

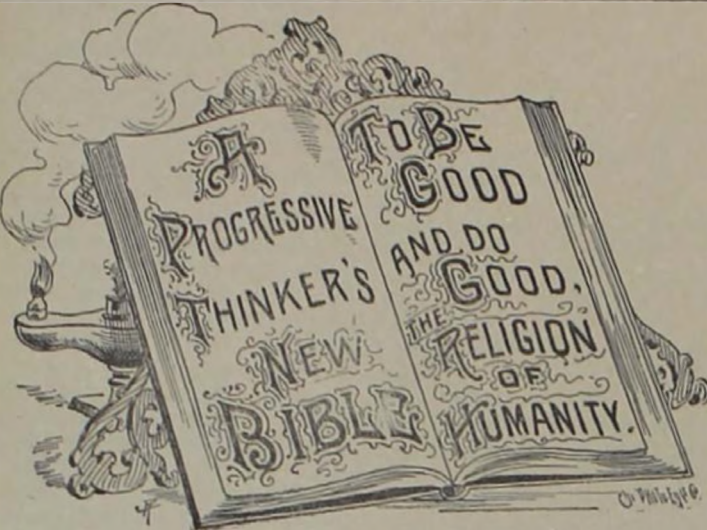
The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

A DIVINE LOVE.

It is Cherished by an Ill-Used Son.

CHAPTER IX.

TO THE EDITOR:—There is an exalted love, that, like the flower in full bloom, sheds its fragrance for all, and which survives all the vicissitudes of life. A love that is not resentful, that cherishes nothing but kind thoughts under cruel treatment, may be considered divine. It is a kind of love that all should cultivate, and which in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, is God-like. Spiritualists generally should be more familiar with it. A love that is truly divine is illustrated below.

"You've heard me, and now you can act according to your own liking. You've got to give up that girl or give up your home, for no boy of mine who so far forgets his name and family honor as to make such an alliance can ever remain a son of mine."

"Then I give up my home, father, for I will never be so base as to forsake the girl I love without a just and reasonable cause. I would like to please you, and you know that I always have strived to do so, but in this instance I cannot. Jane Morton is a pure, noble girl, and even you cannot say a word against her. She is poor, it is true, but that is no crime, and I love her."

"Then go. To me you are no longer a son. If you choose to disregard my wishes, go!"

"Very well, father, I will go, and should you ever come to look at this matter in its true light you will see that I am not to blame. And some day you will see it right. Some day you will know that Jane Morton is all that I tell you she is, and that Florence Flaven is not the mild, sweet creature you think her to be. Some day you will understand these things, but too late, perhaps, to do any good."

"Go, I say. Don't stop to reason with me. You have already disgraced your name, and from this on you are nothing to me."

"Good-bye, father; you have driven me out, but you have not killed my love and veneration for you. I will think of you often, not as you are to-day, but as you used to be when we were all so happy. Good-bye."

And the proud, noble son of Ralph Courtney went out from the old home, out from the presence of his angry father, out into the world to begin the great battle of life on his own responsibility. Perhaps it was an unwise thing to do, but thousands of others have done the same thing, and Lancelotti Courtney did not stop to reason out the future results of his actions, but proceeded at once to the home of the Mortons and implored Jane to consent to an immediate union. At first she was averse to the proposition, believing it to be best to wait, and hoping that time might soften the heart of Lancelotti's father so that at last they could marry with his consent and blessing. But when she knew that the old gentleman had denounced her and called her hard and undeserved names, her womanly pride got the better of her judgment and she consented to Lancelotti's proposition, and in less than two hours from the time our story opens she was Lancelotti Courtney's wife.

All night the elder Courtney fumed and stormed. He was mad that a son of his should fall in love with the daughter of a man who was guilty of the heinous crime of being poor. He was doubly mad that that same son should have the audacity to disregard his wishes in the matter. That Lancelotti would come back on the morrow and beg forgiveness he never doubted. But when the morrow came and Lancelotti came not, the father's ire began to cool and anxiety took its place. He had not intended to drive his son away, but only hoped to teach him a lesson and frighten him into obedience.

But Lancelotti was gone. The next morning after his marriage he and his bride took the early train for the west. With but little of the world's goods they had gone forth in hand to labor for love's sake. The contest was bitter, and often, very often uneven. Sometimes hope sank down below the horizon of their lives, and for days the sunlight of happiness was obscured by the dark clouds of doubt and uncertainty. But for years the bitter struggle was kept

up. Lancelotti had studied law, and though bright and quick, somehow it seemed that people were slow to recognize his merits, and for a long time his shingle hung, an idle plaything to the winds, and the name on it became weather-beaten and dingy. Now and then he got a small fee, it is true, but they were so few and so meager that very often the door of hunger lingered close about the door of his home.

Two little ones to share in the misery and suffering of the parents had been born to them, and sometimes when Lancelotti came home from his dingy little office to meet the pinched face of his faithful wife his heart sank down, and he sat listlessly with his head resting in his hands. On such occasions the true and faithful Jane threw aside her own great burden of care and devoted herself to an effort to revive the drooping spirits of her husband. She often blamed herself for their suffering, and made herself believe that she was guilty of some great wrong in permitting Lancelotti to tie himself down to a life of drudgery and poverty for love's sake.

They heard and knew of all that was going on under the roof of Lancelotti's old home; knew that Lancelotti's father had renounced him forever and given orders that Lancelotti's name should never more be mentioned in his presence. They knew, too, that Ralph Courtney had given everything, his home and his land, to his niece, Florence Flaven. But they did not complain, only sometimes there would come up in their hearts a feeling of bitterness.

Six long years had passed slowly along, and the fight for bread was as hard as ever. Sometimes Lancelotti almost made up his mind to write to his father and ask for assistance; then his self-pride would rise up and assert itself and he would hate himself for his weakness. Day after day the lines of care grew deeper on his brow and a shadow of sorrow began to spread over his features.

"Fate seems to be against us," he said one day when his purse was empty and the larder nearly so. "For years we have kept up the struggle and we are no nearer the end now than in the beginning. I am losing courage and dare not expect anything for the better."

"Lancelotti, what do you mean?" his patient wife said. "It is true our lives have been overshadowed, but the sun will shine again. We have to struggle and toil, it is true, and our living is meager and sometimes the future looks black as night, but we have a great deal to make us feel rich and contented; we have health and two precious jewels to live for, and besides we have each other."

"Yes, I know," Lancelotti replied; "we have much to be thankful for. But there is so much we don't have—so much that others have—people no more deserving than ourselves. It seems hard that we must toil and strive year in and year out and never be able to get out of poverty's clutches."

"Others have riches and comforts that we don't have, Lancelotti, but little do we know what other causes for misery they may possess. All is not gold that glitters, and neither are all wealthy people truly rich. So long as I have your love I am rich and willing to work and suffer inconveniences."

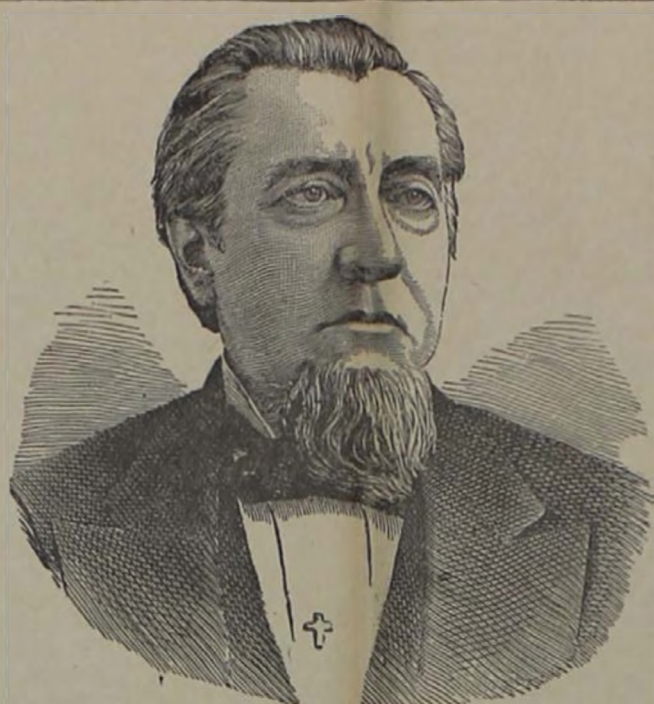
"That is it," Lancelotti said. "That is why I want to be successful. It is for your sake. You give up everything, suffer everything for me, and you deserve better. You are too good, too true and too noble to suffer privations. For myself I shouldn't mind. But it is you and these treasures."

"Keep up courage, Lancelotti. There never was a night so long but what light came at last. Our fight may be nearly over, and soon we may gain the victory."

The next day, as Lancelotti sat in his office musing over the words his wife had spoken, and getting as much consolation as possible from them, an old man entered and, tottering to a seat, rested for a few moments with his head buried in his hands, and Lancelotti, who had watched him intently, saw when he raised his face that tears had been falling from his eyes.

"I have come," he said, "to get you to help my son out of the clutches of the law. He has been arrested and charged with murder, but he is innocent. He is a noble boy, and God knows he would never, never commit such a deed, but the evidence is against him, and I am poor and the lawyers will not help him."

Satisfying himself of the innocence of the old man's son, Lancelotti entered into the case with his whole soul. He expected as great as that of life itself, for in its



HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

A CRITICAL REVIEW Of Orthodoxy, Materialism and Spiritualism.

A Lecture Delivered by
HON. A. B. RICHMOND,
At Lily Dale, N. Y.

Standing as we do, on the "narrow isthmus of life," between two boundless seas, the unknown behind us, and the undiscovered before us—between the eternity past and the eternity to come—it is no wonder that the inquiry whence and whither? absorbs so much of our thought and serious reflection. No thinking mind can be indifferent to the ultimate destiny of our race on this earth, and the probabilities or possibilities of its fate hereafter. We know that the grave is the end of all human projects and ambitions in the weary journey of this life; and naturally and earnestly do we desire to know something of the future. With Spiritualists it is a question of fact, not faith. A problem to be determined and answered by evidence alone; and the first inquiry is: "Is there a thinking, reasoning, personal ego that is not an emanation from matter, or a combination thereof? The second is: Is that ego immortal; does it live, and preserve its personal identity beyond the grave?"

Huxley, the great scientific materialist, says: "In the interest of scientific clearness I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean all the while that my organism has certain mental functions which are dependent on its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all I mean is that the influence of my doings and sayings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds."

What a glorious belief is this! With what noble ambitions should it inspire the human soul. Why, the thistle and weeds by the wayside, if they were sentient and had the power of speech, might think and say the same. We live, say they, to scatter our seeds, only that in the future they may take root and grow—in their turn scattering their seeds, a perpetual curse to the husbandman.

This is the immortality of the materialists. They assert that we live because once upon a time the sixteen elements combined in our organism by an accidental aggregation formed the human body; and then, although these elements in themselves had no intelligence, yet by their combination they produced thought and reason, and begot a human soul, which in turn begot others, and thus was man veritably formed of the dust of the earth; and his mind is but the product of mud. If science has been asserted this fact it would have been much better for man had science never been born, and that our race had remained ignorant of its ignoble parentage.

But the absurdity of this proposition of Huxley is so apparent that one wonders that it could ever have been uttered by a sane mind. Observe: The sexes in animal life are necessary to reproduction, and after Huxley's combination of matter had produced an Adam, how did an accidental conglomeration of the same elements at or about the same time make an Eve? or how long did Adam live a bachelor before accident constructed his wife? If the same cause was at work among atoms of matter at the same time, why was not either man or woman the sole product of their insensible ingenuity? Observe: according to Huxley, there was no designer, no creative power but chemical affinity, no design but accident, and yet out of the same elements there were accidentally created two beings of different form and construction, both being absolutely necessary to the phenomena of reproduction. When and how came the differentiation of the sexes which exists not only in the fauna but the flora of earth-life? The mystery of the sexes is as great as that of life itself, for in its

hidden depths are the secrets of generation and the production, not only of living organisms from inanimate matter; but also the law that transmits the mental and physical characteristics of the parents to their children, to such an extent that the father's eating sour grapes shall set the children's teeth on edge. Verily, nature herself never gathers grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles, and to say that this universal law could possibly come from accidental groupings of a few atoms of matter is scientific insanity, and we may well exclaim, in the language of Festus to Paul: "Huxley, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." It is true that Huxley does not assert that a combination of elementary matter constructed man as he now exists. Yet is his theory still more absurd. He contends that an accidental grouping of ultimate atoms of inert, senseless matter, first begot life in primordial cells and protoplasm. That this form of early life begot laws of selection that controlled it, until under the law of evolution the sexes were developed, and that both the animal and vegetable kingdoms were governed by its decrees. That is, the being created its creator, the design its designer, and accidentally the innate potentiality of matter constructed two distinct forms of animal life, by means of which alone another life could be begotten, and thus was the earth peopled with living beings.

Buchner, another materialistic scientist, positively asserts that "Matter is the origin of all that exists; all natural and mental forces were in it," while Carl Vogt, another of this school, yet more absurdly says that "the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile." Now it is a physiological fact that while the liver secretes bile, yet it does not create it, but only secretes the ingredients of which it is made. The chemical elements of bile existed in nature long before the organ was created; and so did thought, long before it was manifested by and through the nervous organization of the brain. For the brain itself must have been the result of design, which presupposes the existence of a designer—which in its turn presupposes the existence of an infinite mind; the God of the universe.

We deprecate the bigotry of theological creeds, yet is science often more bigoted in its assertions; more dogmatic in its claims; and more arrogant in its demands. All scientific demonstrations are predicated of facts. All facts are made evident to us through our senses; and true science but seeks to know the laws that govern them. Millions of facts that are the subject of scientific investigation are as well known to the farmer and laborer as to the savant, and they are as competent to testify to them. The husbandman knows that the planted seed is the parent of the ripened grain, and what more does the scientist know than this? The chemist may talk learnedly of carbon, oxygen and nitrogen, the chemical elements that enter into the composition of the seed, but what does he know of the mysterious law of reproduction that begets vegetable life? The botanist may with seeming erudition talk of calyx and corolla, of pistil and pericarp, of radix and receptacle, but what does he know of the inner mysteries of plant life more than the plowman and gardener? What does science know of the secret effects of the pollen of one plant falling upon another, or why the flowers kiss each other's painted lips in a conjugal embrace? Who can tell why the tassel of the corn bows in loving recognition of the silken ear below, and why the dust of its love fructifies the growing grain?

Is it possible that all the laws that cause and control the infinite variety of physical phenomena are innate in matter, and that in the universe there is naught but it and its potentialities? That being senseless matter can beget thought, and reason being dumb, it can evolve the music of song or the glowing powers of oratory; having no consciousness it is the projector of conscience; having no perception, it demonstrates the problems of Euclid; and although emotionless, it is the parent of all the loves and friendships that cluster

around home and firesides. Then, too, in the last drama of life, by the side of the grave, matter weeps in sorrow that dust is returned to its kindred dust, and that the sentient ego of the living man is annihilated, and the soul dissipated like the baseless fabric of a vision.

This is an epitome of the horrible belief of the materialist. To him there is nothing in this life but death, and nothing beyond but utter annihilation, and on this earth man, objectless and without design, has lived and labored and loved in vain. This is the doctrine enunciated and endorsed by the Seybert commissioners in their report and sent broadcast over the land on its mission of evil and falsehood. And yet approved and applauded by the orthodox clergy of the land because it denies the phenomena of Spiritualism, while it ignores the facts of Bible history, and the most prominent incidents in the life of the wonderful Nazarene.

Materialists admit one fact that is sufficient to confute all their theories. That is that science is unable to bridge the chasm, not only between mind and matter, but that also between life itself and the lifeless atom. The great scientist, John Tyndall, in his Belfast address said: "Matter contains within itself the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," and yet before he concluded he also said: "You cannot satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of the human mind. This is the rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

And this being true and evident, as he asserts, as well might the mechanic say of two chains of different form, construction and material, these are but one chain, although there is no visible link that binds them together. Science has discovered and named seventy-four elements in the great laboratory of nature, and of these but fourteen or sixteen enter into the composition of the animal body. These can be separated from their companions, named and weighed by the analytical expert. But when so separated what scientist can again unite them so as to produce a living form? and much less can they be so recombined as to evolve thought, memory, love and reason. And why not, oh! vain and boastful man? If you know that mind is a potentiality of matter, here are the ingredients that enter into the composition of the physical body of the lowly worm: Now combine them together in such a manner as to produce the lowest order of vermiciform vitality. And if you can not do this how dare you assert that the human mind and intellect are but products of an aggregation of elements that defy your skill and learning even to vivify into a semblance of life. Your combination of matter cannot even form a leaf or a blade of grass without being directed by an unseen and unknown intelligent force that directs and governs the motions of the planets as well as the protoplasm; or in the language of an inspired poet, by

"An eternal self-existent soul,
From whom life's pulses take their start,
A great and undivided whole,
Of whom each creature forms a part.
God of the granite and the rose;
Soul of the sparrow and the bee;
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee;
It leaps in life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant towers,
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

In speaking of the materialistic theory that all forms of vegetable and animal life are the result of the accidental groupings and affinities of atoms, Prof. William Denton well says: "I could as soon believe that a boulder rolling down a mountain stream could be fashioned into a perfect bust of Daniel Webster, as that natural selection could transform a gelatinous dot into intelligent man." If it is evident to even the feeblest intellect that the marble statue could not be the result of accident, scientific learning but displays its imbecility when it asserts that the sculptor himself was thus formed and created. Living as we do in a world governed by law, how can we doubt the presence somewhere in the universe of a law-giver whose mandates govern all things. Materialists admit that matter is eternal; that it never could have been created of nothing, and yet they assert that law (that sublimation of intellect and reason) originated from nothing but an innate potentiality. If it existed in matter, what power or force could develop it, and put it in action, except the infinite power of whom all natural laws are but obedient servants. Verily it is true that it is "the fool alone that hath said in his heart, there is no God."

All the matter of the world was once but nebula as formless as the mist that arises from a summer sea, and must have been controlled by law, and not by a simple undeveloped potentiality. What moved the first pair of atoms toward each other, in the embryonic formation of physical organism, but a force outside of them? and what directed that force but law, and from whence came that law but from a source that had the power to enact it? "Law," says Blackstone, "is a rule of action prescribed by a superior power, which the inferior is bound to obey." If this self-evident axiomatic definition is true, then the mandates of the law must precede all action or motion that it commands to be executed. The logic of the senses proves that there must be function before organ, force before function, power before force, ideas before power, and immutable law before ideas. Theodore Parker, in speaking before a Boston audience, said: "The whole universe of matter is a great mundane psalm to celebrate the

reign of power, law and mind. Fly through the solar system from remotest Neptune to the sun, study each planet, it is the same. Ask every little orange leaf, ask the aphides that feed thereon, ask the insect corpses lying by millions in the dead ashes of the farmer's peat fires, the remains of mollusks that gave up the ghost millions of years before man trod the globe, they all with united voice answer still the same—power, law, mind. In all the space, from Neptune to the sun, in all time, from the allicious shell to the orange leaf of to-day, there is no failure of that power, no break of that law, no cessation in its constant mode of operation, no error of that mind whereof all space is here, all time is now. So the world is witness continually to power, to the never-failing law, to mind that is everywhere; and is witness to that ever-present power which men call God. Look up with reverence: look down and trust."

From this rational and philosophic view of creation and creation's God, from its radiant promises of immortality, and glorious prospects of man's future, how painful is it to turn to the infidel assertions of the Seybert commissioners' report scattered like baleful seeds over the beautiful domain of Christian hope and faith. In that immortal report the learned and reverend gentlemen say: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on and our little life is rounded with a sleep." And yet this infidel sentiment was hailed with applause by the orthodox clergy of the land, and its infidel promulgators were praised and prayed for with an unctious modeled after the 109th Psalm, or "Holy Willie's Prayer." And all because this report denied the existence of spirit phenomena as proven by the Bible to have occurred in times past, and by thousands of intelligent witnesses to be a common occurrence of to-day. Utter, dread annihilation is the theory of the materialist, and that life is but a dream that ends with death is the doctrine of the learned Seybert commissioners' report. The Adam Seybert chair of psychology has been established in the University of Pennsylvania, and Prof. G. S. Fullerton, the willing and interested witness against Prof. Zoellner, is the incumbent thereof. One of the text-books he uses in his classes is Fullerton's "Conception of the Infinite," of which he is the author. I have read it with mingled mental pain and patience. And while reading it I could not help but feel alternately like the two ancient philosophers, Democritus and Heraclitus, the former of whom laughed and the latter wept, at the errors and follies of mankind. I am not sure that I fully understand what Prof. Fullerton's conceptions of the infinite are. But I am fully satisfied that they are not immaculate. And therefore that it is not heresy to disbelieve them. The book is small in the number of its pages but gigantic in its metaphysical reasoning and philosophy. That is, metaphysical in the Scotchman's definition of the term, which you have all doubtless heard. Said one Scotchman to another: "Jamie, what do ye mane by metaphysics?" "Dennie, ye ken mon," was the answer, "I'll tell ye. It is when ane mon is spakin', and anither is listenin', and when the mon that's listenin' denie ken what the mon that's spakin' means, and when the mon that's spakin' denie ken what he means himself, that's metaphysics." One thing is certain, however, that its teachings are in direct opposition to the earnest belief of Henry Seybert, whose generous bequest is now appropriated to pay the salary of a man who is an open and avowed enemy of the beautiful religion of Spiritualism, and by one who has endorsed the infidel doctrine enunciated in the report of the Seybert commissioners. If the incumbent of the Adam Seybert chair really believes:

"That we are of such stuff as dreams are made on, and that our little life is rounded with a sleep."

And if he teaches what he believes, then should there be inscribed over the door of his classroom the warning that the poet Dante saw in letters of fire over the gates of hell:

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

I appeal to the sense of justice of my audience. Is it not a burning shame that in this land of boasted freedom of conscience, where it is boastfully said that justice presides over our legal tribunals, and equity wears the judicial ermine, that so great a wrong should be perpetrated as is done in the absolute misappropriation of the noble bequest of the late Henry Seybert. Who does not believe that if the \$60,000, given by him to promote the investigation of spirit phenomena, had been bequeathed to some orthodox church for the purpose of sending Bibles and Bibles and Bibles to the Feejee Islanders, that it would have been faithfully expended. That scores of ships loaded with missionaries and Testaments in the cabins, and ballasted with whiskey and gin in the hold, would have been sent on the wings of the wind, as the bearer of tidings of great joy, to the benighted heathen of the distant islands of the sea. But the time is not distant when bigotry shall no longer rule an enlightened people; when injustice cannot hide itself behind the prominence of wealth or shield of respectability; when it cannot be said of this people that: "Plate sin with gold and the strong lance of justice hurtless falls. Clothe it in rags, and a pigmy straw will pierce it."

But I fear that I have wandered from my subject, yet my unbounded admiration for the Seybert Commissioners will be a sufficient excuse with my audience, when I say that to them and their report I am indebted for my conversion to Spiritualism. To it alone am I

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

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.]

Concluding Paper on the Source of Human Life, and its Continuance After Death.

The most illustrious minds have sought in vain to explain the origin of human life, and now present us with the idea of God as a term for nature, and that all the phenomena we observe are only manifestations of a power that regulates all things by settled and immutable laws. Then man is but an expression of one of her laws, and all we see and hear are no more than an evolution from her uniform operations. There is no room for special creations, no occasion for the interference of a higher power, and no need of a creator of anything outside of the general order of nature. This is modern Pantheism set up in the temple of the living God, to dispute his being and his attributes in the very universe he has created, and by the very creatures he has so marvelously formed and so richly endowed. There is no doubt but that this theory has a fascination for many minds. They have surrounded it with stores of learning, and have ransacked the earth for proofs to establish it. The most stupendous systems of unbelief have taken refuge in its principles, and confessed themselves as opposed to all forms of religion, creeds and organizations.

There is, perhaps, no form of science so utterly destitute of all faith as this one; no class of men who are so far removed from all spiritual impressions. They are not like the skeptic who thinks he can reason out a theory of materialism without any reference to the evident marks of design in the universe, for they dwell upon the works of nature, and explore and investigate them with the most profound learning and patient industry, and have revealed an amount of knowledge to mankind that distinguishes the age as one of the most advanced in its attainments of all that has gone before. But with all this knowledge they have lost the greatest of all learning, the noblest of all truths, and have left nothing in its place but the dry leaves of an autumnal science, that covers the ground with the foliage of the dying season, without a ray of hope from the heavens above, or a solitary star to shine upon their path, pointing out the abode of the soul when death comes to claim its prey. There is, perhaps, no form of belief that so exalts the spirit as its immortality, and nothing can give greater assurance of its divine origin. But the spirit is not permitted to give her voice to the Pantheist, nor to ask him to listen to her accounts. She is ignored, and under the metamorphose of psychology she disappears in a new dress, and is treated as if changing her name changed her nature and her life. There is no room here for her wings to spread in the ethereal air; no vital power outside of the undesigning influence of evolution, or the changing agitation of the nervous systems.

When we think of all these theories of human life we are lost in amazement at the ingenuity of mankind in escaping the truth. There is no doctrine but has been examined again and again, and no branch of knowledge but what has been ransacked over and over to find some proof of man's origin in some way except from God on high; he who has made all things, and who is visible in the light that shines, and in the glorious universe that it reveals, is not thought of in this connection, and hence men stumble and weary themselves in tracing analogies and resemblances, and connecting links and transmuted evidences in order to account for our origin from other forms than the hand of the Creator, and instead of having been formed by him upon the model of his own image, we are supposed to be a modification of other forms that have, through innumerable ages, transmitted some little addition of their organism to a succeeding generation, which, in its turn, has improved upon it, and so on until an eye was formed, because it was needed, and then a finger grew out of the body of some creature to seize its prey; a hand came from the finger, and an arm grew out of the body to match it. Intelligence was finally generated by the need and wants of these beings; a vertebral column came because it was necessary to support a brain; a desire for locomotion forced the feet out of the legs; a wish for a better form produced a man; and the need of a woman was so strong that she sprang from something perhaps like the fabled Diana, who came from her father's head. And so all this prodigious exploiting has been undertaken to show that we came into life and form without any aid from any source than the gradual progression inherited from one race to another through countless ages of natural selection until we were modified into an accumulation of heterogeneous parts, which we call man.

When the time came for the appearance of man the earth was in a different condition from its present one, but was not in a condition to sustain human life on any scale except

of the brutes. Animal life had existed in many forms, and whole races had come and gone, leaving their bones in the strata of the earth to tell their history, and other races, of which several are still extant, had taken their places; but no form had been able to control all others, and make them subservient to its service.

The moment man appeared was the grand epoch in earth's history. He came like its lord to claim his own, and to take possession of his inheritance. There were none to dispute his title, for he came from the hand that made both earth and sky, and had, therefore, a right to put him in command over every creature upon its face. He was created in the image of his maker, and had from him his title deeds and possession. He held the land and the water, and might claim whatever was beneath the water, or hidden in the bosom of the earth. There were only a few animals that equaled him in strength, and none in knowledge and intelligence. He was the lord and master, and held sovereign sway over all living things. When he looked upon the earth it was in its primeval beauty. The forests stretched as far as the eye could reach, and the mountains held up their heads towards the heavens from whence he came, and to which he would return. There was no peace in the elements; the storms were frequent and furious, and called for shelter and protection. The first habitations were simple but strong, and many preferred the caverns, where nature had built her retreat in the bowels of the earth. But whatever were the conditions of life, there is no doubt but man was left to work out his destiny, that he might grow strong and wise by experience.

When the moment came for life it was not an act of any element or power in nature. The living principle does not reside in matter. The trees and plants grow and decay; the rocks become solid and disintegrate; the clouds deluge the earth, and seas, rivers and lakes receive their floods, but they are only the lifeless symbols of a great power that has established the qualities in them that bring forth these phenomena; but each in its place, and appointed way, act without the principle which we call life. That is a gift which is beyond and above any mass, however great, or any molecule, however small. No element has ever produced it. Magnetism, electricity and all the force of gravitation, attractions or repulsion, have no known form of action that can generate life. There is no form of action in any substance that can yield this divine principle. It is the vital spark that comes from no combination of molecules, nor does it grow out of conditions, however favorable. It takes a power of wisdom, energy and transcendent design to give life to any form. The artist can model a statue of surpassing beauty, but it is beyond all earthly skill to imbue it with life. Let us recognize this truth—that it is an act of creation, and that the creator is God, and we will save ourselves a world of trouble, and at the same time announce the sublime truth of our own origin.

Having thus evolved human life from a source that was adequate, and from a being of infinite goodness and power, we need not fear but that he has made ample provision for its preservation and happiness.

In the long series of ages that are past, and in the endless ones that are to come in the future, we may be sure that while the body shall perish, the soul shall mount to higher planes of living and to nobler destinies in that grander life that awaits the just, the good and the true.

Still Favoring His Wayward Sons.

Human nature, even in the family of a Methodist clergyman, is often very much depraved. A case in point is related at Detroit, Mich. A demure little lady of pleasing address called at the Central police station one day lately with her daughter to see her brothers, Charles H. and James R. Shaw, who are looked up as swindlers. She said she lived in Chicago, but did not like to give her name. A sad scene was enacted as the brothers and sisters met. As the little woman was bidding them a parting adieu she sobbed as though her heart would break, and even the big, strong turnkey, who has witnessed many a pitiful scene, turned aside, his eyes moistened with sympathy. The lady said that she and her brothers are the children of an eminent Canadian Methodist clergyman. Her brother Charles was a wild, roving fellow, but brilliant, who graduated in theology and actually preached in a flourishing church in Michigan. For five years he preached the gospel and was a fine orator. At the end of that time, she asserts, he was a bigger sinner than any one of his congregation. He left the church to satisfy his wicked cravings. The other brother, "Jim" as the sister called him, was also a bright, shrewd youth and a graduate from college, a pharmacist. His father installed him in the drug business in the city of their home. He, too, grew wild, and, joining forces with Charles, the brothers started out to battle against an honest living. She claims that this isn't the first time her brothers have been in "trouble," and that their forgiving father has invariably come to their rescue. This time, she says, is no exception, as the old gentleman is here and will do his utmost to aid his wayward sons. Thus it is that human love never becomes weary in trying to save wayward children.

Brother Jonathan insists that "there is something in the air," which he expects THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man to utilize for his Fall and Winter Campaign. He is of the opinion, too, that those who don't read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will necessarily take a back seat.

"What Would Follow the Effacement of Christianity?" By George Jacob Holyoake. This is a most valuable contribution to Free-thought literature. Bound in paper with good likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office,

THE CHOLERA PEST HERE. The Wise Sages of Spirit-Life.

TO THE EDITOR:—The cholera has come, and why? It is the legitimate result of the universal corruption among mankind. If what is expended by corrupt politicians, dishonest aldermen and government officials could be used for cleaning cities and educating the great masses of the people, there would be no cholera. New York's city government is rotten to the core; Chicago is not quite so bad, but is bad enough. Dishonesty and fraud can be seen at every corner. No infallible remedy for the cholera will be presented by the wise sages of spirit while the cause thereof is in the corruption of the people themselves. Spiritualists will, as a rule, be more apt to escape the dread disease, because they are not a part of the general rottenness that exists in the world; they are in every way in advance of the greedy masses who are constantly seeking for office and gain. The following, as gleaned by a reporter of the *Tribune*, shows the nature of the dreadful germ, which owes its origin to the corruption and filth of the Old World, and which finds a *nidus* here in which to grow:

"If you expect me to make it plain to you what the cholera microbe is," said Dr. W. T. Belfield, the microscopist and bacteriologist, "you will have to submit first to a brief lecture on bacteriology. To begin, plants are divided into two classes, according as they live on the inorganic or the organic compounds of carbon. Those plants that can digest and assimilate only the organic com-



COMMA BACILLUS IN MUCUS.

pounds, such as the sugar and albumen of other plants and of animals, are called fungi. Fungi are subdivided according as they live on the tissues of dead plants and animals or live plants and animals, into saphrophytes and parasites respectively. Considered in reference to their methods of reproduction, fungi are subdivided into molds, or flowering fungi; yeasts, or budding fungi; and bacteria, or dividing fungi.

"Can you enlarge a little on bacteria?"

"Bacteria are subdivided, with reference to their form, into three classes. First, we have the micrococci, from the Latin micrococcus, meaning a small berry, which are globular bacteria. Secondly, we have the bacilli, from the Latin bacillus, meaning a little rod, which are the rod-shaped bacteria. Thirdly, we have the spirilla, from the Latin spirillum, meaning a spiral, which are the spiral-shaped bacteria. In all three of these classes together there have been over 200 species of bacteria identified and studied. They consist of a membranous wall of plant cellulose, filled with protoplasm. In these elementary organisms the distinction between animals and vegetables is vague; and bacteria breathe and eat, after a fashion; digest, secrete and excrete, and in some cases have the power of locomotion. Some of them have little hair-like appendages at their ends or sides, which are in constant motion, and propel them as oars propel a boat. They seem to pervade universal nature, and are found in the upper layers of the soil, in surface waters, in all sorts of dust, and in the air. The mouth, nose, throat and intestines of human beings are their stamping ground, though they do not flourish in the stomach on account of its acidity. Most of them are harmless, but there are about thirty species of them that, being parasites, feed on the living tissues and produce disease. Among the diseases for which separate species of bacteria have been identified as the causes are tuberculosis, leprosy, glanders, diphtheria, typhoid fever, malaria, tetanus and pneumonia."

"What is their method of reproduction?"

"They simply elongate themselves and then part in the middle."

"So that the cholera microbe is what?"

"Well, it is a plant, it is a fungus, it is a bacterium, and it is a parasitic and pathogenic, or disease-producing bacterium. But this does not fully identify it yet. We are indebted for our knowledge of this troublesome parasite to the celebrated Dr. Koch, who was sent by the German Government at the head of an expedition to India for the study of Asiatic cholera in 1883. After a series of brilliant researches and experiments he demonstrated that the disease was produced by a bacterium, which he called the comma bacillus, Asiatic cholera, though he afterwards classified it as a spirillum. This bacterium is sometimes seen in a rod-like form, with a tuft of the hairy projections, called flagellae, at each end. But it is curved like a comma, or semicircle, and is generally connected together, sometimes in the shape of the letter S or of a spiral. Its size is given as one-half that of the tubercle bacillus, and its thickness as one micromillimeter."

"How was this spirillum shown to be the cause of cholera?"

"Not without a great deal of patient effort, I assure you. The dead bodies first examined were found to be full of all sorts of bacteria. But after numerous experiments, it was found that most of them were produced after death, and little by little it was demonstrated that this particular spirillum was the only bacterium that kept close and invariable company with cholera. Even then several theories would account for its presence. It might be the cause of cholera, or the cholera might be

the cause of it, or something else might be the cause of both of them. But by constant experimentation it was proved beyond a doubt that the first of these theories was true. Finally two other bacteria were discovered in other connections, which were at first taken for the cholera spirillum, and seemed to overturn all the conclusions reached. But in a short time they were investigated, and shown to be as different from the cholera spirillum as a dog is from a tiger. It is, therefore, no longer a theory, but a demonstrated fact, that Asiatic cholera is produced by this particular bacterium."

"And what produces this bacterium?"

"It has been shown that a bacterium is never produced by anything but a similar bacterium. It cannot even be produced by a different bacterium. The cholera spirilla, therefore, are produced by other cholera spirilla, and that is all we can say about it. Koch considers it as settled though that these spirilla are originally produced in one spot, and that is the deltas of the Ganges. That is the only place on earth where cholera is perpetual."

"How does the spirilla produce cholera?"

"By their secretions and excretions which are deadly poison. You might think that very hard to prove; but we can put the spirilla in bouillon until they secrete and excrete, then take them out, and the bouillon will produce cholera; so that is a very simple matter after all."

"Has the cholera spirillum been photographed?"

"Yes, but the picture is very unsatisfactory. It simply looks like a lot of commas. I have some fine mounted specimens, which, when seen through the microscope, are much more interesting and instructive."

An infallible remedy will be found for the cholera when the world rises out of the general rottenness that exists in politics, in the national and city governments, and even in religion itself. The large cities are, in many respects, a festering ulcer, and only the cholera can awaken the people to a sense of their duty. It is not a visitation of God; it is the filth of the world rising as a grim spectre to confront those who produced it.

C. CEPHAS.

Notes from W. H. Bach.

TO THE EDITOR:—We have completed the camp-meeting season, and have again started out to carry on the work of progression. We left Clinton August 30th, and proceeded to Lima, Iowa, to find on our arrival that the telegram announcing our arrival had failed to make proper connections, and were obliged to go on to West Union, where we stayed all night, and returned to Lima in the morning. A beautiful trip of a mile and a half up the valley of the Volga river brought us to the home of our Brother and Sister Hutchison, where we enjoyed a true Scotch hospitality. Their home is in a valley, surrounded on all sides by almost perpendicular bluffs, with a creek winding in and out of the trees a short way from the front of the house, while living springs send forth a bountiful supply of pure, fresh water to their very doors summer and winter. As we cross the threshold we are met with the welcome such as Spiritualists alone can give, and made to feel at home at once.

Friday morning we go to the location of the grove meeting of the two following days, where we find a party of Spiritualists taking the preliminary steps for fitting up our meeting-place under a temple of beautiful spreading trees—nature's temple. Saturday afternoon we devoted to a lecture on the "Practical Side of Spiritualism," and the annual meeting and election of officers. Sunday dawned with an ominous appearance, but the fates were with us, and soon we had a clear sky, and as I took the rostrum preparatory to the morning services fully two hundred people occupied the seats, and many more were scattered around in groups, and seated in wagons and carriages. At the afternoon meeting this number was swelled to still larger proportions, and the most intense interest was shown by the attention that was given to the lectures of the day. This society was organized in 1868, and has been kept in active operation ever since. Sunday evening I gave a mesmeric seance, where a gentleman who had never been under spirit control before was, after being fully placed in mesmeric sleep, at my request controlled by a spirit, who informed us that he was the father-in-law of the newly developed medium. This society could, with ease, give some very good advice to some of our larger societies in regard to harmonious action. During all the preparations there was not one word or action that was inharmonious, all working for the very best that could be had.

Having completed our work there, and enjoyed a fine visit with Mr. Wilder on his fruit farm, one mile from Randall, we moved on to Marshalltown, where we were right royally received by our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cowan. A new society has lately been organized for the purpose of carrying on the work in a public way, of which Mr. Cowan is President. Four of the most active workers have taken a lease of a church with a seating capacity of about three hundred, supplied with a pipe-organ, and guaranteed the rent for one year. Sunday, the 11th, we held two very pleasant meetings with good attendance. During the present week the church is being overhauled, newly papered and painted, and will be dedicated to the Spiritual movement next Sunday.

We will remain here the rest of this month, and probably one or two Sundays of next month. Will accept a few calls in this vicinity to hold meetings and develop mediums by the aid of mesmerism. My permanent address is St. Paul, Minn. W. H. BACH.

"Gleanings from the Rostrum," by A. B. French, is a most excellent work. It is full of gems of thought, and should be read by everyone. Price one dollar. For sale at this office.

The Liberal (Mo.) Camp.

The third week of the meeting has passed and the fourth begun. The last two weeks have been full of good things. Dr. J. R. Buchanan stayed over through the second week, and taught a class in psychometry, besides lecturing once, and giving several splendid talks in the conference meeting.

Mrs. Anna Orvis left at the end of the second week, having lectured and sung her way into the hearts of the people. Then came Lyman C. Howe and Mrs. Jennie B. Hagen-Jackson. Brother Howe stayed with us a week, lecturing three times. Mrs. Jackson will stay to the end of the meeting. In addition to her usual work of lecturing, she, in company with Mr. Jackson, are this year giving some very fine stereoscopic lectures. The one last Sunday night on the "Spiritualist Camp and Campers" was of especial interest to the people here who have not visited any of the eastern camps.

After the close of this camp-meeting, Mrs. Jackson will go to Kansas City for the month of October, and will probably fill in some of the spare time during the weekdays of the month lecturing in Kansas.

We have had Willard J. Hull for two weeks. I hope no one who has the opportunity to hear him will allow it to pass. He stands out so unlike any other speaker I have heard on the Spiritualist rostrum, that no comparison can be made. He is the forerunner of a new order of speakers. May the number rapidly increase. With a few hundred such speakers turned loose in this country, the ninety thousand clergymen of the orthodox churches would have a sorry time keeping up repairs, for Brother Hull simply knocks things out of joint.

We have been especially favored with mediums. Dr. J. M. Temple and wife, from San Francisco, have been here for three weeks. Dr. Temple is a very fine platform test medium. Then we have had Edgar W. Emerson, at his best, and that means that there are no better.

Mrs. W. L. Thompson, Mrs. Mabel Aber, C. E. Winans and W. W. Aber were all kept busy with materializations, and all gave very fine results. All except Mrs. Thompson gave slate-writings also.

Mr. Aber and Mr. Frank Foster both gave spirit photographs.

The morning conference meetings have developed much interest. There has been perfect harmony in every department of the work, and everyone seems happy.

J. N. BOICOURT.

A New Singing Book.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was greatly interested in the article on "Spiritual Music," by F. D. Jacobs, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of August 13th, because it is true that the Spiritualists certainly do need such a book as he speaks of, and I, for one, have realized the fact, and talked about it considerably for the past five years, and this seems almost an answer to my earnest mental desire. I would suggest that he use not only all the good original words and music obtainable, but glean some of the best songs and hymns from spiritual and other singing books to weave in with them. I think this combination of the old and new would suit the public better, and be more efficient in its influences for good. I am sure if he succeeds in producing such a book as he mentions our Spiritual Society here in Rockland will take five or six copies certain, and my father, who is a director of one of the Maine camp-meeting associations, thinks there is no doubt but what that society will be anxious to supply itself with something new to sing. We will do all we can to help this enterprise along. I will furnish appropriate original songs, music and words complete, or poetry and music separately if he wishes. I will send this poem in answer to his request, which came to me just as I read his article. I think some of Prof. Longley's beautiful songs would be a valuable acquisition. I am glad to see such an interest manifested by the readers of this paper, and I hope all Spiritualists who are interested in music and the advancement of the cause will help by word or deed to materialize this idea, and call on spirits and mortals for aid, for the influence of good music is far-reaching and wonderfully purifying, and ennobling in its effects.

MOVE ON.

Move on up the endless stairway
Of progression's lofty height,
Where the winds of truth are sweeping
Every cloud from error's night;
Upward, onward is the watchword
Blazoned on the sky above—
Nearer to that fount of wisdom,
Nearer to that source of love.
Think not of your mortal weakness,
Lag not by the rugged way,
Lift your soul in strength and gladness,
And the laws of life obey:
Never stop to pine or murmur,
Self forget and look around;
Help some weaker, fainter brother
Tolling over rougher ground.
Struggling ones are in the valley,
Groping 'mid its mists and gloom;
If each one would do his duty,
And move on and give them room,
They would catch the rhythmic measure
Of progression's marching feet,
And forget sin's dreary discord
In love's symphony so sweet.

CHORUS.

Move on gladly, travel higher,
With life's noblest aim in view;
Move on bravely, others follow,
There are hosts ahead of you.
Move on! If you stop or falter
Those behind will faint and fall.
Move on! Angels wait to greet you,
And God watches over all.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.

"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.

Advancing Civilization.

LET THE PEOPLE HASTEN TO SECURE THE CREAM OF EXISTENCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is believed that the time has come to openly protest against those who claim to have a monopoly in what they call God's true religion, on the corrupt basis of opinions and creeds, which has caused so much irreligion and desolation in families, States and Nations, and whose influence is still obstructing the onward wheels of progress. It is evident that the apostolic standard of good fruits and good deeds that Jesus gave to the world as a test of true religion, having been so long ignored by the contending sects, has been a principal cause thus far of preventing the coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Therefore, as apostolic spirit communion is a vital force in Christianity, and as all true religion has its origin in knowledge from the higher spheres, the people, therefore, demand that all this useless contention be laid aside, and religion be made practical and universal, and thus become in touch with the progress of the age. This will enable the churches to flourish by coming back to its original apostolic platform of "I believe in the communion of saints."

If this suggestion is ignored by the leaders who oppose God's way of salvation, they must expect that the mighty power of the holy spirit will sooner or later leave them entirely out in the cold. Wise organizations, whose vision is far reaching, will perceive this danger ahead, and hasten to secure the blessed and glorious results from co-operation with the "great cloud of witnesses" by whom we are all surrounded, to whom every thought is apparent, and every motive revealed. The People's Party are largely Christian Spiritualists, and the People's Church, cordially endorsed by the Angel-world, has come to improve our wretched condition. They will establish a religion made by God in place of the inharmonious work of man. They will establish a natural healing art in place of the contending sects in medicine, and lay the foundation for a good science of society that will make forever memorable the closing years of the century.

It would have been a great calamity not to have taken advantage of the great overflow of the spiritual meetings here during the past year. Crowded audiences through the past summer from the various churches have been asking what they shall do to be saved from fear and doubt about the hereafter.

The growing circulation of the many Spiritual newspapers, and the increasing demand for the book, "There Is No Death," and "The Spirit Message of Bishop Haven to the Churches," also the great number that have been converted from materialism by the tests from Miss Maggie Gaule, and other instruments for uniting the two worlds, together with the great interest manifested in the inspirational lectures of W. J. Colville last year, have caused another organization to be formed to co-operate with and aid the other society in gaining recruits for the great army of progress that will soon control this government. It has been named "Seekers for Spiritual Truth," so that all denominations can be welcomed. They have already more than one hundred members, including a Methodist minister in good standing, who proposes to bring many more to embrace the world's last great religion, that gives a perpetual charm to our life as we journey along in this short primary school of existence. Mr. W. C. Scribner and wife have been inspired to lead in this movement, and he has been unanimously elected President, and Mrs. C. E. Gilbert Vice-President; Secretary, O. W. Humphrey; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Lane; Treasurer, Robert White, Jr.; Trustees, William B. Gibbs, R. H. Steele and Mrs. A. M. Best.

As many others may desire the high honor and great satisfaction of being the founders of similar organizations, we will agree to aid them by sending one hundred copies, at cost, of the appeal from spirit life of Bishop Haven to the churches, not to be paid for until the society is in working order, when they will require a larger supply. This pamphlet of forty pages contains, with much other good reading, the "Declaration of Principles of the Seekers for Spiritual Truth," which is in accord with apostolic teaching, and may answer for all other societies, as well as the people's church.

Now, let those who have so long been earnestly praying for peace on earth become diligent in working for it, and soon all nations will enjoy true religion in place of superstition, arbitration in place of war, and the consequent rapid decline of everything that hinders the elevation of the human race.

S. M. BALDWIN.

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

"Who Is He that Condemneth?"

TO THE EDITOR:—As we are trying to learn each day in some practical way, and deduce from life's realism truth disrobed of hypocrisy, I give the following incident and facts as we add to our lesson: A friend and neighbor of mine, belonging to that branch of Babylon called Methodists, returned THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER which he had been reading with the remark that it published some pieces which were very disgusting to him, calling my attention to an article in which the writer had accused Christ of being a tramp, and conjecturing as to what might not be the result coming from the influence of such literature, especially among young people.

After we had discussed the matter somewhat, and he had taken his departure, these words came to me: "Who is he that condemneth?" And my thoughts went back a few years, and to the little church in the village where this gentleman goes to worship. My attention was called first to the fact as to how the means were obtained to erect the structure. How that a committee had been appointed to "go among the outside world" with a subscription paper, and a plea for a "union church," and how, after it had been completed, it was

dedicated a Methodist Church, refusing the rights of others.

Later on I saw one of their preachers with another paper in hand stepping up to one of our merchants, saying: "Our church needs painting; how much can you give us?" "Ten dollars," responded the merchant. "All right, I will continue my rounds further, and raise more; then we will purchase oil and paints of you, so that you can make a little in the way of profit," said the preacher.

The oil and paints were got on credit, the painting done, and the merchant tells me that when the preacher went away he gave him his note for the amount, less the ten dollars which he donated, and that he still holds the note without having ever received a "red" on it. The last he heard of the preacher he had eloped with a woman while his wife lay sick in bed in a dying condition.

And what of the "disgusted" gentleman? Why, he goes to that church every other Sunday or so in the name of Christianity, to worship his God and Christ, while the devil has a mortgage on it, and he gets disgusted with outsiders because they call his Christ a tramp.

Friends, do you believe that this is Christianity? Do you believe that Christ ever taught us such lessons?

Thus we can learn every day and all around us. Let us ask for that true light from above which lighteth every man, and rejoice when the time comes that this antichrist shall have been done away, and the true Christ made manifest in the flesh. J. H. SANDS, JR.

Whitewater Falls, Minn.

But What of the Wandering Girl?

"Go search for my wandering boy to-night!"
"Yea, search in mad folly's wild whirl!"
"But bring him to me with all his blight,"
"But what of the wandering girl?"
The prodigal son has a welcome at home
Whenever he'll choose to return,
But a vile, fallen woman restored to her home—
Of an instance we have yet to learn.

Let's think of the wandering girl awhile,
Give the wandering boy a rest;
What has she done to make her more vile
Than the boy we reform with such zest?
Been drunk, in the gutter, from morn until night!

Well, he's done the same, you must own;
A common street-walker, did some one remark?
But, really, she can't walk alone.

And what if she has sunk as low as the boy,
For lower she sure could not land?
While lifting him up with delirious joy
Just lend her a kind helping hand;
Not the faint-hearted clasp of the self-righteous soul.

But the grasp that is hearty and true;
You know not the trouble that caused her to fall,
Nor the storms which her soul has passed through.

Then search for the wandering girl to-night,
Go search for her where you will:
Let your soul's love shine like a beacon light,
Of her faults let your lips be still.
For she knows her faults better than you can guess!

With sorrow and sin she's near mad,
And tho' she may drink some to deaden her shame,
Please give her the chance the boy's had.

Then let your love search for the wandering girl,
With an earnest desire for her good;
With all the endeavor you search for the boy
Much sooner you'll be understood.
She's a heart that's reached quicker by kindness and love.

Than the coarse, selfish heart of the boy:
And you're helping the work of the angels above,
And to heaven and earth bringing joy.
—Mrs. Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

The Danger Signal.

TO THE EDITOR:—I observe with much satisfaction that you constantly expose the danger signal in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, warning the American people of the dangerous element in our country known as Roman Catholicism. I consider it the greatest obstacle in all the world to human progress, because it fosters ignorance and teaches error to insure the continued slavery of its subjects. If the slaves to religious dogmas could learn the simple lesson that there is but one sin, and that is ignorance, the task of human progress would be comparatively easy; but this organized system of teaching error from century to century has resulted in such conditions that even the printing press, with its great possibilities for disseminating knowledge, seems to make but slow progress against the tide of error. It is not the question with the church powers, shall we control this country, but when?

The timely exposition in your issue of Aug. 20th, relative to the late Col. Bundy's standing as a Spiritualist, was so necessary and important that I cannot refrain from adding my word of approval. To have allowed those incorrect reports in many of the leading journals to go unchallenged in representing Mr. Bundy as being the most prominent Spiritualist in the country would have been misleading in the extreme, and a blot on the cause of Spiritualism.

If there was an individual in our broad land who did violence to the cause of Spiritualism and its mediums, he was the one. To have him represented as an example and leading Spiritualist would, in my opinion, be a criminal error. Your journalistic duty was well done in your truthful statement of facts relating to the matter. All brave and true Spiritualists will approve your course. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is one of the foremost engines of war against the citadel of error, and whenever its search-light is turned truth and error are exposed to view.

B. B. HILL.

Notice from Lake Brady, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is with regret that the management of the Lake Brady Spiritual Camp, of Ohio, announce that they will be unable to hold the Harvest Moon Festival this year, in consequence of contemplated improvements, and inability to heat their hotel and cottages.

We hope to celebrate that festival in a commendable manner in the year 1899. By order of the board.

BENJAMIN F. LEE, President.



Brother Jonathan's Suggestive Talk to Our Readers.

BROTHER JONATHAN:—It has been well said by J. P. Warner, that an illustration of the Pope's claim to supreme authority is seen in his interference with the political action of Dr. McGlynn, a Roman priest, who was put out of the Romish church in one of our Eastern States not long ago. Dr. McGlynn, acting within his undoubted right as an American citizen, advocated certain political ideas which seemed to him in harmony with his convictions of right, but not in harmony with the opinions of the Pope. That American citizen was immediately summoned to appear before the Pope in Rome to answer for his political convictions. He knew too well what that meant, and refused to go. At once he was thrust out of the church by his superiors, and to-day is an outcast priest, merely because he exercised his right as an American citizen. During the Roman Catholic Centennial celebration at Baltimore, a prominent layman of that church complained bitterly of the treatment the Romanists have received at the hands of the citizens of the United States. Among other things, he declared that a Romanist could not be elected President of the United States. Not long after that Dr. McGlynn was speaking at Cooper Union, New York, when he referred to this remarkable statement, and said: "The American people will not elect a Romanist to be President until it shall become clearer than it is to-day that a man can be a good Romanist and at the same time a true American. It is not clear to-day." The power of Romanism as a political force is already seen in the government of this Republic. Not only is it seen in its opposition to

our institutions, but it is seen in the open violation of the Constitution of the United States. No religious society can justly receive under the Constitution the public funds for the teaching of its religious ideas. But this righteous law is being constantly violated by vote-seeking politicians who allow the Roman Catholics to draw annually hundreds of thousands of dollars from the treasury of these United States, with which they teach their religion, and make Romanists. The report of the Bureau of Romanist Indian Missions shows that year after year nearly half a million of dollars of the people's money is turned over by the politicians to Romanism, and is used to make Romanists out of the Indians. And every dollar of that money is counted out in violation of the Constitution of the United States. Who denies that Romanism is already seen as a political force in the government of this Republic? Who doubts that this means danger ahead?

But while I wish to call your attention to the aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic Church, I also wish to say "there's something in the air," which is gradually crystallizing for the Fall and Winter Campaign, and I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man, who is ever on the alert for some new attraction, may be able to catch on to it. As you feel the approach of a storm in the air, so does it vibrate in advance of any important undertaking, and if you are right smart you can realize coming events and be a prophet. Look out for atmospheric disturbances of all kinds, for there is really "something in the air," crystallizing for the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and which will prove a veritable attraction.

THE HUMAN AURA.

Reporter.—Doctor Greer, I am a newsgatherer and a reporter for the press, and because it is rumored that you refuse to visit patients at their homes, I have called to ascertain facts.

Doctor.—Well, sir, I will try to explain: I am, as you see, a man of excellent health, free from all human maladies, and yet at times my life is tortured by a reflection from the maladies of others. For instance, I have of late become so extremely sensitive to human aura, or the emanations of diseased bodies, that almost all persons who come within the radius of my sphere affect me so strangely that I am immediately seized with a feeling of nausea, and at other times I am forced to vomit, as if I had swallowed some powerful emetic.

It makes no difference where I meet them, at their homes or at my office, in the street-car or upon the street, the effects are the same, only different persons affect me differently, and some persons affect me worse than others, especially if I come into close proximity with them, such as sitting or standing in their presence, feeling of their pulse or hand-shaking. For this reason I am often obliged to greatly shrink from the presence of the sick, and to absolutely refuse to visit them at their homes, because I dread to inhale the foul odors and noxious gases of the unventilated sick room, as any contaminated atmosphere will also make me vomit.

Reporter.—Doctor, what is aura?

Doctor.—Aura, sir, human aura, is a thin, hazy atmospheric effluvia or exhalation, encircling like a halo the outward life of the human body, and eliminated through the seventy million pores from the life within. Human aura, too, is odorous, and persons of acute sensibilities can readily sense its presence. Even the bloodhound can sense it in the tracks of the fugitive. And so the aura of the patient will, by law of contagion, reflect upon the sensitive, like the rays upon the lens, the soul image of the disease.

The physician, sir, who understands this aural expression of the life within, will get his higher reward and achieve a success both for himself and his patient.

Most cases of disappointment to physician and patient is a want of a better diagnosis or knowledge of disease, and this want in many cases has proved fatal.

It is to a thorough understanding of this

aural manifestation of disease that I owe all my success, for a knowledge of disease, you know, is one-half the cure.

Reporter.—Then, doctor, human aura is contagious.

Doctor.—It is positively so, for, like the iron filings upon the magnet, the miasm of putrefaction, the upas poison, or the aroma of flowers, so the influence of human aura upon one another, for good or evil.

Reporter.—But, doctor, don't you sometimes, by way of compensation, experience from some persons an opposite effect?

Doctor.—O, yes, from the atmosphere of some persons I catch the most delightful stimulus, and a feeling of perfect bliss will pervade my whole being.

Reporter.—Doctor, I can well understand the effects of this law of sympathy upon sensitive persons, but how do you account for this upheaval of the stomach?

Doctor.—I am at a loss to know, except it be an effort of nature to repel a subtle, insidious and dangerous enemy, and to throw off disease.

Reporter.—Then, doctor, you must be fortunate in this direction.

Doctor.—I may be fortunate or unfortunate, but one thing I do know, my patient is fortunate, for herein lies the secret of my perceptive power in diagnosing disease, for, as the temperature or tongue or pulse will indicate certain physical states, so the aura of the patient will demonstrate to the well-trained instinct, in this direction, certain physical and mental states; and, by the way, sir, here is a new and interesting field for medical investigation!

Reporter.—Doctor, how long have you been engaged in professional work in Chicago?

Doctor.—Twenty-five years.

Reporter.—Then, doctor, am I to understand that because of the growing increase of your intense susceptibility to adverse aural influences, that you will not hereafter visit patients at their homes?

Doctor.—Decidedly so, except in extreme cases, where it might be thought absolutely necessary that I should go to save life; and even in that case I should be very apt to want to know before going that the sick chamber was properly ventilated, that the air might be pure; but I shall be glad to wait upon all sick persons who are able to call at my office, where the air will be pure, and laden with the aroma of sweet incense or perfume of flowers.

If some people, sir, did but only half un-

derstand the real sanitary value of pure atmospheric air, or the terrible detrimental effects of polluted air, they would be more particular as to the air which they breathe, for pure atmospheric air, sir, is the natural food for the life of the soul or spirit in man, and the energies of the soul are greatly dependent upon it.—Chicago Occident.

Lincoln Park Camp-Meeting.

Although the preparation of the grounds for the meetings here required great effort and persistence, Mr. C. P. Smith, the owner of the land, seemed to be just the man to put it into required condition. A large pavilion, dining-hall, cottages, store-rooms and other concomitants, such as tents, bedding, etc., materialized in proper time to meet the demands of the campers. Indeed, our genial friend and host, C. P. Smith, was everywhere present directing, managing, suggesting and doing everything that a far-seeing business man can do to promote the welfare of the campers, and make his first effort a success. In this laborious undertaking he was most ably and efficiently aided by Capt. W. Wingett, whose executive judgment and ready apprehension of the needs of the hour was ripened by many former experiences in this line of work. As a matter of consequence Brother Wingett was made president of the platform entertainments, and his familiarity with this department of executive affairs suited the needs of the hour. Nor was this all. Capt. Wingett is known, and has been known, as one of the best exponents of the hypnotic or mesmeric art before the general public, and his many successful experiments during the progress of the meeting only gives emphasis to his ability in this direction.

A greater familiarity with this art would be of service to humanity, and we kindly suggest that the many readers of this paper call on Capt. Wingett, at his office, whenever he is in your locality, and get a few pointers.

Lincoln Park had many mediums of note and promise besides Capt. Wingett, among whom we are pleased to note Mrs. A. J. Smith, of Portland; Mrs. Cooley, also of the same city; Mrs. Cropp, of Tacoma, Washington; Mrs. J. Long, of Chahalis, Washington, and Mrs. Dr. Wilder, who is widely known as a psychic, a speaker and a regular M. D.—a trinity of graces and accomplishments blended into one individuality. Each of these mediums did excellent work in their various phases, and gave the investigators something to think about beyond the common thought of "spooks" or the "devil," as has been the short-handed way of criticism and of dismissing the subject all with one word.

I cannot close this article without speaking of the excellent vocal music furnished by the Ostrander Concert Club. It indicates a step in mental progression when a club of musicians of different creedal thought will volunteer their services to a camp of Spiritualists. But then "the world moves," and the woods of Washington and Oregon are full of the movers, and in another year Lincoln Park will federate the surrounding country, and you will hear of some psychic work on the telephone line connecting the park with the realms of invisible intelligence if Brother Smith holds the helm of progression. ARGUS.

Portland, Oregon.

Notes from Springfield, Ill.

August 28th, at a called meeting of the Social Wheel of Progression, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Leffer, 512 South Ninth street, this city, for the transaction of business and to listen to a talk from Truth, the control of Rev. Anna B. Leffer, a goodly number of members were in attendance. The brave and fearless Mrs. Jennie Moore, of 757 Warren avenue, Chicago, was present by invitation. She is well-known and highly esteemed by the friends of the Capitol City. After listening to an able and appropriate address by Truth, control of Mrs. Leffer, he welcomed the visiting sister medium, and recommended a union of the forces of the two bands of spirit controls and the mortal circles, who are engaged in the cause of truth and progression. When Truth closed he extended the invitation to the controls of Mrs. Jennie Moore to give a talk. Dewdrop took control and delivered an able, harmonious address, fully accepting the invitation of Truth to co-operate with all their forces with the Social Wheel of Progression in works for the cause of truth. Then Charles Murphy, by request, controlled Mrs. Moore, and gave some able and instructive remarks.

Again, September 1st, at the residence of Mrs. H. A. Thayer, South Ninth street, the worthy Secretary and Treasurer of the Wheel of Progression, on the occasion of a surprise by her many friends, refreshments were served and a presentation made of a handsome portfolio and writing materials, and a gold pen, as a token of friendship and esteem for her, and the able management of her duties in the cause of truth. Control Truth made the address. It was well-worded and very impressive in tone. Reply was made by Miss Thayer, with thanks for their kindly remembrance. Mrs. Jennie Moore, by invitation, was present on the occasion. Dewdrop controlled and gave one of her cheering and encouraging talks. Again all felt thankful that they had the opportunity to be present on the occasion. God and the good angels be with and prosper THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the true, independent advocate of truth and good work. J. Q. A. FLOYD.

"Memorial Oration by Colonel Ingersoll on Roscoe Conkling." Delivered before the New York Legislature, May 9, 1888. Price, 4 cents. For sale at this office.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892



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

Not Space to Publish Everything.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER having the largest circulation of any Spiritualist paper on earth, as a natural consequence it has the largest number seeking admission to its columns. Nearly every subscriber has something to say and wants to see it go forth as an evangel of good, in the columns of the paper that reaches the largest number of people. Nearly every article that reaches our office contains sentiments eminently well calculated to do good, and the writer cannot see why it is not published and often becomes very angry at the seeming neglect. Other articles are published and why not his? The reason is this: We have not the space to publish one article out of every ten which we receive; yet we are glad to receive so many articles. Their perusal often affords us great pleasure and benefit, and we hope they will continue to pour in, though we shall not be able to use all of them. Always retain a copy of your article if convenient. It is impossible to preserve articles month after month and return them at once at the suggestion of the writer. Nor can we take time to give a reason to each one why his article has not been published. Remember that you, personally, do not meet with any loss whatever, if your own article does not appear in print for want of space, for you have already perused it carefully; but if you fail to read what does appear, then you are a great loser. Then each one in sending an article to the papers, must be calm and considerate, and in no sense get vexed if the fates should crowd it out. It may possibly be better than much that is published. Such is frequently the case in all newspaper offices.

We lately wrote to a well-poised gentleman showing wherein his article, if published, would cause us some annoyance. It was well written and stated some stubborn facts. In reply he said that our letter of explanation was entirely unnecessary. That every publisher who furnishes the funds to pay for his weekly issue must be his own judge, and that the subscriber who only furnishes a few cents at most in aid of the work, should be extremely modest in making demands. We ask each one of our subscribers who have an advanced idea, and have the leisure moments to put it on paper, to send it along. In a great measure we are dependent on voluntary contributions. We feel towards contributors a deep and lasting obligation. They have not in any sense been the losers; while our readers have been the gainers. They have enriched the minds of others, and in a measure assisted us in elevating the masses to a higher plane. Continue, please, in the good work, but never become offended if the publication of your article is delayed.

College of Therapeutics.

Dr. Buchanan having decided to remove from Kansas City to Los Angeles, Cal., has been urged to give a course of instruction of the College of Therapeutics before leaving, and has agreed to give a course, commencing October 1st, 1892, at 219 West 12th street, Kansas City, Mo. The course, as heretofore, will occupy six weeks, the fee being

The Lesson Drawn from the Late Prize-Fight.

We pride ourselves that ours is the crowning civilization of our race. We are also tempted to believe that the halcyon days of the golden age are come again. Suddenly there is a rush and a roar. The wild beasts have broken loose. The scent of blood is in the air. Was the following extract made from the tablets of the Roman herald, whose duty was the announcing of the sports and games at that great slaughter-house, alike of brutes and men, the Colosseum:

"But never since war times has there been such excitement in the quaint old town as has been noticeable all day to-day. The bruising fight between Myer and McAuliffe and the bloody battle between Dixon and Skelly had whetted the appetite of 7,000 strangers to the point where they could view with complacency and apparent relish the tearing and ripping and raveling of either or both of the great pugilists who were to fight, not only for the heavy-weight championship of the world, but for \$45,000 in purse and stake as well. All day long the downtown streets were filled with men keyed to the highest tension by this carnival of blood."

We grieve to say, it is not an account of an event that happened two thousand years ago, but it is hardly three weeks old. It is talking, not of a blood-saturated Roman populace, but of nineteenth century men, living in one of the greatest human crises mankind ever saw. These are the human brutes whom the smell of blood has "keyed to the highest tension." That tells the whole story. Pandora's box has been reopened, for how long a time none can tell, for the tremendous inductive effect of the unseen vibrations no man in the flesh can measure. It is like the zephyr, whose slightly-increasing pressure is sufficient to start the avalanche on its terrible mission of destruction; or it resembles the last drop of water, whose weight overbalanced the obstructing glacier at St. Gervais, in Switzerland. The effects are seemingly altogether out of proportion to the cause.

And all this letting out of the worst passions of man is not done in defense of our homes, our families, or our inalienable rights; but it is for sport that money without limit has been squandered; the press of the whole country has been prostituted to the minutest descriptions of the basest impulses, leading man to exhibit himself as the only animal who will coolly stand up and pound and bruise his fellow just for fun.

An English lord asked his illustrious company, sitting after dinner:

"Shall we drink like beasts or men?"
"Like beasts," was the eager response.
"Then we shall not drink at all," was the lord's retort, "for only men drink themselves under the table."

This is emphatically true of the prize-bruises, who make the ring their occupation, for the love of it. They have gone down the scale, to a point below the brutes.

It is said that the poorest use a man can be put to, is to hang him. The second poorest use is to stand him up in a ring, to pound and be pounded until exhaustion shall put a stop to the debasing business. While we admire power and strength in the smooth-skinned, evenly-developed muscles of a well-proportioned man, it does seem that there is some other way of proving superiority than by a public hammering, with all the surrounding incidents, on the lower physical planes.

To a Spiritualist, believing in the superiority and dominance of the invisible, it is an unpleasant reminder of the days described by an ancient master when talking to a crowd of brutish listeners, who did not live in the blaze of the civilized life of to-day: "Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men and scribes [mediums, healers, and teachers], and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues [denounce them from your pulpits] and persecute from city to city." This is always the instinct of the gross physical, wherever it develops.

In view of the continued persecution of all free thought, in all ages, even to now, by the unreasoning physical, we see no reason why a Spiritualist should abet or abet in any way whatever this relapse of man into savagery under the exhibitions of the prize ring, either inside or outside of the law. Thought, not blind force, wins in the end. The Chicago Herald well says:

When John L. Sullivan in that last round at New Orleans fell like a mighty ruin, few men, if any, were sorry for him. Many who backed him were sorry for themselves, and regretted the loss of their money amazingly, mayhap shedding tears over it, but as for the bruised and battered boxer, who lay there an unconscious lump of clay, the sentiment was gladness only. The bully had at last been knocked out. The ten years' terror of weaker men, the man that had a giant's strength, and used it like a giant, who in all his career had never shown the least spark of generosity or magnanimity, was defeated, his prestige gone, the laurels snatched from his brow. And the world rejoiced. Not because the man was a vanquished gladiator and had been smitten to the earth by a more heroic champion, but because he was a beaten ruffian. He had lacked manliness, and good fellowship and modesty, and whatever words of sympathy reached his ear in that hour of his supreme sorrow were cold and leaden and perfunctory. No one felt the sympathy he tried to express.

And so it has ever been in the world's history, from the days of Goliath of Gath to this present moment. Doubtless in that army of Philistines there was much secret rejoicing when David's pebble toppled over the huge giant of Gath, for there must have been hundreds there who had felt his brutal and bullying strength and had suffered from it.

Most assuredly the world admires physical strength and prowess. Hector

and Achilles will ever be heroes. The gladiator and boxer, the athletes and champions, command our approbation and praise. But when it is associated with blackguardism, when the man whom nature has so lavishly endowed, thrusts his fist, actually or metaphorically, in every man's face, we want to see administered to him a large-sized dose of his own medicine. And so when Sullivan and Corbett stood up on that fateful night, the general wish went out to Corbett, as Rosalind's went out to Orlando—"the little strength I have, I would it were with you." And as, when the youthful hero overthrew the bony prize of the humorous duke, there were no tears shed; so neither was there when Corbett won.

When Ivanhoe struck fair and square the shield of the burly templar, Bois de Guilbert, until it rang, the spectators were amazed and thrilled, and their sympathies went out to the disinherited knight. It is the dexterous and skillful fighter that wins us, he who by strategy as well as force overcomes his foe. Leonidas at Thermopylae, Clive at Plassey, Bonaparte at Austerlitz and Arcola, Nelson at Trafalgar, Deatur in the Intrepid, General Corse at Atlanta—these and a hundred others, are the heroes of the world. They fought against brute strength and overwhelming odds, and won imperishable renown.

It was the Monitor that fought the burly Merrimack to a standstill, and drove it back, and the world hurrahs for the Monitor. Skill, courage, the determination to do or die and the ability to crystallize them into performance—these are the elements of manhood that men will cross oceans and travel miles to see.

The time will come—it may be far in the future—when spiritual strength—strength to do good and be good—will be the dominant factor in the life of each one. Then wanton strife and brutal fights will only exist on the pages of history, and the nineteenth century will be pointed out as the period when a higher civilization, under the control of Spiritualism, had commenced to leaven the whole world, and higher and grander aspirations took possession of the souls of men. Even now, the signs of the time betoken a step to a higher plane. Dueling has almost ceased in this country, and in a short time prize-fighting will be relegated to the brutal sports of the past.

It is a significant fact, however, in connection with the New Orleans prize fight, that Sullivan is a devout Catholic, and in that respect at least resembles the bandits of the mountains of Italy. Religion, in such spiritual soil as this man furnished, would necessarily partake of every base quality that characterizes the Catholic Church, and he could not be much superior to a brute.

Negro Religion.

An exchange has the following, which is not flattering as to the effect of Christianity on the emancipated States of the South.

"The different aspects of religion are as diverse as the workings of the human mind. And there is no belief advanced, no matter how absurd its doctrines, that will not find some votaries to worship at its shrine. The negro Christianity in the south is a queer combination of ignorance, superstition and faith. In a bushel of their foolish belief one finds only a small grain of truth. In fact, it would seem they had modified their fetishism into a kind of heathen Christianity."

"As a matter of truth, a southern negro's piety has little effect on his everyday life. Some of the biggest rogues and most immoral are the loudest singers in the 'meetin', and no thought of the incongruity of their lives ever strikes them. Perhaps the doctrine that prevails among them to a large extent induces this contrast; for many believe that 'once in grace, always in grace.' So a subsequent lapse into sin is not supposed to have any unfortunate consequences."

"Getting religion" by the servants is a terror to housekeepers, for it is sure to make the convert more unreliable. The effect is such that would be presumed to follow from the acceptance of such belief by ignorant and excitable persons. The negro believes conversion is the result of revelation made in a trance condition into which they fall at the revival meeting. This is their "experience," in which they see spirits, visit hell or heaven, and on awakening tell marvelous tales of the sulphur pit and the big white throne. At the revival they become hypnotized by the preacher and the audience, and are unable to account in a rational manner for the bewilderment of their imagination, and honestly accept the vagaries impressed on their minds as a visit from the Lord. With such a conceit added to the belief that there is no falling from grace, there is presented an example of what religion really is when separated from moral ideas which come from knowledge.

An Inquiry.

TO THE EDITOR:—A few days ago a friend of mine handed me a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER dated May 2, 1891. Are you still printing the paper? If so, send me a copy, and I will subscribe for it. I had lost sight of you after S. S. Jones's death, and Bundy took charge of the Journal. The first I ever read of your writings was your "Search After God." I was much pleased with it. I consider it very necessary that there should be some one to advance new ideas once in awhile.

WM. W. ST. JOHN.

Binghamton, N. Y.
Yes, my brother, we are still publishing our paper. Your letter illustrates the truth of what we have often said, that there are millions of Spiritualists who never saw THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, though it has the largest circulation of any Spiritualist paper now published.

Frank T. Ripley, while in Grand Rapids, Mich., during September and October will accept engagements on liberal terms within one hundred miles of that place, to lecture and give tests. This is for week evenings only. Spiritualists of Michigan take notice. Address him at 208 North Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Compromising Sunday Opening.

From the report of the auditor of the Columbian Exposition, it appears that nearly \$100,000 has been taken in as gate money since Jackson park was inclosed, only a few months ago. As the price of admission is 25 cents, the number of persons who have gone to look at the mere construction is in the neighborhood of 400,000. Details by days are not given, but it is easily within the knowledge of any observant person that of these 400,000 admissions the great number was made of Sundays.

The reason is obvious. With the great mass of people Sunday is the only day of leisure and recreation. If the mass of these people were not permitted to take this day, they would have found no other, because the taking of a necessary day off would involve their loss of wages, because wage-earners, unlike salaried men, are paid by the hour or piece, and the loss of an hour or a fraction of an hour would be absolutely their loss. As the situation now is, the Columbian authorities are under obligations, having notified their acceptance of the appropriation by the United States, absolutely to close the fair every Sunday against public admission.

This situation cannot be changed unless Congress shall amend at the short session the work in this respect done last summer. The matter is one of profound importance, and may well be broached in a spirit of absolute fair play, whereby satisfactory results may be had, so that all rights shall be preserved, and no convictions or prejudices unduly outraged. It may be taken as granted that a very large majority of the people of the United States are opposed to Sunday closing. Of the millions of people who will attend the fair, a still greater majority have the same feeling. It has been demonstrated that many persons are zealous in favor of closing the gates. It would not be wise, for it would not be true, to characterize all of these as fanatics or bigots. Many of them are sincere because they are convinced that they are right. Others are sincere because prejudice stands with them for conviction, and he is but a poor student of human nature who does not understand that prejudices are with the mass of mankind stronger and more governing than reason. These must be conscious that though they have a present advantage, they are not absolutely certain of their ground, and they ought in fairness meet the larger majority opposed to closing, upon common ground.

Let it be admitted that there is a deep-seated feeling in the United States in opposition to labor on Sunday. Many men who are far from being Sabbatarians, who are not even church members, dislike to see work in progress on Sunday. They are wisely in favor of a day of rest. The sound of the hammer is harsh to them on Sunday. Conflicting opinions, convictions and prejudices regarding Sunday opening of the Fair, may be usefully reconciled, to which end THE CHICAGO TIMES suggests to the Board of Control that they formulate a plan for Sunday opening which will not do violence to the same idea that work should be dispensed with upon one day of the week. Let Jackson Park be open on Sunday, in order that those persons who have no chance to visit it upon other days shall have opportunity to view the exhibits, and see for themselves what in industrial enterprise the world is doing, but let the fires be banked on that day, so that there shall be no movement of machinery; let all exhibitions which have the appearance of mere amusement be closed, and let individual exhibitors who desire to respect Sunday have safe permission to do so. When some such plan as this shall be fully and clearly formulated by the Board of Control let it present the same to the bodies appointing them, the national commission and the local organization to pass thereon, and if it shall be approved, let both bodies memorialize Congress to amend its act so as to permit the Fair to be opened in accordance with the suggested plan. If this is to be done at all, it ought to be done at once, in order that this plan may have the support of the numerous petitions which would accompany it.

A plan looking to this moderate, unobjectionable use of Sunday, one that will give those who can go only upon that day full opportunity to gain all in the way of education and recreation that the Fair can offer, will meet with no sturdy opposition.

The above, from the Chicago Times, expresses in the main the spirit which should actuate Congress in reference to the World's Fair. On the 6th page will be found a petition which should receive hundreds of signatures. The petitions that have been sent to the World's Fair Commissioners amount to nothing, for the matter has been taken out of their hands by Congress, and that honorable body must now decide the matter for or against the policy of opening the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday. There is but little time to spare, and each one who can, should move promptly in the matter.

Take Notice, Please.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER claims to lead all other Spiritualist papers on earth in the extent of its circulation. Its advertisers get better results from it than any other Spiritualist paper. Dr. Poole, of Clinton, Iowa, says he gets one third better results from advertisements in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER than in any other Spiritualist paper. Dr. Greer will say the same thing. We are informed by the Thomas Battery Co., that their advertisement in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER brings the most inquiries. The fact is the PROGRESSIVE THINKER has been able from the start to hold its own, and pass beyond all competitors, and even now "there is" says Brother Jonathan on our third page, "something in the air" that will soon crystallize, and he believes that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man will catch on to it, and exhibit it to the world.

No! We Don't Offer Premiums.

We do not wish to hold out any other attraction to get subscribers than THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER itself. A premium offered, outside the paper, is a tacit admission that it is somewhat weak, and needs a tonic, which it offers in addition to the paper itself. These premiums, in the shape of chromos, and other articles too numerous to mention, are generally cheap affairs. If the paper which offers the premium would put its value—a few cents at most—on the paper itself, the result would be more satisfactory. No, we do not wish to bribe any one to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by offering them a "stick of candy," a chromo, or anything else. It can stand alone.

Hon. A. B. Richmond.

The address by Hon. A. B. Richmond in this issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will well pay perusal. It is a treasure house of most excellent thoughts.

Paris has a "freak" in the way of a little girl who, though but five years old, can write French history by the yard, and is a "perfect walking encyclopedia" in current French literature.

Look! There Is Something in the Air.

Something in the air! Yes, there is something in the air. The little bacteria are there, and the one that produces cholera is the quintessence of poison itself. There are at least two hundred well-defined species of bacteria of which man has a knowledge. The bacteria are subdivided, with reference to their form, into micrococci, bacilli and spirilla. All these may under certain circumstances be found in the air, and no one desires to catch on to them. But there is something else crystallizing in the air, and assuming well-defined form, and which is of great utility. Spirits are there; the dear ones gone before are there; in fact, it is a vast treasure-house, which can be opened, if one have the requisite ability, and grand things be taken therefrom. Brother Jonathan, on the third page, alludes to "something in the air," of great utility and worth, and he sincerely thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man will catch on to it for his "Fall and Winter Campaign." Let every reader be on the alert, and watch all atmospheric phenomena; they may be able to catch on to the very thing THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man is looking for.

Test Them with Reason.

Basenage, a Christian author, in his "History of the Jews," says: "We must prove the divine authority of the gospel [to the Jews] before we engage in controversies with them." This is an honest concession, rather sweeping in its effects; for it places all pretended holy writings just where common sense places them.

If Jewish writers thrust their sacred Scriptures in our hands and say they contain a "Thus saith the Lord," they must prove their divine authority, else they are estopped from quoting them against us. The Mohammedan with his Koran, finds himself occupying a similar position. And so the Brahmins with their Vedas, and the Parsees with their Zendavestas.

These books are all sacred to those people who believe them of divine origin, but they are the products of human brains and human hands to all others, and are received and read by them as other books are received and read. If they give historical facts, and their teachings are in harmony with natural law, then believers are not corrupted by their reading. If their pretended facts are fictions, and their teachings are prejudicial to good morals, then they are unworthy of consideration. All books, whether professedly sacred or profane, should be tested in the crucible of reason before they are labeled holy.

Agassiz on Spiritualism.

The bigotry and prejudice of Prof. Agassiz is illustrated in an article in the Scientific American, by Dr. Vander Weyde. Speaking of his usual fairness, but his hatred of shams, he says:

"On another occasion he was still more indignant. It was when he had been invited by a gentleman to accompany him to a place for seeing some 'alleged new experiments.' They were those of a spiritual medium. As soon as Prof. Agassiz found what was going on, he was not only angry and indignant, but declared himself insulted by those who brought him to such a place, thinking that he could be humbugged like the rest of them, and he left more angry than any one had ever seen him before."

Thus one who demanded as a scientist and observer a hearing for facts, ignored the first principles of research, stultified his reason by brutal anger, and placed himself on record as on a level with the most ignorant bigot. He waited to see nothing. He did not wish to see. His conclusions were already arrived at. He was more angry than any one had ever seen him before, because a friend had brought him to a place where he might see. And such a man was a member of the celebrated Harvard committee for investigating Spiritualism, at whose hands Dr. Willis so unjustly suffered.

The Infallibility of the Bible.

This work is written and published for gratuitous distribution by J. H. Pratt, Spring Hill, Kansas. Those who wish to find the contradictions of the Bible condensed in a nut-shell will be gratified by this 32-page pamphlet. In the preface he says:

"And this is why I issue this little pamphlet: To endeavor to show that the book known as the Protestant Bible, King James' version—by its own internal evidence clearly impeaches itself, and that such a Bible, therefore, is not the word of an infallible God, by plenary inspiration or otherwise, and further, that such book is not reliable as a word of authority."

Mr. Pratt is so zealous in this work that he has published the tract at his own expense and offers it free to those who wish to read it. Send address with postage (one cent stamp).

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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.

James Riley, the materializing medium, now in Dakota, will be at his home, Marcellus, Mich., after September 25. Those wishing to visit him please make note.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements. She will also speak at funerals; terms reasonable and references given if required. Address her at 246 National Ave., Detroit, Mich. Sept. 18 she commenced a series of lectures at Rowe's Hall, Detroit, Mich.

The Spiritualists have organized a spiritual society in Milwaukee, Wis., under the name of the Milwaukee Progressive Society, with the following officers: President, H. C. Nick; Vice-President, Mrs. Mary Van Horn; Secretary, Dr. McGrillin; Treasurer, Prof. Wm. Boers. Speakers and mediums coming this way will please address H. C. Nick, 233 Wisconsin St.

Adelphi Hall, New York City, will open for lectures upon Spiritualism and kindred themes the last Sunday in September. Sessions to be held at 3 and 8 o'clock P. M. Mr. John William Fletcher is the regular speaker.

A subscriber from Springfield, Ill., writes flatteringly of the result of Mrs. Jennie Moore's visit to that city. He says that many materialized spirits were recognized by their mortal friends.

S. D. writes: "I think No. 141 and No. 145 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are worth a year's subscription. I look anxiously for the Miller Circle communications. How grand and beautiful! How glad I was to read a new communication from that 'pillar of light,' the noble Judge Edmonds, who, in the face of ridicule and persecution, mildly but firmly proclaimed the truth in New York, and his pure and well-known character sustained him. The Spiritualists owe him a monument. Then Mr. Rosecrans's dialogue letters in the above numbers, ought to be put in booklet form, and every true believer should carry one in his pocket. For proof on our side they stand unrivaled."

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Bishop started last Saturday for Baltimore, Md., on a visit to their son, who is located there. They will also visit Washington, D. C., and other important cities in the East. Mrs. Bishop is an excellent medium, and this pleasure trip will afford the rest which she requires.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged in Ohio during September and October. Have open dates later on, and would like to hear from societies East or West. Permanent address 2234 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. While in Ohio address them at Greenville.

Mrs. P. D. Hall, of Lockport, N. Y., makes an admission below which is true indeed. She says: "I find that I lose many bright thoughts and instructive accounts of experiences in spiritual work if I allow my subscription to expire. Your paper is to Spiritualists what the City Directory is to an eager traveler anxious to hunt up relatives and friends."

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson will lecture in Kansas City, Mo., the last Sunday of September, and the first two of October. She will answer calls to speak in the vicinity on week evenings. Mrs. Jackson will, after her engagement in Kansas City, go to Nebraska, and will answer calls in the vicinity of Omaha and Blair, for illustrated lectures and regular Sunday work. Mrs. Jackson's address in Kansas City, will be in care of C. H. Gates, 24th and Holly streets in Nebraska she can be addressed at Arlington, care of Hon. J. Unthank.

The friends of human progress in the town of Welland, Ontario, Canada, have the pleasure to announce a series of meetings, to be held in Orient hall, when the beauties of spirit philosophy will be inspirationally voiced through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, of Fulton, N. Y., and Mrs. Sarah Walters, of Auburn, N. Y.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, who was enthusiastically received at Lake Brady camp, giving twelve lectures during the month of August, is now filling an engagement at Washington, D. C., where she has hosts of friends. She will return to Boston and open the season's work in the First Spiritual Temple, on Sunday, Oct. 2.

Mrs. H. S. Lake writes: "I wish to say a word in commendation of the mediumistic work of Mrs. A. E. Kibby, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who occupied the platform of the Lake Brady camp during the month of August. She is well qualified for public tests, giving them with ease, accuracy and straightforward honesty, exceedingly gratifying. She should be heard in the East, where she is but little known."

N. M. Thomas writes: "Our own development is constant. Almost daily we receive some evidence of the loving, watchful care of our spirit friends. Physical manifestations, inspirational lectures, poetry, clairvoyance, and clairaudience, all having a tendency to a higher and more intellectual condition."

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Des Moines, Iowa, desire to correspond with some good test mediums or lecturers. Address A. B. McGraw, No. 1410 East Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

E. D. Moore, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "We opened our meetings at the Temple September 4 with F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Mass., as our speaker. We like him very much both as a speaker and a test medium."

Moses Hull has been lecturing in Maine. Last Sunday he spoke in Combington, Mass. He finds plenty to do in the East.

That excellent materializing medium, James Riley, is in Dakota, where he will interest the people for a few weeks.

Geo. W. Brooks will extend his labors to Peoria, Ill., for a short time.

Dr. J. C. Phillips, the healer and psychometrist, will remain for a short time at Clinton, Iowa.

A CRITICAL REVIEW.

Continued from First Page.

indebted for the cause that led me from the terrible darkness of materialistic infidelity into the sunlight of our beautiful philosophy, and the solace of our glorious religion.

But between the dark and gloomy desert of Materialism and the sunlit landscape of Spiritualism is an intermediate border land inhabited by Orthodoxy. It is a kind of a half way house, or station in the journey of life wherein the weary traveler may rest and look back on the dreary desert road he has traveled in the past, while he seriously contemplates his future journey. Having left the borders of Materialism he now sees a faint outline of the goal of immortality. And while it is true that he sees it through the eye of faith alone, yet even that dim vision, obscured by the clouds of dogma and creeds, is far more hopeful and enlivening than the darkness of Materialism with its destiny of hopeless, lifeless annihilation.

But Orthodoxy has no evidence of a future life except faith, which cannot exist in the human mind unless it has been preceded by some testimony on which to build its frail and feeble hypothesis.

The apostle Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen."

Upon this weak and uncertain "evidence" do all the orthodox creeds base their belief in immortality, with its endless wear or woe to the human race. And yet if an attorney should go into our courts depending upon like proof to establish his cause, he would be driven to a "non suit" before his case had reached the jury. In the everyday business affairs of life men require the evidence of facts before they believe, and even then their faith is often a broken staff, while their hope is but the dream of a day.

Under the enlightenment of the nineteenth century the awful pronouncement of St. Mark, "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," has no force or effect upon the thinking mind. Every one who has a mind capable of evolving thought knows that belief or disbelief are not matters of volition; but are the result of the force of the evidence presented to our mentality, and deserves neither reward or punishment. We often believe in that which fills our heart with grief and sorrow because we cannot resist the weight of the testimony; and as often do we disbelieve where conviction would fill our souls with joy unspeakable, because the evidence is not sufficient to satisfy us that the desired fact occurred. There are natural idiosyncrasies of the mind as well as of the body, and these peculiarities come from a higher power than that of man. The evidence that would convince one intellect would fail to satisfy another; how then can man sin through the action of his mentality when it is beyond his control? Yet this is the doctrine of the theological creeds of today. In the language of Lorenzo Dow:

"An iron bedstead they have fetched
To try our faith upon,
And if too short we must be stretched—
Cut off if we are too long."

If mankind is to be sanctified through faith, and by it alone is to escape the awful tortures of an everlasting hell, why in the name of infinite justice was faith not placed within the reach of all. How can any thinking being believe that a just and merciful Creator would punish a man for a thought he could not help, or a mental conviction he could not resist. It would be as just to damn the Ethiopian for the color of his skin, or reward the Caucasian for his tint. To believe such a horrible doctrine is a libel upon the sacred name of an infinite God. And yet in past centuries to establish this creed of revolting horrors the stake has been planted, the fagots kindled, and martyred men and women have been burned to ashes in the name of the lowly Nazarene whose religion was love, and who taught his disciples to resist not evil, but to return wrong with forgiveness and hatred with affection. Of religion, what wrongs have been perpetrated in its name:

"To think that man, thou just and gentle God,
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of religious liberty.
By far! by far! I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beak,
In climes where liberty has scarce been named,
Nor any right but that of power claimed,
Than thus to live where creed in ignorance
Waves.
Her fustian flag in bigotry over slaves
Where the tyrant creed admits of no decree
Between the just and good, and vilely free;
Alike the bondage and the license sold,
The priest made ruler, and the man made brute."

And now with what infinite pleasure do I turn from the horrors of materialism, and the cruelty of creeds, to the facts of Spiritualism and the cheering teachings of its beautiful philosophy. It is like passing from midnight darkness to the morning light, from the chilling gloom of the dungeon to the radiant landscape warmed with a summer's sun. Spiritualism may well boast in a Christian spirit of its past record. There is no blood of murdered martyrs on its garments. In its history there are no sanguinary wars on a blameless people for the possession of an unknown sepulcher. No oppression of church and state. No stifling of free thought. No proscribing religious opinions by law or the utterance thereof by statute! But claiming the right to worship God according to the dictates of the consciences of its votaries, it willingly concedes that privilege to all mankind. No interference with the freedom of the individual conscience and the education of the public school and college is a greater safeguard to maiden virtue than the prison walls of gloomy monasteries, whose doors only open to the sesame of priesthood, or for the admission of new victims to a living tomb. It believes that the maternity of marriage is holier far than the ascetic virtue of monastic imprisonment; and that the influence of woman is far more effective for good when she mingles in the social circles of society, and in the

advocacy of the moral questions before the people, than in counting the beads of a rosary, and repeating prayers to the "Virgin Mother," within the gloomy cells of a monastic prison-house. Spiritualism denies the self-constituted authority of any church or its potentate to act as a mediator between an offended Creator and the beings he has created; and it asserts most positively the existence of one infinite power that governs the universe only by and through the might of universal and immutable law.

Spiritualism believes that immortality is a fact so certain that even infinite power could not annihilate a human soul without abrogating the laws of life consequent to its own being, and thereby annul the attributes of an infinite God. That immortality of the sentient ego in man is alone consistent with the existence of the universe and its laws where "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Spiritualism believes that immortality is not given as a reward of well doing, but is the inherent result of laws that emanate from God, and are a part of his infinite being. That the annihilation of mind is as impossible as the annihilation of matter, and could not be accomplished save by a power that could resolve the material universe into chaos and then dissolve chaos into nothing. Spiritualism believes that a future life is a demonstrated fact, the evidence whereof is so clear and conclusive that human senses can take cognizance of it as readily as they can of physical life. And that its phenomena are absolutely inexplicable on any other theory than that of spirit existence, spirit visitations to earth, and of spirit communications between those who have passed away and those who yet remain.

But what is the evidence of spirit life and communication, and who are the witnesses? ask the inquiring minds among my audience. Now, if you are sincere in the inquiry, come let us reason together in a spirit of fellowship and honest desire to investigate. But if you are like those spoken of in the parables of Solomon, "Who are wise in their own conceit," and whose hopeless condition is there so graphically portrayed, what I have now to say is not intended for you. Therefore I will not ask you, as Mark Antony did the populace of Rome, "To lend me your ears." Pray keep them as distinctive badges of your personality. The phenomena of spirit manifestations are proven by such a multitude of intelligent witnesses that the fact is absolutely beyond dispute; they have long been the subject of inquiry by the ablest scientists of the world, and who are vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery by attributing them to the operation of some hidden laws of nature that govern mind and matter. And the person who, under the light of present scientific investigation, attempts to explain them as feats of jugglery or legerdemain is either wilfully ignorant or mentally incapable of recognizing the evidence of his own senses; and on the witness stands in our courts would be incapable to testify to the most ordinary occurrences of life.

First then in our answer to the honest inquirer, I take it for granted that all of us have seen the substance called matter. And that by experience we do know that it possesses certain characteristics, among which the most obvious is its absolute inertness. We know that matter cannot move itself, neither can it put itself at rest when in motion. And when we see it move we know that some force outside of itself is either pushing, pulling or lifting it. Sir Isaac Newton said all force is "vis a tergo," or a push from behind. Not literally so, it is true, yet theoretically so. In pulling and lifting matter moves towards the force applied; in pushing it moves from it. Yet in all cases of motion it moves because there is a force operating upon it external to itself; when therefore, we see a ponderable object moving, we know from the evidence of our senses that we see two things, so to speak, to wit, matter and force. We see a slate pencil roll down a slate held at an incline. But we only see matter operated upon by the blind or unintelligent force of gravity. But if we observe the pencil writing words or drawing pictures of physical objects, then do we see three things, namely: matter, force, and intelligence—an eternal trinity that always was and always will be, for as neither of them could have been created of nothing, therefore they must have always existed. And from and by these three constituents of this sovereign trinity was the universe created in its present form. That is, matter was moved by force, and force directed by intelligence, and the result is all forms of existing things from pebble to plant, and from embryo to living organism, yet all formed in accordance with design, which could only come from a designer, the infinite mind of the universe.

"An eternal one whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
The only God. There is no God beside.
Being above all beings, three in one,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explain.
Who all existence with Himself alone,
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more."

If in our investigation of so-called spirit phenomena we see an inanimate fragment of stone perform an intelligent act, if we see it write an intelligent sentence, then we do most positively know that our Trinity is present, to wit, matter moved by force, and force directed by mind or intelligence; and as we know that in all this vast universe there is no counterfeit of the human mind, no duplicate of its attributes, then we must know that an unseen human intellect is guiding the inanimate pencil as it writes human thoughts and memories. The personality or identity of this intelligence can be as easily determined as any like fact in the business correspondence of every-day life.

We receive a letter by mail from a distant friend, it may be in the handwriting of an amanuensis, or written by a calligrapher, yet do we know from whom it came because of the innate evidence of the personality of its author. It addresses us by some pet name or peculiar cognomen that we recognize only by the memories of the past. It relates scenes and events known only to ourselves, and one that died long years ago. It tells us stories of our youth that could only be related by lips that have long since mouldered into dust. It tells us secrets that we thought were hidden in the grave. Then it signs the communication with the name of the one whose personality has been made so apparent by the narrations of long-forgotten events. How can we doubt this evidence simply because we cannot explain the phenomena by any

known law of nature? And how could it possibly come to us unless the personality of our friend still lived and communicated with us across the mysterious boundaries of the unknown realm of the dead? What scientist can even explain the phenomena of sleep—why consciousness, which is apparently dead through the hours of slumber, awakes to renewed life and activity, or why and how it returns from the unknown land of dreams and visions? Verily, there is more in life "than is dreamed of in our philosophy." But suppose that the personality of our unseen correspondent is not made known to us, yet have we positive evidence that there is in our presence an invisible intelligence that has all the characteristics of humanity; and if it is not an exanimate spirit of our friend, it is that of some other, or else are we surrounded by a Spirit-world whose inhabitants have not only human thoughts, but they convey them to us through mediumistic influence, in human language, or by signs and phenomena that human language alone can interpret. All over the world these phenomena assert their spirit origin, and without a single recorded exception they say: "We are incarnate spirits; we were born in earth life, we lived, loved and sorrowed by your side. We still cherish our friendships and affections for those who were once our kindred and friends. And in the mysterious ordeal you call death, we did not die, but under the law of evolution we passed into a brighter and a better life wherein there is no more sorrow or pain, for the former things are done away."

Oh! beautiful religion of Spiritualism. Oh! glorious faith, that spans the dome of human life with a "rainbow bridge" to the life beyond, and whose radiant arch vibrates alike with the tread of the souls that go and the spirits that return.

"We raise our eyes and we see above
The souls on the homeward march;
They wave their hands; they smile in love
From the heights of that rainbow arch.
And we oft forget that our lonely hours
Are known to the souls we love—
That they strew the path of our life with flowers,
From their radiant home above."

Spiritual phenomena are the basis of all the religions of the earth, and if they are not truthful in the stories they relate of the transition we call death, and their own origin, then is there no evidence of a future life, and cold, dreary, dark annihilation is the awful destiny of mankind. Well may the human mind require of materialism a positive demonstration of its assertion before it yields to the dire conclusions of its awful logic and cheerless theories. The basis of spiritual philosophy is law; it denies the happening of any supernatural events, or those above law, for it cannot conceive of an infinite God, who is himself the embodiment of all laws, ignoring the very essence of his Being, or that it would even be possible for him to act outside of the sphere of his own influence as the omnipotent law-giver of the universe. The theory of Spiritualism denies that a miracle ever happened, and asserts that all so-called miraculous events were but the operations of some unknown laws; and that the life of the Nazarene was not marked by supernatural, but by mediumistic power and spiritual senses. If he raised the dead, healed the sick, walked on the stormy waters of the Sea of Galilee, and appeared to his disciples after his death, it was but in accordance with the unchangeable laws that now as well as in all time past have governed spirit visitations, visible presence, and manifestations.

In its moral teachings Spiritualism will not bow the head or bend the knee in deference to any other religion or creed of earth. It emphatically proclaims the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It most positively asserts the doctrine of the golden rule as being the very crystallization of the law that should govern man in his intercourse with his fellow man. Spiritualism does not believe that repentance alone can change the consequences of the sins of the past, but that it can better the conditions of the future. That while it cannot wipe the blood stains from the hands of the murderer, and supplant them with angel's pinions in the last moments of life, yet it can restrain human passions, curb our selfish desires and evil propensities until the time shall come in man's progress when wars shall be no more.

Then there shall come to pass even more than was prophesied in the figurative language of the ancient seer and medium, Isaiah: a universal peace and brotherhood among men; when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the young lion and the fawning together, and a little child shall lead them. The suckling shall play with the asp; they shall not hurt nor destroy," for the earth shall be full of the knowledge and precepts of our beautiful religion as the waters cover the sea; when under its convincing evidence immortality shall be a demonstrated fact within the knowledge of all; when faith shall be indeed the substance of things hoped for, for it will be founded upon positive proof, and when science shall assert with the psalmist the great truth that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work;" when advancing knowledge shall prove the existence of a central infinite mind that sees and knows and controls all things by unvarying law. That

"There is an eye whose glance pervades
All depths, all deserts, and all shades;
There is an ear awake on high
Even to thought's whispers ere they die."
There is a force whose awful might
Controls the planets in their flight,
Guides the comets' erratic race,
Among the orbs of stellar space;
That rides on the wind, rules the storm,
And shapes each insect's fragile form;
That moulds all matter's varied plan,
From seed to fruit, from worm to man;
That paints the scented lips of flowers,
With sunbeam brush, and gentle showers;
That asserts in every stern decree
"Twice law that caused the world to be;
That governs all through changeless laws,
Prescribes the effect of every cause;
Pervades all space in part or whole,
The parent of the human soul;
A loving God, from out whose hand
The souls fall like grains of sand;
Whose unerring glance beholdeth all
From wreck of worlds to a sparrow's fall;
Whose great love and loving plan
Assures immortality to man."

Geo. W. Brooks writes: "We returned to our home on Wednesday after an absence of seven weeks. The Haslett Park camp closed in fine shape. There was a very large attendance from first to last and perfect harmony all the way through. The meetings were full of interest and the subjects discussed were of vital importance and did all good."

OUR NEW BIBLE.

Continued from First Page.

pected no fee, but for the love of justice and to save the life of an innocent man he determined to exert himself to his utmost in behalf of the prisoner. He studied the case in all its bearings, worked up every particle of evidence that could be adduced in his client's favor, and when the trial came on the older attorneys and spectators, and even the judge on the bench, were surprised and astonished at the skill he displayed in handling witnesses, and the readiness with which he showed up the points in law. But when it came his time to address the jury he unfolded his mind in so strong and clear a manner that people began to doubt if it was really Lancy Courtney to whom they were listening. As he advanced further into his argument his language became more and more impassioned. It seemed that his soul was thrown open and he spoke as one inspired. Not a whisper was heard in the court-room; not a stir anywhere; no one moved. The jurors listened and for two hours the twelve sturdy men hardly moved a muscle or batted an eye. Every eye was riveted on the speaker—every ear was strained to catch his words. His tall form seemed to rise up higher and higher as he proceeded with his great speech. His face looked as though it was not of this earth, and every one knew and felt that the man was inspired. He drew tears from hundreds of eyes, and when he closed his impassioned appeal the spectators arose as one man and cheered and shouted, regardless of the efforts of the court to prevent any demonstration. Lancy won his case and his future was assured and his fortune made.

The prisoner and his father made every effort to show their appreciation of Lancy's services, but no words, no action seemed adequate to the demand. They were happy, but their happiness was not greater than his. Though he received no fee, that cheer from the spectators was reward enough for his efforts.

Ten more years passed away—years full of happiness and content to Lancy and Jane; years that brought them sunshine and true enjoyment and a forgetfulness of all the privations and sufferings of the long years when they fought bravely and oftentimes wearily against want.

In that ten years Florence Flavin had married, and finding Ralph Courtney no longer of use had driven him out from his own home—out into the cold world whither he had driven his own child a few years before; out among strangers, without money or friends.

But Lancy and Jane in their prosperity had forgotten their own sufferings, and the past with its bitter experiences was buried away under the happiness of the present. Their hearts were too filled with love, and their minds too much occupied with higher and better thoughts, to harbor feelings of resentment. And it was but natural that they should feel a solicitude for the welfare of the elder Courtney, and when they came to know that he was turned away from his own door by the woman he had taken to his bosom as an own child, it was natural that they should seek to relieve his sufferings and smooth his path to the grave.

Lancy went to his father, and taking him into his own home made his last days as pleasant as possible. And Jane—she on account of whom he had driven his only child out of his home and out of his life—she administered to his wants with a gentleness and a care that soon won the old man's heart and made him feel that Lancy in choosing her had chosen a jewel. And when he looked on the sweet little woman and contrasted her gentleness and patience and kindness with the cold and haughty disdain of Florence, he shuddered. "And yet," he thought, "I would have tied my son to that unfeeling, heartless creature, and turned him away and robbed him of his inheritance because he would not renounce the truest woman living for one who has neither feeling nor principle—because he would not throw away a precious gem of womanhood and take up a cold piece of clay."

THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

(Please make your obituary notices short, not over ten or fifteen lines, and they will be inserted at once. If long, their insertion may be very much delayed.)

Passed to Spirit-Life at Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, August 28, 1892, Dr. J. R. Nickless, aged 50 years and 4 months. A noble heart has ceased its beatings on the shores of time. His life work is finished. His spirit obeyed the call from the beyond "come up higher, brother, come up higher." His motto was, "do good, it is the only thing worth doing." How nobly he exemplified this in every act of his life, those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and they are legion, can most abundantly testify. He was an ardent, earnest Spiritualist, and his life was freely given to the dissemination of its profound truths. His one great desire was that all nations should come to realize and live to the knowledge of the common brotherhood of man, his spiritual existence and ascendancy over the mortal. Endowed as he was with a remarkably cheerful disposition, meeting him was like coming into the bright sunlight from out the darkness of the fog. "He was of the salt of the earth," one of God's noblemen.

HIS OLD SCHOOLMATE.

The Voiceless.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: We count the broken lyres that rest where the sweet waiting singers slumber, but over their silent sister's breast the wild flowers who will stoop to number? A few can touch the magic string, and noisy fame is proud to win them! Alas! for those that never sing, but die with all their music in them! Nay, grieve not for the dead alone, whose song has told their heart's sad story; weep for the voiceless, who have known the cross without the crown of glory! Not where Leucadian breezes swept o'er Sappho's memory-haunted hill, but where the glistering night dews wept on nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow. Oh, hearts that break and give no sign, save whitening lips and faded tresses, till death pours out his cordial wine, slow dropped from misery's crushing press; if singing breath or echoing chord to every hidden pang were given, what endless melodies were poured, as sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

THE TELEGRAPH.

And How It Is Used by Spirits.

The Message Over an Instrument Without Wires or Battery.

One of the wildest, weirdest stories of the supernatural that has ever come under the experience of mortal man is told by R. H. Field, the Big Four telegraph operator at Southside Station.

Mr. Field is a very intelligent and conscientious man, and he relates his fearful experience with a candor and earnestness that almost makes one believe it, in spite of its extreme improbability. "I have been a telegraph operator for twenty-two years. I have told my story to at least a hundred people, and I have never met one yet who would believe that it was an actual fact. I know that it will be a severe test on your credulity, but my experience is gospel truth. I want you to understand that I have never, and do not now, believe in the supernatural. I have never attended a spiritualistic seance in my life, and am rather inclined to accept the philosophy of Bob Ingersoll."

Mr. Field was quite reluctant about telling his story for publication, but finally consented to do so. He is an entertaining talker, and related the great event of his life with an ease that showed that he had told it before. "It was several years ago," he began, "when I was much younger than I am now. I was assigned to night duty at a little station called Evansburg, in Pennsylvania, on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad. I hadn't been around the world very much, but flattered myself that I had a good deal of mechanical genius. The office was in charge of an old foggy sort of a fellow named Jones. The telegraph instrument got out of adjustment, and I knew something about repairing it. Jones suggested that I take to my home an old-fashioned relay-box and fix it up. Glad of the opportunity to show what I could do, I carried the box to my boarding-house one morning, and put it on a shelf in an old cupboard and went to bed, intending to fix it up after my sleep was over. I had been in bed but a few minutes, and had not got to sleep, when, to my surprise and astonishment, the armature, or what is otherwise known as the lever on the instrument, began ticking. I was perfectly amazed, and thought there must be some mistake. To satisfy myself that I had not been carried away by my imagination, for the ticking was faint and subdued, I got out of bed, and with fear and trembling, opened the cupboard door. I took the instrument in my hand and it continued to work. I put it on the table, but the sound it made was unintelligible. I turned the spring so that there would be less resistance, and then, in as clear and perfect Morse as I ever heard, the invisible person, spirit, or whatever it was, wrote:

"Do you get me?" "I was so overcome that I involuntarily answered 'yes,' without putting it on the instrument. The unknown heard me, for again, in the beautiful writing, it continued:

"Thank God, at last! My name is Charles Blake. I am an old-timer. My parents, who reside in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, have lost me. They don't know what my fate has been. I want you to write to my father, Homer Blake, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and inform him that I died at Shreveport, Texas, of yellow fever, on—." I have forgotten the date, but it was several years prior to the date of this communication. I was frightened to death. My hair stood on end. My boarding-house was two miles from the telegraph station, and there was no battery nearer than the station, and there was no telegraph wire of any kind in that vicinity. I was a little dubious about the communication from the other world, or from somewhere, I will not undertake to say. Before venturing to write to Homer Blake, as directed, I picked up a Western Union tariff book which I had in my room, to see if there was such a town as Mount Pleasant, Iowa. I found that there was such a place, a fact that I did not know before, and that it was located on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. To satisfy myself, and not be taken in, I wrote a letter to the postmaster at Mount Pleasant and asked him if he knew of any one in the vicinity named Homer Blake, and to give me what information he could, without telling him what I wanted it for. A few days later I received a reply, and I have his letter somewhere among my effects, in which he said that Homer Blake had lived in Mount Pleasant some years before, but that he had moved away, to what place he did not know. Blake, he informed me, had two sons, one of whom, Charles, was supposed to be dead, and the other was a grain merchant in the far west.

"Did you not pursue your investigation further?" "No, I did not. The truth is, I was scared to death. I worked that wire for eighteen months. Every time I took off the relay it made the same peculiar noise, and worked in a sputtering sort of a way; and to show that there must have been some hidden or occult force it crossed the other wires. Every once in a while I used to ask Jones if he heard the noise, and he laughed at me. He never believed my story, although the reply from the postmaster at Mount Pleasant somewhat staggered him. I was actually so afraid to take the relay off that my hair used to stand on end, and I never had any further communication with the hidden force that called itself Charles Blake. I shall never forget that experience as long as I live. People look so incredulous, and are so apt to believe me a crank or a Spiritualist when I tell it, that I never relate it any more unless I am asked to do so."

Mr. Field lives with his wife at Southside. He is well known in this city, and has the reputation of being a truthful and sensible man. There is no doubt in the world that he sincerely thinks that he was talked to on that old instrument, without wire or battery, and he declares most solemnly that it could not have been a matter of fancy.

TO THE EDITOR:—In a late number of the Cincinnati Enquirer appeared the above, and the same was copied into The Evening Star, of this city. It was designated as "one of the wildest, weirdest stories of the supernatural order." In substantiation of very similar or even more wonderful doings, I herewith re-

spectfully offer an account of some of my own individual experiences:

My own peculiar experience with so-called spirits occurred first in 1889-87, during my experience in improving telephones. Having an ordinary one-cell battery and a common key-sounder, I was daily experimenting. One day, the battery being exhausted, I detached the two wires (positive and negative poles) entirely from the key-sounder, which last named I closely covered over with a stout piece of cotton cloth, and placed it away on top of a small workbench in a retired, small, back, second-story room, until I should again replenish the battery. Having occasion thereafter to go to the room, a bright, precocious little two-year-old nephew going with me, when after a few minutes in the room a singular ticking was heard and to which my little nephew first called my attention, saying: "Uncle, your telephone is talking to you." Laughingly I looked around and saw that the key-sounder was still closely covered up, and as there was not any battery, bell wires, telephone, or telegraph wires within half a square, and being somewhat startled, I commenced investigating the mysterious tickings. Approaching the shelf the tickings increased. Suddenly jerking the cover off it did not stop the tickings. I gazed in wonderment at seeing the armature (not the key) working up and down. Pausing again in surprise I discovered that the Morse symbols were being made, but unfortunately I could not interpret them. After the ticking stopped I sounded my hand on the board shelf, and stamped hard also on the floor, shook the door and windows, yet neither the key or armature responded, thus showing that vibration or concussion had nothing to do with producing the ticking.

Pondering over the matter for some time and after handling the key-sounder over and over again and replacing it on the shelf (did not, however, cover it up) I went downstairs and stated the singular doings to my sister, who, not being superstitious, merely remarked, "It is very strange."

An hour or so thereafter, having occasion again to visit my experiment room, and just as I entered, to my increased bewilderment, the sounder again started its tickings, though I had placed it in a different position some distance from its first location. I at once called my sister and little boy to come in, and all of us were again very much surprised. I again tried concussion and jarring, but not the least movement of key or armature. Quietly down, and after a few minutes' comments, the mysterious tickings commenced, but nothing would rest the anxious and perturbed spirit. Having been the past forty or more years at various intervals testing Spiritualism, it flashed in my mind that spirits might have something to do with the ticking, but not supposing myself a medium, and not having any medium or telegrapher at hand to aid in investigating, I concluded nothing satisfactory could be arrived at.

A few months after these initial tickings my residence was changed, I moving into another house on a different street, seven squares away. Again fitting up a small, back, second-story room, but not renewing the battery or attaching wires to the instrument, and cleaning it thoroughly by taking it apart and oiling, I again placed it back on the small wooden shelf formerly used. Not supposing that there would be any repetition of the mysterious tickings, I went downstairs into a front room. I scarcely had seated myself when I heard the tickings. Immediately going upstairs and again calling my sister and little nephew, we all stood off some distance from the shelf, when we heard and saw the ticking going on. Being still greatly puzzled I called on two different experienced telegraphers, relating the curious doings, but neither could account for them. Next writing to my brother in New York City, stating the circumstances, he replied that frequently, as he was told, telegraph instruments would sometimes do similar freaks called "jumping Jim Crow," but in all such cases batteries and wires must be attached. This spontaneous ticking can be heard in all telegraph offices and on all lines.

I next called in a telephone inventor, who was a practical constructor of telephone lines. Sitting with me an hour or so, he was also very greatly astonished, but as he was not a telegrapher, nothing could be ascertained as to the nature of the tickings, but as he was a Spiritualist, he concluded that spirits undoubtedly must have something to do with the strange doings, and some important message desired to be given. The mysterious tickings would even go on at midnight, being heard in every room, so that I would have to get out of bed, go and tie down the key and armature. Now, Mr. Editor, and kind readers, do you not think as the reflecting Hamlet thought, "that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy." No wonderment, however, should be expressed during this age of intellectual progress and scientific research. Wonders are daily multiplying, and will never cease. In this connection it may be well to state that spirit telegraph communications are nothing very new and have been frequently given in this city at seances of several spiritualistic mediums, at one of which I was present and had, at one ages, read off by a telegrapher of one of the government departments.

JOHN S. GALLAHER.
Washington City, D. C.

Keep an Eye Out.

Wherever you are, keep an eye ever on the alert! Brother Jonathan has stated that "there is something in the air." In your kitchen, in your bedroom, your study or your parlor, you may observe some strange atmospheric phenomena, that will give you some forebodings as to what is going to occur; and you may be able to judge as to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's man's ability to catch on to it, and utilize it for the columns of his paper. Always carry a pencil with you to note all strange atmospheric appearances, for as asserted by Brother Jonathan, whom we dearly love, "there is something in the air."

Mrs. J. E. Leonard, of Helena, Mont., writes: "No one must write to Miss Adams for spirit pictures, as her health has failed. She has returned all articles of value to the senders and gone East for her health. All those who sent money will get a picture or the money they sent very soon. She has a list of the names and you will each of you get some word from her. The work was too much for her."

SUICIDE WRONG.

It Is Generally Prevalent.

It Degrades the Spirit.

TO THE EDITOR:—Is suicide evidence of insanity? The question involves a discussion not easily handled. The most vital instinct in man is the preservation of life. It would seem, therefore, that an act which traverses the first law of nature must emanate from a disordered brain. Not long since a Judge in one of our New York courts held that suicide per se was evidence of insanity. On the other hand we have the examples of eminent men who have taken their own lives under circumstances which appear to leave no room for doubt as to their sanity.

A recent dispatch from Roumania informs us of a suicide club, the members of which are pledged to commit suicide as soon as their names should be drawn. The surviving members of the club have all been placed in rigid confinement, and will be tried on the charge of having deliberately aided and abetted unjustifiable suicide.

It is remarkable how a suicide by a certain method or in a certain place will lead to another of the same kind. A surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital, in London, went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber spoke of a man who had been unsuccessful in an attempt to kill himself by cutting his throat. "He could easily have managed it," said the surgeon, "had he been acquainted with the situation of the carotid artery." "Where should he have cut?" asked the barber. The surgeon told him. He at once left the room, and not returning as soon as was expected the surgeon went to look for him, and discovered him in the yard with his head nearly severed from his body.

It is worthy of note that the greatest number of suicides are committed by the Germans. The form of death they choose is usually poisoning.

In every country three-quarters of all the suicides are of the male sex.

It is almost impossible to realize the readiness with which the Chinese commit suicide. It requires the merest trifle to induce a Chinaman to hang himself. In other countries when a man wishes to avenge himself on his enemy he kills him. In China he kills himself. Suicides of widows are very common there. Many hang themselves publicly, having given notice of their intention so that those who wish may be present.

On the morning of the appointed day the willing victim, dressed in gaudy apparel and holding a bouquet of fresh flowers in her hand, is carried in a sedan chair to the temple erected in memory of "virtuous and filial widows." There she performs the accustomed religious rites with burning of candles and incense. In the afternoon she returns home, and hangs herself before the multitude. Suicides of this kind meet with general approval in China. They do honor to the families in which they occur.

The first instance of suicide recorded in scripture is that of Samson (B. C. 1117). The second is that of Saul (B. C. 1055). Rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, when hard pressed in battle, he drew his sword and fell upon it, and so died. Judas Iscariot, through remorse, went and hanged himself.

Among the philosophers of antiquity Seneca stands pre-eminently forward as the defender of suicide. He says: "Does life please you? Live on. Does it not? Go from whence you came. No vast wound is necessary; a mere puncture will secure your liberty." Pliny says: "God cannot end his own life though he wish, but has given to mortals this best of boons amid the burdens and trials of life."

Two of the most distinguished men of antiquity who sacrificed their own lives were Brutus and Cassius. Marc Antony, reduced to a desperate extremity, killed himself. Cleopatra was taken a prisoner by Augustus, who had intended to exhibit her in a triumphal procession in Rome. To frustrate this design she killed herself by the poison of an asp. Cato, rather than live under the despotism of Caesar, stabbed himself and when the wound had been stanching tore off the bandages and accomplished his purpose. Demosthenes, fearful of being subjected to slavery and disgrace, resorted to self-destruction. The persecution to which Hannibal was subjected by the Romans impelled him to have recourse to the poison which he always kept about him in a ring. Socrates, the renowned Athenian orator, starved himself to death sooner than submit to the dominion of Philip of Macedon. Thomas Chatterton, the English poet, became indignant to the verge of starvation, and at the age of 17 poisoned himself.

From instances like the foregoing one might well query whether the act of taking one's life is alone sufficient to indicate insanity.

The law in New York regards suicide a crime, putting it in the same category with murder. Of course where the crime is consummated no punishment is inflicted, but all attempts are punishable, and principals in the second degree, present, aiding and abetting, and accessories before the fact, can be punished. For many centuries suicide has been regarded as a crime, not only by the State but by the Church. In the Greek Church, the Roman Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church it is severely condemned, and the burial service provides that the prescribed office for the burial of the dead is not to be used for any who have laid violent hands upon themselves.

In England the crime was punished by the forfeiture of estate, and the body of the self-murderer was required to be buried in the open highway and a stake thrust through it to mark the public detestation. This law was repealed during the reign of George IV.; but even now the body of a suicide is required to be buried at night without the performance of religious rites. These laws of the State and

Church must be founded upon the idea of suicide without insanity, otherwise they would be monstrous.

The above, gleaned from the Albany Express, illustrates in a marked degree the prevalence of suicide. It is common to-day in the world, but probably not as much so as in the past. There is a gradual evolution out of the debased condition which produces suicide, just as much as there is out of the state which brings about duelling, and eventually it will disappear from the earth altogether. The spirit is debased by self-murder even as much as by duelling.

Jus Tice.

"Antiquity Unveiled."

THE HUMBLE INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHOM THE MESSAGES WERE GIVEN.

TO THE EDITOR:—I know of no book that has been published in the cause of Spiritualism that interests me so much as the above-named book; have longed for its publication, and now rejoice in the consummation. I feel a particular interest in that book, for I witnessed some of those wonderful seances, and saw the mysterious spirits who imparted to the world those grand passages that so long have been withheld from mortals here.

I was well acquainted with J. M. Roberts, who, at all times, was the staunchest friend our mediums ever had. He was a man who dared to do the right for the love of the right. He was noble, generous and brave; tender at heart as a child; always loving, gentle and kind in his family, with an ever open hand toward the needy and distressed. He was always true to his principles, never swerving from what he thought his duty and the right. In argument, though somewhat excitable, he was firm; but if convinced of an error he yielded the point like a gentleman. In intellect and knowledge his rivals were few, and none knew him but to respect him.

The humble instrument through whose sensitiveness those wonderful witnesses made themselves known to the denizens of truth, I was also intimately acquainted with. I knew him as an humble factory boy, working in the mills of Manayunk, Pa., helping to support his widowed mother. At last his health became enfeebled, and he was obliged to leave the mills. It was then that the spirits took him in charge. He first became clairvoyant, and his descriptions were very accurate, even through persons with whom he had never met before, often giving names of those in spirit life of whom he had never heard, and who passed away before he was born. These things I have many times witnessed myself.

He afterwards became a materializing medium. I saw many strange things at his seances. I saw persons of whom I had never before heard (although I am something of a reader), nor could I find a history of only a very few of them, as their names seemed to be lost to the world, notwithstanding they gave the time in which they lived. To tell the truth I had begun to place very little confidence in the manifestations, believing them to be obsessing and unreliable spirits, as I had many times met with them at other seances. But friend Roberts thought differently, and commenced investigation, and soon found the truth and reliability of the manifestations, which now, for the first time, are given to the world. What it has cost him in both time and money humanity may never know. What libraries, histories, encyclopedias and tons of ancient literature he searched we shall never be able to learn; but one thing we do know, and that is, we have the benefit of his great diligence and labor, for which the world owes a debt it can never repay.

Now, the question naturally arises, how does it happen (if these be the spirits of those ancient men who once played an active part in the great drama of life, whose names only live in the dusty tomes of ancient literature), how is it possible, that this poor, uneducated, humble factory boy is so well posted in all these ancient names and their different offices while on earth, centuries ago, confounding our ablest scholars, and setting them to searching for the truths which he seems to have at his tongue's end. For myself, I have only one conclusion—they really are the spirits they represent themselves to be.

The wise world has never, as yet, found a more satisfactory name for me, and I freely accept it until something better is found. I know that many cried fraud, as they do now, and will, I suppose, until they receive light enough to enable them to grasp their way out of the rubbish of ignorance, bigotry and superstition that has been heaping up for the last eighteen hundred years on their willing heads.

May the day dawn soon when the bright ray of reason shall illumine the humblest cottage as well as the gilded dome, and our beacon light, the grand old PROGRESSIVE THINKER, shed its light of intelligence, illumining the dark places of ignorance, dispelling superstition and all its attendant evils, and bringing joy and peace in place of vague beliefs, dread and fear.

S. J. WALKER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritual Research Society, of South Minneapolis, is steadily increasing in interest and members. There seems to be a general awakening in our section of the city on the subject of psychic research. The outlook for this young but thrifty society is very encouraging, and the indications are that much good will be accomplished this fall and winter in promulgating the truths of Spiritual philosophy.

In Mrs. Lowell, of Anoka, Minn., the society has an able lecturer, and one well qualified to fill the position. Nearly all her life has been devoted to this cause, and her heart and hands are in the work. Mrs. Lowell is very refined in her speech, ways and actions, and as a consequence, attracts influences of a high order.

W. D. R.

"God in the Constitution." By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Colonel Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Mrs. F. A. Logan.

She is 70 years of age, and resides at Alameda, Cal. On her seventy-first birthday, the 31st of August, a party filled her large parlors to do her honor. Among the number were Dr. Dean Clarke, Mrs. Melissa Miller, Prof. Martin, Dr. Hunter, Dr. T. B. Taylor, W. H. White, and several trance mediums. Many toasts were given. We congratulate her on reaching her advanced age. She has done a good work. Dr. Clark read the following poem:

Full seventy years have passed away
Since first you saw the light of day,
And now we come respect to pay
To cheer you on your toilsome way.

Long have you labored to do good,
And tried to do the best you could,
And though not always understood,
At duty's post you've always stood.

You've healed the sick and made them well,
Used tongue and pen the truth to tell.
Helped many a soul escape from hell,
And raised them up where'er they fell.

The cause of temperance you've taught,
All evil habits you have fought;
To make all better you have sought,
And often thus reform you've wrought.

For woman's rights you've battled long,
Have helped the weak resist the strong—
You've fought against the tyrant throng,
And tried to right her every wrong.

Old Superstition you have spurned,
And from her idols long since turned;
For higher truths have ever yearned,
And sought to gain them till you learned.

When first the mortals spirits came,
You heard their call and signed your name
Among the martyrs, who, through flame,
Have fought death's battles without shame.

For their grand cause you long have worked
Against the foes that round you lurked,
And without fear of those who smirked,
No call of duty have you shirked.

As bravely you have kept your vow
To "not look back when hold the plow,"
In their loved names we greet you now,
And place bright laurels on your brow.

Soon you may hear the angels call,
When they shall tell the curtain fall;
Then glad you'll meet them one and all,
And have a glorious birthday ball.

THEY WALK ON AIR.

The Fahyhs Need No Solid Earth When They Take Exercise.

The Fahyhs are the greatest legerdemainists, necromancers and hypnotists in the known world.

One of their principal feats is walking in the air. The Fahyah who performs it lays flat down with his face flat toward the earth for a minute or a minute and a half, then arises, and forcing his arms against his sides, standing very erect, deliberately walks into the air as far as his power of endurance will permit him, at times reaching an altitude of from 250 to 400 feet, when he simply walks down again.

At first, says the writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer, he could hardly believe his eyes, and he thought he had indeed seen a miracle performed. It took him over a year to understand this feat, at the end of which time he discovered that it was accomplished by a thorough knowledge of the electrical powers. This gentleman claims that the Fahyhs understand thoroughly the laws of changing their electrified form from the positive to the negative by inhalation, and by that means, just the same as this universe is held in place by a congeniality of those two forces, so they utilized them in the performance of this feat.

To try and make it even clearer, he goes into the philosophy of the trick, starting from the first principle of electrical law, congeniality: Two persons are introduced to each other; instinctively each party to the introduction knows whether there is a feeling of perfect congeniality or not; if there is congeniality that proves that one is the positive and the other is the negative; if that feeling of congeniality is wanting, then they both possess similarly electrified forms, and naturally are repellant.

Of course after associations may oftentimes make two such similarly electrified forms friends, but 'tis very rarely the case; the same law precisely that governs the feeling of these two men who have been introduced to each other is that which controls and keeps the universe in place.

The world is supposed to be 25,000 miles in circumference, 8,000 miles more or less in diameter; it revolves once around the sun in a year.

That is a pretty rapid rate of speed it must be admitted, and naturally some force of electricity must be evolved; call it positive. Then if the world is positive, space must be negative; otherwise one would be repellant to the other, and we would not hold our place in the terrestrial firmament.

Now, if the world does hold its place by that law of electrical congeniality, why is it not possible for the man who possesses the knowledge of changing his electrical form from the negative (which we who inhabit the earth all are) to the positive by process of inhalation, which he does when he lies upon the ground, and then walk into the same space by the same laws that hold that tremendous globe and all the other planets and stars in their place?

That is the way, and the only way, by which the Fahyhs perform this most wonderful feat.

And yet the one who "found out" how the trick was done could not do it himself. Verily, there is mystery everywhere.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Something in the air!" So says Brother Jonathan, who appears in all his glory on our third page. He assures us that it is of a noble, beneficent character, and he thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man will catch on to it for his Fall and Winter Campaign.

"Standing Up for Jesus," or what the editor of the Free Thinkers Magazine thinks of him. Price, 4 cents; twenty-five copies for 50 cents. For sale at this office.

W. W. Aber, at Eureka, Kansas.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having some enthusiastic Spiritualists in our midst at Eureka, Kansas, who had attended the materializing seances given by W. W. Aber, while in Topeka, a number of years ago, and having been thoroughly convinced of his mediumistic powers, we decided to send for him, and for nearly a week he has been giving wonderful seances, both afternoon and evening. He has given numbers of tests, and created a great deal of excitement in both religious and social circles. He has many phases of mediumship—slate-writing, ballot reading, spirit photography and materialization. While none can deny the truthfulness of his messages, his materialization has been the greatest wonder, and caused differences in opinion, but none to prove it otherwise than genuine.

He has been severely tested, and nothing proven to his discredit; on the contrary, the tests have been highly satisfactory to those attending the seances. He is very conscientious and kind, if not really tender, towards others, and has made many warm friends during his stay, and all trust him implicitly.

I myself am convinced beyond any doubt, and things were given me that no mortal on earth knew. It was proof conclusive. The son of T. L. Davis was perhaps the strongest materialization we have had. It was so real to the father that at the very sight of the boy he jumped forward and made a grab for him, and at the same time was so overcome he could not talk as long as he should have liked; but the boy has appeared many times since, and been recognized, and given several tests. The father is an Episcopalian; did not believe such a thing could be, but for the time being, through Mr. Aber, is a believer in Spiritualism.

Mr. Aber will always carry the good will of Eureka with him wherever he goes. May the good angels bless and protect him.

KATE HOAGLAND.

The Work at Colorado Springs.

TO THE EDITOR:—A word or two regarding the ministrations to our society in the city may be of interest. For twelve months past, with the exception of six weeks, during which our speaker, Mrs. Jeannette W. Crawford was absent in Salt Lake City, rendering a series of Beethoven recitals, she has indefatigably labored in the cause of the true spiritual philosophy, setting aside all that might have detracted from the growth of the inner life, and the seed sown by the philosophical, intellectual and spiritual lessons of the guide and controlling influences has led the way for a temple to be built in the near future. The matter is now the subject of thought, and it is the intention of the projectors in spirit life to dedicate such building to the advancement of the true spiritual philosophy in its highest phase. On this account our thoughts are those of gratitude, in the knowledge that in this portion of the country we are favored with the ministrations from the higher spheres, and that such lessons have been taught that have led to the realization of better ideas than hitherto. Mrs. Crawford leaves us on the 6th of September for the East, to fulfill the allotted task of her guide for the furtherance of the true spiritual growth, and we have no fear for the success of her endeavors.

The following resolution was passed at the meeting of the society on Sunday evening, Sept. 4th: That the expression be made known to Mrs. Crawford through the trustees of the society of their sense of loss in the removal of herself to other scenes of labor, and that the thanks of the trustees and members be given to her for her invaluable services to the society as lecturer, and of their appreciation of her indefatigable labors during the past year; and further, they express the hope that they may in the future be privileged to secure her services in the cause for which she has in the past been engaged; knowing that the true spiritual philosophy will be furthered, and to this aim such invitation is cordially extended. And further, that a copy of this resolution be made and presented to Mrs. Crawford.

We all wish Mrs. Crawford God-speed, and that health may be so afforded her, in order that the work so nobly begun with our society may bring forth fruit worthy the name of the spiritual philosophy.

G. D. JAMES.

Proposed Amendments.

I hereby give notice that the following amendments to the constitution of the American Secular Union will be proposed at the next Congress, to meet in Chicago, October 23d, as advertised by the board:

Art. III., paragraph 1, to be amended so as to read, "The equitable taxation of church property by the public authorities, as other property is taxed, to raise revenue for the common protection and defence."

Paragraph 2, of the same article, to amend by striking out all after the words "public schools," and add "whether in the form of bible reading, the offering of prayers or the singing of hymns or songs of a sectarian character." It is not intended hereby to prohibit the teaching of the pure principles of morality and practical ethics, as this can be done without religious exercises or sectarian dogma.

Paragraph 4 of the same article to be amended by adding, "and to secure this end we are in favor of a XVI amendment to the constitution of the United States, substantially, as recommended by the National League for the Protection of American Institutions."

Strike out paragraphs 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of Article III. (not because they are not important, but because we think it best to direct all our energies at present to the three great subjects of church taxation, religious exercises in State schools and Sunday laws.)

Article V. After the word "membership," add, "but all life members shall be subject to the approval of the board, and also all annual members. All persons entitled to vote at an annual Congress, shall be permitted to vote by proxy, under rules to be established by the board."

Strike out the word "corresponding" before the word "secretary" in Article IX., and the word "secretary" instead of the plural form in the heading of the article.

Strike out the whole of Article XII, and Article XIII.—dispensing entirely with the auxiliary societies.

R. B. WESTBROOK.
Philadelphia Sept. 7, 1892.

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A MOST VALUABLE BOOK.

"Gleanings from the Rostrum," by A. R. French, With a Sketch of the Author's Life, by Hudson Tuttle, and Dedicated to His Risen Sister, Sarah French Farr.

This is a beautiful little volume of 299 pages, printed on fine paper, with clear type and neatly bound in cloth and gold. Mr. French needs no introduction to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Those who have read his articles know his style, his smooth flow of language and excellent descriptive powers, and that anything he writes on any subject whatever will be pleasant and interesting reading. On taking up this book their most sanguine expectations will be fully realized, and their attention riveted to an extent not exceeded by any romance. To the thoughtful student of nature, philosophy and religion, and the problems of life generally, it will be a feast. Its table of contents gives but a slight idea of the work, as the different subjects are so fully elaborated as to surpass the calculations of the average reader. It consists of twelve lectures, on the following subjects: "William Denton;" "Legends of Buddha;" "Mohammed, or the Faith and Wars of Islam;" "Joseph Smith, and the Book of Mormon;" "Conflicts of Life;" "The Power and Permanency of Ideas;" "The Unknown;" "Probability of a Future Life;" "Anniversary Address;" "The Egotism of Our Age;" "What is Truth?" "Decorative Address."

Mr. French is an optimist of the first water, a philosopher of the highest type, and a religionist of the most spiritual kind. He has come to that time of life when mature judgment and experience supercedes the rashness of youth; therefore, what he writes has a tendency to mellow down the passions and awaken sympathy for the erring, while it shows everything in its true light. Like Emerson, he has the happy faculty of putting a great deal in short, pithy sentences. For instance, he says: "Fraternity, love's other name, is quickening the blood of all religions;" and "Thought is conquering the world;" "Human life is a prayer wrought out in throbbing pulses, or carved in uncontrollable desires and aspirations."

There is not a weak lecture in the book; even that on, "Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon," will astonish many, and give an impetus to impartial thought which few readers would anticipate. But it is when he comes to the "Conflicts of Life" that we feel the power of a great mind. "Probability of a Future Life" will give the agnostic food for thought.

The "Anniversary Address" is the only exclusively Spiritualistic one. In it he satirizes only enough to enliven the discussion. He says: "The clergy dare not speak kindly of the Spiritual advent till they knew that their salary was secure." And he tells about the Methodist minister who beat his Universalist neighbor's dead dog to show that there was punishment after death.

His great thought is the duty of building the new Temple of the future. He says: "Anxious millions are waiting for a spiritual science, built upon the eternal granite of man's spirituality. Where are the builders?"

The foregleams of the world's religion already begin to light the sky. Our year of jubilee is surely coming. The earth's martyrs, avatars, apostles and Christs have not died in vain. It will be a religion of heart as well as head; a religion which will draw mankind together rather than pull them apart. This religion will not freeze out the pulpit with intellectual giants and spiritual dwarfs, nor will it want culture and power. It will be a universal spiritual religion—one that will consecrate all days, all books, and all labor. Again he asks: "Where are the builders?"

Mr. French has given us a new word—"self-salvation"—which will come into general use as orthodoxy dies out. We would like to say a great deal more, but space is limited. We regard this book as a valuable addition to Spiritual literature. It should be in every family.

The Celebrated New York "Sun" Cholera Cure.

Take equal parts of tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, tincture of cayenne, spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint; mix well together. Dose: Fifteen to thirty drops, in water; to be repeated in fifteen or twenty minutes if necessary.

The Rev. Newland Maynard, chaplain of the ninth regiment, who was a passenger on the steamer Alesia, in the summer of 1887, when she reached Quarantine with cholera on board, wrote to Mr. Busted that he had saved the lives of five cholera patients on the steamer through the lucky possession of a bottle of The Sun cholera mixture which he happened to have in his trunk.

Defiance, Ohio.

G. W. Kates and wife commenced a series of meetings here Saturday night, September 10th. The large rink was well filled, and the audience was well repaid. The Sunday meetings showed an increased interest. The lectures were most excellent, and answered the needs of the people. The tests were all correct, and replete with convincing and consoling power. We look for good results, and hope to get help enough to engage others, and perhaps to form a permanent association. Mr. and Mrs. Kates will remain during September. They are earnest and worthy workers. With their zeal and spirit help we must feel for a long time the good effect of the present season of spiritual refreshing. In the cause of truth and humanity, I can say, with these words, I am A DEFENDER.

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.



THE LAST and FINAL APPEAL.

Petition to Congress to Open the World's Columbian Exposition on Sundays.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress Assembled:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, do hereby respectfully pray and memorialize your Honorable Body to repeal that portion of the Act entitled, "An Act to aid in carrying out the Act of Congress approved April 25, 1890, entitled 'An Act to provide for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the holding of an International Exposition in the City of Chicago'—approved August 5, 1892, which reads as follows: "That it is hereby declared that all appropriations herein made for, or pertaining to, the World's Columbian Exposition, are made upon the condition that the said Exposition shall not be opened to the public on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday; and if the said appropriations be accepted by the corporation of the State of Illinois, known as the World's Columbian Exposition, upon that condition, it shall be and it is hereby made the duty of the World's Columbian Commission, created by the Act of Congress of April twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety, to make such rules or modification of the rules of said corporation as shall require the closing of the Exposition on the said first day of the week, commonly called Sunday."

Also, to repeal that portion of the Act entitled, "An Act making appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, and for other purposes"—approved August 5, 1892, which reads as follows:

"And it is hereby declared that all appropriations herein made for, or pertaining to, the World's Columbian Exposition, are made upon the condition that the said Exposition shall not be open to the public on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday; and if the said appropriations be accepted by the corporation of the State of Illinois, known as the World's Columbian Exposition, upon that condition, it shall be, and it is hereby made the duty of the World's Columbian Commission, created by Act of Congress of April twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety, to make such rules or modifications of the rules of said corporation as shall require the closing of the Exposition on the said first day of the week, commonly called Sunday."

In presenting this memorial to your consideration, we believe that—The World's Columbian Exposition is calculated to promote education, awaken high ideals, stimulate healthy imagination and store the mind with memories which will be a source of happy and inspiring reflection during the life of those who may have the privilege of studying the manifold treasures which will there be presented. Thus looked at, it becomes the handmaid of all that operates to advance man in his higher nature, and is a real promoter of pure religion.

That those who most need the beneficent influences which will flow from the exposition are the men, women and children whose lives are oppressed by poverty, and whose opportunities for travel and study are most meagre. Confronted each day with the question of physical sustenance, the closing of the Fair on Sunday means a substantial denial to them of its larger benefits.

That to close the gates of the Exposition on Sunday is against the interest of the social order, as it would throw upon the city of Chicago several hundred thousands of visitors each Sunday, who, being without occupation, would crowd every brothel, saloon and place of evil resort in that city, and multiply crime to such an extent that the police department, even though managed in the most efficient manner, could, with great difficulty, cope with the situation.

That the largest opportunity should be given for admission to the grounds and buildings of the Fair on this day, and that some marked distinction should be made so as to have Sunday stand apart as a special day; such as stopping all machinery and labor connected with exhibits, and allowing exhibitors, who so desired, to cover their displays.

That the entire matter of a Sunday as well as a weekday Fair should be left by Congress in the hands of the regular World's Fair authorities.

When this petition is filled, address it to your Congressman, and request him to take prompt action.

NAME.

ADDRESS.

A Triumph for Christianity.

The great contest between Sullivan and Corbett is ended, and the champion of the world is beaten; but it is a triumph for the church, as Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Corbett are both Christian gentlemen, both being members of the same Christian denomination, a denomination which claims a membership of two hundred and fifty millions, the largest denomination in the world; besides, more than one-half of their friends, and those who went to see the fight, are members of the same church. Then it is a fact also that a great many members of other churches had money up on the fight, and those who won can give the tenth to the Lord as his part.

Then the papers tell us that the members of the State and city governments were there, and the most of them are either brothers or brothers-in-law of the church, and it is said even that some ministers were there, so they could preach against prize-fighting. Take it altogether, it was quite Christian in its character.

I saw in the Kansas City papers that some beautiful figures had been imported to adorn

the altar of the Catholic Cathedral; one of them was a figure of Christ, and was nine feet high, and hand-painted. Now, how would it do to take John L. Sullivan for a figure, have him represent Samson, one of the Lord's fighters, and set him up to adorn the altar? He is now out of the prize-ring, and is already hand-painted. I would recommend him to the bishop. He could help around the church, and make himself useful as well as ornamental. He would really be more useful than any of the others. H. P. DRYDEN.

Strange Apparition That Is Now Puzzling Florida Farmers.

A respectable farmer named Peterson, who owns a place a few miles from town, brings in a curious story of a ghost that haunts his cornfield and plows by moonlight. He says that he first noticed the apparition about a month ago when sitting up with a sick child. He happened to look out on the field about the hour of midnight, and to his amazement he saw the figure of a man guiding an ox team over the ground. The animals, man and plow were all as plain to be seen as if it had

been daylight, though the rest of the field was in comparative gloom.

Not knowing what to make of this singular sight, he called his eldest son to go and see who the stranger was. The boy went at once, and his father, watching him, was further amazed to see the lad walk right through the plow and man as if there was nothing there. When the boy returned he declared that he had found nothing and nobody in the field. Mr. Peterson himself now resolved to go, and did so, but could see no trace of the man and team, though on returning to the room from which he had seen the sight he found them as plain as before. The man was dressed in the clothes of a laborer, and wore a large, broad-brimmed hat, which completely concealed his features.

He seemed intent on his work, and never raised his head, but would crack the whip he carried over the backs of the oxen, but without noise. Since this time Mr. Peterson says he has repeatedly seen the phantom plowman, and has called in neighbors to see it with him, though always on going into the field nothing was to be seen. The people about declare that the figure is that of the farmer who owned the place before Peterson bought it, and

who early one morning was found dead in this field, and it was thought by his own hand.

Fernandina, Fla.

AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

An Important Announcement.

The hall in which the Sixteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held is the "Old Forum," located on Washington boulevard, corner Sangamon street. This should be a representative congress. Every auxiliary should send a full delegation. Every annual and life member should attend. Every honorary vice-president should come as a representative of his or her State. Every one opposed to this Republic being converted into a theocracy should take this opportunity to protest by his presence against it. Every lecturer should be present. All are invited.

The following speakers will make addresses at the Congress: Dr. R. B. Westbrook, Ex-President of the A. S. U.; B. F. Underwood, John E. Remsburg, Rev. Alonzo T. Jones, editor American Sentinel; Judge C. B. Wait, P. J. O'Shea, Judge John W. Tindall, editorial staff of Inter-Ocean; Horace Bennett, President Chicago Secular Union; John F. Geeting and Mrs. M. A. Freeman. Other speakers are yet to be heard from, and will be announced later.

The Congress will cost money. Secularists, understand this! Let each contribute at once, and as generously as he can afford to, towards defraying the expenses.

The present board has not been extravagant in its disbursements, nor importunate in its demands. It has left the matter of finances largely to the conscience of liberals.

The board was created solely by the organization it represents. It came into its present position through no action of its own. It doesn't care to continue its existence one moment longer than its creators desire it to. But it asks, as some small remuneration for its services, that the liberals of the country will enable it to make, by the success of this Congress, a splendid protest against ecclesiastical encroachments upon the people's liberties. It asks that they will permit it to practically demonstrate that there is a grand secular army organized as a political power, having for the basis of its work the nine demands of liberalism.

The American Secular Union was organized for a specific purpose. It should retain its name; it should continue its work. Liberals have paid their money into its treasury; taken out life memberships with the understanding that its continued existence was an assured fact. Were its work done it could triumphantly disorganize. But its work is not done. The National Reform Association marches victoriously forward, scoring success after success; the liberals turn aside from facing the common foe, and attack one another.

The American Secular Union is not dead, and the individual who seeks at this crisis to bring disaster into the ranks of liberalism by dividing its forces is no true secularist, but cares more for his own aggrandizement than for the cause he has professed to espouse.

It isn't necessary to undermine or destroy the Union to carry forward its work. Are its demands unsatisfactory? These can be changed. Does its constitution need revising? The requisite majority can do this. Are the members of the board inefficient, or for any other reason undesirable? Put them out; elect new directors in their place.

Let every lover of liberty attend the Congress at Chicago, October 23, 24 and 25, determined that the best shall be done for the secular cause, and that this Congress may be an honor to the organization, let each send at once his or her remittance to M. Reiman, Treasurer, 4325 Drexel boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. M. A. FREEMAN.

Cor. Sec. Am. Secular Union.

WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST? or Curious Revelations from the Life of a Trance Medium. By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. This curious book has no precedent in the English language. Its theme is novel, its truth apparent. It has a peculiar bearing upon the most momentous period in history and regarding its most famous participant—the most noted American. It is based on truth and fact, and therefore will live from this time forth. The publisher has not spared care, research or expense in its verification and production, and he stakes his reputation upon the validity of its contents, knowing that it will bear the most searching examination, regardless of doctrine or creed or sect. It is a remarkable picture—a page of veiled history. Give it a deliberate reading. You will be amply repaid. Price \$1.50.

STUDIES IN PSYCHIC SCIENCE. An invaluable work. By Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.50.

SEERS OF THE AGES, EMBRACING SPIRITUALISM, past and present. By J. M. Peebles, M. D. An encyclopaedia of interesting and instructive facts. Price \$2.00.

STATUOLISM, OR ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM, Etheric called mesmerism; or animal magnetism. By Wm. Baker Farnsworth, M.D. A very suggestive work. Critical minds should read it. Price \$1.50.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE. 144 Propositions, theological, moral, historical and speculative, each proved affirmatively and negatively by quotations from Scripture, without comment. Price 15 cents.

SHALL THE BIBLE BE READ IN OUR public schools? By Richard B. Westbrook. It is chock full of intellectual meat. Price 10 cents.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY; HISTORICAL and practical. A manual for the people. By W. J. Corville. Valuable to those investigating thoroughly. Price \$1.50.

RESEARCHES IN ORIENTAL HISTORY, Unveiling the origin of the Jews, the rise and development of Zoroastrianism and the derivation of Christianity; to which is added: "Whence our Aryan Ancestors?" By G. W. Brown, M. D. One of the most valuable works ever published. Price \$1.50.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. GIVEN BY MRS. MARY T. SLEIGH, BY A. E. FRENCH. A very lively reading this excellent book. Price 75 cents.

ROMANISM AND THE REPUBLIC. BY Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, M. A. Every patriot should read it. Price \$1.00.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF the Sunday question. It is invaluable. By G. W. Brown, M. D. Price 15 cents.

HOW TO MESMERIZE. BY PROF. J. W. Cadwell, one of the most successful mesmerists in America. Ancient and modern miracles explained by mesmerism. An invaluable work. Price, paper, 50 cents.

LECTURES BY A. E. FRENCH. They are worth their weight in gold. Price, paper, 50 cents.

LIFE IN THE STONE AGE; THE HISTORY of Abraham, chief priest of a band of Al Aryans. An entire history of man. Written through the mediumship of U. G. Fligny. You should read this work. Price 50 cents.

LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD. By Mrs. Mary T. Sleight, it abounds in facts to refute those of the Spiritualists. Price \$1.50.

LEAFLETS OF THOUGHT GATHERED from the Press. Presenting the humanity through the mediumship of B. E. Linscott. Excellent. Price 15c.

OUTSIDE THE GATES; AND OTHER tales and sketches. By a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Sleight. An excellent work. Price \$1.50.



LIZETTE.

CAMILLE.

The People Who Are "Damned."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EXCURSION.

Camille and her companions were delighted with the proposed excursion. Constantly employed as she had been, without an hour's relaxation, a day without toil of itself was a delight. She had not yet seen the ocean, or any of the objects of interest she expected to visit, the sight of which would partially atone for the sacrifice she was making.

"What shall we wear?" asked Marie. "We ought to have something cool and light, but we have had nothing new this Spring. There has been no need for we have not been from home."

"Whatever you wear," said her mother, "you must carry your shawls, for the ocean air is raw and chilly even on a Summer's day."

"Oh, mother, we'd be sure to carry shawls," said Jennie. "In picnic costume, we can dress as pretty and as tastefully as the best. What do you think of my hat?"

"It is lovely," answered Camille. "And you are lovely, too; I'll tell you without asking," she heartily responded. Thus chatting gaily they walked to the wharf, where the Ocean Belle was moored, and the people rapidly gathering.

"It was a beautiful day, with warm sun, cloudless sky, and the charm of Spring over all. The boat was crowded, and still they came, finding a vacancy somewhere. The bell rang, the orders were given, and the great, brawny giant asleep in the hold awoke to his task. The Belle swung gracefully around, threaded her way between the various craft swarming in her channel, and was laying her course across the harbor. The salt air came fresh from the sea. How different from that of the West, which sometimes gave no vitality, while this was like a tonic, full of life and vigor. They met an incoming ocean steamer, her prow battered by the waves, and the spars broken by storms. A little tug was pulling the leviathan to her dock. Her decks were swarming with passengers, some returning after voluntary exile, others poorer clad coming to seek their fortune in the unknown country; workers, attempting to throw off the shackles of old world monopoly, and become owners of themselves! An ocean steamer, going or coming, is an embodied poem. It sails from port, impelled by the power of its heart of fire, and directs its course to a determined goal on the other side of the globe. The stormy currents press against it; the storms gather strength and pile the watery mountains around it; the icebergs float down from the North and lie in wait for it; the fogs gather thickly, obscuring the stars; yet its throbbing heart beats unimpeded. The sun from a cloudless sky shines over the emerald waters; the black clouds obscure its face, reflected in the blacker waves; the night is thick darkness, or sparkling constellations answer from sea to sky. Still on. For its course is laid by a magnet which trembles at a breath, yet is steadfast as a law of nature, and at the appointed time, directly over the bow, the harbor sought will rise out of the watery horizon, and when the ship comes in from her long voyage redolent of the seas she has passed, what a mystery hangs like a halo around her."

The three companions were seated near the bow, where they had a fine view. "They say we all have ships aloft, sailing over unknown seas, which someone will come in," said Jennie. "I wonder when mine will come in!"

"When mine comes," said Marie, "it will be loaded with the riches of Spain." "Do you know," asked Jennie of Camille, "that our Marie's ship nearly came in? It actually came in sight, and pushed to sea again."

Marie blushed. "Camille," she said, "did you ever love?"

"I love my brother Fred, better than my life."

"Ha, ha, I don't mean that!" "Beside I have not. Why ask you? Did you?"

"There it is," responded Jennie. "That is the ship."

"Tell me, Marie, why did the ship go away?" asked Camille, sympathizingly.

"I will tell you, or you will misunderstand me. When we lived in the country on a farm, there was a youth of my own age, son of a neighboring farmer, with whom I formed an intimate friendship. As we grew older we thought we loved each other. Just before we came to the city, there was a misunderstanding. It really amounted to nothing, but he was proud and I foolish—ah me—the old story, I had forgotten him quite." Her sigh betrayed her.

"I would sigh," said Jennie scornfully, "sigh for that country bumpkin! why, if Nat Banks were to appear here to-day you would be ashamed of his big hands and uncouthness."

"How you wrong him! He was honest, industrious, and devoted, and what more could I ask for?"

"I want everything more," replied her sister. "I want gentility, fine manners,

and the luxuries wealth grants so readily." "Hush! Jennie," said Marie, "there come two ships, one of which may be yours."

They glanced in the direction indicated, and saw Godolphin Potts and Napoleon Prod, escorting a couple of young ladies with whom they were acquainted, to seats on the opposite side. They were arrayed in yachting costumes, fashioned, however, after the same wonderful style of garments previously described. Godolphin was arrayed in blue, and Napoleon in white flannel. The collars turned down to the shoulders and the corners were ornamented with gold anchors; their sleeves were, if anything, tighter, and the cuffs larger, their pants narrower, and the swell at the bottom more enormous. Their jaunty hats were set back jauntily on their heads. Godolphin was exhausted by his exercise, and he sat down as limp as a rag. "Blasted warm," he drawled, "I walked two blocks—deuce if I didn't. Jollycrowd, thought I'd let myself down to-day, go with working folks, they always are jolly; funny, isn't it?"

He began to adjust his eye-glass. "Do you expect Miss, Miss—well, do you expect to be sea-sick? Awful bad thing!" "Oh, I do not know," replied the young lady addressed, with a laugh, "do you, Mr. Potts?"

"Gad, how do I know? Went out here once—dreadful sick, told the Captain I'd give him ten dollars to set me ashore, but he laughed."

"What did you do, Mr. Potts?" "Now," replied he with a sickly smile, "don't ask! It's not according to the rules of our set, to speak the word which would tell what I did."

"I can tell what he did," said Napoleon. "Oh, Napa, Napa, don't!"

"He leaned so far over the bulwarks, he fell overboard and if it had not been for a deck-hand jumping in after him he'd have drowned sure."

"Yes, that's so, gad," said Godolphin brightening, "and governor gave the fellow his thanks and a dollar."

"That was too much, was it not?" asked one of the young ladies with a laugh.

"Gad, it was," replied Godolphin, partially conscious that there was a joke somewhere. "Napa, those working people get a heap of enjoyment out of a little money, now, don't they?"

"They appear to, but it's stale, Dolphy, stale."

By this time he had his eye-glass adjusted, and raising his head, saw the three companions directly before him. He opened his mouth, and with a concealed wink bowed to each; as they did not respond, he whispered to the young lady at his side that he wanted her to introduce him. She complied, and introducing Napoleon they were consequently forced into conversation.

"Saw you at the factory," said Godolphin; "the governor has an amazing pretty crowd. Gad, we head the other factory there as in everything else. Enjoying yourself?"

"Well, I thank you," replied Camille, distantly.

"It's a first-class affair, and I should enjoy myself if I was not afraid I'd get sick." The boat was beginning to rock in a short, choppy sea, and his weak head was in a whirl. His freshness was giving place to ashy pallor.

"Are you subject to sickness?" asked Camille, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"Nah, yes—that is, when it's terrible rough. Napa, shall we not go below, to the—you know—gad, a little brandy will do it."

"Oh, Dolphy, I'll go for brandy; you're sick as a cat, Dolphy."

"Not the least, Napa," he said, as he staggered away, "not the least; I've a rush of blood to the—the—the head, I guess." His expression was pitiable, but there was a hearty laugh from the young ladies.

They neared the wharf at Nahant—what a wild, rocky coast, gnawed by the waves for ages. From the cliff, the ocean, heaving in long undulations; combing lines of breakers on the reefs; mysterious horizon; brooding storms; screaming, ghostly birds on slowly-wafting wings! ah, this was the ocean of her dreams, and filled the measure of her fancy. As they sat on the cliff, the contents of their basket spread out on the rocky table, two young men approached so softly they did not know of their coming until they stood before them. Two more opposite in appearance could not well be brought together. One was dressed in the height of fashion, with a proud and handsome face—the other was in plain gray, and his face, browned by exposure, was frank, earnest and strong. Jennie sprang to her feet, and grasped the extended hand of the first, exclaiming: "Eugene, where in wonder do you come from?"

"From the city, of course. You did not suppose I would allow you to go off by yourself for a whole day, when I could come and share it with you."

"How did you come?"

"In the steam yacht; there she is by the side of the steamer."

The other young man remained apparently unnoticed, except by silent bows. "Allow me," said Eugene, "to introduce my former friend. He saved my life last Autumn, and to-day I am giving him a sail to keep green the memory thereof."

Jennie looked sharply at the man for a moment, and exclaimed: "Nate Banks! our old friend; how are you?"

He returned her cordial salutation, bowed respectfully to Camille, and turned with a wistful look in his gray eyes to Marie. Her ship had come—would she send it away again? He hesitatingly held out his hand; she gave hers, and he felt it tremble at his touch. "I hope I do not intrude," he said. "Believe me, this meeting is unexpected, though, to be honest, I have made every effort to find you. The crew was lost, and now, after giving up in despair, I meet you when least expecting."

"I know we should meet sometime," replied Marie. "How is the old place, the farm and the home?"

"Just as when you left. I keep it as nearly so as I can."

"Do you own it?" she asked in surprise.

"Why not? I was in luck. You know my farm runs down to the beach. Well, last Fall, Mr. Eugene was caught in a storm and driven on that bit of coast. I luckily was there and rescued him and his men, as he has told you, and for that deed he gave me a deed of your father's old farm."

"And you reside there, I suppose?" she asked, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"No one resides there. I may; that will depend on circumstances." How noble and manly he appeared, strong, self-reliant, yet unobtrusive!

"Will you walk with me, Jennie?" asked Eugene. "I know of a beautiful

chasm I want you to see."

As they strolled away, Mr. Banks said softly: "Marie, I was foolish once, I will be frank with you now; I know not if my success will be better than then, but if not I shall lose nothing. Shall our early dreams be realized, or shall I, after finding you, more fully realize their vanity?"

"Oh, dear Nate," she said, "I, who have hoped and prayed so long for this hour, will not be the one to cast aside its promise."

He folded her in his strong arms, and kissed her. "Now," he said, holding her at arm's length, "this is a final settlement. When will you come to the farm?"

"Camille, do not go," said Marie, as the former arose, "we have no privacy from you. Mr. Banks may understand you are more than a sister to me." She paused. "I must consult mother. I am sure I do not care how soon, if we can arrange matters at home."

"As you please," he said quietly. "Your wishes are mine."

Camille was not an intruder; they told her so, yet these two insensibly moved away, as they were engaged in conversation, and left her alone. She gathered the remains of the lunch and placed them in the basket. Then she walked down to the foot of the cliff, the tide being low, and gathered the strange seaweeds which grew there. After a time she returned and seated herself on the edge where the sea view was fine, and became lost in its contemplation. There was something wonderfully akin to her own soul in this infinite, mysterious expanse of waters, and the feeling grew until she wept for loneliness. Her two companions had gone and left her out of their sphere. She was alone, with no companion but the sea. She was recalled by the return of the parties, and Marie putting her arms around her neck and whispering in her ear: "I am so happy!"

"The steamer is preparing to leave," said Eugene, "and you have barely time to reach her. But if you prefer, we will wait till the moon rises, which will be soon after sunset, and I will take you in my yacht."

"The bay by moonlight is exceedingly beautiful," added Mr. Banks, by way of inducement.

Thus it was agreed. Supper was procured at the hotel, and then they returned to witness the moon rise out of the tossing edge of waters, and as it arose change the waves to glittering silver.

On that dark, broken, rocky coast, deep in shadows they stood and watched the transformation—a scene never to be forgotten. The ride across the bay was delightful, and when the city was reached, the three companions bade their escorts adieu, which they did on the wharf, refusing to allow them to go further. "To-morrow night," said Eugene, "Banks and I will expect your company at the theater. Miss Moran," he added, "will you favor me to keep Jennie company?"

"When they reached home, the pleasures of the day were so unlike reality, any reality they had been accustomed to, and so many events had been crowded into it, it seemed an age during which they had been dreaming. Their mother anxiously waited for them, and Marie put her arms around her neck and with gladness beaming from her eyes told her of her good fortune."

"A good boy was Nate, and his patient waiting shows him to be a good man," said the mother.

"And I shall be mistress of the dear old home, where we once were so happy! It's just like a story."

"When do you intend to leave us?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Nate said that I must decide, and I leave it to you."

Tears came in the mother's eyes as she said:

"I will not be selfish, and hold you away from the way that opens to you. Mothers rear children to go from them, and fate is fate."

"I will never leave you, mother dear, if it is so painful to you," replied the noble girl. "I have thought, perhaps we may all return to the country."

The suggestion brought a smile to the mother's face, which quickly disappeared. "No," she replied, "we will not go as dependents."

"I, too, have a revelation," said Jennie, blushing as she spoke. "Eugene, who brought us over in his yacht, proposed to me."

"My daughter, did he make an honorable proposal of marriage?" asked her mother with a troubled tone of voice.

"Honorable! of course it was. He is an honorable man," replied the daughter.

"Perhaps, but I fear. He is entirely above your station. If he owns the yacht, and spends his time cruising, and money so freely, he must be immensely wealthy, while you have nothing."

"He told me, mother, that as for money he had more than he wanted. He said there were reasons preventing a public marriage, so he wanted it kept secret, but the time would soon come when he would declare it."

"This is suspicious. I fear he will betray you; what is his full name?"

"I don't know," faltered Jennie; "I never asked him."

"Oh, my daughter, how blind you are; how blind I love."

"He would have told me, but I had no reason to ask his name. You know how we first met. How that young idiot, Godolphin Potts, intercepted me, and insisted on escorting me home. How Eugene was passing and I appealed to him. Since, he has cultivated the acquaintance, and to day he made me the offer of his heart and hand."

"It may be right, and he may be the soul of honor, but you can wait. You will wait?" she asked with trembling voice.

"Yes, mother, wait till I am an old maid, to please you," she said laughing, and kissing her. "Now to bed, for to-morrow we resume our burden, and may not soon expect to see such another day."

PHENOMENAL.

Was It Mind Reading?

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1. That an embodied spirit can suspend the limitations of physical laws and execute intellectual feats impossible to the mind while acting within the known province of corporeal being, thus practically proving its ability to live and act independent of the physical organism.

2. That distance is no barrier to the workings of this psycho-mental telegraph.

3. That though the fundamental claim of the communication is totally false, without any apparent motive for the deception (thus indicating a depraved nature), yet all other facts of the message are true!

Finally, since in any case the facts point to an abiding individuality, possessed of all the attributes of men and women, as perfectly equipped without the body as with it, the most rational interpretation of the facts is the one they make for themselves, and that is, and ever has been, with a steady persistency through thousands of varying and remote experiences, that human beings live right on after death as before, and apply the laws of mental sympathy, electric induction, chemical synthesis and spiritual correspondences to the various aptitudes in sensitive organisms to make known their continued existence and personal presence and open a way to frequent and approximately free intercourse with progressive minds in the flesh. Superficial skeptics seem to think that mind reading and mental telegraphy, both of which they scorned, ridiculed and rejected as impossible in the early days of Spiritualism, practically dispose of the whole question of Spiritualism and human immortality.

But all well-informed Spiritualists understand that these natural adjuncts, and essential factors in mental dynamics, are simply phases and modifications of mediumship, which in many ways were demonstrated and thoroughly studied, and relegated to their proper place in the worldwide sphere of phenomena, forty years ago. But in the ever-varying experiences of mediums and constant change of base among skeptics and investigators, a careful attention to new facts, and critical analysis of old ones cannot be too strongly urged upon all Spiritualists; for we want "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." LYMAN C. HOWE.

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