

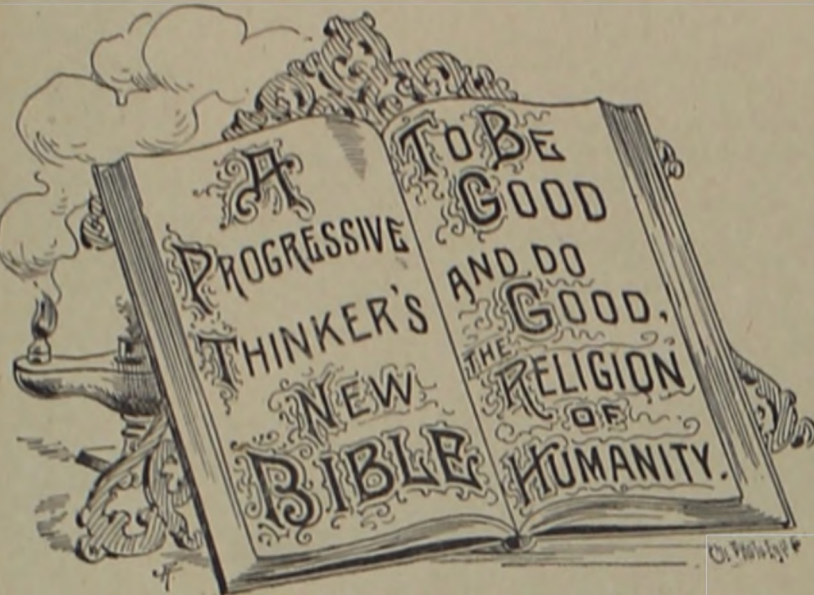
# The Progressive Thinker

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

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## OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

### CHAPTER II.

THE GRANDEUR OF TRUE HEROISM.

TO THE EDITOR:—A new Bible—brave throughout—is required. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has commenced the compilation of one that will, when completed, stand in front of all other Bibles, superior to them in all respects, and calculated to do by far the greatest amount of good. In this chapter it will teach a lesson on heroism—the grandest and noblest kind—and illustrate its Divine nature. A man may be rough, and may be crude, may use coarse language, and often offend the fastidious taste, and yet possess within himself an element of divine heroism and undaunted bravery that the man or woman who has not one of his faults does not possess and cannot possess. Then, in judging the faults of others it is well always to be charitable, for the one that you condemn may be able, in some respects, to do greater good than yourself—in fact, to be more of a savior in certain directions than yourself. Read the following narrative, as gleaned from the daily *News*, and learn a divine lesson therefrom. Fireman John F. Enright is the hero. At 10 o'clock, August 1, three-year-old Willie Fender, whose mother was mixing bread around the corner on Chestnut street, Englewood, wandered upon the tracks of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois road. The little one was gazing at two boys across the way who were attempting to fly a kite. Down the track train No. 26, due in Chicago at 10:30, was just pulling out of the Englewood station, and was getting under full headway when the engineer saw the child. A blast from the whistle, a screaming of



BRAVE FIREMAN ENRIGHT SAVES THE CHILD.

compressed air, the thunder of escaping steam, and the grinding of the great drivers as they spun backward on veneers of sand, startled the passengers, and a hundred heads popped out of the windows. The little one stood between the rails unmoved, its eyes fastened upon the kite that fluttered and fell among the tangle of telegraph wire.

Fireman Enright, sitting on his side of the cab, saw the danger. Without hesitation he sprang through the window that opens at the side of the boiler, and ran along the narrow footboard, jumped down on the brass covering of the cylinder head, swung down under the monster front of the boiler, swiftly sped across the pilot, and slid down until his feet rested upon a narrow ledge at the bottom. Then with his left hand grasping the drawhead he stooped well forward.

### THROWN OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

They were on the child, and its frightened eyes met the determined face of the fireman. With a vigorous lift and push the baby boy was thrown into the soft sand outside the rails. The wheels stopped a dozen feet beyond.

Engineer Charles Shuneman reached his oily hand across in front of the tubes and pipes and registers at the end of the boiler, and he trembled violently as he held the grimy hand of his fireman.

"He's all right," said he, and turned away to attend to his levers.

Trainmaster F. L. Corwin, Conductor M. E. Burke, Supplyman L. D. Knapp, and brakeman W. J. Huber, all ran forward. Trainmaster Corwin picked the child up, expecting to find it cut and bleeding, but no one except the engineer had seen

dropped down from his cab and told the story. A great crowd quickly collected. No one knew where the rescued infant belonged. The boys across the way stopped pulling at their kite strings and joined the crowd. One little fellow elbowed his way through, and when he saw the gingham dress and heard the lusty yells, broke forth in a clamor that drowned the efforts of his brother, for it was "Jimmie" Fender, little Willie's brother.

### PLACED IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS.

Then a woman, her hands all flour, came hurrying into the alley. Her face was whiter than her hands. Into her arms they placed her baby unharmed, and as she hushed its cries she listened to the story of its rescue. A violent shaking of the body, and tears streaming down from her eyes, were all the acknowledgments she could make.

J. W. Fender lives at 694 Chestnut street, Englewood, and directly in the rear of his cottage runs an alley. The boys had left the gate open and Willie, three and a half years old, had slipped out and started to follow them across the track where they were flying their kites. Fireman Enright, dark hair and eyes, short mustache and a little figure, is twenty-three years old and lives with his mother at 2919 Shields avenue. He is "extra," and yesterday was the first time in several weeks that he had a run on the passenger engine, his regular work being fireman on dummy No. 23, used in the switch yards. When seen yesterday he shrugged his shoulders lightly.

"It's nothing at all," said he. "I just saw that the little one didn't know enough to get out of the way and would be hurt. Without thinking much about what I was doing I ran out of the little door in front of the cab, skipped along the running-board and passed down on the pilot. First I thought I would lift the baby, but was afraid he might jump out of my hand, so I gave him a push that sent him tumbling out from between the rails into the sand. I guess I could have lifted him up as easily and he wouldn't have even been scared, but I couldn't stop to figure it out, for we were right on him when I got down there."

When questioned as to the sensations he experienced, Enright studied a moment. "You see, on the engine we don't stop to see how we feel. We just go and do. I don't think I was a bit rattled, and thought so little about it that I did not get out of the cab until I saw such a big crowd collect; then I thought like as not the kid was hurt and went out to see. I felt a little shaky when they all said what a good fellow I was, and when I saw the little one's mother I—well I crawled back into the cab and fired up again."

### A COOL AND DARING DEED.

"I never saw a cooler or more daring deed in my life," said Trainmaster Corwin. "When I felt the air coming on as it did, and the cars bumping up to stop, we all knew something was wrong; besides the emergency whistle was blowing like a fire alarm in a saw-mill. I hurried out on the platform and swung out far enough to see the baby fall, but thought he had been struck. I have read about such things, but it is the first time in my experience in railroad that I ever knew a rescue like that. Enright is one man in ten hundred."

L. D. Knapp declared that the deed was one to the credit of a brave man. "There are few people," said he, "who would think of running along there on the foot-board beside the boiler and getting down on the pilot. Many of those who might have thought of it would not have dared to do it."

After engine No. 63 was cleaned out and backed into the roundhouse at 33d street, Fireman Enright laid aside his oily overalls and blouse and went out among the firemen to sell tickets for a coming ball. Not until toward evening did it become generally known that he was a hero. At home he merely mentioned the incident, failing to take any honors upon himself for the deed.

Thus it is that in our Bible every kindly deed, every noble act, every manifestation of genuine heroism, receives its just meed of praise and recognition. There is no crying, "I am holier than thou!" but each one's life is gleaned for some manifestation of those divine qualities which ally them to God and the angels. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a teacher, an educator, an instrument of good, to elevate the world to a higher plane, and ever remember that there are other heroic deeds that you can do, if you cannot save a child that is about to be crushed by a ponderous engine!

D. W.



## ASTRONOMY

The Mother of Religion.

Farewell Lecture of the Season, at the Grand Temple of the Magi.

BY OLNEY H. RICHMOND, G. M.

RECORDS OF THE PAST—CHALDEAN ASTRONOMY—THE SEVENTY-TWO BOOKS OF BEL—EMINENT NAMES OF MASTERS OF THE PAST—RETURN OF THE LIGHT—HOLY DAYS—SUN-DAY CRANKS—"HAS THE THUNDER REFUSED TO CRASH?"—OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS—TO-NIGHT WE CLOSE OUR GATES.

Astronomy, the grandest science in all the universe; the oldest science upon this globe; the mother of all religious systems; the God-written knowledge, superior to all and every possible invention of priests and ministers, the "religion of the stars," is as old as man himself. Many of the discoveries of astronomy date back of authentic records, far, far into the dim and mysterious traditions of the past; but its progress and glorious achievements can be traced downward through all the ages as a bright line of light, forever ennobling men and lifting them above the sordid cares of life and the follies of ignorant superstition.

The Chinese made many astronomical discoveries, and their records extend back many thousands of years. They recorded the conjunctions of four planets and the moon twenty-five centuries before Christ. They recorded an eclipse of the sun in 2128 B. C.

The Chaldean shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, under a clear and beautiful sky, became familiar with the heavenly bodies and their movements.

The Chaldean priests were all astronomers, and their temples were observatories, wherein the brotherhood of celestial magic held their nightly convocations.

When Alexander took Babylon, in 331 B. C., he found a record of their observations extending back nineteen centuries. They discovered the Saros, or lunar cycle. The ruins of Nineveh are full of astronomical inscriptions, and the public library of that city contained a series of seventy-two volumes devoted to astronomy, and called the "Observations of Bel," a high dignity of the ancient order. These records date back forty-five centuries, to that far-off time when Alpha, of the constellation of the Dragon, was the pole star of our earth.

The illustrious names that are found upon the roll of honor as we pass down the ages, would fill a volume. Thales, one of the seven sages of Greece; Anaximander the astronomer; Pythagoras, the illustrious founder of an astronomical school at Crotona, Italy, where hundreds of enthusiastic scholars were educated in the mysteries of the universe, both physical and spiritual. Pythagoras possessed the full secret knowledge of a Grand Master of the outer circle. He taught the harmonies of the planetary scale and the correlations of the vibratory scale of music and light. He knew that there were "other worlds than ours," containing intelligent human beings; yet he lived more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ. But if we wonder at all this knowledge in possession of Pythagoras and his contemporaries, what must we think when we have evidence that these splendid philosophers understood the grand principles of evolution and progression of the human soul? They most certainly did.

Anaxagoras, 500 B. C., taught that there was no such thing as chance or accident, these being only names for unknown laws. For his grand knowledge and teachings he was rewarded by his countrymen by banishment of himself and entire family, perpetually. The Egyptians were noted for their knowledge of astronomy long ages before the science was known in Greece.

It was the practice of the philosophers of other countries, before aspiring to the rank of teachers, to visit the Temples of the Magi in Egypt, Chaldea and Persia, for the purpose of taking degrees and sipping wisdom at the fountain head. Pythagoras spent thirty years in this kind of study.

In one library and temple school at Alexandria, even as late as 200 B. C., was concentrated the wisdom and learning of the world, flourishing under the patronage of munificent kings.

Would you believe it possible that after the world had tasted of these divine fruits of the tree of knowledge, that it could again be hurled downward into the dark abyss of theological claptrap and ignorance? But it was. Priestcraft had the power, and used it unmercifully, to bind the souls of men in the iron shackles of bigotry, intolerance and religious stupidity; giving us the Dark Ages, that have been a foul blot upon the fair record of poor Terra for more than a thousand years.

But, as we glance at the pages of history, we see glorious and illustrious

names standing out like sparkling gems from the black background of that soul-blighting time.

All honor to those noble brothers who preserved the religion of the stars, while the practice or teaching of it meant the dungeon, the rack, the thumbscrew, starvation or banishment. Let the names of Bruno, Bacon, Kepler, Bæbe, Lillie, Newton, Copernicus and Galileo be inscribed in letters of gold upon the banner of light, for future generations of mystics to read.

But the light has come back to poor, deserted Terra, and the slaves of superstition can no longer dictate to her children, from ten thousand coward's castles, what they shall or shall not believe. The snake has lost his most poisonous fangs, but his hiss is yet heard over our fair land, as he attempts to impose, by the aid of law, what he cannot longer hope to impose upon the children of men by reason.

One day, at least, in seven, the gates of science, progress and knowledge must be closed in the faces of poor laborers, that they may be induced, perhaps, to attend a so-called place of worship, where the shackles of superstition can be attended to, and the rivets more firmly fixed, in the interests of an aristocracy of religion, wealth and blood.

One thing, however, must not be forgotten; that is, that these persons who are ready to turn heaven and earth to accomplish their ends, in the way of forcing others to believe their absurd dogmas, are mostly sincere in their efforts. They are so blinded by ignorance that black appears white to them. A light seems darkness. Their spiritual development is so low that they cannot comprehend anything outside of the physical. They have been absolutely forced into recognizing some of the spiritual or mystic truths of the universe; but not an inch will they go, or can they go, beyond where they are forced by evidence they cannot overthrow. They cling with a deathlike grip to the old story of a heaven and a hell, gods and devils, and other personalities that science has long ago exploded with her telescopes and spectroscopes. They cling to the material raising of the body of flesh, or an equivalent, which has been flatly disproved ten thousand times by the chemist and biologist. They cling with the tenacity of a porous plaster to the theory that certain portions of time or eternity are "holy," notwithstanding the fact that the finger of science has pointed out time and again that there is no such thing as time: time being nothing but a convenient way of reckoning the motions of the most familiar heavenly bodies, such as the earth, moon and sun.

Why! you might as well think of space as holy, or a vacuum as holy, as to think of a day as holy. Yet it is claimed that fifteen million people of the United States have petitioned Congress to close the World's Fair on one day in seven, on Sun-day, or the day certain ancient sect apart for offering burnt sacrifices to the sun.

Can one of these fifteen million cranks who threaten to boycott the Fair, point to a spot or place where the infinite ruler of the universe has in any manner distinguished one day above another? Can they point to a time when the celestial machinery stopped for a moment for a holy day? Has the thunder refused to crash; the lightning refused to flash; the wind to blow; the water to flow, or earthquake to rend and smash? Has the volcano ceased to roar; the waterfall stopped its pour; the cyclone to whirl, the brook to purr, or the clouds above to soar? Have wild beasts refused to slay; have the lambs refused to play; the sun to glow, the crops to grow, because of a holy day?

We have no record of anything of the kind transpiring up to this date. When the almighty and infinite control sets us the example by stopping his works on some particular day out of each seven, it will be time for us to get into line. It will be time for Chicago to nail up her gates to museums and fairs, and above all, the "family entrance" to her thousands of saloons on that holy day, and everybody wend their way to the nearest church.

The dogmas of the theological world have received their death blow, from which recovery is impossible. This fact is patent to all thinking persons. It is in vain that the church edifices are multiplied in number and wealth. It is in vain that men who have wrung their millions out of the public by trusts and monopolies, donate a part of their ill-gotten gains to found theological seminaries. It is in vain, because the fiat has gone forth, and men have dared to think. They have dared to question the God of Nature. Ten thousand newspapers are echoing public sentiment by telling from day to day what is going on in the heavens.

My mystic friends, mark my words, inside of sixteen years the whole world will know what we know now about the planet Mars. News from "other worlds than ours" will forever set at rest the claims of theology, and set free the minds of men, and give them liberty to revel in the grand and eternal truths of the universe.

To-night we close our gates for the season, and many of us depart for the invigorating pine and spruce forests of the northland. Since we dedicated this Grand Temple last October we have multiplied our membership by three and one-half. What other secret order has been so blessed? As for the quality of our membership, I make bold to say that upon no other place upon all the broad, fair face of our planet can be found collected together a band of such kind, harmonious, loving, intelligent, refined and noble souls as are found here in this circle of Mystics, gathered be-

neath the starry vault of blue that glistens above.

May heaven bless you! May the bright angels of love and truth be with you and guide you, until we meet again in our beloved Temple, at the call from the East of which you will all receive due and timely notice.

## A GENIUS IN MUSIC.

He Gives Some Excellent Hints and Suggestions.

Spiritualists Should Consider Them.

Having read with interest the article in No. 139 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, by H. W. Booser, on the employment of song in connection with spiritual services, I would say that I am in hearty accord with the most of the suggestions set forth therein. The writer of this article has had quite an experience in leading song services in the churches. The object to be attained in said song service was to create a musical enthusiasm; to do this it was necessary to have every one in the audience sing, and sing with a spirit and with an understanding. Our method was to use a song service book make especially for such work, and containing anthems to be sung by a big chorus choir, and hymns, such as "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Joy to the World," etc., to be sung by the choir and congregation, the leader's whole effort being directed towards the congregation and in making them sing.

It is simply wonderful to note the effect upon a congregation of a successfully led song service. The writer has often seen an audience composed of individuals, brought together perhaps for the first time, so enthused by the inspiration of song as to give the impression that they had sung together for years.

Song is the expression of the soul's most sacred feelings. There is a sympathetic chord in the soul of every individual which, if touched at the proper time, rushes forth in a fountain of song which astonishes the singer himself. Many times after a song service was over some grey-haired old patriarch, who had been led to believe his quivering, feeble voice was no longer of any use for singing, has come with tears of gratitude shining in his eyes, and grasping the writer's hand, exclaimed: "Brother, I haven't sung before in twenty years; but when you said, 'Let every voice be lifted up in praise,' and I heard every one around me singing, I just couldn't help trying it once more." Dear old soul! The fountain of song which had long been sealed had gushed forth again in melody, and no doubt was reached by some listening angel in the realm of perpetual song.

And sometimes a man whose soul had never before vibrated in the sweet harmony of song would come and say: "I want to thank you for showing me that I could sing. I never tried to sing before, but you said if we would open our mouths the song would sing itself. I thought I would try it and I found out it would work."

He might not have rendered that song very artistically; in fact, he might have sung right along on one tone through the whole song, but his soul was in harmony, and vibrated in accord with the song, while the discord of his voice was swallowed up in the grand volume of melody around him.

Brother and sister workers in the spiritual field, do you know that there is a power in congregational singing which, if properly utilized under skillful leadership, would convert the world to the cause of Spiritualism? Now mark these words; they are no idle dream, but are as true as heaven's highest truth. They should sink deep into the soul of every one interested in the cause of Spiritualism. They should be cherished as the one great hope of grand success in spiritual work.

The writer is in a position to speak with knowledge. He has seen the decay of congregational singing in the church and the dissolution of the large choirs and the substitution of the quartette choir, whose whole aim was to give a gymnastic performance of something they could not sing. He has seen the immortal "Sweet Bye and Bye" thrown aside as a chestnut, while some meaningless stuff was sung in its stead; and now can be seen the struggle of the church to regain its lost power of conversion by re-establishing congregational singing and revivalistic songs.

And what are the Spiritualists doing today in the matter of singing? Only following in the footsteps of the church, or worse, for there is not even an attempt at congregational singing, much less to establish songs identical with the cause words and music written expressly for spiritual work.

We would hardly agree with Mr. Booser in utilizing old melodies and writing words to fit the music. There are several reasons why. First, the music is always written to bring out the thought in the words, and when a set of words is written to music of previous composition the effect is that an important note is often sung on an important note or vice versa.

2. The substitution of new words to an old song always sounds like a burlesque.

3. Just as grand melodies can be written as ever were written, therefore the employment of old melodies is unnecessary. The old melodies are all right in their places and should remain there. The melody of "Home Sweet

Home" can never be sung satisfactorily to any other words.

Last, but not least, we want bright, new spiritual words and spiritual music which shall be identified with the cause of Spiritualism and shall be immortalized and grow old as spiritual songs born and bred of Spiritualism and belonging exclusively to Spiritualism.

The hymn-writers, Root, Bliss, Sankey and others, knew what the cause of Christianity needed, and wrote for it the songs which did more to build it up than did the preachers who preached contemporaneously. The writer would respectfully suggest this course for Spiritualists in the employment of singing.

1. The universal adoption of a book of spiritual songs which shall contain words written upon the central truths of Spiritualism and appropriate music written to same.

2. The universal purchase of said book by every Spiritualist in the land.

3. The employment of persons who are not only singers but leaders, whose duty it shall be to teach the congregations and lead them in singing the songs in said book.

The above plan is simple, practical and easy. A willingness to adopt the 2nd would quickly bring the 1st, and this would create a demand for the 3rd.

It is claimed that there are 10,000,000 Spiritualists in this country. If only five thousand of this number would express a willingness to purchase a book of spiritual songs at, say a mean price of fifty cents, the writer of this article does not hesitate to say that such a book would not be a dream but a reality in a short time.

The leader should be a singer, a teacher, and to some extent a musician; above all (he or she) should be magnetic.

It would be in order to suggest here that the best method of leading is to get all the singers possible upon the rostrum as a choir. These should, as far as possible, be readers of music.

Previous to the general meeting: The leader should meet and thoroughly drill the choir in the songs to be used as well as two or three anthems or songs to be sung by the choir only. Never use a quartette choir when a larger one can be secured. One or two good solos may be sung by the leader or some other good solo singer. The leader should stand in front of the choir and lead them when they sing, and when the congregation sings, too, should face them, and should see to it that every one sings.

The music should never drag. Of all the weird, doleful sounds, the awful wailings of a congregation dragging out some spirited song is the most dreadful and will never attract any cheerful, energetic spirits. Energy, enthusiasm and magnetism should mark every move, every look and every word of the leader, and the congregation will be kept in a state of happy enthusiasm; the vibrations set up should be such as to induce the best of conditions, and the speaker who would follow such a program would be dull indeed did he not astonish himself in his discourse.

The writer would be pleased to correspond with anyone interested in making a spiritual song book a tangible thing.

Let some one send a set of words of three or four stanzas, and a rousing chorus and appropriate music will be written.

Bro. Francis, no doubt, will publish the same in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and the germ of a spiritual song-book may be started. Now who will be the first to make a move?

PAUL PAUL, MICH. F. D. JACOBS.

### Merrimac Island Camp.

Our three weeks' camp is ended, and although the pressure of work in preparing the grounds was great, the workers consider themselves amply repaid in the grand success of the undertaking. Much credit has already been given Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bach for their overwork in this matter, and a few others, without intimating as to who backed them. When the matter stood in great doubt and there was a hesitancy everywhere among the able ones to take hold of the matter, our worthy secretary said he and his wife would take hold of the matter and make it a success if they could be guaranteed one hundred and fifty dollars for their work. Mr. and Mrs. Howell, of St. Paul, said all right, go ahead, and they guaranteed all bills that needed a guaranty. I simply write this in justice to those to whom justice is due. Besides all this, Mrs. H. gave her personal attention to much of the hard work and managing upon the grounds. I write this without the slightest desire to detract from the great praise already meritoriously received, but with a feeling of pure justice.

We had a very pleasant and successful camp-meeting. We lacked mediums of the physical phases, but made up in good test mediums. As to the financial report, I will leave this to the secretary. Your worthy correspondent refused from the start to again be a candidate, and E. Bach, of Aberdeen, S. D., was unanimously elected, and with the father at the executive head and the son for the secretary, and both possessing such executive ability, to me the success of the N. W. S. A. is assured, and with the co-operation due from the friends in the northwest the future camp-meetings will be something worth attending.

DR. WILKINS, Ex-Pres. N. W. S. A.

Massachusetts has four surviving ex-Governors—Boutwell, Claflin, Rice and Butler—all of whom were born in 1818.

John A. Bashear, of Allegheny City, Pa., the astronomer and manufacturer of telescopes, was once a laborer in one of the Pittsburg iron mills.



## 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 eulogy of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

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

### Suggestions Regarding the Conduct of Life.

The first thing a man asks when he is confronted with a difficulty is how to get out of it, and the last thing he thinks of is the means to accomplish this end. When, for instance, he makes a bad speculation and loses money, he desires to do something that will make his losses good, but he never thinks of asking whether it would be worth his while to examine the causes of his former failure and to ascertain, if possible, the circumstances that will prevent a recurrence of the unfavorable result. When the time comes for action he is just as likely as ever to repeat the unwise conduct that made success impossible, and blunders on, hoping that in some blind way the end will be what he wished. When the business man sees that he cannot succeed, he usually abandons the attempt and tries something else; and when he has met with repeated reverses he goes into bankruptcy, and settles as best he can. But there is no such thing thought of as giving a just weight to the causes of his bankruptcy, and a proper regard to the means of retrieving his fortunes. All he seeks to do, is to arrange matters so that he can begin business again, without any regard to the warning he has received; and the lessons of experience go for nothing. It is so in all the movements of society. No one thinks of asking the reasons for existing evils in order to remedy them by the application of general principles to the relations of men and institutions. The chief aim is to devise some temporary expedient to meet the exigencies of the movement. The causes are not investigated and the remedy is short-sighted, and answers only to tide over the difficulty. Would it not be better to investigate causes before seeking remedies? The physician always inquires into previous symptoms, habits and conditions before he prescribes for the patient; so should the social reformer inquire into the circumstances of society before he offers his nostrums to the public. I have known men who were always complaining of the condition of the poor, and who thought by doling out a few pence to those in need they were doing service to humanity; they never dreamed of such a social state as would banish poverty from its people, nor of reforming the habits of society so as to give every one the means of living comfortably. The most abject persons in the world are those who need help, and there is no way of assisting them so well as to enable them to help themselves. Now, if a system could be devised by which all could be made industrious and self-supporting, this particular form of evil would disappear. But when it is sought to secure this desirable condition by making everybody free from the burdens of taxation, or by parceling out the land to those who want it, or by any other contrivance of a merely political kind, the result would greatly disappoint those who believe in such measures. The evils of society come from causes that such remedies would not reach. The most that can be said in their favor is, that they would probably set men to thinking not on theories, but on the solid facts of man's nature, his wants and his weakness. When you think you can cure these by acts of legislation you err most grievously and only excite passions that never can be satisfied. There are many ways of educating men in the means of their own happiness, but never by flattering them with the idea that they are dependent upon laws for their progress or the improvement of their condition. They must learn to depend upon themselves and to take care of themselves. If they are improvident they will be the sufferers, and it is no use for them to look to government to make them wise, or to make good the losses sustained by their neglect. Nature is a stern mother. She does not always bring forth abundant crops, nor cause his harvest to spring up in waste places. Often she withholds her fertilizing showers and refuses to the fruitfulness of the earth, and the husbandman sees his labor in vain. There work together many disappointments and, perhaps, misery. But who is to blame? Perhaps the land has been badly selected or badly cultivated, or after all that skill and industry could do the result has been destroyed by the tempest or the worm. The most that man can do will not always prevent disappointment. All things are subject to the inevitable laws of nature, and when we think to circumvent them we only deceive ourselves. When, therefore, we are engaged in any enterprise we ought carefully to investigate the subject and calculate the probabilities of success beforehand, and among our prospects we must not forget that failure is inherent to all human pursuits, and if it falls to our experience, it is nothing more than we must expect. Be not discouraged nor hopeless. Life is but a series of blunders. Man is not perfect and he cannot command the future any

more than the past. It is only by a steady and thorough devotion that he can accomplish anything. When the purpose is a good one and the motive is upright, whatever may befall, the progress and experience gained by the most unsuccessful results prepare him for the future. I once knew a person who was constantly worrying himself and everybody else about his plans and affairs, no matter how prosperous he might be. He never gave himself a moment's relief from anxiety, nor did he allow any relaxation from his business even in the most trying seasons of the year. The result was an early breakdown and a premature death. One ought never to overdo and overwork either body or mind. The grand results of industry are not attained by undue efforts. It is the well-directed work that tells. When we see a man struggling and painstaking, and regard his condition of health and intelligence, we can generally estimate the probability of his success or failure. It is evident from a thousand points of view that no one can prosper who never studies his own spiritual condition, and thinks of nothing but the material concerns of life. If he infuses his spirit into his work he will at least enjoy everything he does and everything he makes. The spirit is the true part of the man, and when that is properly cultivated and enters into the daily life, it will ennoble the humblest toil and give dignity and sweetness to every kind of work. No man should neglect the spiritual forces, for they are the mainspring of his happiness, and should enter into all his plans and industries. There is scarcely a situation in which the spirit may not aid and render more pleasant. If he goes into the street things look brighter. If he enters the workshop it seems more cheerful. If he opens his store it has an air of repose and refinement that renders it attractive, and if he sits in his office looking over his books and papers, there is an inner light which shines out upon the parchments and redeems the passing hours from any sense of drudgery.

### The Right Must Win.

Oh! it is hard to work for good,  
To rise and take a part  
Upon this battle-ground of wrong,  
And not sometimes lose heart.

There is so much to try one's faith  
In these mysterious creeds,  
When assailed by evils of the earth  
In these our hours of need.

Greed masters all, and good will change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, who would be good  
Are accused of purposes.

Workman of justice, lose not heart,  
But onward in the fight,  
And in the darkest battlefield  
Thou shalt know when to strike.

How blest he'll be who can define  
Where right and wrong doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
The nearest God and purity.

Then, workman, turn ye not aside;  
And higher ones will lead  
You on o'er deep and dangerous streams,  
Around the pitfalls set by greed.

Right is right, since God is good,  
And right the day must win,  
If wrongs do come to crush the right  
Straight from the home of sin.

—Rose L. Bushnell.

### Haslett Park Camp, Michigan.

Mrs. Brooks and myself arrived on the camp Friday morning, July 29, after an absence of three years. I found many improvements during that time, many new buildings erected, and many changes in the auditorium, dining hall, and other buildings belonging to the association. There were many on the grounds, all busy in getting settled. Saturday afternoon Miss Sheets gave a short lecture, followed by a conference. In the evening a mediums' meeting was held, in which Mrs. Smidown, Miss Sheets and Dr. Stanley took part. Sunday morning at ten o'clock Mr. J. H. White, of Port Huron, President of Haslett Park Association, made a few remarks. The welcoming address was made by myself, after which Lyman C. Howe gave the regular address of the morning. His subject was "Prayer." Again at two o'clock he gave an address from subjects taken from the audience. It is needless to say that Mr. Howe gave a fine address on both occasions, and gave universal satisfaction. In the evening a conference was held, led by Mrs. Joslyn, of Grand Rapids. The subject was the "Inner Life." If Mrs. Joslyn would only feel the power she is for good on the platform, she would take the place that belongs to her.

Monday morning it was decidedly unpleasant, but in the afternoon much better. Mrs. Marion, of Chicago, a Christian Scientist, gave an address which was listened to by all the campers. Our Sunday's audience was good for the first; there are a good many on the grounds, and constantly new arrivals, and the prospect is that this year's camp will be more largely attended than ever. The mediums on the ground thus far are Mrs. Smidown, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Payne, Dr. Stanley, Miss Woodbury, Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Pappa. Mrs. Laura Holton, of Chicago, is furnishing the music and it is of a high order. She is drilling a choir which is giving good satisfaction, and the music promises to be one of the main features of the camp, and enjoyed by all. Farmer Riley arrived Monday evening, and is to remain until the end of the week, when he returns home, but is to come back with his wife as soon as he can do so. Mrs. Haslett, Mrs. Titus, Mr. J. H. White and family, with their niece, Miss Hubbard, of Port Huron; Dr. Edson and wife, and Mr. Stanley and wife, of Jackson, are here, with many others. Dr. Edson met with a serious accident by spraining his ankle, which will lay him up for some time. The camp, from a spiritual standpoint as well as mental, is moving on finely, and trust all other camps are doing as well.

G. H. Brooks.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always leads in the variety of its attractions. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everybody. Remember, the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.



### Spirit of the Catholic Church.

What is the Roman Catholic Church? It is a giant corporation masquerading as a church and feeding on the gullibility and superstition of its subjects. It is a foe to the interest of human knowledge, progress, truth, and the common welfare of mankind. It is a creed that requires false history to be taught or the truth of history to be suppressed. It is a creed that put to death, in its centuries of arbitrary power, nearly fifteen millions of humans, and this solely because they could not convince them by their ignorant and superstitious doctrines. It is a so-called church whose system of religion is founded upon lies, and therefore must have sturdy liars to maintain it. It is a greedy corporation, the bosses of which lie awake nights to invent some plan by which they can steal or beg public money for the support of their creed schools, and at the same time deprive the State of any control over them. It is the foe of liberty; the author of persecution. It is the foe of our public schools; the upholder of superstition. Archbishop Ryan, when speaking on the school question said: "Our position on this subject is one which is perfectly logical and theological. Jesus Christ, who claimed and proved his divinity, appointed the Catholic Church the teacher of all nations, and that church having been made the divinely-appointed teacher, she has the clear right and duty of teaching nations." Consequently of teaching not only her own subjects, but also all others. Will this man Ryan tell the American people where, when and how Jesus Christ appointed the machine he represents "the teacher of all nations?" It is a solemn fact that the Roman machine, as now constituted, had no existence when He was on earth. Ryan's position, to be "perfectly logical," has no historical truth to build on, as it is a fact that there was no Roman corporation until many centuries after the crucifixion. It is positively amusing to hear these diocese bosses of the Roman machine give to Americans such stuff as the above. Those who are well enough read know that the most effective "teaching" they ever did was when they used the armies of Europe, who carried swords, stakes and torturing instruments, to spread the gentle, loving mission of Jesus. To indicate the way the wind is drifting, the following ignorant effusion, made by a Roman Catholic priest in Wisconsin, is indicative of the aims and objects of this band of ignorant and superstitious people. "The time is not far off when the Roman churches, by order of the pope, will refuse to pay the school taxes, and sooner than pay the collector or agent, put a bullet through his breast. The order can come at any time from Rome, and it will come as suddenly as the pulling of a trigger of a gun, and of course it will be obeyed, as it comes from God Almighty." Yes, these Catholics would just as soon as not put a bullet through the breast of anybody who does not believe exactly as they do. This we know by consulting the criminal statistics, which show that more than three-fourths of those that help to fill our penitentiaries are Roman Catholics. Who are these boys, cigar in hand, profanity and vulgarity on their lips, of all ages from ten to twenty, swarming the streets at night fall? And who are those girls, loud-voiced, rude and bold, also of all ages from ten to twenty, collected in groups on the corners, sitting in dark places, walking the streets at night, all of them pert and forward beyond description, gathering the harvest to be found there at night? I will tell you. They are the graduates of Romish parochial schools, and any one of them, if questioned, will be found to know more of the Roman catechism than of American decency and morals as taught in all the public schools, where Romanists are not on the school boards to fill the schools with Romish teachers. To illustrate the efficiency of Roman education, I will give you an account of a state that the papacy controls and has controlled for three hundred years. Read it and decide if you want them to control all or any part of the United States. The republic of Ecuador is governed by priests. No book can be imported without approval of the Jesuits. The national receipts and expenditures are never published. The people know as little about public funds as the Roman laymen of America know about their own parish finances. Quito, the capitol, with 200,000 people, is just as it was 300 years ago. No railroads or telegraphs are allowed, and there are no schools except the few taught by monks. Four-fifths of the people can neither read nor write. The fruits of Roman rule everywhere tend to brutishness, ignorance, intolerance and ruin in every sense.

It is almost impossible for a Romanist to be an American; he is either a traitor or a hypocrite. I defy any one to show that this statement is false. The Roman Catholic Church has always upheld galley slavery, as every one can learn by consulting the Papal Penal Code, which provides for sending men to the galleys. Many of my readers would probably wish to know what a galley slave is. I will tell you. Many of the Roman Catholic nations bordering

on the Mediterranean Sea have used galleys for the last 2,000 years. The Roman fleets were composed of vessels provided with sails and oars, manned by slaves and convicts. The modern galley has been retained by the Latin nations as a means of punishing criminals, as it compels them to severe labor under cruel conditions. When the popes had filled the prisons with men convicted of heresy or other "religious crimes," they resorted to the galleys as a punishment for those who dared to think. A man sentenced to the galleys was first deprived of all clothing, then branded with a hot iron on the shoulders with a mark to enable them to identify him if he should escape. He was then taken to the galley and chained to the bench where he was to work, to remain until death released him. The lower deck was fitted with benches and a rail called a "stretcher" in the center walk on which the drivers walked, who carried whips to enforce discipline and to compel them to extra labor when necessary. The oars came through openings in the sides of the galley. They were long and heavy. In most of the galleys there were three men to each oar; in large vessels, five were chained to each oar. Think of five men chained to a bench, as naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front holding an immensely heavy oar (fifteen feet long), bending forward to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bent likewise; and then, having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on the groaning bench. A galley slave sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain, or the other sailor, in such a stress, puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting, and then the captain shouts to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his oar, which often happens, he is flogged till he is taken for dead and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea. Nations that would tolerate such a system are "out of time" with modern civilization and superstition alone reigns there. No one but a pagan hierarchy would uphold such a monstrous system of torture. In her weakness the Romish Church sheltered herself under the absolute power of the Roman emperors; in her strength she laid claim to herself in the name of spiritual power, and arranged herself on the side of despotism. The Roman Church does not hesitate to denounce cremation, the burning of dead bodies. They draw the line at dead bodies. Their record for burning live bodies, for the horrible crime of thinking or knowing more than a Romish priest, is established beyond question. Can any one tell me why they object to burning dead men, when they have burned many thousands of live men with ghoulish glee? "A system of religion that shocks the mind of a child is not a true system." H. L. SCHROEDER.

Chicago, July 18, 1892.

### Opening Day at Lake Sunapee Camp.

The meeting was opened July 31, at 10:30 A. M., by the president, Mr. Eben Cobb, who gave a short and earnest address. After singing by the choir Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson gave a fervent invocation. The choir rendered another of their sweet songs. Mrs. Nickerson was the lecturer of the morning and had a most excellent discourse, in which the little word "why" was declared to be the savior of the nineteenth century. Mr. F. A. Wiggin followed Mrs. Nickerson, giving a number of fine tests, all of which were recognized. At 1 o'clock P. M., Mr. Wiggin held a test seance and gave many grand proofs of spirit return. Mr. Wiggin was also the speaker at the afternoon meeting. He dwelt upon the necessity of right thinking. He said we could help or hinder another by a thought. At the close of the lecture a half-hour was given to tests, all of which were satisfactory and convincing. In the evening one of the grand conference meetings for which Sunapee is famous was held. Many good words were spoken by the speakers, mediums and others. The psychometric reading by Mr. F. A. Wiggin was very fine, and added much to the interest of the meeting. The National Developing Circle was also held during the evening with good and satisfactory results. The attendance has been large for the first day of camp meeting, and everything points to a most successful season.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

### In the Woods.

Around me there falls a silence intense,  
As I wander alone 'mid the forest dense;  
And the touch of a hand, a glimmer of eyes,  
Is wasted to me over the river of sighs.  
Forms that I thought had vanished at night,  
Seem radiant again to my vision and sight,  
And the shape of a song seems making prelude,  
In the reverent hush of the reverent wood.  
Oh! what can it mean, these longings I feel  
That over my senses so silently steal?  
What is it my innermost spirit has stirred,  
Now jubilant again like the music of birds?  
Oh! what can it be that is now in the wood,  
That to my dull senses is half understood?  
A rapture, a thrill, from heaven is sent,  
I am only God's humble instrument  
To hear and interpret his messages aright;  
That echo from woodland and mountain spright;  
And I think as I bow and fall on my knees,  
God comes to me now through the whispering trees.

—Bishop A. Beals.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER combines CHEAPNESS and EXCELLENCE. The ablest writers send it their best thoughts, because in so doing they reach the largest number of readers, and do a correspondingly greater amount of good than they would if they sent them to a paper with a smaller circulation. Interest your neighbors and friends in the paper and induce them to subscribe. It is sent thirteen weeks for 25 cents.

"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.



### Reading What the People Say of "The Progressive Thinker."

Francis S. Reed writes: I receive THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and read it with great pleasure. It brings joy to my soul every week. I hope you will go on with your good work, and let nothing discourage you.

Mrs. L. E. Herring: I am the mother of four little boys, and I do not let them go to any church or Sunday-school. There is no meeting of Spiritualists here, but I can teach them what my children learn; something that will help them to progress. I give my children THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to read; it gives them knowledge, truth and love. My children know that spirits are always with them, to guard and protect them from harm. The Spiritualists of the world are not careful enough with the surroundings of their children.

Mrs. M. Miller: Your blessed paper is, indeed, the one Star Paper of the nineteenth century—a marvel and a wonder, and a fulfillment of prophecy, and you and your noble companion are the chosen ones to stand upon the mountain as a beacon light, to educate the darkened souls of this earth-life, and tens of thousands will meet you in the Spirit-world and call you blessed for opening their blind eyes to see and comprehend the one grand and sublime truth of nature's facts. The presentation of nature's facts is just what is needed in this skeptical age, and you are doing that work in a marvelous manner. I arrived at San Francisco the 28th of May safe, and found hosts of old friends and noble workers in the spiritual field glad to see me; all greeted me cordially, and it did my heart good to again see the dear, familiar faces and receive the warm hand clasp. There are many here, each doing his or her part. The officers of the First Spiritualist Society are conducting the meeting, and thus the truth is rapidly spreading. I shall do all in my power to obtain subscribers for your valuable paper. I find it on the table for sale at the public meetings. I am now located at 1055 Mission street, at my post, holding circles, and giving private sittings, and assisting in the public meetings Sundays. I am glad to do all I can in my humble way to keep the ball of truth rolling.

Jacob W. Snyder: Quite a number of very interesting communications on many different subjects have been published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER since its advent among the spiritualistic papers. It is a very Star of Bethlehem among them. It flashed into view, and was quite small at first, being in its appellation, but very bright, and kept on growing brighter and brighter, until all at once, without giving much warning, on a bright sunny morning it came up in perihelion, and was much brighter than before, and was fully as large again. It was hailed with great joy and much astonishment by all its friends, patrons and seekers of light and truth.

Dr. Fannie C. Dexter Miller: Your paper is thoroughly devoted to the cause of progressive ideas. My prayer is that your life may be spared, and your strength equal to your day.

Darius Sprague: I like your paper exceedingly well.

H. M. Gaut: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER still holds the center column, and is still marching on.

G. B. Cole: Being a reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I would like to add my testimony to its good qualities.

F. Conden White: Permit me to express the gratification I have in possessing THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I feel that the world would be lifted out of the Valley of Error and ignorance if all souls could comprehend the grand truths it contains. All who read these valuable papers will be brought into a better understanding of life and life's great aims, in which it may find its way into thousands of homes and hearts.

Mrs. L. A. Merritt: I received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I think it is one of the best papers I have ever seen, and I herewith inclose \$1 for it one year.

Roger T. Jones: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER contains the best reading matter of any paper I have had; you are on the right track.

J. Hardy: Please continue to send me the best paper ever published, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

O. K. Kramer: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a charming paper, and I have recommended it and given away the copies, after looking them over here and there. I hope your efforts in trying to do good to humanity will continue, and though I am not a believer in Spiritualism, in the full sense of the word, I would rather see everybody becoming a good Spiritualist than remain a bad materialist.

D. S. Maynard: Inclosed is postal note for \$1, to keep my name in position on the mailing machine. I wish I could get ten instead of one subscriber.

E. O. Farrer: Diamonds and gold have their value, and so does THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a pearl of great price to me. It is a beautiful tribute to humanity.

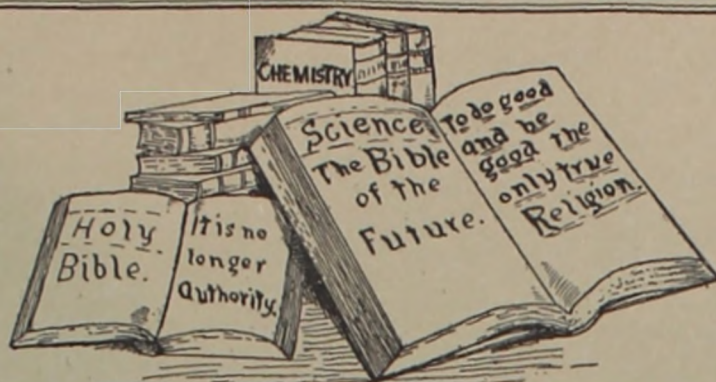
E. E. Singer: Your paper is good, like pure gold.

H. S. Johnson: Just think of it, Spiritualists and liberals, fifty-two numbers for one dollar, and the very best paper for the money it has ever been my good luck to get. Some good friend not known to me sent me the paper for three months, and ever since I received it I have been working and figuring to raise the dollar, and here it is. If in as good circumstances financially as I once was, I would gladly make it five as cheerfully as I do one dollar. I am close on to eighty years, and do not expect to be any younger on this side of the great beyond.

Mrs. J. McHugh: I like the paper so much that I cannot do without it.

Mrs. Jane Curtis: I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER some time, and consider it the best educator in the country, upon all scientific and important subjects. I could not think of being without it a single week. I am a worker in the cause of Spiritualism, trying in my humble way to open the eyes of the blind, and help to hasten the day when bigotry, superstition and error shall have passed away. There is no day that I cannot impress some one with a new idea upon the all-important theme.





### The Universe is Governed by Fixed Laws.

TO THE EDITOR:—The universe is governed by fixed laws, and is blind to scenes of suffering and deaf to prayers and appeals for assistance. Just think of the account of Sangir's awful fate—an island paradise wiped out. The heartrending account comes from Victoria, B. C., and shows that the upheaval was of the most sudden and appalling character. Without any precautionary signals and without any sign whatever of impending disturbance, the Gunung Aroo volcano on the island blazed forth on June 7, and within twenty-four hours the whole of the prosperous surrounding country was devastated. The location of the crater is latitude 3 degrees 39, north; longitude, 125 degrees 29, east, and it is distant from Ternate 201 miles; from Menado, 140 miles; from Gorontalo, 250 miles. The western coast of Sangir Island is washed by the Celebes Sea, with the Molucca passage on the east. The island lies in a chain of islands near the Philippines.

The first report of the eruption was heard about six o'clock in the morning, and from then, for four hours, there was one continual stream of fire and ashes belching forth. Then, after a slight relaxation, a flood of fire again commenced, continuing for two days, when heavy rumblings were heard in the mountains. The town of Torona, in the southern side of the island, then suffered, houses and business blocks shaking with a load of heated dust and ashes tumbled down, the inhabitants fleeing for safety, while many perished in the ruins. The coconut plantations, which covered the whole mountain side, were completely destroyed. The country all west of Torona was covered with thick mud and ashes. Terrible thunderstorms had followed each earthquake, hot streams of mud and lava running down the mountain side rendered traveling unsafe and those who were overtaken in their flight perished. Reports from all over the island indicate the most disastrous consequences. Whole villages are submerged, and cocoa and nutmeg plantations everywhere are ruined. In the northern part of the island lava streams are running with terrific force.

Among other villages completely obliterated was that of Tokkam, famed for its beauty and wealth. The loss of life is something terrible, but no accurate estimate can yet be made. Hundreds of bodies have been picked up on the shore and some were found floating in the sea. When the eruption began the Norwegian barks Primera and Fason were in Torona Bay, but got to sea without damage. The Dutch ships Torkeka and Grippa were loading nutmegs at the village of Petta, but escaped with but little damage, although the village was entirely destroyed.

The volcano was asleep. No one had any fears of it. There were no indications whatever that the graceful mountain, its sides covered with vineyards and tall, swaying coconut trees, would one day belch forth from its volcano fire and flames, spreading destruction and devastation over the peaceful valleys beneath. The natives in their ease and luxury reckoned without their host.

On the night of June 9 heavy rumblings were heard in the mountains and a slight eruption of mud and ashes took place, followed again by terrific rains. The village of Torona, which is situated on the south side of the mountain, protected by a ridge of hills, some of them 1,800 feet high, is covered with ashes. Many of the houses were crushed by the accumulated weight of ashes, dust and stones. The whole of the extensive coconut plantations, covering the hills on both sides of Torona Bay, are entirely destroyed, but in the town itself there was comparatively little loss of life. To the westward of the town, after passing the foot of the ridge, the scene was one of complete desolation and devastation.

The whole country is under a layer of mud, ashes and stones. All vegetation is either burned up by the awful heat of the volcanic fires, or has been destroyed by dense showers of ashes and dust. The country around Gunung Aroos and the sides of the hills are steaming and smoking with numerous volcanic jets, which were, on June 25, still throwing up columns of mud and stones that fell in showers over the district, forming into hot mud and streams which, in their downward course, carried everything before them.

The district on the north side of the island is utterly destroyed, nutmeg and cocoa plantations being laid in ruins and in many cases completely buried under the ashes, mud and lava from the crater. The lava streams are confined to the northern slopes of the mountain and in the Toboekan district not a single village remains, while thousands of the inhabitants have been killed in the overflow.

Up to June 25, which was the last advice received, the loss of life was not known, but it must have been something terrible, for already it is known that thousands of people have been killed. Ten thousand deaths are said by one authority to have resulted, and another captain of a ship which brought assistance to the sufferers says that this figure is not an extreme one. Many bodies have been picked up along the shore. They were swept down the mountain sides in the irresistible torrent, and a number of other bodies have also been found floating on the sea. On the night of the outbreak, two Norwegian barks, the Primera and the Fashion, were in Torona

Bay, but got to sea without any damage being done them. In Petta harbor, on the northeast side of the island, the Dutch ships Terbekla and Gargpa, were loading nutmegs and they too sustained little injury. Fortunately there was no tidal wave. The reports of the first explosion were heard at Ternate, Gorontalo, and Menado, which are respectively 210, 240 and 216 miles distant, and fearing a calamity, ships were immediately sent with assistance.

Among others who saw the island after the outbreak was Captain J. Gray, of the steamship Norman, which had been sent with a cargo of rice from Menado to relieve the sufferers. He says the whole island, viewed from the westward, presents a most forlorn appearance, there being no sign of life anywhere. Volumes of smoke can be seen issuing from the crater, accompanied by fine ashes, which spread like a cloud over the island and fall thickly everywhere. Small jets of steam, smoke and stones are puring out from mountain sides, completely covering the lower valleys and lands.

The suffering among those who escaped with their lives has been most acute. All the food on the island was destroyed, and but for the prompt assistance of the neighboring islands the misery of starvation would have been added to the suffering caused by the disaster. The value of the property destroyed cannot be estimated, but will amount to millions of dollars. "In fact," says a writer, "the whole of the island was a mass of smoldering ruins. The people who lived and prospered there have lost all they ever had, and now the only thing for them to do is to leave for another and more favored spot or stay there and die."

If a God imbued with such feelings as the ordinary humane man possesses, he would have notified the inhabitants in time to escape the awful calamity. The only explanation available is that the universe is governed by fixed laws. Science will certainly be the bible of the future. FIXT LAW.

### Later Notes from Lake Brady, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—The endorsement of Moses Hull in the two issues of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER finds a response in many fair-minded people at this camp. While we all admire Mrs. Lillie and her inspired lectures, most of the people here do also admire charity and good will toward all mankind when it is shown among our people one toward the other.

The idea that a few of our best lecturers should attempt to dictate to the proprietors of our camp as to who shall speak from our platforms, seems to most of us a supremely ridiculous assumption on the part of said speakers. This assumption reminds us of the first commandment of the Christian's jealous, one-horse god, i. e.: "Thou shalt have no other God above me."

Professionalism among our lecturers and mediums is fast destroying the harmony and true inwardness of Spiritualism, and it revolves itself into merely a sordid situation when dollars count instead of true Spiritualism having any good influence among our people.

#### CAMP NOTES.

Mrs. A. E. Kibbie is doing extremely well in giving tests from our platform.

The dance Wednesday evening was a complete success. Our Dance Hall will hold twelve sets of eight dancers.

As we have two test-mediums at camp, we have tests from the platform both at conference and at the afternoon lectures.

J. Clegg Wright is engaged at St. Paul, Minn., for three months in the fall and winter of 1892 and 1893.

Dances take place in our Dance Pavilion each Wednesday and Saturday evening.

This Ohio weather is simply splendid—cool and refreshing.

Gradually our camp is assuming the appearance of an old camp, and is better equipped than some of the older camps were at the end of a three years' existence.

Twelve mediums have located here, and are doing well. They are: Henry E. Chase, slate-writer and photographer; Prof. Barnes, trumpet-medium; Mrs. A. E. Kibbie, trance medium; Mrs. Kemp, a materializing medium from Cleveland; Mrs. Moss, also from Cleveland; Frank Ripley, test-medium; Mrs. Graves, test and business medium; Mrs. Lake, of Boston, inspirational medium; J. W. Dennis, clairvoyant and clairaudient medium; J. C. Wright, trance and inspirational medium; Dr. Allen, trance medium, and Dr. Martha Keller, from Cleveland. J. W. DENNIS.

The wife of Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin, has an odd fancy for collecting various kinds of shoes. She has now in her German home more than 1,000 pairs of boots. The collection contains the smallest dancing slippers and the largest snow shoes. It is said to be unique and very valuable.

Betsey Trumbull, who died recently at the almshouse in Skowhegan, Me., at the age of 92, was supported by the town from the day of her birth to the day of her death, for although able to do considerable work, both indoors and out, she was of feeble intellect and unable to take care of herself. Ninety-two years on a poor farm is the longest time on record.

### A Call on Northwestern Spiritualists.

We have just returned from the camp meeting of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association on Merrimac Island near St. Paul. I do not think that any one left the Island dissatisfied; all were highly pleased and greatly benefited. The weather was good all through; the shade magnificent, and the attendance fully up to expectation. There was but very little in the line of physical manifestations presented, but what we lacked in that, we more than made up in the presentation of the philosophical, the advanced and the progressive. Those mediums who attended did well financially, and we hope that more will attend another season. Everything went off smoothly and satisfactorily for a first effort, and it is safe to say that we left a good impression on the visitors from the Twin Cities and the surrounding country. The people all expressed themselves as highly pleased with what they saw and heard, and many were the expressions of surprise when they found that Spiritualism in its reality was an entirely different affair from what it has been pictured and represented by its defamers, and by the ignorant world. Many came there to "see the fun," but became interested, began to investigate, and will henceforth be supporters and investigators of our beautiful and grand knowledge. The press of the two cities treated us very fairly, courteously and impartially, and the reporters were among the most interested investigators before the camp ended.

The ice is now broken, the ball started rolling, and the Spiritualists of the Northwest owe it to the cause, and to themselves, to put their shoulders to the wheel, and push the car of spiritualistic progression forward. The annual camp meetings must continue.

The association had \$14 in its treasury when it began, and it thought of having a meeting only a few weeks previous to the time of the assembly. It had no grounds, but Dr. Barton of Inver Grove, came to the rescue, and offered the use of his island in the Mississippi, free of charge. Dr. Barton has also done all possible in other ways, and the Spiritualists of the Northwest owe him a debt of gratitude. The grounds were practically in their virgin condition, and it took money and labor to fit them for occupancy. The society had absolutely no property to begin with, and it had to get tents, lumber, bedding, beds, cots, etc. The result is that to-day the association has of these things about \$350 worth, and it is short about \$150 of meeting the bills. The work was done to a large degree by but a few, and I think that their names should be mentioned here. These are Mr. and Mrs. Howells, Mr. and Mrs. Sauer and W. H. Bach and wife of St. Paul, also Mr. Underhill of St. Paul and Mr. Stowell of Mazepa, as well as the president Mr. Wilkins. These people worked incessantly and made the affair a success. Others assisted in a minor way, but these did the real work, and when I say work, I mean actual bodily, as well as mental labor.

It has been the misfortune of the writer to have been elected president of the N. W. S. Association for the coming year. I have accepted the responsibility with great reluctance, but as was said, some one had to accept the lead, I submitted to the demand, and shall give my best abilities towards fulfilling its duties. I am a Spiritualist from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet, and shall do all I can in the sphere of action assigned to me to raise Spiritualism higher, and make it more prosperous if possible.

We had a little trouble to the south of us some years ago. Sometimes the trouble was of a serious kind, and it took a good many people to settle it. There were generals and colonels, and many other officers, as well as a good many common soldiers. If our battles had to have been fought by the generals and their staff—if the charges were made only by them, and the bulk of the army had laid in the shade and taken it easy, I guess we would not have an undivided Union, nor any stars and stripes floating over us now. During these times the generals and officers led; but the multitude followed. The generals planned, they led; they did the thinking, but the rank and file did the work. There was co-operation in that army, and the result was success to the Union arms. No matter how active the general might have been—he might have planned and considered—if, when he ordered the charge, or the approach towards a fort, the army had laid still, he would have been a failure, and the war a failure. The same rule holds good in the co-operation of the Spiritualists of a certain region. The possibilities of the officers of an association are limited. We must have the co-operation of the rank and file of the Spiritualists, or the thing will be a failure. And as president of the Northwestern Spiritualists Association, I take the liberty of asking for the support of every Spiritualist in the country designated as the Northwest. Without this, we cannot succeed. It has been laid to the charge of Spiritualists, and with good reason, that they are very lukewarm in their support of their philosophy. Let us change this. The churches (and yourselves while in the churches) are not subject to this charge. Let the Spiritualists emulate their example in this particular, and support your grand knowledge in the way it should be supported. I do not think that Spiritualism will ever be as strong an organized force as the churches are, but we can and must be co-operative. The brunt of the Merrimac camp-meeting has fallen on to the few whom I have mentioned. The making-up of the shortage spoken of will fall on to a few. This is not what it should be. There are a legion of Spiritualists in the Northwest. They are intelligent, good citizens and liberal, but they seem to do nothing for their philosophy. Perhaps the reason is that they have not had the opportunity presented. Here it is now. We ought to have at least 5,000 members in the Northwestern

Spiritualists' Association. The membership is \$1 a year. Send in your dollars, to either me or the secretary of the Association. Life membership is \$20. Those who are financially able should assist us with this, and make it possible to build up a strong society, such as would give us prestige, and make us respected.

We need means to procure permanent grounds for camp meetings where the improvements which we shall make from year to year shall be lasting. We need to engage speakers for the territory, who shall put our knowledge before the people. A dollar is but a small amount, but if every Spiritualist became a member it would start the society in good shape.

I also request every Spiritualistic society in the Northwest to send me a list of all the Spiritualists in their vicinity. I want the name of every Spiritualist in the Northwest. I want some Spiritualist in every city, in every village, in every hamlet and neighborhood, to send me these names so that we may get a census of the Spiritualists in the Northwest, and so that we may know our strength, our possibilities, and also what we have to work on. In unity there is strength. Let us all unite. Let every one appoint himself a committee of one to push the cause of Spiritualism; do all you can, assist us in every way. Let not your hearts alone be in it, but touch your pockets a little. It takes money to make things succeed in this world, and Spiritualism is no exception.

I will say further that I shall be happy to get suggestions, advice, and communications from any one who feels inclined to write. It shall be my aim, as before said, to make the association a credit to the country, and I am anxious to have you assist me by advice as well as in more substantial ways.

Hoping that I have not appealed in vain, both as to getting a census of the Spiritualists of the Northwest, and also for financial support.

E. BACH, President N. W. Spiritualist Association, Aberdeen, South Dakota.

W. H. BACH, Secretary, St. Paul, Minn.

### Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

The meetings here opened very harmoniously on Sunday, July 24. In the morning after a fine concert by the Worcester Cadet Band, which furnishes music during the entire season, Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, Mass., who has been President of the New England Spiritualists Camp-meeting Association since organization eighteen years ago, gave the address of welcome, and introduced the speaker of the morning, Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., whose lecture entitled "The Psalm of Life," was highly interesting. In the afternoon Mrs. Clara H. Banks, of Haydenville, Mass., spoke to a large audience. Dr. Hidden lectured again on Tuesday, July 26, the subject being "Spiritualism, False and True." On Thursday we were highly favored in being able to listen to Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson, of Detroit, Mich., who gave an interesting inspirational address and poems. Friday afternoon, July 29, Mr. Albert E. Tisdale, of Springfield, Mass., spoke to a good audience. Sunday the 31st, turned out to be a very wet day, but the hall was well filled. In the forenoon Mr. Tisdale gave a very radical discourse which was highly appreciated, and in the afternoon, owing to the absence of Mr. Sidney Dean, who had been announced to speak, Mrs. Hagan Jackson again appeared on the platform and delighted the large audience with a fine lecture and poems. Next Thursday and Friday, August 4 and 5, Mrs. R. S. Lillie speaks, and on Sunday Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Lillie are to be with us.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is on sale at the secretary's office, "headquarters," and Mrs. Young will receive subscriptions at any time. The low price, \$1.00 per year, ought to secure a place for it in every family. Trial subscriptions will also be received.

August 1, 1892.

M. W. LYMAN.

### From Chesterfield, Indiana.

The annual convention of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists was held at their camp grounds at Chesterfield the 29th of last month. The State Association was organized six years ago in Anderson. It has increased in membership and power until the present camp ground is the natural outgrowth of the association. Seventeen life memberships at ten dollars each have been taken out, and a large number of annual members. The officers were unanimously elected as follows: President, Dr. J. W. Westerfield, Anderson, Ind.; Vice-presidents, Mrs. Colby Luther and Mr. B. F. Schmid; Treasurer, Carroll Bronnenberg; Secretary, Flora Hardin, Anderson, Ind.; Trustees, W. S. Wandel, and Henry Bronnenberg.

The attendance has been unusually large. Last Saturday the managers were taxed to their utmost to take care of the guests, many having to be sent to farm houses to get lodging. In the evening a mush and milk supper was served under the direction of Mrs. Barnett, of Indianapolis. After the heated term, the weather is perfect and everything is moving with perfect harmony and success. Sunday, the third day of the camp meeting, Mr. A. B. French will be the speaker.

FLORA HARDIN.

### Spiritualist Meeting.

The Wentworth Association of Spiritualists will hold their twenty-second annual meeting at the Wentworth Grove, between Antwerp and Hicksville, in Carryall Township, Paulding County, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, August 13 and 14, 1892. Mr. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, and other able speakers will be in attendance. All are invited to attend. J. E. SNYDER, Secretary.

"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.

### THE COMING CONGRESS.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union, Saturday evening, July 23, it was decided to hold the 16th Annual Congress in Chicago, beginning Oct. 23 and continuing at least three days.

This date was selected that advantage might be taken of the reduced rates on the R. R. to those attending the dedication of the Columbian Exposition, Oct. 21 and 22, which will be Friday and Saturday.

Liberals will thus have an opportunity to attend the dedication and also the Congress immediately following. This, however, necessitates the opening of the Liberals' Congress on Sunday, as to remain in the city until the next Thursday or Friday, would involve to Secularists a needless expense.

Hon. C. B. Wait, Dr. Joseph H. Greer and John F. Geeting were appointed committee on programme, and Dr. Greer and E. N. Geer committee on hall.

This is certainly the most important Congress that has ever been called during the existence of the Union. It is hoped that liberals so far as possible will attend. Each and all should make a supreme effort to be present. Questions of grave import are to be considered. Due notice has been given that an effort will be made to revise certain clauses in the Constitution. Soon after the election of the present Board, Judge Waite announced that he should advocate the changing of the third demand. Its present reading is: "The repeal of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and other secular reasons."

President Waite's proposed amendment is: "No laws enforcing the observance of any Sabbath."

At the coming Convention it will also be decided as to what action shall be taken in regard to an International Congress in 1893. One prominent freethinker, an honorary vice-president, writes: "The World's Fair is upon us, and somebody must represent the Liberal element in the United States on that occasion or free thought will be hopelessly disgraced in the eyes of the world. That must not be." Others are equally emphatic in their expressions.

During the past nine months the Secretary has appealed often and earnestly to liberals to ignore all disagreements and devote their energies to the advancement of the Secular cause. The time has come when such action is a necessity, as is amply illustrated by the contemplated Sunday closing of the World's Fair. To remain longer indifferent is to become equally guilty with those who are endeavoring to effect such a union of church and state as shall deprive American citizens of religious liberty.

The taxation of church property is another of the questions demanding immediate attention, and should be taken up and advocated with such earnestness and eloquence as to thoroughly awaken the people to the danger threatening republican institutions from further unjust exemption. The tract on this subject written by Dr. Westbrook should be widely circulated, the working people educated and aroused as they have been in regard to Sunday closing. They should be made to realize that every dollar in the form of taxes unpaid by the church must be assumed by them. These pamphlets are for free distribution. All that is required is the necessary postage to mail them.

The people have permitted various privileges to the church. It has become arrogant with the granting of them, and follows but the course of bigotry in all ages. It is not satisfied with the various priestly perquisites it enjoys, but throwing aside all disguise demands for its divinity the Nation itself. And so the old battle for religious liberty is to be fought once again. The sooner this is understood the better. The church has built itself up into a power through dishonest depletion of the people. Americans, good-natured and indolent to a fault, have permitted the theft. It required that the doors of the Columbian Exposition should be closed in their face to arouse them to the danger.

Let the next Congress take up these questions in earnest. Let it be a representative Congress. Let the Board be the choice of the people. There should be no wire pulling, no clique, no dishonest methods; but let that be done which shall seem best in the judgment of all.

Funds are needed to carry on the work. The Congress will involve expense. Arrangements will be made as economically as possible, but do the best we can there must be considerable outlay.

The case against the appropriation of public funds to ecclesiastical institutions is still pending. Not enough has yet been contributed to carry it through.

Liberals, will you not come forward at once and with a generous contribution sustain this splendid organization of your own creating—the American Secular Union?

Mrs. M. A. FREEMAN,  
Cor. Sec. Am. Secular Union, 957  
Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

The young Princess Victoria, who, when she is 18, will become eligible to establish her claim as the heir apparent of Hawaii, will enter Wellesly College next term. She is said to be an amiable and kind girl of pleasing personal appearance, and can get away with her candy and chewing gum as naturally as any pure white girl at Vassar.

Introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to your neighbor. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everyone. Send in an additional trial subscription, 13 weeks for 25 cents.

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.



## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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## CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* during the summer, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1.00 to \$5.00, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of these amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply to all cases of renewal of subscription—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

## Take Notice.

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

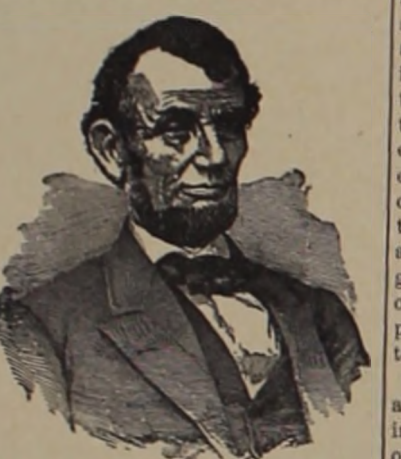
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892.



## A SPIRITUALIST?

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

## "The Progressive Thinker."

Take, for example, this issue (or any other issue, for that matter). Examine the articles on the first page. Read Chapter II. of our new Bible. Carefully peruse Olney H. Richmond's views on "Astronomy, the Mother of Religion." Then comes "A Genius in Music." There is food for reflection on that page, and it will be read with deep interest. Then turn to the second page, and read the "Suggestions Concerning the Conduct of Life," and the "Roman Catholic Church," and other items of interest thereon. Then open the third page, and read "The Universe is Governed by Fixed Laws," and the articles that follow, that concern Spiritualists generally. Then go to the fourth page, and read its items of interest, and especially think over carefully the article on "Vibrations." It is chock full of valuable suggestions and hints. It is a mine of valuable information. Then turn to the fifth page and read the wonderful messages given by clairaudience. Then peruse the article on "Writing on the Skin," exposing the fraud that exists in the Catholic church through the stigmata. Then follows the "Elevation of Mankind." That page is full of meat; it is invaluable! Now proceed to the sixth page. "Seeking Development," "Progressive Thinkings," and the other articles, are all suggestive. The seventh page, too, is valuable, and fills an important niche with the rest. Now comes the eighth page, with the grand story by Hudson Tuttle, which already is stirring up Spiritualists generally. Then follows an article on "Atoms," well worthy of perusal. What can be said of this number can be said of every other, some of which contain the incomparable articles by Judge Rosecrans, Dr. Hudson, Mr. Loomis, and others, far too numerous to mention, all of whom have a place near our heart.

No Spiritualist can afford to be without *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. By placing it by the side of any other Spiritualist paper and turning it over page by page, and comparing the contents, you will readily see how much you would lose without its weekly perusal. It is an innovation on the old methods, and stands in point of circulation in front of every other Spiritualist paper on this earth; in fact, each issue contains many articles that would not be out of place in any of the leading literary magazines.

## A Good Definition.

A fair autograph-seeker recently induced Dr. Briggs to describe "heresy" for her in writing. He wrote: "Heresy is anything in doctrine or practice that departs from the mind of the church, as officially defined." That is a most excellent definition. For that of these thousands have been burned, hanged and tormented, and without heresy the world would not have made any progress.

Gounod, the composer, is said to have twelve unfinished operas hid away in his desk.

## VIBRATIONS.

## Something of the Laws That Govern Them.

## Intellectual or Delfic Vibrations.

Prince Kropotkin gives an interesting article on electricity as a mode of motion, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, as set forth by the *Engineering News*. It summarizes the result of the latest researches as simply as their nature admits of, and the net result of seemingly conclusive experiments is that with vibrations or wave lengths in the ether.

0.000,012 to 0.000,016 in. long, we have chemical energy.

0.000,016 to 0.000,030 in. long, we have light.

— to 0.000,120 in. long, we have radiant heat.

— to yds. or miles long, we have electricity.

If these results may be accepted, we have squarely before us the problem: Given, vibrations of any length in the "ether" (whatever that is), to modify their length at will. The problem of the transformation of energy reduces down to that. When some benefactor of mankind has solved that problem, if it ever is solved, a new era indeed in civilization will open. We may then have electricity from heat, light without heat from electricity or any other form of energy, and divers and sundry other things which we can now only dream of, or perhaps not that. When we consider that pretty much all that is now known of the real nature of electricity, heat and energy is the fruit of the last twenty years (Joule's equivalent and first series of experiments were not announced until 1849), it seems a pretty safe conclusion that science is yet young, and that all which has been yet achieved is but a trifle compared with what is yet to be achieved. Moreover, we know that in the living organism, heat and energy, energy and light, energy and electricity, are transformed into each other by some mysterious process with the greatest ease, and to a large extent according to the will or needs of the organism. It may be that this power is one of the properties of living "protoplasm," and that man will never be able to understand it or to imitate it until he has learned the secret of life itself; but all the recent tendency of science is to indicate that the secret of transforming one form of energy into any other may yet be discovered, and perhaps by very simple means, compared with which our steam engine will seem but a "relic of barbarism."

The fact that electricity, like heat, light and radiant chemical energy, is a manifestation of energy, has long been known, but up to the last four or five years scientists have been uncertain as to the manner in which energy existed in the electric current. The old idea of an electric fluid, which is still prevalent outside of scientific circles, served to mislead investigators. At present, however, the researches of such scientists as Hertz, Lodge, Crookes, Sir William Thomson and Tesla seem to have established the fact that electricity, like heat and light, is merely a vibration in the so-called "ether" which is believed to permeate all space. It is notable that all the original theories as to what we now call forms of energy were materialistic. The Newtonian (corpuscular) theory of light, which was the generally accepted one for half a century, was that light was an effect produced by incessant fire of infinitesimal but material cannon balls thrown off in all directions from the light-giving body. Heat was a material something stored in the pores of the visible body. Electricity was a "fluid." All these assumed material substances have been shown to be non-existent, and not necessary to explain the phenomena. But there still remains one grave difficulty with the later theories. The notion of a material ether itself is almost as contrary to what we know of the nature of other matter as the corpuscular theory of light, and almost as much a mere evolution of the scientific inner consciousness, to explain what is otherwise inexplicable. We have not a particle of direct evidence to prove that there is a substance with properties such as we assign to this ether. We have only to eliminate the notion of a material ether, as we have eliminated the notion of material light particles, and we shall be down to hard pan.

There is no study more interesting than that of vibrations, in what science sees fit to designate as the ether of space. Every Spiritualist should study them most carefully and thoroughly. To render the matter clearer we give the views of Sir Isaac Newton, as presented by Dolbear in his most excellent work on "Matter, Ether and Motion." Sir Isaac Newton deduced from the observed motions of the heavenly bodies the fact that they attract each other according to the law now known as the law of gravitation, but he says nothing about how bodies can affect each other. That is, in his "Principia" he does not attempt to explain gravitation. He explicitly does say, however, that he has not employed hypotheses in his work, yet we know from other of his writings that the idea of a medium was constantly in his mind. His "Principia" closes thus:

"And now we might add something concerning a most subtle spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies; by the force and action of which spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances and cohere if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, inflected, and beats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will, namely, by the vibrations of this spirit mutually propagated among the solid filaments of the nerves from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain to the muscles. But these things cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic spirit operates."

brations of this spirit mutually propagated among the solid filaments of the nerves from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain to the muscles. But these things cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic spirit operates."

This shows plainly enough that he believed that some medium, different from matter, was essential for a mechanical conception of the phenomenon he alluded to. In a letter to Bentley he states his philosophical judgment upon the subject in still stronger terms, and it shows, too, the sense in which he is to be understood when he says: "I frame no hypotheses"—which has frequently been repeated to adventurous hypothesizers as the example of the model scientific man. Hear him!

"It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact, as it must do if gravitation in the sense of Epicurus be essential and inherent in it."

"That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter so that one body can act upon another at a distance through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking can ever fall into it."

Newton uses the word spirit in the sense of a substance entirely different from matter (see page 31). Evidently Newton was so strong a believer in the medium that we call the ether, though he could not work out its mode of action, that he was ready to discount the intelligence of any man who doubted it.

If our knowledge of the existence of the ether is not so positive as it is for matter, but is inferential, it will be readily understood that the knowledge we have of its properties cannot be very exhaustive. Some have imagined that it was only a finer-grained kind of matter than that we know as the elements, and that it must be made up of atoms, though almost infinitesimal in size. Others think it cannot be granular at all, but forms a continuous substance throughout space. By "continuous" is meant that there are no interstices in it; that it is constituted like a jelly, only not made up of distinct parts or atoms, so there can be no such thing as separating one part from another, leaving a vacuum cavity or rent between them. One of the reasons for thinking this to be the case is, that if it were made up of finer atoms or of atoms at all, such waves as those of light could not be transmitted by it. Longitudinal waves, like those of sound in air, can be transmitted by atomic or molecular structures, but not transverse waves, that is, such as are at right angles to the direction of propagation. Some of these light waves are as short as the hundred-thousandth of an inch, and some are as long as the one two-thousandth of an inch, and perhaps longer. Yet all of them are transmitted with the same velocity in any and every direction. From the fact that light travels with the same velocity in every direction, it is inferred that the ether is not only homogeneous, but its properties are alike in every direction. As light is transmitted in straight lines, it seems to follow that there is no difference in its quality in different parts of space.

That wave motions travel with such high velocity in it has been interpreted as proving it to have a high degree of elasticity, while the fact that it offers no appreciable resistance to the movements of bodies of matter in it is supposed to indicate that its density is very small.

There are some, however, who think that such terms as elasticity and density are not appropriately applied to the ether. These terms signify properties of atoms and molecules. If density signifies compactness of atoms, then the word could not apply to something not composed of atoms. In like manner, if elasticity means ability to recover form after deformation, then it is not applicable to substances that cannot be deformed, and it is customary to speak of the ether as being incompressible. Still, it is certain that stresses may be set up in it in various ways, and that these conditions may be propagated, in certain cases in straight lines, in other cases in curved lines, so whether the explanation be forthcoming or not, there is no doubt about the facts.

There is no evidence at all that the ether is subject to gravitative action, or that it offers any resistance to a body moving in it. That is to say, it gives no evidence of friction. Here is the earth rotating upon its axis, and the velocity of rotation at the equator is a thousand miles an hour, and if there were an appreciable amount of friction the earth must slowly be coming to rest, like a top spun in the air. Yet the astronomers tell us that the length of the day has not changed so much as the hundredth of a second within the last two thousand years. Again, the earth revolves in its orbit about the sun at the average rate of nineteen miles a second, and if the ether through which it moves offered any resistance to the motion, the length of the year would be changed, but no such change has happened in historic times. Again, such bodies as comets move very much faster than the earth; some have been known to have a velocity of three hundred miles per second when near the sun, but the comets complete their circuits and give no evidence of slackened speed due to friction in space.

If, then, the ether fills all space, is not atomic in structure, presents no friction to bodies moving through it, and is not subject to the law of gravitation, it does not seem proper to call it matter. One might speak of it as a substance if he wants another word than its specified name for it. As for Dolbear, he makes a sharp distinction between the ether and matter, and feels somewhat confused to hear one speak of the ether as matter.

In this ether, so vividly presented by Dolbear, Newton and others, are numerous vibrations. Take, for example, the spectrum, which separates the white beam of light into the various primary colors, vibrations per second approximately as follows: Red, from 396 to 470,000,000,000; orange, 478 to 510,000,000,000; yellow, 510 to 549,000,000,000; green, from 562 to 610,000,000,000; blue, from 633 to 688,000,000,000; indigo, 687 to 699,000,000,000; violet, from 716 to 765,000,000,000. Passing on to a still higher rate, we come to chemical vibrations, and still on, and on, other vibrations, until we reach those higher vibrations which we designate

as intellectual or delfic, and which ally the advanced minds to the Soul of the Universe.

## A Lesson from the Ant, Thou Sluggard.

Did the reader ever attempt to crush an ant hill that infested his lawn and destroyed its beauty? What an excitement was produced among the denizens of that earth structure, as its labyrinthian passages were demolished under the force of his vigorous heel. The outposts, ever on guard, rushed in all directions and communicated the disaster to his fellows, who joined in arousing the citizens to the common danger. If the assaulted party has eyes with sufficient capacity to take in his persecutor, he saw a demon before him destroying the labor of many weary days, and killing without compunction the aged and the youth, leaving nothing alive, if possible, to tell the tale of its destruction.

We have positive assurance that these insects reason, they plan and build, they show evidences of social life, they hold slaves and force them to do service in behalf of their captors. Scientists have demonstrated that these minute forms of life have something analogous to language, by which they can warn their friends of danger, or rally them for attack. Man cannot fathom the thought of an ant; but being so much superior in size and power, is it not probable the latter looks upon him as a god? Maybe he gives us his devotions. Possibly he teaches his young to ask us for protection. When we tread upon his little city he may suppose us angered, and then he may attempt to propitiate us with sacrifices. Is it possible they could be so silly as to charge us with the seduction of one of their fairest daughters and then allow the product to be sacrificed as an atonement for their sins, hoping thereby to escape future punishment?

The difference in size between the ant and man is infinitesimal compared with the difference between man and a being capable of planning, constructing, and controlling our own solar system, not even taking into account the innumerable millions of other solar systems which make up the mighty whole of the universe.

May we not borrow a lesson from those lower forms of life, and learn not to be too credulous when the preachers tell us of an angry God, future tortures in store for humanity, and a paradise for those who yield implicit faith to their silly tale?

## Kindness to Animals.

Some say yes, while others say no. But one thing is certain, if they have no "spirit," kindness to them tends to increase the spirituality of those who manifest it towards them. Take, for example, the wonderful intelligence of monkeys as manifested at Goshen, N. Y. From the account given we learn that there is an ancient saying, current among sailors, that monkeys can speak, but refrain from doing so lest they should be compelled to work. Aaron Howells, who owns a cherry farm near Goshen, N. Y., remembered this when a year ago he began to teach a couple of large monkeys to pick his fruit. The influx of California fruit to the Eastern markets has gradually so seriously reduced the profit of the growers on the Atlantic seaboard that it became evident that the wages of hired pickers would eat it nearly all up. Incidentally Farmer Howells mentioned this to his cousin, who is the captain of an East India trader sailing from Boston. Capt. Howells replied that on some of the islands near Siam he had seen monkeys that had been trained to pick fruit and did their work well. He saw no reason why the creatures should not be similarly utilized in Orange county.

Farmer Howells was very skeptical, but when on his cousin's return from his next voyage he brought home with him two very big Siamese apes, he began to instruct them at once. They learned very rapidly, and now the owner thinks they save him at least fifty cents a day each. They climb better, pick more and eat less than the boys. Each monkey has a bag that contains about five pounds of fruit slung around his waist.

"They go up the tree like a rocket," said Mr. Howells, "and then when their bags are full they come like the stick." A heap of empty sacks on the grass is ready for them, and they help themselves and return to their work. Moreover, with their toll, the farmer thinks they have broken their silence; though he cannot yet understand what they say, he is quite sure that they hold animated conversations with each other.

They certainly chatter away, and that there is a spirit of rivalry between them is evident. When one plucks more cherries than the other he is somewhat offensively triumphant and his companion is proportionately dejected. Mr. Howells encourages competition by giving the more successful monkey something extra for his supper.

Everyone should study the peculiar traits of animals and see how closely allied some of them are to the human family; by so doing they will have a more comprehensive knowledge of the ways of nature in unfolding the lower order of creation, and will realize that each one is a link in the grand creative plan.

## Ever on the Alert!

Wherever you are, you are always at liberty to solicit subscribers for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. In extending the circulation of the paper, you are aiding us, enlarging our usefulness, and at the same time benefiting yourself, for it is a fact that in aiding others to obtain the light you are in that degree aiding yourselves. We have a large supply of back numbers containing the story by Hudson Tuttle, and call your neighbor's attention to that fact, and induce him to subscribe.

## Dawning Intelligence.

In chapter 21 of Numbers it is stated that the Lord sent fiery serpents to bite the people of Israel while journeying in the desert, because they complained that there was no bread and no water, and they famished. Moses, at the instance of the sufferers, prayed for relief. The Lord in answer (see Revised Edition) directed him to "Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a standard; and it shall come to pass that every one who is bitten, when he seeth it, shall live." A species of serpent worship anciently prevailed in Egypt, to which the fleeing bondsmen resorted when trouble assailed them in their forty years' wanderings. The "standard," or "pole," as rendered in the old version, was a cross. A copper serpent was entwined around and upon its arms. The cross as a religious emblem was very ancient, and of obscure origin. And yet these two heathen emblems, blended in one by the Jews, have been employed on Presbyterian seals until quite recently, when they were removed by official action. Their leaders had evidently learned of the ancient dragon worship, and were unwilling any longer to perpetuate the heathen emblem. The time may come when the cross will be discarded for the same reason. It is the survival of sex worship, and had been in use for thousands of years before it was accepted by Constantine as an emblem of Christianity.

## Has Not Yet Gone to the Spirit Land.

G. F. Perkins, the test medium, formerly of San Francisco, now in this city, is much amused at letters received from California, giving the cheerful information that several public mediums in the city by the Pacific had been receiving communications from G. F. Perkins, in spirit, who claimed to have just passed out from the East. Now if any one is receiving such alleged "tests" from the source as claimed, Mr. Perkins, who now appears decidedly alive in the flesh, desires to say that he is not the supposed spirit; notwithstanding it may upset the "conditions" somewhat, he prefers to bring his own messages for some time to come.

## The Result of a Dream.

Chesley Graves, an insurance agent living at Crawfordsville, Ind., died Aug. 4, of terrible injuries sustained while walking in his sleep. Mr. Graves was to have been one of a large party of young society people who were to have spent Aug. 3 at the "Shades of Death," a very romantic resort near Crawfordsville. Everything had been prepared for an early start, but during the night Graves arose in his sleep and fancied he was walking with his picnic party along the rocky bluffs at the Shades. The family heard him walking about and his father entered the room just as Chesley with a shout plunged through the screen to the ground, a distance of twenty-five feet. He was picked up with his hip out of joint and severe internal injuries. He was a heavy man and the doctors were unable to set the bone in the socket until just before his death, and then only with the aid of pulleys. Graves in his sleep fancied he was pursued by a wild beast on the bluffs of the "Shades of Death," and was forced to leap for his life down a precipice.

## Fishers of Men.

Rev. Dr. Ryder, of Gloucester, Mass., lately preached a sermon from the text, "Can a Fisherman be a Christian?" In his discourse he exposed the tricks of the trade, as practised by his own countrymen, and proved them more wicked than butchers, grocers or milkmen, all of whom he failed to compliment. The founders of Christianity seem to have been fishermen of Galilee. The grave question arises: Have those following the lowly calling of fishermen in our own age and country become more corrupt than they who were engaged in the same pursuit near 1,900 years ago, on the lake of Genesareth, and who afterwards became "fishers of men?" The occupation has not been famed, in any country or at any time, for making moral or intellectual men.

## The Issue Stated.

The German Catholics of the United States, when in general congress in Buffalo, N. Y., last year, in their platform declared distinctly in favor of the temporal power of the Pope. They said he was "the only competent judge in the matter; that he had never ceased to proclaim solemnly and forcibly his right to territorial independence, and to encourage the Catholics to fearlessly defend their rights." This is the real issue before the civilized world at this time. The Pope desires to make and unmake kings, to establish and overthrow governments, to farm out empires, to control all human legislation in the interest of Catholicism, and his clergy everywhere favor his ambition. No priest, no Catholic layman should be allowed to become a citizen of these United States until he renounces his allegiance to the pope.

## Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Again With Us.

Saturday morning's train from Washington, D. C., brought Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, the test mediums, into Chicago, for another profitable sojourn with us, and judging from hearsay, there are many good people who will be pleased to welcome them back to our city by the lake. Mr. Perkins reports great success in bringing out new beginners in the spiritual cause during the year's travel in the Eastern cities and Washington. These earnest workers will hold Sunday morning meetings at 11 A. M., at the hall, No. 11 N. Ada street, corner of Randolph; also Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 8 P. M. Rooms where they will give daily sittings are located at No. 27 N. Ada street, where they can be addressed for engagements.

## Passed to Spirit Life.

Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, passed to spirit-life Aug. 5, at his home in this city.

G. W. Kates and wife will accept week-day engagements in Northern Ohio during October. Address them during August at Ashley, Ohio, and during September at Defiance, Ohio.

## General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

Frank T. Ripley is at Lake Brady Spiritualist camp meeting, where he can be addressed for engagements to lecture and give platform tests next winter. Mr. Ripley was very successful in his last lecturing tour in the West. Address him at the Spiritualists camp meeting, Ravenna, Ohio.

B. F. Shaw, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "Mrs. M. Summers, medium, of Chicago, Ill., is now at Milwaukee, Wis. She finds great interest manifested there. She gave us an interesting lecture last evening, and will hold forth for the coming four weeks."

M. W. Lyman, formerly of Springfield, Mass., but now permanently located at Lake Pleasant, has been appointed our regular agent there, and is fully authorized to receive and forward subscriptions to *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* during the entire year.

Willard J. Hull spoke at Cassadaga, July 31, Aug. 2nd and 5th; Parkland, Pa., Aug. 15th. He is to lecture at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 11th and 14th; Clinton, Ia., the last week, including the last two Sundays of August. His mail should be addressed to him at 280 DeWitt street, Buffalo, N. Y.

S. D. Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "We still keep the Saturday night conference going at 290 Fulton St., where the faithful few may gather to compare thought gleanings on spiritual topics, and renew social ties for and with those who have not sped away to rural retreats this summer."

Mrs. Lora Holton writes from Hallett Park camp: "The camp is progressing finely. Geo. H. Brooks has organized the lyceum. I will assist him in the musical department."

Prof. W. F. Peck writes from San Francisco, Cal., that he will soon start East again. His lectures are well received wherever he holds forth.

C. H. Gates, of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Yesterday ended the engagement of Mrs. Ada Foye with our society here. I wish to say that her ministrations have been the means of bringing a great many people out of the darkness into the beautiful light of Spiritualism. A great many materialists have been confronted by their loved ones, and now say that death does not end all. Our hall has been crowded every night, and our finances are on a solid basis. The following resolution was passed unanimously at our last meeting: We, the Spiritualists of Kansas City, together with the large number of interested friends of truth, who have enjoyed the ministrations of Mrs. Ada Foye during the past month, do hereby express our deep regard for her and the work she is doing with so much earnestness and success. It is with much pleasure that we commend her to the confidence of any people where she may labor. Her mediumship marks her as a chosen and highly-honored instrument for the dissemination of the truths embodied in the spiritual philosophy, the good influence of which is fast making its way into all parts of the world. Our society now takes a much-needed rest of six weeks, after which we will again prosecute the work of the Spirit-world to the best of our ability. Mediums and lecturers, please take notice, and correspond with me in regard to engagements for the fall and winter. Address me at the corner of 24th and Holly streets, Kansas City, Mo."

Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle are at the Cassadaga camp-meeting instead of Onset, as announced last week.

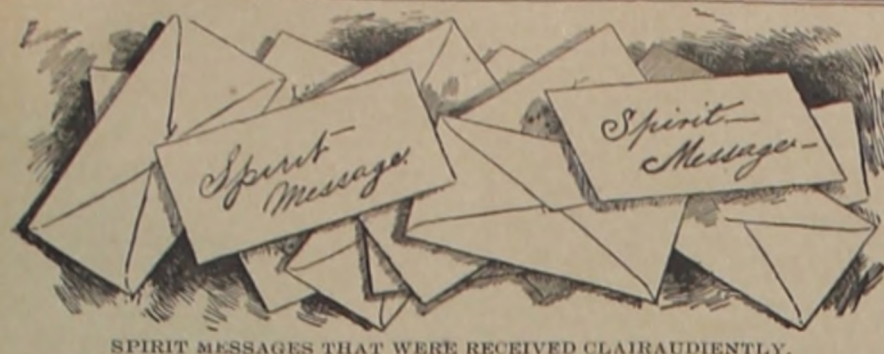
Notwithstanding the intense hot weather and the fact that many are at camp-meetings, the Home Medium Society, of Indianapolis, Ind., is flourishing nicely. The President, Mr. Stanford, is fitting himself rapidly for rostrum speaking, while Miss Graham is developing as a lecturer and test medium and can speak fluently in five different languages while under control. Mrs. Downey will make a general inspirational worker. She will also officiate at funerals.

I. N. Richardson writes: "Reduced rate to the Delphos (Kansas) Spiritualist camp meeting, from Aug. 5 to 22nd, of one and one-third fare, has been granted on the following roads from all points in the state: St. Joseph and Kansas City, Mo.; A. T. & S. Fe., B. & M. in Neb.; C. R. I. & P. C., St. J. & C. B., Mo. P., St. J. & G. I., St. L. & San Francisco, Union Pacific. Parties applying for rates must in every instance procure certificate of agent where ticket is purchased, and when more than one line of road is traveled over, a certificate from each will be necessary. A failure to procure a certificate will not entitle you to a reduction."

Mrs. Lucretia R. Bigelow, of Portland, Oregon, writes: "Your estimable paper is a weekly visitor at my home, but in looking over it I have never seen anything from the First Spiritual Society of Portland." F. M. Brown fills the president's chair and is the right man in the right place; I. H. McMillen, treasurer, ditto. For six months we had the services of S. B. Hendee, trance lecturer, followed by Mrs. Ladd Finnigan, of San Francisco, as platform test medium. She convinced many skeptics of Spiritualism and gave good satisfaction to crowded audiences. At present we have Prof. Lookwood of Wisconsin with us, and have engaged him to deliver his course of lectures on Molecular Science, which are very interesting and instructive. Capt. Wingett, hypnotist, is also here. Of home talent, we have nearly every phase of mediumship; one especially I wish to mention, Mrs. Bruce, slate-writer. She has convinced hundreds of people of spirit return. At present there are many strangers in the city, among whom are John Slater, Harlow C. Davis, Dr. Swetland, Minnie Taylor, and others.

Mrs. Lora Holton, musical and test medium, can be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich., Box 1, for engagements until October 1st. She will receive subscriptions or *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* while ever she may be traveling.





SPIRIT MESSAGES THAT WERE RECEIVED CLAIRAUDIENTLY.

## CLAIRAUDIENCE.

Communications From Ancient and Pre-historic Spirits.

Spoken Through the Medial Instrumentality of Mr. Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—Herewith please find three spirit communications, not written, but spoken at the Carrie Miller Circle, through the medial instrumentality of Mr. Geo. Cole. During the delivery of each of these addresses, Mr. Cole hears what each spirit says and repeats their exact language, and I am the reporter, writing down every word as it is delivered.

Mr. Cole is not entranced, nor do the spirits speak inspirationally, nor do they mechanically control his organs of speech; but to his clairaudient ear their speech is as distinct and audible as is the medium's voice to me.

At every seance, as the visiting spirits make their appearance, Mr. Cole describes not only their personal appearance, but the minutiae of dress and other incidents and methods of identification.

The accompanying communications (so the visiting spirits inform us) are only introductory to continued manifestations of spirit presence and power from the ancients and the pre-historic world. From time to time such spirits manifest as the controlling spirit invites; such also as ask of her the privilege of communicating. CHAS. R. MILLER.

2481 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## TITUS VESPASIANUS.

Another Roman. This man stands fully six feet; weighs, I should think, 200 lbs.; broad shoulders and deep chest; gray eyes, large face, no beard, regular features and large head, short black and curly hair. He has a gold chain around his neck with a medal suspended; it is a gold medal with diamond letters, —S. P. Q. R. Right above the letters is an eagle made of diamonds. He is dressed in a Roman toga, holds a manuscript in one hand and a globe in the other.

In earth life I was known as Titus Vespasianus. I was the son of Flavius Vespasianus, and I was Emperor of Rome after the conquest of Jerusalem, in the 78th and 79th year of the Christian era.

Senatus Populesque Quirites Romanus—The senate, the knights, and the Roman people.

The eagle symbolizes the imperial emblem of Rome, and the medal was awarded by reason of the conquest and destruction of Jerusalem, and captivity of its people. As a mortal I never permitted a day to pass without accomplishing one good act. As a spirit I pursue the same policy; hence it gives me much pleasure to manifest on an occasion where, perhaps, I may be enabled to contribute something to the knowledge of a people who existed over eighteen hundred years after my time.

With this introduction, I will discuss the subject which can have the only true interest of mortals of your age. Spiritualism, or the fact of the return of departed spirits, is not a discovery incident to the nineteenth century. My father, Flavius Vespasianus, was not only what you term a Spiritualist, but was also a medium of no mean order. In his journey from Jerusalem to Rome, in fact on every journey during his imperial occupancy of the empire of Rome, he was beset by all classes of people. He cured the sick by the laying on of hands; he was the channel of communication from the spirit to the mortal world; and it was from him that I imbibed the principle: never to let a day pass without the accomplishment of some good deed.

School-boy histories of your time will teach you that the emperor Vespasianus had wonderful gifts in what they term occult science; but permit me to assure you it was neither a science nor an occult power, but simply the mediunistic qualities which rendered possible the communication from one world to another. I could mention incident after incident parallel to what I have stated, running back to the foundation of Rome as a nation, but that I have mentioned is so prominent, well known and acknowledged, that it will suffice for the purpose for which I to-day make communication.

What appears most extraordinary to people of my day in spirit-life, is the disinclination to believe or wish to comprehend what is invisible only as they voluntarily blind themselves to facts which under the inspiration of what I may term an afflatus, are of continued occurrence. All facts depend for their base upon the five senses. Assuredly, should they behold me now as I stand dictating this communication, they would have the evidence of ocular demonstration, but as my language, ideas and thoughts are to be, perhaps, the only evidence they will have of my present existence, they must rely upon good judgment, upon precedent and upon historical records for the fact that I still live and will continue to live, until time itself shall end.

I have suggested that manifestations by departed spirits were of continual occurrence, and I will add thereto that in consequence of such manifestations the more liberal of minds and brave of heart have been brought to recognize a truth which, since the fall of the Roman empire, theology has sought to smother and to hide.

Spirits do not select automatons for their media, nor figures of stone or bronze for their friends. They address themselves direct to those who are capable of receiving and appreciating the knowledge of life, of which they are the ever present exponent. This class is known collectively as Spiritualists.

They are indeed ornaments to a mortal condition, which is tintured and governed to a great extent by the material ideas arising from the love of gain and thirst for power.

It is upon Spiritualists that the people of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will depend for the development of that light which is to guide the pilgrim out of the darkness of ignorance and unbelief, into the realm of knowledge, where all is progress and advancement.

As I stand here I can count the mortals who are cognizant of this truth, by the millions; I can see the tottering fabrics of theology swaying to their fall. The followers of mammon, though steadfast and unswerving in their course are yet being influenced, one by one; confidence is now taking the place of hesitancy and gold will only be valued at what it is really worth. There are higher and more lofty considerations than the appetite and lust of earth life existence; there are better and nobler aspirations than the ease and indulgence possible to wealth; there are, in fine, those elements, pure, honest and virtuous, which lift mortal man above the plane of mistaken ambition, bringing him in contact with those spirits who have guided the progress of the people of the world, directly and indirectly, since man as mortal commenced to exist.

I will now conclude this communication, asking you to enlarge or correct the ideas as your judgment may dictate. Carrie Miller, who is well known to the Roman spirits as to spirits of her time, will tell you that my motive is not selfish, nor is it for the purpose of acquiring reputation as a communicator, but is simply to do all the good I can, in as brief a space and in as few words as possible.

My friends, I thank you for the privilege I have enjoyed on this occasion, and trust in the near future I may be enabled to return and speak more at length upon a subject which in a brief period must command universal attention.

## HIRAM ABIFF.

This is a very tall man, very high forehead. I see a distinguishing mark, like the letter A, on the forehead. He has gray eyes, short brown hair, and is dressed in long, flowing robes. On the border of his robes is a square like a carpenter's square—many squares. Now he says:

"At the invitation of your spirit daughter, Carrie Miller, I present myself here to-day, to communicate with mortal people in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. It is quite true, as you have surmised, that in the land of Judea I founded the order of masonry, which from the few at the beginning, now numbers millions, scattered over the entire surface of the planet earth.

This, however, is not the subject I am expected to discuss on this occasion, but of a movement which far outstrips the movement of masonry. It required centuries to reach in numbers a million of masons, while but half a century of time has witnessed the growth of from two or three obscure mortals to a number of millions, and though it is not divisible by the square or compass, figuratively speaking, it is measured by the highest interests and the most fraternal feelings that can ever be known among a mortal people.

The immortality of the soul is not a theory explained by vague generalities, but a truth so important, so self-evident, that the philosophical mind of the Grecian philosopher, Plato, understood and realized its full force, more than theologians have ever been able to understand. Spiritualism, in the abstract, may be considered a science of being, an ethereal substance, ponderous, palpable, yet invisible, whose effect to mortal gaze may be materialization of form, and to whose understanding may be materialization of thought.

These two elements of effect constitute what are known as spiritual phenomena. Mortals of to-day have not the excuse of denying the existence of another state of being because they cannot see it, nor any excuse for such denial because they cannot have the evidence of their understanding, simply for the reason that spirits do not merely materialize their spiritual body from the seance cabinet, but they materialize their thoughts on paper, which are read all over the land, as spiritual messages from friends whom theology had taught had died, and either suffered the horrifying agonies of a perdition or enjoyed the untold ecstasies of a seventh heaven.

Thus mortals of this day and age have no excuse for ignoring facts which are as apparent to every intelligent mind as the sun which shines by day, or the moon by night. The fault lies with mortals themselves, since through bigotry and skepticism they deny themselves the privileges which are within the reach of every one who will accord to spirits a small percentage of the welcome they hasten to accord to a gossiping neighbor.

The source of knowledge and civilization of the coming century will clearly be found in the seance-room, where spirits will not only exhibit their former well-remembered forms, but will teach those lessons of life that solve the mystery which the shadow of death has thrown before the future, and raise the spiritual being in mortal flesh upon a plane where communion and association with mortal friends may be assured and continuous.

All praise to those faithful mortal Spiritualists who, braving the adverse sentiments of the pulpit, the judiciary and public press, are manful enough to stand up and boldly proclaim to all the world the truth that there is no death; that their friends do live, return and manifest; and lastly, that the problem of life finds its solution in the doctrines advocated by modern Spiritualists. All praise, I repeat, to the banded few who have the courage of their convictions, and disseminate the truths as they receive them, that all may learn and be benefited by their teachings.

In conclusion permit me to say that

the cause of Spiritualism is the cause of every mortal man; it is a high and holy cause, sublime in its teachings, and transcendent in its application.

## YERMAH, A CHIEF OF THE ATLANTAS.

I am very happy to manifest on this occasion. It perhaps will be incredible to many mortals that one of a lost race, whose history even is the merest tradition should reach over the lapse of so many centuries, and speak to mortals on the subject of Spiritualism. Spiritualism as you understand it, is not the myth of an hour, a year or even a century, but it is an imperishable truth, which has swept down the ages from the most remote period to the present moment of time. The truth that is of most importance to mortals is not of a space of three score years and ten, then to be buried out of sight in some obscure grave; it is a life beyond the brief and uncertain tenure of the terrestrial. It is that eternal life, which has no beginning, and hence can have no ending.

It is to teach the sublimity of immortality, that spirits of departed mortals are permitted to manifest, to demonstrate that there is a greater and higher life beyond their own from which they came and to which they must return. In the countless ages of time which have rolled on, there is not a decade in which that truth has not been emphasized in some form of spiritual manifestation.

This, perhaps, may appear extraordinary, as certain media are supposed to be necessary for the production of spiritual phenomena by spirits of departed mortals. I will say, however, that every mortal is a medium who has a friend or relative in spirit-life, and though unconscious of such manifestation—I may say unknowing—yet the effect is productive of those results which enlighten the mind and make happy the spirit. Dim and stupid mortals that mortal be who cannot look beyond the narrow confines of a brief earth-life existence.

I think you will agree with me when I state that the mortal phase is a mere incident, one episode in the spiritual phase of life. It is not, therefore, the financial, social and religious interests of mortals which may be consulted, as they are present to-day and absent to-morrow. Those are peculiar to mortal life and with mortal life perish.

It is the great unending phase of spiritual life in which mortals must be interested; hence the step from one world to another, from darkness into light, from misery into happiness.

In my earth-life days, my people were powerful as mortals. Beneath the surging billows of the broad Atlantic yet lie the wrecks of temples, whose glory and magnificence far exceeded those of modern times. Constructed with a view to be contemporaneous with unending time, yet in a brief period they disappear with their proud inhabitants from the gaze of men, and now they are only known through distant tradition. They were of the earth earthly, and as all things perish in the course of time, could anything be more demonstrative of the instability of human affairs.

I am speaking to you, good friends, from a period of some 16,000 years, and yet I have not perished, but am stronger, more powerful, more imperishable than as a mortal, simply because I am a spirit, and as a spirit I am indestructible.

There are many considerations connected with the proposition of the truth of the life which your daughter and myself represent on this occasion, considerations which should arrest the attention of all classes, the most prominent of which I conceive to be the hope, at some future time, of meeting again those whom a mortal death had sundered, and associating with friends whose companionship had been a delight and profit. This alone should divert the inclination of mortals from the gross and sensual affairs of mortal life, to that phase which is ever just beyond, and only invisible because mortals select to have it so.

Throw off those scales of doubt and darkness from your eyes and discern the transcendently beautiful spheres, filled with your departed friends and neighbors, gazing back upon you with love and longing, watching there, just beyond, for an invitation to return and make known to you that they are neither dead nor sleeping, but are living, loving friends, who wish you to open the way, that they may reach you in some form of manifestation, however simple and crude it may be, and thus prepare you for that life just beyond your own limited and uncertain sphere.

I will not recount the many manifestations which have been made from the spirit spheres, the loving greeting of spirits and mortals which had place before its curtain, but I will say that every phase of manifestation, regardless of how insignificant it may appear in mortal estimation, is as much a key to open the portals to eternity as the greatest manifestation that was ever made by a departed spirit.

Encourage your media, therefore; all cannot be alike and you will grow nearer and nearer until at last the inhabitants of both worlds are equally visible one to the other.

In conclusion I will state that this is one of the many occasions when in the future I shall have the privilege of representing the Atlantean race of prehistoric time; and I also hope that upon my next visit I shall be able to say that there are more mortals who have stepped into the ranks of Spiritualists and joined in the march, which will continue until all opposition shall have been overcome.

YERMAH, A chief of the Atlantans.

## Carefully Examine It.

Yes; carefully and critically read this number of our paper, commencing with "A Progressive Thinker's Bible," on the first page, and ending with "Atoms," on the eighth page. No other Spiritualist paper on this earth contains such a great variety of miscellaneous reading matter, and which is so well calculated to interest and instruct the reflective mind. We are able to do this because the paper is sustained on its merits, and not by advertisements.

Ald. Caldwell, the man who defeated Henry M. Stanley in North Lambeth recently, began life as a gardener's boy, and subsequently worked as a tailor.

Bellacose, the notorious Corsican oandit, is soon to be put on exhibition in Paris, and will subsequently come to Chicago as a side show to the World's Fair.

## WRITING ON THE SKIN.

The New Science of Dermography Explains the Marks By Which Witches Were Known.

The Stigmata of the Catholic Church Explained.

DISCOVERY OF PARISIEN SCIENTISTS—ON SOME CUTICLES THE LEAST TRACING OF A PENCIL WILL PRODUCE A SWELLING.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, ever on the alert to illuminate the minds of the people, has published from time to time articles exposing that remnant of superstition known in the Catholic Church as the stigmata, as illustrated in the following cuts. Now, according to the statements of a Paris correspondent, comes Drs. Dujardin-Beaumetz and Mesnet, with their new science, Dermography or Stigmatism. This science is a plausible explanation of sigillum diaboli, the seal of the devil, that in olden times sent so many witches to the stake. A historical, philosophical and religious problem has been solved, for when the demon interfered

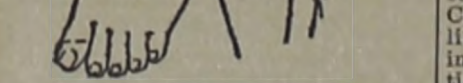


THE CROSS AS GIVEN IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—A GREAT FRAUD.

In all the acts of life the one accused of witchcraft was submitted to a thorough physical examination, in order that the mark or stigma might be found. Had the accused been for a long time governed by the demon a wound testified to the fact, but with recent possession swelling and redness of the skin were perceived. No one thought of investigating this phenomenon from a scientific point of view until some time ago. Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz saw at the St. Antoine hospital a woman whose skin reddened at the slightest contact, but without any feeling of heat or irritation. With a pencil the doctor produced cabalistic inscriptions on her skin, and so astonished was he, that Dr. Mesnet's attention was called to the subject, and now, as I have said, dermatography is baptized as science.

Dr. Mesnet says: "If we take a well-sharpened pencil and write on the arms, the shoulders or the chest of this woman we see a bright red line follow the pencil immediately. This redness lasts from six to eight hours."

Since the first experiments the doctors have found many new subjects, some suffering from no disease, others who are subject to hysteria. Army doctors are now performing experiments on their soldiers, and it seems that many have skins so impressionable that inscriptions may be read at a distance of fifty feet and during five or six hours.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE WOUND ON THE FOOT, MADE TO MISLEAD IGNORANT DUPES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz is the author of many therapeutic works of great value. He is one of the greatest authorities on hypnotism, and he says "all ills do not find a remedy in this treatment, but many are relieved, and that is a great result."

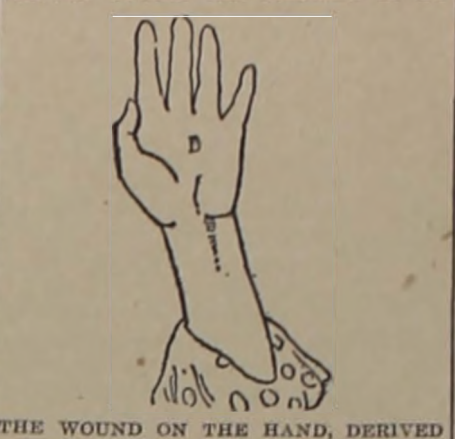
A society of hypnology has been organized in Paris, with the aim of establishing permanent relations between the various schools of hypnotism. At the first meeting of this society several important questions were studied, among them the relations between hysteria and hypnotism, and between criminal suggestion and penal responsibility. These seances will have great interest for all those who follow contemporary philosophical movements. Lawyers and magistrates cannot remain indifferent to experiments that place in a new light the limits of penal responsibility, while psychologists will be glad to possess the key to mysteries of the human soul.

The Society of Hypnology will carefully examine and compare the numerous instances presented and formulate principles so that hypnotism may become a positive and rational method of treatment. For the moment there is no need of theoretical explanations, but of precise and numerous examples, observed with impartiality, analyzed with skill and described with the rigorous method of modern scientific investigation.

The director of the Ecole polytechnique, Col. de Rochas d'Aiglun, has just written a work on hypnotism called "Etats profonds de l'Hypnose." This work is filled with startling statements and among them is this one: "To suffer one need not be touched; that is, suffering may be produced by touching some invisible ray emanating from one's self."

The sentence is rather difficult to understand, but Col. de Rochas illustrates in this way:

The subject is magnetized; sensibility disappears from the surface of the skin but reappears farther away. If the subject's flesh be pinched he feels nothing, but if one pinches in space, perhaps several yards from the subject, he feels and suffers. If at this distance one always the flame of a lighted candle the subject has the sensation of burning. Around his body there is a sensitive layer, entirely distinct from his skin, and this layer crosses all substances. It can pass through walls, so that a subject may be touched in a room where he is not and receive the sensation in the



THE WOUND ON THE HAND, DERIVED FROM NATURAL CAUSES—NOTHING MIRACULOUS IN IT!

room where he really is. But one element can conquer this unknown fluid, and that element is water. As the fluid stops at water, according to Col. de Rochas, human sensibility may be collected in a glass, and this experiment he has tried with success. He placed his subject, a young woman, in contact with a glass of water and throughout an entire evening this water retained its sensibility. If some one drank the water, even if the subject were awake, the woman suffered, and one witness placed his finger in the water two hours after it was vitalized, then held his damp finger near a stove. The woman shrieked as though her flesh were burning.

The glass of water became part of the woman's life, and all that affected the water affected her.

But what is this sensitive layer? Even Col. de Rochas is not able to explain, but his discoveries have led to many theories among savants. For instance, Dr. Baradue has discovered that the Abbe Fortin's magnetometer for measuring the variations of terrestrial magnetism. This apparatus is composed of a magnetic needle suspended in space, and this needle oscillates according to the state of the atmosphere. It will also, says Dr. Baradue, oscillate according to the state of human fluid. The ends of the fingers of the right hand are held one inch from the south pole of the needle and in nearly every case the needle is attracted or repelled; the same result is obtained by presenting the fingers of the left hand to the north pole. With this experiment as a basis, Dr. Baradue has discovered that the results correspond to the muscular force given by the dynamometer. When the right hand attracts as the left hand repels, it is a sign of perfect equilibrium of normal, regular tension. If the right attracts more than the left hand repels, it indicates general debility, and if the right hand attracts while the left hand leaves the needle stationary, it means that the subject is absolutely nervous. It is supposed now that physicians will understand by this machine whether they should give their patient electricity, or use an opposite treatment, and in this way the human machinery will be perfectly regulated.

## From Washington, Pa.

I am lost without the grand paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; there is always something in its columns that makes one hungry for more of the same kind. We, as representative thinkers, and faithful co-laborers in the vineyard of truth, cannot too highly estimate such a friend to humanity as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Spiritualism has its conservative as well as radical side. It presents truth in every aspect comprehensive to the human mind. No religion, no science or philosophy, escapes its scrutinizing glances, its critical analysis or its most searching investigation. Its basic principles must ever lie deepest in the being, man. Science, art, poetry and song are the wheels of the invisible Car of Progress. Good and stimulating literature is one of the most encouraging signs of progress in any age or nation; and the status of free thought points to Spiritualism as its most powerful defender. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the open and ready defender of man, and in it human liberty finds a most staunch and fearless advocate.

PROF. SILAS W. EDMUNDS.

## Researches in Oriental History.

A good book. Every man and woman should read it.—COPLEY COTRELL, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Every lover of truth ought to have this book, for it furnishes the mightiest arguments against superstition ever given to the public in one volume.—W. N. WESTERFIELD, Spencer, Mo.

If I had a million of dollars that I could devote to the spread of "Researches," I wish every thinking man in the world could have the reading of it. The more I read and think about it, the more I am amazed at the labor and thought it exhibits.—THOS. S. MINNIS, Meadville, Pa.

Have read it through several times, and every time with a new appreciation of its excellence.—P. B. REASONER, Adrian, Mich.

Each patron of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER should give this instructive book an early reading. It is bubbling over with information which all the world greatly needs. They who have begun to doubt the dogmas of the creeds will here find a mass of facts of which it is probable they had no previous knowledge. We mail it to any address on receipt of \$1.50.

Prof. F. Nichols Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," celebrated the 84th anniversary of his birth at Portland, Me., Tuesday, Aug. 2. A reception was given in his honor by friends, who had the pleasure of hearing him sing the charming ballad again. Prof. Crouch is said to enjoy excellent health.

## ELEVATING MANKIND.

God's Method of Doing It.

NOW LET THE WHOLE WORLD SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF THE AGES AND THUS BRING THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH.

TO THE EDITOR:—About four years ago I heard Robert Dale Owen say through a choice instrument, that there would be a general spiritual revival during the next five years, and from what we hear in this, as well as other countries, the two worlds are coming closer and closer together. We have had here in Washington more real demonstration of spirit power than is usual in any other part of the world. For many years investigators have crowded the parlors of the Keeler Bros. to obtain evidence of continued existence by the absolute knowledge of seeing, hearing and shaking the hand of old friends who have passed beyond the veil.

The many thousands of personal tests and comforting letters received in familiar handwriting have gladdened the hearts of multitudes of people at their wonderful seances in the light, by the means of a small table on which are pencil and paper, in front of which is a dark curtain hung across a corner of the room, about four feet high. All spiritualized families can enjoy delightful reunions with loved ones. I have been gratified in receiving hundreds of choice messages in this way for many years. If investigators will comply with the following scientific conditions in forming the required magnetic battery, good results may be obtained.

The medium, always sitting on the left, takes hold with both hands the lady's bare arm on the right, while her hand rests on a silk handkerchief on his knee. The third guest grasps the lady's wrist and puts his right hand through the opening in the outside curtain, which is pinned or hooked around the neck of the three to the inside curtain, so as to retain the magnetic current and help the spirits to demonstrate their presence by using instruments on the table. In a few moments if the battery is well selected, and if strict order is observed, with good music, some of the three will be touched by spirit hands. They indicate by writing or in other ways, which two in the audience will best assist them in writing messages when they desire to change the two in the battery in the latter part of the evening. At this stage of the seance the very best order possible is required to make it a success. When the conditions are perfect they are able to give their own handwriting.

On the side of the table can be attached a telegraphic machine, which is used to explain and helps makes the seance interesting when there is an operator in the audience. Recently there came to one of the seances a prominent Government official, bringing with him many of the 800 clerks employed in the office. He asked to read the messages, or the names signed to each, which I handed to him as I took them from the spirit hand above the curtain. He got about a dozen that evening; other officials there got about the same number. Gen. Garfield's ex-chief of staff got a characteristic communication from the ex-President, giving him valuable information, which I hear has made successful a case in court, then pending.

It would make this letter too long and personal to describe the multitude of those high in office, with their wives, who have been made happy with tokens of affection from those whom the ignorant world calls dead. Spirits seem to have the power under favorable conditions to disintegrate almost any material substance. We can do the same thing in a clumsy way by means of heat, chemicals, etc., but they are able to do it by methods unknown to us, which are far easier and more efficient.

At nearly every seance the spirits put their hands through the two curtains, which are entirely whole, and write messages on the pad on the lady's shoulder, and point to those in the audience whom they wish to come up and hold the pad and receive a message. This is done, however, only in a dim light, so as not to hinder the spirit hand in writing distinctly. Prof. D. Lyman sat on my lap seven different times while I was one of the battery, in front of the curtain, when spirit Dr. Sleeper put his hand through the curtain and tried to cure his disease in full view of the audience. Spirits heal us and also write the best and talk the most when there is perfect darkness, good mediums and good music, all joining hands around a table.

Mrs. Mary A. Keeler is such a choice instrument that she combines the intellectual with the physical, so that when the materializing seance is over, letters are left by spirits who were seen to write, but failed in making the organs of speech. My mother, when she can, after singing with me her favorite song, and talking to the circle of her beautiful heavenly home, while leaning on my arm, takes the pad and puts it in both my hands and writes a loving message in full view of the audience. Her daughter Victoria is a great favorite at the Keeler circle, judging from the variety of her manifestations and scores of loving messages which it would take much time to give in detail. Bishop Haven, whom I hear from almost continually, whose message to the churches from Spirit-life I have circulated by the tens of thousands, seems rejoiced in knowing that the prayers of God's people are about being answered, for we are all a unit in regarding it as self-evident that not until all dematerialization has led to bring immortality light, as Jesus did, by encouraging direct information from our heavenly homes, as many popular clergymen already do, will the spiritual part of the Bible be explained in its true light, and the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule will then become the supreme guide for all nations.

S. M. BALDWIN.

1202 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Dr. S. N. and Bessie Aspinwall will leave the East for the Pacific Coast, Oct. 1, and will be glad to correspond with societies or persons desiring their services as inspirations and unconscious trance speakers, giving description and name of spirits presenting themselves for recognition. They also hold circles for development and materialization, and heal the sick. They will speak in Maine in September. Address them for engagements, until October at Bar Mills, Me.



SEEKING DEVELOPMENT.

Lives Like a Recluse.

And Hopes to Regenerate the World.

A young American woman, apparently in the best of health and spirits, is living alone on the mountain side of the great American canon, on the north fork of the American river, California. The place she has chosen for a home is wild in the extreme, and miles away from any human habitation. The rude cave-like den in which she passes her days is upon the almost perpendicular western side of the great gorge through which the river flows. Above her tower the rugged limestone mountains to a height of more than a thousand feet, while at the very threshold of her strange home gapes a giddy precipice of 700 feet down to the bed of the stream.

A good many months ago George Wood, the son of a well-to-do farmer residing near Applegate, Placer county, ventured down into the canon in pursuit of game near this spot. He found to his astonishment a young woman in the act of cooking something in an old saucepan. She was neither discomfited at his appearance nor anxious that he should leave, but the unexpected revelation so bewildered the young man that he left the place hastily without questioning her. He told the story to his friends, but it seemed so strange that few believed him.

Some time after this a goat-herder found his way down the precipitous slope in quest of a flock which he was unable to find. On his way home, when the sun had fallen behind the great hill he was climbing, he suddenly came upon a woman. She neither looked at him nor spoke, but descended hurriedly and was soon lost among the tall chaparral and coffee brush.

The stories reached San Francisco, and a reporter for the *Examiner* sought the abode of this woman of the wilderness, and heard from her own lips the strange story of her life. The distance to this place from Applegate, a small station on the Southern Pacific, is between six and seven miles, and lies in a southeasterly direction. Many years ago this was a good road, but the rains and winds of many winters have caused great washouts and thrown huge trunks of burnt oak and pine across the path-

"I have made this special trip down here to see you, because we heard that you were alone and possibly sick," said the visitor. "Oh, no," was the quick reply. "I cannot get sick; I am past that. It is kind of you to come to see me, but how did you know of my being here?"

"The people in the settlement beyond are talking of your strange life in the wilderness, and are anxious about you."

"It is kind of them," the woman replied, feelingly. "I live in this seclusion because I have a high duty to perform, and I could not prepare myself for it if I mingled with the world. I am now enjoying an interior life. I am enjoying communion with my inner self, a blessing that can only be understood by those who enjoy it."

SHE BEGINS HER STRANGE STORY.

Then she arose from her seat and led the way into the dark, cool apartment in the rock which she loves so much. It is not easy to enter this place, for the natural archway is but four feet high, and as the floor of the interior is built up fully twelve inches with earth, there is little room indeed through which to crawl. The apartment is about six feet wide, eighteen feet long, and quite lofty, but there is absolutely no ventilation. When the two doors are closed the darkness is intense.

A couple of boxes, a wooden plank, supported on two boulders, and a rude home-made table, upon which books, papers and other things were piled indiscriminately, composed the entire furniture of the apartment.

Having lit a candle, the young woman seated herself upon one of the boxes and began her story. The surroundings were weird enough. The candle burned dimly, but through the opening that served as an entrance a flood of sunshine streamed that was almost blinding. Upon the walls, which were unadorned by even the faintest apology of a picture or decoration, a number of lizards crawled rapidly about and seemed glad to get away for a spell from the scorching sun.

"My name?" she repeated quickly, somewhat startled at the query, "is Sara Thacker. I am a native of Walla Walla, Washington State, where my aged mother now lives. She is very old and childish, and she knows nothing of my whereabouts. For many years I taught school in Walla Walla, and wrote some for the press, but I longed to get out and see

wild animals nor sickness could break. Then she talked of astrology in a way to make the head of a layman swim, and explained how she knew to profit by the influences of the stars and the planets.

Asked to what religious order she belonged, she replied that she was neither a mystic nor an esoteric, a theosophist nor a Spiritualist, but claimed a combination of beliefs and doctrines—many of them, but not all, embraced in the above. Here, she says, has higher aims than any of them. She recognizes no creed, sect nor order. Her sacrifices and studies, she says, will all focalize in one great power for good, and when she has shut herself up long enough in the old, noisome limekiln on the heated slopes of the American river she will come forth to the world and work successfully toward the amelioration of the spiritual condition of mankind.

PROGRESSIVE THINKINGS.

Man on the physical plane is the great disorganizer. As a child in the family turns all things topsy-turvy, so does this child of Mother Nature continually interfere with the old Dame's house-work.

From the mountains, a stream of clear, sparkling water flows to the sea. Man builds a city on the bank, and almost instantly the stream shows symptoms of pollution and change for the worse. Starting with this taint, so long as he shall remain in its neighborhood, it will continue to grow more and more turbid, as the current is more and more heavily loaded with his ignorant wastefulness.

If he chance to settle by the pellucid waters of a lake the same events take place. No matter how much the natural fermentation and settling of purification goes on, the corruption of man's actual defilement constantly keeps ahead. He breaks up the surface of the earth, and by destroying the natural covering, he gives opportunity for the winds to sweep the fine dust, and thus the air, the storehouse of vitality, is polluted with dust, smoke and poisonous gases.

His fires change the climate, and unsettle all the sequence of heat and cold. Who can say how much of the peculiar weather of the last few years, with the dread la grippe, is not due to the enormously increased change of carbon into its units of heat and refuse.

Last, but not least, like a spoiled child fingering everything within its reach, he lays hold of electricity. Through accident and death, he gains a faint glimmering of its powers, and in his blundering attempts to use, he changes the magnetic polarity of the atomic constituents of his surroundings. Who knows what forms of inharmonious discord and disease he may let loose upon himself in this doing.

For thousands of years, the earth, wherever man has been, with his savage or civilizing tendencies, has resembled the strabot of the room in which master three-year-old mostly spends his time. As is well known, he can put everything upon the floor, in the wildest disorder, and has neither care nor thought to return the smallest item to its proper place.

But man has come to the point where the confusion and its resulting restlessness begin to wear upon him. That is, he is growing older in racehood. As the careless child coming to manhood may develop as the most precise and orderly of all his fellows, in his family relations, may it not be true that Nature's great family is no exception to the law, and that the coming races, instead of scattering and wasting, in ignorant wilfulness, will learn the beauty of obedience to law; and the restfulness of working in harmony with it, instead of in ignorance and defiance of it.

All this time of which we are speaking, be it remembered, man has had neither motive nor ultimate desire beyond the physical plane. Nor will he have, until he shall heartily seek the cause and impulse of all manifestation from its true source, the spiritual plane. It is here we find the imperishable archives of the real. It is here are stored up for his future understanding and use all the mysteries of the past, the present and the future.

Man is more and more clearly recognizing himself as the over-indulged child of Nature, the youngest son, the Benjamin, for whom nothing has been considered too good. For him, supplies, bounteous beyond limit, have been stored for ages, and these he has been allowed to waste at his own sweet will. But it is slowly dawning upon him that nothing of advancement, of real growth, nor of real improvement, can come from the physical plane. Whatever he touches physically, he defiles, simply because he is then out of his true element, the spiritual, by which, if he only chooses, he can perceive, and do, and grow, far beyond his present dreams.

When, some day, he is able to hear the angel voices of those who have for long ages sought to guide him toward the light, then will come, for him, the new revelation. It will then happen that the vision of sturdy, old John Bunyan will be revised. The man with the muck-rake who saw not the prize offered him by the shining glory, because his eyes, turned down, could see only physical objects and living, will cease looking at the soiling mud beneath his feet, and raising his eyes to the jeweled crown proffered by his angel friends, will gladly accept it with all that it implies or previsions.

Is it not best for us that we help on, or at the least do not retard the rapid coming of the full glory of that happier, brighter day beyond the present darkness, which, if we may believe the Wise Ones, is close upon us.

W. P. PHILON, M. D.

A Few Cogent Thoughts.

Percy Bysshe Shelley once said to Leigh Hunt: "A truly divine religion might yet be established if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith." Spiritualism ought to be all the poet viewed in fancy, as he thus spoke; and it is, for the higher teachings hold charity first in its principles, but many of its representatives, while teaching charity, as voiced by spirits, forget to practice the precept; forget that he only who has never erred has permission to cast the first stone.

I want to plead with the workers in our ranks, the teachers, media, and writers, one and all, to strive to live the truer, nobler rules of our religion. I suppose I may as well confess that I am growing into harmony with the word "religion." All this year I have been following in the footsteps—by listening to and perusing his public works, and carrying on an instructive correspondence as friend with friend—of one of the world's great teachers, Moses Hull, who defines religion in an acceptable way. He says: "With me Spiritualism is a life. I try to study its ethics religiously, devotedly. In an accommodated sense the word science can be applied to Spiritualism, but in the sense that spiritualism is a life, a source of devotion, that it shows us our relation to one another and to the great hereafter, my Spiritualism is a religion." You will note that I have called Moses Hull one of the world's great teachers. He is one of our greatest, and like all such, is more or less misunderstood and misrepresented. To know the man personally is to know, if your own soul-perception is unfolded, that you are in the presence of an exalted, purifying element; that the man has grown grand by sorrow and soul-aspiration. He has been persecuted, perhaps more than any reformer of the present age, but these trials have proven blessings, adding incentive to his determined intention to climb by the truths his own soul has gleaned by its intuitive powers; he has grown while his assailants have feared to follow other than the old beaten track, or, at best, have kept in the shadow thereof, for policy sake.

And what I say of Mr. Hull, I can say of his companion, Mattie. Face to face, we—she and I—have not met, but in spirit, through personal letter-writing, we have grown warmest friends, and any one of her epistles gives proof positive of her purity of soul. As I honor few of earth's children, do I honor the "two M's," so loved by those who know aught of the goodness of their souls.

I presume these thoughts came because of my perusal of an excellent article in your paper of a recent date, wherein it was shown that lack of charity on the part of one of our public lecturers had caused some unpleasant results. Only thus have I learned of Mrs. Lillie's refusal to occupy the rostrum with Mr. Hull, learned it with a great wave of regret and a wounded soul, and a feeling of earnest pity for the man or woman who so little knows his real goodness.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Woman's Tears.

BY G. E. BAILEY.

A soft white cloud approached the earth, In silence floating to and fro; One moment forward, and then back, As if reluctant still to go.

And as she neared this sinful world, She seemed to feel the taint of sin, And swollen grew to hidden wrath, And blackened from the rage within.

Her grief found vent in bitter tears, Which changed at last to gentle rain. The sun appeared. His magic beams Soon changed the tears to smiles again.

He bowed his head right gallantly, And kissed the tears from off each flower, To which the tear-drops, seeming small, Had proved a blessing full of power.

Then in the cloud, now tinged with red, He veiled his face in silken fold, While from his lips she drank the kiss, Distilled from flowers, and not yet cold.

Nor deemed it robbery so to do: For, in the morn in dewy rain, Borne on the bosom of the breeze, She threw it back to earth again.

The cloud is woman, in that sphere Which God has given her to fill; Above the earth, and yet so near, She feels its sin with painful thrill.

And then aroused from dreamy state Great showers of blessings she bestows, In sympathetic smiles and tears, Upon a world of many woes.

Then man, the sun, beholds her work, Acknowledges in her his peer, And while he stoops her grief to stay, Receives a blessing from each tear.

It falls, as falls the needed rain, Upon the garden of his heart, To cause the rare but drooping plants With new and vigorous life to start.

The tears which wrought this wondrous change Are never lost; but man again Transfers to woman all her tears By some mysterious, hidden chain.

Mantua (Ohio) Camp.

This camp is a spiritual success. It is not as well known as it deserves to be. The grove is a veritable Maple Dell. Sunday, July 24, D. M. King made the opening address in the morning. G. W. Kates spoke in the afternoon, and Mrs. Kates at night. During the week these workers have held daily meetings and a great spiritual feast has been enjoyed. Sunday, July 31, Mr. Kates spoke at the morning assembly, Mrs. Sheehan in the afternoon and Mrs. Kates at night. They were orations of great power. Tests were given by Mrs. Kates during these days, of a perfect character in identity and incident. Every one here has felt that the spiritual feast is most excellent. This camp is not a pleasure resort, but a spiritual camp meeting entirely. Nothing else detracts from it, and the daily three meetings are replete with good things. It is thirty miles from Cleveland, at Mantua station, on the N. Y., L. E. & N. R. R. It will continue until Sunday, August 14. BUCKEYE.

The subscriptions are flowing in, attracted by the story, "The People who are Damned" by Hudson Tuttle. The paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

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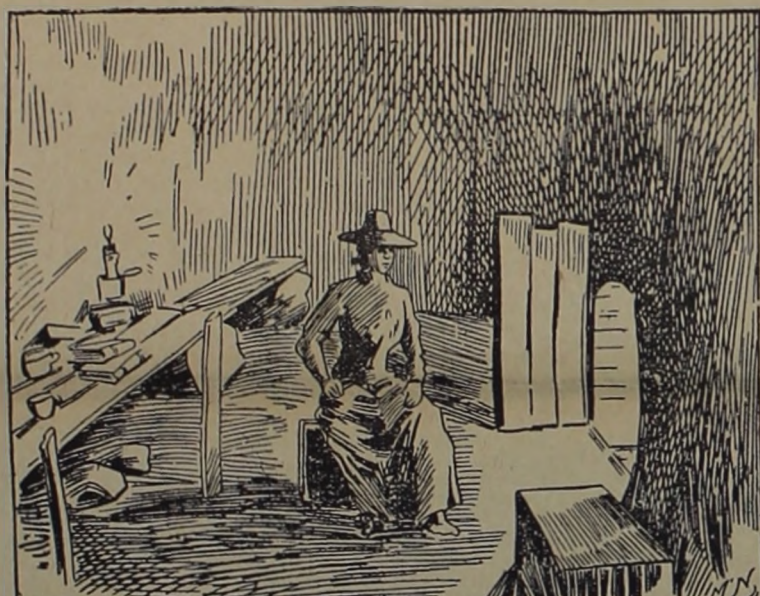
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THE RECLUSE TELLING HER HISTORY.

way. When four miles have been traversed a descent of 1,000 feet has been made. Here almost on the brink of a precipitous cliff of limestone 700 feet above the bed of the river is an old limekiln, and in this the young woman who has been the talk of the district for many, many months is wasting away her life. The kiln is almost like a fortress in its solidity. It is built in the side of the rock, the front and side walls being four feet thick, and constructed of stone and firebricks. Two of the three furnace holes have been filled in, but the one at the northern end is made to serve as an entrance. Near by is a rickety bench, upon which the young lady reclines at night, and scattered around are a few old utensils which are still used for culinary purposes. During the daytime the sun beats down with great intensity here, and the cave-like kiln serves as a desirable place of refuge from the heat.

A few knocks at the outer door—there are two of them, one on the outer and the other on the inner side of the four feet of massive masonry—brought the interesting occupant into the sunlight. She threw the rude door of her own making wide open, and, stepping through the little archway in a stooping position, drew herself erect and bade her visitor a pleasant good morning.

APPARENTLY IN PERFECT HEALTH.

She is a woman of small stature, and can hardly weigh more than a hundred pounds. Her height is about five feet five and a half inches. She stands very erect, and if her looks do not belie her, she is in perfect health. She looks less than thirty years of age, but later, when speaking on the subject, she said that she was thirty-six years old. Standing there in the full glare of the bright sunshine, she was a very different woman to what one would expect to find leading such a life of simple seclusion. She is of fair complexion, with light brown hair and large hazel eyes. Her forehead is prominent, and a similar characteristic in her upper teeth and lips detracts somewhat from her otherwise pleasant looks. The sun has brought many freckles to her face. She was dressed in a checked waist and black skirt, and wore a big-rimmed straw hat and very old shoes. On her right hand she wore an old brown cloth glove, through which every one of her fingers appeared.

"Won't you sit down?" She placed a small box for her visitor and then seated herself upon the corner of her rude bedstead, covering her hands from the heat of the sun with the remains of an old jersey, which she took from a line as she did so.

the world. Then I took to traveling from State to State, and sold ladies' underwear and other articles that were easy to carry, and I soon began to make some money. I traveled through Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, and then California, and so successful was I that many and many a time I made as much as ten dollars a day. I saved a little money, and upon that I am now living."

"Does it cost you much to live here?" "Oh, no. In my condition I require but very little food. At first it would cost me about \$2.50 a month, but now I live well for less than \$2 a month."

"But surely you cannot get nourishing food at that figure?"

CLAIMS TO HAVE A SIXTH SENSE.

"No. I do not require it. I eat nothing but cracked wheat and honey, and a few English walnuts. When I first came here I used to make a little graham bread, but I do not require that now. All the nourishment I get I draw from my body. For long I have studied the science of concentrating the generative life forces, and now I have succeeded. That gives to me a sixth sense—intuition. With that advantage I am able to know so much of myself, and of what is going on in the world around me, that that in itself is food and nourishment to me."

Then she went on to tell of the great men revealed in biblical history, of the lessons they had taught to the world, and of the way in which they were disregarded.

"Many of these men were possessed of more than the five senses," she said. "In all there are twelve. I cannot name the remaining six to you, but intuition is the one that follows the five we are all supposed to possess. It is my aim to attain the highest pitch of intellectual and spiritual development. Then I will go among the people of the world and heal the sick and teach them how to be strong. Jesus possessed but eleven of the twelve senses. Had he lived to attain the other sense he would not have been crucified."

As the extraordinary woman made this strange declaration, a huge snake, fully four feet and a half long, emerged from a dark corner of the apartment and came making its tortuous way toward her. She quietly arose from her seat, and taking a short stick, carefully forced it under the belly of the serpent, and when she had got it properly balanced, removed it to the outside of the apartment.

Asked if she was not afraid of the reptiles and wild animals of the woods, she replied that she was past all harm; that she was moving within a charmed circle, through which neither



## Notes from Cassadaga Camp.

Since my last writing, the interest here has steadily increased until the very air seems aglow with enthusiasm. The heated days which brought such lassitude and discomfort in the coolest retreats we could find have passed by and the weather at the present writing is as perfect as one could wish, and everybody is enabled to enjoy it the more, by contrast, just as we do every other good thing in life.

The ground and gate receipts thus far have been more than \$200 in excess of last year at this time, and representative people—people with brains and culture—and people with hearts and good sense, who have received their education in the school of toil and experience, meet here on a common level and join hands with no distinction of caste, in pleasant interchange of thought as they journey onward upon the highway of progress.

On Thursday, the 28th, Mrs. H. S. Lake gave a fine address touching upon mediumship and reformatory subjects of the day. This closes her engagement with the C. L. S. A. for the present season. She has, more than ever before, won the hearts of the people and awakened the deepest sympathy and admiration.

She goes from here to Lake Brady, O., where we hope she will be as successful and as much appreciated as she has been here.

Mrs. T. O. Hyzer has favored us with two of her peculiarly transcendental, yet strictly practical and philosophical lectures, each of which has tended to awaken the higher thought and to strengthen ideal selfhood.

Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle arrived Friday morning, the 29th, and were met at the train by a demonstrative ovation by the friends and children of the Lyceum, who marched thither bearing banners and flowers.

The first public Lyceum exercises of the season were held in the auditorium Friday forenoon, Mrs. Emma R. Tuttle presiding, with pleasant face and graceful mien, which bespeak her true, self-poised and loving nature. Her accomplished daughter, Miss Claire Tuttle, and Mr. Lew Gleason, Miss Tuttle's cultured dramatic manager, are to be Mrs. Tuttle's assistants in conducting the Lyceum. The trio have already proved their capability by the evident strong hold which they have taken on the affections of the children. Mrs. Tuttle prefaced the exercises by giving some excellent suggestions upon the Lyceum system of education, and some explanations upon the work and object of the Humane Society of which she is a member and an earnest champion. The marching and calisthenics were well rendered. The children responded heartily and readily to the instructions of their leader, and the Lyceum bids fair to be a most excellent and important feature of camp education.

Mrs. Tuttle, in her lecture in the auditorium on Sunday morning, startled the audience by exhibiting a collection of instruments of "torture" used in punishing wives, children and dumb animals. They were cruel in the extreme, and it is hard to believe that such barbarity is extant. These curiosities were loaned Mrs. Tuttle to use at Cassadaga, as an object-lesson to impress the need of humane societies and work in the Band of Mercy there organized. The favor was granted by Mr. E. C. Parmlee, the general agent of the Cleveland Humane Society, of which Harry Garfield, a son of President Garfield, is acting Secretary. The Lyceum is very active in this work as well as many adults.

Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle are two people out of the few in the world whose greatness is to be revered and emulated. Mr. Tuttle is a practical farmer and has during his entire life maintained himself and family through the products thus obtained. Though he has written several books of high value to the world of science, his literary work has mostly been done at night, and at times when many another man would have been lounging and smoking his pipe, believing himself too weary to even read his newspaper and thus acquaint himself with the world outside. He has found rest and solace from physical toil by ascending to the chambers of thought and throwing wide open the windows of his soul, letting in the psychic breezes from on high, which fanned and soothed his weary brow and quickened his inner vision to the perception of truths which he has materialized in every line of the printed volumes he has given to the world. In coming to Cassadaga he dismounted the reaper, came in from the field, wiped the sweat from his brow and hastily prepared for his journey. He has, up to the present writing, August 3d, given four lectures, which include the two evening lectures, one upon "The Origin and Antiquity of Man," and the other on "Mohammed as a Spiritual Medium"—all of which are under the auspices of this association and has been largely attended. Each of these lectures have shown that Hudson Tuttle's qualifications are not confined to the farm and the propelling of the reaper in the material grain-fields which furnish material bread for a hungry world, but with equal energy and as skillful hand, he enters the great grain-fields of truth and at each revolving stroke of the reaper of reason turns down great swathes of shining grain. There is no rust, mildew or weevil in the well-filled kernels. Every sack of flour made from it may appropriately be labeled GENUINE SELF-RAISING FLOUR, and those who eat and digest it will find themselves nourished and strengthened for a successful battle with error, able to vanquish it every time with the keen sword of truth.

Mrs. Tuttle is equally felicitous in her labors with hand and brain. She blesses the household by placing before them the lightest and sweetest of bread, of her own manufacture, and by efficiently performing the duties of wife, mother, neighbor and hostess, and aside from all those claims upon her time and generosity has found opportunity to weave into choice poetry some of the sweetest gems of thought, such as touch the heart and engender love of home, of humanity and every living thing.

To-day is one of the "red letter" days of Cassadaga, being Grange-labor-day; some of the best talent in the land will be present, among them Miss Kate O. Peate, the popular orator of the Knights of Labor; Mortimer Whitehead, national lecturer of the Grange; Robert Schilling, national secretary of the Farmers' Alliance and a prominent member of the Workingmen's Union.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, whose fame as a lecturer and teacher is world-wide, is expected to-day; also Miss Maggie Gaul, the renowned platform-test medium.

Dr. Henry Rogers and wife, of California, and late from New York City, are with us, astonishing even those best acquainted with physical phenomena by his wonderful slate-writings and spiritual pictures which are given under such test conditions as to silence even a suspicion of fraud.

Your correspondent has received a spirit picture and a slate-writing from this wonderful medium, which no amount of money could purchase, if it could not be reproduced.

GLENER.

## Lake Brady Notes.

TO THE EDITOR:—This camp of Lake Brady has now reached its second week and the stockholders and officers are elated at their success. All the buildings that have been erected so far are of the first class, and the cottages are costing not less than \$300 apiece. A \$50,000 hotel is now talked of; of course there are always some inconveniences in a new camp, more or less, but there are very few things here that any one can complain of. The railroad connections are being now arranged for future accommodations.

Mr. and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, were with us all of the first week, and seemed to be as well acquainted here as at any of the old camps, yet she made many friends at this camp and we regret her leaving.

Miss Maggie Gaul disappointed many of her friends in breaking her engagement with them.

J. Clegg Wright and wife are still here. Mrs. Wright often leads in singing, aided by the audience and the Akron band.

Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, has proved himself to be an excellent chairman, and he often takes part in the discussion at the conferences. As the Doctor is well posted on all things pertaining to camp work and is well up in spiritual matters, he is interesting at all times.

On Tuesday J. C. Wright answered the following questions from the platform:

"The Origin of the Christian Devil," "Martin Luther and His Impression upon the Christian World," "Soul and Spirit, tell us the Difference," "If soul has always existed, when does it take possession of the mortal body."

The projectors and proprietors of Lake Brady camp proclaim that this camp has been inaugurated "for the discovery of truth, the application of truth, and the diffusion of truth, for the upbuilding of humanity."

Lake Brady camp is destined to become one of the largest in the United States. The location is one of the best, and the natural advantages cannot be surpassed.

All mediums that are at camp are announced and their locations stated from the platform daily.

Wednesday, Aug. 3d, Conference at 10:30. Subject: "Independent Slate-writing." Remarks were made by the chairman, J. W. Dennis, Mrs. McCaslin, Mrs. H. S. Lake and Mr. Charles Christian.

Mrs. A. E. Kibbie gives platform tests daily in place of Maggie Gaul.

Dr. J. C. Street has opened a class for instruction in the higher phases of spirit manifestation.

As this is only the first week in August, we can now begin to judge what our camp will become in the future, when the Lake Brady association gains full control of the ground, which will be the first of September.

This afternoon, Aug. 3d, Frank Ripley gave a grand, good lecture and followed with tests from the platform.

Our arena in the deep cool forest is in a delightful place, and most of our mediums claim that the spirit of the red man is much pleased with the work done there.

To-morrow we are to hear from J. Clegg Wright, with tests from Frank Ripley, and at conference "Clairaudience" is to be discussed by the audience. Each day is filled up with something that improves the mind of man.

Sunday, Aug. 7, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston, will lecture on the Jewish criminal law. Mrs. H. S. Lake will follow with psychometric tests. In the afternoon Mrs. Lake and J. Clegg Wright will each give an address.

The camp attendance is good and prospects for this camp and its good work are bright for the future.

J. W. DENNIS.

## Maple-Dell Camp, Mantau, O.

This camp has been prospering under the administrations of D. M. King, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates and Mrs. Adah Sheehan.

The audiences, Sunday, July 31st, were quite large. Mr. Kates gave a grand lecture at the morning session. Mrs. Sheehan spoke with force and conviction in the afternoon. At night, Mrs. Kates, entranced, gave a logical discourse. The tests by Mrs. Kates during the day were clear and accurate, all being recognized. During the week there has been continued interest. Mr. King is doing a good work in his psychic lessons. The concert on Wednesday evening was most excellent. The Saturday night dramatic performances are of a high order. Mr. and Mrs. Kates have been engaged to remain to the close of camp. They have been of great service to us and are highly appreciated. We hope to have their help in this section during the lecture season. Lyman C. Howe comes next Sunday, and he is always a welcome and useful worker. The camp continues to Sept. 4th.

SECRETARY.

## Huxley-Gladstone Bible Argument.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune sends to that paper an interesting sketch of the contents of Prof. Huxley's new book, "Essays Upon Some Controverted Questions," which is particularly notable for the light it throws upon the controversy between the professor and Mr. Gladstone in the matter of the miracle of the Gadarene swine. Prof. Huxley, it hardly needs to be said, has no faith in the miracle by which the devils entered the swine, causing them to rush into the Lake of Gennesaret, where they were drowned. Not believing in it he treated it in a vein of pleasantry and commiserated the innocent Gadarene pig-owners, whose interests no one either performing the miracle or describing it seems to have considered. On this point he says: "Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanor of evil example." Mr. Gladstone took umbrage at this, and accused the professor of undertaking "to try the character of our Lord," and alleging that Jesus "was no better than a law-breaker and an evil-doer." When one considers Mr. Gladstone's usual judicial calmness and clearness of comprehension it is hard to conceive of his making such a statement. Mr. Huxley replied in a quiet manner that he did not believe that Jesus had done anything of the kind; in other words, that the story was mythical and had crept into an early copy of the gospels. Mr. Gladstone was forced to take the back track, though he does it in the following half-way manner:

"I must, however, in passing, make the confession that I did not state with accuracy, as I ought to have done, the precise form of Mr. Huxley's accusation. I treated it as an imputation on the action of our Lord; he replies that it is only an imputation on the narrative of the three evangelists respecting him. The difference, from his point of view, is probably material, and I therefore regret that I overlooked it."

The controversy has left some bitter feelings behind it, and Mr. Huxley characterizes the assault upon him in strong language as "a deliberately devised attempt not merely to rouse the theological prejudices ingrained in Mr. Gladstone's readers, but to hold me up as a person who has endeavored to besmirch the personal character of the object of their veneration." Mr. Gladstone's course, indeed, is a curious illustration of the extent to which the odium theologium will excite and prejudice the highest minds.

The most conspicuous feature of this discussion, however, is its folly. Prof. Huxley and Mr. Gladstone are arguing from antipodal points of view. They have not a single common point of agreement. Mr. Huxley is an agnostic; Mr. Gladstone is a staunch believer. Mr. Huxley is considered heterodox; Mr. Gladstone is orthodox. Mr. Huxley criticizes the literal truth of the Jewish scriptures; Mr. Gladstone holds that any criticism of them is irreligious and wicked. As Mr. Huxley once said: "The sun of science, at my back, was in his (Mr. Gladstone's) eyes." The same disagreement was manifested in his controversy with the Rev. Dr. Wace. The latter said: "It is and it ought to be an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ," to which Mr. Huxley replied: "I do not see why it should be unpleasant for a Mohammedan or Buddhist to say so. But that it 'ought to be' unpleasant for any man to say anything which he sincerely, and after due deliberation, believes, is, to my mind, a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character." It is plain enough that Mr. Huxley and Mr. Gladstone, occupying entirely different standpoints and arguing from entirely different bases, not only can never agree but can never convince or convict each other. Hence, there is not much profit in the controversy. So long as Mr. Huxley will not admit theology, and Mr. Gladstone will not admit science, *cui bono?*

## The Early Days of Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR:—I saw an article in a late PROGRESSIVE THINKER ("Paid His Board Bill,") that brought back the long ago in the early days of Spiritualism in Rochester in 1852 to 1855, when I was a young girl. My father, Smith M. Brown, with a few other noble souls, like Isaac Post, Louis Burtin, M. B. Ashley and Rev. Charles Hammond, were then earnest investigators after the truth. Circles were held once a week, alternating at the house of each member, and on Sunday a conference was held in a hall rented for that purpose. We usually had quite a gathering and some good speaker. Those were days to be remembered, as prejudice ran high. I was developing for a medium at that time for physical manifestations; also for drawing and writing. It became known at school that I was possessed of the Devil, and I was shunned by my schoolmates, and was quietly told by my teacher that I had better withdraw from school to save being expelled, as they could not have a witch in school. It was made so unpleasant for me that I withdrew, and all in consequence of seeking after the light.

My father and Mr. Ashley being near neighbors and intimate friends, as well as their families, private circles were often held in our respective homes, and I remember well when Mr. Ashley received his instructions to go and visit Mr. Koons, and of his return, and how interested we all were to hear him tell his experience. Being a gentleman of undoubted veracity, we knew we were getting the truth as far as he was concerned, and to think that such wonderful manifestations could be had through the wonderful power of spirits, we felt very near heaven. We could not then realize what strides this witchery was going to make in the next thirty-five years; did not think that by this time we should stand so high on the ladder of science and progression, or that there ever would be such a banner unfurled for us as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Long may it wave, and may its

great truths invade every home in this beautiful world of ours. It seems beautiful to me now, but in those days gone by, I was at times very unhappy and fearful that something dreadful would happen to me; but my guides promised me protection, and they faithfully did their work.

There came to our home one day for a sitting, a minister of the gospel in company with other friends, and they said I ought to be hung, and if they could have their way I would be. They came with cords to bind me so that I could not move the table or cause the rap. The table would move even if I did not stand within four feet of it, and the raps were heard in all parts of the room. But my father told them that he did not run a show, and as he never received any remuneration, I should not be subjected to any abuse from them. He did not invite them to come, but if they would be civil and were earnest searchers after truth, we would be happy to sit for them. They were converted, and often attended our circles and meetings. I could give a great many similar experiences, but I have taken up too much valuable space already. I would like to add that if Mrs. Peck would send her post office address to Box 66, Muir, Mich., she might hear from a long-lost friend. Mrs. H. M. TARBALL.

Muir, Mich.

## A Gift from the Pope Found After Forty Years.

According to the Washington Post, chief among the curiosities recovered from the Washington channel is a peculiar slab or stone, which, if some of the old residents who have been consulted on the subject are not badly mistaken, is a find of interest in connection with the early history of the city.

It was several days ago that the find occurred. Diver Harry Edwards was down on his third trip in the morning, and was guiding the nozzle of the large suction hose that is used in tearing up the soft bottom to give the workmen access to the foundation of the piers. Near the southwest corner of the abutment on the District side he encountered the corner of a piece of large dressed stone, which he at first thought was a piece of the masonry of the pier which had become detached and fallen out. As the dredging gradually brought the whole of the block to view he easily saw that the material was not such as plebeian bridges are made of. It was a sharply-cut and beautifully-polished piece of variegated marble, striated in veins of pink and white, which, seen through the green scintillating light of the water took on iridescent tints as fresh as if just turned out from the sculptor's hand. It was not a large block, more like a slab, about 6 inches thick, and perhaps 1½ by 3 feet in surface dimensions. But it was in the way of the engineering work, and, therefore, whatever it was, it had to get out of the way, and, stooping down, aided by the buoyancy of the water, Edwards turned the stone over, and, as he did so, noticed a half-effaced inscription on one side. Feeling that perhaps there might be something to the curious find, he signaled the bucket and, as his time below was nearly up, ascended with the marble and had it landed on the barge, instead of being thrown on the common scrap pile with the rest of the refuse.

The matter was investigated, and the facts brought to light make it almost certain that one of the oldest and deepest mysteries of Washington has been at last cleared up.

The story is one not very widely known, and it may be briefly stated as this: During the first years of work upon the Washington monument there were contributed from all quarters of the globe memorial stones to be inlaid on the inner wall of the shaft. The crowned heads of nearly every land were proud to contribute toward America's memorial to the greatest hero of modern times, and tablets of granite and marble appropriately inscribed were received by the monument society, and placed, pending their insertion, in a long wooden storehouse or lapidarium near the foot of the shaft. Among others that were received in the winter of 1853 was a block of beautifully striated marble from the Pope of Rome, with the simple inscription, "Rome to America," meaning by that, not the religious, but the political power represented by "Rome." But it was in the days of the old Know-nothings, the "American party," whose intemperate zeal did not stop for fine distinctions of definition, and thinking that they saw in the gift an insidious invasion of papacy into the land of the free and the home of the brave, there were ominous grumblings of wrath on the reception of the gift by the authorities at Washington. But though the cloud lowered it did not burst.

The hard winter of 1853 passed and it was late in the spring of 1854 when work on the monument was once more begun. On the morning of March 5 of that year the city was electrified to learn that on the night before an unknown band of vigilantes had broken into the stone shed at the foot of the monument and that the Pope's gift to the structure was missing. But what had become of it no one knew. There was always a watchman stationed in the grounds around the monument, and with him was a good watch dog, but the marauding party had laid their plans well and the dog had been poisoned, while the watchman was imprisoned in his box by a rope passed around the outside of the doors and windows, thus preventing him from even catching a glimpse of the party who had secured him. In the morning the shed was open and the stone was gone. That was all that was known, and up to two days ago all that ever was known.

Suspicion, which at first pointed to the Know-nothings as the perpetrators of the theft was increased soon after by a new verse, which was added to a popular topical song of the day and sung upon the streets and political meetings to the tune of "Jordan's a Hard Road to Travel." It is still preserved in the

repertory of some of the old negro nurses of the city and runs as follows:

Oh, the Pope of Rome,  
He sent a stone,  
To be placed in the monument accordin';  
But the Know-nothing boys,  
When they'd broke it all up,  
Threw the pieces on the other side of  
Jordan

## Our Neighbors in the Heavens.

Advanced spiritualists and mystics know that Mars is inhabited. They know, too, something of the nature of its civilization, which is represented as being in advance of that of the earth. Astronomers all over the world are now pointing their telescopes at it. A special cable of August 4th from Milan, Italy, says:

Prof. Schiaparelli, the illustrious astronomer, whose fame is now so gloriously vindicated by the Lick telescope, was interviewed by a correspondent. He has known of the progress of the observations by the Lick astronomers, with whom he has been in correspondence, and expressed great admiration for the American enterprise. Prof. Schiaparelli said that the great lines dividing the continents of Mars had always appeared to him very clear.

"I saw a parallel duplication with almost forty lines," said he, "in 1882, and their number increased with successive observations, without the duplications, however, being always visible. The identical direction of the lines proved their connection with the soil. The varying visibility of their duplication arose from different atmospheric conditions at the times of observation."

"The denial of the existence of the duplication always seemed to me absolutely unreasonable, for the markings were clearly seen by four astronomers. These were myself and Colaria at the Milan observatory, Perotin at the Nice observatory, and Schaeberle at the California observatory. Three of these observed the lines of Mars during the planetary opposition. Two, then, did not perceive the duplication. The third, Schaeberle, verified several cases which he noticed at the same time as the Milan observatory."

Prof. Schiaparelli was asked what was the probable cause of this failure by other astronomers in some cases to see what he had seen.

"There might," he said, "be two causes for the diversity of observation. The first of these is the different achromatism of the telescopes. The visibility of certain stars depends much more upon the suitability of the instruments reflecting certain colored rays than upon the size of the instruments themselves. Several of the Milanese telescope makers have devoted special attention to the refraction of red rays, and I think they make the best instruments for observation of Mars, whose rays are a red of great intensity. The second cause for the variability of observations is habit. The eye, I think, should be habituated to the observation of certain stars. It was only after fourteen years' work in observing Mars that I saw the details of the image with any clearness, and after that further details appeared. The California astronomers, who appear to be doing such excellent work with their fine instrument, could thus probably be enabled to see next year many things not apparent now."

"Some persons have attributed to me the idea of finding in the duplication of the lines of Mars a proof that the planet was inhabited, and this they thought was based upon the supposition that the lines were the work of reasoning beings. I never said anything of the kind. Natural forces may have hollowed out these deep canals fifty to one hundred kilometers, or 164,000 to 328,000 feet long. I am convinced of the habitability of the planet, but my conviction upon that point is based upon many other things than simple observations."

That Mars is inhabited I know. That its inhabitants are far in advance of those of the earth is also to me well known.

A MYSTIC.

## True Womanhood.

The highest ambition of every woman should be to possess true womanhood. There is nothing more lofty and noble for her to attain, and it makes her a queen wielding a mighty sceptre whose power is unlimited. These days in which we live call on woman for a higher order of character and life that shall be an illumination to the world, and point the way to elevation and honor of her sex. A true life of womanly activity leads into refinement, culture, and places her where she can encourage and counsel a sister woman who is striving to make her life a blessing to humanity. Loveliness of spirit is the crowning of all, and has its influence mighty in power. Life is the grand school in which true womanhood unfolds, and our teacher is its every circumstance. Each day gives us many lessons. A garment for the spirit is woven by every feeling, and every thought leaves its impression. In the swift passing hours great destinies lie enshrouded, and in the passages of everyday life stand great responsibilities.

With a desire for all that is truest and best, life becomes noble, even at a cost of unremitting toil, and will lead to heaven's wide-open gate.

Let us live for something worthy of true womanhood, and its opportunities for doing good, and thus do our part to make the world better and lift our fellow-mortals to a higher level of thought and life. Taking up cheerfully and bravely what may come, bear it away, and at the end lay it down triumphantly. So shall it be said of us: "She hath done what she could." Mrs. N. E. B. Rice.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.





LIZETTE.

## CAMILLE.

The People Who Are  
"Damned."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

## CHAPTER IV.

Old Home, Good-bye.

Cold and grey the morning woke, casting long shadows over the fields whitened with frost. The family gathered around the breakfast-table. They attempted to be cheerful but it was like a funeral meal this last they would partake of under the old home tree! There was choking in their throats, and their appetites failed. Desiree was the only happy one. Too small to fully realize the situation and elated with the change, the prospect was to her delightful. "Going to live in the city? I think it will be nice!" she exclaimed. "Fred has told me all about it, and we can see the cars every day! and have oranges."

"If you have money to buy them," added Fred.

"Not do you buy them?" she asked, evidently thinking that oranges grew in the city, just as apples do in the country. Her prattle created a smile. "You are a real sunbeam," said grandmother. "Come to me to gather oranges for you," said Fred.

"Do they grow on tall trees," persisted the child.

"Not so tall but you can hit them with a nickel, or bring down three big ones for a quarter," replied Fred.

The sun arose and filled the world with light. The sky was cloudless and the crisp air soon became warm and the west wind soft as spring. Mr. Miller came early, for he was to take the draft horses and convey a load of household goods to town. The wagons were brought to the door, and the work of packing began. The carpets were rolled together, the furniture stowed away. The pictures and bric-a-brac taken from the walls and brackets, little things of no value, yet priceless as souvenirs. There were only the bare walls of the old home left. The footstep echoed on the floor, like a tomb. When the doors shut how harsh the sound! The furniture piled high on the wagons was bound with cord, and the carriage was brought out for the family. In front of the horses barked and barked a beautiful shepherd dog. He did not annoy them, though he seemed determined to reach their noses with frantic leaps. They rather enjoyed it, knowing he was in play. When they stopped in front he bounded to the side of the group and gave a sharp bark, looking up intelligently into their faces as much as to say, "I am right with you."

"Say, Mr. Moran," said Miller, "that dog belongs to the farm, and ought to go with the stock. You must leave him with me, as you have no use for him." The dog seemed to understand these words; he raised his head, brought forward his half-erect ears, and his eyes were appealing in their mute expression as he glanced quickly from one to the other.

"I cannot do it," replied Mr. Moran, "unless he chooses; perhaps he will return here, as it is his home, and if he does, treat him well for he is as susceptible as a human being. What say you, Hunt, will you go or stay?"

The dog rushed to the head of the horses and barked furiously, as was his custom when wishing to start.

"He will not stay nor will you be able to keep him. Be still, Hunt; you may go when we are ready."

"One thing more," said Mrs. Moran, "I want to say good-bye to Lillian's grave."

"I will go with you," said her husband. "Children," he continued, "get into the carriage and drive to the road, we will meet you there. Mother, will you go with us?"

"Not unless you desire. I do not feel strong enough to bear the parting. I will go with the children."

"As you please; perhaps it is best you do not."

They walked across the lawn to a birch which stood white, airy and tall, throwing up its slender branches, half stripped of their tender leaves like a veritable spirit of a tree. At its foot was a little mound with a marble tablet, whereon was written "our darling." Oh what a sad tale those words expressed. She was their first child; born soon after they came to the farm; a sweet and beautiful child, blending their two lives in strange, mysterious fashion, and awakening their wonder by her freaks of unlooked-for intelligence. Alone among strangers, with no amusement or recreation, she furnished all for them. How they loved her; nay, loved, they worshipped! They did not wish for more children, for fear of wronging her. They desired to give her their whole thought and lives. She was a year old as the spring flowers came and the birds sang the joyful lays after departing winter. Her eyes were as blue as the violets in the meadow, and her cheeks were like the May roses. "Too fair," said grandmother. "Her flesh is transparent like wax, and I fear she is not strong."

Strong? In the merry little romp, the picture of health! But who could tell the events of the coming hour? The fairest sky is darkened by a cloud. The plant with fresh bloom, and budding loveliness, at the moment may have a worm

gnawing at its roots, and while we admire may wither.

The plow turned over the grassy sod, exposing miles of surface to the sun and decomposition bred malaria, poisoning the air. The vigorous bore without great discomfort the constant irritation but the weak succumbed. Especially were children susceptible, and the sweet child constantly breathing the burdened air, fell a victim. She passed out of their hands, which vainly sought to hold her, and left them only the mute casket! Oh, what a hopeless grief was theirs that April day, when the sun was shining brightly, while they were in the blackest night of woe! They had no words of comfort for each other, but sat down hand in hand and wept. Almost a score of years had passed since that fateful day when they placed the little coffin in a grave lined with wild blossoms, and heaped up the little mound, whereon acornes and claytonias had been planted and the glossy myrtle. Four children had been welcomed, and the tide of events had swept by, but dear as yesterday was the darling, and fresh the great wound the arrow of death had given their hearts. The whispering birch had grown tall since then. It was like her, graceful and lovely, and Fred, although he knew not his baby sister, had carved her name on the white bark.

In the hearts of the father and mother, the fervid sentiment of youth was changed to a deeper love, allied to devotion, as they stood by that mound with hands clasped in each other's, and were wafted back, across the years to the threshold of their young love. They did not speak, for words were mockery. Their thoughts flowed together in subtle sympathy, an instrument of music attuned alike respond to each other.

"Georgie, we must go," he at length said in a whisper.

"Let me have a sprig of myrtle and I will say good-bye."

She bent and gathered a slender branch, and they turned away. "We take the living with us," she sobbed, "but oh, we must say good-bye to the dead."

"The living? Oh, she is not dead, but more living than our other children. Her grave is here, yet will she be with us."

"Our darling! It cannot be otherwise."

The wagons had gained some distance, and the spirited carriage horses, when they felt the accustomed hand draw the reins, started into a brisk trot down the first gentle decline. Beyond the road ascended a swell, which being somewhat higher than the others afforded a wide view on every side. They rested the teams, while they looked back on the dear old home. Tall and spectral the cottonwoods stood in line like vigilant soldiers guarding the grounds. The golden willows made a warm light on one side of a large mass of trees, while spruce and pine represented the shadow. The topmost branches of the silver-leaved maples in front, were white as polished metal, while scattered here and there were birches, most graceful of trees.

The house was not elegant, for it had been built for use, when there was no money for useless ornaments. It was plain, unpretentious, homelike, and hospitable-looking. No one in need had ever asked in vain at its door; even when charity meant self-deprivation to its inmates. How deserted it appeared in the bright light of the low November sun. It seemed sweetly to reprove and call them back, and the tall trees swaying in the strong west wind bowed successive farewells. Nearer were the barns and sheds, beside which were racks of hay, and the herd of cattle that came in to the shelter of the yards were starting in a long line for the pasture. The frosty morning made them playful, and they were testing each other's strength with interlocked horns, or chasing each other with feigned rage. Some lazy fellows were just rousing and deliberately stretching themselves, turning around slowly to their departing comrade as though asking themselves whether it was really worth while to go to the field when they might as well lie there sheltered in the sun.

The dog stood holding up one fore foot with ears erect glancing over the scene, and seeming to understand it all.

Mr. Miller, leaving his team in front, came back and with a voice husky with feeling, said:

"It is hard, friend Moran. I feel like cussing at such injustice, but we are all in the same boat out here. I owned a farm half as large as this myself. Every dollar paid, by my hard work, and I lost every acre just by getting in debt for a harvest. We are the grain between the millstones, and whether we are ground coarse or fine depends not on ourselves but the miller. I was a proprietor and could hold up my head with the best. Now I'm a renter God knows what I'll be next year if I go on—a tramp, perhaps, for that is the condition where we are tending."

"We should trust in God," fervently said grandmother.

"The wicked prosper, good woman," he replied bitterly, "while the good perish. I once had faith. Once I hoped I was a Christian. Once I believed in God and an overruling providence."

"And do you not now?" asked Mrs. Moran.

"Do not ask! I shudder at the thought, but I doubt even God's existence when I see the injustice, cruelty and wrong suffered to exist, and perpetrated by men who are professors of religion, who are honored in the church, and say long prayers."

"They are not true; they are wolves in sheep's clothing," said grandmother.

"Yes, yes, I know, I am bitter; there are good men and women and I suppose I ought not to allow myself to be biased by the actions of the bad. I am distressed now for you. I can fully sympathize with you, having had the same experience."

"Bless you Miller," exclaimed Mr. Moran, taking him by the hand; "bless your honest heart. You have given us the first words of sympathy we have received. When it was known that we were to be sold out, our neighbors dropped us as though we had a contagious disease in the house. Not one has been near us."

"And yet," replied Miller, "there are only two farms in this vast extent we can now overlook that are not under mortgages, which if foreclosed today would absorb everything."

"There's the rub. To kick the unfortunate is to carry favor with the wealthy just as slaves are the most treacherous of their kind to each other. And as the slaves looked forward to a time when they might be slave owners, so these people expect the coming of a

time when they will be money lenders, and able to reap the same advantages. They wish to preserve the present system because of this prospective advantage they may gain through it."

"Your views are ingenious," replied Miller, "but philanthropic as I am, I do not agree with you. The people are ignorant and thoughtless. We plan badly, and fall into trouble. The capitalists are like ourselves, victims of circumstances. They have neither time nor inclination to acquaint themselves with the evils and sufferings they inflict, and I sometimes think we sadly err in holding individuals responsible for the result of a system by which we all are bound."

"There I agree with you in the main, and look forward to a higher education of the people in morality and a religion which will make the golden rule obligatory."

"Present labor," continued Miller, "is a victim to that of the past. A victim, aye a martyr, and the laborer compelled to suffering such as no poet has sung nor orator declaimed."

How eloquent the pressure of wrong had made these men.

Yes, the laborer is a martyr, and no one has given him of praise or glory. The hero standing in blood against a background of smoking ruins; the tyrant crushing helpless subjects; the robbers of the world's rights, have historic praise. The martyrs who for a brief hour suffer in the fagot's flame is heralded for all time, but who has recorded the silent, glorious deeds of the toiler? The men who seized the lands beneath which provident nature has stored her priceless wealth of coal, have incomes greater than dukes in countries ruled by kings. They fare sumptuously, thoughtlessly waste or greedily hoard, while the wage workers, to develop this enormous wealth, face the choking gas, the explosive damp, toil in a living grave and die unknown, unhonored. The vast majority of laborers never know true happiness or comfort from infancy to the grave. The scavengers, the cleaners of sewers, the delvers in mines, the workers in furnaces, an innumerable army, distinguished from slaves by the keener perception of their condition. They feel not the lash, but each day the aching of overstrained muscles and inflamed joints, the fever and headache of overwork and poisonous air; the dull, hopeless despair and weariness of defeat.

The martyr goes to his doom before an onlooking world, which upholds his courage, and will treasure his name. These toilers, unknown, work for wives they love, whom they see deprived of smallest comfort, and children doomed to the same suffering as themselves. No one knows, cares or appreciates or pauses to speak a word of praise.

As they were talking Fred had his attention called to a patch of clouds in the remote west which grew with amazing rapidity. He quickly saw that it was smoke. "There is a big fire ahead," he exclaimed, "which is rapidly extending both north and south."

They gazed for a moment as directed. "In the slough," said Miller, "and will soon burn out."

"We have not had a fire in some years," replied Mrs. Moran, "and I have been expecting one. We escaped last year as by a miracle. There is not the least provision made against it; we have grown so careless. See how the cornfields reaches to the very side of these buildings, and extend away to the edge of the pasturelands, all dry as tinder under the hot sun."

They saw the black smoke lift and heave in vast billows, and grow red and angry with flames.

"There is a strong wind there, calm as it is here," said Miller, "but I think we are safe here in the middle of a closely fed pasture, and a mile to stubblelands on the windward side."

"Yes, as safe as anywhere we can reach. It is fortunate we rested instead of going on. We better take off the teams hitch them carefully and throw our blankets over them."

While he spoke, they drew close the curtains of the carriage, backed it around so it faced the east, and adjusted the canvas over the exposed household goods in the wagons. There was not a moment to lose. The whole western sky was black as night, and they could hear the roar of the oncoming wind and flames. The fire had been seized with a hurricane. It came on, waving its vast torch like a demon. The horses frantically pawed the ground, trembling with fright. Herds of cattle came bellowing, with foaming mouths and distended eyes, across the pasture. At the last moment, when the air became filled with smoke and cinders and hot as the blast of a furnace, they threw themselves on their faces. With rush and roar it passed over them, and was gone. But to their right where it traversed the field of corn, it gathered strength as it went, and its work was concealed in the thickest smoke. When they arose the fierce whirlwind had reached the buildings. The stacks flamed up like tinder, and all the roofs were ablaze in a twinkling. The smoke rolled onward leaving the air comparatively clear, and in the calm after the tornado, that from the burning buildings ascended in dense black columns, dotted with flames. The roof fell in, throwing up a shower of sparks, and the walls collapsed like paper. "There is property the mortgage does not hold!" said Mr. Moran, grimly.

"The loss falls on me this time," replied Miller. "Queer, when a poor devil gets to going down, how everybody and everything will give him a kick. It is dangerous to deal with me. If anyone rents me a farm, they take a big risk on it. His misfortunes appeared in a comical light to him, and he boasted of them as though he was the especial target of fate."

"It is dreadful to see the old home destroyed," said Mrs. Moran, "but after all I believe I can part with it thus in ashes with less regret."

(To be Continued.)

Professor Buchner, of Darmstadt, Germany has just issued an interesting volume on longevity. His investigations point to the conclusion that women live longer than men.

Colorado appears to show a surplus of commemorative holidays. Among the anniversaries celebrated in the State are Watermelon Day, Peach Day, Potato Day and Grange and Cherry Day.

It is estimated that those Italians who have sought homes in the two Americas send back to their poor relatives no less than twenty millions of dollars every year.

## THE ATOM.

The Part It Plays in the  
Universe.

The Origin of Life Is in the  
Atom.

The ancients believed that the atom possessed life, and the modern scientist holds that intelligence of a certain limited nature, dwells in the atom; but it was left for the immortal Denton to indicate, though indirectly, the true philosophy of the phenomena and origin of life. Darwin, Wallace and Spencer have given us the generally accepted doctrines of evolution, but the reasoning is purely in the materialistic field, referring all things to a vital principle pervading all matter, of which the essential nature is development into an organizing cosmic force, out of inorganic materials; that matter, through laws of combinations and numbers, or by some means, became generative of life, intelligence, force and sensation.

During the last quarter of a century psychological research has advanced in parallel lines with scientific, developing conclusions among our savans which are fast leading popular thought into the spiritual as the field of causation. At this point, intuition steps forward intimating that sensation is a universal attribute; that as humanity derives consciousness from the soul, so does the analogy extend throughout the universe, and thus it dawns upon us that in admitting that the atom possesses these attributes, we see that they are expressions of the soul of the atom.

Everything in the material has its counterpart in the spiritual, and these two forms are expressions of the souls of things; that is, the soul expresses itself in a spiritual body and a material body. The atom possesses a soul, and for every atom in matter, there is a spiritual form of that atom.

All material things have life; there is nothing inert; there is no dead matter; the atom at the center of the earth has weight, form, attraction, repulsion or other attribute of force or life. Life does not spring from the material form of the atom, but its soul has breathed life into its spiritual and material forms, and endowed them with intelligence.

Atoms are classified; each knows its own class unerringly, and as in botany and zoology, the classification is into groups and genera, so is the classification of the atoms perfect.

There is no evolution from the mineral into the vegetable or animal, though the spirit of a plant may select a mineral atom to be incorporated into its organism; but it is still a mineral atom, and upon the disintegration of the plant will return to the mineral realm.

The first expression of atoms in the earth was in the mineral kingdom; their functions were to assist in preparing the planet to receive the physical forms of the vegetable atoms; the atoms in the mineral kingdom uniting and co-operating with those of the vegetable kingdom, prepared the earth to receive the atoms of the animal kingdom. The atoms of the vegetable and animal kingdoms were in existence, but not attracted to the earth until it was ready to receive them.

Life is in the mineral as certainly as it is in the vegetable and animal; the microscope or telescope will show us nothing that does not contain life, and the origin of physical life is in the material form of the atom.

While there is no evolution in the scientific sense; that is, the evolution of the vegetable from the mineral, or the animal from the vegetable, or one species of the vegetable or animal from another species, there is an evolution of each class under its own distinct laws.

We will illustrate from the vegetable kingdom. An annual in the garden has matured; it is disintegrated and no part of it is longer visible, but its spiritual form exists and can be seen by the clairvoyant under suitable conditions, and may be attracted by the love and admiration of human spirits, and remain in their presence indefinitely for their entertainment and enjoyment. Now, everything is progressive, and the soul of that plant will seek a higher attainment, which can only be acquired by life in the material world. It must have a new physical form. The atoms composing the old plant have fallen away into other conditions. The warmth of summer is again conducive of plant life. The spirit is attracted to and animates the germ in the seed, and proceeds to construct a new physical form by attracting those atoms which belong to the different parts of such a plant, and a new body is developed, exactly like the former physical body, and is the instrument and agent employed by the soul of that plant to reproduce itself in the material, and its growth is under its supervision. This re-embodiment is the same as to order, genus, etc., as the former body, except in one particular, and that is, it is an improvement upon the former body; the earth is developing better conditions of soil, climate, etc., therefore, the environments of the plant are better and the new embodiment is superior.

This plant has been re-embodied annually, possibly for ages; its advancement has been co-equal with the development of the earth—at first a crude and unsightly plant; now the admiration of every beholder.

The atom is not an organizer nor an organized entity like the microbe or germ; the soul of the plant is the organizer. The plant selects, attracts and repels, and the atom responds.

In the last analysis we find the atom, from which all material things are constructed and organized; it cannot grow or develop, or die. There is nothing back of the atom for it to draw from, but all organized constitutions draw from it.

The atoms of which the universe is constructed are numbered. There have never been more nor less than at present, and they are all on the pay roll of the great Center Soul of the universe.

The origin of life is in the soul of the atom and evolution is through the re-embodiment of organized entities.

CHAS. HOOVER WRIGHT.

The population of Guatemala, which on January 1, 1881, was of 1,226,602 inhabitants, had increased to 1,471,025 on the same date in 1891, according to the last official census.

In France fortunes are counted not in dollars but in francs, and the French have invented a new word to describe men like the late Mr. Astor, whom they call not a millionaire but a milliardaire.

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