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THE EVOLUTION OF GODS

The Generation of the Gods of Mythology.

A Study of Past Superstition and Ignorance.

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Peace and good-will are the messengers of gods and men. The ancients delighted in concealing learning from many, under the guise of hieroglyphics and fables. Hermes and Isis were heralds of the Olympian deities. The divine forces of the Persians; the demons of the Greeks; the ghosts of the Romans; and the angels of the Jews, are all identical, and by and through such agencies immortal intelligence communicates with the finite world. Mythology, briefly defined, is the fables, or opinions and doctrines, representing the deities, which the so-called heathen nations believed to reside over the world and influence its affairs.

From the legends of mythology come many adventures of heroes and gods; and in imagination we see their forms, and listening, we seem to hear their voices chanting, and the burdens of their song are poems of praise in triumph of Vulcan's armor, as being proof against every weapon. Vulcan's armor was fashioned in Olympus or the mythologic heaven, and upon its disc many a rare design of curious art Vulcan's practised skill had wrought. Thereon was figured earth and sky and sea, the ever-circling sun, and the full-orbed moon, and all the signs that crown the vault of heaven. In fact, sculptured upon the shield were all the signs of heaven and earth. Were we to separate in parts the shield of Vulcan, it would destroy the beauty of its collective arrangement; not the exquisite workmanship of each fragment. So with the fables and opinions of the collective arrangement of mythology. The examination of its parts shows skill of wondrous design; collectively arranged, it mirrors forth, by representative resemblance, the realities of the order, wisdom and harmony of the intellectual kingdom. In this system the eye of reason perceives the complete fruiting of the deep philosophy implanted by nature in the soul of man. It teaches that influences develop principles; principles direct matter, and that all are governed by law. Our purpose is to consider some of the characters mentioned in mythology, ascertain their origin, determine their essence or nature, interpret their meaning and employment in fable, and to see whether they operate now, and in what manner, if at all, they influence the affairs of our time. According to the teaching embodied in mythology, time, space, matter and intelligence are the fundamentals or elementaries from which all things are comprised. Time determines the period of material integration; space, the expanse in which all things move. Matter is the material bounding the lines of form. Intelligence the sense by and through which things are known. These are the parental forces and origin from which all things spring. Time is personified by the god Chronos. Space by the god Oceanus. Matter by the goddess Tethys, and intelligence by the goddess Rhea. Thus intelligence and matter are the mothers, and space and time the fathers of gods and men. Chronos or time, blending with Rhea, or intelligence, produced Zeus, the law-giver. They were also the parents of Hera, or order, the queen of heaven. Poseidon, or harmony; Aidos, or health; Metis, or counsel; Mnemosyne, or memory; Impetus and eventualty. The mental domain was inherited by the brothers, law, harmony and health. Health having received the inner portion; Harmony the middle, and Law the outer region; the earth and delight remained common ground for all. The empire being thus divided, its administration blended into operative unity. Law has the legislative power, while harmony possessed the executive, and health the judicial or law-interpreting power. Zeus, or law, generated many offsprings, and as the fable reads, he devoured thereby mentally pregnant, brought forth Pallas or wisdom, the godlike intellect, invincible in might. From Order, the queen of intelligence, he begat Vulcan, or construction, the architect. Construction, the offspring of law and order, is not an author, but a master mechanic. In the workshop of nature, when a plan is designed by law, it is, with the specifications, given to the master workman to execute. Construction frames, joints, centers, and articulates and builds forms from imperceptible atoms. The offspring of law and order is creation's omnipotent architect, and its works are manifold, unequalled, inimitable and various, comprising all things throughout the universe. All forms apparent to the

physical and mental sight; all shaping and changing of matter; all births and growths; all budding, branching, blossoming, fruiting and ripening of seeds, either in the material or intellectual soil, are the works of construction. Construction is the formulator of all things, and whatever is, or is to be, depends for its existence upon construction. Construction outlines the beautiful, the awful, and its autograph is upon everything; from the lone violet beneath the sky to the ebon cloud of the storm, from whose bosom leaps the lightning's shaft. With atoms, it fashions the compacted earth, and launches it forth upon its voyage through ethereal seas. It unrolls the limitless, transparent scroll of the sky, and pins upon its azure bosom the diamond of the sea. It hangs above the flying earth, the tent of night, fixing a gem here and a jewel there, until the wide, star-dotted canopy gleams with a thousand fires of lambent glory. All intelligence admires and praises the works of this great master; countless voices sing his excellence, and in sweet accord chant canticles of gladness. The warblings of myriad songsters; the song-burst of Aurora's mellow light; the glorious laughter of the noonday sun; the joyous smile of roselate evening; the reverential hush of silent night, all rejoice in construction, and their songs of joy send forth admiration and praise.

From the beginning to the present, the hand of construction has been fashioning, building and perfecting. Without construction, nothing would have been made. The atmosphere, temperature or surface; the ocean, land, and every living thing; trilobites, molecules, and the great succession of animals in all their various natures; landscapes, continents, and the wondrous forms of vegetation, would never have been made. The earth's crust and the heart of the earth, rich in hidden treasures for life-sustaining man; the shells and corals of the sea; great reptiles on land; monsters of the deep; flying meteors in the air; the revolutions of nature; the sinking of continents; the changing of life; the Alps and the Pyrenees; the vine and the fig-tree; the winged birds; mysterious transpositions; frozen worlds; darkness; desolation, light, wind, thunder, pyrotechnics of the elements, and the firmament—illuminating, swinging, glorifying all—awe-inspiring panorama—are amazing marvels of workmanship. The miracles of mountain sculpture; the majestic Ararat, lifting high its glittering summit; granite Sinai, peeping from amid thundering and cloud, and Horeb, with its flinty rock and flowing stream, the rivers, like winding ribbons of silver, out of the place from where they came, and to which they return again; the leaves of the forest, murmuring matins at morning time and vesper when the evening comes; the beauteous flowers, like whispering angels, filling the heart with fragrance of love; the roselate mosses of the rocky mountains, types of immortality, in stony clusters of fadeless green, are proof that life, through death, will live again. The Leviathan of the deep, to which the wildest uproar of the tempest is but a pastime; the singing mussel of Ceylon, whose melancholy but soothing music steals through the calm moonlight, along the ocean shore, like the touch of evening zephyrs o'er the strings of an aeolian harp, as if to wake again some memory of the sea nymph, whose voices lured the souls of heroes to loves beneath the ocean wave; every form of insect, tiny musicians in nature's choir; bees humming over the flowers; butterflies opening and closing their painted wings to the sun; swarming gnats, rising and falling in ceaseless maze between the sunbeams; beetles droning in drowsy flight; grasshoppers chirping in every bank of green and brown; the web of the spider, the lustre of the insect's wing; every organ of sense, faculty and power; man, the prince over all, wonderfully made, a monument of unrivaled mechanism, a prodigy of part, an object of contemplation, wonder and astonishment, ever voicing the majesty of the workmanman displayed, and dropped as toys from thy hand, matchless. Construction, mighty child of Law and Order.

Law and Order produced Ares or Trouble (the god of war); also Hebe (ever young), who became the wife of Hercules or the great-souled Resolution. Apollo or Diana, or Strife and Disorder, were offsprings of Law, from Latona or Envy. Hermes or Attention, the winged god-messenger of Heaven, is the son of Law from Mate, the daughter of Atlas or Air, the earth-carrier. From Matter by Law came through Enduring and Impetus, the four brothers, Atlas or Air; Prometheus, or Fire; Epimetheus, or Water, and Menotius or Earth; famous artisans, skilled in products mortal. From Despair, in the city of Good-intent, was born by Law, the great-souled Resolution, who, directed by Eusythous, or Wise-teaching, overcame the twelve agonizing labors of life. Leda, or Investigation by Law, produced four children, two sons and two daughters, via Clytemnestra,

or Application, who became the spouse of Agamemnon, or Power; and Helen or Understanding, who wedded Menelaus or Knowledge. Castor or Sense, the horseman, and Pollux or Industry, the pugilist, were the discipuli; founder of the arts and favorite sons of their father, Law.

Mnemosyne, or Memory, by Law, brought forth lovely offsprings, the tuneful nine; the Pierian stream of muses via Clio, or History; Melpomene, or Tragedy; Thalia, or Comedy; Terpsichore, or song and dance; Euterpe, or music of the wind; Erato, or music of the strings; Calliope, or Poetry; Urania, or Astronomy; Polyhymnia, or Eloquence, regulated and controlled by the processes of growth the chit, sprout, stem, branch, leaf, bud, blossom and fruit are successively evolved from a primal germ. So, from an intellectual germ are evolved ten principles, namely: Power, Knowledge, Experience, Reason, Strength, Courage, Zeal, Virtue, Justice and Mercy, which are the buds of the mental tree, that culminate into the fruiting of understanding or comprehension of the meaning of things.

The senses, touch, taste, smell, sight and hearing, are the inlets or roots, and through these are supplied the material or nourishing properties which support and enrich the tree desiring its growth. Co-equal with the growth of these principles, and co-related to them, is the product of memory, which depends also upon the action and integrity of the senses; indeed, without these there could be no memory. Memory is the mother of all sensations, whether pleasurable or painful. The offsprings of memory are negative in character, and therefore, in personifications, are properly called daughters; they are sisters, and their employments are those of pleasure, inspiration, instruction, gladness and excitement. They perform their work properly and well, when there is great and vigorous action of the intellect. When the intellect is sluggish and inactive the memory is dull and fails to respond altogether, and becomes unequal to the task of reflecting upon the mind's mirror the pictures sketched by the pencils of the senses. A properly and well balanced and evenly rounded memory results from the action of all the senses. Memory is the mental record. The seed of law emanating from the matrix of memory brings forth these fascinating and beautiful sisters. They being out of the memory, nourished by the senses, are sensual, not spiritual daughters; being of sensual origin, all the sensual and sensuous are attracted by them. Euterpe, Terpsichore and Erato, especially, are found in the company of the sensual. Dancing and music are not unacquainted with crime; vice, indeed, is fostered by them; the passionate part of the soul alone responds to the rhythmic tapping of the feet of Terpsichore. Thoughts pure in spirit come to strengthen and bless the devout one, in the quiet closet of secret prayer, and not in some hall of gilded splendor, where dancers giddy whirl to the measured swell of voluptuous music.

One of the most valued, because one of the most helpful of the nine sisters, is Clio, or history. Clio, partaking more of sight and hearing, is less sensual than any one of the sisters, excepting Urania. Clio instructs, history teaches; this is relative knowledge. The significance of Clio is the consecutive clinging together of events. When, through the media of the senses, the memory acquires and records what happened, that branch of intelligence so developed or evolved by this process, is historical, and Clio, one of the muses, is born. Moved by the spell of Clio's enchantment, people are taught by the records of Herodotus and Tacitus, delighted with the word-pictures of Gibbon and Macaulay, and thrilled by the blazing of time's recorded events inscribed upon her scroll. Melpomene, sober, sad, of ghastly face, "can start and tremble at the wagging of a straw," wraps her inky cloak of tragedy about the forms of the passionate Siddons, Macready and Booth. Thalia, with comic grin and laughter musical, sits in the midst of pleasure's guests, and with her flashes of merriment sets the table in a roar, and mirth hilarious holds carnival. At the beckoning smile of Thalia, out of the rosy mists of remembrance come the forms of Garrick, Burton, Yorick and a host of jolly company, who loved to gladden oft-saddened hearts with a little of this music of laughter.

Terpsichore, outlined with grace and lithesome form, is of all the sisters the most fascinating to the sensual; she is likened to that voluptuous Venus who, while tapping with her fingers upon the tambourine, danced her way into the assembled guests upon high Olympus, entrancing and exciting the most staid and decorous among them. The queens in Terpsichore's realm, who have tripped the light fantastic into the senses of men, Tagliani and Fanny Ellsler, have a record. Minds influenced by wisdom and strong in power to form correct judgment are never enslaved by the blandishments of Terpsichore. The gay and thoughtless, the giddy and foolish, the children of ignorance and folly everywhere are found in the tinsel halls of Terpsichore, chasing with rapid feet upon the smooth and slippery floor, the mocking, flying phantoms of pleasure. Euterpe, interprets the language of the winds, from the thundering basso of the tempest's breath, as it howls through the canyons of the Sierras, to the light soprano of the zephyr, as it croons a lullaby at evening time among the whispering grasses. Euterpe sings among the trees; the listener hears her song on the summit of the Himalayas, in the dense forests, over the tops of the Andes, the serene and the yellow, and the evergreen

flora, and again in the Sierra Nevada; and so Euterpe wraps her song of the winds about the whirling world. The organ, sublime and inspiring, is her instrument, and its deep-toned melody, trembling, responds to the touch of her soul. Errato, with fairy fingers lightly sweeps her harp-strings, and saddened hearts grow glad again. In many an olden castle in Erin's isle harper minstrels gathered, filling the dim aisles with strains of tender melody, to the "harp which once in Tara's hall." David sang and moved the multitude to joy and tears as he swept the strings of Errato's instrument, and when sorrow came to the children of Israel, they hung their harps on the willow, and by the waters of Babylon sat down and wept.

Calliope, or Poetry, whether it sleeps in the heart of a flower, or glows in the tint of sunset, or mutely pleads in snowy grace of sculptured marble, or speaking in rhythmic measures through metered lines, is personified by the sweet-voiced Calliope, and Shakespeare, and Moliere, and Sheldias, and Praxiteles are her disciples. Calliope walks upon the sea shore, and gathers shells and pearls; she walks among the ferns and mosses of green valleys, and plucks the blossoms from every garden, with which to decorate herself. The Calliopean mind, figuratively speaking, is a mind of shells and ferns and flowers, and not a mind reflective. Urania of all the sisters is the noblest and the best of the daughters of Memory. Urania, or astronomy, is the opposite to Calliope, for she rejects that which is fanciful, and accepts only the exact and mathematical. The Uranian mind is exemplified in Tycho, Brahe, Copernicus, Galileo, Herschell and in a large degree by Napoleon. It seeks after the unknown to make it known; it evolves practical knowledge; from the seemingly abstract, it deals with things that are, and is strong in deducing, arranging and applying; though all the world should deny, it still smiles, for it knows that the stars shine for a purpose.

Polyhymnia is the most accomplished of all the sisters, and the one seldom seen. Interpreted, it means Many Hymns, or eloquence. The voice of eloquence is turned to many keys, and it sings its songs of heaven and earth. The powers and possibilities of education is best shown by eloquence; people listen, and are moved more by it than all else in the range of art. Great eloquence is possible only when the memory is unusually active, and it is as full of delight and surprises as the imagination is full of fancies. It is of all charms the greatest. For its hidden powers hold in captive bands, congregated minds delighted. These are the daughters of memory, beautiful and lovely, begotten by Law, the son of Time.

One of the problems of olden time, which required solution by mental speculators, was: what is beauty? or that essence in the body of things which makes them appear beautiful? It is said that the fabric of Solomon's temple was supported by the three columns denominated, Strength, Beauty and Wisdom. The inference to be drawn from this statement implies that the temple sustained by the three pillars was the temple of mind. The three goddesses who presented themselves for choice to the earth mortal for the golden apple, were Order (the queen of heaven), Beauty and Wisdom. The one receiving the boon, conferred in return upon the donor her influence during life. Thus the three natural beauties of the intellectual realm are Beauty, Wisdom and Order. The following are the processes which operate in producing the birth of Beauty: From the seeds of Time, sown in the sea of Sight, ethereal spray, clear and delicate, arose, in the midst of which, impelled by Law's design, Charm nourished and enlarged a form of wondrous construction, without blemish, in likeness of a virgin pure. As out she sprang, radiant as summer morn, light successive flash'd; loud laugh'd the earth; the stars danced, and the broad expanse of far-reaching sight, circling, rejoiced. In the mental realm, at that moment, Order gave birth to Trouble. Then the muses sent forth in thrilling song a voice re-echoing the strain: Time, Space, Matter and Intelligence are all governed by Law. Law, absorbing Counsel, develops Wisdom; intellect powerful, most beautiful, most dear, and on highest honor held, which perceived by and through Time and Sight, unfolded the process of Order and Beauty. Love, Desire, Persuasion and fond Discourse, feasting, admiring gazed; then sped with rapid flight, and lodged within the bosom of the fair. Admiration smiled; Dalliance, with outstretched arms, softly yearn'd, while Ecstasy, transported, bore Beauty to Delight. All within the blest abodes welcomed her approach, while Construction led her to the throne, and placing upon her head the star gemmed crown, glittering with the jewels of Peace, Hope, Faith, Charity, Content, Majesty, Elegance and Ease, said: "The beautiful daughter of Time and Sight is worthy to be crowned queen of celestials." Harmony then said, to Order and Wisdom: "We know what form and color is proper to call beautiful." Order replying, said: "That which is most honorable is most beautiful." Wisdom said: "That which is most just is most honorable." For a moment all was silent. Then a voice was heard saying: "Communion brings forth good. Matter gives birth to Beauty; Intelligence fruits Truth, and all are governed by Law.

Law begat Action. Action begat Practice, who, blending with Theory, produced Reason; who, united with Hope, produced Morality. Practice took Faith captive, and gave her to his

son, Reason, for a companion to his wife, Hope.

Benevolence, the great grandson of Harmony, took to wife, Prayer, who together reared a noble family of beautiful offsprings, among whom was sweet, smiling Charity, who, armed by Wisdom, with boldness fearlessly clothed and fed unknown and naked Reason. Calliope, the sweet-voiced muse, uniting with Strife, produced Orpheus, whose wondrous musical skill drew by its potent power trees, stones, and the floods bewildered, together, through the spell of his enchanting strains. Discrimination, the sister of Prudence, Temperance, Charity and Melody, becoming impregnated by Law, nourished by Ease, Elegance and Majesty, gave birth to the Graces. The offsprings of Discrimination are those charms which delight the eye, the ear, the touch, and, indeed, all the senses, and are properly called the Graces. The discriminating eye perceives a bewitching grace in the star-jeweled sky; the russet-robed morning; the white-mantled robe of winter, or the charm of a sweet face. The ear recognizes the grace in a ripple of laughter, a burst of song, or strain of music. The touch is filled with pleasurable sensations when it comes in contact with soft velvet or a downy couch. The ease, elegance and majesty of these things afford the grace of them; without discrimination, there could be no graces. In the pages of classical lore the graces are known by the names of Euphrosyne, Egalla and Thalia. Interpreted Euphrosyne signifies mirth and laughter. Mirth and laughter is a grace requiring no effort of the mind to enjoy to its fullest extent the music of some sweet laugh as it comes echoing from some joyous woman or happy child; it reaches the ear like the sound of flutes upon the water when the night is still. Thalia signifies fascination; that charm or grace of the landscape which, when seen, delights, thrills or fascinates, is called forth by Thalia's influence. When the senses are enthralled by fascination, the eye finds a pleasure in the pathless woods, in the misty mantle of gray about the mountain's top, and the emerald veil fringed with the silver of the spray covering the face of the sea. The influence of the grace of Thalia holds beneath its pleasing sway the widest sweep of the landscape, wielding its sceptre over all the face of nature. One may own this lot; another that acre, but to a Thalia, belongs the landscape. All possessed of Thalia are rich, and without it, the wealthiest land-owner is poor.

Egalla is the most rare and most beautiful of the graces. It is that power which divines and extracts the hidden beauty of things. It is mental penetration. Egalla looks on the block of marble and sees within it the wondrous forms slumbering in latent capacity: The Venus of Praxiteles, sleeping in the crucible of sunset; thousands of painted landscapes: winter, cold, pure, silent; glimpses of autumn in sober brown; summer in golden sheen and spring, robed in emerald, dancing in happy life. The realms of Egalla are fairy-land and her influence makes the entrancing splendor of a midsummer night's dream possible. The subtle suggestion of an inner something, the treasures which lie concealed in the heart of subjects to the magic wand of Egalla's influence, for few things are hidden from the penetration of its bright eagle eye.

"Indirection," a poem by Richard Realf, portrays the power of Egalla; a verse or two may be given:

"Fair are the flowers and the children,
But their subtle suggestions are fairer;
Rare is the rosebud of dawn,
But the secret that controls it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song,
But the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ
But the meaning outmastered the metre.

"Back of the canvas that throbs,
The painter is blind and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes,
The soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt
Lies the infinite tissues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed,
In the halo that crowns the revealing.

"Space is as nothing to spirit,
The deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm,
But warmer the heart of a wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver,
And up from the heights where these shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward,
Singing the nature of life is divine."

These lines fill the soul with the rarest influence of the graces. Thus the eye, the ear, the touch, come in contact with the flowers, the marble, the hues of sunset, the russet-robed morning, the song burst and echo of laughter, and at once, through the media of the senses, the influences of the graces operate, and all conditions, subjects and guests within the mind, are clad in the shining garments of fascination and enchantment. Euphrosyne holds her carnival of ease and laughter. Thalia unfolds the beauty and majesty of the scene, and Egalla extracts from its hidden mystery the elegance of its being. Thus Ease, Majesty and Elegance, entering into and influencing Discrimination, unfolds the queenly graces who are ever attended by two well-bred gentlemen, Wit and Valor.

Fates, through the web of circumstances, guide and direct Destiny. They are three in number, namely: Clotho, who spins the thread of life; Lachesis, who determines the length of its thread, and Atropos, the inexorable; whose scissors of circumstance not only cut the thread of purpose, but something of life itself. The Fates are the daughters of Night; Night personifies the shadowy or unseen side of nature. The Fates are shadowy, indistinct, unseen, and when least expected, come like the thief in the night. From the fabric of life, these

weird sisters weave the web of circumstances; Clotho, holds the distaff or the loom of fate; Lachesis turns the wheels; Atropos cuts the thread. Accidents are the especial care and business of the Fates. Fight as we may, plan the best we know, think out the purpose of life never so wisely, still these weird, inexorable, unseen, shadowy daughters of night may at any moment change the front and intent of life. No matter how zealous and clear the intellect, the Fates are the "destiny which shape our ends, rough hew them how we may."

The direst and most appalling of the thousand ills that beset mankind come at the hand of the Gorgons, namely: Stenetho, Euryale and Medusa; these are the plague sisters of affliction, heaping horrors upon the defenseless heads of humanity. Interpreted, Stenetho means pestilence; Euryale, famine; and Medusa, war. To the minds of the ancients these dreadful sisters were so fearful in character that all writers agree in according them personal appearance in keeping with the infernal nature of their work. They were personified as haggard, hairy, leering old woman, with angular, unsightly, and attenuated bodies entwined with slimy serpents. Their hands were of brass, with arms and wings armed with dragons scales, that they might fly to the uttermost parts of the world. Their teeth were like tusks, long and sharp, and their eyes so fiery and glaring, so horribly piercing, that whoever looked upon them were instantly turned to stone. When the death-dealing work of these hags of horror is considered, this descriptive ancient picture of them is but a faint reflection. Stenetho, as the field of fever, stalks among our homes, betraying thousands of our loved ones to death with the kiss of her pestilential breath leaving lengthened shadows of ghostly sorrow behind her. Euryale, or famine, is seen in the sweep of the pitiless floods, deluging fertile fields till the smile of their harvests are changed to tears of desolation. With hot daggers of the scorching sun, she stabs the growing life of the valleys, and piles her dead in monuments to the sky. Again with pestiferous stench from volcanic vomit, her victims sickening, agonizing, despairing, give up the spirit, happy to be relieved from her torments. Medusa, or war, is the only one of the Gorgons that can be influenced by mortals. Perseus, the child of Law, conceived in Danae, while under the influence of the glorious shower of gold, is said to have slain Medusa.

Perseus signifies that which is strong and independent; because of its natural worth, it is, therefore, self-sustaining, self-supporting and self-protecting; it is, in short, intrinsic merit. War has no defense against Perseus. Armed with the mirror of Wisdom, protected by the shield of Mercy, crowned with the helmet of Truth, Merit can overcome the gorgon Medusa, or war. These are the dread sisters ever attacking the life of mankind. Against pestilence and famine, the mightiest power of mortals is unavailing; they are and will remain the enemies of man till time shall be no more. Beauty, united with Trouble, brought forth Fear, Flight and Consternation; also Harmony, who became the wife of Cadmus, or Excellence, from whom were produced Ino, Agave and Semele; Semele, while in the city of Good-intent, conceived by Law and brought forth Bacchus, or Merriment, the joy of men.

Individuality represents united mental constituents. Thus the elementaries, entering into and formulating merriment, are: Time and Intelligence, which through the process of Law, Order, Beauty and Trouble, who, after generating Flight and Consternation, produces Harmony, who, united with Excellence, gave birth to Semele, who, by the seed of Law conceiving, produces Merriment, the joy of man.

Poseidon, or Harmony, the brother of Law, wedded Amphitrite, sister to Thetis or Sight. Sight was given by Order, the Queen of Intelligence, in marriage to Poseidon, or Seeking, the best beloved by Heaven of all mortals, from whom was produced the greatest of warriors, Achilles, or Truth, whose employment is the destruction of Error in the battle of life. Telamon, or Exercise, the brother of Seeking, wedded the sister of Ignorance, and produced Ajax, or great Strength. Tethys, by the Law of Intelligence produced Euryome, or Discrimination; Europa, or Chastity; Calypso, or Prudence; Circe, or Temperance, sometimes called the Goddess of Magic, for by her powers talismanic, wonderful to tell, she could change men into beasts, and from beasts again to men; also Styx, or Purpose, the river or Divider, whose stream flowed continuous to the regions of the blest.

Styx was the power that all the gods called upon to witness the oath inviolable. Styx produced by Pallas or Wisdom, Victory, Zeal and Force, offsprings honored as distinguished attendants around the throne of Law. Europa or Chastity (purity of thought, unattended, entry the sanctum sanctorum or holy of holies) Chastity by Law conceiving, brought forth three sons, Rhadamanthus, the Perfect; Eacus, the Complete, and Minos the Immaculate, who were appointed by their father, Law, to judge the just and unjust spirits, after life's trial. If the two judges, Perfect and Complete, were undecided as to the weight, measure or value of reward or punishment requisite, the Minos, or judge Immaculate determined the final award. From Minos sprang the fair-haired, beautiful Ariadne or Innocence, whose hand was sought in marriage by Theseus, or Theodicy, but she preferred Bacchus or Merriment, for her spouse. She was slain on her wedding trip by an arrow shot from

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SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

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

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

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

The Relations of What We Call Death.

When we are called upon to witness the departure of a friend, we are apt to think that he is gone out of our life forever, and that he is beyond the reach of human sympathy. There is nothing more striking in the history of mankind than the strange and solemn ideas that relate to death. The people most affected by its reality are those who most firmly believe in the change that takes place immediately after the vital spark has left the body, and ascended to a higher form of being. To them death comes as a summons as cold and cruel as ever smote the heart. Their loss is so great that for the moment it absorbs the feelings, and leaves nothing but a sense of the bereavement; but there is hope in the soul, and it soon rallies its forces and looks upon the scene as the opening of a new life. Then it is the true relation of death appears, and the spirit-longing for communion with those that have gone before acquires a tone of cheerfulness that restores us to our usual condition.

There is much in all this to lead us into thoughtful reflection upon the destiny that awaits us after we have finished our work on earth, for every one must feel and know that the future is the real life, and the best one for us to live. If we could induce men to take this view of the life we live here, it would be a great deal better for us hereafter. The prime motive of all action is the desire for more life, and we would probably never get ready to die if the matter were left to our own decision. It is well, therefore, that our remaining here is not a matter that we can always choose; but that the natural law steps in with its inevitable fiat, and closes the struggle for each of us. There is now a mass of testimony on the subject of spirit communion that cannot be overlooked in this view of the case, for if there is anything as sure as death it is the life afterwards. When we behold the approach of the end, we need not feel that all is lost because those whom we love depart from our sight, for if we could see with the spirit we should behold them in as clear a way as we ever did. There is no break in the chain of existence, no chasm in the grave. The brightness and beauty of the future is as certain as the present state of being, and all the glories of this world will be unfolded with a greater degree of perfection than the highest conditions of earth. We are now in a preparatory world, a sort of primary school, from which we must graduate into higher forms, and the passage is as consistent from one to the other as when one left the schoolroom for the wider field of active and useful life. We never regard the graduate with regret or sadness, because he has finished his rudimentary studies, and takes his place among the ranks of his fellow-men, to play his part in the affairs of society, and similarly we pass into the realities of the higher life amidst the songs of angels and the rejoicing of friends. Those whom we have left behind feel only the loss of a friend from their sight and presence, and can not look upon the brighter form which he has assumed in his new-found home among his friends already there.

We now come to speak of the conditions of this new life. Here he is surrounded by the friends of his youth, by the loved ones that have gone before, and by the surroundings of a world of light and purity. There is no room there for regret; all is joy and reunion. The song of gladness, the voices long hushed are heard on every side, and a prayer of thanksgiving and promise is upon every lip. It is the greeting of the immortal to a welcome guest to a new birth in their own blissful life. The moment he has entered upon the untried scenes of his new conditions, he experiences a joyous sense of being. There springs up in his body a new fountain of happiness, and he feels that now indeed he knows what it is to live, and how precious a thing it is to exist, and how grand the soul which triumphs over death and bids defiance to the grave. We often exclaim against the ills of earthly life, but could you behold the joys of this eternal one, you would see how ample the recompense, how glorious the redress for all those who have passed through the sufferings and sorrows of their lot while on earth without losing their faith or their righteousness in the bitter struggle.

ILLUSTRATION.

We are not always ready to acknowledge the merits of another, and we seldom fail to appreciate our own very highly. This characteristic is common to all men, and crops out on all occasions when anything personal is alluded to. When I was a dweller upon the earth, this propensity constituted a prominent feature in my character. I must have been a trial to my friends, and a bore to those who were not interested in me. But when I reached my place in spirit life I found my error out. It was made so glaring to my own perception that I could not help seeing it.

There was no way of escaping the knowledge thus presented to my own inspection, for it was clear as the light, and I was also made sensible of its offensive nature.

There is a wonderful power of introspection in the Spirit-world, and the most amazing thing about it is that no one can avoid it. The spirit becomes so clear and so disinterested that it reflects its own image, and exhibits a picture of all those traits in its composition that make or mar its beauty. What was my disgust when I saw this defect in my character standing out in bold and hideous relief! I could also see how disagreeable it must have made me as a friend or companion; but there it was. I was made fully acquainted with my ridiculous way of being the hero of my own story, and swelling little events of no moment into the most extravagant proportions for the purpose of increasing my own importance, and even of inventing circumstances to show how cleverly and skillfully I had conducted any matter of business or pleasure in which I was engaged. The affairs of other people were of no consequence, and when any alluded to them I would be sure to interrupt by calling attention to some exploit or incident of my own. Nor could I see how I estranged my friends, and alienated whoever sought my acquaintance.

When I beheld these defects in the clear light of the Spirit-world I was indeed shocked, and began at once to reform and wipe out these black spots that appeared to be the chief blemishes in my character. There is a power also in the spirit itself not only to show its own wants and imperfections, but also to suggest the proper means of remedy. I learned, as if intuitively, that I must watch the conduct of those pure and exalted intelligences which I would see around me. How modest and self-sacrificing the most refined of them were, and how ready to perceive and speak well of each other on all occasions, seeming to forget themselves in the pleasure of seeing what was admirable in anyone else. By adhering to these lessons I have, in a great measure, emancipated myself from this enormous phase of self-life, and it is asserting itself again, I immediately refer to the example of those who are my teachers, and receive such instruction as may suit my case.

My experience illustrates the principle that a spirit with any glaring deficiency must be purified before it is permitted, under the laws of spirit-life, to reach the true altitude of happiness and purity to which it may attain. There is also a lesson for those in the earth sphere to rid themselves of this silly and absurd habit before it is too late. They will not then experience the pain and mortification that have been my lot when they reach this life, where all shams are stripped off and exploded, and where self-love only weighs down the soul with sorrow and shame.

A Voice from the Church of Rome.

We came from the sods of old Ireland,
Seeking shelter and rest and a home;
For this, you well know, was denied us,
In that land shadowed o'er by a throne.
An abundance you gave us, when famine,
Like a gaunt wolf, stalked in at the door;
You gave bread to our wives and our children,
And we came here to ask you for more.

We have asked and you did not deny us
A shelter, while we, to repay
Your kindness, built up our religion,
To undermine yours, day by day.
Our pope, and our cardinals, and bishops,
Our laymen and priests, every one
Have told us there's no true religion
Save that of the Virgin and Son.

We have asked, and in places 'twas granted,
To expel from our free public schools
The Bible; for surely its teachings
Make heretics, sinners and fools.
And we think it our due that the orders,
Both secret, and social, and all,
Should be sunk in the sea of oblivion,
Nor rise at the trumpet's last call.

We would seek to root out disbelievers,
We would torture, and burn, and destroy,
As in days of the old inquisition,
We'd have no one around to annoy.
We would burn down your places of worship,
We'd ruin and pillage each home
Where an inmate dare breathe in rebellion
'Gainst the church that was founded in Rome.

Now we ask, and surely 'tis little—
Our wishes are modest, I hope:
That you'll let the great seat of the nation
Be soon occupied by the pope.
He is wise, far beyond your conception,
Tho' our gain may, perhaps, be your loss;
He is filled with the spirit and wisdom
Of the Saviour, who died on the cross.

And he'll govern this country and people—
At least, that's a part of his plan
For he fears that he soon must be moving
Away from the great Vatican.
And he fancies the Capitol building,
With its arches, and pillars, and dome,
Can, with little expense, be remodeled
To make him a comfortable home.

Then we'd ask that the shamrock of Ireland
May be trained with the greatest of care
On the grave of the American eagle—
You'll agree with me this is but fair.
And your great flag, the bright, starry emblem
You worship to-day with such zest,
We'll replace with another, which shall be
Whatever our great pope thinks best.

Now, these are a few modest wishes,
Which we trust that you will not deny:
For should you not willingly grant them,
We'll take them by force by and by.
For we do not intend to be thwarted
In the plans we have laid with such care;
And to those who might wish to oppose us,
We would say just this one word—"Beware!"
—Abbie H. Richards.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper sustained on its merits. It does not force into its pages ten or fifteen columns of advertisements, which are of no general interest, but furnishes in their place entertaining reading matter. Aid us by sending in an additional subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Dr. Friedrich Herrmann, who died recently at Heidelberg, was for forty years surgeon to the university students, and almost daily was patching up the wounds of duellists. He is said to have been present at 30,000 duels.

M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, is by descent the Count Carnot de Peuleins, and Mme. Carnot is a Countess, but these things don't count as much as they did in France.

An April Dream.

The sun was sinking low in the West—
Low in the West at close of day;
And the opal clouds, in splendor drest,
Shone crimson and amber and silver gray,
And the twilight lay like a veil of white
On the face of day at the door of night.

The spirit of spring touched all the trees,
And the leaves broke out as they felt her pass;
Her voice was heard on the balmy breeze
And her ankles twinkled in the grass;
The buttercups sought to kiss her feet
As she trod the daisy-lighted street.

The fragrant breath of the violets blew
On my face like a pleasant dream of rest.
On the world was fair, and the world was true!
And the sun was sinking low in the West,
And the twilight hung like a pall of white,
On the wrath of day at the grave of night.

And over the violet-scented sod,
Through purpled beds in the purple shade,
The maiden I love beside me trod;
And fair was the face of my lily maid,
And the tender light of her violet eyes
Dispelled the shadow that filled the skies.

We spoke no word, for the solemn hush
Of the evening lay on my soul and hers;
But we heard the song of a missal thrush
That sang with his mate in a belt of firs,
And I knew that my heart, though unawares,
Was singing a sweeter song than theirs.

But the shadows grew, and the night came on,
And with it the hour of parting came;
The daylight died when my love had gone,
But the love-light burned with a brighter flame.
The shadow of grief was in my breast—
And the sun was sinking low in the West.

O, sweet, fair face, that I love so well—
O, beautiful face that no more I see,
Must I lose the love that I could not tell,
And mourn for the hopes that die with thee?
Hast thou gone from my life like leaves that fall?
Wert thou only a dream then, after all?

—Boston Transcript.

Progressive Thinking.

While in attendance lately upon a social gathering in this city, under the management of the members of one of the churches which have had independence enough to break away from the trammels of creedal organization, I overheard a most stylishly-attired lady speak in answer to a question concerning some other people present after this fashion:

"Oh, those are our poor."

It was said apologetically, as if the poor ought not to exist—at least, not in the presence of the rich, or of those who claimed by their clothing to belong to that much-envied class.

Then we fell off into a fit of musing, and these queries pressed themselves for answer: Is this distinction necessary? If the poor dress as decently as their means will allow, then it is the rich that widen the chasm, and all blame, direct or incidental, must fall upon their shoulders. Is there any reason why the worthy poor should be humiliated in a Christian assembly by the confession of their poverty, or by the intensifying of the difference in condition between the wealthy neighbor and those who are doing the best they are able? Is this a legitimate deduction of the teachings of the Christian church, even after it has come out from the more bigoted and creed-bound of its own belief?

Is it not a part of the obligation of the rich in such cases, putting aside all sense of separateness, to make the visible difference at least as small as possible. Suppose the rich in all such assemblies refrain from attiring themselves in the schedule of their own valuation. They are not obliged to wear costly stuffs or elaborate fittings where a single odious comparison shall have power to wound the souls of other divine fragments who are toiling through life by their side. That is the doctrine preached by all their apostles and saints, from Jesus to the pastor of the church of whom we are talking. Behold how far their practice differs from their theory.

In contrast to this display of the illusions of life, on the physical plane, by a coincidence we met at an assembly of Spiritualists a lady belonging in one of the wealthiest towns of Michigan. All present were plainly dressed, as became their creed, nor was there ought to distinguish this millionaire's wife from the humblest student of truth about her, either in dress, manner, or self-consciousness. Behold the contrast in the working of the long prayers of the Scribes and Pharisees of our day, and the common people, who, as in the olden days, hear the truth gladly.

Spiritualists have too little regard for the illusions of the physical plane to spend time in the elaboration of the vanities and unrealities of that plane. Their meetings of whatever kind are noted for an indisposition to brand any one with the mark of poverty. So long as they continue to act thus, as an index of the inner feeling, they are very near the true brotherhood which all thinkers and lovers of humanity are seeking.

Let the culture of the soul, the sweetness of disposition, the eager sympathy ever ready to do a kindness to another, even at much self-sacrifice, be the distinguishing mark of our rich, instead of "good clothes," whenever they come in contact with "our poor."

It has been the mistake of the ages that there is, or has ever been, any feeling of separation between the lowest and the highest. Not until the last atom of badness has been ground out of the humblest, or, perchance, the mightiest (who knows?), will the reign of perfect peace begin. There is also a personal reason why by increasing this belief of separateness we are injuring ourselves on all planes by making ourselves a target for bitter, ill-natured and malign thought. We are beginning to know how baleful is the effect of all such thought when directed against any particular individual.

Thus far Spiritualists are ahead of the churches in true goodness and kindness. Shall we not so continue? W. P. PHILDS, M. D.

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.

From a Watertown, New York, Correspondent.

The Spiritualists and Liberals of Watertown, New York, have been singularly fortunate for the past three months. During February Mrs. Carrie Twing, of Westfield, New York, was here, and she was followed by Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, of 1637 Sixth avenue, Troy, New York, and then came J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, for the first three Sundays of April, and Mrs. Ada Foye, of Chicago, Illinois, of world-wide fame, was here three consecutive evenings, commencing April 26th.

Mrs. Twing was known to Jefferson county people, having attended the State Grange a couple of years before, and being chosen as their ablest speaker to reply to the eloquent address of welcome delivered by the then Mayor of Watertown, and when she came to speak at the Temple it was crowded. Her industry knows no bounds, and her devotion to the cause is as unlimited. She works literally without ceasing. She is a Granger, a leader in the W. C. T. U., and, in short, belongs to all known reformatory and benevolent societies, and wears more ribbons and decorations than a Spanish grandee. The trustees have engaged her for February and March next, her earliest open dates.

Mrs. Reynolds' phases are psychometry, clairvoyance, and answering questions. She is a lady of great personal magnetism and refinement. Her tests were pronounced and unsurpassed, and it seems as if there is nothing "in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters which are under the earth," concerning which she cannot talk intelligibly. Her answers to questions within the compass of science were always accurate. Like Mrs. Twing, she is a tireless worker.

Mr. Baxter's audiences were small at first, as it chanced that his coming was not generally known, but before he closed the people came to know his excellent tests, brilliant lectures, and unsurpassed music. He is engaged for May, '93, his earliest date.

What shall I say respecting the incomparable, matchless Ada Foye? Juno told the nightingale: "It does not please the gods to bestow all gifts upon one," but they certainly made an exception in Mrs. Foye's favor. She unites in herself every phase of manifestation, except, possibly, materialization and slate-writing, and her tests are beyond all question. No two of her seances are alike, but commonly those present are allowed to furnish folded slips, with the name of some deceased friend written within, either there or before coming. These are tumbled into a pile on a table on the platform, where the lady sits in sight of all. She then, with one hand only, takes up the papers separately, inquiring if the spirit whose name is written within is present, the answer being indicated by loud raps sounded on the wall behind and far above her. She then hands the paper to some one in the audience to hold, then gives the name. The paper is then opened, and the person who furnished it asks any desired questions, either audibly or mentally, or he can write his questions entirely out of sight of the medium, and receive his answers by raps. No mistake was made either evening. She sees and talks with spirits as living persons. Her hand is frequently controlled, the writings being from right to left, as if some person standing before her seized her hand and wrote with it. She has to turn the paper around to read it.

Mrs. Reynolds could remain only three weeks when here, but it was agreed that if she could so arrange it she would return in May, and she will be with us next Sunday. Truly the Watertown people are having "a feast of fat things."

F. N. FITCH.

Dr. Newcomer's Funeral.

The obsequies of Dr. George Newcomer, who died Tuesday morning, May 3, were held at his late residence, No. 632 Clark avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, in the presence of many of his intimate friends and acquaintances. The services were conducted by Mr. Thomas Lees, who gave the principal address, in which he reviewed the doctor's life along the spiritual line, and the assistance he had been to the cause of Spiritualism in Meadville, Pa.; Battle Creek, Mich., and the past twenty-five years in Cleveland. Mr. Lees also referred to the doctor's learning as a geologist, and the large and valuable collection of rare specimens he had obtained during his lifetime; also to his collection of pictures executed by himself, portraying the growth of religion and the moral progress of man from the standpoint of evolution. Mr. Lees hoped the Spiritualists would purchase the collection entire for public exhibition and educational purposes in the proposed Spiritual temple when it is built. Mrs. Nellie M. Smith, of the Spiritual Pioneer Society, gave an impromptu poem, and brief remarks were made by Mr. F. Muhlhauser, Mr. W. I. Frink, and Mr. George Ingham, the two latter representing the West Side Society of Progressive Thinkers. The remains were borne to Riverside Cemetery. The deceased leaves a widow and one son by a former wife.

A Lost Brother Found.

Will you kindly allow space in your valuable paper for the following: I have a brother by the name of Henry Zimmerman, whom I had not seen or heard from for more than eleven years. I tried in many different ways to ascertain his whereabouts, but all to no purpose. On the 25th of April I called on Mr. Jules Wallace and had a sitting with him. He was an entire stranger to me, and I am positive he did not know my maiden name. He told me the name of my brother, and informed me that he was in San Francisco, Cal. I wrote him a letter on the following day, and received an answer soon confirming all that Mr. Wallace had said. I relate this incident hoping it may help to convince others of the great truth and comfort of Spiritualism, and to give Mr. Wallace some of the credit that is due him. Mrs. ROSA WESTON.

Denver, Col.

POPE BOB.

A Rosterucian's Vision of Ingersoll.

One evening in October, while I was wrapped in slumber, a strange symbol was shown me, in which the "pagan" Col. Ingersoll was the central figure. I was in the streets of a large city, accompanied by my guide, who appeared to be a lady. Viewing the pleasant sights, the streets being shaded with beautiful evergreens, with here and there a bed of luxuriant flowers, we at length came to the skeleton or framework of a building near the center of the city. This building was evidently intended to be an institution of learning, and was of mammoth proportions, and when finished would rival the palace of the richest king. "Who is building this castle?" I asked my guide. "Robert G. Ingersoll," she replied; "let us go and see him." Accordingly we walked up the stone steps, seven in number, leading to the outer door, and entering, threaded our way through winding corridors to the extreme rear of the building, which, by the way, had as yet no floors, boards laid upon the foundation being the only mode of ingress or egress.

Reaching the furthestmost part of the building, we descended by a frail temporary ladder of twelve steps, into a seven-by-nine cellar, in one corner of which was a man busily engaged in building a stone wall. The man looked up as we descended, and on being introduced to me as Robert G. Ingersoll, shook hands cordially, and talked pleasantly. Just previous to our descent into the cellar we were joined by a lady who proved to be the Colonel's wife. Expressing my surprise at finding Mr. Ingersoll engaged in masonic work, he replied that he had been a great many years building the skeleton of his temple, and having completed it, was now at work finishing the same. "I never begin work at anything in the middle; I begin at the bottom and lay the foundation, and erect my outline and then finish." At this point we were disturbed by a series of snarls from an old dog and her litter of pups which emerged from a badly-shattered barrel containing a handful of straw in one corner of the cellar, and which had heretofore escaped our notice. "Hist! get back!" said Bob, waving his trowel, and the dog and pups quickly fled to the barrel. "What possessed you to have those things here?" I asked the Colonel.

"Oh," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "like the Irishman who fished in his cistern for suckers, for my own 'diversion.' You see," said Bob, "that old dog represents the Catholic church, and the litter of pups represents the church of England, Episcopal, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Methodist churches respectively, and I have lots of fun with them, as I do with these pups. All these churches are children of the Catholic church, even as these pups are the children of that old hollow-eyed canine. The straw and barrel represent the mouldering creeds and dogmas they teach and profess to believe, and which, being so false and unstable and crumbling, require some place where the public nostrils may not be offended with 'their two-and-seventy stench,' as Shakespeare says. Therefore, having built my temple of freethought over the tottering hut of bigotry, I shall proceed to wall in and seal up all modes of ingress to the same, as all new and true systems of religion and thought are built upon, and of course cover up the old and false ones they supersede." "Yours is a very fitting way to illustrate an argument, and I shall take care to remember it, and profit by it. Your motto then is, I presume, not to do away with an old idea or doctrine until you have a better one to put in its place?" "Exactly," said the Colonel. "Good day, Bob," I said, and he replied smilingly, "Good day." So saying, I departed from the cellar and likewise from the building, and with my lady guide, who now appeared to be my wife, we strolled to another part of the city, and then—I awoke!

The city, the seven steps, the temple, the mason and his trowel, etc., are symbols recognized significantly by secret brotherhoods.

Defiance, Ohio.

Washington News.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—There is no more flourishing society in the country than that of Washington, D. C. It is officered by men and women of ability, its services are well attended, and the listeners know how to appreciate the most advanced thought, and to sustain the instrument who utters it.

M. C. Edson, the President; G. A. Hall, Secretary, and the entire board of management, are earnest, efficient and enthusiastic in the work. I could mention a large number of beautiful spirits who bless the cause there, but must content myself, as the number is so great, with reference only to my host and hostess, Henry and Emma Steinberg, whose hospitable home was opened to me during my stay in that city.

They entertained me royally, and are two of the most sincere and earnest seekers after workers for the truth that I have ever seen or known. The sacrifices they have made for that which they believed to be just, are well worthy of extended record.

My labor was much lightened and cheered by several largely-attended receptions, wherein I met with such appreciation and encouragement as renders the memory of my engagement there a great delight.

Spiritualism has taken a firm hold of the public, and local mediums are all doing a good work, I was told. I am sorry to say I did not have an opportunity to visit them.

I have now returned to my regular work in Boston, wherein I remain until the close of the season.

Mrs. H. S. LAKE,
170 West Chester Park.

SEEN FIGHTING IN AIR.

A Ghostly Apparition—A Haunted Building in a Great Thoroughfare.

"Great heavens! what is it? See, it moves along the edge of the building. My God, it is a man! He will fall!"

Officer Turley stopped short in his walk and gazed wild-eyed at the zenith. He pointed with his rosewood club at the cornice of the wrecked and dismantled building opposite.

Officer Clark, his companion, cast his eye in the direction of his baton and jumped two feet in the air.

"Holy mother!" he gasped, "it must be some somnambulist! It is a somnambulist! He will fall when he gets to the corner of the alley. Nothing can save him!"

"We can make an effort, anyway," replied Officer Turley. "Here! take my club and pistol. There is a portion of the stairway left inside, and by that and the rafters and joists projecting from the wall I think I can make my way to the top; but I must hurry; there is no time to be lost. He is nearing the corner and will soon be in the air."

Officer Turley handed his club and revolver to his companion, sped across the street and a moment later disappeared in the entrance of the building.

Officer Clark stood nailed to the spot with horror, watching the form on the roof. It was a tall, powerful figure, broad of shoulder, and carrying in his hand a heavy stick. He was bareheaded, and wore neither coat nor vest. His shirt-sleeves, rolled up to his elbows, exposed his brawny arms. His hair, switched by the wind, tossed about his forehead, and gave his face an aspect of eerie savagery. He had only five feet more to traverse before he must either stop or be dashed to the hard paving stones below.

A GHOSTLY DUEL.

Suddenly he stopped, and uplifting his stick he wheeled about, stamped three times on the brick coping and assumed the position of a duelist about to engage in a deadly combat, his left hand open behind his back, and his right holding the stick thrust forward. Then the stick, swung by the iron wrist, cleft the air in a thousand graceful gyrations. Now he advanced a step or two and the stick whirled faster and faster, as though he were making a furious assault on the imaginary enemy and striving to break down his guard. Now he retreats and vigorously parries unseen onslaughts.

Meanwhile, Officer Turley, who had been slowly and painfully clambering upward, several times barely escaping a disastrous tumble, reached the roof. For a moment he paused and looked at the strange combat. Then he moved stealthily forward, debating whether he would put a charge of breach of the peace or "running a fence" against the unknown. The swordsman vigorously continued the combat, utterly unmindful of his approach. "I will catch him by the arms from behind," thought the officer. A moment later his powerful arms had encircled the figure.

But, horrible! they embraced vacant air. Like the melting of frost upon a pane of glass the figure vanished, and Officer Turley found himself alone upon the roof. He shivered at a ghastly fear took possession of him, and then dug his finger-nails into the flesh to convince himself that he was not dreaming. He clutched a half-wrecked chimney at his side for support, and looked about him again. The only human being in view was his companion on the sidewalk below.

"Come down, for God's sake, come down!" he heard Officer Clark cry, hoarsely. He turned about, controlling his shaking limbs by a mighty effort, and slowly felt his way downward and rejoined his companion, who had watched the whole strange proceeding.

WHEN GRAVEYARDS YAWN.

This adventure of the two officers took place a week ago, at 1 o'clock in the morning, and they claim that they have seen the apparition at the same hour every morning since. Every morning he goes through the same desperate battle with the empty air, and then fades away. But the officers have never made a second attempt to pull him in.

The building where the strange apparition nightly appears is located at 123 South Second street, and a number of highly-respected citizens residing in the vicinity are ready to make affidavit that they have seen the ghost there. Their belief is that the ghost is the disembodied spirit of August Weiner, who died from the effects of injuries received there in a most mysterious fashion. His death took place about six weeks ago. Weiner ran a saloon and a boarding-house there. One day about two months ago he was found lying by the side of the bar of his saloon shot through the head. He was removed to the City Hospital, where he died shortly after the shooting. While he lay on his dying bed detective after detective interviewed him with a view to getting the history of the assault, and the name of the man who shot him. But to all of their inquiries Weiner only shook his head mournfully and refused to talk. They could get from him neither the name of the man who had assaulted him nor the cause of the difficulty. All he would say was that a man came in and shot him and then went out again. He expressed no desire for revenge, and asked only to be let alone. Several tramps and loafers in the vicinity were arrested on suspicion, it being surmised that they had done the shooting out of revenge for some fancied wrong, such as having been refused a drink, or for the purpose of robbery. But all the men arrested had to be discharged, as there was not a particle of evidence against them. After Weiner died the place went into the hands of Charles Schaub, who ran it until two weeks ago, when it was gutted by fire.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

At the time of the fire a mysterious explo-

sion was heard in the building which has never yet been accounted for, as there had been no explosives of any kind kept there. Some people in the vicinity are of the opinion that the building was set on fire by the same party that shot and killed Weiner, and that the explosion was caused by powder or dynamite that he had planted there in order to make sure of the total destruction of the building.

But who is the man? Is he the avenger of some old, forgotten crime? What secret sins of long ago were the inspiration of these atrocious deeds? These are questions the police have tried in vain to solve.—*The Republic, St. Louis, Mo.*

Twilight Musings.

M. P. Rosecrans' "Twilight Musings" are certainly in accord with spiritual conception, for in them I glean a spiritual essence fraught with divine feeling of love for humanity. I know their author must have mentally crossed the threshold of mystic love, and entered upon a higher plane of divine conception. His thoughts teem with a goodness not born of selfishness, but widen out into an overflowing love for all humanity. I can conceive of his goodness by the tenor of his writings. There is no disguising of our real selves, for a tree is known by its fruit, so an author by his works. There is a kind, gentle, soothing, spiritual glow to all he writes, something which appeals to the heart's sympathy, and creates a fondness, a yearning to know more of the man. His pleasant memories sparkle and glitter like gleams of light to a tired soul wandering in the darkened abodes of sadness. It infuses new joys, new hope, and makes glad a heart's aching pain. Long live Brother Rosecrans to bless mortals with his light through the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Delphos, Kan.

Downright Malicious.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher lately said to a reporter of the New York *Morning Journal*: "I consider Spiritualists either mildly insane or worse than frauds—in fact, downright malicious."—*Investigator.*

Perhaps Mrs. Beecher's violent antipathy to Spiritualists was caused by the frequent conferences the great Congregational preacher used to have with Victoria C. Woodhull, President of the National Association of Spiritualists, and doubtless that antipathy was augmented by the fact that prior to the public exposure of the Beecher-Tilton scandal the pastor of Plymouth Church, with streaming eyes, confessed to his own sister, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, that for forty years he had lived a hypocrite. Mrs. Woodhull may have renounced her Spiritual faith, but Mrs. Hooker has not. She was the favorite sister of Henry Ward Beecher, but was not invited to his funeral. She was turned away from the door, and could only attend the public funeral at the church as a stranger, and not as a mourner.

W. H. BURR.

Materialization.

FREDERICK TABOR AND HIS REMARKABLE SEANCE UNDER STRICT TEST CONDITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR:—Frederick Tabor, materializing medium, late of California, held a seance at the residence of G. L. S. Jenifer, 220 West Monroe street, this city, April 27th, at 8 p. m., which demonstrates beyond doubt the possibility of spirit forms to clothe themselves in fitting garments, and were recognized by seven persons present, including the writer. The medium placed a dark curtain in the corner of the room. He then was thoroughly examined by a committee of three men. Nothing was discovered on his person by which fraud was possible prior to entering the cabinet.

Spirit forms of different ages, statures, etc., male and female, came forth in good light, and emerged from the cabinet clothed in white raiment, and conversed in audible voices, giving names, etc., proving their identity. Spirits with gray and dark beards, and females with robes of pure white, etc., materialized.

The seance was a success, and Mr. Tabor, we claim, is worthy the confidence of the earnest investigating public as one of merit, as a medium of this phase. He is willing at all times to submit to reasonable test conditions. We, therefore, cheerfully subscribe our several names as reference to the above seance, as witnesses of the same.

G. G. W. VAN HORN, Writer.
G. L. S. JENIFER.
MRS. E. T. S. JENIFER.
W. B. CRAWLEY.
MRS. S. E. CRAWLEY.
MRS. S. B. JOHNSON.
MISS LOU CRAWLEY.

Chicago, Ill.

Tests of Spirit Presence.

Six years ago I was a skeptic in regard to Spiritualism, when I went to hear Inez Huntington Agnew lecture in Waterford. After she finished, Bert Woodworth arose and gave a number of tests, among others one from my mother, who had passed away nearly a year before. I was seven miles from home, and never saw Bert Woodworth before. That set me to investigating (to me) new ism. In Lilly Dale Camp I received a test from my mother through Edgar Emerson, she asking if I remembered a dream of which I told her shortly before she passed out. She repeated the dream accurately, and called me by my given name, which I have reason to believe was unknown in the camp.

Of all the tests I have yet received from strangers, the most convincing was state-writing through W. A. Mansfield, on my own slates, in daylight. The handwriting of my daughter was the same as in earth-life, and it settled the question for me. I know that our friends can and do return. Now the spirit friends come to me almost daily through raps. Before we knew anything concerning Spiritualism, our seventh daughter was sitting up after the rest of the family were in bed. She then saw her spirit-sister Mary stand in my bed-

room door. She came out, passed through the room she was in, into another room, and a young dog that had belonged to a brother-in-law, but was killed by a mowing-machine, was following her. We always used to think she was dreaming, but she never thought so. She is the same one who said, when her sister lay dead, that she saw a live May looking down at the dead May. L. S. R. LIDDECOAT.

Dr. Slade in His Own Behalf.

IS HE UNDER A CLOUD.

MR. EDITOR:—I seldom say a word in vindication of myself, but when I consider that you are a representative man, and that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a representative paper, and when I consider also that you are a friend of all the workers in the cause—that you would not knowingly injure one of them, and considering again that I have warm friends in every part of the world—friends who, of course, read your widely-circulated paper, it seems a duty I owe to them and the cause we love that I should make a brief but truthful statement of the facts which occurred in Duluth, and which have given me an unsavory reputation. Of course you get your information from the papers, and they all get theirs from the Associated Press, through a Catholic reporter on the Duluth *Tribune*. I want to state that beyond the fact that I was at the St. Louis Hotel, and that I beckoned to two supposed friends on the street to come to my room, the statements are wholly without foundation. The truth is, the whole thing occurred in less than one hour after I left Mr. Sherwood's house, perfectly sober, and before I had even taken my overcoat off in my new quarters. I had prepared medicine for a patient whom I expected to call on me about that time, and who did not know of my change of location. I stood at the window to watch for him. I am a little near-sighted, and cannot always distinguish comparative strangers as far as across the street. I thought I saw the man I wanted, and beckoned for him to come up. Instead of coming he sent a policeman, who came in with the landlord, to give me a lecture for beckoning to people on the street. I had been sand-bagged, wounded and robbed. I had not recovered, nor have I yet, from the lameness and paralysis caused by this misfortune. I suppose that when I arose to meet these gentlemen I naturally staggered and appeared clumsy, as even now I frequently do. They might possibly have supposed me drunk. They talked to me as I am not used to being talked to. I said to the landlord, "If that is the way you treat your guests, I will not remain in your house." I paid my bill and left the city on the first train. The Mayor did not order me out of town, and the story of drunkenness was a pure invention, circulated after I left.

It is now my intention to return to Duluth as soon as my engagements will permit. I will never rest until I prove to my numerous friends in that city the falsity of these stories.

Mr. Editor, as one of the oldest and best-known mediums in the world, I claim that my life-work must not be spoiled by the circulation of such stories, invented, as I believe, to put one down whose life has been one continued series of manifestations of spiritual power.

I hope to remain in this state of existence long enough to convince the world that though falsehoods may occasionally put mediums "under the clouds," they cannot keep them there.

"Anon the clouds depart,
And all my longings cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the boon of peace."

St. Paul, Minn. HENRY SLADE.

Open Letter to Friends of M. V. S. A.

Will you permit me, through the columns of your paper, to reply to the many letters of inquiry relative to the Clinton, Iowa, Camp. The meeting will open July 31st, and close Aug. 28th. The present outlook is for one of the grandest and most successful meetings ever held by the association. Superintendent L. P. Wheelock has just returned from a trip to the park, and gives a fine report of the prospect. The grounds, under the care of Capt. B. Hammond and his estimable wife, are looking very fine, surpassing in cleanliness all other previous years, and everything is "taut" and "ship-shape."

One beautiful two-story cottage has been built on Grand avenue, at the point of the hill, and will be occupied at a very early date. The erection of a lodging-house is under contemplation by the Ladies' Union; also a large, commodious cottage and seance room is to be built by the association to answer to the need in that direction. Several other parties have secured lots, and are contemplating building. The Committee on Speakers have, as nearly as possible, made an entire change for this season; not that they expect those engaged to excel the grand ones of the past, but in order that the friends may have an opportunity to hear others whom they never have listened to. With such talent as Prof. J. S. Loveland, of California; Anna Orvis, of Chicago; W. F. Ravelin, of San Francisco; Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Helen Stuart Richings, Willard J. Hall and Edgar Emerson, who have been engaged for the rostrum, a feast of good things is fully assured. Mediums of every phase have been engaged for the meeting, and, if all come, there will be no lack of opportunity for those who wish to investigate any phase of the Spiritualistic phenomena. Circulars and advertisements will be out by June 1st, giving full particulars. Any desired information can be obtained at any time by addressing Will C. Hodge, Secretary of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, 722 Parker avenue, Beloit, Wis., or L. P. Wheelock, Superintendent of Grounds, Moline, Ill.

Davenport, Iowa.

About Death—The Pleasure of Dying.

TO THE EDITOR:—"Euthanasia," says Dr. Atkinson, "is not an old word as applied to medical science, but it has a meaning which of late has come to be of great importance to every one. Death was formerly considered a great struggle, and vivid, almost shocking, descriptions of the phenomena were given in such exaggerated forms that none cared to think of the eventual moment when death should come to them. Euthanasia, or the pleasure of dying, takes the very opposite view, and proclaims death to be easy and almost painless. As the important time approaches, Nature brings her peculiar anesthetic, and the person passes off without suffering half the agony which the sickness causing the death brought to the patient. Even men meeting a violent death in the jaws of wild beasts have a few moments of calm preparation before dying, which brings relief and a certain degree of pleasure. The great trouble in death is the sickness and pain which carries one to the door of death, and it is at such moments that one suffers all the torment and agony of a dozen deaths."

"The pleasures of dying can only be likened to those of the dreamy morphine-eater, who gradually passes off into a semi-conscious state, where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet and unexcited. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is of pleasurable exaltation. The drowning man experiences the same relief and pleasure when the struggles are over, and the cold limbs grow stiff and numb."

"Persons frozen in blinding snow-storms have reported their sensations accurately, and they all agree that after a certain amount of suffering they enter into a blissful state, from which they do not want to be roused. Morphine, cocaine, ether and laudanum bring to the patient this same mental and nervous condition, and patients resent any attempt to rouse them from their dreamy state. Nature supplies her own anesthetic before the important moment has arrived. Before the death-rattle is heard the convulsed frame relaxes, the signs of pain and suffering on the face disappear, and often a smile partly opens the lips. The whole body shows signs of a painless moment, and if the mind wanders, and the tongue utters words, they are always of pleasure and joy. Those who have watched at hundreds of deathbeds have noted that death was easy, and officers in battle have testified that the last moments of dying soldiers were painless ones. People who have been in the jaws of wild beasts in India, and have been rescued at the last moment, testify that a numbing calmness was experienced after the first sharp, painful snap of the teeth upon them. In fact, the approach of every creature's fate brings with it a kindly preparation when life is blissful, and full of pleasure. The last sensation then in this world is one of joy, and not excruciating pain."

Spiritualism has robbed death of its terrors, and made a so-called "hell" a health resort, where souls will finally recuperate. G. HOVA.

Christening Among Spiritualists.

Being in Decatur, Ill., to lecture for the society of Spiritualists May 1, I was asked if I believed in christening. I answered: "If you mean having a little ceremony on the naming of a child, certainly. And I think where there is a welcome child among Spiritualists it can be made a nice and very impressive ceremony, and it ought to be." Then my questioner said: "You are the person we want to conduct a little family affair in that line."

So Sunday, May 1, at 3 p. m., a few invited friends assembled at the beautiful home of Jacob S. Wayne and wife. Among them was Mrs. Mary H. Jones, President of the Society of Spiritualists; Mrs. Ida Hill, Vice-President; Thomas S. Kiger, Secretary. A song having been sung, the writer made a few remarks, then taking the six-months-old baby from the father, announced the name—Glen Lyon—which had been selected for it by the parents. Then the mother presented her little girl, five years old, and Bessie May, the selected name, was bestowed, with a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which the visible and invisible friends of the family were petitioned to send forth the highest and best thoughts they could conceive for the youthful beings, to aid, so far as there may be power to aid, by good thoughts and good wishes, in the unfoldment of their lives and development of their characters, along such lines as will be useful to the race and bring happiness and satisfaction to themselves.

Mrs. Ida Hill, under inspirational influence, made a few very impressive remarks. President Mary H. Jones gave a very appropriate invocation, and the ceremony was closed with song.

The law of progress in the world of ideas is well revealed in this little circumstance. The father of the children, Jacob S. Wayne, was christened by a Catholic priest, his parents at the time being devoted Catholics, but they afterward drifted away entirely from Catholicism into Protestantism. The son is a Free-thinker; at the same time he takes that commendable pride in his family which all progressive thinkers ought to who believe in preserving and practicing all such ceremonies as give prominence to the good name of the family; that from their origin being suggested by parental affection, must have a psychological influence beneficial in the evolution of character. Surely the world moves when the priest is ruled out, and the progressive thinker and Spiritualist lecturer is called in to christen the babies.

Chicago, Ill.

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.

Were the Diakka at Work?

MEDIUMS.

At one time, about the year 1873, in New York City, John B. Conklin was the best public medium I had ever seen. He was an automatic-writing, table-tipping and clairvoyant medium, and was esteemed to be quite reliable; but, alas! eventually his good qualities and reliability left him. His room was sought by small lottery or policy gamblers, who sought to obtain affirmation of lucky numbers. This in turn brought other loose-principled people around him, and he began to suffer from the vice of hard drinking. His guardian spirit assumed to be George Fox, the once noted, earnest, devout Quaker divine of 1624, and while Conklin was under his guidance he was quite reliable and philosophic. I have said Conklin was an automatic or involuntary writing medium, and at times would have communications written to himself and by himself. One of these, as follows, purported to come from George Fox: "Friend John—If thee does not amend thy habits and stop getting intoxicated, I will leave thee, George Fox." But Conklin did not amend his habits, and went still deeper into this degrading and debasing habit, and it is presumed from what subsequently occurred that George Fox did leave him.

I happened at one time to be in his room when it was well-filled with investigating visitors, all impatient for their turn for inquiry. A fashionable lady and gentleman alighted from a carriage and entered the room. In an instant after her entrance all the mad freaks of Bedlam seemed to commence. The fashionably dressed lady commenced whirling swiftly around the room, with her costly silk dressings flitting behind her, until she finally fell prostrate, screaming, on the dirty floor, and fought desperately with her husband, who came to her relief. The other visitors in the room were likewise strangely affected. An elderly, serious-looking old lady got up and began to sing a negro refrain. An elderly, Quakerish-looking man rose to his feet, threw his broad-brimmed hat on the floor, jumped on it, and danced a regular break-down; in fact there were more actors than spectators, and even the writer felt curious jerking sensations at the elbows. The medium, Conklin, seized his tipping-table, drew it to the grate, and swept all its loose papers into the fire. The landlord suddenly opened the door, and insisted that he must have less noise. I assisted in forcing him back into the hall. All this strange excitement as suddenly ceased as it commenced, and Conklin was himself again. His visitors eyed each other in muteness, said nothing, but quietly sought the street and their homes.

From this time forth Conklin ceased to be a reliable medium, and was compelled to seek employment as a house-painter.

I am compelled to reflect seriously on the truth of Andrew J. Davis' assertion, that there may be a combination of discordant spirits, known as "Diakkas," who delight in throwing all attempts at investigation into confusion.

D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, L. I.

First Society of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. H. S. Lake officiated most acceptably as the lecturer for the month of April. She and her controlling intelligence evinced no lack of their accustomed form. Her lecture on Joan of Arc, on Sunday morning, April 24th, electrified the audience. The universal verdict was that it was a truly wonderful discourse, as well in the beautiful diction and intense interest in the narrative as in the eloquence and logical power with which it was demonstrated that the heroine was in truth the "Medium of Orleans."

Several of the members of the society expressed their deep regret that the lecture had not been taken down stenographically, and they stated their determination that when Mrs. Lake comes next season, if not before, they will see that provision shall be made for reproducing such remarkably meritorious lectures through stenographic report of them.

Mrs. Lake's closing lecture on the evening of the same Sunday was on "Spiritism, Spiritualism and Spirituality." It gave most clearly and satisfactorily the distinctions between them, and her comments as to each of the subjects were most interesting, eloquent and edifying.

Another of her great successes in this course of lectures was the one on "Unity and Diversity in Spiritualism." In fact, all of her lectures evidently made a deep impression upon the large audiences who heard them.

She certainly did a most useful and every way meritorious work in her recent lecture engagement with the society. So pleased were the people with her work that she has been engaged for a special course of lectures to be delivered in September next.

GOFF A. HALL, Secretary.

There is in a yard at Palatka, Fla., quite a curiosity in the shape of an orange tree only seven inches in height, but containing a perfect orange.

There is a wine cask in Toledo that holds 60,000 gallons, and thereby greatly outdoes the famous Heidelberg fass celebrated in German prose and poetry.

The total sheep stock in Great Britain at the end of last year exceeded by three million head the flocks of two years ago, and by four million the flocks of 1881.

One of the finest opals in the world is said to be worn on the turban of the Japanese minister in Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg, and surrounded by diamonds.

One of the most interesting results of the British occupation of Egypt has been the naturalization of the game of football within earshot of the "murmur of the moving Nile."

Indiana will alone turn out 75,000 bicycles from her manufactories this year. The promise of a bow-legged generation is looming up grandly.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

A Subject for the Thoughtful.

Eighteen preachers in one month, in attendance at the Dwight Institute for drunkards, and they under treatment for the malady, is suggestive that intemperance is not wholly limited to laymen. It would be interesting to have a correct report of the religious belief of those who attend that fashionable resort. And how many are there who trace their fall to the sacramental wine-cup? Dr. Ellis, in the "Personal Experience of a Physician," a very able work just from the press, on pages 13 and 94, employs the following language:

"A distinguished clergyman said in a letter to the writer: 'I can never forget the experience already related to you when Mr. —, my wife's brother-in-law, a gentleman of classical education, had become a sober man through my efforts, and received the heavenly doctrine. . . . Then came the Lord's Supper, and he had fermented California wine. I handed him the cup; he drank, and after church he fled to some place where wine could be had, came home late in the evening drunk, and continued drinking for three months, until he died one evening after being brought home heavily drunk.'"

Comments are unnecessary in this connection.

After the Hoodlum Vote.

The Methodist Conference, lately in session at Omaha, placed itself very creditably on record in denouncing Congress and the President for their action on the wicked Chinese bill, now enacted into a law, to the disgrace of the nation. Dr. Swindeville said the law was the most iniquitous ever passed by Congress. Dr. Edward said it was a political measure, a sop to the steaming passengers now unloading at Battery Park, New York. He said it was rushed through a Democratic house, passed by the Republican Senate, and signed by the well-known faultless President, solely for political effect.

For once we are glad to agree with the Methodists who expressed themselves so vigorously against a treaty-breaking law which will invade America in a serious misunderstanding with the Chinese Government. Each party seems intent on gaining the hoodlum vote of the Pacific States, at any sacrifice of national honor.

Selling Like Hot Cakes.

The Torch of Liberty, published at Wausau, Wis., has a voluntary notice of Dr. Brown's "Researches in Oriental History," the editor having read a borrowed copy. He says: "It is a work of great value, as it holds in brief, facts that a student must spend years to accumulate in the thorny paths of research. It is well written and is a mine of useful information."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is still filling orders at \$1.50. Geo. Groves, Esq., of Redding, Cal., wrote the other day: "I have just completed the reading of 'Researches in Oriental History,' in which I was greatly interested. I learned more from it about the different systems of religion, and their origin than I ever knew before." Every Spiritualist and Freethinker should have a copy.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake Is Still After "Star" Reporter Bloss.

The attorneys for Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, who was recently arrested by W. M. Bloss, a reporter on the Star, who is also a deputy constable, are making a thorough investigation into the failure of the grand jury to indict the said Bloss for alleged abuse of the power of his office. Mrs. Drake was thrust into jail, despite her offers to give bond in any sum that might be demanded, and Bloss is held by her to have been responsible for the fact.

It is said that the investigation is proceeding on the line that several of the grand jurors on the regular panel were excused, and persons predisposed in Bloss's favor were substituted. Again it is rumored that the investigation has for its ultimate object the institution of a civil suit for damages. Mr. Drake said last night that he was certain that the powers of the prosecuting attorney's office had been used to thwart all prosecution, and that he would stay with the case until substantial justice had been secured.—Kansas City Times, May 5, 1892.

This case is assuming proportions which will make it the most noted in the history of the country, as it will be the most important to the cause of Spiritualism. It commenced by the publication of a lying and scandalous article in one of the wealthiest and strongest daily journals in the city—which paper, seeing that it had made a mistake, has maintained a judicious silence from the time of its first publication to the present. Fearing the results to follow the action of the reporter-constable who made the arrest and instructed the jailor to refuse any and all bail offered, the whole force of the marshal and prosecuting attorney's departments of the county have been used to prevent the arrest of the constable before a justice of the peace, and his indictment by the grand jury. These departments are both in the hands of Democrats. Fortunately, however, Mr. Drake is a Democrat of some prominence, having been editor and owner of leading Democratic journals in Iowa and Illinois from 1865 to 1880, as well as member of the Illinois State Democratic Commission at the time when such men as Hon. W. C. Goudy and Chief Justice Fuller were prominent in the councils of the party. Mr. Drake is well qualified to make the fight for the rights of citizens under the law, even should those who are persecuting his wife for her religious opinions take the question before the people. He has the means, the disposition and the ability to make it exceedingly interesting to those who imagined they were traducing a friendless woman.

The parties instigating the arrest and obstructing the processes of justice were not personally acquainted with Mrs. Drake, and could not have any malice to gratify. Their only motive could be to persecute her for her opinions, when those opinions were in no way forced upon them. They selected her as the most prominent representative of Spiritualism in this or any other country—a woman who has for twenty-five years stood before the finest audiences of the best people in every city of any size and note from Boston to Los Angeles, in both of which cities she has lived and been welcomed in the churches as a co-worker for temperance and reform. The fact that no breath of suspicion was ever attached to her name, and the fact that she named among her friends the very best men and women in the country—prominent thinkers, reformers, senators, governors and divines of all denominations—was prominently and sharply before the instigators of this outrageous persecution; all of which marks the issue as one in which all people are deeply interested, no matter what their belief.

To call especial attention to their persecution they caused the arrest at the same time and in connection with the same circumstance, of Dr. T. A. Kimmell, who protected Mrs. Drake from the assault of their tool. Dr. Kimmell has lived in Kansas City for fourteen or fifteen years. He is a prominent member of the Knight Templars, a physician of high rank, having been a lecturer in the Medical College located in the city, and as a gentleman and citizen his reputation is unchallenged.

This case has already brought to the front large numbers of prominent and wealthy people in Kansas City, who until the present have not been known as Spiritualists; and while the question at issue is to test the rights of citizens under the laws—to know whether or not innocent and reputable people can be denied the privileges of lawful bail at the dictum of a political combine of corrupt and dangerous officials, backed by a large political majority—while this is the question upon which the courts are asked to pass, the issues will teach the press that Spiritualism is entitled to the same consideration and respect as any other philosophy or belief.

Commendable.

The Methodists, in General Conference at Omaha, defined their position in favor of the pending amendment to the Constitution of the United States looking to the protection of the public schools against religious encroachments and the complete divorce of Church and State. A resolution was also adopted declaring the appropriation of money by the government for ecclesiastical education not in accord with its principles; and that the church should receive no money from the Government for education. We love to note such actions by the churches, for so far they are in the right.

Wilson Duncan well says: "That countless thousands here on earth carry fragments of heaven with them through life, is doubtless true. The darkness, the evil, the misery, the works of hell on earth, are the result of conditions of ignorance."

The "Banner of Light" Displeased.

The inauguration of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in the ranks of journalism caused some of the Spiritualist papers throughout the country to raise their hands in consternation. We commenced the publication of our paper at one dollar per year, determined to be instrumental in bringing about a new era in behalf of Spiritualism. We knew then that there would be a vast amount of squirming; we knew then, as we know now, that the high-priced Spiritualist papers would kick—kick high and hard against the innovation we were instrumental in producing. The venerable editor of the Banner of Light has been constantly squirming at the success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and has not liked its methods. It is too sensational!

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was inaugurated on the plane of strict honesty and integrity, and is sustained thereon. Can the Banner say as much? Prating of honesty, prating of integrity, prating of virtue, yet it allows Lord & Thomas, of this city, to list it as having 20,000 subscribers, when it has not that number. Lord & Thomas are strictly honest, and always put the circulation of a paper as given by the publisher.

As we have said before, we expected that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER would arouse opposition among the high-priced papers. It compelled one high-priced paper to come down to one dollar. And we say here that the high-priced paper will have to go eventually. This is an age of enterprise—of activity, and the "back number" will eventually have to go. Just think, Spiritualists, the venerable editor of the Banner doesn't like the methods of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, yet he devotes one whole page to advertise soap! soap! soap! The purchaser, of course, has got to pay for the advertisement. Just think, too, while the venerable editor speaks disparagingly of our paper, he devotes three columns of his own to advertising that miserable stuff known as Warner's Safe Cure, with third-rate illustrations of those who indorse it!

But that is not all. The Banner devotes twenty mortal columns to advertising! Yes, twenty mortal columns, and then boasts of its enterprise. Would it have twenty columns of advertising, if it gave its exact number of subscribers? No! a million times No! It would soon go under.

Spiritualists of the United States, the work of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is before you! It was founded on strict honesty, and remains so today. When Dr. Babbitt, of New York, sent us an advertisement, having been informed that we had 25,000 circulation, we did not let him rest with that delusion, nor would we accept his advertisement on that basis. No! No! a thousand times No! Nor will we allow any advertising agent to list our circulation larger than it really is in order to obtain advertisements.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was born on this plane of life to remain. It will continue to be sensational—but that sensationalism will be founded on the bed-rock of truth, purity and justice. It will never obtain a dollar for advertisements on a false basis, and in its sensationalism it will promote honesty, virtue and temperance—in fact, all the cardinal virtues shall receive recognition at its hand.

The Banner, too, complains because we open our columns to those who speak favorably of our paper. The Banner has done that very thing from time immemorial, and it was in that paper where we first caught the idea; but since THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was started, it has struck most forcibly the great mass of Spiritualists as being a paper imbued with the spirit of enterprise, as presenting each week something fresh, vigorous and startling, and which ought to be known to everybody, hence laudations have been principally directed to it, and not to the Banner, and we have taken great pleasure in publishing them. These favorable letters came from the hearts of the writers. The following we find in the Truth Seeker of May 7th, and is written by a prominent physician, N. A. Pickens, M. D., of Camp Alamo, Lower Cal., Mex.

"I see in your valuable paper (The Truth Seeker) of March 12th, an article from J. Edw. S., North Baltimore, O., which has the ring of the true spirit of investigation. In reply, by your permission, I will make a few suggestions. He wishes to be informed on the subject of future life. Take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, published at No. 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill., by J. R. Francis. It is an eight-page paper; price, \$1 per annum; thirteen weeks for twenty-five cents. There are many periodicals published on the subject of Spiritualism, but this one I, as many others, consider by far the best. It treats on scientific subjects in general. Many a single article is worth the year's subscription. A late number contains an article on 'Salem Witchcraft' that is worth more than \$1. Send for a sample copy by all means."

But what aroused the ire of our venerable brother? Simply this one sentence, that occurred in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of April 16th, our anniversary edition:

"If we, for one dollar only, can give to our readers eight solid pages of reading matter (except two columns only for advertisements) the \$2.50 papers should furnish twenty pages."

Now, we do not take back one single word in connection with the above aggressive statement. It is suggestive, and is true throughout. If we for one dollar per year can issue each week eight pages of solid reading matter, if we received \$2.50 per year could we not issue twenty pages? We leave this little

arithmetical calculation with our readers. There was nothing in it to arouse the bitter hostility of any sane person. It was simply a little good-natured allusion as to what others could do, if on our plane of enterprise.

Knowing that the venerable Dr. Greer, of this city, had given the Banner's columns a trial with his advertisement, we addressed him the following letter:

DR. GREER—My Dear Sir: You have undoubtedly seen the uncalculated attack on me in a late number of the Banner of Light. You are an impartial advertiser, seeking that source where you can get the greatest returns. If you have no objection, I wish you would state the comparative results, in the same length of time, of advertising in the two papers—the Banner of Light and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; also please give the weekly circulation which the Banner claims to have, and on which basis you sent your advertisement. Truly yours, J. R. FRANCIS.

Dr. Greer, respected for his many sterling qualities, and as friendly to the Banner as to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, writes:

CHICAGO, ILL., May 18, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR:—Yours received, and I haste to reply. Yes, I have certainly seen the editorial article referred to in the Banner of Light, and I have also seen the editorial article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER which evoked the same.

Laying all sentiment or moralizing aside, and without prejudice or partiality but with pure friendship for all, I will give, as you requested, my experience as an advertiser in the two aforesaid papers. The results in both cases, I am happy to say, have been remarkably good; but to get a standard by which to measure the comparative results, I must refer to the number of letters received from both papers during the year that is past, to date; these, I think, are my best indications whereby to judge of the merits of each paper, as an advertising medium. Then from the best evidence at hand, I find that I have received during the past year, to date, 2,201 letters (or an average of a little over six letters per day) as the result of advertising in the Banner of Light, and in comparison therewith I also find that I have received 5,420 letters (or average of nearly fifteen letters per day) from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, during same time. Besides these letters I have received personal calls at my office from both papers, but the number of calls from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was far greater than from the Banner of Light, by twenty to one; but this disparity I would naturally expect from being located in Chicago, where the paper was published.

My contracts for space in the Banner of Light are on a basis of 20,000 circulation, as represented.

With enmity toward none, but with best wishes for all concerned, I am yours, etc., DR. R. GREER.

127 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

The letter of Dr. Greer speaks for itself; it is a most potent argument in our behalf, and shows more conclusively than ever the curious methods of the Banner. Just think, the results three times more favorable in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER than in the Banner, and yet we do not claim 20,000 subscribers.

Now, readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and readers of the Banner of Light, we are determined that the TRUTH—grand and beautiful—shall stand at the front. Dr. Greer advertised in the Banner on the basis of 20,000 circulation. He advertised in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on a far less basis—a basis of exact truth—a basis which angels could examine and find as represented, and yet he has received nearly three times as many letters in the same length of time from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as from the Banner. Our weekly issue is now about 14,000, and yet you can readily see the extraordinary disparity between the results obtained. Judging from these results, we can only come to the conclusion that the circulation of the Banner—its actual subscription list—is less than 6,000, not half that of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Bear in mind that our policy is along the exact lines of TRUTH, HONESTY and INTEGRITY! We have never swerved a hair's breadth from these cardinal virtues, in our conduct of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and we never will. No advertisement was ever accepted by us on a false basis, and never have we encouraged any one to advertise in our columns, nor have we ever sent out circulars here, there, and everywhere, like the Banner, claiming a circulation we have not. No! a thousand times No! We challenge the most rigid scrutiny of our business methods. We have said repeatedly that our list of subscribers is always open to the inspection of advertisers. We claim here that in the sight of heaven, in the sight of the angel world, in the sight of Divine Providence, no paper can be honest that puts a screen over its list of subscribers. Advertisers have a right to know—they should know!—the character of the field they are exploring. When that right is refused, at all times and under all circumstances, then a dark and damning blight rests upon the paper—we care not what the name of the paper, nor in what city it is published. All papers should follow lines of perfect honesty. The world is plunged in degradation! Slimy men, men reeking with corruption, men rotten with rum, are found in high places as well as in slums. Let the Spiritualist papers—one and all!—be above the sharp practices of ordinary life. Let no advertisement be accepted, only on the actual weekly issue. Let the Spiritualist paper be a light to all. Let no screens be placed over its books or its list of subscribers. Let rum bottles be banished from its counters! Let the invitation go forth to all that the Spiritualist paper is a grand beacon light—a light to all—burning with diamond purity, and with love for all and malice towards none. Let it be sensational in the broad-

est and most comprehensive sense, along the lines of truth, purity, justice, right, and above all, HONESTY.

The Russian Cabinet Crisis.

The Chandaquian, speaking of the recent Russian Cabinet crisis, says: "As indicating the failure of the educational bill constructed by the Emperor himself and intended as a far-reaching means of strengthening German reverence for monarchy, these changes merit the world's congratulations to Prussians. The Emperor has discovered that Social Democrats, his thorn in the flesh, are least numerous among orthodox Catholics and Evangelicals. Reasoning that as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, he determined to add more creed and religious instruction to the public school courses, which now have from two to three hours of time devoted to Bible history, psalm-committing, and hymn learning each week."

"By granting special privileges to priests he secured Catholic support, with which he expected conservatives to pass the bill. Indignant remonstrances from Liberals, Universities, Democrats and the country at large, struck him with alarm sufficient to cause the withdrawal of the obnoxious religious 'force bill.' This step, probably offensive to Catholics in the Diet, may be expected to cause a break in their ranks, the result of which will be interesting to watch as it clogs the government wheels."

This proves what we have always said: that priestcraft and kingcraft have always stood together and helped one another, and they must fall together. We are glad that the land of Luther has protested against this "force bill" iniquity, and we are mistaken in the spirit of the German people if they do not stand up for their rights and their liberty.

Cards for Funerals.

W. Dinning, a leading Spiritualist, of Waukegan, Ill.,—and, by the way, always benevolently inclined—has published a card containing several impressive poems, written by his estimable wife, who is a medium, and to be read or sung at funerals. These cards are for free distribution. Mr. Dinning writes: "Being at a funeral where no provision for a service had been made, I was requested to repeat some of the hymns my wife had written. They gave so much satisfaction to those present that it induced us to get some of them printed for use on similar occasions."

Father Chiniquy.

He has undoubtedly done his last work. He is very sick, at his home at St. Anne, Ill. But his hostility to the Roman hierarchy is now as firm as ever. He sends from his sick bed the following:

"As it is most probable the priests of Rome will do for me what they did for so many others—they will publish that I made my peace with the Church of Rome before dying—I protest in advance against this new calumny. With the grave facing me, I invite more than ever my fellow countrymen and all Roman Catholics to break the heavy yokes that the Church of Rome puts upon the nations which she blinds and keeps as poor slaves at the feet of her idols. The Roman priests deceive the people in making them believe that they have the power to change the wafer into our God and savior Jesus Christ. The god savior which the Romanist adores is only a powerless idol. The mass is only a tissue of blasphemies and idolatries; the priest lifting up the wafer and saying to the people: 'This is your god who has saved you on the cross.' He performs the same act of idolatry that Aaron did when he said to Israel in showing the golden calf: 'Here is your god who leads you out of Egypt.'"

"The auricular confession is a trap into which the majority of priests fall with their followers."

"The confessional is an invention from Satan given to the Church of Rome by the idolaters of ancient times."

"I forgive with all my heart all the calumnies that my enemies have said or written against me."

Passed to Spirit Life.

From her home in Madison, Neb., April 29, Mrs. Amy Ann Prince, wife of E. F. Prince, passed to the higher life, aged 62 years and 7 days. She had long been a Spiritualist. She felt and knew that her faith was knowledge. While she was always ready to take up the weapons of argument and reason against those that did not agree with her, she was liberal enough to allow others to enjoy their own theories with or without evidence. Thus she has lived, and she passed to Spirit-life in the enjoyment of that knowledge of immortality which she had gained through spirit growth and communion with loved ones who had passed on before.

Congressman McKelghan, of Nebraska, who has been farmer, soldier, and judge in turn, lives, when at home, in a sod house—three rooms, boarded over a framework and covered with thick sods—which is cool in summer, warm in winter, and free from any other structure from the danger of cyclones.

The Hindoo prince soon to visit England, the Galkar of Baroda, is one of the most progressive rulers in Hindoostan. He does not want costly buildings merely for show, but spends his money preferably on schools, railroads and drainage. His personal character is good, and he is philanthropic in his instincts.

Kate Field describes Mrs. Amelia Rives Chanler as "a Psyche in appearance, and as charming in manner as in face. The modern woman writer," continues Miss Field, "quite upsets the old picture of fright and slatternly dressing which a past generation religiously believed went hand in hand with alleged female intellect."

Prof. John Stuart Blake is nearly 83 years of age, and boasts that he has never been sick a day in his life.

Daniel Strickland, of Kent, Ohio, is 92 years of age, and has devoted nearly all of his life to travel, having gone round the world twenty-four times. He is now making his twenty-fifth circuit of the globe.

The New Translation of the Bible.

The whole world should rejoice that a new translation of the holy scriptures is now in progress. Why rejoice? Because a large number of the learned are not satisfied with the current translations. Every extant translation has followed very closely in the groove of an earlier, and each bears the defects and sectarian bias of its predecessors. Without entering into particulars this statement is true of the late revised translation. It is true of the authorized translation. The Catholic English translation shows upon its face, where doctrinal matters were not in controversy, that King James' translation was closely consulted, while the latter followed in the track of Tyndall, Wickliff and others. All seem to have come from the Latin Vulgate, or the Greek Septuagint. The identity of language in many places in the Jewish English translation of the Old Testament with the authorized version is almost positive evidence that the latter was used wherever it was deemed practical. These facts in mind, then the Cyclopaedia of Biblical literature, article "Scriptures Holy," states that the early translators "acted without plan, took manuscripts at haphazard and amended them according to their fancy."

Another fact must also be taken into account when we consult the holy books: They came through, if not from, the hands of the rudest barbarians of any age. We quote from Guizot's History of Civilization in Europe, p. 121, wherein the author describes the condition in the 5th and 6th centuries:

"The church herself sunk into barbarism. . . . All remains of Roman civilization had disappeared, even its very language—all became buried in complete barbarism. On one side the rude barbarians, entering into the church, became Bishops and Priests; on the other the Bishops adopting the barbarian life, became, without quitting their bishoprics, chiefs of bands of marauders, and wandered over the country; pillaging and destroying like so many companies of Clovis."

Prof. Haupt, the noted Semitic scholar of John Hopkins University, has the general supervision of the new translation, while the details of each book is given to a prominent Hebrew scholar. The love story known as Ruth has been assigned to the well-known Dr. Chas. A. Briggs, who, it will be remembered, the late Presbyterian General Assembly did not pronounce a heretic. Some of the renderings have already been given to the press. Compared with the ordinary translation the general reader will hardly recognize that the subject matter in each was drawn from a common source.

The value of any translation is impaired with a knowledge of the fact that there is no manuscript of the original older than the 11th century; that to that time, and for several centuries thereafter, every copyist took the liberty of amending the text to suit his own caprice; and then the character of the persons through whose hands they came should be taken into account.

Blessings on the Monk.

It is said a monk of the Middle Ages saw in a vision an angel in the sky who bore in his hand a vase of water and a lighted torch. Asking the meaning the angel replied:

"With this blazing torch I mean to burn up heaven, and with this vase of water quench the flames of hell, that henceforth mortals may learn to shun the wrong and do the right for the pleasure they give, not from the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment."

That the fires of hell are nearly extinguished is very evident, from the tone of the orthodox clergy, who no longer make the miseries of the damned the principal subject of their discourses.

In this vision of the monk has been mostly realized. It is only the Jaspers, the Sam Snells, the Talmages on great occasions, and the backwoods clergy, who have any further use for hell. And since hell is gone, its king, the Devil, has taken his departure, with most of the other myths with which he has been associated.

The torch aglow with reason burned up the material heaven, so that a New Jerusalem resting on the azure vault, with ivory thrones, golden streets, and a vengeful God, all have retired, and the monk's vision is a realization. Now let us do good for its own sake, and avoid the wrong for the love of right, then blessings on the vision of the monk who for once saw in prospective something better than the blind teachings of his order.

Enlargement of the "Unseen Universe."

As the first number of this magazine was designed principally to be an introductory one to those which were to follow, the editor, with grateful thanks for past favors, begs to announce her intention of enlarging the ensuing numbers by the addition of eight more pages, thus enabling her to give a monthly summary of Spiritualism at home and abroad, sketches, etc., and answers to correspondents and enquirers, together with the important subjects now being treated in serial papers. In addition to the sample copies now and formerly sent out, the editor has reserved a few back numbers for those desirous to subscribe further and make up the entire twelve months' set. Address, Emma Hardinge Britten, The Lindens, Humphrey street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng., and subscribe for this excellent magazine.

"Convent of The Sacred Heart."

The "Convent of The Sacred Heart" has been unavoidably delayed a few days from time announced, on account of the large edition issued. It was impracticable to acknowledge the receipt of subscriptions, but if the books are not received all right, all failures will be made good. HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

J. J. Watson, of New York, writes: "Mrs. Mott Knight, the wonderful slate-writing medium, has moved to 252 West 36th street. Some friends of ours have had sittings with her recently, with the most astonishing results."

This work by DIL M. L. SHERMAN, assisted by PROF. W. F. LYON. Heretofore it has been sold for \$1.00. It is a new and revised edition of a book that will interest and instruct. It contains 64 pages, and is full of suggestive thoughts. Dr. Sherman's philosophy is a new departure from the reflection from the celestial spheres. It treats of the soul of things; Intelligence in substance; Animal Intelligence; the human mind; the soul of man; Unnatural Ideas; Church History; Progression; Inherent in substance; The Religious Theory; Parables are the Language of Justice; Impersonality; The Presence of Deity; Mental Death; Immortality; Mourning; The Confronting of Language; The Spirit Animal; Matter and Spirit; Rise and Descent; Spiritism; Oracles; The Human Mind; The Soul of Man; Spiritism; Goes to Heaven; A Slave Master; etc., etc. The author says: Each individual partakes of the soul of things, and each individual partakes of the soul of man. Each one must digest their various kinds of food for themselves, and that is all they can possibly do. My physical expands by virtue of that food and nourishment of which I individually partake and digest. My mind expands by virtue of that food and nourishment of which I individually partake and digest. My soul expands by virtue of that food and nourishment of which I individually partake and digest.

THE SLADE CASE.

Ringing Words In His Defense.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—(Matt. v. 7.)

"Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge others ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—(Matt. vii. 1, 2.)

Of late, one or two of the Duluth (Minn.) and a few other Western papers have been filled with insinuations about Henry Slade, the medium, having been intoxicated, and committing some terrible outrage upon morals or decency, or both. What Slade did, is something, as Lord Dundreary used to say: "No fellow can find out." Every inquiry is met with "It's too horrible to print." These charges are brought by nobody knows who, of indiscretions or crimes committed or attempted nobody knows about or upon whom.

I have received many private letters concerning the matter, but not one from any one who knows of Slade's ever having done any naughty thing, or of his having ever been intoxicated. I have had several long talks with Dr. Slade about the matter. He denies it all, and tells a straightforward, consistent story about it. As the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have an abridgement of his story, over his own signature, I need not repeat it.

I became very intimately acquainted with Dr. Slade twenty-nine years ago, and kept up that intimate acquaintance ten years; since then, I have only occasionally met him, and never saw him at all from 1880 to the latter part of last March. In Duluth I saw him probably every day for about ten days; and in St. Paul, for three weeks, our rooms have opened out of the same parlors, so that I have had a chance to pretty thoroughly renew an old acquaintance.

I never saw Slade the worse for liquor; never saw him when he had been drinking. I never saw him when he was anything other than a gentleman. Before he went to Europe I never saw him smoke, and I think he did not smoke; since his return he is an almost incessant smoker, but he always smokes the mildest cigars he can get.

Twelve years since he voluntarily told me that he generally kept brandy by him, and when he felt one of his periodical spells of paralysis coming on he drank it; this he did under his medical adviser's direction; and that he drank at no other time. He added: "Brandy never intoxicates me when I am threatened with paralysis." To-day, in the presence of witnesses, he said the same thing, and added: "It may sound strange to you, but I cannot drink it—I cannot even bear the smell of it—at any other time."

Whatever Dr. Slade's habits may be, those who know the Duluth Tribune as I do, and as the Spiritualists of Duluth do, receive anything it may publish against Spiritualists or Spiritualism *cum grano salis*. That sheet has reported me many times, and I must say, if it ever got a truth in its columns concerning me, it was an accident. It is a very cheap paper, in the sense of being run with the smallest amount of brain power and the cheapest kind of help. I doubt whether its reporters are capable of comprehending anything more than imaginary microscopic irregularities in Spiritualism. As for the grand structure of Spiritualism, it is as far beyond the range of their comprehension as the Eiffel tower is beyond the comprehension of the mosquitoes which make music around its base. In everything they say about Spiritualism they display so much of that kind of venom which always accompanies bigoted ignorance, that I never thought of taking any more notice of it than I would the bawling of a fishmonger in the street.

Yet when this journal came out with its apparently straight story about Slade, I confess I was inclined to fear that for once the Tribune had babbled out the truth. I received letters from Spiritualists in Duluth telling me that the story was an out-and-out falsehood; and other letters stating that the whole thing originated in Catholic hatred of Spiritualism; and still another, that the Doctor had given about 200 undeniable tests in Duluth, and that, failing to detect fraud in his manifestations, this was the course taken to deal him a parting blow.

Now, be it remembered that at present I do not believe the stories circulated about Slade; but whether they are true or not, Slade is too valuable a man to be, in his old age, lightly thrown aside. For over a generation he has devoted himself wholly to the spread of Spiritualism. He has made more converts than any other medium in the world; his life service has been worth something. If he drinks too much, I am as sorry as any one can be, but I cannot drop him on that account. When sober, he is heart and soul in the work. It has never been proved to me that Slade gets drunk, but if he does, Slade the drunkard, must not kill the life-work of Slade the medium.

Spiritualists, we have a duty in this matter. If these reports are slanderous, we should meet them in such a way as to effectually stop them. If they are true, in heaven's name and in the name of Spiritualism, let us try to save the man. There is latent divinity in him which can be grown into sufficient activity to overcome all the whiskey in the world. As to the other things of which he is accused, if he is guilty, it is not Slade, it is insanity caused by drink.

When John Bunyan saw the officers taking a man to the gallows, he said: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan." When one errs, let such as are spiritual strive again and again to restore him. I fear that many of us who never were tempted in the direction these stories seem to indicate that this man is, do not realize what, if these stories are true, he has to overcome. If the stories are not true, shall we stand by and see libelous

pens and slanderous tongues destroy the happiness and the usefulness of a fellow-worker? Personally, I have suffered so much under the reports of infamous tongues and pens dipped in gall that I feel like giving the slandered one at least the benefit of every doubt. 29 Chicago Terrace. MOSES HULL.

Hoing and Praying.

Said Farmer Jones, in a whining tone, To his good old neighbor Gray, "I've worn my knees through to the bone, But it ain't no use to pray."

"Your corn looks just twice as good as mine, Though you don't pretend to be A burnin' light in the church to shine, An' tell salvation's free."

"I've prayed the to Lord a thousand times For to make that 'ere corn grow; An' why your beats it so an' climbs, I'd gin a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones, In his easy, quiet way: "When prayers get mixed with lazy bones, They don't make farmin' pay."

"Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall, In spite of all your prayers; You may pray for corn till the heavens fall, If you don't dig up the tares."

"I mix my prayers with a little toil, Along in every row; And I work this mixture into the soil Quite vigorous with a hoe."

"An' I have found, though a sinner still, As sure as you are born of a woman, This kind of compost, worked well in, Makes pretty decent corn."

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe, An' do my level best To keep down the weeds along each row, And the Lord, he does the rest."

"It's well for to pray both night and morn, As every farmer knows; But the place to pray for thrifty corn Is right between the rows."

"You must use your hands while praying, though, If an answer you would get, For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe Never raised a big crop yet."

"An' I believe, my good old friend, If you mean to win the day, From plowing, clean to the harvest's end, You must hoe as well as pray."

—Leader.

Camp-Meeting.

The tenth annual ten-days' camp-meeting of the First District Association of Spiritualists, of Michigan, will be held at Island Park, Orion, Michigan, commencing Saturday, June 11, 1899, and ending Monday, June 20. Miss E. A. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, Michigan, will occupy the platform first as speaker until the last Saturday, when Dr. A. B. Spinnery, of Detroit, will fill the remaining time. There will also be other speakers and good mediums in attendance, and attractions in the way of social and literary enjoyments. All good mediums are especially invited to be present. Tenting grounds free to all, and ample accommodations are offered at reduced rates in board and lodging. N. P. WADSWORTH, Pres. Mrs. L. OWEN, Sec'y.

Lapeer, Michigan.

A Temple at Columbus, Ohio.

To THE EDITOR:—The subscription for the building of a Spiritual Temple in this city is progressing finely. The friends beg permission to call the attention of Spiritualists everywhere, who may not be building themselves, and feel like aiding the good cause, to aid us in the work. The shares of stock are \$5.00, ten per cent. to be paid as the work progresses. Donations may be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth Coit, President, 242 South Third street, or to Edward L. Beard, Secretary, southwest corner of High and Town streets. Our meetings are growing larger every Sunday evening. The last meeting was addressed by C. C. Pomeroy, after which Brother Humphries, of Indianapolis, Indiana, gave some wonderful manifestations. The investigators come and go away with seed that promises a harvest in our city in the coming light. EDWARD L. BEARD.

The Haslett Park Camp.

The Haslett Park Association will hold its tenth annual camp meeting at Haslett Park, Ingham county, Michigan, July 28th to August 31st. Programme:—July 31, Lyman C. Howe; August 7, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson; 14th, Mrs. A. L. Robinson; 20th and 21st, Edgar W. Emerson; 28th, Mrs. R. Shepherd Lillie; also a list of speakers and mediums, some of whose dates have not been fully completed, including Hon. L. V. Moulton, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, Moses Hull, Mrs. Carrie Firth, Mrs. Elizabeth Stranger, Mrs. Julia Walton, Miss Abbie E. Sheets and Dr. U. D. Thomas. Many additional improvements have been made in all the departments. There is every prospect for a more enjoyable season than ever before. Haslett Park bulletin issued June 1st.

DR. A. W. EDSON, Sec'y and Manager.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN, Corresp'g Sec'y.

A Hint to Cassadaga.

I am glad to notice in the last number of your ever-welcome PROGRESSIVE THINKER the announcement of the Cassadaga camp-meeting for the present season, and the elaborate programme of speakers, with the dates, etc. With such a galaxy of orators and mediums there can be no doubt of the success of the meeting or of the character of the entertainment. I trust ere this the directors of the camp at Lily Dale have taken the necessary steps to overcome the great and only nuisance there, and have provided suitable sanitary means by which transient guests may be accommodated, and the beautiful grove made beautiful and attractive. There is no reason for the neglect that prevailed there last season, and for the credit of the camp and all connected in any way with it, I sincerely trust that great nuisance may be remedied. Cleanliness before godliness! St. Louis, Mo. E. W. GOULD.

The Russian Bear.

[La grippe.]

He looms black and grim through the snow-white wood.

A dread shape of evil with naught in it of good, Save as the philosophers tell us of late, 'Tis 'Tho' wrongly combined, yet the atoms are right!"

And with a fierce growl—quick foreboding of ill—That sends to the marrow a desperate chill, He rushes upon us, while, stricken with fear And numbed at sight of the monster; none near, Neither mortal nor angel with power, 'tis clear To ward from the weary, worn body the embrace Of this d—l in form—latest foe of the race.

Who was born and was bred in Siberian hells, Where earth's most unfortunate wretchedly dwells, In fastnesses dark of ice and snow, Surpassing all regions on earth that we know For gloom and for misery!

Superstition is there, Lurking in its dark caves like this beast in his lair;

The cave of old creeds, which emperor and kin Are guarding as if there were treasure within.

And for them, true, there is wrong from peasant, etc., The last drop of life-blood, of gold as much worth;

Now their dreaded Jehovah has come as of old, And stricken with pestilence and famine this fold, Whose shepherds were worse than wild wolves in a fleece

Of one of their own sheep; whose carcass, when miss'd, Has been flung to the dogs that follow amain, Having, for a device, a collar and chain;

But are sleek as well-fed, and can bay to the moon In a wonderful, pitiful, pathetic tune, That might be mistaken for chant or for prayer, By honest, but ignorant, watch dogs that are there.

Well, shall any escape on this swinging earth-ball When "the least of these" brothers or sisters shall fall A victim to pestilence? Bred in such way That the east wind shall carry the pestiferous malaria!

The raw wind that's nearest the surface and damp, And heavy to upbear the flame of life's lamp—The expiring, infectious, flocking breath of the throngs

Of thousands of beings, dying daily of wrongs Heaped up in the past, and piled mountain high, Like the pyramids, reaching up into the sky, Upon weak, human shoulders, enfeebled from birth,

Which then become objects of mocking and mirth By the strong and the arrogant, who weakness despise, And bolster dominion by the poisonest lies!

Such falsehoods have strength, too, because warped of truth, Tho' rotten the wood, made all of man's ruth. 'Tis this glimmer of truth, through the shoddy of error,

That deceives the dim eyes of the poor bred in terror Of rules and religion, of cardinals and kings, Who have for their "measure" the riches it brings—

The feast of good things; while the Lazaruses crawl, And lick the soil'd crumbs 'neath the table that fall.

The chill stage, 'twould seem, has already pass'd, And the fever for liberty set in at last, Whose victims must bear all the racking and pain

Such moral upheavals e'er bring in their train; Whose souls must be martyr'd, whose lives sacrificed, For building upon them a fane to the skies, Crowning liberty's temple.

Then the earth, purified From pestilences moral, freedom's breezes would blow wide Over all the round earth.

Thus our scientists tell Shall our physical ills be banished to h—l, To hades, to "sheol," whatever the term, For the universe's corner, where evil shall burn In its cremation retort.

But no soul will be found, Like a diamond in rubbish, on that "dumping" ground, For the soul is a spark of the infinite force, Struck off by its energies, tending back to its source,

And gathering, as jewels, within their dark mine Through the ages a lustre nothing less than divine. —Levise Oliver.

Minnesota Camp-Meeting Announcement.

The Minnesota Camp-meeting will be held by the Northwestern Spiritualist Association, beginning July 1, and continuing over Sunday, July 24.

Good speakers and mediums for all phases will be in attendance, and a general good time, together with a great influx of the spirit, may be assured all who attend. Grounds will be ready for occupancy one week before opening of camp, and every facility will be arranged to make it both pleasant and profitable to all who attend. Milk, fresh fruits, vegetables and groceries of all kinds, will be furnished on the grounds, at low prices, and a post office will be maintained, so that all will receive their mail promptly. Tents can be brought by campers, or will be furnished by the association, at as reasonable rates as possible.

We respectfully request all who wish to attend to at once communicate with the Secretary, and make arrangements, so that accommodations will be provided for all. A complete programme will be ready about June 1, which will be mailed to any one sending their address. We especially wish to hear from those mediums who will attend, and wish their names mentioned in the programme at once, as the programme will go to press May 25. Address all communications to W. H. BACH, Secretary, 62 Park Place, St. Paul, Minn.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Mind Reading and Beyond," a scholarly statement of the whole subject, with instructions plainly given how to train one's self in mind reading. By W. A. HOVEY. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office.

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

Col. Ingersoll and Chauncey M. Depew.

I, with thousands of others, have read an article which has had a general circulation through many of the newspapers of our land, and these "voices of the people" are glad to strike a blow at the few thinking part of our population; said article tells how Col. Ingersoll was "crushed" and the freethinkers answered. It seems that Col. Ingersoll delivered an address to a colored congregation, at which time Chauncey M. Depew introduced the speakers. After an eloquent address, which was received with enthusiasm, he closed with a vigorous plea for the rights of man; also an attack on the Christian religion, advising the negroes not to follow the God of the whites, nor any God who permitted slavery in the world.

Before Mr. Depew introduced the next speaker, he paid a high tribute to Col. Ingersoll's eloquence, but stated that slavery was universal in the world when Christ appeared, and as far as the true Christianity had extended slavery has disappeared, also that the spirit which brought on the war was aroused by the teachings of the Northern Christian pulpit.

Now, behold! the *Inter Ocean* says this was an effective answer to the great Agnostic, because of the acknowledgment of his eloquent effort in behalf of equal rights and the uplifting of every race, and that Mr. Ingersoll was taught a lesson by Mr. Depew. Now to begin with, Mr. Depew's most important statement is exactly the words Ingersoll has used many times in his addresses before this great people. He has claimed that it is the true spirit of Christianity that we are indebted to. No one will dispute that; but it is Col. Ingersoll's true spirit and not the spirit of the church. Mr. Depew, instead of answering Ingersoll, pays him the highest tribute by using his very words: "The true spirit of Christianity."

Bob Ingersoll never uttered a word against this true spirit, but has been laboring all his life that Christians might get hold of a little of this true Christianity. Depew wishes to convey the idea that slavery dwindled into insignificance after the time of Christ, consequently it must have been because Christ has lived or died; or was it on account of his teachings; if the latter, or in either case, is it not strange that this slavery should be the only crevice that was so effected, and how strange, too, that in 1860, after slavery had this setback, there were 4,000,000 slaves in the Northern States, and the church was preaching slavery. Mr. Depew says it was due to the pulpits orators of the North that war was finally inaugurated, and I say that many of the Northern ministers preached slavery, and the Southern ministers certainly did. But in either case can Mr. Depew step out and say that a Southern minister was wrong and a Northern minister was right? Can he say one was inspired and the other was not? Now we wish, all of us freethinkers, to condole with Col. Ingersoll; but I would suggest to the next one who wishes to "floor" the Colonel with unanswerable arguments that he be thoroughly conversant with the matter in hand, because he (the Colonel) has a habit of standing on solid ground when he talks. C. H. SANBORN.

Inspirational Hymns for Congregational Singing.

Mrs. Elizabeth Coit, President of the Church of Spiritualists, of Columbus, Ohio, has published a collection of new hymns, written to old familiar tunes, for the use of societies, which desire at least a little congregational singing at each service. A part of these Mrs. Coit has written herself, and the others are over the initials U. R. W. The hymns have an elevating, ennobling influence, and are all well composed, and laden with spiritual truth. They are about forty in number, with a maroon-colored leatherette cover, and are so cheap that everybody can buy one, and be ready to join in the most charming portion of devotional service—singing.

The tunes to which new and suitable words are given are: "Beulah Land," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "I'm Coming to Thy Cross," "Lenox," "Hold the Fort," "John Brown's Body," etc., "Hebron," "I Would Not Live Always," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Coronation," "There is a Happy Land," "Home, Sweet Home," "Tell the Story." This convenient and cheap collection will be a great aid to societies, and may be ordered from Mrs. Elizabeth Coit, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Coit has done this work for the cause and not to make money for herself, as she is a wealthy lady, and noted for her benevolent deeds and noble character. Societies needing such a work will do well to order as above. EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A Hypnotic Subject Locates a Missing Person.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am a Spiritualist, and wish to say that my mother, while insane, wandered away from home last December. After informing the police and papers without any results, I went to Prof. Laroge, who placed one of his subjects in a somnambulist or hypnotic state, and the subject informed me that my mother was in the river at Grand Tower, Ill. I wrote to Grand Tower that a "lookout" be kept up. To my surprise I received word that a body was found in the river, and on going there identified it as my mother. St. Louis, Mo.

Pierre Loti is said to be a great favorite with the ladies, possibly because he writes so entertainingly about birds, and cats, and children. He is small physically, and not much of an Adonis in appearance.

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FUNERAL SERVICES

Over the Mortal Remains of Fred Ashton.

ADDRESS BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, DELIVERED AT RAVENSWOOD, ILL., APRIL 30, 1892.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." "And there shall be no more death."

Beloved friends, we meet at the shrine of what has been called "death," which, through faith, and hope, and knowledge, and immortal love, becometh life. We meet, and it might be said that there can be no sorrow where there is such surpassing peace and joy, by the side of the remains that, when animated by the beloved spirit, were all in all. It would seem as though the narrow stream that divides the two worlds is bridged over, and that, for the time being, those who are in mortal life are transported as by envoys that bear one across into a wonderful and new realm. At this shrine all eventually must bend, and whether it be the shrine of life or death, to them must depend on what hope, and love, and knowledge the spirit bears.

To all outward signs and tokens our friend and brother is dead, and it is the old story of "dust to dust," the mortal birth having fulfilled its part, and the mortal life being finished; all too soon for love, but not too soon for the heavenly guidance. The same story is told of each life—it hath its birth, it hath its fruition, and is seen no more. But in the light of that heavenly love, or the love that is so all-potent that the divine enfolds every human being in an especial keeping, that in a particular care every human being is held. Then it is no longer the same sad story, but it is a story of triumph, of usefulness, of that which conquers death both ways—by the triumph of life and the triumph of heavenly love. When this victory is won, it is no longer becoming in human love to speak of it with sad words and sorrowful tones; it is no longer becoming to approach this triumphant change as though it were a change of sorrow, and it seems that human hearts are growing to know this, since in the place of sad refrains and dark drapery, we have songs of triumph and peace, and beautiful blossoms that tell of immortal life.

The life thus transported, thus born unto the spirit yesterday, lived here but fifty-two years, a short period for manhood's full estate; but yet that which in the end counts, perhaps, for more than many who live on to three score and ten, or four score. This life, though born in a foreign land, in London, still had made this land its home of adoption, its home of perfect love; in sympathy with all that the spirit of this wonderful land contains, still, however, holding in kindest remembrance the native land, holding sacred the quaint and sacred traditions of that country, so that each festival time, each holiday, brought recurrent memories of early years. But in speaking of life, it is not the place of birth nor the place of departure, but the great wealth of love that constitutes its possession.

We can all say, with perfect truthfulness, who knew this brother, that there could not have been encased in human form a more gentle spirit, a more kindly and gracious gentleman; one who to all was perfect in demeanor; who never spoke a word of criticism or unkindness of any; whose hospitable heart and strength of courtesy extended to all, while to those whom he loved his heart was the shrine of all that is sacred. What can you say more than to add that with a clearness of mind there was a peculiar sensitiveness of organism that almost made him shrink from contact with the world; a finely poetic instinct that made him surround himself, so far as possible, with fine and beautiful things; a spirit in which all the amenities of life seem to blend, and make there their fitting shrine and altar—one, perhaps, not fitted to go out into the world and conquer, because of the great sensitiveness, but ever ready and willing, with earnest heart and ready hand, to do his part. He was strong in defense of right, following his convictions in daily and hourly life that his spirit held; never flinching and never aggressing; in all opinions maintaining perfect freedom, yet never denying to others the right of their own conviction; and being led of a strongly religious nature, having added to that the knowledge that comes into lives of spiritual benediction and presence. It would seem that as the years went on and the ripening duties of life were unfolded in perfect love in the companionship of a kindred spirit, in the delight of the family circle, the three lovely boys, and in all that made life perfect, you would say: "Why, this life is just ready to live; just ready to make of human existence its full crown; just ready to fill to completeness all the aims and aspirations of manhood," and you would ask why then must this life pass from earth?

Beloved friend, do you not know that such lives are needed in the heavenly kingdom? That the strong ones, the bright ones, and the dear ones are needed there as here? That if only the worst were taken from human life there would be no one to lead your thoughts to the heavenly kingdom? It is the treasure that must be taken, or that realm would be unheeded in the bustle, whirl and confusion of existence. Besides, is it not needful that the divine ones, those whom the Father has entrusted to be ministering spirits and guardian angels, especially the wise, and good, and true, should be taken? You could not dream of guardian angels unless a blest one had gone from your hearthstone; you could not reach out your hands to ministering spirits if only those who produce dissonance and gloom were gone. You would only think of spirits in prison, of those whom the Divine Master went to visit. But when the dear ones are freed from the earthly state, from the comparative

shadow of the senses; when those who are bright and true, those who are really good are translated; when out of the casket the spirit thus quickened and prepared are risen, you think of them as near you; you think of their presence as a strength; you think of their light as a greater light to you, and you know that the all-pervading power permits the consciousness of this presence to reach you in your prison-house of clay.

The great value of this thought is that it interblends the two worlds; that it makes known that life is incomplete here, and that it leads you to look for that which will finish the preparation for the higher life. People are not, judged, therefore, but only live in the light of that surpassing love. How strong becomes the thought to be that which is the best and highest; for the better part is that which survives when you know that the habitation not made with hands is fashioned with the surpassing light of the spirit; that the garments that the risen ones must wear are garments fashioned of goodly deeds; when you know that all immortal life is the result of the blossoms of faith, and hope, and knowledge, and love that abide here; when you feel that each passing moment you are weaving for yourself raiment of light or of shadow, and that that raiment of light or of shadow is your inheritance; when the spirit throws off the mortal body; when the crown, which is sun-bright, and which the angels wear, is known to be made of the radiance of perfect love, of ministering tenderness and charity; when you pause in the midst of earthly pursuit to follow with steps that are soft, with hearts that are subdued, the form that bore the spirit of your loved one; when you know when you thus pause that you are on the verge of that realm into which any human life may enter at any moment, it then becomes the message to those who live that this change shall be of the good, and the wise, and the beautiful, and the loving, and that there must be treasures in both worlds, held safely in mortal keeping, in order that human life may reach its highest height.

How fares it with them? You need not question. No one goes down into the shadow who passes the bourne of death, save those who have shadow in the spirit. With such as these it is an hour of triumph; speaking with the latest breath a word of encouragement and self-forgetfulness to those who were here, with the first quickened thought still speaking and thinking in the spirit of those who were left behind. Death is not a separation, but the removal of one form; it bringeth the spirit more near by one body less. It is soul to soul and spirit to spirit, one the less barrier to surmount; one less thickness of the veil of mortal sense that lies between those who love.

It is said that afar in space God sends spirits that love, and places them in some world where they are shadowed from each other that they may win their way back to each by loving deeds and ministering acts to others. If this is true, how near is this beloved one to-day? How much closer by the bond of every kindly deed; by the tie of every thoughtful act; by the ministering presence of every sacred memory; by all the hallowed thoughts and words of manhood; by everything that makes life great, and noble, and good; by the gentle speech and loving ways and sweet guidance that never dictated, and thoughts that never condemned? It was the clinging to the body that gave pain; it was the body that must suffer and die, but the suffering was borne so patiently, and the approach of the silent messenger received at last joyfully, and with such wonderful silence, that the uprising and uplifting of the spirit made the last hours full of that divine faith and that sacred comfort, and, at last, the exaltation of the spirit.

Why, friends, you are in the midst of life eternal. The angel messengers that have come to convey the spirit from the mortal suffering also bend to minister unto you; and the same thought that uplifted him in the shadow, and through all the activity of life's struggles, is also here to uplift you. It is in this presence that the benediction comes to walk the earth with the viewless ones, the loved ones, the ministering ones, the dear ones; that the veil, which for him has been torn wholly aside, by the hands of the angels of love, is for you uplifted; that one gleam of that immortal life, one gleam of that divine abode, may be yours, and when, as the poet said, millions of spiritual beings walk the earth, both when you awaken and when you sleep, it bringeth the beloved ones of your own household, those little ones who have gone out from your hearts and homes; those who in youth and maidenhood have gone, and those who, in later years, the father, mother, sister, brother, friend, draw not they aside the veil at this hour? Do you not lean more heavenward than earthward in the presence of these ministering ones? Is not death a surpassing thing of life that men have feared wrongfully, and no one need, by any creed or bondage of outward faith, be kept back from this great knowledge.

The divine ministry of Christ was unto the lowly, unto those who seemed to have no other place, nor name, nor shrine. There was no creed in the "Sermon on the Mount," save that of more love; the one great commandment was, "Love ye one another." If this does not suffice, if it is not all-sufficient, if there is no hope that may spring in your heart, what can suffice save that of the blessing of the returning messengers, and those who have rolled the stone away from the sepulchre of many hearts are with you to-day.

The religion of our brother was that of love. He believed implicitly in the Infinite love; he believed implicitly in the divine love of ministering angels and ministering spirits. His household was not complete until it reached even to those who had gone, and they, as well as those who were here, were portions of his household. He turned with the utmost tenderness to those who were on earth; his thought of love and faith extended to the realm beyond.

There is no need to say that in all the months when this sickness was coming upon

him he struggled manfully. In the two months of utter prostration that preceded this change there was a strong, manly struggle for life. He wished, if he was to remain, that it should be victorious; but the spirit was not weak nor faltering. When it needs must turn the other way, it was just as strong in meeting that also. You who have attended and ministered, who have given time and neighborly sympathy, and friendly aid during his suffering, were individually remembered. There was not one act of kindness that he did not thank you for, that in the risen consciousness he does not thank you for to-day. There are none of all the tender acts not remembered.

Surely unto the sacred shrine of the household unto those who are dear by the ties of love that are as strong as those of nature, the dear father and mother, related to him by his marriage, he turns to you in love, and to you, dear brother and sister, who also were of his own kindred, he loves you. His last words were to say: "Tell them all how I love them." Could there be unto human life a more priceless inheritance than that which he leaves to his three boys—the heritage of an unsullied name, of a spirit tarnished by no act of which he would be ashamed, or they would be ashamed? He could not leave if he had left in all worldly possessions any greater treasure than that which he leaves to those who are to come after him, when it can be said: Your father was loving; he was ever kind and gentle; he was ever honorable; he was upright; he would sacrifice himself for others, he would never take advantage of his neighbor; he would give to the uttermost of his heritage for his sons.

The companionship that is endless, that cannot be severed by death, that abides in the great strength of the spirit is yours who are dearest; and in the silence of the great love that is between you, no word needs to be spoken.

To the friends and companions of his lodge he sends greeting, and would say for the offices and memorials of this day he gives thanks; and unto all from the shining light of that added morning unto each as he awakens to the clearness of a spiritual vision undimmed he would give you greeting and joy.

Out of the mist as the skylark springs
Intent upon its morning song,
So has he mounted with unsullied wings
The spirit's welcome to prolong;

As out of the paradise of love
The spirit on soaring pinions speeds
Only to return as from above
To bear the message for human needs,
So has this "Bird of Paradise"
But spread its wings for added flight,
Returning with songs given from the skies
That shall endure through all earth's night.

Death is not death; the shadow here
Is but the fading of the mortal part;
But the human heart will shed a tear:
It is hard when life from life must part:
And form from form be turned away
Be thus dissevered the human clay.

But if it is God's perfect love
That the spirit shall be more immanent,
That bending from the home above
A perfect blessing now is sent,
And love is more love by that state
That comes to crown the life elate,

Then do you bend submissively
Unto the mandate of God's will;
Then do you bend even as he
Trusting, hoping, helping still.
And the Beautiful White Angel of Death
Rolleth the stone of grief away,
And he you love with added breath
Abideth near your hearts alway.

Paderewski's Chopin Recital.

When I heard Paderewski play,
The sounds, so strange and sweet,
Seemed as the light and airy maze
Of phantom dancing feet.

And in the nocturne I could hear
Love serenading love,
And the fantasia seemed to hold
The spirit of a dove.

The scherzo waited playfully
My fancies to strange skies,
Where frolicked gold-winged shadow birds
And shadow butterflies.

Swiftly a dark and clanging rush
Swept from the vibrant strings,
As if the great war-demons came
On flashing, clashing wings.

I saw the thunderous hurricane,
The spectral, awful gales;
And war and tempest met and fought
Along the lightning trails.

Then, 'neath the magic of his touch,
I heard a strange, new theme,
That hovered o'er the ivory keys
Like a love-kissed blossom's dream.

A world of wonderful delights,
A fair new world of sound;
And tones that took on wondrous grace,
Seemed circling all around.

When Paderewski played, I thought,
As his white fingers ran,
That through those slender fingers played
The spirit of Chopin.

—M. Dawson Phelps.

Battle Creek, Mich.

The Spiritualist Society of Battle Creek, Mich., have had the pleasure of having with them for the past two weeks Dr. H. T. Stanley, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., lecturer and platform test-medium. The audiences were very large and well-pleased with the doctor and his spirit-guide, Big Wolf, who gave many convincing tests to those who are anxious to know more of the phenomena. We cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Stanley, and the good work he did while here. We sincerely hope he will be able to be with us again in the near future. Any society in need of a medium of his phase would do well by engaging him.

Mrs. LILLIE PIPER.

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Address S. M. BALDWIN,
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of the World's Arbitration League,
1202 Pa. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Occult Forces of Sex.

BY MRS. LOIS WAISBROKER, OF TOPEKA, KAN.

TO THE EDITOR:—A writer so long and favorably known to the Spiritual public of America as Mrs. Lois Waisbroker, needs no introduction to your readers; neither does a work from her pen need commendation at my hands; but the above is a work of learning and merit, and has been justly pronounced a most remarkable work. It is an enlightened, practical theory of the science of sex. The advanced minds of the present generation are just now directed towards this great question of questions. This book comes just in time, and coming from such high authority, should be eagerly sought after. The work contains so much good sense and sound philosophy, that I would earnestly advise every adult person to get a copy of it, and carefully read it. I congratulate Mrs. Waisbroker, and am glad she has written such a practical book on such an all-important subject. The price of it is 50 cents.

DR. R. GREER.

The Cause in Rochester, N. Y.

THE GRANDMOTHER OF JESUS.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualist Fraternity of this city is organized on a permanent basis, and we hope to do a steady and growing work here where modern Spiritualism was created and nursed. The old-time spirit of intolerance and persecution still lives, but has only vitality enough left to show its imbecility and weakness.

The lectures and tests at the Sunday evening meetings by Dr. George West are entertaining, instructive and convincing. On the last two Sunday evenings we were so fortunate as to have the presence of Dr. J. C. Street, A. B. N., of Boston, who kindly consented to speak a short time each evening, dividing the time with Dr. West, our regular speaker. If there were more of him, numerically, so that he might be in more places at the same time, the world would sooner become spiritualized and enlightened.

Our Monday morning papers of the present week gave an account of the exhibition on the day previous in a Catholic church in New York City, of a sacred (?) relic claimed to be the wrist, or a part of the arm, of St. Anne, who was, it is said, the mother of Mary, and grandmother of Jesus of Nazareth. Over fifteen thousand persons flocked to see it, and press their lips to the glass enclosing it. In the evening an admission fee of \$1.00 was charged, which had no effect in keeping away the crowd which thronged the place. In the course of his sermon the priest said: "Think of it, we have here part of the body of the grandmother of God; flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone."

The congregation, as a unit, fell upon its knees, and women, children and old men wept.

Think of such a gross and revolting ignorance and superstition yet remaining in the world, and who will dare hazard or guess as to the length of time before it shall be educated out of existence?

J. G. MURRAY.

"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.

Lena Bible, Now in Spirit-Life.

I desire to say a word in reference to the story that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has presented its readers from the pen of the gifted young woman who smiles her pleasure at kindly remembrance from the spirit side, and says: "I shall never take up pen in that way again," but maybe to write with greater effect through the power of another, for this soul so active in the brief sojourn here will not remain inactive, but will be seeking some way of reaching and assisting the humanity of which she formed a part, and for whom her soul anguished as she beheld them in their destitution of spiritual as well as material things. Her story shows the beauty and tenderness of her great nature, and must have found answering echoes in the hearts of her readers. Her dear mother, bereft of all she held dear just as success so assiduously sought by her daughter in her chosen field of labor seemed opening before her, is at present in my home, and has a limited number of the pictures of her daughter, which she will supply to those who desire such as a memento to add to the collection of photos of workers that most of us love to have. These can be obtained for 40 cents each, cost price and mailing, from Mrs. Harriett Perrin, No. 190 North Division street, Grand Rapids, Michigan. For the great benefit that this gifted medium was to me in my early work in the ranks, I take pleasure in calling the attention of your readers to this fact, and hope that it will give them equal pleasure to respond. Yours for humanity,
EFFIE S. JOSSELYN.

Notes from Cheaning, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—As President of the Ladies' Progressive Literary Society, I feel it a pleasure, as well as a duty, in reporting two very pleasant meetings here, May 3d and 4th. The speaker was Mrs. A. E. Sheets, an inspirational medium, of Grand Ledge, Michigan. Although Mrs. Sheets has not been before the public but a short time, I believe there are few, if any, in the Spiritualistic field that are superior to her as an eloquent, practical, convincing speaker. She discusses subjects given by the audience as intelligently as though she had given them a life's study.

Wednesday afternoon, being the regular meeting of the society, Mrs. Sheets entertained the ladies a short time in her happy way, encouraging us to go on with our good work.

Miss Mattie Woodberry, of Laingsburg, Michigan, was called upon for a short talk, after which her controls gave several satisfactory character readings. Altogether it was a spiritual feast long to be remembered, a feast of love and reason. MRS. SOPHIA HOPKINS.

Owasso, Michigan.

At the forty-fourth anniversary the First Spiritual Society had Mrs. Baade, who gave two excellent lectures. Our society was organized two years ago. We held anniversary exercises Sunday, May 1st. Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, was the speaker. She gave two very interesting lectures. Our hall was filled to its utmost capacity. We have also had Mrs. Pawpaw with us for the last three weeks. She has given several excellent parlor meetings, and two Sunday evening meetings, in the hall, all helping towards the same end. This society, though small, is determined, and has kept moving slowly forward, breaking down prejudice, and giving the public the benefit of a number of excellent lectures. We also have a small lyceum in nice working order, which was organized at the beginning of the year.

MRS. J. E. STEGGALL, Secretary.

The Work at Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city has justly earned their title, for should you wish to find progressive unfoldment spiritually, as in all other good ways, just note the growth and work of this young society, now scarcely two years old. As an infant, Brother Francis, it ranks with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in phenomenal growth. But there has necessarily been strong hearts and willing hands to rock the cradle and keep the infant sufficiently nourished that the growing process might continue, and to our earnest and efficient President, Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn, and Secretary, Mr. J. B. Josselyn, and the little band of faithful workers, through whose indefatigable efforts and push the good work has been brought about, the credit is due.

We have had with us some of the best speakers and teachers of our beautiful philosophy; and what an educator it has been to all, but especially to those who never before listened to the teachings of our philosophy from a spiritual rostrum has it been helpful. That there are a dissatisfied few is a truth; but there have been dissatisfied souls in Paradise, and how can we expect better conditions here? This, however, will not interfere with the continued usefulness of this society, and the outlook for future work is promising.

The peerless Helen Stuart-Richings, of Boston, is nearing the close of a four months' engagement with us as Speaker. This, the third, in little more than a year, speaks volumes for the work among us of this gifted lady, and also for the love and esteem in which we hold her here. M. E. MILLER.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

"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 10 cents. For sale at this office.

A Philadelphian has educated a house-fly to respond to a prolonged "buzz-z-z," which brings it from its cranny any time of day for its supply of sugar.

FUNERAL SERVICES

Over the Mortal Remains of Fred Ashton.

ADDRESS BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, DELIVERED AT RAVENSWOOD, ILL., APRIL 30, 1892.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." "And there shall be no more death."

Beloved friends, we meet at the shrine of what has been called "death," which, through faith, and hope, and knowledge, and immortal love, becometh life. We meet, and it might be said that there can be no sorrow where there is such surpassing peace and joy, by the side of the remains that, when animated by the beloved spirit, were all in all. It would seem as though the narrow stream that divides the two worlds is bridged over, and that, for the time being, those who are in mortal life are transported as by envoys that bear one across into a wonderful and new realm. At this shrine all eventually must bend, and whether it be the shrine of life or death, to them must depend on what hope, and love, and knowledge the spirit bears.

To all outward signs and tokens our friend and brother is dead, and it is the old story of "dust to dust," the mortal birth having fulfilled its part, and the mortal life being finished; all too soon for love, but not too soon for the heavenly guidance. The same story is told of each life—it hath its birth, it hath its fruition, and is seen no more. But in the light of that heavenly love, or the love that is so all-potent that the divine enfolds every human being in an especial keeping, that in a particular care every human being is held. Then it is no longer the same sad story, but it is a story of triumph, of usefulness, of that which conquers death both ways—by the triumph of life and the triumph of heavenly love. When this victory is won, it is no longer becoming in human love to speak of it with sad words and sorrowful tones; it is no longer becoming to approach this triumphant change as though it were a change of sorrow, and it seems that human hearts are growing to know this, since in the place of sad refrains and dark drapery, we have songs of triumph and peace, and beautiful blossoms that tell of immortal life.

The life thus transported, thus born unto the spirit yesterday, lived here but fifty-two years, a short period for manhood's full estate; but yet that which in the end counts, perhaps, for more than many who live on to three score and ten, or four score. This life, though born in a foreign land, in London, still had made this land its home of adoption, its home of perfect love; in sympathy with all that the spirit of this wonderful land contains, still, however, holding in kindest remembrance the native land, holding sacred the quaint and sacred traditions of that country, so that each festival time, each holiday, brought recurrent memories of early years. But in speaking of life, it is not the place of birth nor the place of departure, but the great wealth of love that constitutes its possession.

We can all say, with perfect truthfulness, who knew this brother, that there could not have been encased in human form a more gentle spirit, a more kindly and gracious gentleman; one who to all was perfect in demeanor; who never spoke a word of criticism or unkindness of any; whose hospitable heart and strength of courtesy extended to all, while to those whom he loved his heart was the shrine of all that is sacred. What can you say more than to add that with a clearness of mind there was a peculiar sensitiveness of organism that almost made him shrink from contact with the world; a finely poetic instinct that made him surround himself, so far as possible, with fine and beautiful things; a spirit in which all the amenities of life seem to blend, and make there their fitting shrine and altar—one, perhaps, not fitted to go out into the world and conquer, because of the great sensitiveness, but ever ready and willing, with earnest heart and ready hand, to do his part. He was strong in defense of right, following his convictions in daily and hourly life that his spirit held; never flinching and never aggressing; in all opinions maintaining perfect freedom, yet never denying to others the right of their own conviction; and being led of a strongly religious nature, having added to that the knowledge that comes into lives of spiritual benediction and presence. It would seem that as the years went on and the ripening duties of life were unfolded in perfect love in the companionship of a kindred spirit, in the delight of the family circle, the three lovely boys, and in all that made life perfect, you would say: "Why, this life is just ready to live; just ready to make of human existence its full crown; just ready to fill to completeness all the aims and aspirations of manhood," and you would ask why then must this life pass from earth?

Beloved friend, do you not know that such lives are needed in the heavenly kingdom? That the strong ones, the bright ones, and the dear ones are needed there as here? That if only the worst were taken from human life there would be no one to lead your thoughts to the heavenly kingdom? It is the treasure that must be taken, or that realm would be unheeded in the bustle, whirl and confusion of existence. Besides, is it not needful that the divine ones, those whom the Father has entrusted to be ministering spirits and guardian angels, especially the wise, and good, and true, should be taken? You could not dream of guardian angels unless a blest one had gone from your hearthstone; you could not reach out your hands to ministering spirits if only those who produce dissonance and gloom were gone. You would only think of spirits in prison, of those whom the Divine Master went to visit. But when the dear ones are freed from the earthly state, from the comparative

shadow of the senses; when those who are bright and true, those who are really good are translated; when out of the casket the spirit thus quickened and prepared are risen, you think of them as near you; you think of their presence as a strength; you think of their light as a greater light to you, and you know that the all-pervading power permits the consciousness of this presence to reach you in your prison-house of clay.

The great value of this thought is that it interblends the two worlds; that it makes known that life is incomplete here, and that it leads you to look for that which will finish the preparation for the higher life. People are not, judged, therefore, but only live in the light of that surpassing love. How strong becomes the thought to be that which is the best and highest; for the better part is that which survives when you know that the habitation not made with hands is fashioned with the surpassing light of the spirit; that the garments that the risen ones must wear are garments fashioned of goodly deeds; when you know that all immortal life is the result of the blossoms of faith, and hope, and knowledge, and love that abide here; when you feel that each passing moment you are weaving for yourself raiment of light or of shadow, and that that raiment of light or of shadow is your inheritance; when the spirit throws off the mortal body; when the crown, which is sun-bright, and which the angels wear, is known to be made of the radiance of perfect love, of ministering tenderness and charity; when you pause in the midst of earthly pursuit to follow with steps that are soft, with hearts that are subdued, the form that bore the spirit of your loved one; when you know when you thus pause that you are on the verge of that realm into which any human life may enter at any moment, it then becomes the message to those who live that this change shall be of the good, and the wise, and the beautiful, and the loving, and that there must be treasures in both worlds, held safely in mortal keeping, in order that human life may reach its highest height.

How fares it with them? You need not question. No one goes down into the shadow who passes the bourne of death, save those who have shadow in the spirit. With such as these it is an hour of triumph; speaking with the latest breath a word of encouragement and self-forgetfulness to those who were here, with the first quickened thought still speaking and thinking in the spirit of those who were left behind. Death is not a separation, but the removal of one form; it bringeth the spirit more near by one body less. It is soul to soul and spirit to spirit, one the less barrier to surmount; one less thickness of the veil of mortal sense that lies between those who love.

It is said that afar in space God sends spirits that love, and places them in some world where they are shadowed from each other that they may win their way back to to each by loving deeds and ministering acts to others. If this is true, how near is this beloved one to-day? How much closer by the bond of every kindly deed; by the tie of every thoughtful act; by the ministering presence of every sacred memory; by all the hallowed thoughts and words of manhood; by everything that makes life great, and noble, and good; by the gentle speech and loving ways and sweet guidance that never dictated, and thoughts that never condemned? It was the clinging to the body that gave pain; it was the body that must suffer and die, but the suffering was borne so patiently, and the approach of the silent messenger received at last joyfully, and with such wonderful silence, that the uprising and uplifting of the spirit made the last hours full of that divine faith and that sacred comfort, and, at last, the exhalation of the spirit.

Why, friends, you are in the midst of life eternal. The angel messengers that have come to convey the spirit from the mortal suffering also bend to minister unto you; and the same thought that uplifted him in the shadow, and through all the activity of life's struggles, is also here to uplift you. It is in this presence that the benediction comes to walk the earth with the viewless ones, the loved ones, the ministering ones, the dear ones; that the veil, which for him has been torn wholly aside, by the hands of the angels of love, is for you uplifted; that one gleam of that immortal life, one gleam of that divine abode, may be yours, and when, as the poet said, millions of spiritual beings walk the earth, both when you awaken and when you sleep, it bringeth the beloved ones of your own household, those little ones who have gone out from your hearts and homes; those who in youth and maidenhood have gone, and those who, in later years, the father, mother, sister, brother, friend, draw not they aside the veil at this hour? Do you not lean more heavenward than earthward in the presence of these ministering ones? Is not death a surpassing thing of life that men have feared wrongfully, and no one need, by any creed or bondage of outward faith, be kept back from this great knowledge.

The divine ministry of Christ was unto the lowly, unto those who seemed to have no other place, nor name, nor shrine. There was no creed in the "Sermon on the Mount," save that of more love; the one great commandment was, "Love ye one another." If this does not suffice, if it is not all-sufficient, if there is no hope that may spring in your heart, what can suffice save that of the blessing of the returning messengers, and those who have rolled the stone away from the sepulchre of many hearts are with you to-day.

The religion of our brother was that of love. He believed implicitly in the Infinite love; he believed implicitly in the divine love of ministering angels and ministering spirits. His household was not complete until it reached even to those who had gone, and they, as well as those who were here, were portions of his household. He turned with the utmost tenderness to those who were on earth; his thought of love and faith extended to the realm beyond.

There is no need to say that in all the months when this sickness was coming upon

him he struggled manfully. In the two months of utter prostration that preceded this change there was a strong, manly struggle for life. He wished, if he was to remain, that it should be victorious; but the spirit was not weak nor faltering. When it needs must turn the other way, it was just as strong in meeting that also. You who have attended and ministered, who have given time and neighborly sympathy, and friendly aid during his suffering, were individually remembered. There was not one act of kindness that he did not thank you for, that in the risen consciousness he does not thank you for to-day. There are none of all the tender acts not remembered.

Surely unto the sacred shrine of the household unto those who are dear by the ties of love that are as strong as those of nature, the dear father and mother, related to him by his marriage, he turns to you in love, and to you, dear brother and sister, who also were of his own kindred, he loves you. His last words were to say: "Tell them all how I love them." Could there be unto human life a more priceless inheritance than that which he leaves to his three boys—the heritage of an unsullied name, of a spirit tarnished by no act of which he would be ashamed, or they would be ashamed? He could not leave if he had left in all worldly possessions any greater treasure than that which he leaves to those who are to come after him, when it can be said: Your father was loving; he was ever kind and gentle; he was ever honorable; he was upright; he would sacrifice himself for others, he would never take advantage of his neighbor; he would give to the uttermost of this heritage for his sons.

The companionship that is endless, that cannot be severed by death, that abides in the great strength of the spirit is yours who are dearest; and in the silence of the great love that is between you, no word needs to be spoken.

To the friends and companions of his lodge he sends greeting, and would say for the offices and memorials of this day he gives thanks; and unto all from the shining light of that added morning unto each as he awakens to the clearness of a spiritual vision undimmed he would give you greeting and joy.

Out of the mist as the skylark springs
Intent upon its morning song,
So has he mounted with unsullied wings
The spirit's welcome to prolong;

As out of the paradise of love
The spirit on soaring pinions speeds
Only to return as from above
To bear the message for human needs,

So has this "Bird of Paradise"
But spread its wings for added flight,
Returning with songs given from the skies
That shall endure through all earth's night.

Death is not death; the shadow here
Is but the fading of the mortal part;
But the human heart will shed a tear:
It is hard when life from life must part;
And form from form be turned away
Be thus dissevered the human clay.

But if it is God's perfect love
That the spirit shall be more inlaid,
That bending from the home above
A perfect blessing now is sent,
And love is more love by that state
That comes to crown the life elate,

Then do you bend submissively
Unto the mandate of God's will;
Then do you bend even as he
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Seemed as the light and airy maze
Of phantom dancing feet.

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Swiftly a dark and clanging rush
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I saw the thunderous hurricane,
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The Occult Forces of Sex.

BY MRS. LOIS WAISBROKER, OF TOPEKA, KAN.

TO THE EDITOR:—A writer so long and favorably known to the Spiritual public of America as Mrs. Lois Waisbroker, needs no introduction to your readers; neither does a work from her pen need commendation at my hands; but the above is a work of learning and merit, and has been justly pronounced a most remarkable work. It is an enlightened, practical theory of the science of sex. The advanced minds of the present generation are just now directed towards this great question of questions. This book comes just in time, and coming from such high authority, should be eagerly sought after. The work contains so much good sense and sound philosophy, that I would earnestly advise every adult person to get a copy of it, and carefully read it. I congratulate Mrs. Waisbroker, and am glad she has written such a practical book on such an all-important subject. The price of it is 50 cents. DR. R. GREER.

The Cause in Rochester, N. Y.

THE GRANDMOTHER OF JESUS.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualist Fraternity of this city is organized on a permanent basis, and we hope to do a steady and growing work here where modern Spiritualism was created and nursed. The old-time spirit of intolerance and persecution still lives, but has only vitality enough left to show its imbecility and weakness.

The lectures and tests at the Sunday evening meetings by Dr. George West are entertaining, instructive and convincing. On the last two Sunday evenings we were so fortunate as to have the presence of Dr. J. C. Street, A. B. N., of Boston, who kindly consented to speak a short time each evening, dividing the time with Dr. West, our regular speaker. If there were more of him, numerically, so that he might be in more places at the same time, the world would sooner become spiritualized and enlightened.

Our Monday morning papers of the present week gave an account of the exhibition on the day previous in a Catholic church in New York City, of a sacred (?) relic claimed to be the wrist, or a part of the arm, of St. Anne, who was, it is said, the mother of Mary, and grandmother of Jesus of Nazareth. Over fifteen thousand persons flocked to see it, and press their lips to the glass enclosing it. In the evening an admission fee of \$1.00 was charged, which had no effect in keeping away the crowd which thronged the place. In the course of his sermon the priest said: "Think of it, we have here part of the body of the grandmother of God; flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone."

The congregation, as a unit, fell upon its knees, and women, children and old men wept.

Think of such a gross and revolting ignorance and superstition yet remaining in the world, and who will dare hazard or guess as to the length of time before it shall be educated out of existence? J. G. MURRAY.

"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.

Lena Bible, Now in Spirit-Life.

I desire to say a word in reference to the story that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has presented its readers from the pen of the gifted young woman who smiles her pleasure at kindly remembrance from the spirit side, and says: "I shall never take up pen in that way again," but maybe to write with greater effect through the power of another, for this soul so active in the brief sojourn here will not remain inactive, but will be seeking some way of reaching and assisting the humanity of which she formed a part, and for whom her soul anguished as she beheld them in their destitution of spiritual as well as material things. Her story shows the beauty and tenderness of her great nature, and must have found answering echoes in the hearts of her readers. Her dear mother, bereft of all she held dear just as success so assiduously sought by her daughter in her chosen field of labor seemed opening before her, is at present in my home, and has a limited number of the pictures of her daughter, which she will supply to those who desire such as a memento to add to the collection of photos of workers that most of us love to have. These can be obtained for 40 cents each, cost price and mailing, from Mrs. Harriett Perrin, No. 190 North Division street, Grand Rapids, Michigan. For the great benefit that this gifted medium was to me in my early work in the ranks, I take pleasure in calling the attention of your readers to this fact, and hope that it will give them equal pleasure to respond. Yours for humanity, EFFIE S. JOSSELYN.

Notes from Chesaning, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—As President of the Ladies' Progressive Literary Society, I feel it a pleasure, as well as a duty, in reporting two very pleasant meetings here, May 3d and 4th. The speaker was Mrs. A. E. Sheets, an inspirational medium, of Grand Ledge, Michigan. Although Mrs. Sheets has not been before the public but a short time, I believe there are few, if any, in the Spiritualistic field that are superior to her as an eloquent, practical, convincing speaker. She discusses subjects given by the audience as intelligently as though she had given them a life's study.

Wednesday afternoon, being the regular meeting of the society, Mrs. Sheets entertained the ladies a short time in her happy way, encouraging us to go on with our good work.

Miss Mattie Woodberry, of Laingsburg, Michigan, was called upon for a short talk, after which her controls gave several satisfactory character readings. Altogether it was a spiritual feast long to be remembered, a feast of love and reason. Mrs. SOPHA HOPKINS.

Owasso, Michigan.

At the forty-fourth anniversary the First Spiritual Society had Mrs. Baade, who gave two excellent lectures. Our society was organized two years ago. We held anniversary exercises Sunday, May 1st. Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, was the speaker. She gave two very interesting lectures. Our hall was filled to its utmost capacity. We have also had Mrs. Pawpaw with us for the last three weeks. She has given several excellent parlor meetings, and two Sunday evening meetings, in the hall, all helping towards the same end. This society, though small, is determined, and has kept moving slowly forward, breaking down prejudice, and giving the public the benefit of a number of excellent lectures. We also have a small lyceum in nice working order, which was organized at the beginning of the year.

Mrs. J. E. STEGGALL, Secretary.

The Work at Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city has justly earned their title, for should you wish to find progressive unfoldment spiritually, as in all other good ways, just note the growth and work of this young society, now scarcely two years old. As an infant, Brother Francis, it ranks with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in phenomenal growth. But there has necessarily been strong hearts and willing hands to rock the cradle and keep the infant sufficiently nourished that the growing process might continue, and to our earnest and efficient President, Mrs. Effie E. Josselyn, and Secretary, Mr. J. B. Josselyn, and the little band of faithful workers, through whose indefatigable efforts and push the good work has been brought about, the credit is due.

We have had with us some of the best speakers and teachers of our beautiful philosophy; and what an educator it has been to all, but especially to those who never before listened to the teachings of our philosophy from a spiritual rostrum has it been helpful. That there are a dissatisfied few is a truth; but there have been dissatisfied souls in Paradise, and how can we expect better conditions here? This, however, will not interfere with the continued usefulness of this society, and the outlook for future work is promising.

The peerless Helen Stuart-Richings, of Boston, is nearing the close of a four months' engagement with us as Speaker. This, the third, in little more than a year, speaks volumes for the work among us of this gifted lady, and also for the love and esteem in which we hold her here. M. E. MILLER.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

"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 10 cents. For sale at this office.

A Philadelphian has educated a house-fly to respond to a prolonged "buzz-z-z," which brings it from its cranny any time of day for its supply of sugar.

