

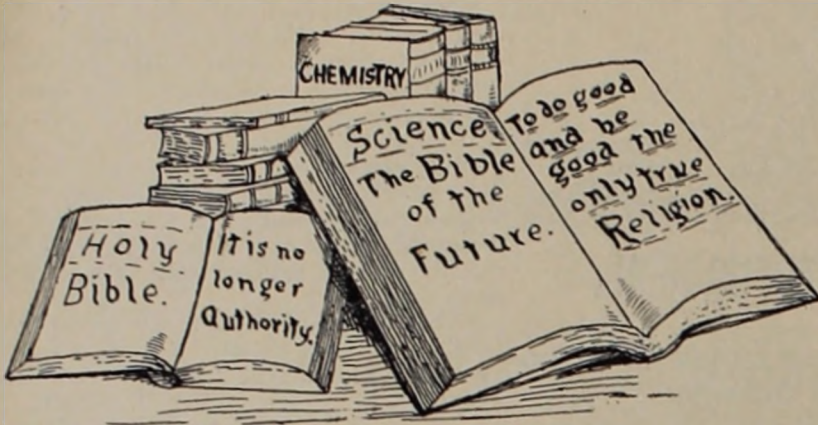
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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"THE BOOK OF BOOKS."

A Remarkable Address Given by the Rev. J. Wolfenden.

Inspiration of the Bible.

IN SEVERAL WAYS HE PROVES THE FALLACY OF THE THEORY—HE SHOWS THAT THE PRESENT TRANSLATION IS MADE UP OF A SERIES OF TRACTS—TO BE DISCUSSED.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Bible—for so long a time considered infallible—is being criticised in the house of its friends. First, it is torn all to pieces as in the following case, and then a sort of "healing plaster" is presented in the conclusions, so that not too much offense be given. At a late meeting of the Baptist ministers in this city, the Rev. J. Wolfenden, of the Fourth Baptist Church, read a remarkable paper on the "Inspiration of the Bible," which greatly impressed his hearers. The address is here given in full:

As we take this book in hand we notice that it bears the marks of a hundred human hands, and has been woven out of history and tradition; that it is a strange polyglot of letters, stories, visions, prophecies, histories and hymns, each bearing unmistakably the marks of its own age and of its authors' temperaments, training, prejudices and ignorance. And yet there are some who are so nervous and miserable when they hear any one insist that the inspired writers were properly themselves when they wrote—their temperaments, prejudices, training, education, or the want of it, all telling upon their work after the order of nature. Not so, they say in effect if not in words. God spoke through those holy men as a man might speak through a trumpet or through the telephone, and the writer had neither part nor lot in the message, but simply conveyed it. And so they flatter themselves they have the

PURE WORD OF GOD.

That God is supernaturally present in the authorship of the book we think is tested by a thousand proofs of miraculous acts and miraculous goodness, but how the divine spirit came in conjunction with the human thought, will and experience we know not. But if we insist that the very words were dictated by the Holy Spirit, we make him to simulate human ignorance as well as human character. This appears to us to gratuitously put a weapon of offense into the hands of opponents to the Bible. An untenable position always compromises more than itself. Exaggerated claims provoke exaggerated repudiation. We think we are not justified in receiving this theory of verbal inspiration by the evidence which the Bible affords. It is indisputable that Bible writers do not define inspiration nor say in how far they ceased when inspired to use their human faculties, and where Scripture is silent human theorizing may be intrusive. We have no authority for affirming dogmatically that the men were inspired, nor the writings, or that the writings were inspired but not the men, or to affirm that because all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, therefore every word of it was miraculously dictated. All this is being wise above what is written and prescribing human conditions within which alone divine

REVELATION IS POSSIBLE.

Think what this theory involves. Here we have a collection of tracts—tracts historical, poetical, didactic, ethical, epistolary tracts often exhibiting a mixture of all these characteristics. Every sort of character is personated; every different style of writing is employed; every age and calling almost is represented. They are tracts written by all manner of men, from the king to the fisherman, from the philosopher to the unlettered herdsman; tracts produced at intervals, from the earliest dawn of history—and in part even before it—to the period of the decline and fall of the Roman empire—tracts that have come down to us subject to the accidents besetting the transmission of ancient manuscripts—tracts that have been subject to all the disadvantages of translation and a possible misapprehension. In view of all this, both reason and justice require that before we accept this theory of verbal inspiration, we should satisfy ourselves that it is given by an authority we cannot dispute. And from the nature of the case it is obvious that we must look for this authority only in the sacred books themselves. But it is an undeniable fact that not a single author of these writings has claimed—either for his own compositions or the compositions of others this verbal infal-

libility, and that Jesus Christ, the greatest authority, does not refer to it. The most, therefore, that can be claimed by the advocate or conceded by the opponents of this theory is that the Bible is silent on the subject. This fact alone might justify us in declining to accept it as

A SETTLED TRUTH.

But to us there seems to be abundant evidence relating to the history, character and composition of the sacred books to destroy all claim to verbal inspiration. The state of the copies of the Bible now extant shows that the literal and verbal theory will not bear criticism.

1. There does not exist in the world a single manuscript of any portion of the Old or New Testament which is an original autograph, consequently we have only copies of translations of the original.

2. There is not a copy of the Bible existing which is transcribed from any one manuscript, but all the Bibles we possess are made up of transcripts from many different manuscripts.

3. The most ancient manuscripts from which our modern Bibles are compiled are all imperfect, most of them only fragments.

4. No manuscript extant of the Old Testament (Greek) which we possess was written earlier than the fourth century of the Christian era; no manuscript of the Old Testament (Hebrew) was written before the twelfth century after Christ.

5. No two manuscripts, either of the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures, verbally agree, and there is not one of them which can not be demonstrated to be verbally inaccurate.

Now, from these facts it follows that the best and most complete Bible we have in the original tongues is a compilation made by the industry and learning of uninspired men from many thousands of literal variations. The learned Bishop of Manchester, England, gives the number at 140,000. This being so, how can we reasonably maintain every word which is contained in our modern Bibles is literally, infallibly and

UNEQUIVOCALLY INSPIRED?

In order that we may see more clearly the force and value of these facts, notice the testimony which our Lord bears to the authority of the Old Testament Scriptures: "It is written, 'What saith the Scriptures?'" are words frequently on His lips for the purpose of concluding an argument, rebutting an opponent, or silencing a gainsayer. But it is clear to my mind that although Christ fully believed in the sacredness and substantial truthfulness of the Jewish Scriptures, yet He nowhere leads us to think that He regarded them as verbally and infallibly. He treats them as a whole as inspired word of God, but never implies that they are entirely composed of the very words of God; indeed His treatment of those books seem to preclude the idea that He so regarded them. In support of this view let me add:

6. That since the most ancient manuscript of Hebrew Scriptures is not older than the twelfth century after Christ—that is to say, was transcribed some 1,600 years after the latest of those books was originally written, it is quite possible that Christ had not access to any original autograph writings of the Old Testament to which He could refer, or from the pages of which He could make quotations.

7. That when He did cite passages from the Old Testament the quotations were made, not in Hebrew, its original tongue, nor in Greek, in which the evangelist wrote his history, but in the Aramaic or Syro Chaldaic vernacular, and therefore was only a translation from the original.

8. That our Lord did not use the words of the Hebrew Scriptures, but most frequently quoted from the Septuagint version, a Greek translation, supposed to have been made in the third century B. C., and which is not acknowledged to be the least trustworthy and verbally faithful of all the translations of the Bible now extant. Whether this translation was made in portions and at different times, or by the same authors at one time, nobody knows.

9. THE SEPTUAGINT DIFFERS

from the original Hebrew manuscript, from which our English Bible is compiled, in many important particulars: (a) In the Pentateuch, in more than a thousand places, the Septuagint follows the Samaritan and not the Hebrew text. (b) In the book of Job some 800 sentences, or portions of sentences, which are found in Hebrew, are omitted in the original. (c) In hundreds of places, the Septuagint is more a paraphrase than a translation.

10. That the authors of the New Testament wrote in Greek, whilst the Old Testament, from which they quoted, was written in Hebrew, and hence in no case do they give us the original words,

but only a translation made by themselves and others. These quotations are far more often made from the Septuagint than translated accurately from the original Hebrew, and even this translation of the Seventy, they sometimes quote incorrectly where it happens to agree with the Hebrew text.

11. That the various writers of the New Testament quote the same passages from the Old with verbal differences, so that in some cases not one of them follows accurately either the Septuagint or the Hebrew.

12. That some passages are quoted by them from the Old Testament which can not be found in it; e. g., Matt. ii., 23; Matt. xiii., 35.

13. That the Evangelists, Matthew and Mark, not infrequently quote from the Hebrew, whilst Luke quotes invariably from the Septuagint, and yet the quotations of all three often agree verbally with each other, where they do not vary with either with the Hebrew or the Septuagint. Let it be remembered that the very inexact translation of the Seventy was highly revered by the Jews, and that Christ neither corrected it nor protested

AGAINST ITS AUTHORITY,

directly or by implication. Nay, he constantly used it himself, in preference to the Hebrew, as the word of God, and throughout the whole of the New Testament it is far more frequently quoted by the evangelists and apostles than the Hebrew text. From this it is evident that our Lord and his apostles attached the same importance and sacredness to the one as to the other, although they differ so frequently and so materially in their verbiage.

14. There are many statements in the Hebrew Scriptures themselves which could not on any conceivable hypothesis have been dictated by the Holy Spirit, not only because of verbal differences, but strange discrepancies, which are irreconcilable. Take, as an example, Second Samuel xxiv., 1, 9, 13, 24; First Chron., xxi., 1, 5, 11, 25. These accounts may be substantially true, but they cannot be verbally true. With these discrepancies, how can we tell that the story, when originally written, did not differ verbally from both these accounts. Into the many discrepancies of the New Testament I will not enter. It abounds with conclusive evidence that whilst there is substantial truthfulness and fidelity in the writers, there is no claim to infallible and verbal accuracy.

Perhaps I may not be wrong in stating that a thorough analysis of inspiration will show that the phenomenon has to do not with the physical or historical facts, or whatever may be open to common observation and may be learned by ordinary means, but rather with religious truth and whatever is profitable for doctrine.

IT IS DOUBTLESS TRUE

that in dealing with historical and religious truths attained by natural means the selection and arrangement of the materials, and the spirit that breathes through them, they were greatly helped by a wisdom superior to their own. When once all supernatural illumination is relegated to the region of spiritual principles, minor errors in the narration of facts do not detract from the trustworthiness of histories, or there would be no reliable histories in existence.

Discerning the threefold effects of inspiration, (a) in the revelation of truth, (b) of intensity of feeling (c) in great abiding principles, we know we enter with them into the sanctuary of divine unfolding. Old truths become more important; truth, imperfectly understood, stands out clear and well-defined, and things which unaided reason cannot discover are revealed. It should be remembered that amid all the diversity of this book there is a divine unity. The book of Genesis is only the first of a long series of tracts produced during a long series of centuries, all of which, more or less, have the same characteristics, are in harmony with, and bear testimony to, their prototype; each casual in its origin, distinctive in its form, complete in itself, and impressed with the strongly-marked individuality of its author, and yet all constituting one great and developing system of divine theology, growing with the growth of the world, and widening with its enlarging experience, history, prophecy, sermon and psalm all combining into

ONE HARMONIOUS WHOLE,

each workman preparing his contribution apart, but the whole brought together by the great Architect, and combined into one august and symmetrical temple of truth. This is the true miracle of the Bible, its unvarying unity, not its outward uniformity; nay, an outward uniformity would infinitely lessen, if not destroy, the miracle of the inward unity. There are diversities of operation, but it is the same God that worketh all in all. Keeping this great feature and purpose of the Bible in view, we shall not care much to be identified with those who read to criticize; those who cannot admire the great opening poem in which the inspired muse sings the creative power of the Almighty in notes harmonious with the moving stars, because they suspect it does not speak with scientific precision, or because there are inaccuracies somewhere in the history of the deliverance from Egypt; but we shall be among those who are impressed with the wonderful harmony of the divine book; with its marvelous adaptation to man's need and its unparalleled grandeur.

As we have been well told, the restoration of the lost son to the father is the solar center of the entire world. The purpose of the book is rather to form a temper and spirit in conduct than to

give rules; to work from the heart to the life, and from the individual to society. The end it seeks is faith rather than dogma, obedience rather than rites and observances, charity and fellowship rather than institutions and sacrifices. This word is a temple of God for worship. Our party catch-words and narrow spirit are detestable in its presence. Let us come to this word, not as to a book of oracles, but of truths and life—as to a real arcanum of spiritual forces rather than to isolated dictates or chartered creeds.

Take especial note that in the above remarks the distinguished divine rips the Bible into a thousand fragments; but fearing that his iconoclasm will have a deleterious effect, see how he tries to weave an argument that will show to Christians generally that there is something remarkable about the book he has already torn into shreds. To say the least, it is a remarkable production.

JUS TICE.

A BADGE OF HONOR.

Spirit Charley Murphy's Seance.

Mrs. Jennie Moore's Merited Reward.

TO THE EDITOR:—Spirit Charley Murphy, cabinet control of the medium, Mrs. Jennie Moore, held his eleventh annual reception seance at the medium's residence, 757 Warren Ave., this city, Friday evening, the 15th of April. Twenty-four specially invited friends assembled, well-known ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion, including the writer. The base of cabinet aperture was profusely and handsomely decorated with a variety of choice flowers, whose fragrance cast its harmonious odor on all present.

The medium being placed (as on all former occasions) under proper test conditions, stood facing the guests prior to entering the cabinet. C. P. Johnson, of Springfield, Ill., arose and standing facing the medium, surprised that lady in a well-merited speech (I regret that time and space will not admit of particulars in full). On behalf of friends and the Spirit-world he held out in his extended hand a beautiful token of their regards, etc. He exposed the gem in a velvet case and presented it to the medium. It consisted of a beautiful five-pointed star badge, size one and six-eighths of an inch from point to point, in the center of which was mounted a large solitaire diamond of dazzling brightness. Two chains, one and one-half inch in length, connected the star to a cross-bar of proportionate size. The entire badge is of solid gold. Handsomely designed and engraved was the following inscription on the cross-bar: "Presented to Jennie Moore," and around the diamond in center of star, "By Some of Her Many Friends, for Bravery and Truth."

In response, the recipient of this gift thanked the donors in heartfelt words of gratitude, and would cherish it as a memorial souvenir, in kindly remembrance of all friends who stood by her in her past trials before the courts and in her victorious battle resulting in her acquittal and vindication as an instrument of the Spirit-world, etc.

At the conclusion the audience inspected the badge with wonder and friendly interest. The medium entered the cabinet. Presently Minnie, a beautiful spirit, appeared to present greetings to friends. Charley Murphy then appeared as the host of the evening and for two hours kept everyone in good humor by his pleasing and witty replies to the various questions of his auditors, embracing social, scientific, historic, reformatory and religious topics of the day.

The light in the room was sufficient for all to see Charley Murphy's face distinctly. His appearance and form is handsome; voice strong and a perfect materialized being (and not the least resemblance to the medium). Whoever views that pleasing face at the aperture and hears the words of wisdom spoken from his lips are convinced of this spirit's power for good, and with admiration they say, amen!

The spirit placed the medium's badge on the lapel of his black coat and passed pleasing remarks on his medium's present. The valuation of the badge is \$300, and a well-earned merit bestowed upon a worthy and victorious medium. The seance closed with pleasing remembrances to all present. Good night.

G. G. W. VAN HORN.

A Hint to Spiritualists Who Take No Spiritualist Paper.

You are behind the times; you are certainly in the rear; you cannot keep posted on current events of great importance unless you take a Spiritualist paper. Especially THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; the great educator of the present day. In every issue there are articles on special topics well worth the price of a year's subscription. Take, for example, the boy who is thoroughly conversant with mathematics; what a difference between him and the boy who doesn't even know the multiplication table. There is even a greater difference between two Spiritualists—one of whom is posted in current spiritual literature, and the other is not. Who so poor that they cannot afford to take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, at so low a price?

A HOPEFUL PARSON.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.

BY DR. H. V. SWERNIGEN.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached a sermon recently in Detroit upon the progress of Christianity in the last decade, in which he took a more hopeful view of the future of orthodoxy than many of his ministerial brethren. The evident design of the discourse was to encourage Christendom and to counteract as much as possible the influence of modern thought upon matters theological. It contained a number of bare assertions unsupported by evidence, such as, for example, the reconciliation of science with the Bible, or of the Bible with science, Genesis with geology, etc., an assertion made also by Rev. Joseph Cook in his recent lecture in this city.

It fails to make any mention of the changes which have taken place within that period in orthodox belief and doctrines. The rejection of the doctrines of an eternal brimstone hell, the creation of the world in six days, infant damnation, etc., is not even indirectly adverted to.

However unwittingly it may have been, the reverend gentleman gave utterance to a very significant remark when he spoke as follows:

"The growth of anti-materialistic isms within this period has undermined the foundations of a materialistic philosophy. From the ranks of 'infidelity and unbelief of various degrees these anti-materialistic isms have been recruited. Spiritualism numbers its followers by the thousand and the million. Spiritualism is recruited from the ranks of those who 'have lost faith or who have no faith practically.'"

"Within this period we have had the 'remarkable developments of hypnotism and telepathy, which in the minds of 'hundreds' have undermined the basis of matter on which they had before based a denial of spiritual reality. 'Within this period theosophy has been born.'"

"Take two remarkable illustrations and you will see from whence these isms are recruited. Dr. Hare, the 'distinguished physician, was a noted 'infidel. He declared that he had analyzed the human body and knew its component parts. He declared that 'man was made of water, phosphorus, lime, flint and iron. He declared that 'this was all there was to man; that he knew it—had reduced him in his report.'"

"Dr. Hare was inveigled into spiritualistic seances. He deserted his former position and solemnly swore that he had conversed with the disembodied spirits of his ancestors! 'Mrs. Besant was the high priestess of infidelity in the British empire. With Charles Bradlaugh she stumped the empire in the propaganda of infidel ideas. She denied God and ridiculed the supernatural.'"

"Mrs. Besant was recently in New York as the high priestess of theosophy, and solemnly declared that she 'had received a letter from the disembodied or re-embodied spirit of the 'ex-high priestess, Mme. Blavatsky! 'The development of modern thought, 'in other words, has undermined and destroyed the foundations of materialistic philosophy.'"

Coming from an orthodox minister, what can be more significant than the foregoing unintentional acknowledgment of the fact that Spiritualism has in a few years accomplished what orthodoxy has ever failed to accomplish, that is, the arrest of the progress of materialism, agnosticism and infidelity? What more decided confession from orthodoxy could we ask than that made in the foregoing, of the powerful influence the hitherto much-ridiculed Spiritualism has been exerting and is yet exerting upon modern thought?

What more candid admission of the fact that to Spiritualism is due the credit of forcing infidelity, materialism and agnosticism to stop and reflect, and to re-examine the whole subject of theology and the claims of the Christian religion? Materialism, infidelity and agnosticism were making rapid strides among the thinkers of our times, until arrested in their progress by the influence of Spiritualism and its wonderful phenomena, demonstrating the immortality of the soul, if they demonstrate anything.

To Spiritualism is due the credit of preventing the fulfillment of Col. Ingersoll's prophecy that within ten years from the time he made it there would be two theaters erected where one church would be built. Will the church acknowledge this fact?

I am an admirer of Col. Ingersoll. He is my ideal of a man. I have in my library, and have read and re-read probably, every thought he has given to the public. I like his utterances, because they appeal to my reason and I find my innermost self in rapport with them. He has done a great service to our common humanity, to the age in which he lives, and the world will be made the better for his having lived. But even Col. Ingersoll is not, nor does he regard himself infallible; indeed, the very position he assumes before the world plainly supports this proposition. Although an agnostic, he is a truth-seeker, is, ever has been and ever will be, open to conviction. We cannot resist the impression therefore, that a proper continued investigation in company with such men as Tittle, French, Savage, Flammarion and his brother attorney, Hon. A. B. Richmond, into the subject

of psychic phenomena, occult science or Spiritualism by any other name, would cause him at least to qualify materially his "I don't know," in reply to the question of a future existence.

The Spiritualist will also answer "I don't know" when asked to explain the whence and wherefore of the phenomena with which he meets, but the belief which those phenomena engender in his mind is ungovernable and irresistible and he is constrained, until a more plausible idea is advanced, to accept the spiritualistic theory of their explanation. If the latter is the true one, then Spiritualism furnishes the only positive, tangible, scientific basis for a rational religion founded upon a demonstrated assurance of an existence beyond the grave.

But to return to Rev. Dr. Dixon. The reverend gentleman remarks: "From the ranks of infidelity and unbelief of various degrees these anti-materialistic isms have been recruited."

Not so entirely. By no means exclusively so. Spiritualism has drawn from every one of the various creeds, religions and unbeliefs, from every ic and ism, from every quarter, race and color.

The development of modern thought (not old time orthodoxy) has undermined and destroyed the foundations of materialistic philosophy. Yes, this is true, and Spiritualism has created and is influencing and directing that modern thought.

While the medical profession was proverbially materialistic and agnostic in its theological views, there is now in it a wide-spread interest in the investigation of psychic phenomena. Dr. Hare was by no means the only distinguished physician and noted infidel who has been "inveigled" into spiritualistic seances, and, as a result thereof, has forever forsaken his materialistic and agnostic ideas. Spiritualism has thus been an aid to Christianity. There are thousands upon thousands of Spiritualists who yet retain, and probably ever will retain their church membership, believing that Spiritualism is but the demonstration of the more reasonable doctrines of Christianity. It is, therefore, not true that Spiritualism is (alone) recruited from the ranks of those who have lost faith or who had no faith practically.

Progressive Thinkings.

To a young man who anxiously desired the means to reform the world, Socrates said: "If thou wilt reform thyself, the world's reformation has begun."

This beginning at once with ourselves, often occurs to us when we hear our earnest, devoted friends throughout the country bemoaning the fact that they cannot have the services of some lecturer or medium or organizer to stir up an interest in their section of the country. If circumstances do not favor the outer work, all who sincerely desire the progress of the truth, can so make ready that they can attract to themselves as a center, an influx of spirit power.

Suppose there are but three or four Spiritualists or liberal thinkers in a neighborhood, what is to prevent their having weekly meetings? Let them appoint a chairman, and decide upon a regular form of exercises, and keep to it. If the meeting comes about the time THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reaches that post office, they can call upon the best reader they have to read aloud. Then they can talk over what has been read and they will have the choice of the thought of the brightest minds in the country, instead of hearing, as in a lecture, the opinions of a single man or woman. And it is so much better to read and talk in this harmonious way than all by one's self in a corner.

Do not allow argumentative debate, for that breeds inharmonious; but let the talk be of what each knows, with no desire of combating another's thought. So will come such harmony as the angel friends like, and which will bring them in crowds to such a center.

Persistence in such meetings will develop, sooner or later, any mediumistic talent, and then you will have reliable means of communication, without going abroad. This will be favored much if our friends spend part of their time in silent communion with those who, loved and loving, have gone on before.

If to the above exercises music is added, we cannot conceive of a happier way of spending a couple of hours. Besides this, it will start a center of force in that neighborhood for our angel friends to act through. Multiply this silent work by hundreds, and instead of there being 10,000,000 there will be double the number who dare to say boldly:

"I believe in the life after death; and in the return and communication of those gone before."

Try it friends. Commence in your own homes, give a little time regularly and persistently every week to the developing of your spiritual growth, and give THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the results of your efforts.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

Important Notice.

The Secretary of the Columbian Exposition states that all remonstrances against closing the World's Fair on Sundays will be properly referred. He also says that no action will be taken on the subject by the directors for one year yet; so there will be plenty of time to get signatures. Let everybody see to it, and circulate petitions to keep the World's Fair open on Sunday, and send them direct to the "World's Fair Directors," Chicago, Ill.

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

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

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

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

Work on Earth and Work in Spirit-Life.

The object of all human effort is to obtain the means of living and to improve the condition of one's life. The moment we become sensible of our necessities we feel the need of supplying them, and adopt some means to that end. The usual way is to engage in some calling or employment, and here arise many considerations that we overlook. Each person has gifts special to himself, which qualify him for some pursuit or employment more than for any other. This fact is not taken into consideration so much as it deserves, and consequently mistakes are made which mar the life and usefulness of great multitudes. There are few things more irksome than an uncongenial avocation. It causes dissatisfaction and constant unrest. Now, if there existed some friendly power to assist in determining the peculiar traits of endowment and their adaptability to business, it would be one of the greatest boons to those who are compelled to make a living by the work of their hands, for their work would be pleasant because agreeable. How, then, are we to seek for this assistance? In spirit-life work is the universal rule. There are no people of leisure, that is, persons with nothing to do, but all are engaged in some useful occupation, and yet all are happy because all are doing that for which they are best fitted. If this system could be introduced on earth, the same consequences would follow to a degree that would be most gratifying to the friends of humanity, and much of the strife and ill-will between labor and capital would disappear.

One of the aims of spirit communion is to work in this direction. We recognize the obstacles in the way of success growing out of the difference in conditions, and the unlightened state in which questions of that character are still groping on the earth. But spirit-power has many forms of manifestation, and may yet be able to overcome the difficulties of the situation, and to bring pleasure into labor instead of drudgery.

We witness the results of daily toil in all forms of discontent. The workmen and the employer occupy hostile positions to each other, and strive to obtain advantages by means that only widen the breach, and make peaceful settlement still more difficult. The man of skilled labor is often put on an equality with the unskilled, and the diligent and faithful have no more consideration than those who are neither the one nor the other. The employer, guided by the instinct of self-interest, and controlled by the excitement of the moment, cannot, or will not, make terms that are reasonable and fair. There is no end to the bitterness engendered by the strife, and the whole industrial world resembles the sea when lashed by a storm. We come into the midst of this seething conflict and behold its manifold evils, and our sympathies are excited. We would bring into it some of the order which prevails in spirit-life, and many spirits are now engaged in devising the best means of bringing about auspicious results. We would give advice, but doubt if it would be heeded under present circumstances. There is no way but to wait with patience. The storm will blow itself out, and will be succeeded by a calm in which the voice of reason and humanity will be heard and heeded.

ILLUSTRATION.

The world of sense is not amenable to the influence of spirit-control at all times, even when it is most sensitive to the higher intuitions. There is a refractory element in all material things, that repels the finer qualities of spirit substance, and resists the approach of spiritual sympathy. When I was an inhabitant of the earth sphere I often felt the impression of those undefinable surroundings which I could neither express nor understand; but since my entrance into the higher life I have learned that they were the promptings of spiritual influences coming from my friends who had passed away. I well remember that on one occasion, when alone in my chamber, I saw a luminous form pass before my eyes. It was a very impressive spectacle, for it bore a close resemblance to that of a dear friend whom we had recently buried, and for whom we had a very strong attachment. He had, when alive, some peculiar gestures and modes of action that were reproduced in the image now before me, and by which I could identify his personality. The wave of the hand, the poise of the head, and the play of the features were so like his that I could not hesitate to believe that my friend stood before me; but when I was free from the presence of the apparition the impression died away, and at last I thought it must have been some kind of an hallucination of an active and excited brain. You may judge of my surprise when I was met with the same form on coming to consciousness after my body was dead.

There it stood in the same attitude, with the same smile and kindly expression he exhibited when I had seen him long before in my impressive moments, and when afterwards we referred to this appearance, he informed me that he was able on that occasion to form his own image in the material substance for the purpose of arousing me to the reality of the Spirit-world, but that my attention was soon withdrawn from the occurrence, and he gave up the intention and left me to find out for myself how real was his appearance, and how true is the fact of spirit-life.

Often since my advent into this beautiful world have I observed the same unfortunate indifference to spiritual manifestations. There was a being on earth whom I deeply and tenderly loved at the time of my so-called death. To her I had plighted my heart and hand, and but for my premature demise we would have been married in a short time. My first thought was of her, and I sought her place of abode as if, for me, there could be no other heaven. I found her in tears and inconsolable. I tried to make her feel my presence and sympathy, and was deeply pained and surprised that I could not impress her, nor even make her aware that I still lived and loved her. I have since tried many times to make her sensible of my nearness, but in vain, and she still mourns my loss as irreparable. Now, could she but know and feel how deeply I sympathize with her, how much more exalted the life is which I now live, and that all my surroundings are in the highest degree finer than those of earth, it would increase my own being and fill her soul with rejoicing and happiness. Could she turn her thoughts to the teachings of Spiritualism she might find a means of open communication with the spheres of light that would greatly relieve her sorrows, and bring her into rapport with the soul where her image still reigns.

A Worker's Report of Signs of Progress.

TO THE EDITOR:—Last December I spent a week in this place, and during the time succeeded in inducing the friends of our school of thought to organize the Bloomington Progressive Spiritual Association. Being here on a visit, I thought a brief report of the present status of the society would be good news to spread for the encouragement of Spiritualists in other localities who have not yet organized.

For many years the Rev. Flavius J. Briggs, formerly recognized as one of the ablest advocates of free thought from the standpoint of Universalism, has resided here, though as a result of investigating Spiritualism, he long ago shook off the shell of creedism, and became a thoroughly scientific and philosophical advocate of Spiritualism, and a devoted student of the psychic laws and phenomena upon which it is based; Major T. B. Packard, for many years a practicing lawyer, now widely known as a magnetic healer; Mr. Wm. Shaffer, Justice of the Peace; Z. Waters, M. D., an old-time resident and progressive physician; Mr. Geo. Brooks, who has recently written some able articles that have appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; Mrs. J. Ackers, the secretary, a fine reader and the organist and leading vocalist of the society; Miss Amanda Thayer, a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium, through whom some of the most profound truths now recognized in the philosophy of Spiritualism were given, by the immediate friends of Rev. Flavius J. Briggs over seventeen years ago; Mrs. J. N. Cook, of Normal, three miles from here, whose son, John Cook, is the head Professor and President of the Normal University; Mrs. S. Smith and Mrs. Freeman, mediums, and Col. Freeman. All of these persons and the most of their companions and some others have every year since 1886 celebrated the anniversary of modern Spiritualism. The society organized by the efforts of the writer last December now numbers forty members, among whom are the persons named, it has rented, nicely carpeted and furnished three rooms, centrally located, and meets every Sunday, thereby keeping together socially, and using its home talent to strengthen the cause in which it is meeting with very exceptional success.

The recent celebration here for the seventh time of the anniversary, and for the first time through the agency of organized effort, gave all the old-timers great satisfaction. Major Packard, president of the society, gave a short address, followed by Father Briggs, who, notwithstanding he has passed his eightieth year, and is in feeble health, yet intellectually and spiritually he was bright and clear, and though just at the border of the Spirit-land, he is enshrouded with such an atmosphere of cheerfulness through the understanding and the experience he has had with Spiritualism, that he inspires its investigators with new courage and its converts with a trustful confidence in its truths.

With such people to manage its affairs, there is no danger of the society going in any direction except forward to greater success in building up an interest in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism that shall grow fresher and more fragrant to the human family as the years roll away. J. H. RANDALL.

Bloomington, Ill.

Greek Hymn.

The Islands of the Blest, they say,
The Islands of the Blest
Are peaceful and happy by night and day,
Far away in the glorious West.

They need not the moon in that land of delight,
They need not the pale, pale star;
The sun is bright by day and night
Where the souls of the blessed are.

They till not the ground, they plough not the wave,
They labor not—never, oh, never!
Not a tear do they shed, nor a sigh do they heave,
They are happy forever and ever.

Soft is the breeze, like the evening one,
When the sun has gone to his rest;
And the sky is pure, and clouds there are none,
In the Islands of the Blest.

The deep, clear sea, in its many bed,
Doth garlands of gems unfold;
Not a tree but it blazes with crowns for the dead,
Even garlands of living gold.—Pindar, B.C. 435.

The Little Boy's Sagacity.

"What would you like, little boy?"
A matron with kindly face said,
As a wee, ragged urchin on tip-toe
Peeped in at the cakes and the bread.

A shy, wistful glance at the lady
From under his curly locks stole;
"Please, I'd like a cake for the baby,
She's straight from heaven all whole."

His face was smeared with molasses,
His apron all tattered and torn;
The little brown feet were each shoeless,
But his heart was both tender and warm.

His eyes were dark as the midnight,
And glistened with secrets to tell;
He'd a sister, a cat, and a jack-knife,
A ball, a rope, and a bell.

"And I want a cake for the baby,
My sister, from heaven just came;
She's red, and looks funny to Towser—
He's my dog—he sleeps in the sun,

'Till he gets awfully hungry.
Then whines, oh, how he does cry!
For some of these cakes in the window.
If he don't get one, I 'spects he will die."

—Rose G. Bushnell.

Love's Warning.

AN APPARITION PREVENTS A MAN FROM MEETING
A DISGRACEFUL DEATH.

A short time ago, writes Mr. Stead, a journalistic friend of high standing and reputation, whom I had met abroad, paid me a visit. When I asked him if he had ever seen a ghost, he replied, with unusual gravity, that a ghost had one time saved his life, and that he never spoke lightly on the subject. His story, which he told with evident emotion and intense conviction, was remarkable, even if, as is probable, we should regard the apparition as purely subjective.

It was many years ago, he said, when I was younger, and when the temptations of youth had not become memories of the past. I was alone in a country hotel and one night I had decided to carry out a project which I still remember with shame. At 10 o'clock I retired to my room to wait until the hotel was quiet, in order to carry out my design and enter an adjoining room chamber. I lay in my bed watching the moonlight which flooded the room, counting the moments till all was still. After I had lain there for some time I was conscious of a presence in the room, and looking toward the window I saw the familiar form of the woman whose death three years before had darkened my existence. I had loved her with my whole soul, as I had never loved any one before. She was my ideal of womanhood, my whole life had been entwined with hers, and her death was the cruellest blow ever dealt me by Fate.

In the three years that had elapsed since her death I had striven to escape from the gnawing agony of the memory of my loss in scenes where she would least have sought me. Time, travel, dissipation had so dulled my pain that of late I had never thought of her, nor was I thinking of her, when suddenly I saw her standing by the window. Her face was in the shadow, but there was no mistaking that queenly figure, those stately shoulders, and the familiar dress. She wore no hat or bonnet, but was as she had been in her own drawing-room thousands of miles away. She was standing in the moonlight looking at me. Then she slowly moved toward me and approached the bedside, fixing her gaze full on my face. Then, without saying a word, she vanished.

I had lain, as it were, paralyzed until she vanished, and I was once more alone. The passion of remorse obliterated in a moment the formerly imperious temptation. I no more thought of my design. It was as if the very thought of evil had been absolutely wiped out. I was overwhelmed by the thought of her, and abased. Remembering at what moment she had revisited me I wept like a child bitter, passionate tears of repentance, until from sheer exhaustion I fell asleep. I had no more doubt of the reality, the objective reality, of my visitor than I have of the objective reality of yourself or anyone else whom I may meet in the street.

This conviction was deepened when on the following day I learned, to my surprise, that if I had carried out my design and had entered the next room I should have been knifed on the spot. In the chamber I had intended to enter was a reckless young bravo who would have certainly had no more compunction in planting his stiletto in the heart of any unarmed intruder than you would of killing a rat. Between me, therefore, that night and a bloody and shameful death there was but an unlocked door and the watchful love of one who in this simple but supernatural way intervened to save me from myself and the doom that otherwise would have overtaken me.—*Hartford Daily Times.*

A Spirit Announces His Departure.

William Garner, an old resident of this county, passed to spirit-life March 28th. His body was interred in Garner Cemetery. Rev. G. W. Crofts, of this city, officiated. Mr. Garner was 70 years of age. He was highly esteemed by those who knew him. He had been a Spiritualist for twenty years or more. He leaves a wife and a number of children.

The departed spirit of Mr. Garner controlled Mr. Miller, a medium living five miles away, and brought news of his departure. He said he had departed from this life, and was to be buried at 2 o'clock on the 30th; also that he was not satisfied with his burial place. He wanted to be laid by the side of his son-in-law, Mr. Dillon. He wished a letter written to his daughters, telling them not to mourn for him, for he was happy. After Mr. Miller came out of his trance, I told him what the control had said. He replied that it could not be true, but when the evening paper came it set all doubt at an end, for his death and burial were announced.

MRS. MARY M. WEEKS.
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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



THE OCTOPUS HERE.

Appropriation of Funds for Sectarian Schools.

VIOLATION OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

Section 3 of Article VIII of the Constitution of Illinois reads as follows:

"Neither the General Assembly, nor any county, city, town, township, school district or other corporation, shall ever make any appropriation or pay from any public fund whatever, anything in aid of any church or sectarian purpose, or to help support or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other literary or scientific institution, controlled by any church or sectarian denomination whatever; nor shall any grant or donation of land, money or other personal property ever be made by the State or any such public corporation, to any church for any sectarian purpose."

In an act of the Legislature, which went into effect May 28th, 1879, provision was made for incorporating industrial schools for girls. This act provided for the commitment of dependent girls by the county court of any county to any industrial school for girls which might have been organized under that act, and authorizes and requires the county to pay the industrial school for the tuition, maintenance and care of such dependent girls.

Under this act a school was organized, called "The Chicago Industrial School for Girls." Various commitments were made to this institution. But "The Chicago Industrial School for Girls" had no buildings or any means for furnishing the girls either tuition maintenance or care. The institution existed only on paper.

It received, however, nominally, all the girls committed, but immediately sent them to two Catholic institutions, the "House of the Good Shepherd" and "St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum." In fact the Chicago institution was a mere feeder for the other two, seven of the nine directors and incorporators being Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

In the spring and summer of 1886, the County of Cook paid to these two institutions \$2,314.34, it being admitted on the face of the bills rendered by the Chicago Industrial School for Girls that the tuition, etc., and clothing for which the money was paid, had been furnished entirely by the two Catholic institutions.

About this time some good Protestants, having some regard for the Constitution of the State, must have demurred, because the next bills of this kind which were presented the county refused to pay. The Chicago Industrial School for Girls brought suit. The case was tried before Judge Tuthill, and judgment rendered for the Chicago School. The county took the case to the Supreme Court.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the State will be found at page 540 of the 125th volume of the Illinois Reports.

The Supreme Court reversed the decision, holding that the Constitution had been plainly violated in paying money to the two Catholic institutions; that it was the duty of the State to provide for the dependent girls, and the State had no right to turn them over to sectarian institutions. The Court decided also that the fact that the doctrines of a particular church were taught, and that all exercises of a religious character were those of said church, would render the institution sectarian within the meaning of the Constitution.

In the face of this decision, and in the face of the Constitution, the county is still appropriating money to sectarian institutions. And the Commissioners do not even beat about the bush, as they did before the decision was made, but in open and shameless disregard of the Constitution, and in open defiance of the authority of the Supreme Court, they appropriate the money of the people directly to sectarian schools.

The decision was made in 1888, and published in the reports in 1889.

In 1890 the Board of County Commissioners appropriated \$40,000, in 1891 \$45,000, and in 1892 \$45,000.

This sum is distributed as follows: To the St. Mary's Training School for Boys, at Fechainville, \$12,500; to the Illinois Training School for Boys, at Glenwood, \$12,500; to the Chicago Industrial School for Girls, \$8,000, and to the Illinois School for Girls, at Evanston, \$12,000.

Of these the first and third are well known to be Catholic institutions. The other two, though not under the ostensible control of any Protestant sect, are yet Protestant institutions to all intent and purposes. They have Pro-

testant prayers, Protestant Sabbath-schools and Protestant teachings.

Sufficient evidence that they are sectarian institutions of a Protestant character is found in the fact that their managers consent so readily to the appropriations for the Catholic schools. How is it that there are no complaints and expostulations, such as there were in 1886 and 1887, against the misappropriation of the public funds, in violation of the Constitution? Because they get a share of the public plunder. It is an unholy religious alliance for the purpose of robbing the people and depleting the public treasury in disregard of all the supposed safeguards of the Constitution.

Great praise is due to Commissioners Stauber, Cool and Stepina for opposing these acts of the board, and voting against them, and particularly to Mr. Stauber, who argued strenuously against the appropriations.

Some two years ago the Secular Union took the matter up, and had a bill in chancery filed for an injunction to prevent funds from being paid to the Fechainville school. The case is now pending in the Supreme Court of Illinois.

All opposed to union of church and state—all opposed to pious frauds of every description, and especially all opposed to open violations of the Constitution, in the supposed interests of religion or of education, are called upon to assist in putting a stop to such practices.

Any one wishing to aid in this matter financially, will send to M. Reiman, Treasurer American Secular Union, 4325 Drexel boulevard.

C. B. WAITE,
Pres. Am. Secular Union.

Chicago, Ill.

The Voice of the People.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Swing inward, oh, gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!

For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last.

The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signaled the day,

And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
And trod down the wounded and slain,

While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
And men poured their life-blood in vain.

The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,

And the star of its strength is descending,
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Though the tall trees are crowned on the high-
lands,

With the first glow of rainbow and sun,
While far in the distance below them

The rivers in dark shadows run,
They must fall, and the workmen shall burn them,

Where the lands and the low waters meet,
And the steeds of the New Time shall spurn them

With the souls of their swift-flying feet.

Swing inward, O, gates! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,

Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old.

Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,

Nor the lands He prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,

And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kiss of the day:

While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,

And millions sink down in life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the Sea plead in vain that the River
May return to its mother for rest,

And the Earth beg the rain-clouds to give her
Of dew that have drawn from her breast?

Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter
From domes where the quick lightnings glow,

And from heights where the mad waters utter
Their warning to dwellers below:

And woe to the robbers who gather
In fields where they never have sown,

Who have stolen the jewels from labor,
And builded to Mammon a throne;

For the snow-kings, asleep by the fountains,
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,

And descend in his rage from the mountains,
Bearing terror, destruction and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
And the scepter be swept from his hand,

And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant for chief in the land.

And the Truth and the Power united
Shall rise from the grave of the True,

And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
Whose lips never uttered a lie,

And his prophets and poets have read it
In symbols of earth and of sky:

That to him who has reveled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,

The shock of the earthquake, and thunder,
And tempest, and torrent, shall come,

Swing inward, O, gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!

A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last.

From the dust where his proud tyrants found
him,

Unhonored, and scorned, and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,

And rule in the realm he has made.

A Splendid Showing for the Cause
of Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have often wanted to

write to you to express my admiration of your

paper, and after getting the anniversary number

I cannot refrain from doing so. I think

it is just grand, and is a splendid showing for

the cause of Spiritualism in all parts of the

country. It makes one feel proud to be con-

connected with a progressive movement. Your

paper is just the thing that Spiritualists need.

It contains riches for the poor, comfort for

the weary and down-trodden, and consolation

for the sorrowing and afflicted, when it tells

them of the future, and the hopes it gives of

again seeing the loved ones who have gone be-

fore. It contains philosophy for the scientist,

and is food for thought for all; above all it

strikes at error and superstition with such

ledge-hammer blows as to leave no doubt as

to its meaning. Go on with your good work

of pulling down error and raising the banner

of truth. Many of us have yet much to learn

(even our speakers) before we will sound a

trumpet with no uncertain sound.

H. HENDERSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Roman Theology—Where Does It End?

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS AS ANALYZED BY EX-MONK PROFESSOR CORKERY.

TO THE EDITOR:—One of the boasted points of superiority in the Roman Catholic Church consists in the fact that a dead material god is presented for the adoration of the faithful, which god, as a celestial bait for brainless fishes, is swallowed with avidity, and afterwards, in the natural course of events, rejected from the system with dishonor.

Those who are so spiritually minded as to make of their stomachs a heaven upon earth, worship a god of their own formation, will be careful to have that god, as the outward embodiment of fancy, to conform to their own internal whims and peculiarities in every respect. The idol is in their hands, and they can shape it as they feel disposed. If they be thieves their god will be, in consequence, the god of thieves; if publicans and sinners, their god will be the god of publicans and sinners; if money-worshippers, their god will be the dollar; and if they be a sepulchral race of lawless cut-throats, to "holy martyrdom" aspiring, no other god will satisfy them but the god of death, a god in the crucifixion of the innocent rejoicing; and such a god is the pan-cake god of Rome, leading its deluded votaries for filthy lucre's sake unto the place of skulls blindfolded.

The thing is too sepulchral and too ghastly to be made the subject of a joke, and yet there is a horrible comedy connected with it, which, for want of a better name, may be called the comedy of death, or the comedy of errors. To explain:

Plutarch, in writing of the pirates who infested the Mediterranean Sea, in the days of Pompey, says that they constituted a secret band of assassins who made sport of the sufferings of their victims. When they had taken a prisoner, for instance, and he cried out in the extremity of his distress that he was a Roman citizen, and told them his name, rank, and residence, they pretended to be struck with terror; they smote upon their breasts in all the attitude of despair: "Mea culpa! mea culpa! mea maxima culpa" (through my fault! through my fault! through my most grievous fault!) falling upon their knees at the same time to implore his pardon.

The poor man, seeing them humble themselves as lowly penitents thus before him, thought them to be sincere in their professions, and readily promised them his forgiveness, whereupon they were so kind and so officious as to put on his shoes, others helping him with his gown, and adjusting his disordered hair, that his quality as a Roman citizen might not be mistaken. When they had carried on this hideous farce for some time, and had sufficiently amused themselves with the credulity of their dupe, they let a ladder down into the sea, adjusting a plank as a gangway thereto, and then, with all the grace and courtesy imaginable, bade their prisoner go in peace, and if he refused to do it, they pushed him off the plank and drowned him.

Here was tragedy and comedy combined! And the same serio-comic performance under the name of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf is enacted in our midst to-day. "How is this?" the reader will be apt to say. Here are the facts so plain that he that runs may read:

The Constitution of this beloved land, founded upon justice, and emphasizing the brotherhood of man, proclaims as truths self-evident, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." By the Church of Rome, however, for the purpose of foul play, a different classification is adopted. Men are here divided into clergy and laity, shepherds and sheep, or bipeds and quadrupeds respectively. The former as representatives of wolves carnivorous, feed upon mutton; the latter as four-footed brutes, without a soul, regale themselves with grass. These shepherd kings, children of the sky, are the illuminated or initiated, the infallible guides to the bowers of bliss upon the other side of Jordan; the forlorn sheep, as the uninitiated or profane, constituting the earthly or unthinking portions of humanity, being destined as an inferior race to become the meek and lowly burden-bearers of their heartless benefactors.

So much as an introductory prelude to the play.

There is, in addition to these stereotyped or cast-iron types of manhood and of bestiality, separated by a gulf impassable, another cross division for the mutual edification of both, ethically characterized as the spiritually minded and the carnal. There are the peaceable and ill-disposed, as persecuted and persecutor correlated, contra-distinct in the gospels as the sheep and the goats of the day of judgment. Lazarus was the typical representative, the sorrowful figure-head of the former, because, as a beggar, poor and penniless, covered with rags, caressed by dogs and lying in squalor at the rich man's gate, he went to heaven when he died. Dives, who belonged to the other extreme, "clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," was the impersonation of the reprobate, condemned in fires unquenchable eternally to burn. And it came to pass that he (the rich man) lifted up his eyes in torments from the place beneath, imploring Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool his tongue, for he was tormented in the flame. This the regenerated beggar refused to do, and so in fiery whirlwinds of wrath the wretched Dives still bemoans his fate, roasting till the consummation of the world, as an entertaining spectacle of bliss without alloy for angels leaning over the battlements of paradise.

Christ, I need scarcely say, was numbered with the transgressors, though belonging to the highly favored class of which holy Lazarus

was the glorious representative. He was, as we are informed, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, without form or comeliness, homeless, without a place to lay his head, buffeted, reviled and spat upon. The Roman soldiers, sporting with his grief, who placed on him a purple robe and a crown of thorns, bending their knees in solemn mockery before him, were, like the Mediterranean pirates just described, excellent comedians, brutally rejoicing in the left-handed regal honors thus so lavishly bestowed.

The fiendish example of these unfeeling cohorts of the beast is faithfully copied by their degenerate representatives of the present day. The priests of Rome, Roman soldiers in disguise, using fraud as a substitute for force, and acting as if they had a divine right to commit murder, blasphemously interpose themselves between the Child of God and His heavenly Father's face, accelerating his progress to the skies by giving to his feet a downward tendency. The following questions and replies, with instructions substantially extracted from the catechism of this consecrated wolf, will make this matter plain:

"My child, as an heir of glory, you want to be like Jesus?"

"Yes, your reverence."

"You want to regain your blissful inheritance on high?"

"That's my design, your reverence."

"Then let me prepare you for your *via dolorosa*. In the first place you must stand upon your head, trampling reason under foot, so that you may walk by faith and not by sight. In furtherance of the same design, as a worshiper of darkness, turn about that I may fasten this handkerchief upon your eyes. Now, blindfolded like the Lord of glory that you are, open your mouth and take what 'holy church' hath sent you—a roasted heavenly lamb for supper. Being thus fortified, illuminated and directed, with the spotless Lamb of God in your stomach, it is impossible that you should ever go astray, for the light of the world is Jesus, to an unholy sepulcher consigned. This, if you doubt, you're damned; so ask no questions for the sake of conscience."

"Thank you, kindly, sir."

"One thing more it is essential that you should do: Empty your pockets. You don't want to burn in hell, as Dives did; you want to shine as a star in the firmament of God forever."

"Most assuredly, your reverence."

"Then let me have your purse. Now, there's the road; enjoy the glories in reserve, while I, as the man in black, emphasizing the blessedness of poverty and want, of rags and filth and ignorance, travel with the spoils of plunder in a contrary direction."

O, sanctified hypocrisy, scattering thorns on the path to paradise, and strewn roses on the road to hell, how lovely are thy tabernacles, bearing upon their portals as restaurants of horror the following inscription:

"Within, my child, there lies in solemn state the body of your murdered God. Come and eat him!"

At the head of this mournful procession towards the poor-house, the prison, the brothel, and the grave, stands the Redeemer of the world despised, and his degraded followers are dignified in consequence with thrones of glory in the realms of shade hereafter; whilst at the head of the exuberant cohorts of holy pickpockets, personating Dives in his den of infamy, stands "our Holy Father, the Pope," with his purple-and-fine-linen associates, sitting on thrones of glory at the present, the holy humbugs by a satanic irony destined after death to roast in the bottomless abyss forever. The one section, "led as sheep unto the slaughter," wend their way in sorrow to the pearly gates above; whilst their tormentors, the capricious goats, in gleeful ecstasy descend to fiery baptisms beneath.

What manner of men are those, it will be asked, whose zeal for the salvation of their brethren is so great that, resigning to the latter a monopoly of the kingdom of sorrows, or of heaven, they have sealed their own immortal doom by doing so? And the wise man answering, saith: "By their works ye shall know them. Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth is deservedly the fate of these reverend deceivers, for their day of grace is past, their hour of reckoning has arrived at last. JAMES CORKERY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Angelic Impulses Bubbling.

TO THE EDITOR:—As set forth by the New York Times, there are still angelic impulses on this earth of ours, and they are manifested most beautifully. The willful generosity of a pretty and richly-clad child, the timid joyfulness of a pretty child in rags, and the gentle kindness of the richly-clad child's mother furnished a touching incident on Fifth avenue near Fifty-seventh street one afternoon lately. Both children were girls. The ragged little girl went into ecstasies at the sight of a costly doll which the other child was carrying. "Oh, mamma, see that beautiful dolly! that beautiful, bootiful, dolly!" she cried, tugging at the skirts of the haggard and thinly-clad woman at her side.

The pretty child of fortune heard the eager cry of delight, and instantly her little heart swelled with generosity. "Here, little girl," she said, "you may have this dolly; I have got another one at home." And she pressed the beautiful toy into the arms of the poverty mite. The poor woman uttered a feeble protest, and the rich mamma was about to interfere to recover the doll when the little aristocrat exclaimed: "Now, mamma, you give the little girl's mamma something, and then we will each have done a good deed."

The eyes of the rich woman and the eyes of the poor woman met, and the rich woman's sympathies were touched. In another instant a compact green roll was thrust into the poor woman's hand, with the gentle request, "Please accept this for the children's sake." Thus did angelic impulses bubble, and a careworn heart was made glad. Verily, is not each one a part of the UNIVERSAL HEART.

Genuine Spirit Manifestations.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have always been in favor of man being a finger-post, if necessary, to his fellow. With the above object in view, and an excuse to you for taking up your valuable time, I wish to relate a few incidents connected with an honest attempt at investigation of our grand belief, incidents that I am certain will be of assistance to many a man wading through doubt, fraud and error. I put it strongly, for I have found it hard work to grasp the genuine.

Some years ago a friend of mine dying, as I called it then, left me in a frame of mind calculated to produce despair. At the time I knew nothing of "spirit return." Of course I had heard of Spiritualism, but, like many others, looked on its believers as cranks. I had lost, or rather had been separated, from a friend who was true to me, so true that when in the Spirit-world I was remembered. The weeks passed on; my grief had not been lessened by time when phenomena most curious was noticed around the old house.

After jeering at those believing in the phenomena as spirit return of my supposed lost friend, I quietly became an earnest investigator. I lost soon after a second, and then a third friend. The phenomena became stronger. I was surrounded by strong prejudice. I was, like others, disheartened at times. A strong influence bid me go on. My father met death alone at midnight by drowning. At his death my sister wrote me from a distant city of the heavy knocks in her room on a certain night. I sat down after reading her letter and began an answer to it. I asked her to describe the knocks as heard by her. Just as I got to that part of my letter, as if to verify her statement, loud and strong came the same number of knocks on my room doors, precisely as described by her. Startled, I asked who was present. I received no answer. My brother lived in another part of this city (Washington, D. C.). He, although entirely ignorant of spiritual phenomena of any kind, said that on awakening at night he repeatedly saw our father, as in life, sitting in an arm-chair beside his bed. My brother's wife, a strong Romanist, told my brother that as father was in life a strong Catholic, he wanted the "prayers of the church." William did his own praying, and for a time was given relief. Soon the phenomena became stronger and more varied. I, by this time, had learned a little of spiritual truth. In my ignorant way I attempted an explanation, for which I was heartily laughed at. I hired no more mediums. In my own house, the sacred spot of all to a true man, I recommenced my investigations, determined, if possible, to gain the truth. I had been a victim to fraud, my very soul wrung by dishonest mediums. Still a voice seemed to say: "My boy, go on. Give it an honest trial in your home."

A young girl (a Catholic) employed by me gave me the startling assertion that one morning at breakfast she had seen a spirit in the kitchen in broad daylight, just as she was preparing breakfast. She described the clothing of the man accurately. It answered to that worn by my father, and in which he had his picture taken sometime previous. After some startling statements she gave a complete description of my father's death, and after relating the manner in which he died, he asked me this question: "Will you do me a favor, John, if I ask it?" Of course my promise was instantly given, when he said: "John, I want you to have prayers said for me. Lizzie will tell you how to go about it."

My wife and I being Presbyterians, looked at Lizzie (our Catholic servant). She was as white as a sheet as she said: "He wants the prayers of the church."

After a few days had passed I visited my brother William. I began beating about the bush when, as if his mind was full of it, William said: "Jack, I have a queer thing to relate," bursting out with a sob. "Father, or something else, has been in this house for three weeks or more. You are aware, Jack, that this house is new. I am its first occupant; no person has ever died in it, yet a short time ago father's trunk—you know how heavy it is—for no apparent cause, left its position in the back room upstairs, and began a series of movements, traveling over the room and leaving in its trail the heavy marks in the hard, yellow pine floor, of its castors."

My brother's family consists of himself and wife and one servant. They were all on the lower floor of the house having lunch, a neighbor named Prather being present at the time. My brother, an old "prairie man," and game as a lion, dashed upstairs to see what caused the noise, but came back terrified at the sight of an empty room, and the marks of the moving trunk on the floor.

The servant complained of her room being entered by some invisible presence at night, waking her up from sleep, nothing being seen but the door-knob turning, and no hand turning it.

After consulting together a short time, my brother and I decided to do as requested by my father; for such he was we decided from the phenomena.

And now I want to say to investigators: Your friends retain their personal peculiarities and belief for a long time after passing over. It is a fact that a man tries to live out his belief, be it what it may, the same in the Spirit-world as in this world; and be his belief what it may, he, if strongly orthodox or otherwise, will attempt to live up to his opinions as in this world.

This may aid some persons who, like myself, have been puzzled at the difference of opinions of the Spirit-world.

Washington, D. C. JOHN KINNEY.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll tells a Washington reporter that he has not read a newspaper for three months. The literature which has occupied his exclusive attention all this time relates to ancient myths.

Baron Hirsch has decided to devote the whole of his turf earnings last season to the London hospitals.

Uncle Elisha's Opinion on Statues.

AS DELIVERED AT THE CORNER GROCERY STORE, RESPECTING A RECENT ARTISTIC PROJECT IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

I heern 'em tell awhile ago
That folks was goin' to treat us
To Calvin's statu', who, ye know,
Burnt that good man, Servetus.

Now statu's is expensive quite,
And orter be avallin'—
Our kentry owns a monstrous sight,
In fact their much prevallin'.

J. Calvin burnt a Christian man,
His follerers hung the Quakers;
They drowned witches—pretty plan!—
And was the "blue-law" makers.

An' Calvin burnt his victim slow,
Kase he believed in torter;
Usin' green wood he thought, ye know,
For heretics he'd orter.

'Twould only be a primen then
To what Jehovah'st g'n' 'em
As unrepentin' sinners, when
Old Lucifer would win 'em.

J. C. hes sent too many souls
(Leastwise this 'ere's my notion),
To unbelief's dark, icy poles,
Or sunk 'em in doubt's ocean.

I haint no quarellin' to fight
'Bout Calvin's doctrees nuther,
With them as thinks 'em good an' right,
Better than any other.

But jist fur me, I takes no stock
In sech sort o' religion;
For bread I'd sooner eat a rock,
Or buzzard fur a pigeon.

Than try to gnaw his hard old bones,
An' the decrees to swallow;
'Total depravity' alone's
Enuff to make one holler.

Ef folks his statu' ever make,
They'd ought to be another
Of Saint Servetus at the stake,
John Calvin's Christian brother,
An' he a holdin' of a torch
Towards the wood-pile burning,
To light the green boughs heaped to scorch
With longest kind a burnin'.

Wall, I'll allow he's did some good
Against them popish creeturs,
A massacrein' all they could
That wouldn't sing their meters.

Protestants had a ferful day,
'Cause Rome, her scarlet woman
Sot up to rack, an' maul, an' slay,
An' treat folks jest inhuman.

But Calvin know'd sech things wa'n't right
Fur any human bein'
An' orter to hed ary spite
'Ginst them ez wa'n't a seein'.

That three makes one, and one makes three,
In man's or God's own measure,
If good Servetus couldn't be
Convinced at J. C.'s pleasure.

What! Lawyer Grubb says they won't raise
This monooement to glory—
The statu' in John Calvin's praise,
As told in pious story?

Grubb orter to know, and that I'll bet on,
About this whole creation,
Seen' he's been to Washington,
A savin' uv the nation.

No statu' to perpetooate
Old iron-creed or measure
I'd hev in mine, at any rate,
Ef 'tis for some folks' pleasure.

But I'd hev housen fur the pore,
The widders an' the orphins;
'Twould help this good Lord's kentry more,
And keep some mouths from scoffins.

Better hev marbles sot up first,
Ez public founts fur drinkin';
Where men an' beasts ken quench their thirst,
Than statu's to my thinkin'.

Uncle "Lishe" did not, we fear, understand that the project of raising "the statu" was abandoned for good reasons; this being the nineteenth century instead of the days of "J. C." Upon speaking to him about it, he remarked: "Yis, I know; but reckon this ain't sech a gret ways outen the idee folkses hev 'bout that air transaction." So we promised the old man to send it to the editor, much to his delight.

Sligo, Texas.

A Telepathic Message.

A LADY'S ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS VISITATION WHICH SHE EXPERIENCED.

Dr. Courtney in *The National Review*: On the night of March 13, 1879, I was going to a dinner party at Admiral —'s. While dressing for the same, through the doorway of my room, which led into my husband's dressing room, I distinctly saw a white hand move to and fro twice. I went into the room and found that no one was there or had been there, as the door was closed; and on inquiring I found no one had been up stairs. While dressing nothing further occurred, but on arriving at Admiral —'s a strange feeling of sadness came over me.

I could eat no dinner, nor afterwards, when we had some music, could I sing well. All the time I felt some one or something was near me. We went home, and about 11 o'clock, or perhaps, 11:30, I commenced undressing. I distinctly felt some one touching my hair, as if they, or he or she, was undoing it. I was very frightened, and told my husband so. He laughed at me. When saying my prayers, on praying, as I always did, for the recovery of a sick friend, instead of, as usual, asking God to make him well, all I could say was, "O, God, put him out of his misery." I got into bed, and something lay beside me.

I told my husband, who, though he laughed at me, pitied my nervousness, and took me into his arms, but still, whatever was there remained by me, and a voice—the voice of my friend—distinctly said, "Good-bye, Sis" (which he used to call me). Whether I fell asleep then or not I don't know, but I distinctly felt a kiss on my cheek, and I saw my friend, who told me "he had left me some money, but that he wanted it to be left differently, but had no time to alter it." A livid line was across his face. I awoke crying. Five days after a letter was brought to me, with a deep black border. I felt what it meant. It was the death of my friend, ———, and passed away at 10:30 P. M., March 13. The letter proceeded to tell

me he had left me some money, but that the writer (his brother) was too ill and upset to give particulars, or tell me of any messages he had sent me, only that his brother "had died murmuring my name."

HE IS MUCH SURPRISED.

He Took a Walk Around One Morning.

AND THE RESULT WAS SATISFACTORY.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am much surprised that the strong appeals you have made in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for the aid of indigent mediums have not been more liberally responded to. It cannot be for want of sympathy; it cannot be that there is not a drop of the milk of human kindness flowing through their veins; surely all Spiritualists recognize the great principle of the universal brotherhood of man; why, then, do they not respond more liberally to alleviate the sufferings of the instruments of the Spirit-world, through which they obtain the only real knowledge they have of a life beyond. I attribute it to two causes. First, a sort of apathy, or indifference or carelessness, that exists among them, and, secondly, to the difficulty of sending silver coin through the mail. No one likes to send a ten cent piece or a "quarter" in a letter. To overcome this, if some one in each place would take it upon themselves to go about and make a collection, and send it in bills or postal order, they would find a ready response. We have but few Spiritualists here, but two weeks ago I took a walk around one morning and each one that I met I asked for a quarter to send to Margaret Fox-Kane. Not one refused; and the most of them expressed their gratification at being able to contribute through this means. In about two hours I collected seven quarters and adding my own I at once mailed the two dollars. Last week I learned that Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard had been paralyzed and had not moved hand or foot for three years, and that her book "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist," could be had of the publisher—ten copies for ten dollars. I at once went to work, got up a club of ten in one day, and forwarded the money. Four of the club were not Spiritualists. I have stated the above simply as an example of what can be done by a little energy. Go thou and do likewise.

W. J. INNIS.

The Old Devil.

HIS VERY EXISTENCE IS DENIED.

Alas! alas! the Devil must go! It appears from current literature that a new book on the Devil has just been published in Germany by a learned Protestant theologian, George Langin, under the title, "Biblical Teachings as to the Devil." The author examines all those passages of the Hebrew Bible and the Christian New Testament in which reference is made, or has been thought to be made, to the existence and action of the Devil, or of an infernal spirit of evil. He strives to trace the genesis and history of the belief in such a spirit, and to determine whether the belief in his personal existence forms a necessary part of the Christian faith. He makes a critical study of all scriptural allusions to the Devil, studying them seriatim, placing them as far as possible in chronological order, and taking account of the influences that acted upon Jewish thought at the period of their composition. Special attention is devoted to those gospel narratives in which Satan and the 'possessed' are spoken of. He attempts to show that many of the scriptural passages which are quoted as proof of the existence of the Devil give no support to common notion of such a being. He argues that the conception of such an evil spirit as we designate by the term Devil was not original to the Jewish faith, and he traces its introduction to the Persian.

"The outcome of Dr. Langin's historical and exegetical study of his subject is that there is nothing in scripture that really justifies the prominence given in religion to a personal Devil; that this Devil is, in short, an alien to the primitive faith of both Jews and Christians, and that he owes position to an early confusion of thought, to misreadings of scriptural passages, and to a wrongful interpretation of some of the words of the gospel."

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"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.

Senator Brice had the President and 400 other guests the other night at a musicale that is said to have cost him \$12,000. This used up all of his Senatorial salary for about two and a half years.

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

The Past a Guide to the Future.

Liberal minds, though thoroughly cultivated, do not always do full justice to the importance of past history. Before us is a letter from an esteemed correspondent wherein occurs this sentence: "Living facts are more profitable to the progressive mind than dead absurdities."

We own frankly to the value of transpiring events. The secular press devotes its almost entire space to such matters, and yet but a fraction of the whole is told. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, should it attempt to expose the wrongs of churchmen, even in the city of Chicago, which comes under the every-day observation of the editor, would have neither time nor space in its columns for anything else. A few months ago we undertook to expose the wickedness of the clergy. With the first issue it was seen an impossible task was undertaken. Cases well authenticated transpired so rapidly that our entire columns would have proved too limited to do half justice to the subject. We concluded to let the daily press monopolize this class of literature, from which the general reader would soon learn that professions of superior goodness were very liable to end in flagrant immorality.

The past is ours from whose teachings we judge of the future. Shepherds watching their flocks by night learned of the movements of the starry heavens above them. The priests of Assyria and of Egypt, from their observations on mountains and pyramids, made a map of the cerulean vault, and arranged stars in clusters, to which they gave names. The movements of some of these stars showed that they were wanderers, and these became known as lesser gods. The facts thus gained and stored, preserved to modern times, in the hands of Copernicus, Newton, Herschell, etc., gave us our present knowledge of astronomy.

The persecutions of the church, when clothed with unlimited power, tell us very vividly what will be again if a favorable opportunity occurs.

Vanini, the learned philosopher, whose genius taught him to discard a God fashioned in the image of a man, placed on an ivory throne above the clouds—for declaring "all is God," was branded an atheist and condemned to have his tongue cut out, to be strangled, and his body burned to ashes. This sentence was carried out on the 9th of February, 1619, only 273 years ago.

Sixty-six years earlier, to wit: October 27, 1553, Michael Servetus was burned at the stake, his offense: denying that Jesus was the eternal Son of God, though conceding he was the Son of the eternal God.

And Bruno—Brown if translated into English—seven years imprisoned, excommunicated, burned at the stake on the 17th of February, 1600, by order of the Inquisition. He had adopted and taught the Copernican system of astronomy; had charged the clergy with being avaricious, dissolute, and breeders of

dissensions. The Jewish legends, called the Bible, he classed with the Greek myths, and he laughed at miracles. Such a man was in advance of his age, and of course he was killed. No one would be wiser than his time.

Galileo—poor fellow, the church did not burn him. They only imprisoned, persecuted, and threatened him. In the great cathedral at Pisa he had noticed the oscillations of the bronze lamp, which led the way to his invention of the pendulum, and finally, to the construction of an astronomical clock. An investigating mind led him on until he perfected, for those times, his telescope, which enabled him to demonstrate the truths of modern astronomy. This was too much. An instrument that demonstrated the falsity of the Mosaic account of creation, and overthrew the claims that the Bible was inspired of God, was more than could be tolerated. The entire teachings of Christianity were in danger, hence the punishment of the discoverer of such facts.

These and kindred outrages should be furnished to every mind, as showing what priests are capable of, and to what extreme measures they will resort to maintain their system built on fraud.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, by knowing the outrages of the past we learn to shun the dangers of the future, hence we beg to differ from the expressed views of our worthy correspondent.

Dr. Henry Slade Under a Cloud.

At the present time this medium is under a cloud at Duluth, Minn. He has been under one so often during his eventful life that the probability is that to a certain extent he enjoys their influence. Eminent as a slate-writer, gifted in all respects as a medium, and known in Europe as well as in this country, it will remain a puzzle to the unreflective mind why he so conducts himself as to bring reproach upon Spiritualism. To those who take a comprehensive view of cause and effect, who study human nature from a pre-natal as well as psychological standpoint, and who are capable of discerning those molecular vibrations which make each human being what he is, the case of Dr. Slade ceases to be an enigma, and he becomes at once an unsealed book. He possesses fine psychical powers; he is a most excellent agent for the spirits to use, and at the same time possesses a nature that will at times assert its supremacy and bring him into trouble and disgrace, and which makes him a complex subject for consideration. It would not be humane to kick Dr. Slade for these aberrations. If he acts badly, as the report that comes well authenticated from Duluth says he does, that has nothing whatever to do with that part of his nature that the spirits can utilize to give messages to expectant mortals. He may get drunk, and in so doing disgrace himself, but if the psychic force is within him, it can be utilized wholly independent of his intemperate habits, and has no connection therewith.

When traveling on a train of cars the engineer may use disgustingly profane language, he may be the unfortunate possessor of a loathsome disease, and be foul throughout, but if competent as an engineer—if he is watchful as to the condition of his engine, ever on the alert to convey his passengers safely to the end of their journey, no questions are asked. On that train may be men, women and children of immaculate purity; and yet for a time their very lives were in the hands of an engineer foul and disgusting in his habits. The Spirit-world seeks a psychic to convey a message to their earthly friends; if competent to do that, they do not stop to examine his moral status any more than you would proceed to investigate the character of the engineer who is to convey your wife or daughter to a remote point, and letters to distant friends.

We are not, therefore, in the least dismayed when we hear of Dr. Slade's shortcomings. In that respect he is to be pitied, and not persecuted or violently condemned.

What is the duty of Spiritualists in such cases? To ignore him? To socially ostracize him? To point the finger of scorn at him? To not receive a communication through him? Our first duty is to pity him, and then throw around him such influences as will eventually reclaim him. So long as our spirit friends are willing to use the psychic force within him to transmit a message, no puny mortal should object. That psychic force is all right; if not, it could not be utilized. While it is feared Dr. Slade's aberrations will continue in the future as in the past, it is the duty of Spiritualists to throw around every safeguard possible, that he may be finally redeemed!

Take Note.

There are two in this State by the name of Brooks. One resides at Bloomington, and is a particular friend of Col. John C. Bundy, and his kindly criticisms can be read occasionally in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The other is Geo. H. Brooks, who resides at 144 Liberty St., Elgin, Ill., and who is State Missionary, and lectures in the cause of Spiritualism.

"The Unseen Universe."

We have previously alluded to this new venture by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. Those who have read her numerous contributions in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can realize that she is a very gifted lady. The first number of THE Unseen Universe contains 48 pages. Terms to American subscribers, \$2 per year; single number 25 cents. To foreign subscribers, \$3 per year. Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, who resides at Humphry street, G 13, Tipton, Manchester, England.

The Adherents of Saloons and Brothels at Work.

Once more the church, not the Romish church, but its unruly and rebellious daughter, the orthodox church, is attempting with its whining petitions, pious assertions and knock-down-and-drag-out intentions, an assault on the liberal thought of the country. The Springfield Ministerial Association are sending out to all their friends, and the clergy throughout Illinois, a set of resolutions declaring that they will not vote for the election of either Senator or Representative who will agree to the needed appropriation for the World's Fair by Congress, unless it shall be trammeled with the conditions of Sunday closing and prohibition. The resolutions are craftily worded and couched. The real fight is on Sunday closing. The prohibition matter is only a blind. Everyone knows that the rumrunner and the church are fighting this battle as "pards." If they win it, then the saloon men take their chance (and it is a mighty good chance) of grabbing the lion's share of benefit. The church people, tempted by this illustrious and omnipotent devil, will surely be whipsawed, no matter which way the struggle ends; but they have a boomerang in their hands, and it will not be from lack of desire if they beat out the brains of their opponents.

With a subtlety learned of those masters in the art, the Jesuits, the directions of the secret circular thus sent out are minute and potent for firing the sectarian heart. Then it is ordered that the congregation take an "enthusiastic rising vote." Very few devotees of the churches would dare to sit while their neighbors stood, for fear of social ostracism, that srocco that so often blasts in a community all prospects of even a bare living. It is then to be inferred, but not directly stated in the directions, that all present, whether standing or sitting, are to be numbered as demanding Sunday closing, the real issue. They will not sleep day nor night, if thereby they may work this union of church, saloon men and State. What are the friends of Sunday opening doing? Behold! the enemy sows tares while we sleep.

The Heathen Chinese Discourseth.

Wong Chin Foo, Heathen, says he was born and reared among heathens. He has lived many years among Christians, and has learned their ways of life to each other. Replying to Rev. Dr. Peters, who inquires: "What have the heathen and infidel done for the world?" he discourses at considerable length. We have room for only brief extracts:

"In most large cities in China, where the Christian missionaries have not yet visited or made their homes, benevolent families have large tanks of hot tea placed daily upon the sidewalks for the poor. There are no tickets, nor any other red tape business attached to the thing, as in Christian institutions, as I have seen it done upon the Bowery in New York. During the winter months scores and hundreds of rich families in Shanghai, Yung Chow, and in fact all the large cities of heathenish persuasion would dole out bran new suits of warm clothing almost as freely as their tea and rice to the needy poor, and such was their confidence in their fellow-men whose ever applied would get them."

Again: "Ninety per cent of the rich families of China—even those who are only living from hand to mouth—are miniature benevolent institutions. A Chinaman does not have to steal because he is hungry. All he has to do is to go to the nearest family and ask for food. He is never sent away with the well-known Christian command: 'Go to! you lazy fellow, why don't you go to work?'"

Wong Chin Foo does not rest his case with simply telling how things are in China. Another extract:

"But what have the heathen done without the aid of Christianity? Let us see briefly. The heathens without Christianity—even while the Christians were torturing each other by all the ingenuity of their known science, tearing men's tongues out of their living mouths and putting innocent women into heated iron-fists fitted with spikes because they dared say the Christians were wrong—the heathens were printing books to teach that glorious doctrine which the Christians were wise enough to borrow: 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do you also to them.' They, without Christ, taught the world the art of printing. Without Christianity the Chinamen taught the world how to make glass; without the knowledge of the Bible they brought gunpowder into the world, so Christians could know how to kill heathens with impunity. The Chinamen did not know that the Christians were going to use it for so cruel a purpose, or they would not have invented it, probably. Without this great religion the Chinamen brought into this ungrateful world the art of manufacturing the finest dressmaking materials on earth—silks and satins which no Christian would be ashamed to wear. Palatial buildings of pure porcelain were built in China when Christian England only knew caves as their homes and the skins of the wild boar for ball-dresses."

There are more colleges and schools of moral philosophy in the towns of China than there are rum saloons in New York City. More than that: These unbelievers of the Christian religion allow no man to hold a position of trust unless he is a college graduate; and he cannot graduate unless he is a strictly moral man. The institutions of learning among the heathens are the political mills. In fact, they take the place of the rumshops of Christendom, from which candidates for political honors in America are generally selected, instead of colleges as in heathen countries."

Dr. Hidden at Lake Pleasant.

Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., will open the lecture season at Lake Pleasant, July 24, when his subject will be the "Palm of Life." Dr. Hidden's lectures, which have appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from time to time, have excited widespread interest, and the fact that they were copied in European papers shows that they had unusual merit. We beg to say that the Doctor is a warm reception.

Hope for the World.

It is gratifying to all broad, liberal-minded people to know that the spiritual philosophy is leading the churches, and soon the eternal truths it teaches will be undisputed. Prof. Swing preached lately on "The Christian Philosophy of Man." He says that philosophy is simply the highest, broadest truth which man can find in any field over which his thoughts may pass. He does not condemn Christianity as a fraud; but condemns the errors which have crept into it, one of which is: "The thought that the blood of lambs, oxen, doves, and sheep, and afterwards of Christ, was effective in making a harmony between our world and the Infinite Creator. The philosophy of such an idea has never been shown."

After dilating on the daily slaughter of animals, etc., he says: "It was as though painters should attempt to improve their canvases by throwing ink and pitch at the pictures. To such a depth did the old error run that at last mortals were found who conciliated the Creator by drowning their children. Christianity, setting forth with its conception of a perfect personal God, its second idea must be made to make the world bear the image and marks of its high origin. From its morally beautiful Deity it must proceed to a morally beautiful humanity. Toward such an end little could be accomplished by the slaughter of dumb animals. Even if the Mosaic age and the Greek and Roman times extracted some good from such slain offerings, that minimum of good would not make the custom worthy of a place in an ideal religious system, for in moral science what is once good is good forever."

From these extracts it will be seen that the great preacher repudiates the bloody sacrifices and vicarious bloody atonement as the crude and impracticable ideas of primitive man; and looks on the Christ as the corrector of these ideas, and fights against those who would make them a part of Christ's gospel. Thus by taking away the main pillar the whole structure of orthodox theology falls.

The Octopus in France.

M. Ricard, Minister of Justice in France, has sent a letter to the Prefects throughout France, directing them to report any disturbances that occur in the churches within their respective jurisdictions, and to forbid the priests to criticize the laws or acts of the government. The present Cabinet evidently does not intend, like its predecessor, to fall between two stools by trying to please both Church and Radicals. Confident in the Radical majority which controls the Chamber, M. Ricard allows no religious scruple to stand in the way of the enforcement of the position taken by Premier Loubet—that the clergy must hold absolutely aloof from political questions and from social questions which involves politics. Only a few days since a priest was expelled from the country for criticism of the government. All disturbances which now occur in churches seem to be attributed to overspeaking on the part of the preacher. Thus the Octopus is losing its hold in France and the other countries of the world, while in this country its slimy folds are growing larger and larger.

The Pope and Superstition.

Great preparations are making at the Vatican for Pope Leo's episcopal jubilee next year. It is believed that presents to the value of at least \$30,000,000 will be received on that occasion.

Yes, of course he will receive at least \$30,000,000 for presents. The conglomerate mass of bigotry, superstition and ignorance will consider it a sacred duty to contribute to this fund. The more enlightened people become, the less will they contribute to individuals, only as an act of charity. Having the light, possessing it in all its details, they will present the same calmly and dispassionately to the world, and if those listening do not grasp it, it is because they are not sufficiently advanced. The ignorant Irish girls, those who are continually looking at the past for religious knowledge and those who are in the thrall of superstition, it does but little good to present the light to them. As hard knocks will be required to liberate them from the galling chains which the priests have thrown around them, as were given to the Southern people to awaken them to the enormity of the evil of slavery. But as the dropping of water will wear away the hardest granite, so in the course of time will the barriers of ignorance be swept away by the silent yet potent influence of Spiritualism.

Serious Questions.

Reader, are you pious? It is certainly hoped you are, for we have a few questions we would love to have answered by the sincerely good. Did you ever travel by rail in Canada and reach some small town about 12 o'clock Saturday night, then find your journey interrupted for twenty-four hours, though you were but a few miles from your destination? Were you short of funds, and was it a matter of importance that you should get through without loss of time? Was some dear, good friend about taking his departure for the great unknown, struggling to retain breath until you could reach him? And so situated, did you mentally swear great big oaths? If so, there have been others situated just that way, and they would have almost consented to the building of purgatorial fires for the benefit of those who enacted laws preventing public travel at all times, for the convenience of the traveler and conveyance.

Too Bad.

The boys were pluming themselves on the rich developments in store for them on the trial of the Rockford Savior; but it is now asserted that a compromise has been effected between the contending factions; that the sweet angel of peace has folded her wings serenely; or, in Western parlance, "All is lovely, and the goose hangs high."

Mrs. Carrie Twing lectures at Albany, N. Y., during May.



THE DOWNWARD GRADE.

How Old Joe Was Landed at the Last Depot.

One day—many, many years ago—when rusticated in the West, we were accosted by a seedy-looking individual, an unfortunate mortal, always in trouble and always seeking assistance. Halting as we were passing musingly along, he said: "Mister, sit down on the mossy embankment, and hear my story. Mister, I am on the downward grade. As well stop a ponderous locomotive without brakes, or a boulder moving down the mountain side, as me on the downward grade of life and destiny. Mister, I'm a first-class, unadulterated wreck; a living example of bad luck; a chapter to establish a hapless fate; a lesson in life to illustrate the nature of malign law in the career of individuals, or to show that there is a Devil with a cloven foot, with horns and a tail. I am a living example of misfortune. No old hulk of some old proud steamer which had once plowed the mighty deep, could be more completely wrecked. Look at my fingers—nearly out of joint with rheumatism! See my ankles—swollen and painful! Look at my eyes—they are bleared and sore! My limbs are weak, and every step I take brings forth a solemn moan. I am homeless, friendless, desolate in heart, and have not where to lay my head. I am hungry, too; yes, always hungry. Some say it is a tape-worm in the stomach, that is gnawing my vitals, and, mister, I am on the downward grade; yes, on the downward grade, and longing to land at the last depot—'Death!'"

"Well, well, your life is truly pitiable," I remarked.

"Mister, a cruel, relentless, stubborn master, with a whip in his hand, seems to follow me, to drive me faster on the downward grade. I can't work much; the downward grade is incompatible with hard work. Oh, wretchedness! Oh, misery! Oh! poor mortal on the downward grade, with no depot on the way to get a wholesome meal, and nothing but the clouds of despair surrounding me. Mister, I was happy once, happy before I got on the downward grade, and one of the most favored of mortals. I will tell you, mister, how it happened, how the switch was turned, and I, poor me, started on this downward career."

Stopping a moment as if contemplating a momentous question, the tears gathered in his eyes, his features twitching as if in mortal agony, and his whole form betokening the convulsions of a lacerated soul. He resumed: "Mister, I had one of the noblest, the gentlest of mothers. Under her guidance and the radiance of her prayers, it seems strange that I should be on the downward grade. It was one sultry night in the summertime when I returned from a gambling hell. It was twelve o'clock. As I stood at the door, feeling in my pocket for a key, I heard a gentle voice within! I listened. It was my mother praying. I stepped to a side window with the shades partly drawn, and there, on her knees, I could see by the light of the full moon that my darling mother was praying. Oh! it was a prayer chockfull of love; running over with deep pathos; musical in its sweetness, and vibrating with a tenderness that would make an angel weep. That mother, mister, was praying for me, that I might be checked in my downward grade, and redeemed! I calmly listened to that prayer for my redemption, and it seemed to charm me with its angelic beauty, simplicity and tender pathos. Her last words were, 'Oh, God! should I die, receive him to Thy bosom for special guidance and protection.' I then heard a dismal sound, like a falling body—a thud upon the floor! I hastened in the house, and my mother was lying prostrate upon the floor—dead! Heart disease, so the doctor said. Thus, mister, the one true friend went. The next night, mister, I stood by the side of the coffin. I moistened her cold cheeks with my tears and kisses. I moaned like a child in distress over her remains, and then, with hands uplifted and eyes upturned, I registered an oath in heaven that I would never gamble again; never lie; never take another drink of anything intoxicating, and never do an act that would be condemned by my angel mother."

Stranger, I killed that mother. My conduct grieved her!—grieved her!—killed her! After registering this vow in heaven, I retired to rest, and in a dream I saw a train of cars; they were on the downward grade, and the brakes they were broken, and on they went—on!—on! and finally when they did come to rest, they all vanished! I saw these words and figures: '1865, the 6th day of June, 7 P. M.' That was my fate, mister. I knew it then; I know it now, and it will continue until the grave receives me, and my body moulders to the dust."

"But, mister, I have never violated that oath, one jot or tittle, and in this '1865, the 6th day of June, at 7 P. M., I shall die—go to heaven to meet my darling mother! On that day and on that hour, mister, the downward grade will end, and my life will commence in heaven. Mister, will you promise to grant me a favor?"

"Certainly, if I can."

"Here is a little money; I have saved it for many years. Take it over to old Mother Benedict within ten days, and tell her that Uncle Joe will return there on the 6th day of next month, and that I wish that room in the attic all to myself. I want that room sure, for it overlooks a purling stream, and large oak and cottonwood trees, and the moss-covered grave of my darling mother. I want you to come there and see me die; to see the downward-grade man leave his mortal form. To see one who never had a lucky day in his life, and who never since that oath was given ever wronged a mortal man. Mister, will you promise to do as I request?"

"Certainly, but I don't think you will die then. That was only an idle dream."

"Yes, I shall, for am I not on the downward grade, with no brakes to stop my wretched career? That part has proved true. When I work—and I never begged, it is with mortal agony! Oh! such pain—such racking pain! Now I bid you good-by. There is something within me, deep down, that tells me you will do as I request, and the 6th day of June will see me die!"

This weird character then left me to do an odd job over the way, and I hastened to hand over the money to old Mother Benedict. Under pledge of secrecy, we told her Uncle Joe's message, and handing her the money, the old woman burst into tears. Joe had often lived with her, and always wanted to sleep in that attic-room, overlooking the grave of his mother. She called him Saint Joe—he was so full of the milk of human kindness. He was always curious, she said; always knew beforehand some startling event, and never failed when predicting the death of any one.

Finally the eventful day came, and at 7 P. M., on the 6th day of June, we repaired to old Joe's room. He was lying on the bed, cleanly dressed, as if expecting a summons, and looking out of the window, and gazing wistfully at his mother's grave.

"Mister, I am glad you have come," said he. "The end of the downward grade is almost reached. I was just looking at my mother's grave. See the flower-laden vines; just look at the skies bending low, as if to hug the last resting place of that saintly woman, and listening to the purling stream and the gentle music of the breeze among the branches of the trees. What a beautiful scene before me, and I to die. What grander death than mine, of king or queen, or earthly potentate. Mister, I am growing weaker! I can see the end of the downward grade, and the beautiful plane that lies beyond. Please hand me that portrait on the shelf. That is my angelic mother."

Passing it to his lips, he uttered a whispered, fervent prayer; it was brim full of the milk of human kindness, and he invoked the angels to allow his mother to meet him at the end of the downward grade, and conduct him to her home in heaven. The whispers, became more and more indistinct until they ceased altogether, and then his hands relaxed and his mother's likeness fell on the bed. A smile of ineffable sweetness and beauty overshadowed his features. His arms were raised as if embracing someone, and I heard the faint words:

"Mother, darling, the end of the downward grade is reached at last!"

And then this venerable eccentric character breathed his last, just as the hour hand on my watch indicated 7.

Thus it is, some are on the downward grade constantly. Like an avenging Nemesis, bad luck follows them. You can find them everywhere. They succeed in nothing, and are always in deep trouble. They are the outgrowth of untoward circumstances, and are to be pitied—not blamed! This world will never have the millennial era ushered in until every house becomes an asylum, a place of shelter, a home where goodness, kindness, and love is manifested to those worthy and who are on the downward grade waiting—calmly waiting—to be landed at the last depot—Death.

John R. Francis

A Protest.

A correspondent in the *Daily News*, of this city, protests against a compromise with the Sunday closing men of the World's Fair, wherein it has been proposed to close the gates in the forenoon and open them in the afternoon. The proposed Sunday opening, he says, is in the interest of the laboring man. The admission fee will be the same for half a day as for all day. Workmen will prefer to go to the Fair in the morning, to get all they can for their money.

Another correspondent makes the point that the preachers have to work on Sunday, and cannot attend the Fair on that day, hence their unwillingness that others shall enjoy such a pleasure.

No Better Representative.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan, writing from Kansas City, and speaking of Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, says: "I think the Spirit-world has no better representative. She has a future before her and will leave a bright record."

A Little Light from a Catholic.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you herewith an interesting communication on the parochial school question, written by Col. John Atkinson, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, Mich., and a Catholic.

I remember that some years ago, I think it was during Gen. Grant's first presidential term, while connected with a paper in Port Huron, Mich., there was published in it a long essay by "Col. John"—as he was familiarly called in Port Huron, where he then resided—in which he argued the Catholic side of the school question. He seems to have changed his mind to some extent since that time.

It is especially interesting as coming from a Catholic, and as indicating the divergence of views on the important subject in the Catholic Church itself.

While I am glad to see my oldtime Catholic friend arguing now so liberally and bravely for the American idea of public schools and against the churchy or Romish idea of parochial schools—I must yet, though sadly, declare my conviction that the priestly element will dominate and prevail. Jesuitism rules the Catholic Church, and Jesuitism is naturally antagonistic to any school system that is not controlled by and for the church. The controlling powers of the Catholic Church will only sanction the schools in which Catholic teachers shall teach children to be Catholics. Nothing short of this will or can satisfy the Romish hierarchy.

It will be seen that Col. Atkinson bases his reasoning mainly on the worldly advantages derived from a "public school" education, and the worldly disadvantages resulting from "parochial" instruction. It is a worldly argument, and will, of course, be met by asserting the greater importance of the spiritual welfare—the salvation of the souls—of men; and this idea, pushed by the "father," the priests, bishops, etc., receiving their propelling inspiration from the headquarters in Rome, will prove too strong to resist.

There are many claims made for the Catholic Church, in the article, to which we would demur—but we pass them in silence for the present.

J. C. UNDERHILL.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt, and His College of Magnetism.

In another column appears the notice of Dr. E. D. Babbitt, who, after years of unremitting study and experimental investigation has enlisted the subtle forces of light as curative agents, and apparently with remarkable success. He is Dean of the New York College of Magnetism, an Institute of Refined Therapeutics, which is fast becoming of worldwide fame, and attracting students from many countries. It builds on exact science, and includes the Magnetic, Electric, Chemical, Solar and Spiritual forces which underlie everything in the world. Its course can be taken at home, and a diploma conferring the title of D. M., Doctor of Magnetism, granted.

Dr. Babbitt is author of several valuable books on the subject on which he is an enthusiast. While the institution affords facilities for the demonstration and application of the light treatment, many will find it inconvenient to attend. Such will find the study of the Doctor's methods at home both pleasant and profitable.

Dr. Babbitt has entered the vestibule of the real forces which move the world of inorganic and organic life. It would be saying of him far more than he claims that he has the truth in its entirety, but he has advanced beyond all others and opened the way and given directions for discoveries the magnitude of which cannot be appreciated.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, O.

His Ashes Will Nourish a Rose.

In accordance with the wishes of the late Charles Jerome Cary, of Milwaukee, Wis., whose body was cremated at Detroit, his ashes will be deposited in one of Mr. C. C. Whitnall's green-houses, where Mr. Cary was a frequent visitor. Mr. Whitnall will plant over the ashes a rosebush in such a position that the roots will strike down into their urn. A brick wall is to go around urn and bush. Mr. Whitnall will use a small Le Marche rose, of which Mr. Cary was very fond, and he will nurse it carefully until it becomes a tree. Very sensible, indeed, is this plan; but the Catholics and orthodox Christians prefer to have their bodies putrefy and be eaten by myriads of animalcules instead of having the ashes of the same add any beauty to material things.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

The Psychical Constipation Society.

TO THE EDITOR:—I want your opinion as to the probability of success of another spiritual paper in Chicago. You have been so pre-eminently successful that you ought to be a good judge. The Fair is coming, and my paper will be so different from yours that it will not interfere at all.

I am well qualified for the post of editor, though I was reared at quite a different trade. I was brought up as a driver and butcher, and had a little army experience. I am not a Spiritualist. I don't think that is necessary; for it is not to help Spiritualism that I want to print the paper, but to make money. My wife is a half-way Catholic, and that is a help. I can get a lot of money from the Catholic church for exposing Spiritualism and disgracing mediums.

But I depend chiefly on advertisements for my support. You seem to be unaware of the bonanza you might have by using nine-tenths of your space for advertisements. You have to pay for setting the type for reading matter, and do not get a cent for it, while for one advertisement you can get about a dollar a line, if you have a circulation of twenty-five thousand. But I have not got it. Oh! no! I don't expect to—I don't expect to. If I can get money out of some rich Spiritualist, either by borrowing or as a gift, or by selling life subscriptions at \$50, I'll have the first number worked off at twenty-five thousand. I can then have the pressman make oath that he printed that number. Suppose, then, my circulation gets down to a couple of thousand, I get my pay on a twenty-five thousand basis! That will be better than a "Stock Company," which is a chestnut which has burned a good many fingers getting it out of the ashes.

I want to get to Chicago and start it before the Fair; for I want to make my office a sort of headquarters for the peculiar people who favor my plans. Do not fear; it will not draw any from you. My sort will not go to you anyway. Those I want are such as look upon Spiritualism as a fad, to help give them notoriety for money. Such as never say "spirit" but "psychic," and are up in science. It is true I never studied science myself, but it is not necessary, if you can always think to put in science and "scientific" wherever you can. I can get my editorials written for me, and by the help of a good proofreader, what the matter with my being successful? During the Fair I can give receptions to those who do not put my heel effectually on opposition. I can also get a convention of the Psychical Constipation Society, with all those Grand Professors and Reverends who curse Spiritualism but believe in Cock-lane ghosts, and they can make big speeches and I'll report them. I will have no one at these meetings unless he has a title, and I shall expect every one to make the crowning speech of his life. I can have one written for me to read. I have an excellent delivery, a delivery I cultivated in driving cattle, and yelling in the army. Now I candidly ask your unbiased opinion, and although it may not be in accordance with my desires I shall hold it at great value.

OBEDE WHITLOCK.

The proposition of Mr. Whitlock to start a paper in the interest of the Psychical Constipation Society, etc., is before our readers. It is somewhat unique, yet it would trench upon ground already occupied. His proposition to put his circulation far above what it actually could be is in perfect harmony with plans adopted by some Spiritualist papers already. In fact, we think the ground which Mr. Whitlock designs to occupy is already full to repletion. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is not in harmony with the Psychical Constipation Society; nor will it accept an advertisement only on the basis of its actual circulation.

MATERIALIZATION.

As Given at Marshalltown, Iowa.

Brother C. E. Winans has made another short visit to Marshalltown, Iowa, under the auspices of our Association, and has given general satisfaction. We think his materializing and slate-writing phases have increased in strength since he was with us last November. I will give some account of several evidences of spirit truth given at his three sittings.

Of course the cabinet controls, Maudie, Jim Bundle, and Tom Cottawas, the colored soldier and house renovator who used to reside here, were all at their posts, only they came stronger and more perfectly made up. They dematerialized and materialized outside the cabinet in better form than ever before.

One gentleman had his brother come to him, who had been killed in Florida, but who was unknown, or his cause of demise, to but two persons present, and the earth brother thought it a most convincing evidence of the truth. Another form came to a doctor present, who was recognized by him as a physician he had known in his practice, and the spirit conversed in a strong voice about medical matters, and the influence he was exerting over the mortal doctor in his daily treatments. The spirit when on earth had been very fleshy, with a very portly stomach, which his mortal friend said was one of the points noted by him in identifying his spirit friend, whose large projection was plainly visible.

The light used was stronger than is usual in materializing, and during a recess, given for the purpose of examining the writing on some slates held during the first part of the seance by several different persons in the circle, when the light was turned up to full blaze, several forms stood in the opening of the curtain, with great strength, in full light.

Maudie came many times, and once each seance sang "Beulah Land," her favorite piece, with the circle, her voice in childish soprano being distinctly heard with every word above the rest of the voices. Another spirit also sang a song with the circle, in a clear voice.

Many of the forms came covered upon the head, breast and front of the robe with those peculiar twinkling spirit jewels or lights, so beautiful and so convincing. No mortal appliance could counterfeit them.

In some cases they disappeared all at once, while the form was outside the cabinet. Jim Bundle, the cabinet form-builder and outside lace-maker, had on one appearance a row of five or six of these lights upon his back, across the shoulders, and he dematerialized before he reached the cabinet.

It was noticed by those who attended the seances of Brother Winans here last fall that the clothing and features of the forms this time were much better than before. At one time a number of hands were shown. Large and small, white and dark, at both sides, and at the center parting of the curtains. Six or more hands appeared at the same time. One visitor received the form of his mother, who passed away from asthma, and her cough was perfect, as well as the best form. He knew her at first sight, and he was convinced.

His occasional doubts were all dispelled by the knowledge given to his senses of sight and hearing.

A most pleasing and undeniable evidence of spirit power was given at the second and third seances. One slate on the second and two on the third seances were handed to the committee of skeptical strangers, who were selected by the medium's trance control to inspect the cabinet, which was seven by fourteen feet, and the sewing of the medium into the chair. The committee stated that the slates were clean, and no marks were upon them. The slates were then handed to a person in the circle to hold, tied with a narrow strip of cotton cloth. The cabinet controls from time to time directed the slates passed to another member of the circle, until the recess was called. During the time the slates were being held, the control stated that such a spirit had written or drawn this or that upon the slates, which, when opened, were found exactly as the spirits had said.

The first slate contained eleven messages, and the second twenty-one. The third, not being at hand, the number of messages is not known to the writer, but it was covered with writing and pictures, exactly as Maudie said.

These slates were the silica book slates, and had two inside leaves. The advice given in those messages was most generally personal, and often of a private nature.

The writing was done without pencil or crayon, and is in white, red, green, pink, yellow, orange, and stone yellow, four or five different colors on each slate, and some colors on one slate do not appear on the others.

Maudie drew a very good landscape on one slate, and a locomotive on another, also a cottage by the sea, with moon rising, a very good water effect by moonlight. To the medium's Indian control, drew an outline Indian's head in red and yellow, with pipe, gun, knife, tomahawk, etc. One message is written under a rainbow, which the spirit writer calls the Bow of Promise. The writing is varied in style, from the small, precise writing of an old lady, to the large hand of man. The signatures to some of the messages were recognized by the mortal addressed. Not one mistake has been discovered in all the messages given, and not an error or false statement has been made by any form, or any of the controls of this medium, at any seance, so far as heard from. On the other hand, many forms have called up to the cabinet persons from the circle who did not know them, or the names they gave, but in every case, on conferring with some of the older members of the family, they have been found correct. Our members have carefully scrutinized every word and act of this medium and his controls, and we have determined fully that Mr. Winans is entirely honest and worthy of the confidence and support of all seekers after the truth. We hope Mr. Winans will go on working faithfully for the cause, as he has done for so many years. We need more mediums who can spare the time to travel about, and bring the blessed evidences of the glorious truths of the Spirit-world into the most benighted places.

We suggest to the Spiritualists of some large city, like Chicago or St. Paul, that they organize a Spiritual Mission Society, gather three or four mediums, trance, psychometric, slate-writing, and materialization, with a

manager, treasurer, and perhaps, two other men, and make engagements for this party, wherever they could get a hearing for one day and evening, if no more. The trip would pay well, as the general interest of the public is now awakened, and they are ripe for evidences of the truth.

Let the work of regeneration go on, until the light of truth and knowledge shall extend into the farthest recesses of the earth, and the people shall all know the teachings of the Spirit-world, and living up to their principles, proclaim by their words and acts the truth of the spiritual philosophy.

E. N. PICKERING.

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.

Moses Hull lectures at Saint Paul, Minn., during May. He seems to be a great favorite there.

Under date of April 25, Bishop A. Beals writes, in reference to his work in Minnesota: "I remain here one more Sunday, the Society at Minneapolis desiring me. The unsettled condition of things at Oklahoma City is not propitious for my work there just now. The progressive work is moving on successfully here, and the signs are that a camp meeting association will be formed this spring, and commence work soon."

Mrs. A. E. Sheets lectured at Owasso, Mich., May 1.

Mrs. E. T. Reynolds, writing from Marshalltown, Iowa, speaking for both herself and her controls, deprecates the impatience of those seeking development. They ought to remember that if unfolding is forced, it is like all other growths, unhealthful and transitory, and often attended with violent reactions. Especially is this the case when the motive for the development is entirely selfish. The medium's work is like the doctor's. Let those contribute to their support who are able. But to those who are wounded, bleeding hearts who seek consolation for their grief, and comfort for their sorrow, lack of ability to pay a fee should not deprive them of the words out of the unseen.

David N. Lepper speaks encouragingly of the work at Springfield, Ill. The society is in a flourishing condition. Monthly mite socials are held. A materializing medium is to go there. The Sunday evening services are well attended.

Marguerite St. Omer can be engaged for the season of '92 and '93 as an inspirational lecturer, psychometrist and test medium; also for camp meetings. She also lectures on the Roman Catholic Nunneries, and the evils resulting from them; the Catholic Hierarchy, and on Public Schools. Address her at Fitchburg, Mass.

Joseph H. Dorety, writing from Oakland, Cal., tells of some public meetings advertised to take place in a large hall there, at which tests are promised, such as all intelligent Spiritualists know to be next to impossible, save under the most delicate and sensitive conditions. The spiritual organizations of Oakland, have disclaimed all connection with these exhibitions, leaving everyone to judge for himself as to the backers and merits of such a show.

An "Inquirer" writes: "Why does not a good, honest medium come to Paterson, N. J.? We have been deceived several times, and if a good, honest medium will come here for a few days or weeks, he will do well."

The *Freethinkers Magazine* for May is a very attractive number. The frontispiece consists of fine portraits of Col. Ingersoll and his grandchild. Ingersoll's address at the funeral of Walt Whitman, revised, is the leading article. A Chicago lawyer contributes a very able paper on "Ingersoll and Lambert." Helen Gardner tells us of "The Cultured Poor." Henry M. Taber writes ably on "Religion Not Morality." Nellie Booth Simmons gives one of her characteristic poems, entitled "Wanted—A Fact," from the pulpit; Elder Evans gives us "The Battle of the Gods," and H. Wettstein presents some objections to Spiritualism. The editor answers the question, "What do you think of Jesus?" There is much other interesting matter.

J. B. Chesley, of Hannibal, Mo., officiated at the funeral of Wm. Tuiley, who lately passed to Spirit-life. In his closing remarks he said: "If Spiritualism has done so much for the world as to give it a positive knowledge of a future existence in the brief period since its advent of 44 years, which no other teaching has ever done, then is it not worthy of our confidence? Then if we would ameliorate the condition of humanity, give them demonstrated facts. The natural world is ever changing and formulating new creeds. Now, in conclusion: There is no excuse for ignorance on the subject. If we ignore these demonstrations we ever remain in darkness. The spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and partake of the waters of life freely."

Dr. A. W. Hager, of Mt. Clemons, Mich., promises a warm welcome to a speaker who will come there. Alfred E. Stanley, of Detroit, Mich., was there giving good satisfaction. Mr. Stanley's address is 13 Ash St., Detroit, Mich.

We have a letter from S. C. Baldwin, of Lamb's Corners, N. Y., in which he describes what he calls a dream. But if he will read Prentice Mulford's little pamphlet, "We travel when we sleep," he will find a description of the kind of voyage into the astral plane which he really made. This is more fully described in "Three Sevens," a book written by Dr. Phelon, and on sale at this office. All persons who have vivid dreams really go out of the body into the unseen planes, and there perceive and receive from that record of all happenings past, present and future.

C. A. Harris, of Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I am sorry I am not financially able to send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to one hundred people at my own expense. We have need of good speakers and mediums here. A good writing or materializing medium could get more than he (or she) could do in this city."

From Dayton, Ohio, through F. T., we have testimonials of the good work being done there. There are two societies. The older one is about three years old, and has a hundred active members. Mrs. Myra Payne has been speaking for them. The younger one, known as the Progressive Spiritual Alliance, has just held the most successful series of meetings ever organized in this city. These were under the lead of Willard J. Hull. Comparing the teachings of the orthodox church with Spiritualism, he said: "Its teaching for six thousand years has been trying to conform science to a creed. It has made but little progress among the thinking class of people. The forty-fourth anniversary has reached the entire surface of the globe. Spiritualism is the only philosophy that answers satisfactorily the question of Job: 'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

Mrs. M. T. Allen, whose name appeared in a previous announcement as Mrs. S. M. Allen, writes from Topeka, Kansas: "Permit me to announce to the readers of your most valuable paper that I will accept a few engagements as an inspirational trance speaker and platform test medium, to come and serve the cause in their respective communities upon the following terms: That the societies or friends of our cause desiring my mediumistic services furnish me a hall or church to speak in, attend to and pay for advertising, give me entertainment at the door to lectures, and give me the total proceeds, be that much or little, and I will take my chances for remuneration. The above does not apply, however, to such as are financially able to guarantee a regular salary, but to such only as would be glad to have public mediumistic demonstrations, lectures, etc., but have not the ready means to secure mediums of that ability."

THE MYSTIC LEMON.

It Puzzled an Investigator.

THE PASSING OF SOLIDS THROUGH SOLIDS.

In an article published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I gave the reason I then had for the belief that there were spirits who had acquired a knowledge of nature's forces that enabled them to pass solids through solids without disturbing the texture of either. This seems to be proved by the writing on the inside of closed slates, or the inside of locked boxes. Earnestly desiring further and more tangible evidence in this, I was especially gratified at a seance at my house early last fall, C. E. Winans, the medium. The assumed controlling spirit at the seance brought a box about ten by twelve inches square, and placed it on my knees. I unlocked it, and after determining it to be empty I placed a lemon inside, and securely locking it, I handed the key to a member of the circle at my right. I then placed both hands on the top of the box—palms down—extending my thumbs down the side of the box over the opening edge of the cover, and leaving a space of about four inches wide of the top exposed. The spirit operator then tore from a block of small pencil tablets a number of leaves, which afterwards proved to correspond to the number in the seance, and stopped close to me and rolled and folded them into a small compact ball, and placing this ball on the top of the box between my hands, he rolled the ball under his fingers, and it was instantly gone from my sight. The operator then stepped into the cabinet-room and brought out a plate of apples, left from the afternoon lunch, and passed them around to the company, leaving two on the plate; these he placed on top of the box and manipulated as with the paper ball, and the apples disappeared. The operator then returned to the cabinet, and immediately returned directed a fully-lighted lamp to be brought (the light all this time was sufficient to recognize fully the features of all in the room). When the lamp at full light was brought, four spirit forms stood in front of the curtain at a little space of time. As the operator stepped near me I felt something pushing under my right hand, and on lifting it the lemon was there on top of the box. He then asked me if there was anything else in the box. On tilting it I could distinguish something rolling about in it. I was then directed to open it. I reached for the key, and upon unlocking it I found two apples, and the leaves from the tablet, as smooth as when torn from the block, and a message on each leaf written in a variety of colors, addressed severally to each person in the seance, and one to a gentleman in Whitewater, Wis. Each of those messages was held to be appropriate by the one receiving it. Thus I had two of my senses verifying the fact that solids could be passed through solids without varying the texture of either.

I have had my time of asserting this to be impossible. Others are entitled to theirs; I have got through. Attending this box exposition, trick, deception, sleight of hand or the intellectual poverty of the observer—as it may please the reader to determine—there was one feature which was to me quite as interesting as the box feat, and that was in the personelle of the operator, who was very emphatically the copy or the verity of the medium himself, and had been seized and held, I am of opinion the medium would have been there, and a rich sop furnished for the "wise" fraud-hunters, who masquerade before the public in their cheap but gaudy plumage of superior wit or bombastic wisdom.

They will undoubtedly discard the box phenomena, and the attending materialized forms, and pounce at once on the medium as greedy as a hawk on his prey and with much the same spirit. To be entirely truthful to the candid reader, who, prompted by a desire to know, and hence impelled to ask for my theory by way of an explanation, I will, with equal candor, say that I have no theory, and am without sufficient knowledge to offer an explanation; but I have stored all these with other isolated facts, to be put to use as knowledge may be acquired. I have entirely abandoned theorizing, and have lost all interest in or desire for the "theories" of others. I have so often been entangled in my own theories that I have been unable to overtake and appropriate knowledge that might have made me measurably wise before being expelled from life's school, and have come to regard theorists as a bane to society and a curse to humanity.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Darien, Wis.

The Secretary of the Illinois State Association was announced in our issue of last week as Mrs. Donna Brooks. The name should have been Mrs. Donna Bruce.

THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD.

The Old Brakeman's Advice as to Which Road to Take Through the Journey of Life.

In early manhood as we approached a station where many railroads seemed to form a junction and solicit passengers, we fell in with an old gentleman, of whom I enquired about the facilities and relative merits of the different roads. Approaching him I said: "Friend, are you posted as to the merits of these different roads, as to their accommodation, safety, and so on?"

Old Gent.—After a few moments thought the old gentleman said: "Well, Captain, since you have called my mind to the subject, I think I am, as I have worked on several of these roads as brakeman, or as some called me, 'Deacon,' others, 'Selectman,' and so on; but they are all the same."

Enquirer—"Well, now, my friend, as I am about to start out on this journey, please give me the benefit of your experience with these roads."

Brakeman—"Certainly. Well, Captain, to begin with, I should say take the Common Sense and Progressive road by all means."

Enquirer—"Will you give us your reasons for so doing?"

Brakeman—Yes, I will; at least some of them, for to give you them all would be too lengthy; besides we think that before you have traveled a great distance on this road, you will pick them up for yourself. This road is without end, and consequently the longest road on record. It has far the best telegraphic facilities; is the broadest gauge; continuous rail and ties of nature's laws. It is an air line road, having no sharp turns or curves. But there are many switches that lead on to side cuts and branch roads put in or built by parties of rival interests, who wish to take along a great deal of freight in the shape of heirlooms—such as forgiveness of sins, faith, three in one, a heaven for first-class passengers and a hell for emigrants, with a Devil as boss, and much other truck. Old engineers from other roads are very apt to choose some of these branch roads, as they possess some peculiar interest to them, and as they run baggage cars, passengers with freight are induced to take some of these roads. These roads at the start-off seem to run along parallel with the main road; but the further you go the greater the divergence, until they are lost sight of entirely. Thus these branch roads and their engineers are a cause of much delay and vexation to passengers, as they must eventually return to the main track. This road, although as yet without any discovered end, possesses ample accommodations for all, and is lined on both sides with beautiful scenery and stations, with accommodations to suit all its passengers. Tickets being perpetual they are not subject to forfeiture or liable to outlaws. Passengers can stop off at the different stations and learn all they require about the country and the surrounding scenery, and pass on in good time to the next station, and so on and on until they become acclimated and fitted for countries beyond.

These branch roads—for there are many hundreds of them called by different names—are built—some of them—by private enterprise, while some are by class legislation, and others by syndicates or trusts, and many of them have largely increased their capital by watered stock. These are all short roads, each one claiming to be the shortest cut to a final terminus not far ahead, where passengers are all held in quarantine until the end of time, or a very indefinite time, when passengers and their baggage will be examined and they will learn on which side of the track they are to be landed. These roads, although claiming the shortest route, are mostly of a narrow gauge and many short curves, winding along rivers and over dangerous grounds, through sloughs of despond and over many a precipice, and through dark ravines, inhabited with serpents and wild beasts; and then running through the Valley of Death. The rails are short, with many couplings, the screws of which are constantly getting loose, while the ties are wearing out, and so it is necessarily under constant revision.

While working on some of these roads as Deacon, Selectman or Brakeman, as the case might be, my duty was to keep an eye on all the passengers and see that those with the most yellow on their tickets, who might afford us the most help in times of emergencies (which were often), should have the easiest seats, and also to help the conductor to expel any who should not pay their fare, and down breaks to slow up as we approached any loose rail or ties or any of the many places of danger. I tell you it is hard work braking on these roads, and when any pale passenger with a deep yellow ticket is in imminent danger, all the passengers on the whole road are called upon to put their shoulders to the wheel.

Enquirer—"Well, how about braking on this Common Sense and Progressive road?"

Brakeman—Easy. All you have to do is to attend to your own brake, never mind other passengers; let them sit on the seats, or on the stove, if they choose. They must attend to their own brake. The road is an air line with continuous rail, as we said, and if you attend your own brakes properly, you are perfectly safe. J. A. NAFORD.

Neenah, Wis.

S. Allyn writes us from Rochester, N. Y. He gives the details of a seance held there some fifteen years ago, in which a mob from the Young Men's Christian Union acted the fraud-hunters' part. The methods then were the same as those in vogue now, and are in accordance with the teachings of the founder of the Christian religion, who said: "Behold, I come not to bring peace, but a sword." Man's cussedness, which has followed the animal part of his nature from the brute plane up, sloughs off very slowly. It is easier to pound a man into helplessness than to convince him you are right, by argument, especially when you have no basis of truth on your side.

Mrs. DeWolf will lecture in Duluth, Minn., during the month of May.

The Secretary of the Illinois State Association was announced in our issue of last week as Mrs. Donna Brooks. The name should have been Mrs. Donna Bruce.

Geo. F. Perkins and wife are now at Washington, D. C.

THE TRUE HERO.

As Defined By Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR:—"All this talk about the heroic age of our grandfathers is unadulterated nonsense," says Walter Blackburn Harte, in the April New England Magazine. "We are quite as heroic in this generation as were the men of any generation; and this is not saying very much. There are, however, heroes in our midst all the time; but the only heroes we know anything of are those of history and literature. We are torn and swayed by the same passions and fears as actuated the people of ancient Egypt; and a tragedy in a Broadway restaurant is just as much a tragedy, and just as full of the human element necessary for poetry as if it took place on the banks of the Nile. The engineer who stands in his cab, at the risk of his life, in a railroad crash, is quite as heroic a figure as Columbus threatened by his mutinous sailors. As long as the human drama continues, there will be tragedies and there will be heroes. The critics who say that this age is too prosaic for the production of poets and poetry, do not appear to realize that as long as birth and death, and the essential solitariness of every individual existence remain, human life can never become commonplace. The fact is, in reading about our ancestors we accept shadows, continually elongating with the years, for men."

The true hero, as defined by Spiritualism, is the one who is good, and does good all the time. There are heroes who approximate that exalted standard, as illustrated in the following pathetic story of the comrades in a Western mining camp. The report says:

"We always spoke of them as 'Our Jims.' They were two of the best men in camp, and 'best' meant a good deal in those days. When the Orange gulch men came over to jump our claim, it was our two Jims who rallied us to drive them off, leaving six dead men to be buried in the evening. When the toughs and roughs of Old Man's Hill laid claim to our diggings, and appeared two to one to drive us off, it was our Jims again who led the van and enabled us to win the victory."

Jim who? Jim what? I do not know. No one but themselves knew. Now and then some miner gave his full name, but we had no use for it. We were Jim and Bill and Pete to each other, and that alone.

Our Jims were not quarrelsome men. Big men and brave men never are. They tented together and were "pards," and how it came about that they fell out none of us ever learned. One morning, when they had been tentmates for many months, one Jim packed up and left camp. He had nothing to say—nothing beyond the statement that "Me and Jim is out." The Jim who remained made no statement whatever. Among ourselves we said there had been a hot word dropped and picked up just when both men were out of sorts. It was hard work, that hunting for gold. We worked like slaves, and lived far worse, and tentmates quarreled very often.

In a day or two we saw that the Jim who remained was troubled in his mind. He had been too proud to hold out his hand and ask the other Jim to stay, but now it was hurting him. He grew sullen and morose, and now and then he paused in his work and looked up the trail with a longing look in his eyes—a longing to see the other Jim returning to camp. Five or six days had passed when a Chinaman came into camp with a note for Jim. It was written with a blackened stick on a piece of brown paper, and read:

"Jim, it's a case of small-pox, and I won't ask you to come. It's just to say I'm sorry we fell out, and to bid you good-bye."

It took three or four of us half an hour to make out the badly-written and misspelled message, and when we had finished, our Jim walked away to his tent and began to pack up. The snow-clouds were banking up in the west, and it was plain that a bad storm was at hand.

The other Jim was twenty-eight miles away, sick and alone, in a rude cabin at the abandoned diggings of Cray's Woman's Creek. The trail led over the mountain, and through valleys thick with scrub and rough boulders, and the Chinaman was completely broken down when he reached us.

"You won't start, with that storm coming on?" we said to Jim, as he came out of his tent, with a pack on his back.

"Jim wants me, good-bye!" he replied, and in five minutes he was out of sight. An hour later we were all driven to shelter, and for three days and nights there was never a break in the storm. There wasn't a tent on the diggings in sight when the fourth morning came—every one snowed out of sight. If we hadn't been snowed under we should have been frozen to death by the cutting winds. Jim couldn't have made those twenty-eight miles in less than a day with no snow under his feet. We knew that he must have perished in that storm before midnight.

It was a long three weeks before the snow went off, and then two of us went up the trail. All day long we looked for the dead body of the Jim who had started out before the storm, but we did not discover it. An hour before dark we came to the abandoned diggings, and caught sight of the single shanty left standing. We should find the other Jim in there—dead. Step by step we advanced, dreading to look in, and yet feeling that we must. The door was fast, but the fierce gusts had torn loose some of the light boards at a corner, and we had a view of the interior. Lying on a blanket on the earth, with another partly covering them, and lying face to face, with an arm over each other, were two dead men—our Jims. The one who had sent the Chinaman might have been raving in delirium when the other reached him through that awful storm, but he heard his voice and knew it. The one who fought his way over that snow-bound trail, stumbling, falling, praying—buoyed up by the hope that he would not be too late, could do nothing after his journey was ended—nothing but to lie down and die beside his partner.

A FREETHINKER.

The Ultimate of Little Things.

A gold coin passes from one to another 2,000,000 times before the stamp or impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, while a silver coin changes 3,250,000 times before it becomes entirely effaced.

Mrs. H. S. Lake at Washington. D. C.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists of the Washington Society have been listening, during the month of April, to a course of lectures from the spirit guides of Mrs. H. S. Lake, the most of which have been so remarkable that I have thought your readers might be interested in a brief notice of them. The audiences were uniformly large, and an unusual degree of interest was manifested. The subjects of the lectures on April 3 have escaped me, but on the 10th the morning subject was "Spirit Spheres." The lecture was a very full, lucid and satisfactory explanation of the different spheres and conditions in spirit-life, giving her hearers new conceptions of the occupations, growth and unfoldment of spirit in spirit realms, and describing the conditions not only of enlightened spirits, but of the darkened ones as well. The subject of the evening discourse was: "The Unity and Diversity of Spiritualism." The power and value of the lecture was manifest in the fact that at its close a gentleman in the rear of the hall, a stranger, had been so profoundly impressed by the practical and useful lessons it contained that he sent to the President of the Society a proposition that if the lecture could be reproduced for the printer he would pay one-tenth of the expense of printing one hundred thousand copies for free distribution. Of course this could not be done, but it exemplifies the general estimate of the lecture.

On April 17 the morning discourse was on "Man's Incarnation, Responsibility and Destiny," and was a very thoughtful and philosophical exposition of the doctrine of reincarnation, mainly along lines of theosophic thought, and diving into the finer and more subtle forces of spiritual and material nature for the reasons making reincarnation necessary, arguing and explaining man's responsibility to his highest nature; and behind it all, the foreordained power that impels and predetermines mankind to undergo the life experiences that fall to their lot. It was a wonderfully profound and instructive lecture. The evening lecture was on the subject of "Woman and Nationalism, from a Spiritual Outlook." The lecturer depicted woman emancipated from the thralldom which environs her under our present social conditions, and taking her rightful place by man's side, his equal in all the realms of industry, of social life, and governmental life, and showing that when this becomes a fact it will become possible through spiritual conditions to produce a race of beings which will be free from the diabolical conditions which now produce so many criminals.

On the morning of the 24th Mrs. Lake's subject was "Joan of Arc, the medium of Orleans." Many of your readers will remember that in the repertoire of the gifted Anna Dickinson was a lecture upon Joan of Arc, with which years ago she used to delight immense audiences, and which so critical a listener as Charles Sumner declared the grandest lecture he had ever heard. It is enough to say of Mrs. Lake's effort that an intelligent gentleman in her audience who had heard Anna Dickinson's lecture declares Mrs. Lake to be infinitely superior, inasmuch as, besides narrating in a succinct manner the salient points in Joan's heroic life she explained the reasons, from a spirit standpoint, why Joan led the life and suffered the martyrdom she did. The course closed in the evening with a lecture on "Spiritism, Spiritualism and Spirituality." This lecture was delivered by Mrs. Lake in her own proper person, unentranced, to a very large audience, and was universally conceded to be one of the best of the course. One thought, strongly brought out and emphasized in the lecture, was that the interior lives of mediums attract to them spirits whose thought corresponds thereto, and that the manifestations through the mediums are largely tinted thereby. This idea is to me plainly and distinctly emphasized in Mrs. Lake herself, and in the high character of the lectures she delivers when in an entranced condition.

Mrs. Lake is to return to Washington the first of September and deliver a course of lectures on Sundays and week-day evenings upon subjects having close relation to spiritualistic thought. The platform during the month of May is to be occupied by W. J. Colville, from whom rare lessons of wisdom are expected.

M. D. HAMILTON.

Items from Denver, Col.

TO THE EDITOR:—Again I have the pleasure of addressing you in reference to our beautiful cause. The ladies have organized a new society. Our object is to raise means to build a spiritual temple, which Denver has never yet possessed. I am happy to say that we are having great encouragement, as the Spiritualists are turning out in goodly numbers every week to our dime socials and Sabbath meetings. Last night Mr. Jules Wallace brought a fine programme, and ladies and gentlemen to perform it, which they did with credit to themselves. Mr. J. Wallace has taken a great interest in our undertaking; he is helping us with money and other available means, for which we are more than grateful. He is developing some very fine mediums; one has already been giving life readings some time, and has not failed in one instance.

Mrs. F. GREEN.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always has something good, but the recently-published lecture by Dr. J. R. Buchanan ought to be read by every one who calls themselves Spiritualists, and then lived up to—made a part of one's life; then a man may truly say that he is a Spiritualist. I have read most of the doctor's published works with great pleasure and profit, and hope we may often hear from him through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. J. E. REED.
Covington, Mass.

HEART-BEATS.

As They Go Out for the Unfortunate.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am rejoiced to report that the idea suggested by Brother Jennifer, and so earnestly seconded by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that the anniversary meetings be made a means to help through her earthly pilgrimage the pioneer instrument of this dispensation, Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, has not gone unheeded, as will be seen by the subjoined report of receipts. The amount now on hand, by frugal dole, will carry our unfortunate sister through the next six months. This is a pleasant reflection; and I am certain that the Angel-world will be prompt to future provision. When this fund is exhausted I shall not hesitate to use the hospitable columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for another appeal, and in the meantime let none hesitate to send a contribution, without waiting for dire necessity to once again force the subject upon public attention.

All the letters received breathe a spirit of charity and thankfulness that is most helpful and spiritually refreshing to the recipient. And there is also in most letters a good word for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the people's paper. In one letter before me a brother writes: "I am glad there is such a paper as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER." Another says: "I see in that best of papers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER," and finally here is a tribute of special value from a brother writing from La Crosse, and inclosing a dollar, says: "I received the light only about four months ago by reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and thank God for it!" Surely, Brother Francis, such evidences of usefulness to mankind are a precious reward for work well done, and cannot fail to urge you to still greater efforts to spread the light—even as it is given you to see the light. Below will be found the sums received since my last report:

Illinois State Spiritual Society, \$8.00; Spiritual Society, Port Huron, Mich., \$7.00; Progressive Spiritualist Society, Grand Rapids, Mich., \$5.00; Monthly Meeting, Louisville, by W. Ruby, \$4.20; Progressive Spiritualist Society, Omaha, \$1.65; Henry Frankson, \$1.00; W. H. Baxter, \$1.00; G. R. Watts, 50 cents; R. Baker and friends, 50 cents; Anna Costes, 25 cents; Mrs. C. A. C. Travis, 25 cents; Mrs. Elizabeth White and daughter, 20 cents; E. F. King, 25 cents; a friend, Chicago, 25 cents; A. M. Blegen, 10 cents; Mrs. R. W. Porter, 10 cents; Sarah C. Kipp, 10 cents; R. B. Dean, 10 cents; Victor Berggren, 10 cents; Mrs. H. M. Spang, A. J. Van Duzen, 10 cents; Carrie Hargraves, 10 cents; by A. L. Clackner, Rochester, N. Y., Psychical Research Society collection, \$4.72. Total on hand, \$99.51. FREDERICK F. COOK,
79 Fourth avenue, New York.

Worth a Year's Subscription.

THOUGHTS FLASHING FROM THE PEN OF LYMAN C. HOWE.

That lecture by Dr. Buchanan in your anniversary edition is worth a year's subscription, and many want it. There may be a dozen more in the same issue just as good, but if so I have not read them yet; but I wish the good doctor had given us more explicit information as to the nature, source, reliability and means of verifying his discovery, which he tells us was a "new world of knowledge" which he has "never fully published," and in which he "found the divine religion in a fullness and completeness of which the teachers of ethics and religion have never had a comprehension," and which is "adequate to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth."

From the doctor's habits of scientific analysis, and his familiarity with the human anatomy and physiology, and the play of psychic influences upon these intricate structures, we may reasonably expect that any discovery he has made is accountable to scientific methods, and demonstrable by induction. If his new discovery is verifiable (and if not, can it be reliable?), it ought to be susceptible to such scientific analysis as should compel acceptance, as all other discoveries do.

The fact that it is grand "and soul-inspiring" should be no obstacle to its acceptance by students of nature; and even though it be "so widely different from anything that has ever been seen or understood on earth, so essentially different from all that surrounds us in society," it must be in harmony with eternal law, and within the orderly system of nature, and, therefore, as demonstrable, when fully understood, as all other truths that yield their treasured secrets to the magic of science; but if it be a theory, an ideal, however fine and beautiful and inspiring to the spiritual imagination, and cannot be tested and applied with analytical precision and uniform certainty, can it be truthfully called a discovery? Cannot any student of nature reveal in precise language and clear analysis all that he actually knows? Is not the inability to clearly and definitely express any presumed knowledge evidence of uncertainty and confusion in the mind that presents it?

I can fully endorse the practical realization of that spiritual sentiment which warms and illumines the way of such ideal characters as illustrated by the doctor's thought and theme, and accept it as a vital factor in all moral awakenings; but were the early disciples, with their master, cognizant of any organic law discoverable in the anatomy and functions of the brain by which this beautifully unselfish labor of love could be made a subject of scientific analysis and brought into systematic cultivation and reliable application as the sciences are? If not, has Dr. Buchanan discovered the secret in the anatomy and normal functions of the brain? If he has, why should he "fall into despair" of being able to "embody or introduce this grand ideal?" Is it because it is an "ideal" and not a real discovery that it is beyond the reach of scientific methods.



All hail to the state of Michigan! The above illustration speaks for itself. It shows most emphatically the deep hold that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has on the hearts of the Spiritualists of that State. Just think, 1500 PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S going into that State weekly! What a channel it is for the Spiritualists there to advertise their meetings, make their wants known, and otherwise promote the cause. Spiritualists in that State as well as in every other, should recognize the fact that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads, and is the only Spiritualist paper in the United States self-sustaining without advertisements.

I do not make these criticisms to disparage the value of the "ideal," nor to reflect against the doctor's scientific ability and great usefulness in original research; nor to weaken the force of Christian examples in which the divine ideal has touched so deeply with its inspiring love. I am in sympathy with the practical purposes and the spiritual concepts that vitalize the humanitarian principles in all. What I am anxious to know is that a discovery has been made that the whole world may realize, and that can be scientifically applied, that will forever banish the "strife and war, poverty and pestilence" that "make many regret that they ever were born."

With all that Jesus and his followers brought to the world, vitalized by the intense zeal and divine magnetism of their lives, the world has not yielded to superior impulse. Ages of evolution may raise all races from the "low plane" in which all vices take root; and the spirit of great reformers may be a helpful inspiration to the moral sentiments which, like sunshine on the earth, warms and expands the germ and evokes the vital expression; but with the example of history before us, what have we to hope from all of these in a thousand years? Science is rapidly superseding Christianity as a civilizer and redeemer. If the original germ of pure religion, as exemplified in the lives which have become the doctor's inspiration, is revealed in the anatomy and functions of the brain, and subject to scientific direction that can give it universal application insuring definite and certain results, we may safely say, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Villa Ridge, Illinois.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is doing a grand, good work in this community. It is the best educator and liberalizer that has ever appeared among us. All like it who read it. I believe it is an instrument in the control of advanced minds in the Spirit-world to enlighten and liberalize the inhabitants on this planet. Our cause is progressing here. We are now organized, and expect to be able to procure good speakers and mediums to help the good work along. Mr. J. H. Washburn is now with us. He is a host within himself. He is a fluent speaker and sound reasoner. I would recommend him to all as a grand worker in our cause, and a gentleman in all that word implies, and any society wanting a good speaker will do well to secure him.

W. H. LEIDIGH.

"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.

From Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Progressive Spiritual Society is keeping steadily at work. Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings will close her four months' engagement the last of May. The society has found much benefit from this engagement; the time has slipped by so pleasantly that it hardly seems longer than the usual order. The young people, under the direction of Miss Coral Thomas, recently gave another entertainment, which was in every way ahead of their former efforts. Dr. U. D. Thomas excelled himself by giving an original poem, "The Deacon's Cow," which contained mirth and logic. Being heartily enjoyed, he gave another of his own production. Mrs. James B. Hagan-Jackson, with her wondrous power of improvisation, added pleasure to the occasion, April being the only month that she has had the pleasure of remaining in her new home since locating here. She took this opportunity, and handsomely entertained her friends. As a souvenir of the occasion, miniatures of the host and hostess, and the dear mother, were mounted on cards, tied with ribbon, and distributed to the happy guests. More anon. E. F. J.

The May "Arena."

The May Arena will close the fifth volume. It is a strong, active, interesting two-and-a-half-year-old baby of the ancient Hercules family. Its circulation rates second only on the list of high-priced reviews. Its contributors embrace such well-known names as Col. Ingersoll, Frances Willard, Count Tolstoi, Henry George and Marion Harland. It represents, on the monthly platform, the same idea THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is putting out on the weekly rostrum—a respectful and courteous hearing for representative thought on all advancing lines; sure that, although these may differ in details of work, the end is the same for all. It aims to obtain the cream of intellectual activity in the discussion of all social, economic, ethical, religious and educational problems. The fearlessness and ability of its staff have promoted it to the head of the advance column of reviews. In addition to all this, it possesses the valuable popular feature of containing the portraits of leading thinkers, brilliant biographical sketches, prose, etchings and short stories. The table of contents for May leaves a thinking reader in doubt which article he would like to read first. It is such facts as these which have increased the circulation since last November 33 1-3 per cent. The Arena is furnished at \$5 a year. Direct: Arena Publishing Co., Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

A Lecture on the "Morality of Dancing." By M. A. Collins, in reply to a challenge by Sam Jones. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

What a Traveler Saw at the Very Moment of the Poet's Death.

TO THE EDITOR:—The New York Times states that at about the moment of the poet Whitman's death, a Connecticut woman was en route to New York by way of railroad train due at the Grand Central at 7:30 o'clock. Her husband was with her, but he sat near one of the lights reading, while she occupied a window place in a seat with a stranger. She had been looking out of the window as the darkness grew, watching the lights and faces of the people in the car reflected in the opaque dusk, when suddenly she was startled by the appearance directly in front of the window of an apparition in marble, it seemed. It was the face and head of a venerable man, with high forehead, flowing white hair and long beard. Unlike the faces of the other occupants of the car, which were turned in the same direction with herself, this face looked at her from forward, so that it presented almost a square front.

Something in the sight chilled and frightened her. Not daring to turn, she reached around and touched the woman at her side, to whom, before this, she had not spoken.

"Look!" she said earnestly, "look at that!" Attracted by her manner, the stranger leaned forward and peered over her shoulder into the darkness outside.

"I see nothing," she said, and as she spoke the face vanished.

"Why, didn't you see it as you turned?" the other asked eagerly. "A marble-white face like Longfellow's, only larger, and with more hair and beard. Whose could it have been?"

She turned and scanned the occupants of the seats near her, and then got up and walked the length of the car, searching for the original, thinking she was the victim of some illusion of refraction. There was nobody in the car whose face in the least resembled that she had seen, and she and her seatmate talked of the matter until the latter left at the next stopping place.

On her way from the train the Connecticut woman related her vivid vision to her husband, and then dismissed it from her mind for the time.

The next morning, however, on opening a Sunday paper she started back in alarm.

"Why," she said, "there is the face that looked at me through the car window," pointing as she spoke to a large cut of Walt Whitman, "and he died last night," she finished in an awe-struck voice.

In the accounts of the poet's death it was stated that he breathed his last at 6:43 p. m. By recalling the station at which her seatmate had left, the Connecticut woman was able to estimate that it must have been a few minutes before 7 that the face showed itself. R.

The Dawning Day.

Oh! the morning, dewy laden,
Blushing with a tender grace,
Like the presence of a maiden
Seems her shy and loving face.
Over the still, softly arching,
Falls a canopy of gray;
From the mountains, swiftly marching,
Comes the heralds of day.

In the valleys, brightly curling,
'Round the mosses' shady bed,
Are the violets, upward turning,
For the sunshine overhead.
Heaven showers all her fragrance
Through the golden arch of day,
With a sacred, holy presence,
Till the shadows wing away.

From the broad and tinkling meadow
Pipes the robin's mating song,
And their echoes, sweet and mellow,
Like a sunbeam float along.
In the twilight meekly bowing,
Where the wooing tendrils play,
Is the daisy, sweetly drawing
Summer's sweetness from the spray.

Through the forest's branches quiver,
Many a lance of silver light;
Waking, where the shadows gather,
Blue-eyed beauties robed in white.
O'er the water's laughing tide
Leafy branches idly play;
Like a dream they seem to glide
Into heaven's starry bay.

Morning, with a flood of glory,
Lifts her banners to the world,
And repeats Love's wondrous story
In the budlets, dewy-pearled.
Thus the master-hand interprets
What our secret hearts would say,
And each jeweled virtue sets
In the spirit's Dawning Day.

—Bishop A. Beals.

Items From a Worker.

TO THE EDITOR:—Immediately after the anniversary services at Lansing, at the invitation of Brother J. H. White, I came to Port Huron, Mich., to give the address in commemoration of the advent of modern Spiritualism; also to assist in dedicating the new hall, the use of which has, by Brother White, been given the friends of this city. Long since he promised his spirit friends he would do so, and that his generous offer is fully appreciated we can but be assured by the fine audiences which fill the hall every Sunday. The new society is in good working order, and bids fair to become a success in every way. There are a great many older workers here, and all seem anxious to help the cause along. The donation of the use of the hall is but one of the many things Mr. White, assisted by Mrs. White (who is in full accord with him in the interest of reform), is constantly doing in a quiet way. I have passed the month pleasantly in their home and that of Mrs. J. H. Haslett. I was called to Plymouth, near Detroit, where I found a very liberal people, but no organized society. I go from here to Owosso, Mich., for my next work. Your paper is a general favorite, and it would seem almost every Spiritual home has it. A. E. SHEETS.

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

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