

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO. MARCH 26, 1892.

NO. 122

OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES

THOUGHTS FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

They Will Prove An Intellectual Feast.

They Will Bring Our Readers In Touch With the World.

They Will Give You a Comprehensive View of Spiritualism.

And You Will Thank The Progressive Thinker for Its Eclectic Magazine

Seven Solid Pages Made Up of the Cream of Foreign Literature.

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MARY McDONALD.

A True History.

Of a Ministering Angel.

BY THE PEERLESS EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

'Twas Christmas Eve. A deep and continuous snowstorm had almost blocked up the narrow streets of the busy Scottish town of G—. The rolling of carriages and the hum of eager holiday-making foot passengers began to die away out of the darkening streets. A dim twilight was fast deepening into a murky night, piercing with its icy chill every shivering pedestrian, whilst it added a tenfold charm to the glowing hearths and holly-decked rooms that sent out many a stream of shimmering light through half-drawn curtains and busy shops to the white frozen streets below. Then it was that amid the drifting sweep of the snow king's wings, a thin bent form might be seen slowly patrolling a now nearly deserted street, and while gazing up wistfully at the cheery, yet unshuttered windows of the houses, he crept by, as if to pick out a favorable spot for his future operations. He at length paused before one of the most brilliantly lighted dwellings, and drawing a carefully shrouded violin from beneath his tattered coat he commenced playing a merry tune—yes, actually a merry tune—before the house he had selected to stop at. Someone might have said, "Heaven help the ears that could pronounce the mournful wail of that old instrument a merry one!"—yet it was intended to be so, and to impress the listeners, if there were any, with the belief that the tunes it scraped out, such as "Drops of Brandy," "Come, haste to the wedding," and other jovial relics of song antiquity, were highly appropriate to the festive time. Perhaps the violin might have been a very dismal one—certain it was that the old tunes were far more suggestive of requiem strains, mourning for the pleasant times of long ago, than for any imitation of the joy and merriment associated with their jolly names. So seemed to think, too, the dissatisfied performer, for after shifting from one cold foot to the other, blowing on his frozen fingers, as if to inspire them with fresh life, and straining his bow again and again to his task, a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dream—his trembling arm moved slowly over the mournful exponent of his breaking heart, and "Home, home sweet home" moaned through the howling of the blast like the cry of a despairing soul on the shores of eternity. Crack! crack! A creaking, frozen window is heard slowly yielding to the strong arm and testy will that lifts it. Then a rough voice cries, "Here, fellow! take yourself off with that cursed fiddle; it's enough to freeze one to death to hear such music on such a night. Be off with you, I say." Slam goes the window down again, and a penny falls on a heap of snow. The old violinist picks it up, replaces his torn hat, which he had humbly doffed when the window was opened, carefully tucks his instrument under his arm, and turns and leaves the street. 'Tis evident he will play no more to-night. He limps away painfully, and is often driven by the icy blast against the walls, but he fares on with determined effort and steps, now quickening, and now falling as if they must be his last; at length he sinks worn out and seemingly incapable of advancing further, against a handsome sheltered doorway. Here he makes as if he would take some repose, for he ascends two steps, sits on the third, and leans as if composing himself for a long sleep against the side of the porch. But no! he cannot stay there. The door opens behind him, he starts up, and descending the steps in haste, stands aside whilst a tall fat portly gentleman, the owner of that splendid mansion, a great

girl, a heavy fall, and even as the "golden bowl" was broken, and the silver cord loosed," the strings of the old Cremona snapped, one after another, and all was over.

CHAPTER II.

"HOME, SWEET HOME," IN HEAVEN.

The poor are ever merciful and helpful to each other. In that old and dismal tenement house were many tender hands, which bore the dead musician to a quiet, empty room, performed the last sad offices over his silent form and were ready to offer all the kindly sympathy that circumstances demanded to the unhappy orphan. Gratefully acknowledging their good service, she only prayed to be left alone till the following morning. Within one hour after they had retired, poor Mary's sobs were hushed, and her weeping eyes closed in what she subsequently described to some of her biographers as the deepest sleep she had ever known. From this she would declare she was aroused by a soft hand tenderly but firmly clasping her own. In the dream, trance or vision that then fell upon her she then unclosed her eyes, and looked up into the loveliest, sweetest face she had ever before beheld. The exquisite female form that now bent over her inspired her with neither fear nor surprise, and though no words had been spoken, she knew, by a strange, newly acquired sense of perception, that she was in the presence of her angel mother—the mother that had passed from her in her early childhood. For a moment the thought of her dead father flitted through her memory, but, wonderful, even to herself, she thought of him now with neither regret nor pain. She loved him better than ever, but the presence of the angel mother hovering over her filled her with such an inexpressible calm, such a sense of heavenly rest, that she could only feel that all was well, and sorrow and suffering had no place there.

But now the scene changes. In an instant Mary feels herself borne away—away, far, far away through space; above the earth, above the stars, away into unknown realms of warmth and beauty, shining skies above, sunny airs and glorious scenery all around her. Still her angel is at her side, one arm thrown lovingly around her, and her radiant face pressed closely and tenderly to the face of the poor child of earth. Once more the scene changes, and now—oh, horror!—though Mary feels no cold, they enter a region of impenetrable ice and snow. They float far above it, but its utter desolation, and the effect of a howling storm which drives its way through this dreadful scene, are palpable to the sense of sight, if not of feeling. And now—oh, piteous sight! there are dreary, shivering, tempest-tossed men and women there—no children, but wild, passionate-looking, fierce and desperate men and women—inhabitants, as it would seem, of this woeful place. No need to ask the beholder why they were there. Hearts as icy as the scene around, passions as fierce as the storm that raged about them, lives of cruelty and utter selfishness, were stamped visibly on every form, and Mary knew that each one's nature was represented in that awful scene.

Whilst she gazed in horror and compassion on these self-doomed spirits, whilst the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," involuntarily rose to her lips, the form of one she did recognize drifted into view, filling the stormy air with alternate imprecations and supplications for mercy. His garments are costly, yet the piercing cold of the storm causes the form beneath them to shiver and tremble. His limbs are portly and well-covered, yet the gnawing pangs of hunger distort his animal features, and the insatiable desire for drink whitens his parched lips and burns in his starting eyeballs. In deep and agonizing sympathy Mary droops her head on the bosom of her angel guide, and murmurs: "Alas! alas! I know him. It is Alderman Driggs!"

"It is his icy heart, my beloved child, which creates the piercing cold around him," murmured the angel. "It is his greedy hand, which converted the toiler's blood and bones into his luxurious home, which makes him homeless now. He never clothed the naked, fed the hungry, nor comforted the afflicted. Surely, surely, he is only reaping as he has sown! Hunger, thirst, cold, the scoff and jest of the poor he has oppressed, these are the lessons by which man is to learn the tremendous truth that the soul itself creates its own heaven or its own hell, by the good or evil it has wrought on earth."

"Is there, then, no mercy for the wrongs done, the dreadful mistakes, sins and evils of earth, mother?"

"Aye, is there, my child. There is not one, but twice told ten thousand Christs preaching to these spirits in the prison houses of their sins and evils, and when, by penitence, remorse, and the effort to atone for their wrongs, they shall be moved to higher aims and nobler purposes, they shall come forth purified by the fires of suffering, and move on forever up the steps of eternal progress, through the paths of eternal good. Then cheer up, my beloved child, and see how near is the kingdom of heaven, and how truly it is born within the very spirit of man himself."

As the angel spoke a veil of curling, silvery mist seemed to fall on the entire scene around them, hiding from view the icy ground, the desolate seas, rivers, rocks, and snow-covered landscape; and now the misty veil is tinged with golden hues, as of melting sunbeams; a moment more, and a flutter, as if of clouds of

birds on the wing are heard; delightful fragrance fills the balmy air; bursts of sunlight pierce and dissipate the mists; and a lovely, lovely land, filled with lovely people, fair women, stately men, dancing children and homes ravishing in beauty, glorious white cities and far-away landscapes, all melting into sunlight, dazzle the eyes of the entranced beholder. She cannot speak, her lips are sealed, and she would have fallen on her knees in praise and prayer but for the supporting arms of the angel; another moment, and a strain of ravishing and wonderful music bursts on her ear. No earthly instrument ever gave forth such sounds of delicious melody, yet the strain it plays is familiar:—"Home, Sweet Home." It plays—it grows stronger, nearer; it sweeps the balmy air, as it fans her very face; a crowd of bright and lustrous forms arrayed in robes of shimmering light approach her, and in their midst is the tall, erect, transfigured form of her old dead father—now young, alive forever, a radiant ministering angel. Even as her senses are reeling, and her drooping form is sinking beneath its weight of unspeakable joy, she hears the now strong, clear accents of her father, crying in tones that became engraved on her memory for the rest of her mortal life:

"Go back to earth, my beloved child, and cherish well the precious boon of life: feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and care for the widow and fatherless." Something of her old helplessness, poverty and suffering, came rushing like a cold chill upon the child of earth, as these commands were given. How could the sick tenant of the garret obey them? No word was spoken, yet instantly her thought was answered.

The bright crowd of angels that surrounded the radiant form of her father parted, a single brilliant star shone out in the cloudless firmament, while above it, in golden letters, whose burning fire entered her heart, and never after left it chill or desolate, she read, and ever after lived out, the one word "Faith."

CHAPTER III.

It was the morning after Christmas Day when Mary Macdonald awoke from her long trance—awoke to find herself a changed being, both in body and mind. Her first act was to spring up from her straw pallet, perfectly restored to health—in fact, well, strong, with every shade of suffering or weakness gone, whilst the memory of her father returned to her, no longer as the dead mendicant musician awaiting burial in the next garret, but as the arisen spirit—young, bright, glorious; rags exchanged for the robes of immortality; want, despair and death for eternal life and happiness. Under the stimulus of a new life—too deep, too mighty and sacred ever to be depicted in words—Mary hastily attired herself in the best fashion her threadbare garments permitted, and for fear she should encounter and be detained by any of the kindly sympathizers whose poor service her past helplessness had drawn around her, she passed quietly and swiftly down the narrow stairs into the grim alley ways, and on, on, on, until, in a retired and aristocratic thoroughfare, she stopped before a large, handsome mansion, hastily ascended the steps, and rang the bell. For a moment the shadow of the past dead life was upon her, but the star of the new birth in faith soon lifted the veil, so that when a powdered and gilded lackey answered the summons she was inspired to ask humbly, yet firmly, to see the master of the mansion, a well-known magistrate of the city, Mr. McManners. The lackey looked at the girl's shabby externals, but something he could not resist impelled him to admit her, and before he knew it, that threadbare-looking figure had followed him to the magistrate's study-door, and quietly but firmly passed him, as he announced that "a person wished to see him."

Unlike the late Alderman Driggs, Mr. McManners had the reputation of being a stern, unamiable, law-abiding magistrate. Now and then a few old and humble people spoke of him lovingly; but common report (that common liar) represented him as a "harsh, hard man."

As her first act of faith, and under the inspiration of the "world that knows," Mary had come to him. For the first few minutes, under the impulse of which she had followed the lackey into the room, the high-strung, invisible chords which had directed her movements sustained her; but whether under the same power or more human guidance, who can say? It is enough that her prepared sentence, demanding burial for her father, dead of old age and want, failed her; and, instead—bursting into an agony of merely human weakness—she fell at the feet of the magistrate, sobbing choking her utterance, and only allowing her from time to time to pour out her tale of the old dead musician, dying from cold and want, in the midst of luxury and extravagance, and his penniless orphan asking for the means to bury him.

Oh, sweet, gracious ties! that bind up all humanity into one chain, anchored around the heart of the common Father, God! Touch that, appeal to that, and the plea is answered, and every human pang that rends a brother's heart pierces every other nature. Mr. McManners wept with the girl that knelt prostrate at his feet. The cold, stern magistrate had merged into the man, and he murmured to the stranger at his feet:

"Tell me about your grief, poor child, and be assured that the hand of human sympathy shall be extended in its aid."

"Oh, sir," replied the weeping girl, "I came here to demand money to bury my dead father, cut off by cold and

hunger. I meant to claim of you rent for our miserable garret, fire for my frozen limbs, and bread for my orphaned lips; but ah! the heart that was steeled against humanity in its cruelty and pride, melts like the snow beneath the sun of kindly sympathy. Oh, sir! let me depart with my rebellious protest against, not for, humanity, unspoken."

But Mary Macdonald did not so depart. All she had felt and suffered Mr. McManners had seen throughout, and longed to revolutionize, if he had only known her. Mary had not been inspired by the higher powers that held her in charge to come to him out of all the celebrities of that vast city in vain. For two hours the magistrate and his strange visitor talked together of the things alike of time and eternity. The real meanings of that long interview have never come into Mary Macdonald's printed biography; they are inscribed alone on the archives of eternity. The result was that Mr. McManners, who was going from home for a fortnight, sent her away with one of his officials, charged to bury her father, pay her rent, provide every "comfort" her orphaned state required, and on the magistrate's return he would see her and provide properly for her future.

All this was done, but when the good man did return, and hoped to find in the garret his mercy had converted into a home the protegee his kind heart had determined to adopt, the garret was empty, the inmate flown, and on earth they never met again.

Sixty miles from the first scene of our history was another large town, full of wealth and woe, luxury and misery; rich grown rich out of the sweat and toil of the poor; palaces of millionaires, in the shelter of whose silent doorsteps flocks of outcast and homeless spent the nights. In the immediate vicinity of this mixed heaven and hell upon earth, was a house, large, roomy and commodious, but tabooed as a "haunted place," one which no mortal, however venturesome, could inhabit. The proprietor at length, in sheer desperation, advertised the place rent free to any person who would pledge themselves to inhabit it for a given period of time. Towards this place early in the new year after our Christmas story's date, a sweet-faced, fair young woman, in a rough hat, camel coat, and wooden shoes, might have been seen trudging the last of sixty miles on foot, carrying one bundle, whilst a little ragged street Arab, holding her hand, was carrying another. Three days later the house might have been seen swept and cleaned, though nearly empty, sheltering the young woman and the orphaned street boy, whilst a large board was fixed up over the door with the inscription newly painted upon it of "Refuge for Destitute Children." In the early morning of the fourth day of their tenancy the young woman said to the boy:

"We have but one shilling left of good Mr. McManners' store, Peter, and I am going out to get some furniture, beds, firing and food. There is enough bread and milk in the house for you, dear, and you know what to say to any who may call, don't you, Peter?"

"I would just die for you, Mother Mary," replied the blubbering lad.

"But how are you going to get all those things you say, please, mother?"

"By faith, my child," was the answer, and by faith they came, and by laying her case and her needs before the Lord of the earth every day, all that was necessary to support, educate, feed and provide for thousands of street children, orphans, lost ones, and not a few destitute old people, was brought to Mary Macdonald's refuge during a period of some thirty years. We, the Spiritualists, know something of the effect of human "psychology." We know it is in the air, and when its blessed influences for good are directed by God's ministering angels towards those quarters where earthly ministering angels are to be found, they arose, under a strong and resistless impulse, and had to bring to "The Refuge" all that the Mother Mary asked for in prayer, to "feed her sheep," "feed her lambs."

Mary Macdonald has long since passed to her heavenly home, and though the memory of her blessed work has been preserved only in old ballads, legends of her priceless worth, and tales, some true, some perhaps exaggerated, of the noble men and women that in this very century have graduated from her home, and become, like her, ministering angels on earth, the historic marks of this blessed creature's work, are still extant, though few and slender.

The house she converted into her Refuge was still haunted, but only by angels, and whilst deemed to be her for her lifetime, has long since been pulled down, and a modern terrace of respectable dwellings erected on its site. Peter, her first inmate, who took the appropriate sobriquet of "Trueman," attended at the grave of his more than mother when her earthly pilgrimage was done, and then, with knapsack on his shoulder, walked to the nearest port of embarkation for the United States. Having worked his way thither as a common sailor, he next worked his way upward as a farm laborer, became an employer, a husband, father of a household of happy children, and possessor of a vast estate, from which the hungry and the outcast were never turned away empty or comfortless. Finally, it was Peter Trueman, who communicated as a very, very old man, to the writer of this narrative, the history of "Mary Macdonald; a Ministering Angel Upon Earth."—*The Two Worlds, London, England.*

Mrs. Sarah E. Cook is doing a good work in San Francisco, Cal., securing subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

A PRAYERFUL MOOD.

It is Manifested in Various Ways.

With the Highlander's prayer for a Loch Lomond of "whuskey" and a Ben Lomond of "sneeshing," we may compare the emphasis of the Khonds: "Let our herds be so numerous that they cannot be housed; let children so abound that care of them shall overcome their parents; let swine be so many that our fields require no other ploughs than their rooting snouts; let our poultry be so numerous as to hide the thatch of the houses, and let neither fish, frog nor worm remain in the drinking ponds for the trampling feet of our multitudinous cattle."

The Karens of Burmah, at the threshing of the rice, say to the Harvest Goddess, "Shake thyself, grandmother, shake thyself. Let the paddy ascend till it equals a hill, equals a mountain. Shake thyself, grandmother, shake thyself."

The most respectable savage prayer which I remember was that which Castren tells of the simple nature religion of the Samoyed women, whose religion consisted in bowing to the sun every morning and evening saying, "When thou, Jilibeabartje risest, I too, rise from my bed! When thou, Jilibeabartje, sinkest down, I too, get me to rest!" The sublimest part of the Egyptian religion, as indeed of other faiths, was only an extension of this analogy drawn between man and the powers of nature.

Shoother, in his *Kaffirs of Natal* (p. 166; 1857) gives the following prayer of the natives to the "spirits" whom they worshipped: "Take care of me, take care of my children, take care of my wives, take care of all my people. Remove the sickness and let my child recover. Give me plenty of children—many boys and a few girls. Give me abundance of food and cattle. Make right all my people." Children being an item of savage wealth, prayers for them are frequent. Abraham's prayer for children (Gen. xv., 2-3) is rather a remonstrance than a supplication, as befitting a sheik in the habit of frequent communion and occasional meals with his deity.

Ellis says, in his *Polynesian Researches* of the South Sea Islanders: "Religious rites were connected with almost every act of their lives. An *ubu* or prayer was offered before they ate their food, planted their garden, built their houses, launched their canoes, cast their nets, and commenced or concluded a journey." Prayer before battle is of course almost universal, only whereas in modern times each side professedly prays to the same God, earlier men more rationally prayed that their own gods would prove stronger than the gods of their foes, promising as an inducement hetaconbs of offerings in the event of victory.

This specimen prayer is cited in Dr. E. B. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*. The Nootka Indian preparing for war expressed his godly desires thus: "Great Quahotte, let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep and kill a great many of him." Similarly the Dakots and Thugs of India always prayed for success before going on an expedition, offering their deities a share of the plunder. This may remind us of the Roman tradesman praying to Mercury to aid him in cheating; of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of thieves; and of the notorious piety of Italian, Spanish and Greek Christian brigands, who always offer the virgin and the saints a share of the plunder in return for their protection.

Another good instance of savage prayer is that employed by a clan of the Harvey Islanders when engaged in a thieving and murdering expedition. It is addressed to Rongo, the Polynesian god of war, and is uttered as near as possible to the dwelling-place of the person about to be robbed.

Ellis mentions, in his *Polynesian Researches*, that if the prayers and presents made to their god by the Tahitians proved in vain, his image was inexorably banished from the temples and destroyed. The Ostiaks of Siberia, when things went badly with them, would pull down idols from their place of honor in the hut. Portuguese fishermen have been known to pitch an image of the Virgin Mary into the sea because she would not help them at a storm; and the good people of Castlebranes were once so angry with St. Anthony for letting the Spaniards plunder their town, contrary to his agreement, that they broke many of his statues in pieces, and, taking the head off one, they specially substituted for it the head of St. Francis. I have read a very blasphemous prayer ascribed to a South American priest, in which he threatened God with the cessation of all religion and all sorts of indignities and contumely, if he did not remove the calamities with which he had visited the country. It was worse than the threat of the cowboy, "O, Lord, I never asked anything of you before, and if you don't help me now I'm blanked if I ever ask anything again;" or the prayer of the French skeptical soldier, "Oh, God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have got a soul."

Prayer considered in the light of an address to an omniscient God, is an impertinence. It is an attempt to cajole the Almighty into doing what he otherwise would not do. But modern prayers, though in appearance, with shut eyes, lifted face, clasped hands, addressed to God, are, in reality, meant for the auditors. "We pray thee, O

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The poor are ever merciful and helpful to each other. In that old and dismal tenement house were many tender hands, which bore the dead musician to a quiet, empty room, performed the last sad offices over his silent form and were ready to offer all the kindly sympathy that circumstances demanded to the unhappy orphan. Gratefully acknowledging their good service, she only prayed to be left alone till the following morning. Within one hour after they had retired, poor Mary's sobs were hushed, and her weeping eyes closed in what she subsequently described to some of her biographers as the deepest sleep she had ever known. From this she would declare she was aroused by a soft hand tenderly but firmly clasping her own. In the dream, trance or vision that then fell upon her she then unclosed her eyes, and looked up into the loveliest, sweetest face she had ever before beheld. The exquisite female form that now bent over her inspired her with neither fear nor surprise, and though no words had been spoken, she knew, by a strange, newly acquired sense of perception, that she was in the presence of her angel mother—the mother that had passed from her in her early childhood. For a moment the thought of her dead father flitted through her memory, but, wonderful, even to herself, she thought of him now with neither regret nor pain. She loved him better than ever, but the presence of the angel mother hovering over her filled her with such an inexpressible calm, such a sense of heavenly rest, that she could only feel that all was well, and sorrow and suffering had no place there.

But now the scene changes. In an instant Mary feels herself borne away—away, far, far away through space; above the earth, above the stars, away into unknown realms of warmth and beauty, shining skies above, sunny airs and glorious scenery all around her. Still her angel is at her side, one arm thrown lovingly around her, and her radiant face pressed closely and tenderly to the face of the poor child of earth. Once more the scene changes, and now—oh, horror!—though Mary feels no cold, they enter a region of impenetrable ice and snow. They float far above it, but its utter desolation, and the effect of a howling storm which drives its way through this dreadful scene, are palpable to the sense of sight, if not of feeling. And now—oh, piteous sight! there are dreary, shivering, tempest-tossed men and women there—no children, but wild, passionate-looking, fierce and desperate men and women—inhabitant, as it would seem, of this woeful place. No need to ask the beholder why they were there. Hearts as icy as the scene around, passions as fierce as the storm that raged about them, lives of cruelty and utter selfishness, were stamped visibly on every form, and Mary knew that each one's nature was represented in that awful scene.

Whilst she gazed in horror and compassion on these self-doomed spirits, whilst the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they did," involuntarily rose to her lips, the form of one she did recognize drifts into view, filling the stormy air with alternate imprecations and supplications for mercy.

His garments are costly, yet the piercing cold of the storm causes the form beneath them to shiver and tremble. His limbs are portly and well-covered, yet the gnawing pangs of hunger distort his animal features, and the insatiable desire for drink whitens his parched lips and burns in his starting eyeballs. In deep and agonizing sympathy Mary droops her head on the bosom of her angel guide, and murmurs: "Alas! alas! I know him. It is Alderman Driggs!"

"It is his icy heart, my beloved child, which creates the piercing cold around him," murmured the angel. "It is his greedy hand, which converted the tollers' blood and bones into his luxurious home, which makes him homeless now. He never clothed the naked, fed the hungry, nor comforted the afflicted. Surely, surely, he is only reaping as he has sown! Hunger, thirst, cold, the scoff and jest of the poor he has oppressed, these are the lessons by which man is to learn the tremendous truth that the soul itself creates its own heaven or its own hell, by the good or evil it has wrought on earth."

"Is there, then, no mercy for the wrongs done, the dreadful mistakes, sins and evils of earth, mother?"

"Aye, there, my child. There is not one, but twice told ten thousand Christs preaching to these spirits in the prison houses of their sins and evils, and when, by penitence, remorse, and the effort to atone for their wrongs, they shall be moved to higher aims and nobler purposes, they shall come forth purified by the fires of suffering, and move on forever up the steep of eternal progress, through the paths of eternal good. Then cheer up, my beloved child, and see how near is the kingdom of heaven, and how truly it is born within the very spirit of man himself."

As the angel spoke a veil of curling, silvery mist seemed to fall on the entire scene around them, hiding from view the icy ground, the desolate seas, rivers, rocks, and snow-covered landscape; and now the misty veil is tinged with golden hues, as of melting sunbeams; a moment more, and a flutter, as if of clouds of

birds on the wing are heard; delightful fragrance fills the balmy air; bursts of sunlight pierce and dissipate the mists; and a lovely, lovely land, filled with lovely people, fair women, stately men, dancing glories and homes ravishing in beauty, glorious white cities and far-away landscapes, all melting into sunlit glory, dazzle the eyes of the entranced beholder. She cannot speak, her lips are sealed, and she would have fallen on her knees in praise and prayer but for the supporting arms of the angel; another moment, and a strain of ravishing and wonderful music bursts on her ear. No earthly instrument ever gave forth such sounds of delicious melody, yet the strain it plays is familiar:—"Home, Sweet Home." It plays—it grows stronger, nearer; it sweeps the balmy air, as it fans her very face; a crowd of bright and lustrous forms arrayed in robes of shimmering light approach her, and in their midst is the tall, erect, transfigured form of her old dead father—now young, alive forever, a radiant ministering angel. Even as her senses are reeling, and her drooping form is sinking beneath its weight of unspeakable joy, she hears the now strong, clear accents of her father, crying in tones that became engraved on her memory for the rest of her mortal life:

"Go back to earth, my beloved child, and cherish well the precious boon of life; feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and care for the widow and the fatherless." Something of her old helplessness, poverty and suffering, came rushing like a cold chill upon the child of earth as these commands were given. How could the sick tenant of the garret obey them? No word was spoken, yet instantly her thought was answered.

The bright crowd of angels that surrounded the radiant form of her father parted, a single brilliant star shone out in the cloudless firmament, while above it, in golden letters, whose burning fire entered her heart, and never after left it chill or desolate, she read, and ever after lived out, the one word "Faith."

CHAPTER III.

It was the morning after Christmas Day when Mary Macdonald awoke from her long trance—awoke to find herself changed being, both in body and mind. Her first act was to spring up from her straw pallet, perfectly restored to health—in fact, well, strong, with every shade of suffering or weakness gone, whilst the memory of her father returned to her, no longer as the dead mendicant musician awaiting burial in the next garret, but as the arisen spirit—young, bright, glorious; rags exchanged for the robes of immortality; want, despair and death for eternal life and happiness. Under the stimulus of a new life—too deep, too mighty and sacred ever to be depicted in words—Mary hastily attired herself in the best fashion her threadbare garments permitted, and for fear she should encounter and be detained by any of the kindly sympathizers whose poor service her past helplessness had drawn around her, she passed quietly and swiftly down the narrow stairs into the grim alley ways, and on, on, on, until, in a retired and aristocratic thoroughfare, she stopped before a large, handsome mansion, hastily ascended the steps, and rang the bell. For a moment the shadow of the past dead life was upon her, but the star of the new birth in faith soon lifted the veil, so that when a powdered and gilded lackey answered the summons she was inspired to ask humbly, yet firmly, to see the master of the mansion, a well-known magistrate of the city, Mr. McManners. The lackey looked at the girl's shabby externals, but something he could not resist impelled him to admit bare-looking figure had followed him to the magistrate's study-door, and quietly but firmly passed him, as he announced that "a person wished to see him."

Unlike the late Alderman Driggs, Mr. McManners had the reputation of being a stern, unamiable, law-abiding magistrate. Now and then a few old and humble people spoke of him lovingly; but common report (that common liar) represented him as a "harsh, hard man."

As her first act of faith, and under the inspiration of the "world that knows," Mary had come to him. For the first few minutes, under the impulse of which she had followed the lackey into the room, the high-strung, invisible chords which had directed her movements sustained her; but whether under the same power or more human guidance, who can say? It is enough that her prepared sentence, demanding burial for her father, dead of old age and want, failed her; and, instead—bursting into an agony of merely human weakness—she fell at the feet of the magistrate, sobbing choking her utterance, and only allowing her from time to time to pour out her tale of the old dead musician, dying from cold and want, in the midst of luxury and extravagance, and his penniless orphan asking for the means to bury him.

Oh, sweet, gracious ties! that bind up all humanity into one chain, anchored around the heart of the common Father, God! Touch that, appeal to that, and the plea is answered, and every human pang that rends a brother's heart pierces every other nature. Mr. McManners wept with the girl that knelt prostrate at his feet. The cold, stern magistrate had merged into the man, and he murmured to the stranger at his feet:

"Tell me about your grief, poor child, and be assured that the hand of human sympathy shall be extended in its aid."

"Oh, sir," replied the weeping girl, "I came here to demand money to bury my dead father, cut off by cold and

hunger. I meant to claim of you rent for our miserable garret, fire for my frozen limbs, and bread for my orphaned lips; but ah me! the heart that was steeled against humanity in its cruelty and pride, melts like the snow beneath the sun of kindly sympathy. Oh, sir! let me depart with my rebellious protest against, not for, humanity, unspoken."

But Mary Macdonald did not so depart. All she had felt and suffered Mr. McManners had seen throughout, and longed to revolutionize, if he had only known her. Mary had not been inspired by the higher powers that held her in charge to come to him out of all the celebrities of that vast city in vain. For two hours the magistrate and his strange visitor talked together of the things alike of time and eternity. The real meanings of that long interview have never come into Mary Macdonald's printed biography; they are inscribed alone on the archives of eternity. The result was that Mr. McManners, who was going from home for a fortnight, sent her away with one of his officials, charged to bury her father, pay her rent, provide every "comfort" her orphaned state required, and on the magistrate's return he would see her and provide properly for her future.

All this was done, but when the good man did return, and hoped to find in the garret his mercy had converted into a home the protegee his kind heart had determined to adopt, the garret was empty, the inmate down, and on earth they never met again.

Sixty miles from the first scene of our history was another large town, full of wealth and luxury and misery; the rich grown rich out of the sweat and toil of the poor; palaces of millionaires, in the shelter of whose silent doorsteps flocks of outcast and homeless spent the nights. In the immediate vicinity of this mixed heaven and hell upon earth, was a house, large, roomy and commodious, but taboos as a "haunted place," one which no mortal, however venturesome, could inhabit. The proprietor at length, in sheer desperation, advertised the place rent free to any person who would pledge themselves to inhabit it for a given period of time. Towards this place early in the new year after our Christmas story's date, a sweet-faced, fair young woman, in a rough hat, camel cloak, and wooden shoes, might have been seen trudging the last of sixty miles on foot, carrying one bundle, whilst a little ragged street Arab, holding her hand, was carrying another. Three days later the house might have been seen swept and cleaned, though nearly empty, sheltering the young woman and the orphaned street boy, whilst a large board was fixed up over the door with the inscription newly painted upon it of "Refuge for Destitute Children." In the early morning of the fourth day of their tenancy the young woman said to the boy:

"We have but one shilling left of good Mr. McManners' store, Peter, and I am going out to get some furniture, beds, firing and food. There is enough bread and milk in the house for you, dear, and you know what to say to any who may call, don't you, Peter?"

"I would just die for you, Mother Mary," replied the blubbering lad.

"But how are you going to get all those things you say, please, mother?"

"By faith, my child," was the answer, and by faith they came, and by laying her case and her needs before the Lord of the earth every day, all that was necessary to support, educate, feed and provide for thousands of street children, orphaned, lost ones, and not a few destitute old people, was brought to Mary Macdonald's refuge during a period of some thirty years. We, the Spiritualists, know something of the effect of human "psychology." We know it is in the air, and when its blessed influences for good are directed by God's ministering angels towards those quarters where earthly ministering angels are to be found, they arose, under a strong and resistless impulse, and had to bring to "The Refuge" all that the Mother Mary asked for in prayer, to "feed her sheep," "feed her lambs."

Mary Macdonald has long since passed to her heavenly home, and though the memory of her blessed work has been preserved only in old ballads, legends of her priceless worth, and tales, some true, some perhaps exaggerated, of the noble men and women that in this very century have graduated from her home, and become, like her, ministering angels on earth, the historic marks of this blessed creature's work, are still extant, though few and slender.

The house she converted into her Refuge was still haunted, but only by angels, and whilst devoted to her for her lifetime, has long since been pulled down, and a modern terrace of respectable dwellings erected on its site. Peter, her first inmate, who took the appropriate sobriquet of "Trueman," attended at the grave of his more than mother when her earthly pilgrimage was done, and then, with knapsack on his shoulder, walked to the nearest port of embarkation for the United States. Having worked his way thither as a common sailor, he next worked his way upward as a farm laborer, became an employer, a husband, father of a household of happy children, and possessor of a vast estate, from which the hungry and the outcast were never turned away empty or comfortless. Finally, it was Peter Trueman who communicated as a very, very old man, to the writer of this narrative, the history of "Mary Macdonald; a Ministering Angel Upon Earth."—*The Theo Worlds, London, England.*

Mrs. Sarah E. Cook is doing a good work in San Francisco, Cal., securing subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

A PRAYERFUL MOOD.

It is Manifested in Various Ways.

With the Highlander's prayer for a Loch Lomond of "whuskey" and a Ben Lomond of "sneeshing," we may compare the emphasis of the Khonds: "Let our herds be so numerous that they cannot be housed; let children so abound that care of them shall overcome their parents; let swine be so many that our fields require no other ploughs than their rooting snouts; let our poultry be so numerous as to hide the thatch of the houses, and let neither fish, frog nor worm remain in the drinking ponds for the trampling feet of our multitudinous cattle."

The Karens of Burmah, at the threshing of the rice, say to the Harvest Goddess, "Shake thyself, grandmother, shake thyself. Let the paddy ascend till it equals a hill, equals a mountain. Shake thyself, grandmother, shake thyself."

The most respectable savage prayer which I remember was that which Castron tells of the simple native religion of the Samoyed women, whose religion consisted in bowing to the sun every morning and evening saying, "When thou, Jilibaembertje risest, I too, rise from my bed! When thou, Jilibaembertje, sinkest down, I too, get me to rest!" The sublimest part of the Egyptian religion, as indeed of other faiths, was only an extension of this analogy drawn between man and the powers of nature.

Shooter, in his *Kaffirs of Natal* (p. 166; 1857) gives the following prayer of the natives to the "spirits" whom they worshipped: "Take care of me, take care of my children, take care of my wives, take care of all my people. Remove the sickness and let my child recover. Give me plenty of children—many boys and a few girls. Give me abundance of food and cattle. Make right all my people." Children being an item of savage wealth, prayers for them are frequent. Abraham's prayer for children (Gen. xv., 2-3) is rather a remonstrance than a supplication, as befitting a sheikh in the habit of frequent communion and occasional meals with his deity.

Ellis says, in his *Polynesian Researches* of the South Sea Islanders: "Religious rites were connected with almost every act of their lives. An *utu* or prayer was offered before they ate their food, planted their garden, built their houses, launched their canoes, cast their nets, and commenced or concluded a journey." Prayer before battle is of course almost universal, only whereas in modern times each side professedly prays to the same God, earlier men more rationally prayed that their own gods would prove stronger than the gods of their foes, promising as an inducement hetaconbs of offerings in the event of victory.

This specimen prayer is cited in Dr. E. B. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*. The Nootka Indian preparing for war expressed his godly desires thus: "Great Quahootze, let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep and kill a great many of him." Similarly the Dacots and Thugs of India always prayed for success before going on an expedition, offering their deities a share of the plunder. This may remind us of the Roman tradesman praying to Mercury to aid him in cheating; of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of thieves; and of the notorious piety of Italian, Spanish and Greek Christian brigands, who always offer the virgin and the saints a share of the plunder in return for their protection.

Another good instance of savage prayer is that employed by a clan of the Harvey Islanders when engaged in a thieving and murdering expedition. It is addressed to Rongo, the Polynesian god of war, and is uttered as near as possible to the dwelling-place of the person about to be robbed.

Ellis mentions, in his *Polynesian Researches*, that if the prayers and presents made to their god by the Tahitians proved in vain, his image was inexorably banished from the temples and destroyed. The Ostiaks of Siberia, when things went badly with them, would pull down idols from their place of honor in the hut. Portuguese fishermen have been known to pitch an image of the Virgin Mary into the sea because she would not help them at a storm; and the good people of Castlebranes were once so angry with St. Anthony for letting the Spaniards plunder their town, contrary to his agreement, that they broke many of his statues in pieces, and, taking the head off one, they specially substituted for it the head of St. Francis. I have read a very blasphemous prayer ascribed to a South American priest, in which he threatened God with the cessation of all religion and all sorts of indignities and contumely, if he did not remove the calamities with which he had visited the country. It was worse than the threat of the cowboy, "O, Lord, I never asked anything of you before, and if you don't help me now I'm blanked if I ever ask anything again!" or the prayer of the French skeptical soldier, "Oh, God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have got a soul."

Prayer considered in the light of an address to an omniscient God, is an impertinence. It is an attempt to cajole the Almighty into doing what he otherwise would not do. But modern prayers, though in appearance, with shut eyes, lifted face, clasped hands, addressed to God, are, in reality, meant for the auditors. "We pray thee, O Continued on fifth page.

RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.

Its Gradual Growth Pointed Out.

Where Vice is Consecrated.

THE YOUNG GIRLS IN POLYNESIA—CHASTITY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—WHAT SPENCER SAYS—THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.

To rightly estimate the value of religious ideas we must try to put ourselves in the place of the holder of those ideas. We must strive to imagine his intellectual capacity, his emotional ideas, his moral status, and the condition of society—together with the physical characters of the district—in which he lives. What shall we think of the New Caledonians, for example, who regard it as perfectly legitimate to invite their neighbors to a "banquet," then to fall upon them when they least expect it and slay them, if we judge them by our standard of right and wrong? At only one period of Italian history was it possible for two such statesmen to live contemporaneously as Niccolò Machiavelli and Caesar Borgia, and at that one time to represent thoroughly, in their duplicity, artfulness, independence and ambition, the people from which they had sprung. And at the same time Italy was the only country in Europe capable of producing such representative men. It alone had inherited, almost without a break, the learning and literature of its Latin ancestry. While elsewhere wars were everywhere resounded, and the arts of militarism alone were studied, Italy had assumed a quiet mercantileism; a peace broken, however, out of sympathy for its neighbors, by local wars—wars of the most babyish unreality, in which often, during whole campaigns, neither live nor limb would be lost, and in which comrades who fought for pay side by side to day might be chartered enemies to-morrow. It was only in an age of such deep-seated unreality as this that Italian duplicity of the time of Machiavelli could take its rise. But generation after generation of writers, politicians and clergy have maligned the nature of the historian of Florence because he was what he could not otherwise have been in his country and time. His premonition has furnished us, according to some, with a title for the devil, and from his surname has been formed an adjective denoting hypocrisy, treason and a generally contemptible character. Perhaps it is only in Russia that the new Per-hovtsi sect could take its rise. The originator was a wealthy nobleman, and all the devotees up to the present are men and women of the higher sort of intelligence. The estate of the founder is worked by himself and his disciples living the life of the ordinary peasantry, whose dress and habits they have adopted. When there is not enough work to do on their own lands, they hire themselves out as laborers, or work for nothing among their neighbors, trying to inculcate their new doctrine.

The theory of their faith is that the present state of the human race is so irretrievably corrupt that it is beyond all remedy, and that the best thing which can happen to mankind is to die out. Consequently, they forbid marriage, or any form of union between the sexes, their principal occupation when the daily task is over being the exposition of the gospel according to "Tolstoi."

To give a few more curious examples: "At Nouka-Hiva, or more generally all over Polynesia, the young girls did not marry—that is to say, did not become the chattel of a man—before the age of nineteen or twenty, and until then they contracted great numbers of capricious unions, which became lasting only in the case of the birth of children." M. de Parigny remarks that "the principal difficulty of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands consisted in teaching the women chastity; they were ignorant of the name of the thing. Adultery, incest and fornication were common things, approved by public opinion, and even consecrated by religion." Spencer (quoting Hearne) tells us that the Chippewas frequently cohabit with their mothers, and oftener still with their sisters and daughters, while in ancient Persia religion even sanctified the union of son and mother. The women among the Hassinyehs, an Arab race of the White Nile, engage to be faithful wives for a certain number of days in the week, and upon the other days are free to act as they please. The mother makes the agreement as to the number of days per week her daughter is to be married. Even among the Jews of Morocco the Rabbis consecrate temporary marriages for three or six months at a time. Among the Kafirs of Central Asia "the women perform all the manual labor, till the ground, and are usually harnessed in the plow with the oxen. To conclude this digression, we may note a strange custom among the Puharis of the Rajamahil Hills of Bengal. The body of a priest, we are told by Shaw, is always left unburied, it being feared that, as priests become devils after death, it might, if deposited in the ordinary burial place, return and destroy the village!

In order, then, to understand aright the facts presented by a study of a comparative hierology, we must know something about the mental development at that time of the men exhibiting those traits. Looking at primitive man, we see him largely swayed by fear, having little tendency to love and as little to hope; uncritical, he possesses little or no scepticism. He is observant where his own immediate benefit or injury is concerned, but is incapable of making observations bearing upon his future weal or woe or that of his descendants. He is notably prone to overdraw induction: he draws considerable conclusions from very meagre data; and this, in conjunction with his excessive fear, gives him a character in which suspicion is largely developed.

Some time ago I experimented upon a young kitten. I offered it a piece of meat, to which I had attached a cord. The kitten sprang upon the meat, only to find it leap out of her reach, I having pulled the cord. She hissed, and ran trembling under the chair, and nothing would induce her to touch the meat. Yet she

was a capital "mouser," and by no means afraid of rats. So unusual a sight as the apparently voluntary movement of a piece of dead meat roused up in her mind intense fear. Upon another occasion, while a full-grown tom-cat was descending a flight of cellar stairs I threw down a large wet sponge in such wise as to make it fall in the middle of the cellar floor, and appear to have come from the ceiling. As it suddenly dropped to the ground, the cat darted back, and then approached in gradually narrowing circles, stopping every now and then as though to make sure that this uncanny visitor was not designing mischief. When he at last came near it, he sniffed it cautiously several times, drawing back sharply after each, and sat by it for some minutes before daring to touch it. In these instances, vouched for by personal experiences, we may trace an incipient demonology. Nay, in what respect do they differ from the instinctive dread with which we human beings approach a haunted house, or meander round some spot where years ago a murder was committed, seeking to avoid it if possible? We may take it, then, that the origin of all religious belief has been the fear of impending evil. The transition from this to a doctrine of hope is easy. Psychologically, the two emotions are correlative; just as strong love for some person or thing brings great hatred for another, so great fear produces intense hope. The sanguine man is always in fear lest his projects should not succeed; the man without hope is little afraid of consequences.

Nor does religious hope alone originate in fear: that emotion contains, likewise, the germ of all political belief. Both systems are the result of the attempt to avoid pain, here or hereafter. For it may be well said that politics originate in the fear of the living ruler, while religion takes its rise in the fear of the dead one. It will be well for the reader to remember this fact, for it will be seen to be of more than a transitory value when we come to make a psychologic analysis of the religious sentiment.

Why and how does this hero worship, this fear of a dead ruler, arise? To Mr. Spencer hero worship had its origin in simple animism. The "other selves" of the dead were supposed to live apart from the body, just as the "other self" of the cloud high up in the sky had a distinct existence as a shadow upon the mountain-side; just as the "other self" of the man might occasionally, when the sun shone, quit his body, and follow behind, disappearing when the sun was hidden. I do not believe this theory to be complete. All of us, civilized as we are, and many of us boasting of scientific accuracy and spirit, have experienced incredulity when a dear friend or relative has died. We are unable to regard it as possible. We dream that it is a mistake, and that our friend has but gone upon a visit elsewhere, and will soon return. We notice this very particularly in large groups of people, who require a considerable amount of proof before they accept the news of the death of a popular leader, or even the powerful opponent, and who are often some days before they can realize that the community has suffered such a loss. In the current theology, indeed, a transfigured form of the primitive idea of the dead soul making a journey elsewhere, obtains wide currency among us. Our dead friends have all journeyed to a better and a brighter world, where sin and sorrow are not known; and there we too, hereafter, shall rejoin them. For nobody—even the most bigoted Calvinist—actually believes that his friends have gone to the region of misery of whose existence and terrors we hear so much. This disinclination, or rather, to speak more correctly, inability upon our part to believe that the dead have actually ceased to exist, was illustrated most graphically at the close of the Middle Ages by the rise of several political impostors (as, for example Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be prince and heirs to the throne, long regarded as dead, and who actually were supported in their ridiculous pretensions by large followings of people. If in a huge society like our own, where the death of a leading partizan has little effect—the gap being speedily filled up—and where his teachings spread or die out upon their merits with little consideration for his personality, what are we to think of small primitive societies, in which one man more or less, and particularly a man of age and experience, may mean to his fellows life or death? In our own society a man who has obtained public fame in middle age may be forgotten in his old age and die unnoticed. But in primitive peoples old age is almost unknown, and death usually occurs at that period at which men are most value to their tribe. Moreover, these tribes are continually at war with one another, and warriors in warlike tribes are always valuable.

We can see now how both ancestor worship and hero worship may have arisen. The father has been invaluable in ruling or fighting for his tribe in the past; will he not still rule it and fight for it when his "other self" has gone hence? Truly, the wish is father to the thought. And the stories told of his prowess give him an immortality in the memories of the members of the tribe, which gradually passes into legend and myth.

At first the "other self" is but a man in other guise. He needs human food, he requires human luxuries. De Chailu tells of a dead chief of the Fernandez Vaz country that "by his side lay a chest containing the presents I had given him, and also plates, jugs, cooking utensils, his favorite pipe and some tobacco; and a fire was kept burning, which the people kept alight day and night by the corpse of a chief, sometimes for many weeks. There was also a plate of victuals, brought according to the custom of these people for the corpse to eat, and renewed daily for some time." Even among a highly cultured race like the Chinese, food and drink are left at the tomb for the spirit of the deceased.

Great men, too, who had delivered their nation, or had benefited it, would be worshipped in the same way. Indeed, it is the custom of the Gaboon tribes to bury with the bodies of great men considerable treasure, "so as to en-

able the deceased to start the world in comfort in the new land to which he is proceeding." Among the Chinese male progeny is greatly desired (bigamous marriages being even permitted when a man has no male children), in order that the father may have progeny to carry on his worship and that of his ancestors. And in ancient Egypt, according to Renouf, it was necessary for a man that he should have a son to perform the due rites and worship his ka or "double." We have already pointed out that among the Fijians a noted murderer might become a god. So those "who have had wives and have killed their fellow-creatures in treachery are conducted with due honor to Bulu, where the pomp of entrance is regulated by the multiplicity of their wives and the brilliancy of their deeds on earth." This Polynesian idea, by-the-by, reminds one of the semi-apotheosis of the Scandinavian braves in the banqueting halls of the Valhalla. The Fijian mediocrity "goes through a sort of purgatory," the Teuton weak-hearted one went in disgrace to the dark and loathsome territory of the foul goddess Hel. The Romans, at least in later times, placed the images of their emperors in their temples and worshipped them. The religious heroes of old were probably real leaders of the people, whose career formed the nucleus of a mass of stories having various origins. Thus the three or four Jesuses, the Judases (for there is evidence that stories of at least one Judas, a celebrated Jewish bandit or highwayman, have been incorporated into that of the Christian Jesus), and the demagogue Chrestus, in the reign of Claudius, having been fused together among a people notoriously uncritical, there has gathered around them a complete system of Rabbinical and Essenian morality, of astrologic myths, of phallic symbolism, and of Platonic philosophy. And this crust has become so thick that now it completely hides, except to unorthodox critical seekers, the original mythuses lying beneath.

This is what, as pointed out already, we should expect. The various stories coalesce into one myth, the various heroes become one God, while minor ones are converted into saints. The churches of Rome and of Comte give us instances of this. The only god to the Positivist is the author of "La Systeme de Philosophie Positive;" the others, including alike Dante, Afosto, Shakespeare, Scott and Bacon, and numerous little being whom scarcely anybody ever heard of, are entered on the calendar as "saints."—AGNOSCO, in *Agnostic Journal*, London.

The Boy Murderer.

Has there been anything more pathetic to engage attention than the "boy murderers" of Liverpool? If so, I have not seen it. Here are two boys of eight and nine respectively, who deliberately committed a crime "from the consequences of which," said the judge, "no man of full age could escape." The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, as they must, and then added that "the prisoners were not responsible on account of their age." They were far more responsible than a common murderer whom passion blinds. These products of an advanced civilization, *fin de siecle* growths, allured a little boy to play, and decided on an elaborate plan of murder. He was to be hoisted over a boarding to "the raft." He was chaffed until he tried to walk across a girder, and was then pushed over, and fell twelve feet into the water. Then he was helped out and stripped of his clothes and pushed in again. Once more the poor little fragment of humanity struggled out, and then these other brute beasts in human form helped the child out and took him to a higher part of the masonry and flung him over a third time. There he lay, done for this time. But to make sure one of the fiends "climbed down and knelt on the victim's head," and held it under water till his precocious mind was satisfied that his devilish deed had been done. Is there on record a more deliberate and cruel act of murder, well thought out, devised and carried out with remorseless persistence? Yet the jury refused to go to the logical end in their verdict. "Not responsible, on account of their age." I wonder who is responsible, if these things were not. The whole question of capital punishment needs considering. If we have more boy murderers and women culprits, the matter will resolve itself into a simple question, What is that law the penalty of which you dare not apply to women and children? And there may be a further question, What is this education that produces such remarkable results?—Light.

A Song for Music.

For her my soul should love, I sought—
"O Love, where art thou? say!"
And as I went, at times methought
My soul a whispered answer caught,
"Here, Love, this way! this way!"
And eagerly, through briars and thorns,
Through watery wastes and flowery lawns,
On towering mountains peaked with snow,
In valleys where murmuring rivers flow,
I sought my love with many tears!
Still cried, "Where art thou? say!"
Still heard that whisper in mine ears—
"This way, my Love! this way!"
"Where'er I seek thou art not there!
Oh, wherefore dost thou flee?
Despair of hope what heart can bear?
Then pity, pity my despair,
And show thyself to me!"
But still, alas! in vain I sought,
No heavenly glimpse of her I caught.
Round whom, when seen, my heart should thine,
Whose soul should meet and merge in mine.
At last I laid me down and cried—
"One hope remains for me:
Thou art not in this world, my bride;
In heaven I'll seek for thee."

I closed mine eyes and knew a thrill
That through me shot and passed;
And memory, like a soothing rill
Ran back through all my life, until
I saw it first and last.
Then on my lips a kiss I felt,
And lo! a maid beside me knelt,
So fair, so sweet, that all my heart
Leaped forth in one great sudden start.
I knew the fields of heaven around,
I knew that was my past,
I knew mine own true bride was found,
Was found, was found at last.
—G. W. A., in *Light*.

THE WAY IT IS DONE.

Casting Out Devils in India.

CURIOUS RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

I wonder how many people know, and of those who know how many realize, that the casting out of devils is a regular practice in the Madura temple. During nine specially appointed days of every year hundreds of women are brought to Madura for this purpose—women only being the victims or patients. It is easy to believe that if a woman quarrels with a powerful relative or offends a spiteful one, a charge of "obsession" may be brought against her; and that epilepsy or hysteria may be regarded as the outward sign of the entrance of an evil spirit, and perhaps if the patient herself has faith, some recoveries may be effected by simple belief in the cure. In cases of violent hysteria the patient must be so exhausted by the severity and length of the exorcising that one can easily imagine her being quiet enough for some days after; while the quarrelsome subject is probably too frightened to be anything but peaceful for some time to come. Thus, some apparent good following the treatment, the practice lives from year to year. The first morning I visited the temple there were present about a dozen respectably dressed, quiet-looking women, nearly all rather young. Passing along the corridor running round the Golden Tank, they seated themselves in the open space before the gateway leading into the sanctuary of Minatchi; facing them, guarding the gateway on either side, were the stone figures of women called temple peons, those large Amazonian creatures that guard most of the gateways in this temple, and behind them large stone figures of Hanuman and other gods. Almost above their heads were the cages of the votive birds, magnificent white cockatoos, and scarlet, crimson, and green parrots. One girl was especially interesting, a slim, gentle-looking creature with straight features, large, soft eyes and glossy hair rolled up after the fashion of the country. She was accompanied by an anxious looking woman, also carefully dressed (evidently, from the likeness between them, the girl's mother, and two boys, brothers I should say, who seemed to regard the whole thing in the light of a joke. The girl, according to orders, seated herself with hands clasped as though in prayer. Her eyes closed and perfectly motionless, she seemed to be emulating the appearance of the stone figures around her. The mother knelt by her side and prayed with much fervor, the scene remaining a picture of still life for quite half an hour. Then a man, I suppose a temple attendant, brought some cocoanuts, sweet-smelling flowers and the usual offerings, and laid them before the girl, who, by this time, whether from the unusual strain of sitting perfectly straight and still or from sheer nervousness did not appear, commenced swaying slowly and gently; the mother, with her eyes fixed on her child, prayed with great fervor, the little crowd that had assembled watched in silence, while the attendant broke the cocoanuts and laid them before the girl, scattered the flowers, and lighted the little incense sticks used on these occasions. The morning was growing late and hot, and being assured that nothing was likely to happen for hours, perhaps for days, casting a glance at the other women, one or two of whom were by this time swaying quickly, some quite still, I left the temple and resolved to return next day.

The next day came, and passing through the peaceful street into the temple with its gaily-colored throng of worshippers, past the Golden Tank with its picturesque crowd of women bathing, with their many-colored clothes in different states of wetness, I again entered the place wherein I had left the women, and looked first for the girl in whom I had felt so much interest the previous day. There she was still; what a change had come over her! Her face looked wan and weary; that glossy, smoothly-rolled hair of yesterday was loose and tossed, for as time went on the gentle monotonous swaying had changed into a wild, gyratory motion of the head and body. Round and round, round and round the poor girl swung, her long hair tossing over the tired face, the whole expression saying: "I am so tired; I am so tired." And still the wild whirling motion and the mother's anxious eyes. The smell of incense-sticks and some grey powder that was being burnt gave a faint, sickly odor, mingled with the heavy scent of the flowers. The sight was pitiful. Looking along the rows of women I saw the same thing going on, but my principal interest was centered in this girl. I asked anxiously as any believer, "When will the devil come out? Cannot the poor thing be relieved?" The crowd seemed unsympathetic enough, and I was told that perhaps this might go on for days longer. It was a sight too painful to be watched now, so I went away, but returned the same evening and then, I am glad to say, I saw the poor girl released from her painful position.

The temple was dark, lighted by torches which threw a weird light over the scene. A man was trying his hardest apparently to exorcise the evil spirits. The women looked more weary and sad than words can describe. The exorcist, who was devoting himself to my friend, as I now felt her, was chanting incantations, and lighting fires round her. The heat, the heavy tropical scents, the crowd in the darkness, the flaring evil-smelling torches, the faces of the haggard women who were all swaying with that curious gyratory motion, their hair tossed and tangled into strands like the snakes encircling the head of Medusa, all made up as wild and startling a picture as one could imagine. Presently the exorcist seized the hair of the girl before me and drew it up through his fingers, chanting incantations all the time. Still the monotonous swaying, the ejaculations of the exhausted women. The scene was growing unbearable, until at last, after a time that seemed endless, the black hair that had so often been drawn up, stood erect of itself, and surely those were sparks proceeding from it! "The devil has come

out!" was the glad cry, and the girl was quickly dragged away to be dipped in the Golden Tank, whose water would complete the cure and wash away the sins.

The following extract from a local newspaper will show how intense is the belief in possession by devils: "On Friday, the 9th of October, a young woman of the Sudra caste, aged about 15, named Lutchmal, went to the local Minatchi pagoda for worship, when one of the women possessed came opposite to her from the said pagoda for bathing in the Golden Tank and embraced her. She was so much seized with fear that she lost all consciousness. In that state she was brought home and the utmost care taken of her, but to no purpose. She died yesterday morning." S. L.

[Note these points: The obsessed were quite young women of negative temperament. During the gyratory process, the patients became subject to the influence of those praying, and ultimately the power of the exorcist, the erection of the hair and discharge of sparks concluding the process. Bathing in the Golden Tank braced the system, and induced a positive state. The girl's case given in the last paragraph is one in which the influence from the possessed person took such hold on the susceptible girl that she could not get over it. We hear much about "germs" as the cause of disease, but there are spiritual taints of an analogous order. Under a different spiritual regime these evils could be abated, and when a case did occur it could be dealt with in a more prompt manner. Many suffer in this country from similar causes.—*Medium and Daybreak*, London, Eng.

TENNYSON'S DREAM.

And Robert Browning's Test.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson tells of an afternoon spent some time ago with the poets Tennyson and Robert Browning. The conversation turned upon presentiment and clairvoyance. Lord Tennyson, while unwilling to acknowledge any belief in either, related a remarkable instance of the former, which occurred to himself. One evening, while writing in his study, he seemed to feel the presence of a very dear friend near him. He was unable to shake off the impression. He tried to read and to smoke, but it was no use, for it seemed that the friend was there appealing for aid. This distressed the poet, and he went out and walked several miles, trying to dispossess himself of the thought, but it was of no avail. He could not rid himself of it, and finally retired, only to dream of his friend as being in great agony, and crying out to him for relief.

Some two months afterwards the poet heard that the friend, who had been an explorer, had been killed and eaten by cannibals, and that this had occurred at or very near the time he had been so troubled about it.

Robert Browning, who laughingly said that his wife was the only superstitious one in his family, then told of an experience he once had with a man who claimed supernatural powers. Browning discredited his assertions, and the man, wishing to prove that he could do as he said, asked if he had an heirloom of any sort about his person.

It chanced that Mrs. B. had provided her husband with some new shirts, which were to be worn with cuff-buttons, much to Mr. Browning's disgust, and that morning he had ransacked the house for the necessary articles, finally fastening his cuffs with a pair of quaint old buttons, which had been given to him years before. He showed them to the man, who, after looking at them carefully, and examining them closely, took them in his hands, and told of a dark room in a house somewhere on the island of Jamaica, in which a powerful man was struck down by three robbers, who took from him everything of value save these buttons, and left him to bleed to death.

According to Mrs. Dr. Stevenson, this was literally true, though at the time not even Mrs. Browning knew of it, but the buttons had belonged to an uncle, a planter in Jamaica, who had been murdered and robbed as the man described. The cuff-buttons had been found and sent to the planter's mother, who had given them to Mr. Browning on condition that he should never speak of the sad affair.—*Two Worlds*.

The Soul's Training.

For let us contemplate this life as the training place of the soul. It comes here for a portion of that education which is necessary to its development. What sort of *nidus* do we provide for it? What sort of hospitality do we accord to it? Is it any sort of consideration with us that it should be so adapted to its surroundings as that it may gain its education and progress in wisdom? Is our civilization to end by producing ruffians at the bottom and inaniates at the top? It looks like it. The middle class has always been the backbone of this country. It is so still. But, if I am not wholly mistaken, we must look to the generation that provides us with these astonishing specimens of what we can do in the way of children. The other day I talked Spiritualism with a man of exceptional intelligence. He had seen *Light*, but did not know of my connection with it. I told him that I had talked the matter over with many eminent men whose names were a guarantee for their sincerity and openness of mind. I mentioned a few. Yes, he said, but have you talked it over with others of an opposite school? Yes, I said, and I always will, for I learn from them; but they know so little that it is only their blunders that are instructive. We want at least as much care in the isolation of the moral microbe as we do of that familiar pest which we call influenza.—*Light*.

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Prayers, Ancient and Modern.

CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN ILLUSTRATION.

Two alleged origins may be alleged for prayer. The primary one is that it has arisen from the supplications of slaves and prisoners of war. The gestures and forms of prayer, especially among Eastern nations, favor this view. The life of early man was a state of constant warfare, and the supplication for life by the vanquished to the victor gave rise to prayer, accompanied often with the offering of presents, as in Homer read how Adrastus implores:

Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.

Prayer and sacrifices in ancient times went together. Nothing for nothing was the motto of their gods or priests, and for the petitions to be efficacious, they must be joined with a substantial inducement. Reasoning from the powers he knew to those he did not know, early man concluded that the best way to obtain his wants was by flattery, gifts and humble supplication. The attitude of prayer is the attitude of abject submission—the knees bent and the hands joined as if bound or powerless, or, as with Mohammedan prayer, the whole body prostrate on the ground. The Hebrew word for prayer means to bow. In Joshua (vii. 6) we read how that worthy "fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord." Elijah cast himself down upon the earth and put his hands between his knees (I Kings xviii. 42). These attitudes may show that the demeanor of worshippers before God was like that of a slave before some potentate.

Another view of prayer, not without countenance in early custom, is that which looks on it as a magical ceremony, a development of the belief in the efficacy of words as charms or spells to obtain the wishes of the utterer. The mantras of the Hindoos are really incantations, and it is even supposed that these spells can compel the gods or spirits to do what is required. Chants, charms and incantations are closely allied to prayer, and some of the earliest Egyptian, Chaldean and Hindu invocations are of this nature. Paul says, "Pray without ceasing." The only people who follow this injunction are the Buddhists, who have arranged prayer-mills worked by wind and water to effect their purpose. Some Hindus approach them closely in uttering so many million times the mystic word Om, or repeating the name of the god, as Ram, Ram, Ram, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, etc. The belief in certain names being words of power is seen in the Bible. It appears in the third commandment. The blasphemy of the son of an Israelite woman, whose father was an Egyptian (Lev. xxiv. 11), was in uttering the sacred name, the penalty of which was death. When Jacob wrestled with the god or angel he demanded his name (Gen. xxxii. 29), and so did the father of Samson of the angel who announced the birth of his son. But the wary angel answered: "Why askest thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret?" (Judges xiii. 18.) The Jews said Jesus wrought his wonders by aid of the Shem Hamephoras—the sacred, ineffable name, engraved on Solomon's seal. The first gospel tells us that Jesus "cast out spirits with his word" (viii. 16). Jesus said that in his name his disciples should cast out devils, and whatsoever they asked in his name should be done. Paul says: "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

Early prayers are all for temporal benefits. The Vedas of the Hindus are full of requests for children, long life and riches. The Chinese, though so long elevated above barbarism, still preserve very matter-of-fact prayers for rain and good harvest, wealth and longevity, and even throughout the rituals of Christendom are found an array of supplications, unaltered in principle from savage times, that the weather may be adjusted to our local needs, that we may have the victory over all our enemies, etc.

Dr. Tylor tells us: "When a Zulu sneezes, and is thus for the moment in close relation to the divine spirits, it is enough for him to mention what he wants ('to wish a wish' as our own folklore has it), and thus the words 'A cow!' 'Children!' are prayers. The Gold Coast negro would raise his eyes and thus address his god: 'God give me to-day rice and yams, gold and agries; give me slaves, riches and health, and that I may be brisk and swift.'"

The prayer of the Bushmen is pathetic: "O Cagu, are not we your children? Do you not see our hunger? Give us food." Cagu has a wife called Coti. How came he into the world? was asked. Such a question would unsettle any system of theology. The Bushmen replied: "Perhaps with those who brought the sun; only the initiated men of the dance know these things." Cagu, like Jehovah, is a successful and idealized medicine-man and magician.

Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World," relates how some Algonquin Indians once, mistaking a missionary for a god, petitioned his mercy and begged him to let the earth yield them corn, the rivers fish, and prevent sickness from slaying and hunger from tormenting them. They backed up their request with the offer of a pipe. The whole of the primitive philosophy of religion is contained in this ridiculous incident. Tobacco was, with its first users, a sort of incense offering to the ghost gods. Prescott, coming with some Indians to a lake they were to cross, saw his companions light their pipes and smoke, by way of invoking the winds to be calm. The Hurons offer a similar prayer with tobacco, to a local god, saying: "Oki, thou who livest on this spot, we offer thee tobacco. Help us, save us from shipwreck. Defend us from our enemies. Give us good trade, and bring us safe back to our villages." When a British officer who had made himself much feared died at Tinnevely, the natives deposited brandy and cheroots, which they knew he loved

in life, upon his grave to appease his spirit. If the presents failed to secure the desired benefit, the inference drawn was that the spirit was not satisfied and required something further. Hence, in dire necessity, the dearest possessions were given up. Many gods were supposed to require their people's only sons to be surrendered to him, but the God of the Christian is the only monster who was unappeased save by the sacrifice of his only begotten son.

Jacob, who, like the rest of his race, was a good hand at a bargain, made terms with Jehovah in a thoroughly business-like spirit. After setting up a pillow and pouring oil on it he said: "If God will be with me and keep me in this way that I will do, and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee" (Gen. xxviii. 20-22). The adoption of Jehovah as Jacob's God was entirely dependent upon his duly performing his share of the contract.

Sometimes it was quaintly suggested that were the worshipper in the place of the god, he would not neglect the interests of his devotee. Thus we read in the Rig-Veda: "Were I Indra, like thee, the sole lord of wealth, the singer of my praises should be rich in cattle." The principle of reciprocity and the germ of the so-called golden-rule of doing to others as we would they should do to us may be found in many of these ancient Aryan prayers, as in the pious Scotch epitaph:

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod;
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do were I Lord God,
And you were Martin Elginbrod.

According to Marshall, the prayers of the Todas are of a very matter-of-fact description. Every man, as he enters his hut at night, turns round and mutters "May it be well with the male children, the men, the cows, the female calves, and everything," in which last expression the women and children must be included, if they are included at all.—J. M. Wheeler, in the *Freethinker*.

Spirit of Charles M. Foster.

One day as I was sitting quietly in my room I was surprised at seeing a shade which approached me and asked permission to become my guide. Having never had anything to do with Spiritualists or mediums, I received this spirit rather ungraciously. He informed me that his name was Charles M. Foster, to which I replied that I did not know him.

Some days afterwards, being in the company of a gentleman who had for a long time been a Spiritualist, I asked him if he knew anything of a Charles M. Foster. "Certainly," he answered; "he was a most powerful medium."

Later on I was at the Spiritualist meeting at Lake Pleasant, and there the same spirit appeared to me again and said to me: "I wish to materialize before you as soon as I have the opportunity, and that will occur in the month of April." I had never been present at any spiritualistic phenomena, and therefore judged, in my ignorance, that they were impossible, and gave no further consideration to the subject.

Having heard of the seances of Mrs. Cadwell, I decided to attend one out of curiosity. I was a complete stranger to all those in her room, even by name, and had determined to take notes of all the frauds expected to appear before my eyes, when to my utter astonishment, a tall man of imposing appearance advanced from the cabinet, giving his name, Charles M. Foster. I at once exclaimed: "If you are really the person whose name you give, you must have something to say to me."

"I have," he replied, held out his hand to me; "I want to inform you that I shall be your faithful and true guide as long as your incarnation lasts."

Another day, when this spirit again manifested himself to me, I told him the doubts I entertained as to his identity. "Very well," he answered, "look at your arm." I raised the sleeve of my dress and was surprised to see written on it in red letters the name of Charles M. Foster. I did not then know that such marks were characteristic of his mediumship.

Another day, on my return from a seance with Mrs. Cadwell, I asked him why he announced himself to me when alone by the simple words "Charles is here," but always in public as Charles M. Foster, remarking that I preferred the first way of making himself known.

Some day after, at a seance with the same medium, almost before the spirit stood outside the cabinet, I heard a voice saying, "Charles is here." I had told no one of the request I had made to Foster.

One Thursday in the month of June, this same spirit took possession of my hand and wrote these words: "Take courage, my dear, your terrestrial companion will soon be with us in the world of spirits."

I did not then believe such a thing was possible, for my husband was in perfect health. The following Sunday Foster wrote again, "Prepare; the time approaches." The Tuesday after my husband was drowned whilst out rowing in a boat.

This sorrow reduced me to such a state of misery that I feared I should lose my reason; between crying and praying I implored the waters to restore me to my lost one.

On the Saturday my faithful guide wrote: "The body is found; in a few hours you will know everything." It was then nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past twelve a public official brought me this message: "The body was found this morning at nine o'clock."—Mollie Renoue, in *Light*.

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INTERESTING STATEMENTS.

Extracts from Foreign Journals.

In *La Lumière*, we find a statement by M. Lachand, of some of the experiences of Napoleon the Third, in connection with the mediums he consulted. One of these was a Mr. Young, and the Emperor asked Mme. Lournel, one of the ladies of the palace, and widow of the General of that name who was killed at Sebastopol, whether she would be afraid to evoke the spirit of her husband. Skeptical but courageous, she consented to do so, and by the aid of the medium, the General materialized and dematerialized in her presence, leaving her fully convinced of the phenomena. "Before the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870," writes M. Lachand, "Napoleon the Third, agitated by low ambitions, and weighed down perhaps by a load of remorse, consulted a celebrated medium named Repos, the legal adviser of the Consulate of Constantinople. This medium warned him that the war against Prussia would be fatal to his throne and dynasty, and disastrous to France, and that it must be avoided. Napoleon the Third, whom an eternal fatality drove towards the expiation of his crimes, repudiated that events and political influences were stronger than his will, and that it was impossible for him to resist the ambitions which surrounded his worm-eaten throne. War was declared, and we all know with what terrible results for France and for himself. His punishment commenced in this world.

La Nueva Era, Guadalupe, in Mexico, which is not a Spiritualist publication, gives the particulars of a remarkable manifestation which has taken place at the rancho of Milpillas, in the jurisdiction of Talpa; and it excuses itself for doing so on the ground that the accuracy of the statement is attested by numerous trustworthy persons. It appears that a certain cattle-dealer, named Manuel Izas, was in the habit of making journeys down to the coast for the purpose of buying stock, and on such occasions used to call at the rancho, which was the residence of his niece, Secundina Izas. One day when she was standing in the market-place of the neighbouring town, conversing with a friend, she saw her uncle approach. She asked him to accompany her home, but he excused himself, saying that he had a long journey before him, and many commissions to fulfill; besides he had his last will and testament to prepare; which startled his niece, who asked him if he was ill. He said "No," but added that no one could foresee the future. Still declining the hospitality offered by his niece, he took his departure, at about the hour of 8 in the evening. Secundina returned home much disquieted in her mind, and told her family of what had occurred, and the anxiety his words had occasioned her with respect to the state of his health. Next morning she sent a messenger over to her uncle's house to apprise his family of what had happened, and was thunderstruck on learning, when the messenger returned, that her uncle had never left home on the day previous, but had been seized with intermittent fever, and had died about 7 o'clock in the evening. Secundina is a good Catholic, and those who authenticate her narrative are also orthodox believers.

Manuel Izas was evidently unaware, at the time of his interview with his niece, of the fact that he had passed out of the body, and his thoughts were still running on worldly matters, while the consciousness that he had been ill would explain his anxiety to make his will, which he had presumably neglected to execute.

The editor of *La Verite* (Rosario, Argentine Republic) animadverts upon the injury done to Spiritualism by those who shrink from owning themselves as believers in it, when they are challenged by others who have imperfectly comprehended its phenomena; and by others again who exaggerate and misrepresent the communications they receive, in order to magnify their own importance in the eyes of persons seeking after wonders. "It is high time," observes M. Rastoul, "that all those who know that Spiritualism is a great truth, shall be willing to take the trouble to study it as it ought to be studied, instead of fabricating a fantastical Spiritualism of their own."

El Precursor, the organ of the Central Spiritist Association at Mazatlan, in Mexico, publishes the "Revelations of a Suicide." The spirit of the unhappy man related the story of his crime to a writing medium; and the following extract from the narrative shows how mistaken men are when they look upon self destruction as a courageous act:

"The suicide is a coward. A horrible fear urges him to quit life, makes him afraid of his friends, his acquaintances, and his relations. Then his faults make him believe that all the world knows them; and thus deceived and nervous, the most criminal cowardice impels him to terminate his life, foolishly believing that the invisible world will release him from his sufferings. Deception of deceptions! The spirit of the suicide lives tormented, suffering the terrible punishment of constantly supporting the burden of his remorse, until the termination of that long period of expiation which is naturally proportioned to the sins he has committed."

Op de Grenzen van Twee Werelden (the Hague) publishes a striking communication from a spirit, entitled "The Awakening of an Unprepared Soul," describing the emotions experienced, the knowledge gained, and the work which had to be performed, as the indispensable preliminary and the sole means of progress. The latter was summed up in three words: "To do good!"—*Doordt et goede te doen*—and the methods of doing it were also explained.

In concluding his narrative, the spirit exclaims: "Blessed is he who on earth purifies himself of the dark stains of sins that have defiled his terrestrial garments, so that he shall not be ashamed to meet the eyes of the heavenly pure."

Another article deals with various experiments in the application of magnetism to the apparently dead; and the next treats of the color of the magnetic radiation and its variations. Succeeding this we have an account of the interview of Col. Ingersoll with Henry Slade; a terse little paper "Where is Heaven?" and an "Open Letter," in Mme. Van Calcar's best style, to a young lady, in explanation and vindication of the writer's devotion to Spiritualism.

Le Spirite (Paris) publishes two communications received by M. Flammarion from a spirit purporting to be that of the illustrious Galileo. One was to the following effect: "As the architecture of the heavens is superior to that of earthly temples, and as the infinity of space is superior to that cognizable by the human senses, so, in its spiritual relations, is the future life, superior to the present, which you know not how to comprehend, because it refuses to be grasped by your finite intelligence; but which you may dimly discern through the prism of your spiritual hope."

RISE OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Frauds of Monks and Rabbins.

The argument of this book is that the whole ecclesiastical system was manufactured in the 12th century by Greek, Italian and French monks. The author has arrived at this conclusion after thirty years' study, and he leaves a strong impression that he is right.

Previous to the Monks, the Rabbins of Spain had done the same regarding their system, and the work of the monks was only in imitation of them; their purpose, more ambitious, to overthrow Saracen and Jewish influence and power and to gain ascendancy over the whole world. Both the Rabbins and Monks based their scheme on the Arabian tradition of the Mosque, derived from Arabian and Persian sources. All we know of Christian ecclesiastical history was actually invented in the 12th century. There had been no fathers, no popes; all names known as belonging to persons in previous centuries are fictitious or belonged to real but obscure individuals who knew nothing about theology. There never existed Byzantine authors. The Koran is the only trustworthy account or rather legend of what passed in Judea, and preceded the account of the Rabbins (Hebrew Scriptures). The order of three days of worship—Friday, Saturday and Sunday—represents the chronological relation of the three systems—Islam, Judaism and Christianity. It is not denied that there may have been some mystic, spiritual, gnostic foundation in the conception of Christ, nor that there was a Jesus of the Koran. The priests first dramatized the New Testament characters, and then represented them as historical. Owing to jealousy of the Jews, they represented them as the murderers of Christ. Franciscan influence is reflected back in such passages as these: "Take no silver nor gold, nor brass in your purses, neither two coats, nor shoes," etc.; also in the exaltation of poverty and celibacy. The sermon on the mount is taken from Epictetus. The geography of the New Testament is the defective geography of the time of the third crusade (subsequent to the 11th century).

It is from the Roman philosophic schools and not from the "Catholic and Holy Church" that we collect the best that men thought concerning the problems of existence and the conduct of life. The Stoics represented that a moderate competency and not extreme poverty is favorable to right living and progress. Nothing more excellent ever existed than the teaching of the Pythagorean school, "How to live and how to die well." "To expel disease from the body and ignorance from the mind, to put down lavish expense in luxuries, to abstain from animal food, to exercise temperance and self-control, to fulfill the duties of citizenship and domestic life, to love wife and children." Other contracts might be written on parchments or on columns, but that of wife and husband was confirmed by the children. The epistles of Seneca are a more precious gift than all the medieval books of the Church, notwithstanding that they never claimed to be something sent down from heaven. For 400 years England under Roman rule shared in the benefit of the teachings of the Stoic school, which, united with an enlightened Spiritualism, it is to be hoped will guide her once more. The sooner, therefore, the fraud of the Monks and Rabbins is made known and exploded, and something more excellent substituted in its place, the better for her and for all mankind.

It will be seen from this, that every sect of Protestantism, right down to the Salvation Army—all who believe in the Book—have been victims of what was nothing more nor less than a plot, an ambitious scheme for power, and that what good there is behind this, is still ours to seek and to find.—"A." in *Medium and Daybreak*.

Finding the Christ.

I stood where robed priests did chant
In mystic notes a solemn prayer;
Where swelled majestic organ tones,
And fragrant incense filled the air;
Where the resplendent altar shone
In light than earthly light more fair.

I slowly bowed and tried to pray:
My soul refused her part to bear;
"Where is thy God? Thou hidden art!"
An angel answered my despair:
Enter the temple of thy heart,
And worship thy creator there.

I went within the inmost court,
Within the silence of my heart,
And there I found the Christ within,
Who never will from the true depart;
And then I learnt the truth within,
And Thee, who Love and Wisdom art.

Then shone from out the holy shrine
A light divine unknown before;
The symbols fair, the burning lights,
The music, incense, chant of yore,
Gave out their teachings holy, bright,
As ever shone from ancient lore.

—I. O., in *Light*.

More Experience of Dreams.

As a girl I used to have some most remarkable dreams—as a rule of climbing up steep hills; the exceptions were dreams of descending them. I should think these dreams of climbing the hillsides came to me night after night for six or seven years. I have not dreamt this dream now for many years, and in fact now I hardly ever dream at all. Between the time of dreaming this dream and now I had some very vivid and startling dreams that I will describe when I have more leisure.

My object in writing now is to ask if any of the readers of the *Medium* have had this same dream, and what followed it. To me it is typical of the troubles and trials that were to come—mine having been a singularly sorrowful life. Now it is peaceful and untroubled, and I never dream the dream that was my nightly companion for six or seven years.

I may add, I have just been to visit my cousin Serena. One night last week I dreamt a dream of her that I cannot now recall, and in consequence of that dream I was moved to go and see her day after day.

I could not arrange to go until to-day (Sunday) and then I went at great personal inconvenience, and found herself and baby very ill. They had quite thought they should lose baby last week.

This dream shows the sympathy there must be between us, although until last year I had never seen her face, as she was in America.

"Mais revenons a nos moutons," as our French neighbors say. I shall be very glad to hear if any reader of the *Medium* has had an experience like mine of one recurring dream of hills.—Kate Taylor-Robinson, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

The "Song of the Shop."

[There are shop-girls in Islington working 107 hours a week.]

With eyelids weary and worn,
With limbs as heavy as lead,
A shop-girl sat in her chill, bare room,
Holding her aching head,
And over her pale, thin face
The tears were beginning to drop,
As, checking a sigh that became a sob,
She sang the "Song of the Shop."

"Oh, it's work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
And work—work—work,
Till I ache in every limb;
Compelled through the liveliest day
Behind the counter to stand,
Till the heart grows sick and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand."

"Work—work—work!
In the hurry and rush and glare;
Work—work—work,
In the foul, gas-poisoned air.
Whatever the seasons be,
No change in my lot they bring;
And it's only because the fashions change
That I know it once more is spring."

"Oh! but to breathe once more
The breath of the cowslip sweet;
To see blue sky above my head
And green grass beneath my feet.
Oh! but for one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before to the counter I was bound
Like a slave, with chains of steel."

With eyelids weary and worn,
With limbs as heavy as lead,
A shop-girl sat in her chill, bare room
Holding her aching head,
Essaying in vain to check
The tears that perforce would drop,
As still in a voice of dolorous tone,
That was half a sob and half a moan,
She sang this "Song of the Shop."

—The Two Worlds.

The Effect of Sitters on Mediums.

An intelligent lady makes the following inquiry:

A medium who gives sittings for various people, has related to us the following particulars. On one occasion she gave a sitting to three gentlemen, and wondered how it was that in doing so her head and body seemed to be two or three times their ordinary size. After the sitting was over, she was compelled to go to bed, and was not able to partake of food of any kind. If you can throw any light on this curious case you will greatly satisfy the medium alluded to.

In all cases when human beings come together, there is an interchange of nervous fluid or psychoplasm going on between them. When one of the party is a medium, and goes into trance, under clairvoyance, or into any psychological state, the effects of this interchange of fluid is more pronounced. There are two nerve-centres that must be specially noted; that within the skull, the brain, and that within the body near the heart and stomach, the nerves of organic life. The balance of power between these two centres gives health and capacity; but when a medium goes under influence this harmony is interfered with, and all sensitive sitters feel a peculiar "pull" in the region of the heart when a medium passes under influence; but when the sitters take from the medium instead of giving, the balance is not readjusted when the sitting is over, and great suffering is often the result. It was an error to sit with three people at once—it was a case of "three to one." We know mediums who lose all their appetite when sitting at table where hearty eaters are having a meal.

These cases show how important it is that mediums should understand the science which we are constantly endeavoring to teach them. It would also be well if mediumship were devoted to the investigation of these questions, and not to searching after worldly things on the earth-plane. It is that which destroys mediumship.—*Medium and Daybreak*.

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 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 bills will be sent for extra numbers.

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

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

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

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

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 26 1892.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

A Fearful Spasm.

The *Nineteenth Century* is, in its own estimation, edited on the top of Mount Pisgah, and next to the Bible, infallible authority. Its management has discovered that the people are interested in Spiritualism, and misunderstanding its potency, have published an article remarkable for its display of ignorance of the subject, at times descending to insane drivel and downright mendacity. In illustration, take the following passage:

"To conclude, then, these delusions, this miracle-mongering, these disordered visions, and hallucinations, this exploitation of the love of the mysterious, these pseudo-magnetic attractions, these sham scientific floatings in the air of fixations of the body, these thought readings and foretellings, these vain pronouncements concerning unseen worlds and invisible lands of being, these playing on the ears, the hopes, the feeble senses, the eager imaginations, and the ill-balanced reason of the masses, are as old as—nay, apparently older than—history. Sometimes in this, as in other things, we are tempted to ask: 'Does the world make any progress, or are we still moving on the same planes and in the same grooves of ignorance and superstition, knavery, folly and self-deception?'"

When reading this, we are almost ready to answer that the world does not progress out of the grooves of well-paid, ignorant misrepresentation. Such ignorance might be allowed to pass in silence to the rubbish heap of obscurity, were it not stimulated by a desire to rule and suppress that which it opposes.

The writer in the *Nineteenth Century* works himself up into a rage, and inadvertently shows the tiger claws of intolerance:

"There are still performances and still publications which in their follies and their capacities for mischief rival some of those of the darkest periods of ignorance and superstition, but they are now curiosities and eccentricities, and provoke laughter and amusement where formerly they would have led to insanity and persecution."

What are these publications? THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a leading representative! Who are the "dupes and fools" who provoke laughter? After a Wallace, the man who has, seconded by Darwin, completely overturned the sciences, and created them anew, Prof. Crookes, the leading chemist and electrician of the world, and such a host of others that were we to catalogue their names it would take columns of space.

Thanks, Brother Carroll.

Yes, thanks many, Brother Carroll, for that check for \$18 with list of subscribers. Providence, R. I., is coming to the front, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is getting a good foothold there. The fact is, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads in circulation, simply because it strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the people.

Even So in New Hampshire.

Even in New Hampshire THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is coming to the front, and large lists of subscribers are being received from there. Thanks, Brother L. Worthen, for your interest in our behalf.

A Scathing Arraignment.

Major General Stuart, of the British Army, in a recent publication, implores his Government to arrest the action of the missionaries in India, because they are undermining British rule, and are rendering revolt probable.

But this is mild compared with the arraignment of Christianity by a Hindoo, as told by Abbe Dubois, replying to those same missionaries who wish to instill Western morality into the benighted heathen. Read, and tremble:

"You speak of morality, and of purity of manners, and you boast of a great superiority over us in these respects. But, pray, how comes it that from the very accounts you are not ashamed to publish in this our supposed thoroughly corrupted country, it appears that in each of your respective metropolises, London and Paris, you reckon no less than forty thousand prostitutes? You compliment in high terms your civilization, your refined education and manners, but how comes it that amidst the advantages you claim over us in these respects, crimes and vices of every kind are more prevalent in your countries than in ours? From whence comes it, with the superior education and civilization you boast of, your cities and towns are filled with thieves, sharpers, pickpockets, swindlers, gamblers, forgers, false coiners, and other knaves of every description, most of them happily unknown in our supposed thoroughly corrupted country?"

That same Hindu, if he had referred to our own great Republic, would have shocked the good missionary still further by asking:

"Why is it that American prisons are overflowing with criminals, convicted of the greatest crimes, nearly all of whom have been reared in Christian families, taught in Christian Sunday Schools, have listened to Christian preaching from Christian pulpits, and are representatives of Christian churches? Don't tell me they are infidels, or heathen; for I have noticed with astonishment that nearly every one convicted of a capital offense, when on the scaffold, is a devout Christian, and in dying is only swung into the arms of Jesus, while your clergy are at his side bidding him *bon voyage*!"

Rout the Heretics.

And now the press reports tell us that Rev. Burt Estes Howard, who recently published in the *Arena* a paper in which he expressed views not in harmony with the Presbyterian creed, of which sect he is a prominent member, is to have charges preferred against him for heresy. The Rev. Howard is too busy—he has too much brains, for the Procrustean bed of orthodoxy, so he must be abridged to the standard length. Several centuries ago, when the whole world was just emerging from a thousand years of barbarism which the church had imposed on the race, a creed was formulated, combining all the silly notions inherited from their savage ancestry. It professed a full knowledge of God, his motives in creating man, told how sin came into the world, and death by sin, how hell was devised to punish sin, and then told how God in his great goodness sent his only son to die in the place of the sinner man, so that by some additional hocus-pocus, usually called faith, man could escape hell and get into heaven. It seems that Mr. Howard, like millions of others, was pleased to think in defiance of this creed. Well, if a man will think different than his ignorant ancestors, of course he is a heretic. Had he lived four hundred years earlier—why, the stake and firebrand; that is all. Now he is placed outside the pale of the church; he becomes fully emancipated and joins the world's great thinkers in showing the silliness of ancient teaching; the people are enlightened, and humanity is enriched by the knowledge. Who comes next? Please, good churchmen, rout the heretics. They are wanted to occupy front seats in the car of progress.

Barbaric India.

India, a land of barbarians, sunk in vice and sloth; a country of pagans, idol worshippers—the land of all lands for Christian missionaries. And yet, said Anna Ballard, traveling over that country, and writing the *Chicago Daily News*, from near Calcutta, published in its issue of Sept. 8, 1887:

"Dakota, Oregon, Illinois even, have not the public libraries, museums, scientific advantages and reading-rooms in all the large towns, and at convenient distances in the smaller ones, that are plentifully established in India."

Is it not possible that barbaric India is not as barbaric as the missionaries have represented?

Mayor Gaston.

Mr. Gaston has been, and is, the efficient president of the Cassadaga Free Association and the Mayor of Meadville, Pa., and is also known as one of the most successful business men in his native city. Recently he was nominated for re-election as mayor, and his opponents raised the cry that he was a Spiritualist. The scheme did not result as intended, for every citizen who appreciated integrity in office came forward and Mr. Gaston was elected by an overwhelming majority. The moral is plain: Put Spiritualism into your life and stand by its colors, and the world will honor you for it. If you go about among men apologizing for your belief, you will receive their scorn, as you will deserve.

The State of Iowa.

It is coming to the front. We have 1,500 subscribers in the State of Michigan, a larger number than all the other Spiritualist papers combined. We should have equally as many in Iowa, and will have, eventually. Dr. R. Carpenter sends us a fine list from Olin, for which, thanks, many.

Our Eclectic Magazine.

This week we give you the thoughts of foreign lands. They will prove grandly refreshing, and bring you in touch with noble workers. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER would be incomplete without the flashes of thoughts and feelings from other climes. It leads in everything which can make it desirable to those who are seeking the truth.

GLORIOUS!

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.

INUNDATED.

The poet well says: If when standing on the ladder leading up towards brighter day, if you've taken one step only, do not stop and block the way. Keeping there the surging masses all afloat while stop you may; halting there impedes the others—do not stop and block the way! If the heights seem far upstretching, and no stout encircling arm helps or aids you in the climbing, guarding you from care and harm, grasp the round that's yet above you, holding on in firmest way till you've gained a safer footing—do not stop and block the way! Oft you falter, bearing burdens that your strength can scarce endure; do not drop them for another to take up or strive to cure; bravely shoulder, going forward fearless in your chosen way; others too have weights to carry—do not stop and block the way; yet take time to read this "General Survey."

J. W. Moulton writes: "The name of the medium who lectured at Albany, N. Y., the month of March, is Miss S. Lizzie Ewer. No. 12 Court St., Portsmouth, N. H."

Persecution of the Saints.

Trouble is at the front again, with Geo. Jacob Schweinfurth, the so-called Rockford Messiah, and a couple of his apostles. Geo. W. Coudrey, of this city, has commenced action against them, laying his damages at \$50,000, because his wife became infatuated with the new religion, and her affections were alienated from him. The bringing of suits, and the claims of large damages, is a common thing in these times. The difficulty is to obtain a judgment, and the still more difficult part will be to realize the money from the sale of "Heaven;" for we learn the title is in another, and that George Jacob and his associate angels are only tenants on sufferance. It is possible, too, that a grand defense may be set up by the defendants. It is well not to form an opinion on the case until both sides are heard.

Complimentary.

Capt. A. D. Searl, civil and mining engineer, of Leadville, Colo., writes: "On account of the many sensible articles appearing in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I am a patron of it, although I take no stock in its spiritual nonsense." We take this as one of the highest compliments which can be paid the paper. The large variety of matter appearing in its columns furnishes food for every class of thinkers, save the imbecile and the bigots, who are unwilling to read anything which conflicts with their creed. There are many things in the paper which it is presumed some Spiritualistic patron would wish otherwise, but every shade of thought must be tolerant of conflicting thought, for truth is best advanced by hearing all sides.

Bear It in Mind.

As suggested in last week's PROGRESSIVE THINKER, let every anniversary meeting held in the United States pass the contribution box in behalf of Margaret Fox Kane. There seems to be something eminently fitting in such an act and on such an occasion. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has a heart, and it would never have suggested such a course if it were not in harmony with the "eternal fitness of things."

Crowded Out.

Everything gives way this week for our ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. It will prove refreshing to our numerous readers to be brought in contact with foreign minds. In fact, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads the world in the great variety set on its intellectual table.

Note from a Prominent Physician.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, in my opinion, is the most wholesome and helpful paper for the American masses on earth to-day.

RUFUS H. BARTLETT, M. D.

Chicago, Ill.

The 44th Anniversary.

The 44th Anniversary of modern Spiritualism will be generally celebrated all over the United States. Send in your reports the day following, so that they can all appear together. Prepare them with care.

Miss A. E. Sheets is engaged to speak at the anniversary services at Lansing, Mich., the 26th and 27th of the present month.

The death of Maria C. Robbins at Brooklyn, N. Y., will enrich various religious and other charitable institutions to the extent of \$2,000,000, that being the amount devised by her for such purposes as come within their scope.

Sir Henry Bessemer suggests the substitution of aluminum tokens for bank notes of small denominations, as being clean, slightly and uncounterfeitable. Senator Stanford's wife has been such a friend of the poor and oppressed that a colored Baptist society in Washington has changed its name from the "Mount Bethel" to the "Jane L. Stanford" Baptist Church, in her honor. In asking her permission to do so, the committee says: "No pecuniary consideration actuates our action."

James Russell Lowell was walking along Irving street in Cambridge one day, when he saw the son of Professor Josiah Royce—a child not over ten years old now—handling a piece of hose and a stream of water rather recklessly. Fearing a ducking, he began a remonstrance as he approached. The boy listened carefully until Mr. Lowell was done. Then he turned the hose on the venerable poet, who took to undignified flight!

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Mrs. E. A. Hammatt, who is working to found a home for mediums in California, writes: "I am sorry for one error (made in setting the type, I suppose) in my article. It reads thus: '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 fruit,' etc. It should have read: 'It is in the plan to buy up the adjoining tracts of land until we have 1,000 acres, put it under cultivation to nuts and fruit,' etc. You see the former makes me appear to have 1,000 acres now, which is not the case, as I have only 100, which I have deeded. As it was not my mistake, I will leave it to yourself about making a correction of it."

Capt. W. Wingett, of Kansas City, Mo., pays a glowing tribute to the society there, which now numbers 150 members. He speaks highly of Prof. Buddington, who is officiating there this month. The Captain informs us that the Spiritualists there will celebrate the 44th anniversary on the 23d, 24th and 25th, when they will have Mrs. Ada Foye and Prof. Joseph R. Buchanan and several local mediums to participate in the exercises. Mrs. Orvis occupies the platform there in April, May and June. Mrs. Ada Foye will deliver the anniversary address, and Prof. Buchanan will be the closing speaker for the 25th. Dr. Mikeswell, the independent slate-writing and trumpet medium, who is doing some marvelous work in Kansas City, will also be present at the anniversary exercises.

Mrs. Mabel Aber writes from Topeka, Kansas: "The people of Topeka enjoyed a rich treat on Sunday evening, March 6th, in the way of speaking and tests given through the mediumship of Mrs. Foye. She opened the season with a beautiful invocation, after which she read the 28th chapter of 1st Samuel, and then in a very telling manner portrayed the scenes therein given. Would that we had more speakers in the field to-day who would give facts in place of flowery speeches. There is too much policy used by the majority of speakers to-day; they handle the clergy with gloves. I should to-day be in the old orthodox shell had it not been for plain facts, which at the time prostrated the intellect and caused me to read and think for myself. I have no patience with speakers who are working for self-aggrandizement and popular opinion. We have the truth; let us give it to the world in a bold, unflinching manner. We were once in darkness; let us lift others into the light."

J. R. McCoy, of Marshalltown, Iowa, writes: "The Sunny Side Spiritual Developing Circle is doing nicely, and we hope soon to have some mediums developed for our own use."

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, of 576 15th St., Detroit, Mich., has been actively at work during the past winter, having only been at home one Sunday. She writes: "As I have seen but little in your paper of late in regard to Spiritualism here in Detroit, I wish to say we are not all dead or sleeping, but owing to the protracted illness of our esteemed president, Mr. Sanford, the meetings have been discontinued for the past two months; but our test mediums have not been idle. Mrs. Ireland has been faithful and true, and as a test medium has done a grand work. Last Tuesday evening the home of Mrs. Anscomb and myself was thrown open for a benefit social for Mrs. Ireland. In my absence from home, being at Bay City lecturing, Mrs. Anscomb presided as hostess, a lady well qualified to make it pleasant for all concerned. The friends turned out in large numbers, the parlors being filled with earnest Spiritualists, all anxious to show their respect and appreciation of our co-worker, Mrs. Ireland."

Prof. Silas W. Edmunds, inspirational speaker, psychometrist and test medium, will answer calls to lecture. He can be addressed at 166 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Ladies' Independent Union of the M. V. S. A. will hold a meeting at 1124 Locust St., Dubuque, Iowa, at some convenient time during the session of the semi-annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, which will be held in the Grand Opera House, Dubuque, Iowa, the 2d and 3d of April, 1892. It is to be hoped there will be a large attendance, as there will be business to be considered of importance to both bodies for carrying on the work to further the interests and advancement of our beautiful philosophy. Our undertaking has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Last year was fruitful with success and good results socially and financially. Let us take counsel together, and then we shall be better prepared to enter upon the new work with wisdom, zeal and energy. Mrs. J. A. Stanley, President; Olive A. Blodgett, Secretary.

Dr. C. T. H. Benton, of Peoria, Ill., writes: "I am circulating the petition to have the World's Fair open every day of the week, and am having no trouble, so far, in getting signers. I hope Spiritualists all over the country will see their duty, and attend to it."

Lyman C. Howe, who has just filled a successful engagement at Indianapolis, Ind., goes to St. Louis, Mo., for April. He will answer calls for week evening lectures at accessible points during the month.

The Spiritualist Association of Southwestern Michigan held a convention to celebrate the forty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism at the Opera House, in Texas, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, April 2 and 3 prox. Hon. L. V. Moulton has been engaged. Music, both vocal and instrumental, by Mrs. Harry Worthington, of Texas. Miss Cora Fuller, of Vicksburg, an accomplished elocutionist, will give frequent recitations; Mr. James W. Riley, the farmer medium, of Marcellus, is expected to be present. The meeting will open Saturday, at 7 o'clock in the evening, closing Sunday evening. From 9 to 11 o'clock Sunday will be devoted to conference and business; from 11 to 12 o'clock an address. The evening will be filled exclusively by our speakers. Among the questions to be discussed will be: "What do the So-Called Manifestations Teach?" The public are cordially invited. Entertainment can be secured by addressing L. S. Burdick, Texas, Mich., by mail. A picnic dinner on Sunday will be in order. A furnished dining-room will be for use, where tea and coffee can be made. Shelter and hay for horses free. A collection for Margaret Fox Kane will be taken up.

It is testified by those who have ample opportunities of knowing, that the reform papers of this country are much troubled by officious postmasters, who eagerly seize the slightest pretext to send notice to the publishers that papers paid for in advance, "lie dead in their offices, not wanted," and afterwards it is found these papers were never ordered stopped by those to whom they were addressed. It is a rule more unalterable than the laws of the Medes and Persians, in the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that not a single paper goes regularly to the address of any one, which has not been settled for before it left the office. If it comes to you, you may be sure some friend has paid the score in advance. If your paper does not come regularly, interview your postmaster and make him answer. The penalty for unlawfully withholding mail matter from persons to whom it is addressed, is dismissal from office, a fine of not more than \$500 and imprisonment for not more than six months.

F. H. Parker, of Santa Cruz, Cal., writes: "Our society, the Unity Spiritual Society (Incorporated), is growing in interest and numbers under the engagement of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, inspirational speaker and psychometric reader. Through her very fine lectures are delivered every Sunday morning at 11, at Beulah hall, and in the evening she answers written questions from the audience, after which she gives psychometric readings which are very satisfactory and a drawing card. An effort is being made by active members to have the lectures, questions and answers published in the local paper and printed in pamphlet form, for distribution. Our city by the sea (properly named city of roses and flowers) is growing and visited by many Eastern tourists."

Mrs. Hannah A. Smith, of New York, writes: "Prof. G. F. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins have been giving wonderful platform tests here, as well as in circle and in private, and in justice to these honest, unassuming workers, I desire to add my testimony to the large number of friends in this city, and in favor of their work as public laborers, in every particular. They both are upright and thoroughly conscientious, and have given the most startling as well as correct and satisfactory tests it has ever been my pleasure to witness. Their modest manner is noticeable and wins many true friends. We hope to keep them with us."

T. Ryan, of Lockport, N. Y., writes: "The United Progressive Club is having quite a revival. The lectures by Mrs. Anna L. Robinson are getting more popular every week. She has been the permanent speaker here since the organization of the club. She lectures from subjects furnished by the audience. After the lecture she sometimes gives platform tests. She is a wonderful clairvoyant, and locates lost articles, and gives readings that astonish and convince the most skeptical. The United Progressive Club was organized in April, 1889. The officers for the present year are: President, Wm. Roe; Vice-President, Robert Moreland; Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Treasurer, Mrs. Marion M. Burton. The club is now making preparations to celebrate the coming anniversary in an appropriate manner."

W. H. Bach writes as follows, from Stuttgart, Ark.: "Please announce to the people of Minnesota that I will be back at work in their midst in April, and want to make every day count from that time till camp meeting. I wish to hear from all parties who want anything in their midst. I will hold meetings and follow lectures by psychometric readings where the friends will entertain and furnish a hall free and take up a ten cent collection at the door, which is to be given me for services. Please let me hear from you at once, so that I can make my route. Address me at St. Paul, Minn."

Miss A. E. Sheets writes: "I have to report a most successful quarterly meeting, March 12th and 13th, at Rockford, Mich., with an increased membership of the society during the winter. Mrs. V. Jackson added to the interest of the exercises by giving a number of excellent tests. A large audience greeted us, and we were made to feel that the good work was going on in a quiet way."

The St. Lawrence County Spiritualist Convention, held at West Potsdam, N. Y., Feb. 27 and 28, was successful in every way. It was held in the Methodist church, attended by people of all denominations from that vicinity and town. The Spiritualists there feel well paid for their efforts in their own enjoyment of the occasion, and the opportunity of giving a little broader knowledge of life, its laws and its destiny to all who came to hear. Lucius Colburn, of Manchester Depot, Vermont, gave five excellent lectures from subjects given him by the audience, which he handled logically and forcibly. He leaves there to fill engagements in Vermont, Canada and other places.

Bert Woodworth writes from New Castle, Pa.: "I am still in the field of labor, right here in this orthodox community. Have been here for over two years, and am doing a good work. A rolling stone gathers no moss. I believe if a medium is honest and well-developed, and once gets established in a place, it is best to stay there, and not be roving around."

W. E. E. Kates, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "The Dayton Progressive Alliance have organized and elected the following officers: President, J. M. Clark; Vice-President, J. C. Cox; Secretary, Wm. E. E. Kates; Treasurer, J. H. Clark. We have not been able to locate in a hall as yet, therefore meet in the parlors. We have very interesting meetings, with very encouraging promises of developing home talent, sufficient to entertain the friends a portion of the time. As soon as we become suitably located it is our intention to organize a Children's Lyceum. We would like very much to correspond with conductors of lyceums in regard to latest music and books used."

From the "City of the Angels," in the far Southwest, where sunshine and flowers are the rule, and not the exception, comes a letter from Edith E. R. Pickles. She says there are five spiritual meetings held there every Sunday. At one of these the writer lectures and gives tests. The others are amply supplied with able and interesting speakers and psychics; among these she mentions Mr. Bowman, an ex-Methodist preacher, and Dr. Temples. During the week there are several test circles, held at various places, and very fully attended. In concluding her interesting statement she says: "May you (the Editor) live long to continue the good work you are doing in sending forth one of the grandest Spiritualist papers the world has ever known. May you be sustained in your work until every home in this broad land is blessed with a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is my earnest wish."

During this month Dr. Dean Clark is engaged to lecture at Napa, Cal. He seems to be a favorite there.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Williams, of Springfield, Mo., have started a reading room, where various reformatory papers and works will be kept.

Dr. Dean Clark, of Napa, Cal., writes: "A letter from one of your subscribers, S. Dakota, suggests that you state the price of my tract, 'A Synopsis of Spiritualism,' or 'A Basis of Organization.' Please say in your next issue that they can be had of me at Napa, Cal., 5 for 10 cents, or \$1.75 per hundred. Leading Spiritualists have pronounced it the best synopsis yet prepared."

G. H. Brooks will officiate at the anniversary exercises at Milwaukee, Wis., on April 3d. He will also participate at the anniversary exercises, on the 31st, at Bricklayers' Hall. Mr. Brooks' permanent address is 38 Lawrence street, Elgin, Ill.

W. J. Black, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "The First Progressive Society of this city meets next Sunday to organize a Children's Lyceum. We bespeak for it a grand success."

Brother M. T. C. Flower, of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "To the Spiritualists and Liberals of St. Paul, Minneapolis, the surrounding country, and the public: The organized Spiritualist societies of St. Paul have perfected arrangements for uniting in a fitting celebration of the 44th anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism, on Sunday, April 3d, at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Wabasha and 5th Sts. There will be a fine array of speaking talent and test mediums. The speakers for the occasion will be Frank T. Ripley, Prof. Bishop A. Beals and Moses Hall; C. E. Winans, slate-writing and materializing medium. There will be morning, afternoon and evening speaking, and tests at the close of each lecture. There will be lunch served for the convenience of such as wish to remain at the hall for the afternoon and evening meetings, in the dining room adjoining the hall, at a nominal price."

J. F. Snipes, of New York, writes: "The New York Psychological Society, 114 W. 14th St., will celebrate the next anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Wednesday evening, March 30, with the following program: Songs from spiritual sonnets, by the audience; piano solos, original, by Prof. Wm. Millard; James Russell Lowell's poem on the unhappy lot of Mr. Knott, with the rappings in 1848; tenor solos by Mr. T. S. Start; comical recital, 'The Seance,' by Mrs. Laura W. Brown; 'Daddy' and 'Laughing Song,' by J. F. Snipes; physical phenomena, by J. W. Fletcher; spirit art, with examples, Mrs. Harriet Beach; operatic selection, by Senor M. De Pasquali; address by Judge Nelson Cross; guitar solo, by Prof. E. Brown; three-minute speeches by volunteers; and independent slate writing, through Mrs. Mott-Knight. The able assistance of this mediumistic musical, judicial and literary talent will insure for all who attend an evening of intellectual pleasure and spiritual profit. Mr. Fletcher is doing a steady, effective and reliable work for this society every Wednesday evening, and in Adelphi Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, and at his residence, 268 W. 43rd St. Such ready demonstrations of second-sight and hearing are few, and should be esteemed accordingly."

Anniversary exercises of the 44th anniversary of modern Spiritualism will be held on Sunday afternoon and evening, the 27th inst., at National Hall, 681 W. Lake St. Mrs. DeWolf, Will C. Hodge and other prominent speakers will be in attendance. Many first-class mediums will participate. A cordial invitation to all. A good time is expected.

Friend Titus Merritt, formerly of 323 W. 34th St., has removed to 319 W. 54th St., New York City. The address of one of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's best friends, and a most loyal worker for the cause, can always be found in our advertising columns.

G. W. Kates and wife would like to have immediate offers of week-night or Sunday engagements during April, in States contiguous to Ohio. Address them during March at 219 Dinwiddie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lydia R. Chase, Secretary, writes as follows from Williamsport, Pa.: "Prof. J. W. Cadwell is so well and favorably known through the length and breadth of the land, that when we report he is here to help us out of our wrecked condition—captainless and apparently pilotless—'drifting with the tide,' it will be enough to assure those who were expecting to see us go under, that we are still afloat, and hope to make a successful voyage through the waves of ignorance and superstition that rise mountain high in this particular channel."

A Magazine of Advanced Thought

Any one who reads THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for three months cannot fail to cordially admit that it is a Magazine of Advanced Thought. Those who fail to read it, are, of course, left in the rear of the Car of Progress.

SPIRITUALISM.

The Part It Plays in Literature.

Under this heading we propose to give, from time to time, extracts from the writings of various authors who have either been vaguely conscious, or half convicted, or altogether certain of the great truths of Spiritualism; but more particularly of the fact that spirits can and do communicate with the inhabitants of the earth-world. A belief of this kind is not merely so universal as to entitle it to be regarded as a human instinct, innate in the race, but it has prevailed in all ages, and has been firmly held alike by the prophets of the Hebrew people, by the revered sages of classic antiquity, and by the founder of Christianity, his apostles, and disciples.

By the common consent of civilized mankind, the name of Shakespeare is placed at the head of all secular literature; and it would be altogether superfluous to point out how important a part spiritual manifestations play in two of his greatest works, "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," as well as in "The Tempest," "Julius Caesar," and "Richard the Third." The great dramatist would indeed have been quite singular if he had not believed in the apparitions he described; for as Spalding has observed in his "Elizabethan Demonology," "Before the Reformation, the belief that the spirits of the departed had power at will to revisit the scenes and companions of their earthly life, was almost universal."

An interesting instance of it is mentioned in a letter written to Dr. Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, by Archbishop Parker, in 1564: "Ye shall understand," says the latter prelate, "that in Blackburn there is a fantastical—and some say lunatic—youth man, which says that he has spoken with one of his neighbors that died four years since, or more. Divers times, he says, he has seen him and talked with him, and took with him the curate, the schoolmaster, and other neighbors, who all affirm that they saw him there. These things be so common here, that none in authority will gainsay it, but rather believe and confirm it, so that everybody believes it."

Of course this "fantastical" and "lunatic" young man was simply a medium for materialization, and apparently clairvoyant and clairaudient, to boot.

To those who are inclined to look down upon the men and women who accepted the evidence of their own senses with respect to phenomena of this kind, in the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," Mr. Spalding remarks that the people of that epoch were no fools; and that it is very doubtful whether our aims are as high, our desires as pure, our words as true, and our deeds as noble as those of our Elizabethan forefathers. "If not," he adds, "or if indeed they have anything whatsoever to teach us in these respects, let us remember that we shall never learn the lesson wholly, perhaps not learn it at all, unless, casting aside this first impulse to despise, we try to enter fully into and understand these strange dead (!) beliefs of the past."

It is scarcely necessary to say that they are the very reverse of "dead," and that in the midst of dying creeds, decaying religious systems, and perishing theologies, Spiritualism is one of the most vital facts of the nineteenth century; and that it is quite safe to predict that before the end of the twentieth, it will number its votaries by hundreds of millions.

Milton was probably the most earnest and the most deeply convinced Spiritualist of the Commonwealth. Afflicted with blindness, he seems to have received, in compensation, "the vision and the faculty divine" of spiritual insight. He lived in the unseen; only it was a palpable reality to him. If, as Wordsworth says, "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," it was not in loneliness. In his physical darkness he enjoyed the illumination of another world. Its inhabitants came and ministered to him, as they are related to have done to Jesus of Nazareth. They sustained him in the midst of political and domestic troubles, and we cannot doubt that they inspired all that is noblest, grandest, and loveliest in his immortal poems. Most persons are familiar with the lines which occur in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost":—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

But the comment of Bishop Newton on them will be new to some, at least, of the readers of the *Harbinger*. The prelate describes them as "agreeable to reason and revelation, as well as pleasing to the imagination;" and he goes on to say that they "seem to be an imitation and improvement of Hesiod's notion of good genii, the guardians of mortal men, clothed with air, wandering everywhere through the earth." Bishop Newton was evidently much more enlightened than many of the modern clerics of his church, who appear to be incapable of discerning what he perceived, namely, that one of the fundamental doctrines of Spiritualism is "agreeable to reason and revelation."

There is a beautiful passage in "Comus," descriptive of the intercourse with, and guardianship of, pure natures, while still in the flesh, by the higher intelligences, which is too exquisite to be omitted. It is this:—

"So dear to heaven is saintly charity That where a soul is found sincerely so, A thousand liveried angels lackey her, Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt, And in clear dream and solemn vision, Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear."

And presently one of these spirits who attend upon the lady appears "habited like a shepherd," and enters into conversation with the two brothers, warning them of the dangers to which their sister is exposed, and admonishing them with respect to the best method of averting them. And when this has been accomplished, and the lady has been rescued from the perils which environed her, the attendant reappears, and utters her feelings in a stream of joyous verse as musical as that which Shakespeare was inspired to put in the mouth of the dainty Ariel:—

"But now my task is smoothly done, I can fly, or I can run Quickly to the green earth's end, Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend; And from thence can soar as soon To the corners of the moon."

Mortals that would follow me, Love virtue; she alone is free; She can teach ye how to climb Higher than the spheric chime; Or if virtue fails ye, follow me, Heaven itself would stoop to her."

In this passage Milton has described with equal accuracy and felicity the non-existence of space to the inhabitants of the spiritual world, and the instantaneousness with which they can compass what, in our language, we should designate as stupendous distances. And so, too, Ariel is described in the "Tempest," as flying, swimming, diving into the fire, and riding on the curl'd clouds with such amazing swiftness that

"Love's lightning, the precursors Of the dreadful thunder clap, more momentary And slight-outrunning were not."

Robert Burton, who was contemporary with Shakespeare, and the author of that marvelous storehouse of learning, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," devotes upwards of twenty pages of the first volume to the subject of good and evil spirits; and presents us with a comprehensive view of what ancient writers have left on record concerning them. He tells us that epicureans and atheists disbelieved in them, "because they never saw them; whereas Plato, Plotinus, Jamblichus, and Proclus, following in the footsteps of Trismagistus, Pythagoras, and Socrates, 'make no doubt of them.' Nor did the Stoics. And Burton quotes from Maximus of Tyre, the celebrated Platonist philosopher of the second century, the following striking passage, which might have been written yesterday: 'These spirits which we call angels or devils (i. e., daemons) are taught by souls of men departed, which either through love or pity of their friends yet living, help and assist them, or else persecute their enemies whom they hated.' They are, as others suppose, appointed by those higher powers to keep (i. e., watch over) men from their nativity, and to protect or punish men as they see cause; and are called good and evil genii by the Romans." Thus Socrates had his *daimon*; Plotinus his, and "we Christians, our assistant angel."

Bodin, the great French philosopher of the 16th century, whose "vast knowledge and prodigious reading is praised by Boyle, and who is bracketed with Montesquieu by Hallam, says, in speaking of spirits, 'they are most swift in motion, can pass many miles in an instant, and can with admirable celerity remove others from place to place, as the angel did Habbakuk, Daniel, and as Philip the deacon was carried away by the spirit when he had baptised the Eunuch, and as Pythagoras and Apollonius removed themselves and others.'

The Apollonius thus referred to was born at Tyana, in Cappadocia, three years before Christ, and lived to be 101. He was such a wonderful medium that he was generally regarded as a supernatural being, and was looked upon as the rival of Jesus Christ. His life, written by Philostratus, the Greek orator and rhetorician, in the following century at the request of the Roman Empress, Julia Domna, and based upon the memoirs of Damis, the friend and companion of Apollonius, was exalted by some of its admirers, at that time, above the Gospels; and it is interesting to note what was thought of this medium by numbers of illustrious men of his own or a later epoch.

Amianus Marcellinus ranks Apollonius with Pythagoras, Socrates, Numa Pompilius, and Plotinus, as one of those privileged men who were assisted during their lifetime by a familiar spirit, or *daimon*. The Emperor Alexander Severus placed his image among the household gods in his *laurum*. Caracalla erected to his memory such a monument as is only awarded to gods. Many cities raised altars to him; and the Emperor Aurelian made a vow that he would build a temple to his honor.

Like Pythagoras, Empedocles, Iarcho, and Paganos, Apollonius had a vivid recollection of his last incarnation, in which he had filled the humble position of a pilot on board an Egyptian vessel, and when on land he inhabited a poor hut upon the island of Pharos. In his later existence, as Apollonius, he was a great traveller, and when visiting the tomb of Achilles, the spirit of that illustrious warrior appeared to and conversed with him.

In the reign of the tyrant Domitian, he had the misfortune to be accused of some crime and haled before the tribunal of the Imperial monster, from which he was mysteriously spirited away, and found himself, on the same evening, at what is now Pozzuoli, near Naples, 150 miles distant from Rome. According to Dion Cassius, the historian, Apollonius was gifted with the faculty of second sight, for being at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, on the 13th of the calends of October, A. D. 96, he publicly declared that Domitian was being assassinated at that moment by one Stephanus, Apollonius crying aloud: "Very good, Stephanus! Courage, Stephanus! Strike the murderer. Thou hast struck him; thou hast wounded him; thou hast killed him!" The whole scene was vividly presented to the spiritual vision of Apollonius; and it occurred at that very moment, just as he described it.

Cardinal Baronius, in his "Ecclesiastical Annals," admits the accuracy of the narrative, and offers the following explanation of it: "It is easy for the demons to know what is passing all over the world, and so make it known to men when it pleases God to permit them." If we substitute the word *daimons* for demons, we may entirely concur with the words of Baronius.

The incident above referred to occurred in the gardens attached to the *Astion*, or Colonnade, in which the athletes used to exercise themselves in wet weather, and where the philosophers were accustomed to resort. They were full of people at the time Apollonius made this announcement, with so much excitement of voice and manner that everybody believed he had been suddenly stricken with insanity. In due time, however, the news of the assassination of the Imperial tyrant reached Ephesus, and every detail given by the seer proved to be correct.

When Nerva ascended the throne, he wrote to Apollonius, entreating him to become his counselor and his friend. The reply of the great medium seemed very enigmatical at first. It was to this effect: "Prince, we shall pass the greatest part of our existence together, during which nobody will command us, and we shall command nobody." The prediction of Apollonius enabled him to foresee that Nerva's reign would be a very short one, and that they would pass away together. They did so, two years afterwards. The "death" of Apollonius occurred in Crete, where he had been imprisoned and loaded with chains as a magician. Calling up the wardens in the middle of the night he warned them that he was about to escape. The ponderous gates seemed to open of their own accord, and closed again as soon as he had crossed the threshold. Aerial

voices were heard singing, "Quit the earth and rise to heaven," and nothing more was ever seen of the mortal part of Apollonius of Tyana. But, in his native city, some youthful philosophers were discussing in a skeptical spirit his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, when one of them said: "For ten months past I have entreated Apollonius to reveal to me the truth of immortality; but he is so very dead that my prayers are vain, and he has never appeared to me, not even to prove that he is immortal." Five days afterwards, the discussion was renewed, and a deep sleep overtook the skeptic in the midst of his discourse upon the same subject. Suddenly waking up, his face bedewed with perspiration, he exclaimed: "I believe you." His companions asked him what he meant. "Can you not see," said he, "the sage Apollonius? He is in the midst of us; he has heard our discussion, and recites some marvellous verses on the soul." "Where is he?" asked the others; "for we cannot see him, and it is a happiness we should desire above all earthly things." "It appears that he has come to me alone, wishing to instruct me because I am so stupid," was the reply. "Listen, listen to the divine words which he causes me to hear: 'The soul is immortal. It is not your own; it belongs to Providence. When the body is exhausted, like a swift racehorse that has reached the goal, the soul springs forth, and is precipitated into the midst of ethereal space, full of contempt for the sad and rude slavery it has undergone. But of what import are such things to you? You will know them when you are no more. So long as you are among the living, why seek to penetrate these mysteries?'"

It only remains to add a few words with respect to the life and character of this exceptionally gifted medium, whose days exceeded a century in what was probably his final incarnation. He was never married, and lived in absolute chastity. His diet consisted of fruit, vegetables, and water exclusively. He wore none but linen garments, and all his habits were marked by a dignified simplicity. He spoke fluently a multitude of languages, which seemed to come to him intuitively. He expressed himself with great natural eloquence, and his sentences are described as having been "as compact and solid as the diamond." The wealth he inherited from his father, he distributed among the poor, and the admirable philosophy which he inculcated may be summed up in the two well-known lines of Tennyson:—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power,"—*Light, London.*

A PRAYERFUL MOOD.

Continued from 1st page.

Lord, to open our hearts and dispose us to give our all unto thee, from whom is every good and perfect gift. O Lord, help us to consecrate ourselves to thee," cries the preacher, meaning all the while to influence the rich members of his congregation to subscribe more liberally. Many little oblique hints and innuendoes, too, can be given in prayer. "O Lord, restore the backslider." Let thy mercy shine on those who rebuke thy ministers and despise thy ordinances," etc.

The religious journals are now agreed that sky-pirates must give not only short sermons but short prayers. We should think they would do well to take a leaf out of the book of the American who had the Lord's Prayer framed and hung by his bedside, and never omitted, morning and night, to repeat with a pious nod, "Them's my sentiments." This, in the eye of the omniscient, may have been as efficacious as telling the beads. Rousseau tells us of an old woman whose prayer consisted of a single letter, O. "This best prayer," he says, "is also mine." We think this letter just represents the gaping wonder which is the very inspiration of devout prayer. Less admirable was the longer yet still laconic prayer of the old woman who would never offer up any other supplication than "Lord bless us all."

Perhaps the old lady was influenced by the instances of prayers bringing more than was wanted, as recently, when public prayers were put up during a drought in New South Wales. The effectual, fervent prayers of the men of God availed overmuch. Rain fell in such torrents for so many days that suggestions were made for building an ark like that of Noah. When the next drought occurs the rain-doctors will be asked to pray a shade or two less earnestly.

Another illustration was given by a charming young English lady who resided in Paris. Going into the Madeleine, accompanied by an aged duenna, she observed a young Frenchman, who was in love with her, saying his prayers. He soon came up to her and said, "I was praying to see you, mademoiselle, and here you are. But it seems *le bon Dieu* has not quite understood me, for I did not pray for the old lady."

People only pray for that of which they are uncertain. As the conception spreads of the reign of law in the physical world, ministers begin to be ashamed of their ancient profession of rain-making. They now speak of the moral and spiritual effects of prayer, as though law did not as much operate in moral and spiritual matters as in physical. But by so doing they are losing hold of those who require a tangible Deity and an actual providence. To the masses, modern prayers are useless. This is well exemplified in the American story of the man who, having looked too closely on the wine which is red, was taken home by his minister and lengthily prayed for. He shifted about uneasily on his knees for a long time, until at length human endurance was exhausted. "Stop that, parson," he cried, "stop right there! You've been praying for over twenty minutes, parson, and you haven't ax't for a blessed thing I'm wanting."—*J. M. Wheeler, in Free-thinker.*

J. C. Greer writes: "Can some one give the different days in which the various religions have their sabbaths? I saw it once in a German paper many years ago, but was not much interested in it at the time. It showed that we have every day in the week for a Sabbath, somewhere on earth. This proves that Sunday was made by man, for if God had made it he would have to tell six lies, and only one could be the right one."

C. L. Palmer, of Malden, Mass., states that Miss Ann Lord Channing paid that town a visit, and holding a seance, some excellent tests were given.

THE MAGNETS.

Simply Human Beings.

Last year when on a tour through India I visited the highly interesting city of Benares. One day when inspecting some of the strange temples which are in such numbers all over the city, I happened by a mere chance to ask my Indian servant as we passed a small but very smart temple in a narrow, crowded street, "Is there anything worth seeing here?" He immediately replied, "Oh, yes; devil woman." Naturally this reply roused my curiosity, and I enquired whether the lady was a difficult person to visit, and whether she was dangerous to approach. Hyder said, "Oh, no, very quiet; no hurt, but very much devil." He further volunteered the fact that two rupees was the fee for a seance. I then sent him to make arrangements, and waited myself in the entrance to the temple, which was a very beautifully decorated one, evidently in high favor, and receiving much patronage.

My servant returned, and said, "Now the seance is ready." I was then conducted by a queer old priest through a sort of cloister and up a small stair, my servant coming with me. A thick "durrle," or carpet, covered a small doorway, and drawing this aside my conductor signed to me to enter. The chamber was a very small one, with at the end a sort of raised dais, on which was crouched a most hideous old woman. She was a mere skeleton, and her face was wizened and shrivelled up as small as an infant's, but a pair of dark eyes seemed to blaze with light. A small lamp was in the room, but even with it I could see that her hair, which was in tangled grey masses about her shoulders, showed a distinct phosphorescent light. Noticing that I was looking at her hair, she bowed her shrivelled head, and taking them through and through the long locks, she made sparks fly out and bright gleams of light show all over it. My servant interpreted for me, and asked if I wanted to see her perform some of her wonders. On my replying in the affirmative, the carpet on which she was sitting was removed and I then saw that the little platform was made of coarse, dull, greenish glass. The woman stood up, and at that moment the old priest brought to the doorway a small goat. It looked in and seemed very frightened. No sooner did the woman raise her hand than it became still, slowly advanced, sideways, towards her, and as it reached the platform, fell down and was quickly drawn towards her, lying perfectly passive on its side. She then went through the same sort of thing with a cat, which was brought in a basket, two pigeons, and a snake, making them do all sorts of curious antics, making the snake stand perfectly perpendicular, like a stick or young sapling. The birds she brought to her by a curious drawing process through the air; they did not fly, and they seemed averse to going, but were invisibly compelled to advance to her. She then asked through my servant whether I would care to be operated on myself, or should they get in a native. Not caring first to be a victim, I suggested to Hyder, that he should be one, but this he strenuously refused to be, and so I dispatched him for a coolie. He brought in an exceedingly tall, handsome lad, who had a sort of devil-may-care expression on his fine face. The woman ordered him to throw off his loose gown, so he had nothing on but a loin cloth. She then motioned him on to the edge of the platform, and almost immediately, after a few passes, she placed her hand under his and slowly raised him off the ground to the height of about two feet, the chamber being so low that he could not get up much higher. She then made a few hypnotic passes, and he became quite stiff and by a deft turn of her hand she somehow turned his body sideways and raised him in that position as high as her own breast. She did several other things, and then, placing his arms out straight, signed for me to come and put them down. This I attempted to do, but they were rigid as iron, his fingers and hips the same, and his eyes, though evidently seeing, did not have the slightest motion. Thoroughly convinced of her power, I then allowed her to practise on myself, and the sensation caused by her even pointing her hand was like an intense discharge from an electric battery into my body, but by no means an unpleasant sensation. She raised me up in the same way as she had done the coolie, and my power was entirely gone, and I was under her control completely, but again with rather agreeable sensations than otherwise. On her removing her hands and making evidently one or two backward passes, a shivery feeling came over me, and I was able to step down from the rough platform. She became quite apathetic the moment the business was over, and the old priest received my honorarium in a matter-of-fact way. My servant, who was deeply impressed and for days on the *qui vive* to find something happen to me, said that the "devil woman" was supposed to be two hundred years old.

Yours faithfully, W. H. H.

The *Evening News and Post* gives the following. It was communicated by Mr. Shippey, of the firm of Shippey Brothers, electrical engineers. It appeared originally in *Silliman's Journal*, and was copied thence by a leading scientific journal in May, 1838:

A well-known physician in the last number of *Silliman's Journal* gives the following curious account of an electrical lady. He states that on the evening of January 28, during a somewhat extraordinary display of northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomena, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch the stove, nor any metallic utensil without first giving off an electric spark with the consequent twinge. The state most favorable to this phenomenon was an atmosphere of about 80 Fahr., moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the fire reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or more a minute, and under the most favorable circumstances a spark that could be seen, heard or felt passed every second. She could charge others in the same way when insulated, and they could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did

not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woolen, without alternating the phenomenon. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and in a delicate state of health, having for two years previously suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections with peculiar symptoms.

We have found in an old diary of the year 1872 an extract from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, of November 10, 1856, which we reproduce as bearing on a subject now occupying public attention:

THE INFANT MAGNET.

Under this title [The Infant Magnet] a girl, a little over eleven years of age, commences to-day, November 10, 1856, giving public exhibitions of her performances at the Mechanics' Institution, Cooper street. She is represented as "possessing the hitherto undiscovered power of moving heavy iron, weights, chairs, tables, etc., by animal magnetism." She comes hither from Liverpool, and the accounts of her performances which have appeared in several of the Liverpool papers evince a susceptibility of the miraculous and a readiness to ascribe her feats to "animal magnetism," which we think few in this city will be inclined to endorse. On Saturday our reporter, with several medical and other gentlemen, was witness to some efforts by this fine, strong and healthy-looking girl. Among other tests two trons for pressing cloth, weighing respectively seventeen and twenty-three pounds, were placed before her upon a table. By firmly resting her fingers and palms of her hands upon the handles of these she could with ease and rapidly draw them over, end toward her; and by pushing them back, repeat the operation any number of times. The most powerful person present attempted to do the same, but none could imitate the movement. It is at this point that "animal magnetism" is brought in as an explanation; just as any peculiarity in the season is ascribed to the "precession of the equinoxes." The girl is found to have her muscles exceedingly well developed; and this, with a considerable amount of nervous energy, and great mental concentration, combined with sufficient practice, will, we think, account for all that she accomplishes. It is certainly somewhat strange to behold a young girl performing a feat of muscular power which a strong man cannot equal, and we doubt many will be induced to see the Infant Magnet for themselves. It will be seen that the paragraph is written from a skeptical point of view, and that the writer is only partially content with his professed explanation. Certainly, when we saw the lady move a heavy tailor's iron, popularly known as a "goose," no such explanation would meet the case. She simply laid her hand upon it without grasping it, and it appeared to adhere to her hand, as iron does to a magnet. It followed her movements, and she pulled or pushed it at will, but never raised it from the surface of the table entirely. She did not exert muscular strength, and her face betrayed no sign of exertion. If we remember rightly, the power was soon exhausted for the time being.—*Light, London.*

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

A Spirit Asks for It.

SKETCH FROM EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Sometime in the winter of 186— (I forget the exact date) I went out West to fulfill several engagements, amongst others to lecture during the month of December at Rockford, Illinois. The winter was unusually severe, and even in that icy region of the Northwest it was almost unparalleled. During the week I lectured at several surrounding districts, amongst others at Dixon, Illinois, where I was hospitably entertained by a Mr. Henry Bacon. There was much Spiritual power in and about that place, and a constant and beloved attendant of mine, my dear young spirit sailor brother, made himself very popular, giving almost as familiar with them as was his sister Emma. On taking leave, the good people asked this spirit, "dear Tom," as they had learned to call him, if he would not occasionally come and make them a visit at their seances. This he promptly did to "soon," and I set out on my fifty miles of cold freezing travel back to Rockford. On arriving there I found my good hostess, Mrs. B., deeply concerned about a number of poor emigrants that had come out in the autumn from the old country, and who were wholly unprepared for the fearfully severe climate to which they had drifted. Mrs. B.'s account of their sufferings by cold and semi-starvation was heartrending. She told me she had obtained from her husband all the means he could spare, and as he had promised to let her have a sleigh and horses every day on her benevolent mission, she intended to go out the next day "on a foraging expedition," to try and raise more means. Would I accompany her? Of course I would, and what was more, I would anticipate the end of the month and borrow my salary in advance from the treasurer. This was good news for the dear missionary, especially as our residence was off out of town, and on looking over the possibilities of obtaining much help from the poor folks around us, our chances seemed slender. For two days, Saturday and Monday, we drove about among the frozen, starving emigrants, spending all we could lay hands on, and putting every friend we had under contribution for goods, clothes, or money. It was on the Monday evening when we were returning, nearly frozen ourselves, worn, weary, and heart-sick, that a half-clothed girl came running out of a log hut before our horses, who were carefully picking their way over the icy hillocks of snowdrifts, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, positively freezing ere they fell, implored our help. Her father was "bedfast with rheumatism," her mother had just brought a hapless little baby into the world, and there were two little ones more, all crowded up in that hut without a scrap of fire. They had, it seems, some of our provisions, in the shape of tea, coffee, meat, bread, and other matters, and the difficulty was the entire absence of fire, or any means of kindling one. We thought and thought, and decided at last that Mr. B. would, and could, and should, send down one or two of his gardeners with cords of wood. But how to make that into a fire without a stove, that was the problem. We had got no less than three stories of those only accessible purveyors of those articles on trust, and at our last venture there, the vendor, whose patience was worn

out with us, positively refused to let us come into his store unless we came to buy and pay for what we took away. What could we do? "We can get one—I know where from," said Mrs. B., "a capital one, for five dollars. We will go home and beg that sum on our knees from Mr. B., Emma." Of course we would, and get it too; and so, off went the horses and clang went the sleigh-bells, until, driving like the wind, we stopped at our own door. It was Christmas Eve, and we were sure Mr. B.'s heart would be open to our prayer. Unhappily, however, and reckoning in very truth without our host, Mr. B. was out. He had gone in another sleigh some miles away, to a grand Masonic meeting, and would not be home till midnight. Before we could cry, swear, or do any other desperate thing, the housekeeper brought me a letter. I was savagely preparing to throw it on another unopened heap on my little writing table when a voice clearly and emphatically pronounced in my ear the words "OPEN QUICKLY." I did so, and at once a five-dollar bill fell out on the ground. It was from Mr. Henry Bacon, of Dixon, Illinois, and after sundry kind words and greetings the writer said: "Your spirit brother Tom came to me this morning, and said I must immediately send you five dollars, as you would want it to-night, and would be unable to get it."

I have that letter yet, and the spirit who dictated it is not very far off. Suffice it to say the horses were soon jingling their sleigh-bells again, the stove was bought and paid for, the wood was deliberately appropriated, and the gardeners helped us.

That night there was a gloriously warm fire in a certain log hut that we know of, and no one under its snug shelter was frozen to death.

Coincidences.

The following are going the round of the newspapers, *apropos* of the sad death of the young Duke of Clarence:—

It is a singular fact that of five Dukes of Clarence of different creation, not one has transmitted the title to an heir. The first Duke of the name was Lionel Plantagenet, third son of King Edward III., who was created Duke of Clarence in 1362. It was through his daughter Philippa, who married Edmund, Earl of March, that the House of York derived its claim to the Throne. The Duke having died in 1368 without male heir, his title became extinct. Thomas Plantagenet, second son of King Henry IV., was the second Duke of Clarence. He died without children in 1421. The most famous of all the Clarences, perhaps, was that unfortunate Prince George, brother of King Edward IV., who is traditionally said to have been drowned in a butt of his favorite Malmsey wine, and who has been rendered famous by Shakespeare through the description of "Clarence's Dream," which is likely to remain popular for all time in school-book extracts and books of recitations. This, the third Duke, was attainted for high treason in 1477, and his dukedom became forfeited. The last Duke of Clarence before the Prince of Wales's eldest son, was King William IV., who, it is well-known, left no heir.

Mr. Algernon Ashton writes:—The figures fourteen and twenty-eight seem, indeed, to be peculiarly ominous and fatal for our royal family! The Duke of Clarence died on January 14th, 1892, aged twenty-eight; the Duke of Albany's death occurred on March 28th, 1884; while the Princess Alice and Prince Albert both happened to die on December 14th, the former in 1878, and the latter in 1861. These are strange coincidences which well deserve to be recorded.—*Light, London.*

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Perkins.

TO THE EDITOR:—At a public reception tendered Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Perkins, March 16, at which time the many friends gathered to express their regret that they must at last bid good-by to these workers, Mr. W. W. Sargent, as Vice-President of the Spiritual Association, in a very neat and complimentary address to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins in behalf of the Society, presented a copy of the following testimonial to the efficient work performed by these lecturers and test mediums while in this city:

"To the friends of truth, wherever found: We, the trustees of the Brooklyn Spiritual Association, desiring to express our appreciation of the work done for the truth, as seen from the standpoint of Spiritualists, by Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, of California, during the past few months, while carrying on Sunday afternoon meetings in our hall, and developing and test circles during the week, hereby extend to them our sincere thanks, and earnestly recommend them to the seekers after truth, wherever they may find their field of labor." (Signed: Sam'l B. Bogert, President; W. W. Sargent, Vice-President; C. H. Nourse, Secretary; Joseph L. Eames, Treasurer; Lucie A. Webster, Martha J. Nourse, M. J. Rockwood, Elizabeth F. Kurth and Henry Mannock.)

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins responded with appropriate remarks, and followed by a programme of songs and dramatic readings. Mrs. Perkins under control then gave each one several spirit tests and communications, which brought forth many expressions of gratitude to the Spirit-world for the glorious privilege of spirit communion. The happy gathering dispersed at 12 o'clock, with good-bye ringing in each other's ears.

Brooklyn, N. Y. C. H. NOURSE.

Detroit, (Mich.) Items.

W. J. Couch, of Detroit, Mich., writes: "On the evening of the 7th inst., the Ladies' Aid of the Detroit Society of Spiritualists gave a benefit to Mrs. Belle Ireland, on the eve of her departure for Toledo and other cities, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ascomb, 576 Fifteenth St. The evening was most pleasantly spent, and Mr. and Mrs. Ascomb did all in their power to make the guests happy. Refreshments were served for the company, numbering about fifty persons. The host and hostess are not only prominent Spiritualists, but have proven themselves to be first-class entertainers. In appreciation of Mrs. Ireland's services the society presented her with a purse. It will be remembered that she was the organizer of this society, and has been active in promoting the cause of Spiritualism. The purse presented was a fitting token to a womanly woman from many friends."

Chauncey Depew announces that he admires Robert G. Ingersoll personally, but disapproves of his religious views. Thus is the public mind set at rest on another question of grave importance.

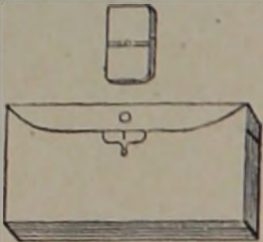
PHENOMENAL.

Interesting Particulars of the Power of Spirits.

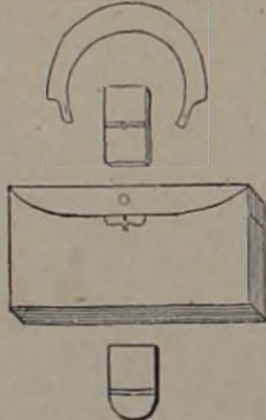
FROM THE RECORDS OF S. M.

August 1st, 1872. I left London for my summer holiday. The psychical development, which had been steadily going on, was evidenced by a case of very distinct clairvoyance. I was an inmate of the house of an old friend who had just died, and I clairvoyantly saw the spirit form on five different occasions; once most distinctly in the death-chamber by the side of the discarded body.

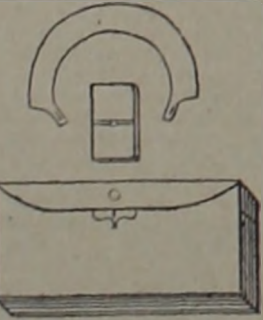
I rejoined my friends, Dr. and Mrs. S., at Douglas, Isle of Man, on August 16th. Our seances were of the usual character up to Sunday, August 18th. The events of that day were so remarkable that I give my own version of them from copious notes taken at the time. Mrs. S. has already given an outline of the occurrences, but it is impossible to give any fair idea of the nature and persistence of the phenomena from breakfast to 10 p. m. Raps followed wherever I went, never ceasing at meals, in church or anywhere. At breakfast a butter-knife was lifted out of a deep dish and thrown on the table under the eyes of us all. The dish was in the centre of the table quite away from any person. On returning from church I found on entering my bedroom (which adjoined the drawing-room on the first floor) that certain objects had been removed from the toilet table and placed on my bed in the rough form of a cross. These were a travelling desk, a pocket-book and a fly-book (containing flies for fishing).



I immediately called Dr. and Mrs. S. to see what had been done. Having in mind the evidences of the presence of spirits I instinctively referred this movement of objects to their action. There was, indeed, no one in the house who would be at all likely to play tricks, and, as will be seen, we guarded against anything of the kind by our subsequent precautions. When Dr. S. had looked over the room, under the bed, in cupboards and wherever anyone could be hidden, he went away, whilst I prepared for luncheon. I was sponging my face and afterwards found that my black skull-cap had been moved from its place and hung on the foot-board of the bed. I went to fetch Dr. S. to see this new manifestation, and while I was gone, my collar, which I had removed and placed on the toilet table, was placed symmetrically round the top of the cross which now assumed this form:



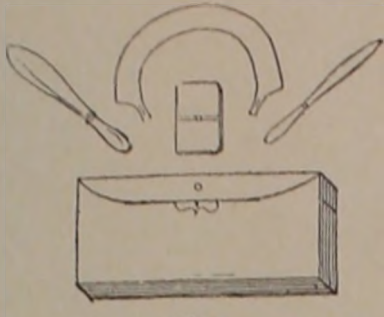
We examined the room once more and found nothing concealed. At my suggestion Dr. S. locked the door and put the key in his pocket, having bolted the windows before leaving. At lunch our conversation was punctuated with raps of remarkable crispness and precision. There was also loud scrapings on the back of my chair, which was repeatedly moved to and fro. The meal over, Dr. and Mrs. S. and I went to the locked room, and found that the cross had been increased in size by the addition of a clothes-brush and hat-brush from my dressing-case which lay open on the toilet table.



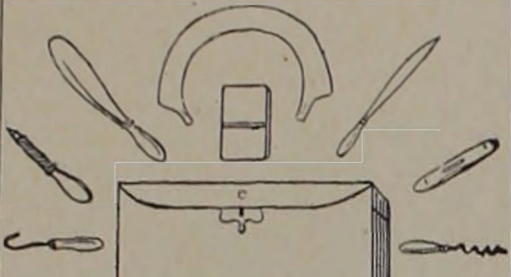
Locking the door once more, we returned to the dining-room, and found abundant indications of spirit-presence. Raps were loud on floor and walls, on the table, and on the back of my chair. A tune drummed on the table and sung by one of the children was accurately imitated. The heavy dining table, with all that was upon it, was moved out of its place three or four times. After this had

gone on for some time, Dr. S., at my suggestion, went alone to the locked room. On unlocking the door he found that two other articles from my dressing-case had been added to the cross, and so told us on his return. I believe the reason for my not going with him on this occasion was that I felt overpowered by the strong influence that surrounded me, and was half entranced.

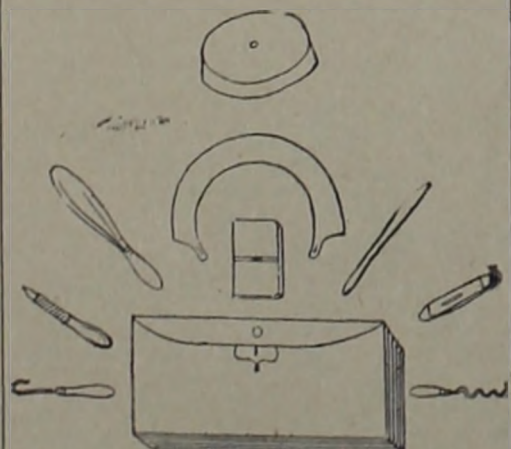
He again locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and in about half an hour I accompanied Mrs. S. and him to the locked room, and we discovered that two additional articles from my dressing-case had been added to the cross, which now assumed this appearance:



After another somewhat less interval we again entered the locked room, and found four more articles added. The cross now assumed this form:



We elicited communications by the alphabet, the raps being made on the footboard of the bed, and at the suggestion of Mrs. S. we left a piece of paper and pencil on the bed. It was now 5 p. m. On leaving, the door was again locked by Dr. S., who retained the key. When, after a quarter of an hour's interval, we returned, the cross was found to be completed by the addition of my skull-cap (which, as I have stated, had been hung on the footboard of the bed) and a double scent-bottle from the dressing-case. This was the final appearance presented by the cross, which extended from the pillow to the footboard, exactly in the middle of the bed, and made with perfect symmetry throughout:



The paper left with pencil on the bed bore no mark. I placed under it a square of magnetized flannel, which I had been told to carry about with me for the purpose of aiding the production of writing, direct or automatic. Dr. S. once more locked the door, and we again retired. On returning after a

short interval, inspection showed on the paper the initials of three departed friends of my own. Of these one set of three initials was transposed, I. T. instead of T. I. It was explained to us that he had not himself been able to write, and that the error was made by the amanuensis, if I may use the word. Subsequent experience has shown that many communicators are not able to write, and employ the aid of one who has acquired the art. A great portion of my automatic writings was given through such an amanuensis. In reply to a request for some message, "Cross. We are happy," was given in raps of great clearness on the footboard of the bed. We were told that the articles might be removed. Raps continued when we were at church in the evening, and until we went to bed.

This is the manifestation respecting which the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, of immortal memory, stated with what he, no doubt, considered scientific accuracy, that it occurred in a lumber room or garret open to anyone, which contained articles of crockery that were piled up. He seemed quite surprised and pained when I challenged his accuracy, but he preferred to let his blunder remain unavowed to deceive others rather than confess that he had made a mistake. As a matter of fact the cross was made almost entirely while the door was locked and the key in Dr. S.'s pocket; the articles were all taken from my dressing-table; and the room was carefully searched to exclude the (to us) unthinkable possibility of deception or trick. After this remarkable display of psychic force was over I was thoroughly depleted and worn out. That was the reason for the message which Mrs. S. records as given next day: "Can't my medium rest!" Virtue had gone out of me and I felt my vitality at a very low ebb.—*Light, London.*

The Philosopher and the Flea.

The philosopher sat in his sanctum sanum, In the midst of his tomes and volumes rare; His slippers feet on a cozy rug, While pondering and thinking and dreaming there.

In the cushioned recess of his old arm-chair, He argued all over again in his mind The questions with which the world is rife, The questions great which confound mankind, The causes of argument, hate and strife; And he dwelt on the wondrous mystery of Life.

Life! that problem forever sealed, That baffles the search of the wisest man; Through rolling ages still unrevealed, Discover its essence and cause who can? 'Twas thus the philosopher's reveries ran.

Shall science forever fail to bring The wonderful searched-for truth to light— Who shall discover the vital spring? The philosopher here sat bolt upright, For something had given him an awful bite.

He stealthily turned down the hem of his sock, To discover whatever the thing could be That could dare inflict so rude a shock; And then, with a wild, triumphant glee, He captured the nimble, offending flea.

One moment more, for revenge is sweet, And philosophers are but human still— He wrecked a vengeance dire, complete; And though he shuddered life's blood to spill, 'Twas a trifle so paltry a foe to kill.

And all that was left was a shapeless wreck Of the bloodthirsty thing that had dared assail, Staining with gruesome, reddening speck The altar of vengeance, his filbert nail; 'Twas all that was left of the tragic tale.

Then, seized with a whim which upon him grew, The philosopher took a pointed pin, And tenderly pierced its body through, Then peered with his glass at the empty skin, As though to seek for his soul within.

He studied it long with a thoughtful gaze, This mite which could set him to thus inquire, And a train of speculations raise; For the tiny thing he could so admire Had held a spark of the vital fire.

The structured atom, which just before Had held a wondrous mystic force, And within itself a secret bore Scarce less than that of the hidden Source Whence worlds are rolled on their fiery course.

Then he mused again, with a touch of mirth, Though few, as a rule, more grave than he: "What curious accident of birth The difference made 'twixt you and me— A thinking man, a wee, wee flea?"

"Yet what are philosophers more than fleas In boundless Nature's eternal plan? The difference only is made to please The wise conceit of the puny man, Who knows not the WHY he himself began."

And the more he strove to philosophise, The more perplexed and perplexed he grew, Then confessed, though accounted profoundly wise—

Yet desiring to still to truth be true— How small was the sum of all he knew; How much is beyond our mental reach; How little we know or can dare to teach.

—H. Gordon Swift, in *Agnostic Journal*, London.

A Dream Vision.

A friend sends me a good case of dream vision, subsequently verified. The dreamer thought she was looking down from a height on a passing funeral of a little child. The coffin was covered with white velvet, and on it were laid four white wreaths. It was accompanied by a band of music, and what she took to be a large body of hospital nurses in their usual uniform. A large crowd followed. My friend felt nervous, as her grandchild was ailing at the time, and under medical treatment. Two days after the dreamer rushed into my friend's room, breathless with haste, crying, "Come quick! my dream!" On going to the room on the opposite side of the house she looked down on a perfect realization of the dream. A Salvationist funeral of a little child was passing. The white coffin, with the four wreaths on the top, was carried by bearers, and round the coffin and behind were the halcyon lassies, with their black dresses and white scarves, looking not unlike a large body of hospital nurses. The band followed, playing as they passed. It was a perfect case of second sight. The dreamer is well known to me; and my friend is Mrs Stanhope Speer.—*Light.*

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos. "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of *Voices*. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

Hume on Design.

And why should man, added he, pretend to an exemption from the lot of all other animals? The whole earth, believe me, Philo, is cursed and polluted. A perpetual war is kindled among all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want, stimulate the strong and courageous; fear, anxiety, terror, agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant and to its wretched parent; weakness, impotence, distress, attend each stage of that life, and it is at last finished in agony and horror.

Observe, too, says Philo, the curious artifices of Nature in order to embitter the life of every living being. The stronger prey upon the weaker, and keep them in perpetual terror and anxiety. The weaker too, in their turn, often prey upon the stronger, and vex and molest them without relaxation. Consider that innumerable race of insects, which either are bred on the body of each animal, or, lying about, inflict their stings in him. These insects have others still less than themselves, which torment them. And thus, on each hand, before and behind, above and below, every animal is surrounded with enemies, which incessantly seek his misery and destruction.

Were a stranger to drop, on a sudden, into this world, I would show him, as a specimen of its ills, an hospital full of diseases, a prison crowded with malefactors and debtors, a field of battle strewn with carcasses, a fleet foundering in the ocean, a nation languishing under tyranny, famine or pestilence. To turn the gay side of life to him, and give him a notion of its pleasures, whither should I conduct him? To a ball, to an opera, to court? He might justly think that I was only showing him a diversity of distress and sorrow.—*The Free-thinker.*

Trance and Direct Paintings.

Mr. Andrew Cross, of Portland, Me., has been with us in his native city for some time past. He sailed for America on Friday last, and he carries with him the good wishes of all good Spiritualists.

He has been displaying his usual earnestness and industry in collecting of spiritual interest for a spiritualistic museum in Boston, Mass. Mr. A. Duguid's last painting seance was expressly for this object, and a complete success.

First, there was a trance painting, "The Country of the McGregors," followed by four direct paintings:

"Grace before meat" (four figures).

"Virtue and Purity" (two figures).

"McGregor's Country."

"The Old Castle at Howood."

These have been placed in a mount, 14x12 inches, and thus arranged: At each corner is placed a direct painting; at the sides the photos of Mr. Garriock, the scribe of the circle, and Mr. A. Duguid, the medium. In the centre the trance painting is placed, and under it are inscribed the names of the "Hafed Circle." The whole design and get-up of the group reflects on Mr. Duguid for his artistic taste.

Mr. Cross is deserving of all compliment and encouragement in our power to bestow upon him, as he is one of the good old Spiritualists, who advanced the cause by his own free advocacy when the work was of a much more perilous nature than it is at the present day.

J. N. A.

A Powerful Charm It Was.

Credulity and superstition are not confined to the lower classes alone in Ireland. A story told me as an actual fact by an educated lady, the daughter and sister of a clergyman, might very well be classed as an instance of both. We were discussing the subject of charms, and I was surprised to see that she believed in them herself, as did also her reverend brother.

"I cannot doubt what I know to be true myself," she said, and told us the following tale, which I give in her own words—"There was a man in our village, a respectable shopkeeper, who was afflicted with an enormous tumor in his cheek. I well remember the feelings of awe and curiosity with which I used to inspect his profile in church when I was a child. He sat a few pews in front of us, and I could not resist the temptation of watching him all through the service, and looking for the grotesque effects of his enormously exaggerated cheek. His infirmity seemed to increase with years, and the poor man was a frightful object. One day not long ago I passed a man in the village street whose face I seemed to know, and yet I could not think of his name. It suddenly dawned upon me it was Mr. —, without his swollen cheek! I could hardly believe my senses, and followed him into a shop on purpose to see if it really could be the man I had seen only the Sunday before, so marvelously changed in such a short time. Yes; it certainly was Mr. —. He addressed me first, saying: 'I suppose you hardly recognize me?' and he then told me how he was cured. It was by a charm! He was advised to go out the first night the new moon was visible, and after saying 'In the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost,' to wave a dinner plate round his head nine times towards the new moon. He did so; and in the morning his tumor had completely disappeared!"

Such was the tale told to me and implicitly believed in by an educated Irish lady.—*Light, London.*

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AGNOSTICISM.

Extracts from the Agnostic Journal, London.

WAR AND PIETY.

In the memory of the youngest of us our troops were in the Soudan, rattling forth the message of peace from the muzzles of Gatlings. We were there, of course, in the interests of man and the elevation of woman; and the Archbishop of Canterbury composed a special form of prayer to be said in all the churches for the success of the British arms. We did not tell the truth; we are such piously canting hypocrites that we cannot tell the truth. We were there for "filthy lucre," as we call it—although it, and it only is our Lord and our God. We were there in the interests of the holders of Egyptian bonds. We are lying charlatans, who must ever mix up our bayonets with prayers and our shot with psalms. Prayed for at home, and with our army chaplains there, we reddened the desert with torrents of as brave blood as ever flowed in human veins. It was not the first time that greed, sanctified by prayers, had taken us to the Soudan. Often previously the desert had, indeed before us, blossomed as the rose—blossomed with the rank carnage-roses of death. —*Saladin in "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God."*

THE GOLDEN RULE APPLIED TO THE LAST JUDGMENT.

The greatest aphorism ascribed to Christ, called his Golden Rule, tells us that we should do unto others as we would others should do unto us. It is not moral audacity, but a logical and legitimate application of this maxim to say that if men shall eventually stand before the bar of God, God will not pronounce upon any that appalling sentence: "Cast them into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth;" because this would not be doing to others as he, in the same situation, would wish to be done unto himself. If frail man is to "do good to them that hate him," God, who is said to be also Love, will surely not burn those who, in their misfortune and blindness, have erred against him. He who is above us all in power will also be above us all in magnanimity. —*G. J. Holyoake, in "Logic of Death."*

UNSHACKLED FREEDOM.

No matter whose the lips that would speak, they must be free and un gagged. Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to those of virtue; and remember that in order to get the whole of truth, you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and protect him in so doing. Entire, unshackled freedom for every man's life, no matter what his doctrine; the safety of free discussion, no matter how wide its range. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves. —*Wendell Phillips.*

THE BIBLE AND ITS CONTRADICTIONS.

Perhaps I shall be told in the cant language of the day, as I have often been told by the Bishop of Llandaff and others, of the great and laudable pains that many pious and learned men have taken to explain the obscure, and reconcile the contradictory, or, as they say, the seemingly contradictory, passages of the Bible. That the Bible needs such an undertaking is one of the first causes to suspect it is not the word of God. —*Thomas Paine.*

THE SOUL.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. —*Joseph Addison.*

TWO CAREERS.

So much one thought about the life beyond
He did not drain the waters of his pond;
And when death laid his children 'neath the sod
He called it the "mysterious will of God."
He would not strive for worldly gain, not he—
His wealth, he said, was stored in God's To Be.
He kept his mortal body poorly dressed,
And talked about the garments of the blessed;
And when to his last sleep they laid him down,
His only mourner begged his widow's gown.

II.

One was not sure there was a life to come,
So made a heaven of his earthly home.
He strove for wealth, and with an open hand
He comforted the needy in his land.
He wore new garments often, and the old
Helped many a brother to keep out the cold.
He said this little life was such a little span,
Man ought to make the most of it for man.
And when he died, the fortune that he left
Gave succor to the needy and bereft. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A SOLDIER'S RELIGION.

Fighting is a soldier's religion; I never
changed that. The other is the affair of women
and priests. —*Bonaparte.*

THE UNIVERSE: WHAT IS IT?

This universe, ah me! what could the
wild man know of it? What can we
yet know? That it is a force, and thousand-
fold complexity of forces; a force which is
not we. That is all; it is not we, it is alto-
gether different from us. Force, force, every-
where force; we ourselves a mysterious force
in the centre of that. "There is not a leaf
rotting on the highway but has force in it; how
else could it rot?" Nay, surely to the Atheistic
thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a
miracle, this huge, illimitable whirlwind of force,
which envelopes us here; never-resting whirl-
wind, high as immensity, old as eternity.
What is it? God's creation, the religious people
answer: it is the Almighty God's! Athe-
istic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific
nomenclatures, experiments, and what not,
as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled
up in Leyden jars, and sold over counters.
But the natural sense of man, in all times, if
he will apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living
thing—ay, an unspeakable, Godlike thing,

towards which the best attitude for us, after
never so much science, is due, devout prostration
and humility of soul—worship, if not in words
then in silence. —*Thomas Carlyle.*

CHRISTMAS.

The way Christians celebrate the alleged
birth of their alleged Saviour in this country
is both dangerous and disgusting. The Christ-
mas festival is much older than Christianity;
but we doubt if under pagan auspices it was
ever celebrated with as much debauchery as in
this so-called Christian country. The holiday
feature of the season is unobjectionable to any
one, be his idea of religion what it may; but
the brutal indulgence in bad liquor and the
reckless use of fireworks, so customary among
our people, are calculated to bring the festival
into disrepute. It begins to look as if it was
the birthday of a devil instead of a Saviour. —
Independent Pulpit.

THE UNCOMMONNESS OF COMMON SENSE.

When we coolly examine the opinions of
men, we are surprised to find that, even in those
opinions which they regard as the most essential
nothing is more uncommon than common sense;
or, in other words, nothing is more uncommon
than a degree of judgment sufficient to discover
the most simple truths or reject the most
striking absurdities, and to be shocked with
palpable contradictions. —*D'Holbach.*

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is nature's test, her sign of ap-
proval. When man is happy he is in har-
mony with himself and his environment. —
Oscar Wilde.

At Random Sown.

I scattered my rhymes on the barren ground,
Naught was their barrenness to me;
Or cast them adrift on the vagrant winds,
And the stormy billows of the sea.
I never cared, or sought to know,
Whether like fruitful seeds they grew,
Whether they perished as soon as born,
Or faded away like the morning dew;
Whether men heeded them or despised;
For the light must shine, the lark must sing,
And the rose unfold its blushing buds
To the warm embraces of the spring.

And yet, though careless as the flowers
That shed their odors on the air,
I dreamed a dream that grew to a hope,
That as a thistle-down might bear
A living germ in its small balloon,
Some of my fancies, robed in rhyme,
Might fall, perchance, upon fruitful soil,
And root and ripen in their time—
Ripen in hearts as yet unborn,
To strengthen the weak, console the poor,
To cheer the brave in their conquering march,
And teach the wretched to endure.
Life's hard battle permits no truce,
And every age needs warriors strong;
And even a rhyme may pierce like a sword
The armor that protects a wrong. —*Charles Mackay, in Two Worlds.*

His Personal Experience.

Walter Besant, a famous English author,
Secretary of "The Palestine Exploration
Fund," educated at King's College, London,
and Christ's College, Cambridge, England,
author of many successful novels and other
valuable works, writes to the *Pall Mall* the
following:

"My personal experience of spooks is not
much, but it is, perhaps, more than falls to
the lot of most. The first 'figure' I ever saw
was about six o'clock on an evening in Sep-
tember. I had been writing up to the last
moment of daylight; it became too dark to
see any longer, and I knocked off. As I
turned from the window I became aware that
a female figure was in the room. It made no
sign, but it moved about noiselessly. As I
looked it disappeared. I was then living as
a bachelor in chambers, and my outer door
was closed so that no one could be in the room
except myself.

"Another experience was this: I was
traveling in Northumberland. The day I
had spent in driving over a wild moor to a
village built round the quadrangle of what
had been a monastery. There was the old
gate left; part of the buildings; the quiet
village inclosed by the old wall; the convent
chapel, now the parish church. There were
only two or three hundred people living here.
Outside ran the trout stream with its high
bank covered with bushes and wild flowers.
All round stretched the moor. At the inn,
where I took tea, they talked to me about
the past; the place was filled with echoes of
the past; whispers and voices were heard at
night; forms had been seen in the bedrooms.
Nowhere else in England is there such a
wonderful place. I drove back and spent
the evening alone in my inn, reading, and at
eleven o'clock went to bed. My room was a
very old one, and the inn itself was at least
three hundred years old. In the middle of the
night I woke up suddenly, and sat up startled.
I found the room perfectly light. The door,
which I had locked, flew open, and there
walked in three ladies, dressed in the Queen
Anne costume, with the pretty, old, stiff card-
board ornament of the head. Never before
had I understood how beautiful was the Queen
Anne dress. The ladies sitting down on
chairs round the fire (which was now burning
merrily) began to talk, but I know not what
they said. Suddenly—it shames me to con-
fess the thing—I was seized with terror. I
leaped from the bed, pulled back the curtains,
and drew up the blind. It was about three in
the morning, and twilight. Then I turned to
my visitors. They faded away. The light
went out of the room; the fire slowly burned
low; the figures became faint, and slowly
vanished. Who were they? You see that I
have seen things." —*Two Worlds.*

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A SOUL'S UNREST.

It Is Vividly Expressed.

BY THE FRIBBLING PHILOSOPHER.

One night I lay awake in my bed, wearied
in mind, fevered in brain, and sick at heart.
Sleep came not; each moment, as it dragged
out its sluggish course, seemed an hour—each
minute a year—each hour an eternity.
Whilst other mortals were slumbering in the
stillness of the night, I tossed about in a
whirl of confusion, every sense strained to its
utmost limit, till I could believe I heard the
rushing of the blood as it coursed through my
veins, and could imagine I saw the forms of
my thoughts dancing and shimmering above
my throbbing head.

Then came a pause, and my soul soared out
into space, and I was at rest. For awhile I
was enraptured in the blessedness of unalloyed
freedom from pain, conscious only of absolute
rest and serenity. The whirling and
tumult, and surging, and bewildering din,
and ceaseless moving around, were symptoms
of the fever called living—all these were no
more, but in place thereof the bliss of con-
scious existence at rest—the knowledge that
I was a soul in space.

It would be incorrect to say that I retained
my sense of sight, for I was seeing itself.
When I looked down upon our little ball
called earth, revolving on its axis, and circling
round a center that moved along the circum-
ference of a larger circle, one-half of our
planet glittering in the sun's rays, the other
half shaded, I saw not only that portion of
the ball nearest to me, but my vision took in
at once the whole of its surface, and interior,
and contents, and inhabitants; and so in the
case of all the countless worlds dotted in the
infinitude around me.

A vibration in the ethereal medium in which
I floated communicated itself to my soul, and
willing to know the meaning thereof, I per-
ceived that it proceeded from a sound sent
from our earth. I willed my perception yet
further, and saw that it came from the lips of
some singers in an old church, in an older
town; and the words from which the sound
was born were these: "As it was in the be-
ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world
without end."

The singers ceased, and a white-robed man
spoke to the people in the church. And
these are the words he used to send through
space the vibration I next felt: "My friends,
yesterday died one who a few years ago was
looked upon as a shining light in our con-
gregation. But Satan sent one of his angels
to infuse into the young man's heart the spirit
of doubt. He resisted not the adversary,
but, confident in his own power, presumed to
examine for himself into doctrine and teaching
which, on the authority of the church, have
long been accepted as orthodox Christianity.
From this bad beginning he rapidly descended
to worse things, such as openly denying the
efficacy or need of the church's ministrations
and sacraments, and questioning the mercy
and justice of God in condemning the unre-
generate to eternal punishment. Finally he
renounced all belief in the divine inspiration
of the Bible, and dreadful as it seems to us,
in the existence of a hell. Before his death
he was an avowed atheist. I cannot ask you
to pray for him, but I implore you to let the
thought of the eternal torments he has doubt-
less already entered upon strengthen your
faith in the never-failing love, tenderness and
mercy of your heavenly father, to whose
keeping I now commend you. To-morrow the
body of the unrepentant sinner will be buried
in unconsecrated and unhallowed ground.
May his grave ever be a silent remembrancer
of the reality of a hell."

The white-robed man ceased; the people
again sang: "As it was in the beginning, is
now, world without end;" and then they began
talking to each other of what had been yester-
day, and of other things that would be to-
morrow. But to my soul, freed from the
maze of time, all things that had been and
were to be, all the "yesterdays and the to-mor-
rows of earth and of all the worlds were but
the ever-present. For my soul was luminous
and without limit or boundary; but the souls
of the singers and of the other people on earth
were dark and circumscribed spheres, gyrating
about separate centres; and from the interior
of each man's consciousness, which was the
center round which his soul moved, struggled
upwards one feeble ray of light, that illumined
one point in the circumference; and none
knew that his soul was larger and more than
the tiny spot thus revealed by the light of reason.

Then my soul turned to regard the earth,
and lo! it was alive, and teeming with life.
And the life danced merrily round the circular
courses everywhere; the direction of the
courses was from below, upwards, and from
above, downwards. And the life laughed out
gladly each time it reached the upper stages
of its circular rounds; for then it lodged in
the ripe grain, and in the fragrance of myriads
of blossoms, and in the spring songs of birds,
and in the loves of young men and maidens,
and in the sunsets of autumn skies. And all
nature was always singing a song to man.

And my soul heard from far lower
depths than those of earth the words: "Gold
is the Lord thy God; thou shalt have none
other God than gold;" and on the reverse
side was graven: "Thou shalt seek gold with
all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with
all thy strength; and gold only shalt thou
love."

Husbandmen looked for the yellow money
tokens in the furrows they ploughed and
in the grain that they gathered; the fishermen's
nets were sieves to sift them from the sea; the
delvers in the bowels of the earth saw not coal,
nor iron nor any base metal, but only gold
coins hidden in the rocks they broke; the smith
at his forge, the joiner at his bench, the turner
at his lathe, the weaver at his loom, the cob-
bler at his last, the foundryman by his furnace,
the engineer working at his machines, the
chemist in his laboratory, the electrician in

his workshop—all were intent upon but one
thing, the production of the round gold coins.
The merchant in his office, the director in his
parlor, the parson in his pulpit, the lawyer in
the court, the judge on the bench, the talkers
in the parliaments, the monarch on the throne
—all were so busy seeking the pieces of gold,
or preventing other people from touching
those they had collected, or in fighting for
the right of possession of such as were newly
found, that no one seemed to hear the Song
of Nature, or to know that the world was
larger than his own immediate environment.

Anon my soul perceived a poet. He took
no part nor portion in the gold quest, for
he could not read the words graven on the
discs as did other people. And his soul was
luminous, like mine, and large; yet by reason
of his tarrying at the bottom of the air sea in
which earth floats it was not yet expanded
throughout all the infinitudes of space. And
thus spoke he to the people upon earth:
"Oh, my brothers, why waste ye time in
seeking the gold pieces when Nature calls out
to you to be happy? Will ye not look up
from your toil and weariness to where the
light from within you points? It is not dark
outside you—it is only a film of darkness that
separates you from the great light, the rays
of which, when you have once pierced there-
unto, will dispel forever that dark film. My
brothers and my sisters, leave the digging,
and the weaving, and the hammering, and the
snares, and the founding and the preaching,
and the pleading and the talking in parlia-
ment, and the sitting on thrones, and live
a little while for living's sake. Gold is not
alive, but dead. Life alone can save you
from death. Gold is not a God. Life is the
only true God."

And through the ethereal space grated
countless harsh vibrations of discord; for even
ere the poet ceased speaking all the people
shouted out, in anger and confusion. Some
cried: "Away with him; crucify him; he
blasphemes our God." And others hastened
away to find who was the owner of Nature, so
that they might buy her for themselves with
some of their gold pieces, and build a wall
round her to keep out all others. And a few
tried to traffic with the poet, and offered him
a price of thirty pieces of gold if he would
sell them a soul that could hear Nature's song;
but when he told these that the smallest soul
was of more worth than all the gold in the
world could pay for, they turned upon him
and helped the others to stone him.

All the world quivered with pain as
the sigh of the poet, floating through the
depths and heights of space, reached them.
And sadness came unto my soul.

Then God spake, and said to my soul:
"Wilt thou come and rest in heaven?" And
I made answer thus: "No; I will return to
earth and help to sing the song of Nature to
man. And when men can hear her strains,
and know her voice, and see the light, and
begin to love, then will I take my rest."

When I awoke it was the morning; clearer
and more distinct to me than afore rang out
the song of Nature; my heart was no longer
heavy, for courage and calmness had come.
So I rose and went forth to my work among
men. —*The Two Worlds.*

An Expressive Dream Sermon.

Seeing in your last issue a notice of Spur-
geon's preaching in his sleep, I am minded to
send you one of my experiences, which is very
similar, though different in the nature of the
phenomena, the words I used being remem-
bered by me in waking condition.

One week I had to preach in the forenoon
next Sunday, but in vain I sat at my desk—
nothing would come. So it went on till Sat-
urday night, when I lay down in despair. I
slept soundly and deeply that night, and in
the morning woke with every detail of the
dream I had indelibly imprinted on my mem-
ory. At once I thought of my sermon to be
and the sermon that had been, and it became
one very speedily.

The dream was this: I dreamt I was in
Athens staying with a Greek priest. Having
an illness which confined me to bed, he asked
me to celebrate the Divine Liturgy, and also
to address his people in a sermon. I did so,
and preached to the people as was given to
me at the moment. After service I dined at
the priest's house, and in the evening a fire
broke out in the theatre next to the residence
of the priest. The priest rushed out of bed
in his terror, lest his own house should be
burned. One of his servants took advantage
of the confusion to disappear with a quantity
of jewelry, which the priest kept concealed
under his bed. I was required the next morn-
ing to the court and give evidence against the
thief. While giving evidence, some kind of
explosive was fired into the court, and I awoke
with the noise, and saw my cat jumping from
the top of the wardrobe, having thrown down
a small box in her search for mice. The ser-
mon and every detail were fresh in my memory,
and as I said, I very soon made my discourse
of the dream sermon.

When I came down from the pulpit, I remem-
ber I was greeted with various criticisms in the
vestry from my brethren. "Extraordinary!"
"He is always mystical." "Unlike the ser-
mons one hears." "Are you a Mason?" etc.
The last remark was provoked by its being in
part an exposition of the mystical significa-
tions of Numbers xii. and xiii. especially. I
have that sermon on me somewhere. Experi-
ences of this kind have been frequent with me.
—*I. O. in Light, London.*

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York, publishes
figures setting forth that the wealth of the
United States increased from \$16,159,000,000
to over \$30,000,000,000 in the decade in which
the Civil War occurred.

"Morality of Dancing." Reply to Sam
Jones' challenge under forfeit of \$500 (which
with orthodox veracity and reliability he never
paid). By M. A. Collins. Price 15 cents.
For sale at this office.

A Spirit Festival.

IT OCCURS AMONG THE JAPANESE.

Perhaps the most interesting of Japanese
festivals is that called the "Feast of Lan-
terns," which is celebrated about September
1st of each year. It is actually nothing more
nor less than a formal reception given to all
the spirits of the dead, and for this reason
thousands of people flock into Nagasaki from
the neighboring country to take part in the
ceremony, dressed in their best attire.

Upon the first day of the feast the departed
are supposed to leave the spirit-land in order
to revisit their homes upon earth. On this
day the head of each family, in his best ap-
parel, sits in the reception room of his house,
the entrances to which are all thrown open.
At frequent intervals he bows ceremoniously
and utters words of welcome, in order that
the spirits as they enter may not feel them-
selves to be neglected. This procedure is
carried on far into the night, especially by
such conscientious Buddhists as have numer-
ous spirits to receive.

On the second day all the spirits are sup-
posed to have arrived, and the household tem-
ple (a small cabinet apartment which is to be
found in the house of every believer in Bud-
dha, set apart for the use of the dead) is
gaily decorated with flowers, and filled with
choice stores of fruit, rice, tea, wine and other
delicacies. The family of the house, sitting
in the room to which the spirit-chamber is at-
tached, hold high festival, eating and drink-
ing, and enjoying themselves after the Jap-
anese fashion. This feasting of the living
with the spirits of the dead continues through-
out the whole of the second day, and the
greater part of the third, but the night of the
third day is the time appointed when the
ghosts must return to their places in the spirit-
land, and as the evening draws on, the people,
young and old, in vast numbers betake them-
selves to the burial places and deck out the
graves with bright paper banners and many-
colored lanterns, which are lighted as the sun
goes down and darkness comes on. This
decoration and illumination is made as beau-
tiful and brilliant as possible, so that the last
view of the earth taken by the departing
spirits may be pleasing and happy.

Towards midnight, as the time for departure
draws nigh, the male portion of the people
form themselves into processions, every indi-
vidual of which bears aloft a lighted lantern
suspended to a bamboo pole about ten feet
long, and like so many torrents of fire pouring
down the hillside, proceed to carry to the sea
the boats in which the spirits are to return to
the land whence they came.

These boats are made of plaited straw, and
are more or less elaborate models of the ordi-
nary native craft. Each is decorated with flags
and streamers, and has a stock of provisions
and money on board—the money for the ferry-
age of the Styx. The size of these straw
boats varies from two to ten or thirty feet in
length, and they are all provided with one or
more lanterns to enable the spirit crew to
steer their course.

The processions having reached the shores
of the bay, and the lanterns on board the
straw boats having been trimmed and lighted,
the fragile barques are launched upon the
waters and sail away into the western sea,
carrying the spirits to that far-off land where
the sun and stars go to rest, and where is situ-
ated that glorious Nirvana where the spirits of
all good Buddhists pass the time in happy
oblivion.

The myriad lights of the boats scattered far
and wide, dancing upon the slightly ruffled
water, make a scene, viewed from a distance,
of almost fairy enchantment. The cries of
the people, the chanting of the priests, the
sound of gongs, the music of Shamisens, the
naked (except the girdle cloth) bronzed figures
of the people flying hither and thither in wild
excitement, blended with the shadows of the
night, form altogether a picture impossible to
describe. —*Two Worlds, London.*

Kissing the Rod.

O, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When our tears fell with a shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad:
So, forgetting every sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

POEMS, by Edith Willis Linn, the gifted
daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis the well
known lecturer. This charming little volume
is for sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

A Lecture on the "Morality of Dancing."
By M. A. Collins, in reply to a challenge by
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The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry
Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into
ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style
of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For
sale at this office.

Mrs. Jane Meade Welch, who is to begin
a series of lectures at the hall of the Long Is-
land Historical Society in Brooklyn, is one of
the few women who have attempted to impart
American history in this form, and she has
been eminently successful. Her lectures are
on American history.

