing in general the useful functions of itinerant scavengers. The slaveholding ants are of several kinds, and differ greatly in the manner in which they treat their vassals. Some make them do all the work under the direction of overseers; others share their labors; while still others have fallen into such habits of luxury as to be unable or unwilling to wait upon or even feed themselves, and are carried about and provided with food by their body servants. In many cases this sybaritism is the mere ostentatious love of being served. The incapacity is not physical but moral, and arises from an aristocratic aversion to any kind of manual labor."

In conclusion allow me to say that it is a pleasure to read a paper that does not confine itself to a worn rut, for fear somebody might object, but dares to be truly a progressive thinker over the whole field; both in the spiritual and physical realms, gathering the flowers and fruits of knowledge, whether they are familiar to you or not. Very cautiously indeed must that person be who rises from the perusal of your paper without having obtained some new idea or useful knowledge.

M. DASH.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit-life, Feb. 1, 1892, from his home, Arkwright, Chaut. Co., N. Y., Charles E., son of E. V. White and Elizabeth Ely White. He was a young man of deep sympathies, a lover of truth and justice, a kind and loving son and brother. We feel that through the culture and unfoldment of his spiritual faculties while on earth, he was ready for the change which is not death, but instead a continuity of eternal life. Mr. George W. Taylor, of Lawtons, N. Y., delivered the funeral discourse, which was replete with the truths of Spiritualism.

CELIA LOCKES.

THAT LONG CURVE.

Mr. Herman Fascher Picked Up by a Subscriber.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of Feb. 27th, Mr. Herman Fascher attempts to controvert a statement made by Prof. Richmond in one of his Temple lectures, where Mr. Richmond incidentally alluded to a curious calculation once made by a certain Master, concerning the motion of the moon, earth and sun. Knowing as I do, that Mr. Richmond never notices any criticisms directed against his lectures, especially when the criticisms are absurd on their face, I take the liberty of saying a few words. I have seen some pretty wild and "rather flighty" mathematical demonstrations (?) in my time, but the figures given by Mr. Fascher seem to me to be a little more than flighty. He takes the diameter of the moon's orbit, 480,000 miles, and then assumes that in one lunation the moon varies from a straight line 480,000 miles in moving with the earth 46,000,000 miles. He then assumes that the simple rule of three holds perfectly good in ratio, involving curves, spirals and circles, which is not a fact, and seems to have used the following formula:

$$46,000,000 : 480,000 :: 1 : 6.575.$$

This 6.575 of a mile being about 55 feet. He then calmly announces that the moon varies 55 feet in going a mile in that stupendous curve of over 46,000,000 miles.

Ye Gods! Think of it!

Why, my dear sir, how much do you suppose the surface of this little earth of ours curves to the mile? Less than one foot, I figure it. If it curved 55 feet in a mile you could not see the tallest vessel four miles out in the lake. Yet the little circle of 8,000 miles diameter of the earth is a small thing compared to the diameter of its orbit.

But let us apply your rule.

Assume that a man in traveling half way around the earth at the equator, moves a distance of 8,000 miles in a direct line. But he moves in a curve 12,000 miles long in doing so. By your assumption, as to the moon's variation, we must assume that the man varied from a straight line 4,000 miles, and further that the formula

$$12,000 : 4,000 :: 1 : 1.3,$$

would give the true curve of the earth's surface. As this one-third mile represents about 1,760 feet, we have the absurd result, from the demonstration by your method, that the earth curves 1,760 feet to the mile. Why, a man would be obliged to go up in a balloon to see the outer crib from the city.

But Mr. Fascher's wild statements regarding the moon's variation sink into comparative insignificance beside some of his further statements; for instance, that the earth varies from a straight line a hundred and forty million miles during one lunation, or that the solar system would have to move more than 44 quadrillions of miles in about one-thirtieth of a year to reduce the earth's variations to one 200th of a hair's breadth per mile. All these statements are probably based upon the same erroneous assumption and calculations. At any rate they are so far from truth as to merit no refutation.

In perfect kindness I would respectfully advise the gentleman to study plane and spherical trigonometry and geometry awhile, before again attempting to criticize those who are familiar with the movements of the heavenly bodies.

SUBSCRIBER.

A Singularly Interesting Exhibition of a Hypnotist's Power.

It appears from the Chicago Herald, that a stalwart young butcher's apprentice walked into the local room of that paper, a few evenings ago, and inquiring for the city editor, announced himself as President Harrison. There was a slight glitter to his eyes, but his face was expressionless and the features almost rigid. Taking two carrots from his overcoat he handed one to his host and put the other, small end foremost, between his lips just as a man would do with a cigar. Taking a box of matches from his pocket, he lighted one and pretended to light his carrot. Almost immediately he relapsed into a trance, still standing as he was before, and his left arm gradually rose until it was at right angles and there remained. This condition lasted for over five and one-half minutes. In the meantime there had gathered about the hypnotic patient, for such the young man really was, Professor Carl Sixtus, the hypnotist; Robert Lindblom, the well-known board of trade man; Howard Henderson, C. W. Fullerton, the lawyer, and Louis Pio, the Danish editor, and several others in the party who had set out from the hypnotist's house to follow the young butcher, after he, had been hypnotized and instructed to do exactly as he did.

At the expiration of five and a half minutes, which was the time agreed on, the hypnotic trance state continued, but the arm sank to the side, the patient seemed less rigid in his muscles, and his pulse, which had been thumping away at 125 beats to the minute, became more normal. While he stood thus a city directory was placed in his right hand, and he was told that when he awoke he would find a big dog in his hand, which would bite him if he didn't put it down on the floor and crawl under a table. The young man was then seated in a chair and the hypnotist aroused him by a few rushing passes before his face. He stared vacantly about for a moment, and then discovered the "dog," hastily put it down, and with evident alarm got under the nearest table. The Professor came to his aid and rescued him not only from the dog but from further ludicrous performances. The party accompanying the professor was greatly interested in what they believe to be the most interesting and the least cultivated of all the branches of medical science and treatment.



A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY OUR ARTIST, AT MUNICH, GERMANY. SUPERSTITION AND IGNORANCE KNEELING TO A "RELIGIOUS" PROCESSION.

The German Servant Girl and Her Catholic Religion.

FROM OUR OWN ARTIST, AT MUNICH, GERMANY.



HAT are you doing there? Isn't it pretty?" said the fat, good-natured servant girl, as she entered my room. I was drawing the abominable scene, so often here displayed, of priests

and their assistants walking the streets, which is presented above.

"You like it, do you, and think it so fine?" "Oh! yes, they are such kind people, who pray for us all and do so much good. They have just come from some sick person, to give him the last Holy Sacrament. Those on your picture, I mean."

"They are so good, are they? Do they receive anything for doing this service?"



THEY WOULD ARREST HER NOW AS A WITCH, IF THEY HAD THE POWER.

"Why, of course they do; they generally get pretty much. Indeed, quite often the sick one, who is about to die, gives his entire property, though he may have heirs, to the priests, for their benevolence and goodness, so they may help the poor."

I must say that I am not prejudiced toward any one on account of his religion, nor am I prejudiced toward any religion; but it was too much for me to have this misled creature tell me of all the goodness of the "Holy Fathers," who were at the same time her vilest enemies.



THE WAY THEY PUNISHED HERETICS, AND THE WAY THEY WOULD LIKE TO DO IT NOW.

At this moment I noticed a strange look in the eyes of the girl, which brought a horrible remembrance of inquisitions to my mind. I grasped the chance and called her attention to the strangeness of her eyes, which were at the time looking in opposite directions, though not crossed, but toward the outer angles. "I will tell you how good your Catholic Church has been, and how good it would be if it had the power to day that it once possessed."

"Had you lived not many years ago, a glance of those eyes of yours would have been

looked upon as that of a witch. Your friends, sister, yes, even your mother, would have reported to the priests that you were possessed, as at that time the Roman Church so stupefied its followers, or the populace over which they had power, that friends, sisters and parents thought it their duty to let the priests know of any strange occurrence, especially of those supposed disbelievers and those possessed."

"You would have been violently dragged from your bed at night, without a moment's warning, by human devils under priestly supervision. With your eyes bound you would be dragged through unknown streets, through dark and slimy underground passages, and at last lodged in a cold, dark dungeon, where probably thousands before you had slept their last earthly sleep. Here, without knowledge of what would next be your lot, you would remain possibly forty-eight hours, without food or drink, until you were again dragged by villainous servants to the torture chamber—the thoughts are horrible. After having had every shred of clothing removed, facing a number of dark-robed men sitting upon a platform, with crucifixes and pictures of the Virgin Mary about, the charge against you would be read, and then—oh! heaven!—All your weeping and imploring would be of no use. The dark monsters would pretend to consult each other, and then one would repeat a sentence so ghastly that it could not be credited to being said by a human being."

"For the third time, the servant devils would seize you and throw you upon a long, flat, table-like apparatus, with a windlass attachment at the upper end. On the lower part of this table your lower limbs would be held fast by staple locks, placed around the ankles, while your arms, stretched at full length over your head, were tied with strong ropes attached to the windlass. At a given signal the ropes are drawn tighter and tighter until all the limbs are drawn out of their sockets and joints, while you, poor unfortunate, would scream with agony, until, at last, bathed in blood and perspiration, death would relieve you. Thus, my friend, you see the purity of the Roman Catholic Church."

My servant friend listened to me in silence and at last ventured to say, "Is it—true?" I told her it was. I am sure that in the mind of this good creature I have planted a seed that cannot be destroyed, such as you good people should also plant in the minds of all who need them. She doubts the Catholic religion, and—rightly.

DON CARLOS.

Notable Manifestations.

We are in receipt of a long communication from David S. Morrison. We must content ourselves with a synopsis. He and another gentleman, both pronounced skeptics, attended a seance of Mrs. W. L. Thompson at Keokuk, Iowa. It was given under test conditions. The lady was examined by a committee of ladies and dressed throughout in black; the only door by which a confederate could enter the cabinet was nailed securely. When the manifestations commenced, a thin, delicate lady, differing entirely in form and feature from the medium, who is a stout, fleshy person, came out of the cabinet. A thin lady could be "made up" to look stout, but a stout lady can in no way be made to appear thin. She came out some distance from the cabinet. She approached one of the skeptics and led him to the other. After some conversation, the other party remarked to the writer: "It settles that part, don't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but it does not prove that some one has not slipped into the cabinet." On hearing this, with a look on her face, clearly seen in the full light, as if she had said "I'll prove that, too," she stepped back two or three feet, and there, in the plain sight of all, watching in breathless suspense, she commenced going down, and contracting in every way, until about the size of a ten-year-old child. Then she stopped a moment to give all a chance to look at her. Then she grew smaller again until the size of an infant. Then, pausing a moment, she decreased until there was only a bright spot on the carpet the size of a walnut. Then a tiny spark was left, and that finally went out; then three loud knocks were heard and the skeptics admitted: "That knocks the skepticism out of us."

In concluding, the writer says: "I will vouch for every word of this."

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.

Items from Kansas City, Mo.

The society here has been under the ministration of Mrs. Orvis, of Chicago, through December; Bishop A. Beals in January, and Mrs. Orvis again in February. We have engaged for March Prof. T. C. Buddington, the author of "Planetary" and "Sideral Evolution," who is the unknown writer through whom the so-called Faraday pamphlets were given to the world several years ago. He will bring the wealth of more than twenty years of hard study, as well as successful experiments in psychic science.

His recent experiments in psychic photography, at the request of Col. Van Horn, of the Kansas City Journal, will go further toward settling the vexed question, *pro* and *con*, of transcendental photography, than all the debates for the past decade relative to what spiritual force can do.

By a series of carefully-conducted experiments the Professor has demonstrated that the master minds of the ancient world can through photography be made able to present themselves as plainly as though living in this age, and by a stereopticon he shows them to audiences in all the perfection of a picture from a living being. He has given us one evening with a stereopticon lecture upon "World-Building," and is preparing to give us a course of the most positive lectures on the "Relations of the Spiritual to the Material Universe" that have ever been given to the world. The Professor was invited to give a lecture before the Science Club at the University of Lawrence, Kansas, on "Creation by Evolution," last November, which gave great satisfaction to all who listened to it.

His lectures before audiences in this city have been well attended, and if the spiritual societies of the country can secure him for the summer camps, they will have a treat in the line of an intellectual spirituality that has not been equaled since the days of the late Prof. William Denton. After finishing his engagement here he proposes to go to the Pacific Coast, and any societies there wishing to secure his services should write to him here, care of

CAPT. W. WINGETT.

MORAL PROGRESS.

A FEW SALIENT POINTS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

Edward Payson Jackson, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, has a short article on "Moral Educability" which, brief as it is, contains the substance of volumes in its profound suggestions. It is not religion, not Christianity, but the education of man's moral nature—its evolution, which has caused the wonderful change from savagery to the reign of love. How Mr. Jackson regards this subject may be learned from the following extracts:

"The wealth, beauty, and fashion of Rome assembled in eager thousands to witness the entertaining spectacle of wholesale human butchery; we stigmatize a bull-fight as intolerable savagery, worthy only of belated Spain, Portugal or Mexico, and even the blood and bruises of a prize-fight are too much for the humanity and self-respect of any but blacklegs, thieves, 'sports,' and of a few scions of royalty and other quasi-respectable men. The ancients punished not only their criminals but often their innocent captives with death by torture; imagine a populous city of our day, absorbed in its various employments and pleasures, unconcerned, while in full sight on a neighboring plain men are for days together writhing and moaning out the inconceivable agonies of crucifixion! Not only would such a thing be impossible in our day, but we are actually divided in opinion as to whether painless death by electrocution is not too barbarous a way of disposing of criminals. The ancients immured their lunatics and left their paupers, their halt, blind and deaf to shift for themselves or to depend upon casual private benevolence; we build almshouses, hospitals and asylums, and our best scientific skill is taxed to its utmost in behalf of our unfortunates of these classes."

"We wonder at the monstrous cruelties of past ages. How could they have been possible, we ask, since 'human nature has always been the same?' But human nature has not always been the same; it has always been changing; it is changing now, and it will always continue to change. And the rate of improvement is continually accelerating. Those born since the war find it difficult to comprehend the barbarities of even one short generation ago. Their children will find the barbarities of to-day equally incredible. The horrors of Siberia, of the Russian persecution of Israel, of the no less infamous sweat-shops in our own country, may relegate the latter third of the nineteenth century to the same limbo of infamy to which the ages of Nero and Simon Legree are condemned, notwithstanding the comparatively great ameliorations in the average condition of the human race. Still later generations will wonder at the possibility of inhumanity which in our day condemns the many to life shortening and life-embittering toil that the very few may consume in luxurious idleness the price of their sweat and suffering; at the travesty of justice which punishes the criminal who robs his one victim with his puny arm of flesh and bends the knee to the ruffian who despoils his thousands with his mightier brain; at the selfish greed of the titled idlers who partition the soil among themselves and take heavy toll of the multitude of earth's children for presuming to live upon the bosom of their common mother; at the unspeakable cruelty of the sex which flatters and spoils with indulgence a portion of the other sex, and drives by its tyranny another portion to starvation, suicide or infamy."

Minister Whitelaw Reid's desire to resign, it is said, is superinduced by a chronic predisposition to influenza in the gay French capital. It would take something more than the grip to make most politicians loosen their grip upon a fat office.

EXCELLENT BOOKS!

They Are for Sale at This Office.

- ALL ABOUT DEVILS, BY MOSES HULL.**
A work you should read. Price 15 cents.
- AGE OF REASON, BY THOMAS PAINE.**
A book that all should read. Price 50 cents.
- A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARDING**
Chloroform. It contains valuable statistics. By H. H. Westbrook. Price 5 cents.
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IMPRESSIVE THOUGHTS.

The Heart Side of Spiritualism.

SENTIMENTS THAT PULSATE IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Grant me space once more in the valuable columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER (and long and abundantly may it flourish) to thank the host of friends who are making such generous responses to the appeals in behalf of Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane. While there is not a little connected with Spiritualism that one could wish otherwise, recent experiences have enabled me to see, better than ever before, another side—its "heart side," let me call it—and the cause, always valuable to my philosophical perception, is now ten-fold endeared, and made inestimably precious, because of the intrinsic good it reveals.

With your permission I shall give your readers some glimpses into this heart field. Many remittances are accompanied by some words of explanation; and one and all breathe the spirit of a noble and tolerant charity toward human frailty. One brother, 80 years old, is moved to say he has no stones to cast at the fallen, but out of a full heart, though a slender purse, he will throw a dollar bill at one who shall ever have his best wishes. Truly a noble example.

An elderly sister writes: "Enclosed please find one dollar for Mrs. Kane. I have the picture of the Fox house in my sitting room, and have had it for a number of years. I am no stranger to the raps, slate writing, musical manifestations, etc., all happening in my own house, my youngest daughter being the medium, all of the elder ones being in the spirit world. What a feast of spiritual manifestations I have had under my own roof! And still I thirst for more. When I go to New York I shall try and call on Mrs. Kane."

What is very striking is the number of very old people who contribute—no doubt due to the fact that to people who were adults nearly fifty years ago, the memory of the first messages from spirit-life have an interest of association which time only tends to sanctify and hallow. Here is an illustrative passage. "Permit an old lady of 80 to add her mite to swell the list of Margaret Fox Kane's friends, who with sympathetic hands seek to relieve her needs; at the same time hoping and praying that others more able will do likewise in accordance with their means."

Another writes: "Please find ten cents for Mrs. Kane. It is not much, but if every Spiritualist will send her as much, it will lift her into good circumstances. Tell her for me that I thank God every day for what she has done for Spiritualism. May the angels ever bless and sustain her."

From "Sunfield," Mich. (a most fitting name as a dwelling-place for such bright spirits still in the flesh), comes this: "Enclosed find sixty cents, a small pittance from kind friends. Although poor, yet they are humane, tried and true Spiritualists, and all will, as they are able, send more, and hope that all Spiritualists will do likewise, and help to make Mrs. Kane's last days on earth a pleasant memory."

And how precious is this, from Fredonia: "Enclosed please find one dollar for Mrs. Kane. I received the light thirty-nine years ago; am now seventy-five years old and my husband is seventy-eight. We are still laboring for our daily bread, because we think it is better to wear out than to rust out. We love the light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world, and would wish to aid all philanthropic endeavors."

This from a sister in Fairport, Mich.: "Enclosed you will find one small mite to add to our Sister Margaret Fox Kane Fund. I know 'tis more blessed to give than to receive, though it be but a mite. I was convinced of spirit communication in 1851 by the tiny rap."

Now and then there comes also a word that is of interest as a historical retrospect. L. M. Hubby, of Cleveland, but at present sojourning in Santa Barbara, Cal., accompanies a gift of \$5 by the following: "I noticed in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, forwarded to me at this place, that the poor, unfortunate Margaret Fox Kane is in destitute circumstances, and greatly in need of pecuniary aid, and that you have volunteered to receive and forward to her such contributions as the liberal-minded believers in our grand philosophy think it their duty to contribute to her aid. I feel it my special duty, for reasons which you will realize upon reading the note which I enclose for her." This note I shall take the liberty to present here, trusting that its inherent interest will be a sufficient excuse from me to Mr. Hubby for so doing:

"Dear Mrs. Kane: You doubtless can call to mind the visit of yourself and two sisters to Cleveland, Ohio, I think in 1849. Do you remember at one of your seances five gentlemen requesting a private meeting with you to give the mysterious and, to us all, wonderful powers such an investigation as it was not possible for us to give in a crowded room? Our request was cheerfully granted. This was at the American House. If I recollect right this was about your first appearance in the outside world away from your home in the performance of your great mission. The gentlemen making the request were N. E. Crittenden, D. A. Eddy, J. W. Hughes, A. Hughes, and the writer. All have now passed to the other side, except myself, and I expect soon to be there, as I am but a few steps from the 80th milestone. At this meeting, thinking that electricity might be the power that enabled you to make such strange and wonderful demonstrations, we took you into different rooms, placing you on feather beds, plates of glass, etc., to all of which you cheerfully submitted. All the tests which we could apply made no change. The communications and demonstrations came all the sooner. The result of all was that we could not otherwise than believe that the power which you appeared to possess was what it claimed to be. Subsequently all became full believers in the

philosophy. Four have died in that belief. The fifth soon expects to. * * * Hoping your remaining days on the earth may be those of peace and happiness, believe me to be your sympathizing friend."

I shall give only one more out of my abundance. This last comes from Hart, Michigan. It is worthy to be read twice, and then again: "Dear Brother: 'Better late than never' is an old 'saw.' From time to time I have noticed in your paper an appeal for aid in behalf of Margaret Fox Kane, and have always calculated I could and would contribute a dime, but it looked so little, so I thought I would first get a few dimes more to put with it. I have just succeeded in getting forty cents, which find enclosed with it, making fifty cents. I wish it were many times more, but dimes are very scarce with us, for it is now eleven years since I have done a day's work, not being able to labor on account of spinal trouble and a complication of evils. Now for eighteen months I have been confined to the house, hardly getting time to go to the postoffice, but sixty rods away, being thus confined with an invalid father, ninety-three years of age, who has not stood on his feet or fed himself in all that time, and with none but myself and wife to care for him. So we haven't much time to think or do as we would like. Forty years ago I listened to the 'raps' in Rochester, N. Y., in the presence of one of the Fox sisters. I was very much interested, and have since watched with great anxiety their movements, as far as reports came to me. I have been pained sometimes, but never mistrusted their mediumship. Accept the small remittance with many good wishes for the cause. Fraternally, C. A. GAINES."

It has been almost painful to accept the gifts of some of the brothers and sisters, and in several cases I should have returned them (as I strongly felt moved to do in this case) were it not that I felt that gifts like these have a value in the eyes of the angel world too precious to be interfered with by mortal hands, and that in ways best known to the unseen sacrifice will be made up to them. Such sympathy and charity admits one directly to the presence of angels, because of the sacrifice, and reveals in clearest lights why it was that Christ said: "Blessed are the poor"; for it is only among the poor that true sacrifice is ever found. To the rich this boon is unhappily denied, and hence it is that the "Kingdom of Heaven" is closed against them until, through "poverty in spirit," the better way is found. I need not say how grateful I am to you for opening the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for the work, and that it will bring you an abundance of blessings none may doubt who understands in any degree "spiritual values."

The following contributions have been received by me since last report: L. M. Hubby, \$5.00; by Dr. J. W. Angell, \$4.25; by W. J. Innis, \$2.00; G. W. Tripp, \$1.00; J. H. Hopping, \$1.00; "F. S. H.," \$1.00; P. O. Box 644, \$1.00; Mrs. J. M. Case, \$1.00; J. P. Lanning, \$1.00; Mrs. E. J. Keene, \$1.00; A. S. Dickinson, \$1.00; Thomas H. Blake, \$1.00; a friend, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Belden, \$1.10; Friends, 60c; Mrs. Manley, 50c; George S. Foster, 50c; from Jerseyville, Ill., 50c; C. A. Gaines, 50c; D. B. Reeves, 50c; N. P. R. R. Co., 50c; Anonymous, 50c; L. W. M., 40c; Mrs. J. H. Massie, 35c; E. Mantner, 30c; Frank Woodard, 25c; M. Wells, 25c; F. D. Jacobs, 25c; Mrs. R. P. Bowers, 25c; H. K. Davis, 25c; E. J. Jellison, 25c; M. Botsford, 25c; Friend, 20c; Mrs. Cheney, 20c; Mrs. E. P. Hussey, 20c; a second mite, 20c; N. Y. City, 10c; Marion Phillips, 10c; W. Wright Beck, 10c; D. D. Glass, 10c; Ambrose Jones, 10c; E. J. Armistage, 10c; Mrs. A. D. Rice, 10c; A Poor Spiritualist, 10c; A Friend, 8c. Received to date, \$147.04. Now on hand, \$46.93; which will tide Mrs. Kane over the next two or three months, except it should happen that some business fell in her way, in which event it will hold out longer. I would say to our friends, however, "weary not in well doing." Keep the ball rolling. The giving will do you as much good as the gift will benefit poor Maggie. Fraternally yours, FREDERICK F. COOK, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Contributed in Behalf of "The Progressive Thinker."

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Now is the time, this very day,
So says your friend, Elsie B. E.
Takes THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.
—E. D. Blakeman.

What Some Believe.

That God awoke in darkness,
Six thousand years ago,
And looked around on nothing,
To see what he could do.

He'd never had beginning—
Not born like you and me;
But always had existed
From all eternity.

But what he had been doing,
Throughout those countless years,
No priest has ever told us—
It in no book appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping,
With nothing for a bed,
With nothing for a pillow,
And nothing in his head;
With nothing for companion
Through all that dreary night.
And only boundless nothing
On which to feast his sight.

But now He rose to action,
Like one aroused from sleep,
And of his six days' labor—
The tale is rather "steep."

He took a pinch of nothing
And made this glorious earth;
Another pinch of nothing
And planets had their birth.

A little lump of nothing
Produced the powerful sun,
And so he worked on nothing,
Till stars and all were done.

And when all else was finished,
Of dust he made a man,
By mixing it with nothing,
On some mysterious plan.

He took a rib from Adam—
With nothing for a knife,
And mixing it with nothing,
He made a full-grown wife.

He now damns us to Tophet,
Unless we all believe
This story of creation—
The snake, the fruit and Eve.

He knew the kind of people
He was about to make,
Yet had to die some later
Because of his mistake.

—Thought-Breeder No. 2.

Looking Back.

Ah, backward-gazing eye,
The sun for thee hath set!
Not thine to prophesy,
But only to forget!
Above a grave still grieving,
By thy belief misled,
That life is not worth living
Till after it is dead.

Nay, turn not still away
From all that draws sweet breath—
Look not on life, I pray,
Through tears that fall for death!
No less allegiance giving,
Nor needing to forget,
Be happy in believing
What has been, may be yet!

—Frank Preston Stuart.

A Little Out of the Usual Line.

TO THE EDITOR:—It appears from the Detroit (Mich.) Sun that a statement just made by Isaac F. Happe, of Anderson, Ind., has created a sensation in that section. Mr. Happe is a well-to-do farmer living five miles southeast of Anderson, near the village of Columbus. He is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and his veracity is unquestioned. He is, moreover, a quiet man, of taciturn disposition, and would certainly be the last man to give publicity to something that did not occur.

Some months ago Mr. Happe began an investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. Having received instructions, he began his researches at his own home, which he continued until a short time since. He would sit for hours two or three evenings every week. He sat alone in a room with a bright light; he states that he was able to read the finest print. While thus engaged in his sitting there suddenly appeared in the room the form of a person whom he instantly recognized as a friend who had been dead for some years. Mr. Happe states that he was not a little surprised, as one would naturally be under such circumstances. When he had recovered from his astonishment he entered into conversation with the apparition. It conversed in audible tones for a few moments, and then vanished.

Other persons came and went in the same mysterious manner. Mr. Happe thought that he could not have been mistaken. To satisfy himself that he was not mistaken he induced one of the neighbors to sit with him a few evenings after the incident mentioned. The ghostly visitors returned and greeted the sitters in a cordial manner. During this evening there were fourteen of these mysterious callers. Mr. Happe and his friend recognized only a few of them. So earnest is Mr. Happe in his statement of the occurrences that persons believe that he actually saw what he says he did. He further stated that he witnessed something else which is not less remarkable. He placed a slate upon the table. A bright light was burning.

No one was near the table. A slate-pencil was lying on the slate. All of a sudden, the pencil arose of its own accord, and proceeded to write at a lively gait. When it had finished the message, it tumbled over, resuming the position it occupied before the writing. A number of persons read the message. Mr. Happe says he is ready to affirm this statement with his oath. Coming from the source that this ghostly narrative does, it has created a profound sensation. A society composed of the ablest men of this city is being organized to investigate this mysterious power, whatever it may be. Detroit, Mich.

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 Father O'Rourke Affair.

Last week we gave an account of a Catholic priest of Council Bluffs, Iowa, refusing to admit the coffin (covered with the American flag) containing the body of P. McCann, a member of the G. A. R. The next morning the Council Bluffs Nonpareil contained the following:

W. C. S. reviews the outrage as follows: "The refusal to permit the American flag enclosing the casket containing the body of a brave soldier to be carried into a certain church in this city yesterday, should be resented by every patriotic citizen. It was an insult to the old heroes of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Union Veteran Legion calling for the sternest resentment, and no man, no matter what his degree or walk in life, should be permitted to do this thing in silence or in ignorance. The Nonpareil believes in upholding the law. At its tribunals all men are equal in the eyes of justice, and every man has the right to be heard in his own defense. Four long and terrible years the soldiers of the Union fought, bled and died that the sacred spirit and emblem of our institutions should be respected, loved and honored. Our starry flag is the emblem of our liberties. Wherever it waves to the breeze, or whenever it is wrapped around the body of any one of our old heroes—who, alas, are passing away from earthly scenes—by his loving comrades, it must be respected by all who live under its protection. No hand, whether native or foreign, must forbid its presence in our solemn ceremonies, and least of all, in our sacred edifices. Next to our God, we love our flag, and all for which it stands, and it is no profanation of our holy places to have them graced by its beauteous presence, because it is the offspring of the teachings of the Great Master whose heart yearned with love and tenderness for the human race, who by taking our nature on him, recognized the dignity of our manhood, as the order of the sons of God.

"I noticed the account of the conduct of Father O'Rourke, at the funeral of a member of his church who happened to be one of the patriotic boys in blue, and over whose coffin was strewn the national colors by his noble comrades. In that article he endeavors to apologize for ignoring the American flag by saying, 'That he made a mistake; that he thought he was complying with the rules of his church, but found out he was mistaken.' I wish to inform this Roman priest that the American citizens of Council Bluffs do not propose to be fed on any of his Roman deception. We know too well that he acted in conformity to the laws and rules of the Roman church, and offers the apology simply because he now realizes that he has inflicted an injury upon his church of no small magnitude, and one which cannot be easily repaired. His action of yesterday has struck a very tender spot in the heart of every true and patriotic American citizen. He has fully substantiated the charges preferred against the Roman church by the American citizens of these United States, and I wish to inform him that never will they rest satisfied until they have brought under subjection this foreign foe that menaces our free schools, our public institutions; and seeks to gain control over our Government, and never will we give up the fight so long as there are shreds enough left of that dear old flag to represent our Government, and blood enough left to warm our young American hearts. I am not a member of the G. A. R., but that body of men occupy a very prominent position in my heart, and I esteem them highly. I am a loyal American citizen, a lover of liberty and an earnest advocate of Protestant principles."

Note from Dr. T. Wilkins.

TO THE EDITOR:—Since telling you that I would remain in Chicago I have changed my mind. I feel it my duty, and I am urged on by my good guides, to take the field, and in doing so, I must put in my time in Minnesota, my own territory. I feel called upon by the Spiritualists, and especially members of the Northwestern Spiritualists' Association, as their President, to make this announcement through your paper and ask my brother members to make dates with me to lecture and work in their towns. Address me at 38 St. John's Place, Chicago.

DR. T. WILKINS.

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.

BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

The following letters are selected at random from the hundreds that are received at this office of a like nature. The kind words that are not published are appreciated by us as highly as those that are. They all show that the drift of public sentiment is in favor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER:

"A. Reader," of this city, writes: We are glad the day of "revelation" has not passed, for yours was certainly a successful surprise to your many readers. I see that there are more to follow in the future. You are truly a Messenger of Light. Your mission is to dissipate wrong and enthroned right; to send the hungering, suffering souls of earth a message of love that will uplift them, and bear on your tireless pinions a healing balm to their tired spirits as nothing else will. You have been a success as far as you have gone, and we predict that in the future there awaits you a still more marvelous and rapid growth. We are watching and waiting, and the year that has just closed upon us all has been one of marked progress, and we hope the coming year will be fraught with greater and more desirable results. Then all hail to the new year and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. J. F. Trafts: I feel that I must write and let you know what your valuable paper has done for me, and what I think of it. From perusing THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I have become a Spiritualist. I no longer have any dread of death. I feel that I have much to live for; that I must live and prepare myself for another state of existence. I feel so much happier since becoming acquainted with Spiritualism. I like your paper better than any paper I ever read; every paper seems better than the one before. One thing that pleases me very much is the noble stand you have taken against Catholicism.

J. A. Fletcher: I think I can average one subscriber a month, and not hinder me one moment from my business. I hope your subscribers will make an effort to swell the list to 100,000 by the time of the fair next year. I have very good success among my Christian friends. I give a paper to them to read, and they see so much good, sound, common sense in it that is new, that they are anxious to read still further, and are very willing to give 25 cents for 13 weeks. Those "Twilight Musings" of Judge Rosecrans are remarkable for stirring up those finer feelings that have so long lain dormant under the influence of theology. I think the Judge is a noble soul. What an immense audience he would draw at the World's Fair.

Ira S. Haseltine: Many trial subscribers I send at my own expense. I like your paper very much.

Geo. W. Howard: May this glorious PROGRESSIVE THINKER ever live to disband ignorance and foul deeds, and bring truth and fair dealing to the front. I will be as ever, on the alert for this paper, whether here, or beyond this struggle for subsistence.

Mrs. A. N. Gould: I am on a plantation, and your paper is a feast for my hungry soul.

Henry P. Hermance: I have given THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a fair and impartial trial of thirty-two weeks, and do confess it is the most cheering, mind-elevating and fearless paper that ever entered my home.

E. A. Bechtel: I cannot express with words how I appreciate your valuable paper. I shall work for it as long as I live. Although I have never experienced anything in Spiritualism—never witnessed a single phenomenon—I think it a great philosophy.

H. S. Easton: Yes, I do wish to continue your valuable paper. It is food for the soul.

P. C. Mills: I renewed my subscription last week for another year, as I cannot do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I have taken it from the first number, and it grows better.

N. H. Stiles: I have taken your paper but a short time; I should hardly know how to get along without it.

John S. Brown: I like your paper so much I could write a full page. It has got me entirely out of the Baptist church, and now I am happy. It is, indeed, spiritual food.

Mrs. T. D. Giddings: We consider its teachings grand, its aims ennobling, and its fearlessness a bulwark of strength to the timid and doubting. We hope you will be sustained in your work by all who desire the final triumph of truth.

Mrs. J. J. Blair: I value your paper very highly. I like the candid, fearless way it has taken against the false teachings of the Octopus and orthodoxy. Long may it live to advocate right and truth.

Mrs. H. D. Homstead: I consider it far ahead of any spiritual paper I have ever read. It is a feast of good things, and after reading it all through, as I do every week, I feel like starting out to see if I cannot get one new subscriber.

L. B. Tobias: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a remarkable paper to set people to thinking, thereby educating them to a high standard of spirituality. I hope to be a reader of it as long as my life continues on this mundane sphere.

E. C. Leonard: I take great pleasure to circulate so valuable a spiritual paper as you now send out for so trifling a sum, and no Spiritualist should be without it on the table, to read and circulate. The sands of my life are nearly run out now; am nearly 80 years of age.

Timothy D. Royson: One of my club writes me as follows: "I really like the paper; I read it with a great deal of interest." I consider THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best Spiritualist paper published.

J. G. Potts: I am better pleased with each number of your paper, and I will say I like it very much. I took the Religio-Philosophical Journal for eight or ten years, but like yours the best.

Frank J. Luick: I consider THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best Spiritualist paper published in the world, and its weekly visit is eagerly looked for in my house.

Secret Thoughts.

I hold it true that thoughts are things, Endowed with bodies, breath and wings, And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought, Speeds to the earth's remotest spot, And leaves its blessings or its woes Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it In your still chamber as you sit With thoughts you would not dare have known, And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life; and they will fly And leave their impress by and by, Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath Breathes into homes its fevered life.

And after you have quite forgot On all outgrown some vanished thought, Back to your mind to make its home, A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair; They have a vital part and share In shaping worlds and moulding fate—God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

