

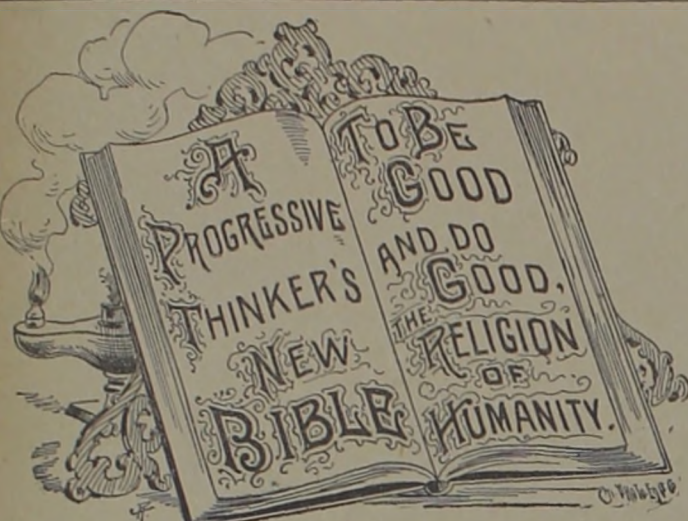
The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

NO. 154



OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

BEAUTIFUL.

The Spirit-Mother.

I have been asked, from time to time, since my former article appeared: "What has become of the girl 'Beautiful' and her Spirit-mother?" mentioned in No. 144 of this paper. I will here answer, that they disappeared from my sight shortly afterward, as completely as though they were not—and, having manifested for a special purpose, returned to their own bright home "over there." I saw the little one several times gazing with innocent girlish curiosity and interest upon the spiritual displays in shop windows, met her on the street, and then she disappeared.

I promised to tell somewhat more about the Spirit-mother. The process of steadily pick-pick-picking up type and "spacing, justifying," etc., is not entirely in harmony with following an independent line of thought aside from one's work, nor does it allow the reception of a full and free inspiration from the good friends who wish to communicate thought-words by thought-voice (the Hebrew scripture uses the beautiful poetic phrase: "the daughter of a voice"); but still they do come and tell many sweet and precious things that tend to make the heart better and kinder, and elevate one's soul-voice to higher and purer planes.

I think the Spirit-mother of whom I wrote was an "angel," if ever I saw one; and one of the blessed kind! But, WHAT IS A SPIRIT-MOTHER?

A Spirit-mother, as intimated to me, is not merely the spirit of a mother who has passed to Spirit-life, and comes to be with and watch over her child whom she left behind; it may or may not be such a mother. But the gist of the idea is: A spirit-mother is one who, being adapted thereto by her special mental, moral and spiritual temperament and development, has, of her own choice and by assignment of the higher spirit powers, undertaken the mission or vocation of a spiritual mother-attendant and guide to the motherless.

Sometimes the mother fulfills the part of spirit-mother, sometimes not. Many mothers are unfit, unsuitable, unadapted to have the moral and spiritual care of the children they bear; and it requires long periods of instruction and moral development after they have entered upon the experiences of spirit-life, before they can become qualified for so high, so pure, and so beautiful a vocation; for not only must the mental, the moral, and the spiritual nature be developed to a high stage of attainment, but the divine and holy love-sentiment must have become a LIFE—a constant, pure and tender immanence—the BEING of the being, so to say—finding its sustenance and its joy in its beneficent work for humanity!

Beautiful and blessed is the spirit-mother in her qualifications, her spiritual endowments, and her vocation!

And there are mothers, I am told, who, being yet in earth-life, are so fine in their inherited and cultivated spiritual organization, so refined and pure in their aptitudes and thought, so spiritually elevated in moral tone and sentiment, and who have so clear a love-perception of the needs of humanity, that they already view humanity as from the standpoint of the angel world—and so they are already fitted for, and largely fulfill, the mission of spirit-mothers to their own children and to others. Blessed are they; for they already wear a crown of glory; and they enter into spirit-life, when they pass on, with the beautiful halo of the spirit-mother already encircling them!

WHO ARE THE MOTHERLESS?

These children, "by-and-by," in "heaven." These children, as far as their mothers are concerned, are spiritual orphans. And again: there are many, very many, who, having grown up to years of manhood and womanhood (both mortal and passed over), are yet in spiritual thought and experience but undeveloped babes—many, even, babes unborn to spirit-life—having need, as St. Paul says, to be fed with the "sincere milk of the word," to be followed by the stronger meat of advanced spiritual truth, until they shall have arrived at the full growth of strong spiritual men and women.

But none of these are left without mother-care—none that do not experience, consciously or unconsciously, the mother-influence so essential to the well-being of the child.

FUNCTION OF THE SPIRIT-MOTHER. The special function, the chosen and assigned vocation of the spirit-mother, is to watch over and attend to the spiritual growth of the spiritual orphan. Her especial work is to ward off and counteract besetting unspiritual influences, from all sources, and, positively, to cultivate by thought-suggestion and inner promptings the spirituality and moral consciousness—the real religious LIFE—of her wards. The thought is plain and clear in itself.

The work of the spirit-mother is essentially and truly a "labor of love." It is prompted by a refined and heavenly instinct of spirituality and love—which finds its felt reward in the happiness derived from being engaged in a work of goodness she loves and to which she has spiritual adaptation. To her the ever-watchful care is no slavery—because it is the work she chooses and loves. It is not bondage—it is the blessed freedom of a soul engaged in the vocation of its own inclination and according to its own dearest desire. To plant the seeds of spiritual thought and life; to water the germinating and upspringing spiritual motions and desires; to incite the quickening moral and spiritual sense and stir the same into growth and activity; to watch over and assist the spiritual unfoldment from its first faint beginnings, until its rich development in the beautiful flower and sun-kissed fruitage of the full-grown, rich-ripe spiritual man and woman—these are the things in which the spirit-mother finds her vocation and her happiness. In this blessed employment she finds a full satisfaction of her spiritual motherly instincts—and what can be sweeter and purer, or more helpful to humanity and fraught with higher good and richer happiness to giver and receiver? Among all the divisions of work in the Spirit-world, there is none more blessed than the calling of the spirit-mother; and her own highest and best spiritual growth is secured by her faithful devotion to the spiritual welfare of those under her care.

There is yet more given me to tell. J. C. UNDERHILL.

40 Loomis st., Chicago, Ill.

Curious Crowds Watch the Workmen from the Land of the Mikado.

The Japanese workmen who are building the Japanese village on the north end of the island within the World's Fair grounds attract a great deal of attention from the visitors. There are eighteen mechanics from the land of the Mikado and a civil engineer. They have the framework for the village all in place.

Right in the center of the proposed village is a short pole with a bunch of rice-paper strips floating from it. When the men began to work they went through a ceremony to drive away the evil spirit from their labors. The pole with the papers is intended to divert his attention from the mechanics in case he should wander around there.

The Japs evidently saw an American level for the first time this week. They have not yet tired of admiring the way in which the implement indicates whether a surface is level or plumb. The head carpenter got hold of it and placed it in a box. Then he ordered one of his men to put chips underneath the ends of the box until the level indicated that the box presented a level upper surface. Then he carefully scrutinized the result and smiled all over to see how easily the level did the work. For nearly an hour he kept testing it on everything at hand.

An aerolite weighing 44 pounds fell on the farm of Lawrence Freeman, near Bath county, South Dakota, the other day. The advent of the stone was heralded by several sharp explosions, which were heard at a distance of fifteen miles or more, and in some instances created considerable alarm.



SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

Lions in the Path to Spiritual Culture.

An Address Delivered by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

At Cassadaga, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1892.

HEARTBREAK HILL.

Off to the westward a hill I see,
Clothed in the verdure of grass and tree;
Pale mists hang over it rosy
When morn'ng globes all the dew there be.
So fair it looks that one longs to go
Where all the flowers have a chastened glow,
And minor music the song birds know,
Killing it out with an unrelaxed will
On Heartbreak Hill.

Oh, who would dream what is truly there!
It looks so calm in the melting air—
To go with zest one must put by care,
Thinking never of pit or snare.
Working only for selfish wants,
Following Vice as she laughs and flaunts,
Dealing venom and pain and taunts,
Leading her victims up to kill
On Heartbreak Hill.

When starting many know not the name
Of the hill where Grief holds a prior claim,
And Wrong leads on with her orliffe
Through ignorance, folly, blindness, shame,
Until they stand on the very top,
Worn and weary, and forced to stop.
Or dead in their crooked footsteps drop!
A stream of tears winds dark and still
Round Heartbreak Hill.

Some go there with a pure intent,
Only by other's misdoings sent,
Some go following those who went
Recklessly, all life's days mispent,
Trying to win their back to truth,
Back from the ways which have wrought them
ruth,
On to the lands of immortal youth,
Out of the marshes, dark and chill.
Round Heartbreak Hill.

The tourists going are not aware
That skeletons ghastly are buried there;
Nor know they, writhing in vain despair
Are starting prisoners hid somewhere,
Languishing, praying to be relieved—
The dark deceiver, the white deceiver,
But those are dead who have been reprieved,
And vellel Death is the sentry still
On Heartbreak Hill.

The journey up may be wild and gay
With drink, song, dances, and throw-away,
And mouths which never can say you nay,
For even rose-leaves are common clay.
But the journey down on the other side!
The road is strewn with the rags of Pride,
And travelers who by the wayside died,
Oh! of ghastly sights you may take your fill
Down Heartbreak Hill.

How strange it is that the guide-posts set
On the road of life are not heeded yet!
Our feet may bleed 'til the clay is wet.
But that journey will not forget!
We tell the tales of our perils o'er,
And think to frighten from sin to core,
Turning the travelers evermore
Away from the road which leads to ill
Up Heartbreak Hill.

But on they go in an endless throng,
With dance or dirge for a marching song,
The good and the bad, the weak and the strong—
All dizzy-headed and going wrong!
Winding onward to meet their fate,
The known and the unknown, small and great,
The woebegone and desolate,
Pushing forward, with blinded will,
Up Heartbreak Hill.

O'er Heartbreak Hill all the atmosphere
Is white with angels who hover near,
And hope to woo from his horrors dear
The ones who are ever and ever dear;
Up and out of grief's brooding night
They show a path to the gates of light;
And those who sorrow may find delight!
By trusting the angels, pure and still,
O'er Heartbreak Hill.

Those who climb this sorrow-haunted hill
Are driven there by the lions which lurk
In the jungles of subtle ways, by the
action of which are outwrought the
millions on millions of dissimilar human
beings—no two are or ever have been
quite alike—who occupy this small
portion of God's universe, live their brief
lives of struggles, victories, defeats, and
at death become invisible as individual
entities—or, at least, are no longer recogniz-
able by our physical senses. So ob-
scure and complicated are these laws
that when we plan for angels incarnated
we are not sure but some hidden, re-
mote cause may evolve demons instead.
We study physical perfection—gaze at
beautiful pictures and hope the will may
be potent to shape our lineal representa-
tives with Greek noses, etc., when lo!
our plans fall to connect somewhere with
a hidden law.

A cousin of Mrs. Garfield, who has a
nose like the one which helps to make up
the interesting face of the honored Lucre-
tia, remarked to me on my noting the fact:
"Oh! yes, Mrs. Garfield's mother used to
say she was one who had helped to spoil
the noses of her kin for sixteen genera-
tions." That peculiar nose had asserted
itself and no one was wise enough to cor-
rect or change it. If it had been deemed
best. I think it is a very good nose, for
it is a nose which is too short to probe
much into other people's affairs; too ab-
reviated to be a nose for news, but a
nose fully up to all common-sense re-
quirements.

Lions in the path? Yes! Lions in
ambush, ready to spring upon us with
the same relentless power with which

the king of quadrupeds attacks some
beautiful antelope, innocently slaking
its thirst in the clear water of some
Asian spring; there is a rustle of the
jungle foliage, a leap from its dense
greenery, and a shaggy, carnivorous giant
holds in his clutches a quivering,
bleeding, dying victim which a moment
before was unconscious of danger.

The lions which lurk in our life-paths
are not always so quick to end a struggle;
sometimes they toy with their prey for
years; kill them by inches, if not less;
and sometimes a grand spiritual Hercules
slays one and lays it vanquished at his
feet. To gain such strength and achieve
the safety which strength gives is what
we should all aim to acquire.

But, oh! the wounds, and, oh! the
pain and despair when we are attacked,
or find ourselves face-to-face in combat
with invisible lions which our fellow-
travelers cannot see! They rend us—we
blanch—write—curse—and bite our
lips until they redden with blood; and
even our nearest friends know not we
are fighting some hidden lion which
cannot be shot nor captured, and our
only way to escape is by growth and
progress. No skilled marksman can
help us, for to others the roaring enemy
may be invisible. So, may be, are our
wounds and weakness.

One day when the world was lovely in
its opulence of autumn fruitage, and I
felt strong and sure and hopeful—peace-
ful, too, in the consciousness of having
tried to do my best in all relations of
life, and I thought, too, I was enjoying
my reward, because my children were of
high purpose and intent, comely in per-
son and strong in health—I thought:
surely life's journey is safe enough if
one keeps one's eyes open—I think it
must be careless people who have so
much trouble—when suddenly I found
myself face-to-face with one of the
strongest lions in the jungle of life! It
was a lion hunting outside of its ac-
customed haunt—an interloper on my pre-
mises, and, oh! horror! in its teeth it held
one of my own darlings, rending the ten-
der flesh and heeding not the cries of
pain. It was the lion of heredity—old
as mankind and deathless as the soul.

Why did I not slay it? Because I
could not! Why did I not seize and re-
claim my child? Because I could not!
Why did I not curse him and the laws
which had written murder, and treach-
ery, and carnivorous needs in his organ-
ization? I did; but what good came of
it? I only got the one response: "I
want. I hunt. I slay!" The interloper
beast hunted to find me and my
children. He found us and he gnawed
at us; and what did we do? Bore it and
doctored our wounds so as not to bleed
to death. That is just what you have to
do when somebody's hereditary taints
embody in a lion which takes you for a
bone to gnaw upon! If you are good and
sweet you will make all the better eat-
ing, and will not make too much incon-
venient fuss about it! One may as well
laugh as cry over things which can't be
helped, and we might as well make a
little comedy out of the situation. I
presume we have all felt at times as did
the poet who wrote "Life's Troubles."

I didn't ask to come here, and I do not want
to stay;
I don't find much place for me—as a rule I'm
in the way.
What I feel as if I could do I can get no
chance to try;
I see no fun to live for, and I have no right to
die.

I'm made to pant and struggle for what I'm
not to win;
I hate myself to meanness and I'm just cut
out to sin;
I'm set to racing down a road for a goal it
does not lead to;
I'm helpless for lots of things I never have
agreed to.

The life I never wanted I'm expected to give
thanks for;
I'm required to draw prizes that I'm given
only blanks for;
I'm here without my sanction, yet in duty
bound to stay;
I yearn to build a marble house, and I must
work with clay.

Well! I didn't ask to come here, and I do not
care to stay;
And though I face the music—I've just a
word to say:
Life's hard enough to swallow, I don't want
the bitter pill;
But it's quite too much to take it, and be
licked for being ill.

I am free to say I have felt so more
than once, and that I don't enjoy feeling
so perfectly worthless.

back to that white-livered, blushing,
anti-ramping, primped up, keep still-im-
meeting period. Oh! the dream of it
makes me tired! I guess the ordinary
folks would have thought it immoral
for a young lady to study physiology.
But now mark what an advance. Phys-
ical culture is quite a fad, and a most
commendable one, too, since physical
ability and industrial ability go hand in
hand and bring our gilded youth, who
are not obliged to toil for money, but will,
for muscle, because 'tis the fashion,
into sympathy and fraternity with la-
borers. The day of Latin and Greek
aristocracy is past, since it is proven
that, even as an intellectual training,
three months of industrial training is
worth more than two years devoted to
those dead languages. The useful prac-
tical knowledge thus acquired, combined
with common sense is at once marketable
and would liberate the army of consump-
tive, needy working women from the
slaughter-house of almost unpaid labor.
What a chain with which to bind the
lion of hereditary incapacity. Better
mothers, better sons and a grander na-
tion follow as the result of physical and
industrial ability. When our schools,
for the support of which we are lavish
of money, release their students in pos-
session of a thorough knowledge of the hu-
man constitution, understanding them-
selves, the philosophy and means of
health, both physical and spiritual; the
liabilities to disease and the resources
by which it may be kept at a distance,
or destroyed when it appears—we may
look to see the lives of our workers not
shortened to half their natural length.
Then we need not fail in duties because
we fall in health—at least not so fre-
quently.

It seems strange that there is so little
stress laid upon moral education—not
religious, but moral. Morality is the
just actions of man with man. It con-
cerns this life and has nothing to do
with religion, which is supposed to be a
matter between mankind and God. It
seems to me that morality would have
prospered very well without religion.
They are distinct and apart. Morality
is action; religion is theory. Religious
training in the schools is undesirable
and impractical because it tries to reach
God and elucidate his desires and man-
dates, which a finite mind cannot do.
But morality is in order in the school
curriculum; it is the place to begin.
Children should learn the principles of
justice and right dealing. That is mor-
ality. I should, for a little change,
like to have prizes given to the good
scholars as well as to the smart scholars.
I would have a Legion of Honor; the
pledge should be:

1. To speak no falsehood;
2. To use no profane language;
3. To show respect to the aged;
4. To protect from cruelty all, both human and dumb; and
5. To endeavor at all times to maintain the right.

And I would give the highest prizes
in the school to the little masters and
misses who best kept their pledge.

I would have bands of mercy, the
badge of which I wear, and would like to
pin its silver star upon your breast, as a
memory of Cassadaga, and a reminder
of your duty to your dumb friends (and I
will, if you will, come forward and ex-
change a dime for one after the lec-
tures). In short, I would impress in
every way possible, the fact that moral
grandeur is preferable to intellectual
grandeur; that a wise good man is far
superior to a wise bad man. Let us edu-
cate upward instead of downward, and
leave the lions in the path to spiritual
culture to prowl in the jungles of igno-
rance, where, if they crunch and devour,
their victims will be those who choose
darkness rather than light, meanwhile,

Let us raise a ringing chorus
For the golden days before us,
While we work to bring them nearer day by
day.
Heaven is not so far above us
That the angels cannot love us
And lean out to hear us singing on our way.

The Heathen.

The Rev. John G. Paton, for many
years a missionary to the heathen of the
New Hebrides Islands, is visiting in
this country. Mr. Paton has given
thirty-four years of his life to mission
work in the South Sea Islands. He says
that in the early years of the mission
the Islanders resented the intrusion of
the men of God, and put many of them
to death. Cannibal feasts in those days
were of frequent occurrence, and it took
a man of great nerve and fighting qual-
ities to stand his ground. The natives
were addicted to the most heathenish
customs imaginable. Their only form
of religion was the worship of idols.
Their gods, they thought, claimed hu-
man sacrifices at frequent intervals, to
appease their wrath. Mr. Paton shows
an idol before which hundreds of chil-
dren had been killed in the most horri-
ble manner. From this unpromising
material a large number of converts
have been obtained. Mr. Paton says
there are now, he declares, more than
14,000 Christian natives. Cannibalism
has been done away with, and industrial
pursuits have been introduced. If the
Christians will now only keep intoxicat-
ing drinks from these people they will
be prepared at no distant day for Spirit-
ualism.

E. R. Gunby, of Tampa, Fla., is Col-
lector of Customs at that place, 32 years
old, boyish looking, and said to be the
youngest Collector in the country.

Mr. John Jacob Astor is not only a
director of the *Rider and Driver* Publish-
ing Company, of New York, but a regu-
lar contributor to its editorial and news
columns.

ZION'S WATCH TOWER.

It Sees Something in the Air.

TO THE EDITOR:—That the church is
awakening to the fact that something is
brewing, some leaven is working within
as well as without her pale, may be in-
ferred from the following editorial from
a recent number of an orthodox journal
called *Zion's Watch Tower*, or *Herald of*
Christ's Presence, published in Allegheny,
Pa.:

"The Scriptures show also that the
battle of the great day will begin with
the church of God, and that the over-
throw of the great nominal church sys-
tems will precede the overthrow of the
present civil powers; for the Lord is
about to shake, not only the earth (the
civil organization of society), but heaven
(the ecclesiastical powers) also, (Heb. 12,
26) to the end that great 'Babylon,'
falsely called Christendom—Christ's
kingdom—may be completely destroyed."
"The great counterfeit kingdom of
Christ, with all its allied civil and ec-
clesiastical powers, must go down as a
great millstone into the sea, preparatory
to the establishment of the true kingdom
of Christ. Here, as in the world at
large, the work of preparation is going
on. The creeds, which for years have
been revered and received without
questioning, are now called up for in-
spection; and their inconsistencies and
lack of Bible foundation is being dis-
covered.

"As a consequence, the clergy, whose
living and honors and worldly prospects
in general are all bound up with the
systems held together by these creeds,
are in great trouble, and are looking
about to see what can be done to
strengthen the stakes and lengthen the
cords of so-called Christianity.

"A general union of the various sects
is suggested, with a single creed formu-
lated from the various points of agree-
ment among them all, and the ignoring
of all other points of doctrine to which
objection might be made by some.

"This scheme meets with very gen-
eral approval from all the sects, and the
trend of their efforts is in this direction.

"This, too, is in harmony with prophe-
cy, which shows, not only that the
various sects of Protestantism will band
together as one, but that there will also
be a close affiliation with Roman Ca-
tholicism. These two ends of the ec-
clesiastical heaven will roll together as a
scroll (Isa. 34), the two rolls, Protestant-
ism and Romanism, coming closer and
closer together as their power over the
masses of the people decreases.

"This work is progressing very rap-
idly; church congresses for the consid-
eration of various schemes of union are
the order of the day.

"All the various branches of Presby-
terianism are considering the feasibility
of union; so also of Methodism, Congre-
gationalism and others. When each of
these is consolidated, their respective
denominations will have a greater
prestige in the world; and when all
Protestant sects are more firmly united
under some one name, such as the
'Evangelical Alliance,' the prestige of
Protestantism as a whole will be greatly
augmented, though we think the term
Protestantism will probably be dropped
entirely, as a concession to the church
of Rome, to secure its favor.

"Such an organization is already in
existence, and corresponds to what the
Revelator calls 'the image of the beast';
but this image has yet to receive life
and power to speak with authority to
the civil powers, which authority will
be used for the oppression and sup-
pression of all that is opposed to them.
(Rev. 13:15.) All this remains to be ac-
complished before the trouble upon the
world can reach its crisis; for when men
begin to realize more fully the united
power of ecclesiasticism to oppress and
fetter free thought and action, and when
under the searching light of this day
they shall have discovered the hollow-
ness of its pretensions, we can readily
see what the result will be, viz., a sud-
den and terrible overthrow, as the
Scriptures predict.

"And when its present power of su-
persubtle reverence is broken, and its
authority no longer blinds men in sub-
jection to the civil powers by the false
doctrine of the divine right of kings,
the fate of the civil powers will not long
tremble in the balances, and the over-
darkening war cloud will burst in all its
destructive fury.

"This culmination we do not expect,
however, before about 1903, as the
events predicted will require about that
time, notwithstanding the rapid progress
in these directions now possible.

"It is written that judgment must
begin at the house of God (1st Peter,
iv., 17), and here it has begun. Trials
for heresy of many of the most promi-
nent clerics of the various denomina-
tions have raised the questions: What
is heresy? and what is orthodox? and
before these questions are settled, every
creed of Christendom will be brought
before the bar of public judgment."

From the foregoing editorial it will
be seen that the church is seriously con-
sidering the question of the rapidly in-
creasing denominational "desuetude,"
which, although by no means regarded
"innocuous," it seeks, in the interest of
Christendom, to give the best possible
direction to.

H. V. SCHWENGEN.

FREE TICKET TO CALIFORNIA.

For conditions and full information address
California Bureau of Information, Box 259,
Chicago, Ill.

William D. Howells, the novelist, is
about to take up a residence in Italy, it
is stated.

Seventy thousand gallons of intox-
icants to one missionary is the propor-
tion in Liberia.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Indeed do I try to let no day, week or year pass that some good act is not performed, something said, written or done to kindle pleasant thoughts and good resolutions in the souls of those who would grow to better conditions. It is hard to walk correctly when temptations come by the hundred in all manner of guises. It is hard work to keep calm, cool and good-tempered day after day, there are so many trials, so many chances to slip, so many things to annoy, so much ignorance to grow out of and to contend against.

As I sit at this solemn hour, I can't help thinking that many and many a time I have been sad and discouraged, about ready to give up under my load of care, toil and constant labor, both physical and mental. Then I would think of those that were my enemies, seemingly without cause, and of their untiring efforts to do me harm, to add to my burden of pain and sorrow. As I did this, I would become angry and revengeful, cruel and unforgiving; but as I grew to manhood and my conceptions of men enlarged, I began to realize that men and women were so much better than they had credit for, that where there was one criminal there were one hundred that were good and law-abiding. Then I was led to wonder that men and women were so brave, so good and so noble, and thus enabled to rise above the atmosphere of cruelty and wrong into the vast realm of the spirit, so fitting to those that have thrown off the selfishness of humanity and taken on better and happier conditions.

As I studied on this matter I saw two principles at work, one brutal and revengeful; the other kind, sympathetic, noble, and soul inspiring; the one driving men and women down and down into misery and degradation; the other lifting them up higher and higher, and fitting them for a home with the angels. One of these principles I will call the law of retaliation and revenge; the other the law of kindness and goodness. The one makes men and women worse; the other reforms and makes them better. And now comes up an incident for illustration that took place on my own life road.

Many years ago I was living on a farm, the owner of some nice pigs, on which my hopes were centered and my expectations of a fair profit were founded. I lived about a mile from a small village where the people had gardens without fences. One day my pigs escaped from the lot in which they were confined, and without my knowledge wandered into the village and did some damage, though slight, to some vegetables in the garden of one of the dwellers of the place. This man was passionate and revengeful; somewhat quarrelsome, and had the name of being a great pugilist, one that took great delight in pounding, chopping and beating all those that crossed his path in what to him seemed an unfriendly manner.

When I found my pigs I discovered that one had been shot and wounded so badly that I had to kill it. At that time in my life I felt equal in physical strength to most men, and I was extremely angry. Had I met the man that I believed had done me this great wrong at that time, there would have been a conflict of brute against brute, and I have no idea what the results would have been. Had I commenced an action for damages, it would have cost me more than the property was worth, and the case would not have been bettered—we would have been enemies still.

All through my long life I can realize that I have been guarded over when passive—impressed by good, kind, loving, noble guardian angels that came to me when I was cool and passive to their impressions, and pointed out to my vision the straight and narrow way that, if followed, would lead me up to the plane of a glorious manhood.

These angels came to me with their heavenly inspiration; they soothed my excited mind and drove away all the hatred and revenge in my nature, stimulated me with their glorious magnetism, and prepared me for the impending crisis. Some two or three days after the event above stated, I called upon my enemy, as I supposed Mr. B., feeling that I could talk to him calmly and kindly without showing the least anger whatever. I called him out to a private place, telling him I wanted to talk to him. His face was dark and clouded, and he seemed ready for a dreadful storm, which he imagined was impending.

Said I: "Mr. B., I have learned that my pigs have been trespassing in your garden, and I have come to settle with you and pay you the damage you have sustained. They escaped from the lot where they were confined when I was away from home, and strayed away without my knowledge. This is the best I can do now. I am extremely sorry for the loss you have sustained, and will pay you liberally if you will set your price. I want to pay you like a man, so that you will not need to shoot them in the future."

He looked at me with wonder and amazement, while his face changed color, and I could see his eyes began to look more kindly.

Said he: "Who says I shot your pig?" "No one says you shot it, and I did not come here to upbraid you for the act. If you shot it, you did so, no doubt, when you were angry, not knowing or realizing at the time that I would willingly compensate you for the damage done without my knowledge or ability to prevent it. So say nothing about the shooting; come down to business and tell me what I owe you, and let me pay it, and then let us be friends, as neighbors ought to be, from this time on."

Said he: "If you have lost a pig or had one shot, and will tell me the amount of damage you have sustained, I will pay it at once. I will not say that I shot it, but you have acted so manly in the matter that I will pay you its full value when you tell me what it is."

We had a friendly altercation or dispute for a little time longer. I tried to pay him his damage and he tried to pay me mine, but as the gamblers say, "It was a draw game,"

neither being the winner.

We shook each other's hand warmly, and thus cemented and built up a life friendship, and never did I have a better friend than Mr. B., who I have reason to believe is still living, and should be read these lines he will vouch for their truth so far as his knowledge extends.

Did I go home happy? Never in my life did I feel better or prouder, for I had conquered the evil in my own nature and taken a grand step up the hill of progress toward the tower of a true and genuine manhood; not only had I subdued the anger in my own nature, but I had vanquished an enemy and turned him into a true friend. This little incident, though it may seem small, has affected my whole life; it has taught me the fact that he that subdues his own passions is greater than the general that conquers a city.

I have learned that I am (in great part) responsible for my own troubles and trials, and that I make my neighbors and companions love me or hate me as I give them cause by my conduct toward them. And now, at this solemn twilight hour, looking back over a long life of toil and labor, both mental and physical, I cannot call to mind one single kind act of mine or kind word spoken by me to others that I have not been rewarded for the same in some way or manner many fold.

I know that the spirit of kindness must reform the world if it ever is reformed. Take the hardest-hearted and the most brutal of criminals (as I have done many times): call their attention to the kind and loving mother that nursed and cared for them in their childhood, tell them that mother still loves and watches over them with an angel's care, grieves and sorrows when they do wrong, and is joyful and happy when they resist and shun temptation, and their hearts will soften and their eyes will become wet with tears of repentance.

So it is that I write these solemn twilight musings; so it is that I live for my friends; so it is that I try to comfort the afflicted, to point out to them the road that is smoother to travel, that they may shun the snares of temptation and vice, of intemperance and brutality; so it is there comes to me wondrous peace. Every trial, every trouble and every sorrow I have gives me strength. When the day is cloudy and dismal I think of the sunshine that was yesterday, that will be tomorrow. When I work and am tired I rest, and think of the kind acts, the good counsels of friends I have met, and because they were good to me, I would be good and kind to others. Then, when some one speaks ill of me I know it is because I am not perfect, and do not guard and guide my conduct aright; that if I would make friends I must be myself a friend; that revenge and cruelty are the vilest and most debasing passions humanity was ever cursed with, and to overcome the same in our nature is the grandest work of man. So it is that I live less for wealth, and more to improve and build up the soul.

Through my misfortunes (so called) I have learned the secret of life. It is to do the best I can and not grow angry and worry others; to have faith in all that is good; to be brave and just; to "forgive my enemies;" to do good to those that hate me, and thus make them my friends. By so doing I may lead them on into better conditions of life, and the world will be better for my life, and I will be better prepared to meet the good, kind and loving angels when comes to me the glorious and welcome final twilight hour. M. P. ROSECRANS.

Notes from Rochester, Indiana.

TO THE EDITOR.—Dr. H. T. Stanley, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., made a professional and very opportune visit to Rochester the 12th and remaining over Sunday, the 16th, was induced (in the absence of Mr. Peters, who had left a week previous, to fill an engagement at Chattanooga, Tenn.), to lecture for the society Sunday morning and evening, and Monday evening the 17th. At each discourse the Doctor's guides entered in at the front door of modern Spiritualism, and not by some side or back-door entrance. The various subjects gave them great scope to touch upon moral courage, and its lack among many Spiritualists, who stand in fear of society's opinion, or the red rag effect on the orthodox bull. There were "shoes" to fit all, and we were caught taking away a number of pairs, and they pinch, but we must keep them until such time as we have outgrown them.

The control for tests, Big Wolf, gave many, and which, with few exceptions, were recognized as correct.

The discontinuance of this all potent feature of spiritual propaganda, with any society, in any place, will, sooner or later, I believe, work against them seriously. The speaker or the society who opposes it in a spirit of antagonism, or out of deference to a materialist or infidel, or upon the ground that it is sacrilegious and out of place in our public halls on "Sunday," or that it attracts only the "curiosity seeker," who is "intellectually deficient," is a stumbling block in the way of progress. A love for or wish to study, through curiosity the phenomena of nature, is no disgrace, is no crime, is no mark of "rooms to let" in the human house. Inspired by curiosity, man did go down into nature's book, and correctly transcribed her record; up this ladder of curiosity went man into the gardens of the sky, until every flower there, every spot, is as familiar as his own native heath.

The message that comes back from the unseen world, bringing back the sweet memories of the past, is as holy and pure on Sunday, as any other of the Lord's days.

You cannot engraft any part of orthodox Christianity, not even the simple and meaning-less forms and ceremonies, upon the healthy tree of Spiritualism, without endangering its life; not even will the alkali of hypocrisy unite this oil and water.

ROBERT HENKLE.

One million dollars in gold coin would weigh 3,685.5 pounds. The same amount of silver coins would weigh 88,939.9 pounds.

The Reformer.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a strong one, in his wrath,
Smiling the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "you holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spire;
Meek reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, 'Forbear!'"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with pale locks of gold—
"Why smile," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dustcloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder, too;
Up-springing from the ruined Old
I saw the new.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad.
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared:
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone:

These wait their doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day:
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer:
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turn earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mornest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again,
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

On the Pacific Coast.

THE CAUSE AT OAKLAND, CAL.

TO THE EDITOR.—The Spiritualists of Oakland, under the management of Mr. Davis, held camp-meeting on the Oak Street Camp Grounds from the first Sunday in June until July 5th, then until October 1st, Sunday morning, afternoon, conference meeting; lecture and tests evening.

That old pioneer medium, Sister Malissa Miller, lectured and gave tests; also Brother Bowman and Mrs. Nickless (now in Salt Lake, where her husband a few weeks since passed to the higher life). Brother Wheeler and wife also lectured. Prof. Mead, astrologer, delivered two lectures; subject, "Spiritualism Proved by an Astrological Student." He proved Spiritualism by astrology. Mr. John Slater also gave tests.

The Progressive Spiritual Society of this city rented Metropolitan Temple and engaged Prof. Fred Bell. The hall, seating 2,500, is crowded.

Dr. Rinness has St. George Hall, 909½ Market street, holds three meetings Sundays, to good houses; in fact, Spiritualism is growing in numbers, and exciting an inquiring interest never before known here, as evidenced by the attendance at the eight halls where meetings are held.

San Francisco, Cal.

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

"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.

"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.

"Ingersoll's Great Address on Thomas Paine," at the late Paine celebration in New York City. Price, 6 cents; ten copies for 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Notes from C. H. Brooks.

TO THE EDITOR.—It has been some time since I have sent in any report to the many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and some may think I have been less active than formerly, but not so. I have had many ways to turn, preventing my sending in word to the people. As soon as I was able, after the severe work of the camp, I spent three Sundays with the Peoria society. They closed their meetings sometime in June or July, and when I went among them they were the first to open again. The first meeting was not largely attended, but it was full of interest. The next Sunday, in the afternoon, I lectured before the Sunday Lyceum, a society composed of all grades of thinkers. I lectured on Spiritualism, and it was received with favor. I feel fully assured that the meeting was productive of great good. In the evening the audience was much larger, and the last Sunday evening the hall was full to overflowing. I was assisted in the last service by Mrs. Williams, of Monmouth, Ill., an earnest worker in our cause, and full of inspiration.

I was engaged to speak in Richmond, Ill., the second Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of October. I held four meetings there, or rather, back from there in the country, five miles. I was there in the early part of summer, and held two meetings, and thus was awakened an interest, so I returned. The meetings from first to last were well attended.

I find everywhere I go a great amount of interest upon this subject, and all that is needed is workers to go out into the field and scatter these ideas.

Last week I attended the State convention one day. The societies that are formed are mostly a long distance from the city, and many of the members are not able to undertake such traveling expense, hence there was only one delegate from a distance from the local societies, and that was from Peoria.

I have given up the work as State missionary. The State society could, if it received the support it should, do a work that would be lasting.

I go to Lake Geneva for one Sunday, the last in this month; then to Waukegan, Wis., for November, and to Kansas City for December. I should be glad to correspond with societies desiring my services.

G. H. BROOKS.

144 N. Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill.

From Portland, Maine.

TO THE EDITOR.—In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of October 22d, I noticed an article headed "The Northwestern Spiritual Association," written by my friend, Edward Bach, of Aberdeen, Dak., now its President. I have known Mr. Bach many years, and when he was a resident of Minneapolis our families used to meet together once or twice each week at my house for mutual development and investigation of spirit power, and I know him to be a thoroughly honest and ardent Spiritualist, devoted to the cause, and anxious to spread abroad the truth of immortality and the communion between the two worlds.

Having been the proprietor, the inaugurator and first President of the Northwestern Camp-meeting Association, and having been forced, through the inaction and opposition of those who should have been its warmest friends and supporters, to carry the whole burden of labor and expense upon my own shoulders, I can sympathize with Brother Bach when his calls for aid and assistance do not meet with that cordial response which it should; but I was determined that it should not be a failure, and to insure the comfort and pleasure of those attending, I rented the most beautiful and well-furnished hotel in the Northwest, whose situation and the beauty of its surroundings I have never seen excelled, and its prices, which had always been from three to four dollars per day, were reduced to Spiritualists and mediums to one dollar per day, and such talent secured as Moses and Mattie Hull, Mrs. Anna Orvis, Mrs. Sheehan, Dr. Street, Dr. T. Wilkins, W. H. Bach, my wife and myself. The individual loss to myself, over and above all receipts, was about two hundred dollars, as Moses Hull, who had charge of the camp collections during the month, will attest. Now to the point which I wish to make, and which I hope you or some good friend will answer satisfactorily: Why is it that Spiritualists, whose foundation planks are love, justice, peace, harmony and good will to all, are forever allowing the opposite to rule, viz., inharmonious, injustice, selfishness and jealousy. I find it not only in the Northwest, but throughout the country. They will not work together in harmony, and if anyone takes up the work independently he is fought by all the other would be leaders, and every obstacle possible thrown in the way to prevent his success. As my friend Bach says: "Many could give ten dollars and not feel it." Yes, there are hundreds in the Northwest who could give twice that amount, and thousands, without feeling the loss, and thereby help to support and sustain the cause of truth, and which they know to be a truth, and which they profess to love; but for some unknown reason, when called upon to help support that dearly-loved cause with their money, they turn a deaf ear to your appeals. Why, Mr. Editor, your excellent paper would have a million subscribers instead of twenty thousand if only one Spiritualist in ten in this country was a subscriber. We should have halls of learning, schools of knowledge, homes for sick and worn-out mediums, in every State in the Union, but with modern Spiritualism forty years old, and numbering its millions, how many have we? I hope some of your readers and contributors will enlarge upon these thoughts, and try and awaken the people to their own spiritual interest, and to the cause of humanity. Your article in regard to J. C. Bundy and Judge Daily is excellent, and should be read by every Spiritualist.

S. N. ASPINWALL.

Ouida has written twenty-seven novels and they have paid her more than any history published within the last quarter of a century.

The "Popular Science Monthly" for November, 1892.

Taking up the grand November *Popular Science Monthly*, one is struck by the many phases of actual human life, in distinction from the ideal life of fiction and poetry, which this magazine reveals. Sara Jeannette Duncan opens the current number with a study of the mixed race of India, in the delightful vein of her well-known book, "A Social Departure." Dr. Wesley Mills treats of "The Natural or Scientific Method in Education," basing his essay upon what has been discovered as to the way in which the brain receives and records impressions, and illustrating it with diagrams of special areas in the brain. There is an article by Dr. T. Lauder Brunton on a novel subject, "Posture and Its Indications," to which still more novelty is given by its odd illustrations. What things are being most earnestly studied in the field of mental science are pointed out by Prof. Joseph Jastrow in a paper on "The Problems of Comparative Psychology." The question whether it will ever be possible to put together by chemical processes a creature having life is discussed by M. Armand Sabatier, under the title "The Synthesis of Living Beings." Some "Economic Trees," that have sent roots into decayed parts of their own trunks, are described by Frederick Le Roy Sargent, with illustrations. The calculations made by Jacques Inaudi, "The Latest Arithmetical Prodigy," are described by M. Alfred Binet. Some remarkable "Reasoning Animals" are put on record by Allen Pringle. Miss Alice Carter writes of "Color in Flowering Plants," there is a valuable practical paper on "Modern Nervousness and Its Cure," by Dr. Bisinger; an account of "The First German Papermaker," with pictures of his mill, is given by Eduard Grosse; and J. B. Mann answers the question "Are Business Profits Too Large?" by showing that capital and skill do not get such wonderful earnings as many workmen imagine. Dr. W. O. Cahall contributes an historical account of the organizations for scientific discovery in the land of Columbus and Galileo, and the body of the number closes with a "Sketch and Portrait of Henry Walter Bates," best known by his book "A Naturalist on the Amazons." In the Editor's Table some dangers connected with our mode of electing Presidents are pointed out, and how the people can aid in the prevention of cholera epidemics is told. This number begins a new volume. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

The Cause at Deerfield, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR.—We held a very satisfactory meeting at Deerfield, Mich., October 23—two sessions—where many received convincing proofs of the immortality of the soul, through messages from their loved ones in the "home beyond," by improvised songs with organ and autoharp accompaniment. Written messages were given through the organism of Mrs. Lora Holton, musical test medium and psychometrist. She is a grand worker in our cause, as well as an accomplished musician. She performs on five different instruments, and should be constantly employed. We were well entertained also by remarks and exercises in mediumship through W. F. Trim, of Adrian, Mich., who spoke to us in three distinct languages. Friends of the cause gathered in from surrounding towns for miles around. I also added my mite by assisting. All felt repaid for coming, and we trust good seed has been sown in this sea of orthodoxy, that will bear fruit by and by. Mrs. Holton also held two parlor seances, and gave some private sittings, with good results.

MRS. LAVINA PALMER.

Needs Measured by Capacity.

Thanks to Mrs. Frances F. Allen, for her able and timely article on "Physical Manifestations," in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Oct. 22. It is well to remind those whose conceit they have mistaken for wisdom, that it is not wise to underestimate the importance of the substantial that forms the foundation for all the truths that are transported from spirit land to earth as material for the temple of truth designed to be builded here on earth.

To me it seems the plain duty of Spiritualists and truth seekers to join hands in clearing away the rubbish preparatory to laying the foundation of that glorious temple, firm and broad, as the designers plan calls for. Then, as such master-workman, fellow-craftsman or apprentice presents his work for inspection, the master builder will recognize the mark, and see to it that it be placed in position in accord with the plan of the grand designer, without the sound of hammer. Let all truth seekers bear in mind that our needs are measured by our capacity to appropriate wisely, and the supply always equal to the demand. It is for us to accept and apply whatever of truth ourselves, reason or intuitive perceptions may grasp, never forgetting our varied capacities, and ever increasing needs; and that to avoid comparisons and judge in charity, is becoming as well as helpful all along the line of man's progress.

D. S. MAYNARD.

The chapter of St. Peter's cathedral has submitted to his holiness the pope the designs for the golden throne which the chapter, in co-operation with all the other Roman catholic cathedrals of the world, will present to his holiness. The throne is designed in Gothic form and will cost 500,000 francs.

In South Carolina there are 102,000 white voters and 132,000 colored voters. In Mississippi there are 120,000 white voters and 150,000 colored voters—a colored majority of 30,000 in each state. Louisiana has more white than colored voters, but it has, on the other hand, more colored voters native born than white voters native born.

There are said to be over twenty-three thousand Indians in the United States who can read English and over ten thousand who can read Indian languages.

SPIRITUALISM.

It Is the Second Advent of Christ.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some kind friend has favored us with a few numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the import of which was never in greater demand. An enterprise which lessens the expense of a commodity is always appreciated; but equal quality and quantity for less than one-half the usual price is a surprise to all, and a boon to the needy who desire to keep in line with the march of modern progress. But we value the enterprise especially for the courage displayed in sifting the chaff from the wheat, and bringing truth to the front, however distasteful or unpopular.

Spiritualism has only shown its strength on the defensive, but is abundantly able to command respect with her invincible battalions on the offensive. Let us lay siege to the dilapidated fortifications of its only enemy, conquer peace and a world of sin and corruption entrenched within its camp. It is a sin against the human weal to teach that which has no logical basis in science or experience. If we bear in mind the fact that nature includes all known existences, and produces all known effects, all theories of the unknown would fail to ensnare the mind. The belief that nature was created is an error which designing men encourage, and perhaps many good men teach, believing that faith is the evidence of things unseen.

The idea of God is of heathen origin, made useful to enforce the will of tyrants. The church was established by a tyrant, and rendered subservient to its master, it so modified the teachings of Christ as to admit a God of vengeance in the support of despotism. Upon this God the church was founded, and not upon Christ's teachings, which are directly opposed to tyranny and all modes of oppression.

The church officials decided what should be received as the word of God, and so became the real authors of what they ascribe to God. And after creeds are formulated tyrants make it felony to speak, write against or in any way dispute the divinity of these works of men in their service. Thus the church is the most systematic organization ever completed against the liberty of man, was founded in fraud, and must maintain the fraud or perish in the struggle with the light of human progress.

Christ saw that the slavery of mind resulted from superstition, and that God was of human conception, which frightened the ignorant into submission of the most degrading servitude. In the true sense of the term Christ was an Atheist, and explicitly taught the identity of God and nature when he declared, "I and my Father are one;" and again, "he that seeth me seeth him that sent me," which can only be true in the sense that nature and God are one and the same. But that sense would not answer the end to which the church was founded.

The union of Church and State is the union of strength for oppression, and never in the interest of the people. With the knowledge of these facts the framers of our Constitution wisely omitted the word God, and left religion to stand upon its own merits. All were satisfied with this omission, and the experiment proved a grand success. Common schools were established that all might receive the advantage of a rudimentary education in fitness for useful citizenship. This facilitated the genius of invention; liberty inspired enterprise, which rewarded labor, and never was a people so prosperous and happy. Until within the last few years no complaint was heard that God was left out of the Constitution, but of late Protestants of all persuasions begin to clamor and petition Congress to put God in the Constitution. What does it mean? There is a secret influence, a crafty skill in this move that points to Jesuitical management, which begins to show itself in its open attack on our common school system. It is here! The country is full of it! And its slimy poison infects the very chambers of the White House!

Who ordered the motto stamped upon our silver coin, "In God We Trust?" Are the people deemed unworthy of trust? The old serpent has surely begun to wind his deadly coil around the Goddess of Liberty. Liberty is of vastly more consequence to the people than tariff, reciprocity or any political measure yet in controversy, and we must and can trust the people for its preservation. No pious fraud stamped upon our currency will blind them to its intended ruin.

We admire the cut of Uncle Sam pointing to the danger of the "Infernal Jesuits," and it should remain at the head of your first column until they are effectually exterminated. If people generally knew or realized the wickedness committed in the name of God, the Jesuits would be comparatively harmless. The outspoken Atheist is the heroic defender of human liberty. Animated only by a sense of duty, he attacks the error of popular belief, well knowing the gauntlet of abuse he runs.

Father Lambert is not ashamed to abuse his protection in free speech by encouraging mob violence as follows: "If a blasphemer attacks the prevailing belief, he must not plead the baby act after having roused them." This is the old spirit of the Inquisition, ever the same and never extinguished while they worship a god of the same character.

The purest and wisest of clergymen have so modified and reconstructed the character of God that the Atheist finds nothing to disapprove except the fallacy of its teachings, which will soon vanish with the progress of intellectual and moral culture. But Catholicism, with its conceit of infallibility, is unprogressive, and forever the enemy of human progress. Founded on the belief in a God of vengeance, the foundation must be kept intact or its power must yield to truth. This they provide for in the baptism of children—once baptized, forever a Catholic, impressed with the awful fear of eternal damnation as punishment for daring to doubt.

To in any way vitiate the youthful mind,

and willfully stunt its natural growth in search for truth, through fear or false teaching, is a heinous offence against nature, the individual and social good; but so long as the church can exercise that corrupting power, so long the individual and society must suffer the consequences. It is this struggle of old errors for survival that combats and retards the acceptance of all newly discovered truth which seems to conflict with established creeds.

It would seem that Spiritualism might be received as a valuable accession by the church, since it supplies the need of proof that the soul is immortal. But it comes in conflict with creeds most essential to the power and emolument of the divinely consecrated.

Some superficial thinkers predict that agnosticism and atheism are the real forces between which and Spiritualism the battle is to be fought, but from them we have nothing to fear. They must, and willingly do, yield to proof, while the church is willfully blind and determined to maintain its stand. And with its prestige and vast accumulation of wealth it will be the last enemy to surrender its power.

The mission of Christ was to clear away superstition, and elevate the moral and mental powers of man to progressive conditions. He was a medium inspired by spirits to prepare the way for a second advent to complete the work of human redemption, which was intercepted by the perversion of his doctrine by the church and suspended upon the cross for nearly two thousand years, until it gained a foothold on the shore of the great American Republic, where its revival has reopened the channel of intercourse with the Spirit-world, and the prophecy of his second advent has commenced in its fulfillment in the ineffable glory of communion with angels.

True Christianity is the voice of the Spirit-world interested in the elevation of man to his natural rights, which includes individual liberty in all achievements which do not clash with another's rights. The first duty of the Christian is to maintain the right of thought and speech as the surest means of moral and intellectual development of the individual who is a part of a component which gives character to society. The second coming of Christ will complete this lofty purpose by relegating superstitious worship through the inspiration of love to one another, and the diffusion of knowledge that evolution is the law of growth in fitness, which never fails to better conditions. Fear dispels love and invites hatred. It is the principal cause of human misery, and the direct promoter of deception, with all its train of vices and iniquity.

The slavery of mind to an error not only vitiates the soul of mundane life, but clings to the excrement until ignored in the knowledge of truth.

The God of vengeance spirits deny, but conversely maintain a God of righteousness, which is equivalent to a personal will-power. One prominent Spiritualist lecturer denounces the orthodox God as a "heartless, hateful, hideous scarecrow," and says: "Atheists are, of all people, the most pretentious and unreasonable. Science fairly laughs at them, and all reasonable philosophy scorns their bombastic assertions as beneath contempt."

To justify this shower of "mud," he reasons thus: "If the power which includes all is good, then it is infinitely good. If all is good, then there is one God and no devil." If science laughs at quibbling and loose statements, it must have a jolly good time over these "bombastic" words. Propositions which depend on it may be theological, but in no sense logical. Granting that a quality may be infinite, in order to get the logical sense it is necessary to determine the object to which it belongs. This he has only done in a catchy and evasive sense. If "all" is God, then God and nature are the same, which is no God at all. If he means infinite goodness as distinct from nature, then he is bound to prove its existence, which he attempts not to do; and if atheism and the orthodox God be bad, he defeats his own proposition.

Good, better and best are comparative terms which imply the finite, and by adding finite to finite we can never reach the infinite—the last number always admits another, and succession is only infinite in endless continuation, which rests entirely upon negative evidence, and if God be infinite he is way beyond the knowledge of man. Like children we flippantly talk about the infinite without the least conception of its true meaning.

We simply touch upon the more rational idea of God to show how completely futile are all attempts to logically prove any such existence. If all theories were logically tested, few errors would disturb the peace of society; and the wisest spirits advise to accept nothing from the invisible world which fails to bear this test. While in the interest of truth and of man the atheist should have an attentive hearing, he comes before us so besmeared by the grime of the church, always loaded with mud, that even Spiritualists, who have not shaken the dust of battle from their own garments, are so appalled that they falter in defence of justice denied themselves, and sometimes are known to join with hoots and jeers in support of their own persecutors.

The teachings of Christ have not yet cast out that devil of prejudice, the great enemy of truth which revels in bonds of darkness.

Though each sect has its special god, and they quarrel about his attributes, they all unite to make hell hot for the lonely atheist who fears none of their gods, but honestly expresses his opinion, and is the true champion and friend of human rights. Undoubtedly the quarrels between sects are a public gain. They bring out many truths otherwise concealed, show each others' weak points and the great need of reformation on both sides. Such is evolution—like a stream that may be blocked for a time, but is sure to make its way over or around every obstacle. In spite of all opposition the mental and moral powers of man have steadily increased in victory over many long-cherished errors, and those left in their last struggle for life may, in their spasmodic throes, give us some trouble, but suc-

cess is sure, for the "seven vials full of wrath" are nearly empty, the "white horse" has done his work, and "the marriage of the lamb is come, with his bride arrayed in fine linen, clear and white," and "blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the lamb."

A. P. H.

Fragments Illustrated.

What are fragments? Broken pieces of what? A life, perhaps, or that which goes to make up a life. One life may be made up of the "fragments of a song; another, of the rhythm of poetry; another may be full of beautiful pictures, or a medley of pictures, showing here and there the beautiful coloring of the artist's brightest moments; sometimes a dash of sunshine; sometimes a shadow, with just enough of the sunshine to make a mellow blending, like a life with fragments of happy moments, shaded by experiences of sober thought, or the realization of some cherished dream which held only the semblance of the dream, the realization stripping it of half its sweetness, and leaving only a fragment of "what might have been."

Again, there are fragments of innocent childhood, when all the world looked beautiful, and life seemed only a happy playground dotted here and there with childish grief, or bright with a mother's sacred lullabies and tender recollections. Another change takes place and youth's sweet springtime brings the golden "fragments" of happy anticipations, when warm and glowing the pulse runs high with hope and love; every hour a lifetime in itself, so full of promise, so rich in coloring that the crimson and orange and all the tints of the rainbow are shaded in to make the "crowning glory," the artists' "masterpiece," the one bright spot in all the fragments of an otherwise cheerless life. It is the fragments around which clustered other fragments—broken pieces—sometimes twice broken, which some tender hand would pick up, vainly trying to bind them together again into some semblance of that which had been an ideal—the dream of a lifetime, perhaps; and again are the fragments scattered. The poor heart, grown weary with disappointment and vain effort, at last lays down the burthen, sighing for one more taste of happiness, one more "fragment" where the yellow and gold of the beautiful sunshine may mingle in the leaden-gray of disappointment and hopeless heart aches.

Again the picture changes. Memory, supplying the fragments of the past, covers with tender hand the broken piece which only held the darker shades, leaving no place for the rainbow tints, or a loving thought to rest upon; sadly closing the pages of the past to these, but holding lovingly, tenderly, the beautifully colored fragments where the song and the rhythm, the rose tint, and the sily are curiously blended into one, into harmony and peace, and Love shall sing the requiem, when death shall close on these.

M. A. B.

James Whitcomb Riley's Tribute.

POEM ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRISON.

On the morning of the 25th of October Indianapolis awoke fresh from the memories of the great political festivities of the night before to find the flags of all the business and public buildings at half mast. They knew what caused it—that Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, long a dweller in Indianapolis, and the first woman of the land, had passed away. There was every kind of sorrow expressed at her death, without regard to political, religious or other views. A common sorrow or sympathy for Gen. Harrison in this, his own State, was noticeable in all political circles. Chairman Gowdy, of the Republican committee, ordered all the meetings in the city and county to be declared off until Saturday, and Chairman Taggart said no demonstrations would be had here, only minor affairs, until after the funeral, which was held the following Friday.

James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier Poet," was the first to express the feelings of all, which he did in the following verses:

Now utter calm and rest;
Hands folded o'er the breast,
In peace the placidest,
All trials past.

All fever-soothed, all pain
Annulled in heart and brain,
Never to vex again—
She sleeps at last.

She sleeps; but O, most dear
And best beloved of her
Ye sleep not, nay, nor stir,
Save but to bow
The closer each to each,
With sobs and broken speech,
That all in vain beseech
Her answer now.

And lo! we weep with you—
One grief the wide world through—
Yet with the faith she knew
We see her still,
Even as here she stood—
All that was pure and good,
And sweet in womanhood—
God's will her will.

The remains arrived at Indianapolis at 10:30 o'clock Friday, and were at once taken to the First Presbyterian Church, where the simplest services were held. After this the body was buried at Crown Hill, the beautiful cemetery where monuments stand to the memory of Governors Morton, Hendricks, Whitcomb, Gen. Canby, Schuyler Colfax, and other Indians who have made history.

"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.

"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.

ZULIEKA, a Child of Two Worlds, given by Quina, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. This will prove a rare attraction. In sending in your subscription, solicit your neighbor to do likewise. The paper only costs 25 cents for three months

LETTER FROM MOSES HULL.

He Will Soon Be Back in the Spiritual Field.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am drawing near the close of my lay-off from work in the Spiritual field, and I am glad. While I believe in the People's Party and its principles, I doubt whether I will ever devote another straight month in its interest. There are hundreds of others who can do its work, and who are anxious for the job, who cannot do the work I am called to do.

You cannot imagine how good THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER looks to a person after he has put in a whole week answering the platocratic arguments of the average political bumper. On Sunday, after I get a Turkish bath, THE THINKER looks as good to me as the Bible looks to those who use it as a fetish. On Wednesday night of next week I make my last speech, then I go to Washington to preach Spiritualism, I hope, to some of our politicians.

I have hardly had an appointment since I have been in the State that someone has not come and introduced himself to me as a Spiritualist. The fact is the virus of Spiritualism is getting scattered everywhere.

As yet I have taken no part in the controversy that has arisen in consequence of the Haslett Park committee requesting me to cancel my engagement there, out of deference to two or three mistaken souls who refused to stand on a platform which my feet had touched. The camp, I see, perceives its mistake, as I knew it would, and has passed a resolution not to do it again. Others will also see the mistake. "All things come to the one who in patience and silence can wait."

I have a letter from the Haslett Park committee, and a copy of a reply, which makes interesting reading, but without their consent I should hardly feel justified in giving them to the public. Also the one who was foremost in this opposition has so far unbent as to write me a letter on the subject. The still, small voice still tells me to keep right on in my work. When the time comes I hold a few astonishing revelations in my keeping; none that will harm anyone, however.

"There's a chief 'amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent 'em,
Some sweet day—not now."

My December appointments failed me in consequence of having too many officers in the society, and one not knowing what another was doing. It really does me no damage, as there are several other calls for that month. I shall probably spend the month either in New Orleans or in Milwaukee.

I have about made up my mind to spend May and June in Chicago—probably to hire a hall and speak there every Sunday. I want to spend some time at home and get acquainted with Mattie and the boy, and see the Fair; besides, many of my Chicago friends are asking me to do that very thing.

Spiritualists, let us reserve the batteries we are letting off at each other, and pour all of our red-hot shot into the ranks of our enemies. It would be as easy to bring an enemy down with every round as to spend our time and ammunition firing into each other.

Brother Francis, a word of exhortation to you: Haven't you an old pair of velvet gloves that you could put on when handling such men as Prof. Elliott Cones and the late lamented John C. Bundy? Also, Hudson Tuttle hit awful hard in his imaginary convention of dam-phules. He should remember he is striking at the kid-gloved aristocracy. They are not used to such knocks.

Prof. Buchannan undoubtedly feels as badly about being "shot down on" by the learned Prof. Cones as the fellow did when the gentleman of color stole his best girl. Let these things all work; we'll all laugh at them in the sweet by and by.

That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may progress and keep its readers thinking for the next few thousand years is my worst wish in its behalf.

MOSES HULL.

A Good Word for Dr. N. F. Ravlin.

HE HAS STRUCK A RESPONSIVE CHORD IN THIS CITY.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sunday morning, October 23, I attended Dr. N. F. Ravlin's lectures at the hall, corner Thirty-first street and Indiana avenue, and also at 8 p. m. I wish that all Spiritualists and clergymen—in fact, every soul in Chicago—could hear the beautiful inspiration that flows from his lips. He is a power, and seems to be inspired by the angels, even the very archangels themselves. His oratorical powers are grand. We have not had one like him to reach the creed-bound in this city for the last twenty years.

The doctor was a Baptist clergyman in Cedar Rapids, Racine, Chicago and San Jose, Cal. He preached in Chicago fourteen years, and during that time was called to officiate at the dedication of fifty-one Baptist churches. He was popular with the masses, and always had crowded congregations. He also has large audiences when officiating on the Spiritual rostrum.

Dr. Ravlin was assisted by a Baptist clergyman from Grand Rapids, Mich., Rev. Strickland. Both of them got large salaries, and were two shining lights in the Baptist church. There are a good many members of the Baptist church on the South Side attending, and I hope they will keep on searching for the truth.

A. B. COMAN.

Several Japanese editors have been sentenced to four years' imprisonment, with hard labor, for speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor Jimmu, who, if he ever existed, lived about six hundred years ago.

The coronach, or mourning for the dead, is still heard in many parts of Scotland, as well as in Ireland. It is a weird chant, cries of lamentation being mingled with remonstrances addressed to the departed for leaving his friends and relatives.

Independent Slate-Writing.

TO THE EDITOR:—What I consider a very fine test in slate-writing was given through the mediumship of J. A. Johnston, at No. 611 North Twenty-third street, this city. I bought two slates (in size about 8x10 inches) and cleaned them well, and, with a friend, nailed them together with wire nails about 3-8ths of an inch longer than the thickness of the slates. I marked the heads of the nails and clinched them on the other side of the slates, at the same time placing four short cords across the sides of the slates, and sealed the ends on the wood of the slates. I stamped the wax with an old-fashioned key which I had to make sure that the slates could not be opened while out of my sight. I then gave the slates to Mr. Johnston, who took them home, where they remained until Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., at which time I was to call and have a sitting. My friend and I were on time.

When we arrived at the house we found several persons in the room waiting to see the result of our sitting. The medium requested all to be quiet for a few moments. Then myself, friend and one other person sat at the table with the medium for about three minutes—not longer. While we were sitting at the table the slates remained in a bucket of water entirely immersed (the water was in easy reach of the table).

At the expiration of the three minutes, the medium requested me to take the slates from the bucket of water and open them. You can imagine my surprise and amazement when I saw a message to me written on one of the slates, and my father's full name signed. Around the message was a wreath of flowers in colors. The outline of the flowers was very good. The colors were coarse and a little crude, but the general effect was good.

On the other slate was a picture of my sister, and under the picture a message to me. I will state that although the picture was but a crude one, the style of combing the hair and the outline of the face were so near like a picture I had in my watch that every one in the room could see the resemblance. Under the picture was a very nicely-drawn bunch of morning-glories, with outlines almost perfect. The coloring of the flowers was very nice.

I have placed glass over the sides of the slates that contained the message and flowers, and shall keep them to show to the many who do not believe in Spiritualism, or who are afraid to investigate for fear they will.

St. Louis, Mo.

D. C. GOODALE.

The Veil Drawn Aside.

WONDERFUL MATERIALIZATION BY MABEL ABER.

TO THE EDITOR:—During the latter part of last spring, while still an investigator of this grand truth, I made the acquaintance of Mabel Aber, at St. Paul, Minn. She had come that city to fill a month's engagement with the Independent Spiritual and Psychical Society, lecturing and giving ballot tests in much the same manner as Ada Foy. I became a constant attendant of her seances, and so satisfied was I of her mediumship that I invited her to make her home with me during her short sojourn in that city.

I was more than repaid for my trouble. I not only saw many of the dear loved ones, but the intelligence they manifested was remarkable. There would be two and three forms out at once, that would all display like intelligence, and often during her seances when called to the curtain I could see the medium sitting in her chair in a dead trance, oftentimes surrounded by what seemed to be ethereal forms. Her seances gave perfect satisfaction to all who were there.

Since Mrs. Aber's return to Kansas City, Mo., her power has increased tenfold; to make a long story short, the spirits materialize without her even being entranced. While holding a conversation with her the other day, a form materialized in an adjoining room, and came to where I was and held a short conversation with me, I all the while holding the medium's hands as requested by the spirit. She then asked me to assist her to the piano, and she played "Home, Sweet Home"—the spirit being that of my deceased mother.

Mrs. Aber is nicely located in her own home, at 1415 Charlotte street, Kansas City, where she is ever ready to take the earnest investigator by the hand and lead him onward through the channels of doubt to the light of this grand truth.

To Brother Francis I would say: Continue on; you are doing a grand work. The enlightenment of humanity is the grandest work there is. There is a work for you and a work for me; each one and all have our portion to do, so let us do it with a will.

BLANCHIE C. VARNEY.

Kansas City, Mo.

ZULIEKA, a Child of Two Worlds. We are anxious that every Spiritualist in the United States should read this story (founded on realities), by Quina, one of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's controls. Surely any Spiritualist can afford to take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, it costing only about two cents each week. Assist us in the great work of redeeming the world, by getting additional subscribers.

"The Spiritualist Evangelist" is a collection of hymns and songs to be used in public and private Spiritual services, with Introductory Circular, setting forth the basic principles of Spiritualism and system of organization. G. F. Perkins, compiler. For sale by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, office, 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill. Price, 15 cents.

"Ingersoll's Address Before New York Unitarian Club." The first time in the history of the world that a Christian Association ever invited a noted infidel to lecture before them. The lecture is a grand one, and was received by the Club with continuous applause from beginning to end. The pamphlet contains 12 pages, beautifully printed. Price, 6 cents; ten copies, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

A mistake somewhere surely. Prof. J. R. Buchanan writes to us that he did not attend the seance at Liberal, Mo., as related by Mr. R. M. Jones. Some one is laboring under a misapprehension.



COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

SCINTILLATIONS.

They Are from the Incomparable Col. Ingersoll.

FILLED EUROPE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.

For many years this restless man filled Europe with the product of his brain. Essays, epigrams, epics, comedies, tragedies, histories, poems, novels, representing every phase and every faculty of the human mind. At the same time engrossed in business, full of speculation, making money like a millionaire, busy with the gossip of courts, and even with the scandals of priests. At the same time alive to all the discoveries of science and the theories of philosophers, and in his babel never forgetting for a moment to assail the monster of superstition. Sleeping and waking he hated the church. With the eyes of Argus he watched, and with the arms of Briareus he struck. For sixty years he waged continuous and unrelenting war, sometimes in the open field, sometimes striking from the hedges of opportunity, taking care during all this time to remain independent of all men. He was in the highest sense successful. He lived like a king, became one of the powers of Europe, and in him, for the first time, literature was crowned. Voltaire, in spite of his surroundings, in his position, almost universal tyranny and oppression, was a believer in God and in nature. He was pleased to call the religion of his nature. He attacked the creed of his time because it was dishonorable to his God. He thought of the Deity as a father, as the fountain of justice, intelligence and mercy, and the creed of the Catholic church made him a monster of cruelty and stupidity. He attacked the Bible with all the weapons at his command. He assailed its geology, its astronomy, its idea of justice, its laws and customs, its absurd and useless miracles, its foolish wonders, its ignorance on all subjects, its insane prophecies, its cruel threats, and its extravagant promises. At the same time he praised the God of nature, the God who gives us rain and light, and food and flowers, health and happiness—he who fills the world with youth and beauty.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE CHANGES VOLTAIRE.

In 1755 came the earthquake at Lisbon. This frightful disaster became an immense interrogation. The optimist was compelled to ask, "What was my God doing? Why did the Universal Father crush to shapelessness thousands of his poor children, even at the moment when they were upon their knees returning thanks to him?" What could be done with this horror? If earthquake there must be, why did it not occur in some uninhabited desert, or some wide waste of the sea? This frightful fact changed the theology of Voltaire. He became convinced that this is not the best possible of all worlds. He became convinced that evil is evil here now and forever.

Who can establish the existence of an infinite being? It is beyond the conception—the reason—the imagination of man—probably or possibly—where the zenith and nadir meet this God can be found.

Voltaire attacked on every side, fought with every weapon that wit, logic, reason, scorn, contempt, laughter, pathos and indignation could sharpen, form, devise, or use. He often apologized, and the apology was insult. He often recanted, and the recantation was a thousand times worse than the thing recanted. He took it back by giving more. In the name of eulogy he flayed his victim. In his praise there was poison. He often advanced by retreating, and asserted by retraction. He did not intend to give priests the satisfaction of seeing him burn or suffer. Upon this very point of recanting he wrote:

"They say I must retract. Very willingly. I will declare that Pascal is always right. That if St. Luke and St. Mark contradict one another, it is only another proof of the truth of religion to those who know how to understand such things; and that another lovely proof of religion is that it is unfeeling. I will even avow that all priests are gentle and disinterested; that Jesuits are honest people; that monks are neither proud nor given to intrigue, and that their odor is agreeable; that the Holy Inquisition is the triumph of humanity and tolerance. In a word, I will say all that may be desired of me, provided they will leave me in repose, and will not prosecute a man who has done harm to none."

He gave the best years of his wondrous life to succor the oppressed, to shield the defenseless, to reverse infamous decrees, to rescue the innocent, to reform the laws of France, to do away with torture, to soften the hearts of priests, to enlighten judges, to instruct kings, to civilize the people, and to banish from the heart of man the love and lust of war.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

Voltaire was not a saint. He was educated by the Jesuits. He was never troubled about the salvation of his soul. All the theological disputes excited his laughter, he creeds his pity, and the conduct of bigots his contempt. He was much better than a saint. Most of the Christians in his day kept their religion not for everyday use but for disaster, as ships carry lifeboats to be used only in the stress of storm.

Voltaire believed in the religion of humanity—of good and generous deeds. For many centuries the church had painted virtue so ugly, sour, and cold that vice was regarded as beautiful. Voltaire taught the beauty of the useful, the hatefulness and hideousness of superstition. He was not the greatest of poets, or of dramatists, but he was the greatest man of his time, the greatest

friend of freedom, and the deadliest foe of superstition. He wrote the best French plays—but they were not wonderful. He wrote verses polished and perfect in their way. He filled the air with painted moths—but not with Shakespearean eagles.

You may think that I have said too much; that I have placed this man too high. Let me tell you what Goethe, the great German, said of this man: "If you wish depth, genius, imagination, taste, reason, sensibility, philosophy, elevation, originality, nature, intellect, fancy, rectitude, facility, flexibility, precision, art, abundance, variety, fertility, warmth, magic, charm, grace, force, an eagle sweep of vision, vast understanding, instruction rich, tone excellent, urbanity, suavity, delicacy, correctness, purity, cleanness, eloquence, harmony, brilliancy, rapidity, gaiety, pathos, sublimity and universality, perfection indeed, behold Voltaire."

Even Carlyle, that old Scotch-terrier, with the growl of a grizzly bear, who attacked shams, as I have sometimes thought, because he hated rivals, was forced to admit that Voltaire gave the death-stab to modern superstition. It was the hand of Voltaire that sowed the seeds of liberty in the heart and brain of Franklin, of Jefferson, and of Thomas Paine.

IN IGNORANT TOULOUSE.

Toulouse was a favored town. It was rich in relics. The people were as ignorant as wooden images, but they had in their possession the dried bodies of seven apostles—the bones of many of the infants slain by Herod—part of a dress of the Virgin Mary, and lots of skulls and skeletons of the infallible idiots known as saints.

In this city the people celebrated every year with great joy two holy events: the expulsion of the Huguenots, and the blessed massacre of St. Bartholomew. The citizens of Toulouse had been educated and civilized by the church. A few Protestants, mild because in the minority, lived among these jackals and tigers. One of these Protestants was Jean Calas—a small dealer in dry goods. For forty years he had been in this business, and his character was without a stain. He was honest, kind, and agreeable. He had a wife and six children—four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Marc Antoine, disliked his father's business and studied law. He could not be allowed to practice unless he became a Catholic. He tried to get his license by concealing that he was a Protestant. He was discovered—grew morose. Finally he became discouraged and committed suicide by hanging himself one evening in his father's store. The bigots of Toulouse started the story that his parents had killed him to prevent his becoming a Catholic. On this frightful charge the father, mother, one son, a servant, and one guest at their house were arrested. The dead son was considered a martyr, the church taking possession of the body. This happened in 1761. There was what was called a trial. There was no evidence, not the slightest, except hearsay. All the facts were in favor of the accused. The united strength of the defendants could not have done the deed.

DOOMED TO DEATH UPON THE WHEEL.

Jean Calas was doomed to torture and to death upon the wheel. This was on the 9th of March, 1762, and the sentence was to be carried out the next day. On the morning of the 10th the father was taken to the torture-room. The executioner and his assistants were sworn on the cross to administer the torture according to the judgment of the court. They bound him by the wrists to an iron ring in the stone wall four feet from the ground and his feet to another ring in the floor. Then they shortened the ropes and chains until every joint in his arms and legs was dislocated. Then he was questioned. He declared that he was innocent. Then the ropes were again shortened until life fluttered in the torn body; but he remained firm. This was called the question ordinaire. Again the magistrate exhorted the victim to confess, and again he refused, saying there was nothing to confess. Then came the question extraordinaire. Into the mouth of the victim was placed a horn holding three pints of water. In this way thirty pints of water were forced into the body of the sufferer. The pain was beyond description, and yet Jean Calas remained firm. He was then carried to the scaffold in a tumbrel. He was bound to a wooden cross that lay on the scaffold. The executioner then took a bar of iron, broke each leg and arm in two places, striking eleven blows in all. He was then left to die if he could. He lived for two hours, declaring his innocence to the last. He was slow to die, and so the executioner strangled him. Then his poor lacerated, bleeding and broken body was chained to a stake and burned. All this was a spectacle—a festival for the savages of Toulouse. What would they have done if their hearts had not been softened by the glad tidings of great joy—peace on earth and good will to men?

But this was not all. The property of the family was confiscated; the son was released on condition that he become a Catholic; the servant if he would enter a convent. The two daughters were assigned to a convent and the heartbroken widow was allowed to wander where she would.

Voltaire heard of the case. In a moment his soul was on fire. He took one of the sons under his own roof. He wrote a history of the case. He corresponded with Kings and Queens, with Chancellors and lawyers. If money was needed he advanced it. For years he filled Europe with the echoes of the groans of Jean Calas. He succeeded. The horrible judgment was annulled—the poor victim declared innocent and thousands of dollars raised to support the mother and family. This was the work of Voltaire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

F. Gordon White has moved to 524 W. Madison street, where he gives private readings daily, and holds circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock.

N. F. Raylin is now permanently located at 3250 Indiana avenue. He will lecture each Sunday at the hall, corner of 31st street and Indiana avenue. The South Side is looking up finely. There are many active workers there.

W. H. Bach, prominent as a worker, will be in Chicago the first week of November, and will answer calls to speak, or to hold developing circles, or give private developing sittings. He will hold three or four public developing circles. His headquarters will be at Mrs. Howell's, 552 West Madison street. He will only be able to remain in the city about two weeks.

DOINGS OF A SPIRIT.

George Dutton Briggs Returns.

HE GIVES PALPABLE PROOFS OF IMMORTALITY—LOUD RAPS HEARD—LEVITATIONS TAKING PLACE—200 DIFFERENT EXAMPLES OF LEVITATION.

Huxley, the great scientific materialist, says: "In the interest of scientific clearness I object to saying that I have a soul, when all I mean is that my organism has certain mental functions that are dependent upon its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirming 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."

And this is the sum of all of Mr. Huxley's research and the only hope of the materialists, with all their vaunted learning and pretense of science; the savory pomegranate and the bristled pig could say as much in regard to their own destinies. If this no-soul school of philosophers were to attend closely to forces that lie entirely beyond matter, they would find a force controlling matter clearly guided by intelligences that are identical with those we have known in life, when they animated and controlled a material body and dwelt in the sacred precincts of our own households. It is for the benefit of this class of my learned fellows that I now attempt to point out some facts in nature that as surely demonstrate a better hope as that substance alone can cast a shadow. It is, therefore, for no idle purpose that I give the narration promised; for if the facts herein stated shall furnish a starting point to one single faithless, hopeless mortal for a belief in a life after death, upon a higher and purer plane than this, I shall save that soul from his prospect and dread of an eternal death and indicate to him new motives which will fill his future with a happiness hitherto to him unknown, and that is the sole object and aim of what follows:

On the 8th of last June, at nightfall, Mr. L. J. Biggs, a poor but respectable man, of this city, was at home with his family, consisting of his wife and his daughter Grace; his son James being away at the time at work upon a farm for a neighbor, was not at home, when loud raps were heard upon the door of the main entrance to the house. Mr. Briggs, startled at the unusual character of the sound, responded to what he supposed to be the call of someone wishing to enter, when to his astonishment no one was to be found. While outside of the house trying to discover if any cause could be found to produce the raps upon the door, he heard upon the inside of the room a heavy fall. All hands hearing the same, rushed in to see what could have happened, when they saw and found nothing. Being now completely puzzled and being members of the Christian church, they had no thought of any supernatural agency, so-called; but thought it must be the mischievous doings of some prankish boys. But the same raps and sounds like falling bodies continued at intervals of from fifteen minutes to an hour through the day as well as night, for two weeks, during which he said nothing to any one, in the vain hope that he might of himself be able to trace the causes of these strange occurrences to some familiar object, and thus avoid the idle and damaging remarks and suspicions that thoughtless and unfeeling neighbors might be supposed to indulge in, were the matter once to become public.

Having exhausted every resource, of his own to find cause for attributing the phenomena to any visible person or thing, he sought the writer, to whom he timidly narrated the facts as they had been constantly occurring up to that time, requesting his assistance in still further research. At this juncture of the affair excitement was running high in Mr. Biggs' household, for it had at last begun to dawn upon them that after all the soul did not sleep in the grave to the "great day," as Mr. Biggs' theology had been teaching him, and that perhaps he had a veritable case of spirit presence on his hands, such as appeared at the Wesley mansion, at the Fox homestead and at the Phelps household—who could tell? The writer, his wife, two little daughters and Prof. O. W. Wilkins, of Williamsburg, Kansas, a relative, had the audacity to go to the house of Mr. Biggs to help find out, if possible, what it all could be. During the watching, until 11 o'clock p. m., seven levitations had taken place; that is, seven different articles of bric-a-brac had been caught up and then dropped down as from the ceiling of the room to the floor. Sometimes sounds of falling substance would be merely imitated without anything really falling, but generally the object so carried down was thrown so bodily found at or near the point where it fell. At this sitting a little book which had been lying on the table was seen by my oldest daughter to start from the ceiling and fall back to the table again, the sound of the falling being heard by us all; and the child's exclamation, "Oh, there comes a book," had so directed our attention that we all saw it light upon the table. The writer, being a Spiritualist, after a fair examination into the circumstances and being satisfied of the integrity of Mr. Biggs and his family, having known them for more than twenty years, and being further satisfied that there could be no delusion by confederates, and that there could be no motives for deception; and, moreover, being sure that no visible person or thing operated in all the things that were being done in all daylight and afterwards in broad daylight, he had no hesitation in ascribing the whole work to some intelligent invisible agency, even to the presence and force of a human spirit, if you please, and so stated it. Mr. Biggs being a strong believer in spirit manifestation, my solution of the case was far from being satisfactory, and he accordingly invited others of his neighbors whom he knew he could trust, to help to solve the mystery; but after many days and evenings of careful watching, by probably hundreds, whose keen eyes were ever on the alert, no visible agency has yet been detected by any one after an elapse of now nearly three months, though Mr. Biggs has extended constantly the most pressing invitation to any and all to make whatever investigations they choose. Since these spirit epiphanies began, as many as 200 levitations of objects have taken place; articles, mostly light, but often weighing many pounds, have been transported from one room to another. Pictures, glass articles, tools, chairs, and, in short, almost everything in the

house have been so handled. The sewing machine has been moved from its place and turned upon end. The doors and windows have long been carefully screened with wire to prevent tricks from without, yet things come and go the same as before, the screens apparently offering no obstruction to the action of the invisible agent at work. For the further information of the reader, I will state that the force is still at work, though at intervals less frequent and less regular, so that the opportunity to investigate is less satisfactory than formerly; nevertheless, any one who may so desire, by staying about the premises a day or two will surely behold the mystery as well as so many others. At a circle instituted for the purpose, and in accordance with natural laws, well known and practiced by the psychic, this spirit identified and proved himself to be that of Geo. Dutton Briggs, son of L. J. Biggs, and was head book for an iron bridge company, during which he fell from an elevated railway at Kansas City, about two years ago, and thus lost his life. Spirit Biggs has given reasons why he has thus made himself known: First—That he might prove to his family that he still lives (a fact which he had doubted before his transition). Second—That his wife and children might receive more and better attention from the bridge company as to their support. Third—That he might counsel his family in a way that could be of material and spiritual benefit to them, if heeded by them. I have now but partially, at least, written up this local wonder that it may enter into the history of Quenemo. If I have mistated, I know it not. If I have done wrong, I know it not. If I shall be wiser and better thereby, I am compensated. If any can disprove it, let them disprove it. In the meantime: Strange are thy ways, O God; thy ways are strange, though sweet; thy providence is mysterious; the universe is replete with love; thy life fills all space; nothing that lives shall die to thee; nor leaf, nor beam, nor air is lost; and man, the impact of the whole must still live on. Else thou wouldst lose thine epitome; And life itself wouldst die; And love return no more to claim her own.

Quenemo, Kan. C. W. SEARING.

YOUNG FOLKS' CLUB.
Its Object: Spirit Research.

The Young Folks' Club for Spirit Research was organized at Haslett Park, Mich., last August. Its objects are:

1. To better acquaint ourselves with Spiritualism;
2. To make a scientific investigation into Spiritualism;
3. To make Spiritualism better understood by the outside world;
4. To do away, if possible, with superstition and bigotry;
5. To establish such kindly feelings among the young people as will create sociability and harmony of purpose throughout the State and thereby institute a higher grade of popularity and knowledge of Spiritualism as a religion, philosophy, and science.

This club shall not be bound to any creed or theory that will prevent its being progressive.

MEMBERSHIP.

All persons who are interested in this work (in the object of this club) may become members by giving their names to the Secretary and paying an initiation fee of twenty-five cents.

The officers of this club shall consist of a President, one Vice President, a Secretary, and Treasurer. Each shall hold the office for one year, or until a successor is elected.

The officers of this club shall be elected on the third Saturday of the Haslett Park camp-meeting.

There are committees to assist. ARTICLE X.—SPIRIT RESEARCH.—During the year, every member, as a committee of one, shall investigate and make researches into any phase of mediumship or any spiritual phenomena, and make a written report, if possible, of the best and most important and most convincing evidence and results to the Secretary, for publication.

SEC. 2. CONFERENCE REPORTS.—In the club's conference meetings, every member is to report or narrate some of his or her personal experiences with mediums and how they are affected or influenced by different spirits having certain habits and characteristics; some observations on mental phenomena, of spirit control, of spirit return; some fact or test tending to decide the question: Is the soul immortal? Do spirits return? Are spirits human still, with human habits, passions, characteristics, etc?

ARTICLE XI.—Auxiliary clubs for spirit research, having a similar name and working in harmony with this club, may be organized in different parts of the State.

This club shall hold its several sessions in August during the Haslett Park Camp-meeting, at Haslett Park, Ingham Co., Mich.; the hour and place of meeting to be decided by the club.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Reading of the minutes of the last meeting.
 2. Reports of officers and committees.
 3. Unfinished business.
 4. New business.
 5. Good of the club.
 6. Calling the roll for individual reports on spirit research.
 7. Remarks and conference by members and others, especially mediums.
 8. Invitation to mediums and their spirit controls to speak.
 9. Adjournment.
- Copies of the constitution will be sent to any one on application. It is hoped that members and friends of the club will send in reports of their investigations to the Secretary. All can write something interesting. Be active.

Dimondale, Mich. H. E. MARTIN, Sec.

Some \$35,000 have been expended in the production of a gigantic saw for the armor-plate department of the Homestead mill, Pittsburgh. It weighs 110 tons, and will cut a nickel-steel armor-plate as an ordinary saw does a pine plank—armor-plates ranging in weight from eight to thirty-eight tons, and sometimes twenty-nine feet long and twenty inches thick. The saw has a blade seven and one-half feet in diameter, geared from above and revolving horizontally, and with it an angular slab of cold nickel steel, weighing about a dozen tons, is taken off like the slab of a pine log.

KNOWLEDGE AND LIFE.

THE TRUE END OF EXISTENCE AS DEMONSTRATED BY SPIRITUALISM.

The over-production in material things of which we occasionally hear in the industrial world may be duplicated in the mental world, and in this month's Forum Professor R. H. Thurston declares that such a condition of things actually exists to-day. The activities of the human mind during the last fifty years have been almost entirely employed in increasing the areas of knowledge concerning man and the universe, while comparatively little time has been given to learning how best to use and apply this knowledge. We are much like miners feverishly throwing up great nuggets of gold out of an inexhaustible mine. Only occasionally we pause for a few moments while we barter some of the least precious of our nuggets for the crude necessities or the equally crude luxuries of life, which we cannot always enjoy. These obtained with the least possible expenditure of time and thought, we hurry back to our delving in Nature's mine with even greater eagerness than before, until finally death and oblivion come to us, and the great heap of accumulated treasures still lies there in barbaric confusion, with almost none of their uses or possibilities developed.

It must be confessed that there is considerable truth in this view of the matter. The results of man's labor and thought are so enormous and varied that it has not been possible to systematize our knowledge of them. In the world's great laboratory to-day there is much analysis and little synthesis. Our thinkers and investigators and observers devote all their energies to putting labels on their intellectual "finds," until modern civilization resembles a huge bric-a-brac shop, in which the useful and the useless are huddled together in inextricable confusion. What we need to do more than anything else at the present time is to take account of our stock in order to see what we have, and what use we may make of it; and yet that is the one thing we are unable to do, so inexorable is the movement of modern life, and so complex are its activities.

Under such circumstances, it is inevitable that the world is wasteful of the great age notes whose powers it is partially learning, and many of the most hopeful discoveries of science lead into nothing more than a cul de sac, where they lie in arrested development. "Every animate creature," declares Professor Thurston, "is a machine of enormously higher efficiency than the engines of the Teutonic or the most powerful locomotive. Every gymnotus living in the mud of a tropical stream puts to shame man's best efforts in the production of electricity; and the minute insect that flashes across his lawn on a summer evening, or the worm that lights his path in the garden, exhibits a system of illumination incomparably superior to his most perfect electric lights." No one who looks out upon the world to-day will deny that there is a substratum of truth in this statement. The present age displays a poverty of thought in some directions that is as striking as its intense activity and spirit of scientific research, about which we are wont so loudly to boast. Like the barbarians of old, who were content to sit in insensate enjoyment of the wealth and luxury they acquired, we wander about in the great intellectual and material junkshop we have filled with the spoils of Nature, hardly knowing what it all means, and only dimly understanding its relation to our spiritual and moral progress.

But such a state of affairs cannot always continue. It is a scientific axiom that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, and this practical age will soon realize the folly of imitating the housewife who fills her house with costly stuffs and never gives herself time to enjoy their use. We may never look forward to a cessation of that struggle to wrest from the universe its secrets, which so characterizes modern civilization, for the thirst for knowledge once developed is never satisfied. But we may expect to see a wiser division of labor than now exists. Besides the pioneers who will spend their lives in widening the area of human knowledge there will arise a great army of men whose supreme task it will be to make the most perfect possible application of every material fact in promoting the progress and happiness of men.

The above suggestive thoughts appear in the New York Tribune, and they convey a very important lesson, showing conclusively that something is left undone which ought to be done; and that part which is very badly neglected can be traced directly to the spiritual nature of men and the spirit side of the universe. The modern idea of the average man is to accumulate wealth for enjoyment's sake only; the spiritual idea is to accumulate wealth for the sole good one can do to elevate the world generally to a higher plane.

DIVINE WRIGHT.

GAMILLE.

Continued from Eighth Page.

child; the farm extends to the shore of the ocean, and the great billows roll quietly in against it. We have fine orchards and fruits. I go over the farm and through the sheds every day, and the animals all know me, and will run to meet me. We have some beautiful Jerseys, real pets they are, and a pair of horses that answer my call. The greatest pet of all is a St. Bernard dog, an imported one, that has waded through the snow of the Alps. He is as gentle as a kitten, and fairly speaks with his intelligent eyes.

"Mother and my little sisters, of course, are at home. Only one cloud has appeared in our sky. This has been a large one, and for a time blotted out the sun. This was the death of Jennie. The yacht on its southern flight was caught by a gale, and dashed on the shores of Florida. Eugene lost his life in attempting to save her, and their bodies were thrown on the sands. We learned the particulars from a sailor, the only one saved from the wreck. They were buried near the shore, and there they repose side by side, beneath the changing sands. Mother bore the fearful news much better than I should have expected. It seems the certainty of Jennie's death, to her, is preferable to the uncertainty which hung over her fate. Eugene was true and noble, as I shall ever believe, and Jennie honest, though unwise. Remember me to your husband, who, of course, is the best of men. Mr. Banks wishes to remind you that as we two are one, he has said all that I have written. "I am ever yours, MAHE."

William, the super hero, has been wait-

ing an hour," softly said Mrs. Moran. "I have had such food as made me forget my biscuits, George, and destroyed my appetite," replied her husband.

"Hal ha!" laughed Gaskell. "I have had a day's ride on the hardest-going mustang ever backed on the plains, and am as hungry as a wolf."

"Set me down there also," responded Fred.

They were seated, and Mrs. Moran placed her hand on the tea urn, when grandmother arose to her feet, where she sat by the side of her son. She had aged rapidly since her first appearance. She had suffered in silence; striven to bear up and sustain others; put forward the best aspect, and convert strength to weakness. Whenever their hearts had failed and they were ready to faint by the way, she had restored them by her sympathetic and hopeful words. Quietly she had moved about and smiled while others wept, yet it had taken strength and courage, and her face paled; the lines and furrows deepened; her hair became white as snow. Yet there fell over her face a wonderful, sweet and beautiful expression of repose and triumph over the accidents of time and place. She raised her hands, and her eyes, as she glanced around the circle of familiar faces, had a far-away look, as though seeing what mortals are forbidden to behold. She said in a low, sweet voice: "Father in heaven, keep us in thy care; may we be true to ourselves, and send thy ministering angels to watch over and keep us all."

THE END.

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 a higher life Oct. 14, 1891, his late residence, 1102 Lake street, Chicago, Isaac Angell, aged 75 years. Services by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Dr. Ira S. King, a subscriber of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the first, passed to Spirit-life from Coral, Mich. Dr. King was well known all over the State. He was loved and respected by all. Funeral services were conducted by the writer. FRANK T. RIPLEY.

Mary E., wife of W. M. Peabody, passed to spirit-life Oct. 2, from her home at Middleton, Mass., thus fulfilling a prophecy made to her husband by a medium three years ago, "that his wife would join the spirits in three years." She was in the later years of her life a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy. The funeral was attended by Mrs. J. S. Lillie, of Melrose, whose life remarks were listened to with great interest. At the close of the services the bereaved husband was stricken with paralysis, and at the present time lies awaiting the summons that shall reunite him with his beloved wife.

MRS. ABBIE H. HAVERILL.

Passed to spirit life, Oct. 16th, from his house in Denmark, Mich., Joseph Alexander, aged 84 years, and 7 months. A wife and several children preceded him, the former four years since. We were informed that he believed he had had spiritual manifestations at his home, and that on one occasion saw his beloved companion after her transition. The funeral services were a little out of the ordinary. The son, R. Alexander, being an earnest Spiritualist, and other members of the family Presbyterians, it was by their decision to have joint services. The Rev. Mr. Huffman, of Vassar, formerly of Cleveland, and the writer, were chosen to officiate at the funeral, which occurred Oct. 18th. At the request of friends, Mr. Huffman opened with prayer, and by reading a chapter from the Bible, after which the guides, through my instrumentality, gave the consolation of Spiritualism in a discourse of three-fourths of an hour. A large concourse of friends followed the remains to the resting place at Vassar.

A. E. SHULTS.

There Were Giants in Those Days. In one of his recent lectures Prof. J. A. Williams alludes to the discovery of an enormous lizard, eighty feet in length. The Professor infers (as no living specimen of that magnitude has been found) that the species which it represents has become degenerated. The verity of his position he endeavors to enforce by an allusion to the well-known existence of human giants in olden times. The following is the list upon which this singular hypothesis is based:

A giant exhibited in Rouen in 1830, Prof. Williams says, measured nearly eighteen feet in height.

Gorapuis once saw a girl of 12 years who was ten feet high.

The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome during the reign of Claudius Caesar, was ten feet high.

Fannum, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured eleven feet six inches in height.

Chevalier de Segor, while exploring a cavern in the peak of Tenerife, found a skull which must have belonged to a man at least fifteen feet high. It contained sixty perfect teeth of monstrous size.

The giant Ferregus, slain by Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high, and so heavy that no horse could be found that was strong enough to bear him.

In 1814 the tomb of a giant was opened at St. Germain, who must have been at least thirty feet high during life.

As late as 1850 a human skeleton nineteen feet long was discovered at Rouen, France. The skull, which was perfect, with the exception of the lower jaw, held over a bushel of wheat.

In 1824, near the castle of Dauphine, a monstrous tomb was discovered. It was thirty feet long, sixteen wide and eight high. The inscription, "Kindolphus Rex," was cut in the hard, gray stone. The skeleton was found entire, fifteen and one-half feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the back.

The vicinity of Palermo, Italy, has yielded three remarkable human skeletons, one in 1410, one in 1516, and the last in 1850. The first was twenty-one, the second thirty, and the third thirty-four feet in height.

In 1815 a skeleton was dug up near Mazarino, Sicily, the skull of which was as large as a common wine cask. Each of the teeth weighed seven ounces.

E. J. Bowtell speaks at Lowell, Mass., October 30; Pawtucket, R. I., November 6; Plymouth, Mass., 13; Malden, December 11. Address 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DREAM OR VISION—WHICH?

I had been engaged in a deep study of history—religious, political, scientific—and theories of cosmogony, and the origin of man and probable destiny, chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining if it were possible to reconcile the facts of nature and human life with the idea, the great declaration of Jesus Christ, that "God is Love;" to see if, in the light of reason, in view of all the facts, benevolent design is traceable on the part of the God of nature. That life, from the highest to the lowest form, is necessarily one of conflict, is apparent from structure; that the so-called law of the survival of the fittest, if not strictly true, is so far so that the weaker are usually at the mercy of the stronger, and the pyramid of life, crowned by man, is one of death. Nor is this true only of animal life, but also of vegetable, and then the earth itself is swept and devastated by floods, storms, and cyclones; shaken and torn by earthquakes, and to crown the whole, the history of human life in the past is one of war, murder, struggle and suffering. Nor is there much light thrown on the melancholy scene by the many religious beliefs of the past, or even the present. Indeed, religion in the past is the darkest scene presented and shows man as the dupe of the most degrading and irrational beliefs.

Of an optimistic temper and disposition, I would fain believe in a God of love; but how maintain such belief in view of the facts. Still, I could not, nor will I, abandon the full, firm belief that God is love, and that all nature is susceptible of a benevolent interpretation. Deeply impressed with these thoughts, I fell to musing. I seemed to be transported, by some mysterious means, to the summit of a high mountain, on the top of which was a beautiful plateau, rich in sweet-scented flowers and shrubbery, with many birds of bright plumage, and the air tremulous with their music. I now noticed approaching a man of gentle manners and elegant presence. On a near approach, he saluted me gracefully, and said: "I am sent to guide you to the Temple of Knowledge," which now seemed to be near by. "But who are you," I asked, "and what means all this?"

"Oh! sir," he replied, "do not be alarmed; you are now about to enter a temple of the three heavens. You see those distant and more elevated summits," pointing in a certain direction.

"Yes," I said, "what mean they?"

"More elevated planes of life to be reached by man as he progresses in wisdom and love," he replied; "but come, the council awaits you."

As we approached the great temple, I noticed over its grand entrance some hieroglyphics, curiously wrought in gems of dazzling brilliancy, which, with his aid, I deciphered as follows: "God is Love; Man is His Son, and immortal, and a glorious destiny awaits him. Welcome all who seek knowledge." We entered a broad and spacious hall which opened into the auditorium, where a scene of the most dazzling splendor met my astonished and wondering gaze. The most transporting music seemed to emanate from its walls and beautiful decorations, while the softest and most pleasing light filled the great chamber; the whole filling my being with a thrilling sense of joy, giving to life a new meaning. Getting somewhat over my surprise and astonishment, I now noticed, seated on a platform slightly elevated, a number of gentlemen of most exalted presence, surpassing anything I had ever conceived possible in beauty of person, health, elegant raiment, quiet calm, grace, and dignity of manner, yet apparently so direct, candid, and simple. The chief personage, who seemed to act as speaker, occupied a chair sparkling with bright gems. Indeed, the rostrum seemed to be aglow with radiations of sparkling light. After a moment, the speaker arose and beckoned me to approach and be seated, which I obeyed; after which he addressed me in a manner indescribably charming, as follows: "You come, my brother, in search of knowledge. Can it be you ask if the great author of the universe, the God of nature, is a God of love? From the standpoint of the animal plane you have correctly interpreted nature. From this point of view the harmonies of the universe are not visible. But conflict and struggle, suffering and sorrow the law, as you say, 'the survival of the fittest,' where the weaker are crushed and the strong prevail, is the rule. And that those, however highly learned in so-called science, who view man as a mere animal, subject to the laws of animal life, should come to the conclusion that the God of nature is not a God of love; that in his work he manifests neither love nor hate, is to be expected. The fault lies not in his reasoning, but in his premises. These preliminary remarks I make to bring the subject fairly before you. Now, therefore, know and understand that the great Author of the universe is a God of love, infinite in all the most glorious attributes feebly conceivable by the mind of man, but, except as expressed in nature, insensible; that the scheme of life is one of progression, of evolution from lower to higher forms or expressions of life; that man in his physical life is in his primary class of the great school, subject to the throes of evolution, in common with all life; that man is a spiritual being, a son of God, is in earth life undergoing, through matter, spiritual evolution; and that death, so much dreaded by man in his animal nature, is but the birth into a higher form of life. The processes of nature are of slow movement; a day or a thousand years are as nothing in the great scheme of the universe. But a new epoch is now opening. Man is now, as never before, entering the spiritual realm. Through long and wearisome processes he is now, in his scientific investigations, brought face to face with the great, but until now, slumbering, facts of his spiritual and immortal nature. He now holds communication direct with the spiritual realm, and the great truths of his being are now susceptible of scientific demonstration, and in its light the harmonies of heaven are beginning to be seen. Entering this light, man leaves the standpoint of the

animal plane and rises in the scale of being in a degree, to God-like power and wisdom. The spiritual realm being now opened, new influxes of knowledge, wisdom and love are streaming down on man. Nearly 1,900 years ago I had a brief but sorrowful experience in earth life. I was gifted above my fellows with God-like wisdom and love, and sought to establish the spiritual truths of life with man. But the age was dark, ignorant and superstitious. The people to whom I ministered were very bigoted; the worst forms of other nations. Instead of sacrificing human beings to appease their God, they slaughtered cattle. Their high priests arrested me, and, though I had committed no offense, executed me on the cross. My disciples made strenuous and heroic efforts to establish my new doctrines, but with indifferent success. In fact, scarcely two of them understood me alike. They soon fell to disputing as to doctrines and creeds, which, after the lapse of three or four centuries, wrangling and disputing, were consolidated into a rigid military system under a dictator, who pretended to have the right in my name to rule over the world in the most despotic manner, and in my name committed the most atrocious crimes, and for 1,200 years held the souls of men in abject bondage. The distinctive truths that I sought to teach were that God is love and worthy of our highest veneration and reverence; that men are a common brotherhood and would find their highest happiness in so living and acting, and that in thus acting they would develop their spiritual nature and open the soul to the influences of the Spirit-world, whence come all the higher and more divine inspirations and intuitions. I directed my followers to keep their bodies pure and heed the inner voice of the spirit, and thus make their bodies the temple of spiritual unfoldment, and enable them to worship God in spirit and in truth. But the age was dark and the spirit of my teaching was smothered under a cloud of ignorance, bigotry, crime and superstition, so that the western world, to which my message was chiefly given, became a scene of gross moral darkness, where the most shocking crimes were committed in my name by those professing to believe in me. But this is a matter of history and need not be recounted. Now I would have you understand that the religious sentiment in man is universal and dominant, and when misdirected, the most cruel and heartless. There is no limit to the crimes to which it will incite, and in all ages it has been made, by selfish motives, the handmaid of tyranny, war, murder and the enslavement of man. This 19th century, dated from my birth, is bright and promising, yet civil and religious liberty, as it exists in this land with its great cost of blood and treasure, is still in imminent danger. That powerfully organized monarchy, whose seat is at Rome, is rapidly gaining an influence here dangerous to civil and religious liberty, and this in the blazing light of abundant literature showing up its dark crimes and enmity to liberty. But to return to the main subject. Man, spiritually unfolded, becomes God-like in knowledge, wisdom and power—truly a son of God. You are thrown into ecstatic delight in beholding your surroundings in this chamber. Are you prepared to believe that what you see is all the result of the will-power of this council—a refined physical expression of our present desire, with a purpose? Such is even the case. Still possessing each one an individualized manhood, we descend from higher spheres of love and wisdom to enlighten those below us. This is the order of nature. But this for the present must suffice. Let the truths that we have given you sink deep into your heart and forget them not. In due time all seeming mysteries will be made plain."

With this he waved me a dismissal. I was about to retire, when a familiar voice called me to conscious life. It was my wife saying: "Wake up, dinner is ready; you had a nice nap; pleasant dreams no doubt." Dreaming! No, I have been visiting, and hearing a lecture, from a very distinguished personage.

M. HULING.

A Veteran Passed Over.

TO THE EDITOR:—Passed to a higher life from his home, Sunday, October 9, 1892, Zeolotes Perin, aged 66 years. Mr. Perin was born in Perinton, Monroe county, New York, January 29, 1826. He came to this town in 1832. In 1848 he was married to Flavia A. Grey. Mr. Perin was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion, and served his country bravely for over three years, and his disease was the result of a long term of imprisonment in rebel prisons. The funeral was under the control of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. Mr. Perin being a member of Eaton Post, and Mrs. Perin President of the Women's Relief Corps. A. B. French delivered a fine address at the residence Tuesday afternoon, setting forth the grand ideas of Spiritualism, and the connection with them of him who had just gone, as a firm adherent to all of the better thoughts of the philosophy, and as a man of pronounced ideas and one held in high esteem by all, as his many places of trust show. He had been postmaster, mayor and justice. He had served his town faithfully for years.

Clyde O. Mrs. Bradley Tuttle.

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

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A Visit to Farmer Riley's.

TO THE EDITOR:—I will give a short sketch of some of the things I saw and experienced while stopping a few days at the quiet little home of James Riley (better known as Farmer Riley), some three and a half miles from Marcellus, Mich. Mr. Riley uses a bedroom for his cabinet, with a black curtain hanging at the door, and he seated just back of it with his hands filled with flowers. He is dressed in black, even to his shirt. His controlling spirit, John Berton, is some four inches taller than Mr. R., and has gray hair, and is closely shaven. He wears a white shirt, with low-cut vest and long, black dress-coat. He is very graceful and prepossessing in his manners. He always appears first with a slate-communication, saying: "Good evening, friends of earth; we are glad to meet you." He usually winds up the music box, and brings it out and gives it to some one who is present.

Sometimes Mrs. Riley places a vase of flowers in the bedroom, and when she does so the spirit, Berton, will divide them and present each one with a flower or bouquet. One evening, after giving out all the flowers, one gentleman who was present had none, and he was given the empty vase, which created quite a little merriment.

Mrs. Riley, who is ever at her post of duty, acts as manager of the seances, taking the slates and reading the communications, unless the spirit friends desire them as private messages for some of their earth friends who are present. Then the slates would be passed out from between the curtains to the one for whom the message was written, the slate being immediately withdrawn if the wrong person attempted to take it. These messages were satisfactory to each one who received them. One evening a Methodist minister, Rev. Geo. Sutherland, materialized. The lady to whom he came said he was no one she ever knew. She being a Methodist skeptic, Mrs. Riley asked the spirit if he ever knew the lady in earth-life. He wrote on a slate, and said: "No, but I am with her often." He said that it was her mentality that drew him to her.

I asked the controlling spirit one evening if he would please draw the curtain to one side so that all might see his medium the same time that he was present. He seemed more than pleased to do so, and drew the curtains back so that all could see the medium sitting apparently sound asleep in his chair.

One spirit came out four times. A young man came out with one of the lady's hats on that had been left lying on the bed. He bowed to her, then took off the hat and tossed it into her lap. He then stepped back and handed out a comb-case that hung on the wall.

The little daughter, Minnie, who is five years old, is a great favorite with the spirits, they often taking her out of her mother's lap and seating her elsewhere without her saying a word. Sometimes she will leave her large doll on the bed for the spirits to bring to her, which they always do, often patting her on the head.

Another evening we had quite a lengthy conversation with Mr. Berton. The most of the time he stood in the bedroom door, with the curtains apart so that all could see him. This reminded me of the Bible times when the apostles and prophets talked face to face with the angels, as they called them. Now we call them our spirit friends.

I had a communication from my son, who is in spirit-life, saying: "Dear mother—I come from my home of rest, located far above your mundane sphere of pain and strife. I am glad you are receiving the truth of our return. I see many here suffering when I come into the earth atmosphere. Good-by. Tell Ella (meaning his sister) all is well with me here. SPIRIT ALONZO."

Then I asked: "Can't you come out and let me see you to-night?" He replied: "Yes." Just then there was a hurried sound of slate-writing, and a slate was thrown out on which was written: "There are Catholic influences crowding in." Soon another slate was handed out, stating: "This is the work of Satan. The Pope will damn you all."

Soon another slate was handed out, stating: "Ma, take pa out of here; they are trying to hurt him. Your son Eddy, who is in spirit-life."

While the slate was being read a loud noise was heard as if a tussle was going on, the slates flying everywhere, one hitting the medium and leaving a mark on his forehead an inch in length. This broke up the seance for a short time, but the medium was soon controlled again, and the spirit came out and thanked us all for our boldness and courage in saying, aloud: "We do not want any Catholic influence about us. The Pope has no claim on us."

The spirit control said the mob consisted of priests and nuns, who were determined the truth of eternal life and its liberties and unseen beauties should be kept hidden from the world. He stood and talked for twenty minutes or more, then he said: "Dear earth friends, you who have physical bodies need rest as well as my medium. Good night."

This is only a faint sketch of what I saw during my stay at Mr. Riley's home. I was allowed to occupy the bed in the room used for the seance, sleeping soundly without molestation from the living or the dead.

Mrs. E. MARTON.

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What Bible Christians Believe.

WHO ARE THE REAL INSANE CRANKS?

If Christians, as a class, are not insane, they may with propriety be called number one cranks, without fear of successful contradiction. A more credulous people do not live on the face of the earth than the Bible Christians.

Every word, line and precept in the Bible, is the holy word of God, and to doubt it is to be damned to Gehenna without end. Thus they believe that the whaleswallowed Jonah, and for three days and nights he lived, breathed and waded about in the stomach of the whale. Then when the whale got tired of his human cargo, he went ashore and unloaded. Sensible whale; he knew to spew up Jonah in the water would be his death, so the whale sent him out on dry land; exactly how a whale can crawl out of the sea on to dry land is not explained.

The Christians, in swallowing this Bible story, take in a much more of an indigestible load than Jonah was to the whale. They believe that Jesus cast a legion of devils out of an insane man, and by their request allowed them to enter two thousand swine, herding near by in the mountains, and the swine ran into the lake and were drowned.

That story looks a little hoggyish, inasmuch as the owner must have made a heavy shortage in the pork market, by this devilish operation; but the Christian takes in Jonah, the whale, and the whole herd of swine, at a gulp, without stopping to think or ask if such a thing could be possible. But these two stories are a mere bagatelle to the story of Balaam and his ass. "And Balaam rose up in the morning" (and put on his clothes), and saddled his ass, and went with the Prince of Moab, and the Lord was mad about it, and an angel with a drawn sword was placed on duty, "in the way." Now, the ass saw the angel, but Balaam did not, and after Balaam had expended his strength and wrath on the poor dumb brute, the ass began to expostulate with Balaam. The ass talked to his vicious rider. "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam," etc., etc. Now here is a jack not only seeing an angel, but absolutely talking in the language of men. The Christians believe this because it is in the Bible. They swallow the talking jack and, the two thousand swine with greater ease, and keep it down with less trouble, than the whale did Jonah. Who are the cranks, Spiritualists or Christians? But this is not the end of their gullibility. There are a million (more or less) tons of quail to dispose of.

"And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camps, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth."

Exactly how this wind from the Lord was brought about, or how so many quails came to be by the sea, or just how many leagues or miles this side or the other side of their camp the quails were distributed, or how many millions there were, we shall never know. What a loss to the intelligent reader.

This is a matter for theologians to compute. There was one Jonah, one whale, two thousand hogs, one ass, and who can tell how many quails? Perhaps the ministers of the Gospel, who can so easily explain the problem of three Gods in one and one in three, and all separate and distinct persons, may be able to solve the number of quails round about the camp of Israel.

"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the honor of kings to search it out" (Prov. 25:2).

Who are the real insane cranks, Spiritualists or Bible Christians? R. B. HALL, San Francisco, Cal.

A Tribute to Mrs. Maggie Gaul.

TO THE EDITOR:—As your columns are always open to truth and fair dealing, I wish to call the attention of investigators to a grand, good and true medium, Miss Maggie Gaul, of Baltimore, Md. She gave me the names and description of five departed loved ones within ten minutes from the time that I first sat down with her, and one person in this town declares that she gave him fifty-seven tests and names within an hour. I have letters in my desk from Milwaukee, Chicago, Lily Dale Camp, and from Washington, D. C., stating the wonderful tests of spirit presence given by this wonderful psychic or clairvoyant medium.

J. W. DENNIS, Buffalo, New York.

The Way of the World.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree,
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With laughter loud and high.
"In and out through the motley rout"
Pale ghosts stole on unseen,
Their hearts were longing for one sweet word,
Of the love that once had been;
But never a lip there spoke their names,
Never a tear was shed;
The crow looked down from his lofty tree—
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

A singer stood in the market-place,
Singing a tender lay,
But no one heeded his sorrowful face,
No one had time to stay.
He turned away; he sang no more;
How could he sing in vain?
And then the world came to his door,
Bidding him sing again;
But he reckoned not whether they came or went,
He lay in his garret dead;
The crow looked down from his lofty tree—
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

There sat a Queen by a cottage bed,
Spoke to the widow there;
Did she not know the same hard blow
The peasant had to bear?
And she kissed that humble peasant's brow,
And then she bent her knee:
"God of the widow help her now,
As thou has helped me."
"Now God be thanked," said the old, old crow,
As he sped from his lofty bough;
"The times are ill, but there's much good still
In the ways of the world, I trow."

In the fourteenth century axes were fixed on the shafts of lances.

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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 spiritance passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

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

EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

Illustration Communication in Connection with Three Preceding Papers.

I am not in the habit of writing, and have not used a pen since I passed into the higher life, but will try to give you an idea of my experience since I entered upon the existence after death. I shall premise by saying that I lived on earth without considering what was the state of being afterwards, and paid but little attention to that subject. I was wholly occupied with the affairs of my profession, but still not unmindful of my relations to my fellowmen, and gave freely of my means and time to improve their condition, and very often assisted individuals in distress. Being successful and prosperous myself, I felt it to be a duty, as well as a privilege, to aid others who were not so fortunate. In all this I acted mostly from impulse, and not from any settled principle of conduct. My life was neither better nor worse than many others. I had the reputation of being a good citizen and neighbor, and my word was regarded as that of an honest man. In early life I married, and my family consisted of two children, besides myself and wife. I first lost my wife, then my children, and then indeed I knew what sorrow was. A feeling of deep despondency settled in my soul, depriving me of ambition, and hope itself died out of my life. In what might be considered the prime of manhood I fell a victim to a prevailing distemper, and passed through the valley and shadow of death. What a change was that from life to life! The passage is shrouded in darkness and mystery, which none can understand but those who have experienced it. The eye is blind, the heart ceases to beat, the lips to move and the breath no longer pulses through the nerves. The body is heavy with the weight of death, and all that was active and glowing in the expression of the human form is forever gone from our sight. But the spirit survives, this dreadful ordeal, and springs into a new life. This I realized as soon as the stupor of the change had passed away. I found a change, indeed, for which I was not prepared, and as the experience in spirit-life of such a person as I have described myself to be may be interesting, I will draw the veil aside and speak from out the invisible to my friends who are yet in the material world.

My first emotions were such as you can imagine might be felt by the shipwrecked sailor when he is taken on board of one of the great ocean steamers, and placed not only in safety but administered to by the passengers, and able to share with them the comforts and luxuries of the floating palace. So I seemed to have been taken out of a sad and weary life where the storms had wrecked my happiness, and I was placed in a condition of unbounded beneficence. I was no longer conscious of my losses or bereavements, for my dear wife and beautiful children were there to meet me with their sweet embraces. I became conscious of their presence as soon as I was able to observe my surroundings. A new joy seized my heart, and I trembled with the most exquisite delight. We spoke no more of sorrow, and our greetings were not marred by a single regret. The sufferings we had endured, the losses we had sustained, now seemed unworthy of notice, and the reunion was complete in its fullness and happiness.

I found myself in a condition to move without an effort, and the law of gravitation did not impede my movements in any direction. We passed from the earth as if borne on a gentle breeze, without feeling the usual resistance of the atmosphere. Space opened before us in a broad expanse, and strange but beautiful objects appeared at every gaze. Now we skirted a beautiful lake, and then a marvelous mountain, shining and lustrous in the rays of the spirit-light. Troops of friends passed and repassed on the same errands of mercy—to receive new arrivals, and bear them to their destination. But the strangest sight was to see the great and magnificent cities, where peace and plenty reigned on every hand, and order, purity and happiness marked a state of society far in advance of all my earthly dreams. When we reached the point where our journey ceased, we entered a beautiful garden, in the midst of which I could discover a dwelling after the model of my own western home, which had been prepared and decorated by my family for our spirit home. It was ready to welcome us. The flowers were in full bloom, and bouquets stood on the mantels, and gave a delicious perfume to the apartment. My study was there, my chairs and books; nothing had been neglected that could administer to my comfort. But these were much finer, and I only discovered in them a general resemblance.

I soon became accustomed to my surroundings and entered upon my work and studies.

These consist of various branches of duty. I explore the laws of nature, the laws of spirit-life, and the noble codes of heavenly wisdom that have been devised by the highest intelligences for the government and order of the spiritual communities. I often meet with others engaged in similar pursuits for the purpose of examining into these and like subjects, and afterwards I am delegated to expound them to those who are not yet familiar with the great problems of spirit life.

When the time comes for further study, I retire to my library and meditate, or meet with those who are competent to instruct in the required knowledge. There is no kind of information inaccessible to those who desire it; but there is no way of acquiring it except by the proper means of study, examination or experiment. This work, however, is not exhausting or wearying. The mind is constantly refreshed by its own attrition, and the acquisition of knowledge is accompanied by a satisfaction that fills the soul. When one has a desire for any particular pursuit he finds those who are ready and anxious to assist him, and all that is known upon the subject is made plain and easy. There is no difficulty that puzzles the brain so much as poring over a problem upon which there is no light and no help. It is like Columbus setting sail for an unknown continent, amidst pathless seas. How weary the nights, how anxious the days, and how dreadful the doubt and suspense. Not so with the explorers in spirit-life. They know that the object of their search is there; that one need only go where it is to find it, and the mind, as if by intuitive perception, reaches out to attain it. The dreamy sensation of the vigil is not necessary; the midnight lamp is never trimmed; there is a clearness in the thinking principle, and a quickness in the mental grasp, that enables the spirit student to learn the truth on any subject that relieves the work of investigation of its toil and drudgery. If, for instance, we desire to speak of the distance of the planets, or of any particular star from another, we can calculate it by spiritual instruments of which you have no examples, and, indeed, the thought itself takes measurements and adjusts quantitative relations in a surprising manner.

The moment a subject is started for discussion, the greatest minds are immediately engaged to enlighten it. If it is a question of social progress, the principles of social morality are expounded by those skilled in moral science; and if it is a matter of well-being on earth or heaven, the finest intellects are ready to pour out their reflections upon the most difficult points in the constitution of man. Quite often bands of philosophers meet and present the truths and brilliant discoveries in physical science, and the artists convene to explain the true principles of art. Literature, poetry and music are represented in the assemblies of those who have adorned the history of letters and given to mankind the highest and best expression of thought. Indeed, there is no branch of human learning that is not refined and elevated here, and all the useful arts of life, the wonderful discoveries in machinery, in electricity and engineering are all attended to for the benefit of mortals, and every means is employed to impress them upon sensitive and ingenious brains, that they may advance the welfare of the common race.

When a movement is made on earth for the organization of a new form of government, or to found colonies or communities, those who are interested in political constructions combine their spirit powers and influence to give them a humane and liberal expression, and as I was somewhat of an organizer when on earth, I am occasionally employed in this direction now. It would be impossible to estimate the influence exerted in the United States during its whole history by this means. The War of Independence; the promotion of the American Constitution; the recent civil war; the abolition of slavery; the reconstruction of the Confederate States to their old places in the Union, and the organization and admission of so many new States since, were all occasions of the greatest interest and action to this noble and enlightened band of illustrious spirits.

When medical bodies are assembled on earth, similar bodies meet in the Spirit-world, and when scientific societies convene to describe the progress of scientific truth, there are delegations sent from here to watch their proceedings; to learn whatever has been discovered, and to report to like bodies in our sphere.

There is, as will be perceived by these details, an intimate communion between the two worlds on all matters of high and permanent interest, and it is of the greatest consequence to mortals that this source of communion should be kept open and acknowledged. It will be a source of continual blessing, and will finally assure to earth a higher and better state of being than it has ever yet experienced.

Well Pleased with the Test.

TO THE EDITOR:—I received a remarkable test from Mrs. Ada Foy, at the G. A. Hall, in this city, Sunday evening, October 9. The Monday prior, October 3, I wrote my mother's name, Matha Willey, on a slip of paper, and made a mental request that, if possible, she should make herself manifest to Mrs. Foy, and give me a satisfactory test. I kept the paper in my pocket-book all the time, and Mrs. Foy had no chance of seeing it. After giving a few tests, she said: "A spirit giving the name of Matha Willey is here, and has a message." I, of course, recognized the name, and received a very satisfactory message. I asked several questions, mentally, which were answered in a most satisfactory manner. Mrs. Foy had no means of knowing anything of the questions answered, as they were of a purely private nature, and the answers were most satisfactory.

W. T. WILLEY.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

is an invention of the South American Indians and was in use when the country was discovered by Spaniards.



Brother Jonathan's Suggestive Talk to Our Readers.

BROTHER JONATHAN:—F. A. Wagner well says that to counteract the intrigues of Rome has always been a moral necessity; but the people in general are not very much interested in the fulfillment of moral duties, especially when they underestimate the influence of an ecclesiastical organization which is a deadly foe to our free government. In her moral, religious and social character the pope's church is a cripple, an idiot and a knave. A system which justifies the hell-born doctrine of mental reservation, crawls like a serpent through the dust of hypocritical humility, and through the filth of Jesuitical equivocalness, to gain an advantage and to be successful in her scheming. Rome, posing before the world as the promoter and advocate of religious liberty and freedom of conscience, poses as a liar! It is impossible for her to silence history, testifying in this matter against her. The open-hearted honesty of true civilization is an unknown factor in the character of the infallible church. Justice, mercy and charity she never practiced. Her glorying in virtues is the glory of hypocrisy; she is nothing but a whitewashed charnel-house filled with corruption. Honest history has stamped the brand "Felon" on her brazen forehead. She has been a serpent, many a time scotched, not killed yet. And only a dead snake cannot bite, but a bruised one will, even with the last snapping in its life. However, this last snapping may inflict a fatal wound.

Our public school system is now in the fangs of the Romish viper; our capital is infested with the encroachments of Jesuitism; our political parties are demoralized by the priests that "meddle in politics;" things in general are in a fearful condition since the attention of the American people ceased to watch the maneuvers of Rome, and now we stand before a Goliath abusing the prerogative privileges of a freeborn people. Rome's impudence has grown rank, and what once has been done successfully, we have to do again; we must protest! We must smite the giant with a stone; and the stone is our constitutional vote in the name of Bible religion.

Roman Catholics being actually the subjects of a foreigner, whose "political wisdom" has to find an echo in their minds, are not fit for any office in our commonwealth; are not fit to make laws that harmonize with our Constitution, and, therefore, should not be voted for. Roman Catholics, in their religious submissiveness under a foreign priest, who rules them as a prince, wear the uniform of Rome, march under the papal flag, obey none but their captains and colonels, the priests; their war cry is "Rome!"—all the while with boldness asserting their "rights as citizens" and laboring to secure their "amplest exercise."

Many of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens undoubtedly love the country, and believe that in seeking to Romanize it they are serving its highest interests, but when we remember that the fundamental principles of Romanism are opposed to those of the Republic—that the difference between them does not admit of adjustment, it becomes evident that it would be impossible to "make America Catholic" (which the Archbishop of St. Paul declared at the late Baltimore congress to be the mission of Roman Catholics in this country) without bringing the principles of that church into conflict with those of our government, thus compelling Roman Catholics to choose between them, and in that event every Romanist who remained obedient to the Pope—that is, who continued to be a Romanist—would necessarily become disloyal to our free institutions.

It is said, and truly, that there are two types of Roman Catholics in the United States. They may be distinguished as those who are "more Catholic than Roman," and those who are "more Roman than Catholic." The former have felt the influence of modern thought, have been liberalized, and come into a large measure of sympathy with American institutions. Many are disposed to think that men of this class will control the Roman church in this country, and already talk of an "American Catholic Church." But there is no such thing as an American, or Mexican, or Spanish Catholic Church. It is the Roman Catholic Church in America, Mexico and Spain, having one and the same head, whose

word is law, as absolute and as unquestioned among Roman Catholics here as in Spain or Mexico. The archbishops and bishops of the United States, in third plenary council assembled, in their pastoral letter to their clergy and faithful people, declare: "We glory that we are, and, with God's blessing, shall continue to be, not the American church, nor the church in the United States, nor a church in any other sense, exclusive or limited, but an integral part of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ."

Remember, Spiritualists, that tender love, kindness of spirit, and sweet-scented language can never win over to us the Catholics of this country. Such a method could never free the 4,000,000 of slaves in the South. Love and gentle tenderness could not convince the slaveholders that the best thing for them to do was to free their slaves. Only a bloody war could do that. In order to withstand the aggressiveness of the Catholic Church, plain truths, in plain words, and in forcible tones, must be used; of course, every one engaged in beating back the tide of Romish oppression must always respect the inalienable rights of others, and in beating back aggressive intolerance never become intolerant themselves.

In conclusion I would say to Free Thinkers everywhere—be on the alert! At Newark, New Jersey, October 16, a sensation was caused at the convention of Catholic societies there when the question of carrying flags in the Columbus celebration on October 21 came up. A motion had been made to allow societies to carry any national flag they desired if they preceded it by an American flag. Ex-Alderman Brudner, of Harrison, arose to his feet and said, impressively: "We should have the papal flag first. We are Catholics first and Americans afterwards." And yet there are some who think that Romanism is no menace to our free institutions.

Camille, the Daughter of the People.

Almost from the commencement of this story in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, letters have been received asking if it would be issued in book form. In reply, I will say that it was not the intention to republish, but if there is a demand for it, I will do so. The method of publishing the "Secrets of the Convent" was satisfactory to all, and I make the same offer that I did for that book. If the readers think the story worthy of preservation, and wish to help in the amelioration of the lot of the workers by its circulation, they may send their names, with number of copies they wish, on a postal card, and if a sufficient number is obtained the book will be published as soon thereafter as possible. The price will be 25 cents post paid. Five copies \$1.00, post paid. Twelve copies \$2.00.

Berlin Heights, Ohio. HUDSON TUTTLE.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR:—Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Ledge, Mich., has just closed a series of seven lectures at this place, on subjects given her by the audience. The meetings were well attended by "saints" and "sinners" alike. On all sides a deep interest was manifested and words of praise were freely uttered. One lady, a member of a Christian church, said: "How did you like the discourse?"

I modestly replied: "Quite well."

"Oh," she said, "I never heard anything so nice."

Had Mrs. Sheets proceeded to show the absurdity and wickedness of much of the Bible teaching, this lady, and many others, instead of being attracted by the beauty of the spiritual philosophy, would have been repelled. It is easier to lead people than to drive them.

We can live longer upon unwholesome food than upon no food. The way to induce people to abstain from such diet is not by attempting to deprive them of something better.

Will some of our aggressive speakers please make a note of this suggestion.

Denmark, Mich. R. ALEXANDER.

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

LYING FALLOW.

Mediums Should Learn a Lesson from Nature.

TO THE EDITOR:—These brilliant October days, when there is one glory of luminous blue in the heavens and many splendors of bronze, crimson and purple in the autumnal foliage, are radiant indeed; but there is something lacking in the rich mists of sunlight and the balmy air. The temperature is not markedly different from that of springtime, and if anything it is more equable. There is the same soil in garden and field, but nothing will grow in it even with the requisite conditions of heat and moisture. The chemical elements are there, but power is lacking for their assimilation, so that the subtle processes of growth cannot be promoted. The late-flowering chrysanthemums blossom by virtue of the accumulated store of sunshine and vitality hoarded during the long summer days, but their burned and rusty foliage attests the suspension of the laws of growth. The oaks in the woodlands obstinately resist the change of season, and display the verdant leaves of early spring until the sharp frosts of November strike them; but even these hardy veterans show signs of exhaustion. There may be highly-enriched garden soil, with every element needed for the perfection of vegetation, and there may be dew and rain, sunlight and tempered heat, but there will not be growth. Something is wanting, some chemical properties of sunlight, or some other condition of nature's refined alchemy; and that mysterious something marks the difference between October and May.

Nature seems to exhaust herself every year in working her miracles of creative power. In the early spring the breath of life sweeps over the world, and every inorganic element seems to be vitalized with energy. Every sunbeam is a touch of life; every seed and rootlet feels the thrill of vernal energy; the very atoms of soil seem to be in motion as the processes of growth are begun and continued. The work of orderly combination in the laboratory of earth and air goes on without pause until there is a completed and consistent creation. Toward the end Nature seems to labor feebly and painfully, as a painter who has begun his work with ardor and strength of purpose lingers with abated force over the finishing touches of dots of light and lines of shade. Then the creative impulse seems to lapse altogether. The sunlight loses its chemical properties; atoms are no longer dissolved and assimilated; gases required for the breath of tree and shrub are not released; and the mysterious law of life and growth is arrested. October marks this temporary collapse of creative power. There has been perfect order and proportion in the work, but it has been finished.

Nature has her lessons for those who will read and heed them. She is no novice; her hand never loses its skill; she never forgets the secrets of her combinations; but there are times when the power passes out of her deft fingers. Exhaustion follows ceaseless activity, and her force is spent. If Nature must needs lie fallow for a season before the creative impulse can return and the old miracles of life and growth can be wrought anew, so must there be periods of inactivity and rest in man's creative work. A "David Grieve" cannot follow a "Robert Elsmere" without a long interval of suspended activity. The great works of architecture, painting, music and literature, which bear testimony to the creative genius of the race, are not products of continuous and exhausting activity. An artist can turn out pot-boilers all the year round and year after year, but when he puts all that there is in him into his canvas, he exhausts his force, and, like Nature, ought to lie fallow until the power returns. The modern novelist, who makes a lucrative trade of book-writing, may produce two or three volumes a year, but he is degrading his art, paralyzing his powers and cheapening his work. Complete and consistent creation involves the following effects of rest and quietude. Then the brain teems again with images, and the work is instinct with creative energy.

The above, gleaned from the New York Tribune, illustrates a grand and beautiful lesson, one that every medium should ponder well. Mediums should learn a lesson therefrom, and at times, their noble gifts "lying fallow," they should recuperate, and thereby gain additional strength. No medium can stand the continual exercise of their gifts without breaking down prematurely.

DIVINE WRIGGES.

The Illinois State Association.

TO THE EDITOR:—On the 19th and 20th inst. occurred the first called convention of the Illinois State Spiritualist Society, and was attended by delegates from several of the auxiliary societies throughout the State.

The forenoon of the 19th was devoted to reports of delegates and general business, and in the afternoon the address of welcome, by Geo. W. Carpenter, followed by such distinguished speakers as Mrs. Mattie Hull, Mrs. Colby Luther, and others. On the 20th the convention closed, having been supported in its work at the afternoon and evening sessions by many old veterans in the cause, including our noble and efficient workers, Brother and Sister G. W. Kates, and Rev. Dr. Ravlin, a former Baptist minister of this city, who is on a visit to Chicago, and whom many of our Baptist friends will well remember, having been a pastor of that denomination for fifteen years or more.

At the close of the convention remarks were made in commendation of its work, and urging that the good work begun be pushed forward with all possible zeal. The convening of the next convention will be made known in due time. J. H. GUTHRIE, Cor. Sec.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10



LIZETTE.

CAMILLE.

The People Who Are "Damned."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Wedding.

CONCLUSION.

Lizette and Camille were seated on a sofa in an elegant private parlor in the Parker House on the evening of the day appointed for the wedding. The latter had recovered all her old vivacity of expression, and her illness had left only a more transparent whiteness on her wax-like complexion, giving her eyes a fascinating spiritual beauty.

"How charming you are," said Lizette. "Your dress is elegant in its simplicity. I regret you would not allow me to procure more costly material."

"This muslin is more becoming; it is so soft and cool, and you have lavished lace and flower until it is quite costly now." She gazed at her friend with almost idolatry.

"What a charming bride you are! I ought to make some great sacrifice to atone for neglecting you."

"That is past, and it has brought me to Eden; do not mention it again. As for frivolousness, I return the compliment. Fred will be delighted when he comes, for I know he never saw you when you were as beautiful."

The two friends were dressed exactly alike in white muslin of gossamer fineness, looped and ornamented with blush roses, buds and half-blown roses, and trimmed with delicate lace. Simple, unaffected, elegant and charming costumes, which heightened their beauty without detracting attention from them to their clothing.

"My dear Lizette," said Camille, "I have lived so fast the past month, I grow giddy when I think it over. This sudden marriage and complete change of prospects takes away my breath. Fred says it is right, or I should hesitate, fervently as I love Mr. Gaskell."

"Nonsense," laughingly replied Lizette, "you are well acquainted, and there is no good in waiting. Fred and I have been waiting since we were children, and we may wait, unless we take some high-handed measure."

"Why does your father dislike Fred with such intensity?"

"Because he has wronged him and your family. I think his conscience reproves him. Ah, here he comes now."

Mr. Staper entered; he was red in the face and haggard.

"You are remarkably fine appearing young ladies," he said gallantly. "I scarcely can determine which is my daughter. Why do you dress like the bride?" queried he of Lizette.

"Because, father, I am to act as her maid. You are not well," she continued. "This kind of life does not agree with you. We must return to the West."

"No, it does not agree with me, and I feel much longer ill than we have cash enough to get home. Last night Judge Potts introduced me to eucalyptus, and etched me out of all the money I had in my pocket."

"Why, father, you do not say you have been gambling?" exclaimed his daughter.

"No, no, no, gambling; only a little quiet game for fun, but where the fun is I cannot see. The Judge was full of roses, and once when I had both bows and an ace, he had the same. How he got them is a mystery. He was full, as I said of trumps."

"You find the high class of society not so agreeable as you expected, do you, father?"

"It's a bore; don't repeat what I said about it. The Judge, I half believe, got me well setup last night before we played."

"Ah, father," said Lizette banteringly, "it's some grapes with you, I fear; you do not get on well. It's my fault. If Judge Potts were your son-in-law, you would find the way smoother."

"Who said Judge Potts would be my son-in-law?" asked he savagely.

"You commanded me to make him so."

"And I am glad you refused. I've had enough of Potts."

"You do not know, father, that his son had proposed to me."

"Have you accepted him?" almost shouted her father as he sprang to his feet.

"Oh no, not yet."

"Do you intend to do so?"

"Well, as I disappointed you by refusing the Judge, I thought best to defer to you about his son. Do you desire him for a son-in-law?"

"What, Godolphus Potts! That fool! No, I'll disown you, if you marry him! He does not know enough to chew the end of his cane, unless told."

"Well, father, I ran a narrow chance of offending you, when I wished to please. Now listen, I'll be honest and tell you what I am intending to do. I shall make Fred Moran your son-in-law."

"No, you will not; you shall not."

"Certainly shall," she replied, her voice and manner firm as a rock. "If you desire to inflict further wrong, cast me off. The world is wide, and if you can live without me, I can without you."

"Where is this Fred Moran?" he asked, his manner suddenly changing.

"In the city, and it is nearly time he was here. I am to be bridesmaid and the groomsmen, after which matters will be

reversed, and with your consent I will be bride and he groom."

"I will not consent; but if you have gone so far, it matters not whether I do or not. You have eucalypted me worse than the Judge."

There were footsteps in the hall, and the deep, hoarse laughter of Gaskell announced his coming. He entered with Fred, arm in arm. After the usual salutations, they expressed their admiration of the costumes of Lizette and Camille.

"You ought to dress like Gaskell, Fred," said the latter, "as we are costumed alike."

"That would not answer, sister mine. Gaskell appears grand in that suit, but my beardless face would make it ridiculous. Besides, he can afford to wear it. The growth of herds does not depend on the opinions of men, and he can snap his finger at conventionality, while I in my profession must favor the opinion my success depends upon."

"You are a sensible fellow," said Mr. Staper, taking him by the hand. "You have won my daughter fairly, and though I will not consent, I will not stand in the way."

"The carriage awaits us," said Gaskell; "let us away at once, nor keep the guests waiting."

The Gaskell mansion was thronged with a most select company, pick of the pick; people with traditions reaching to the revolution; eminent professors; merchants, retired from the India trade, with chronic dry-rot; physicians too wealthy to practice, and lawyers who made the profession an excuse for idleness, and a majority, endowed with funds, having no excuse for being; old, aristocratic, precise, conventional, punctilious, narrow, small and bigoted. It was arranged that the contracting parties should enter from the waiting-room, and the ceremony be performed under the folding doors separating the parlors. As Gaskell, with Camille on his arm, appeared, followed by Fred and Lizette, a murmur of applause arose, quickly followed by rapid glances and a bewildered expression. No one could deny that Gaskell was a magnificent specimen of manhood, but what a contrast to the men around him, with hair cut close as prize-ring bruisers, scanty mustaches, waxed into fierce horns and a supercilious, compromising expression of inherited weakness! It is a remarkable psychological fact that while the women praised; the men disliked him.

After the first ceremony the bride and groom changed with the maid and the ceremony was repeated.

"Quite unconventional," "extraordinary," "out of the usual line," were freely expressed.

In some mysterious manner the wildest stories were afloat; who their authors were no one could say. It was whispered that Gaskell's bride owned a hundred thousand cattle, and herded them herself; that she had often rode her horse one hundred and fifty miles in a day; that she carried as a trophy six scalps of Indians she had slain; that she was an expert with a revolver, and had come off victor in several duels with ranchmen. Others said they had heard that she never slept under a roof until she came to Boston. "It is undoubtedly true," observed a plecthoric Beacon street dame, "for we all know they have no houses out there."

As for Gaskell and Fred, there were no end of rumors; and Lizette was reported to own in fee simple a tract of land as large as the whole of Suffolk county, which to a Bostonian, having Boston in view, is a trifle larger than half the habitable globe. As the guests were presented, even hereditary respectability and refined self-expression caught itself staring, and some, more timid, shrank in fear from grasping the hand of such uncommon people. Had Gaskell given a war-whoop, or Camille swung a bloody knife, it would not have been a surprise to the guests.

"Godolphus was there. How he came was a great mystery, as he was not invited. It was true in that crowd of young men of his own age he was not unique, for they affected eye-glasses, a drawl and a fall-to-it-piece languor. He adjusted his eye-glasses and approached the bride party with the assurance of an old friend."

"Wish you joy," he began; "ah—ah, gad, when I saw you first"—to Camille—"when I saw you first time, I told Napa it was singular. Sorry I did not understand the situation."

"Mr. Potts, we do not understand your allusions," said Fred, sternly.

"Miss—Miss Gaskell—Mrs. Gaskell, pardon, understands. How, gad, was I to know what was at the factory—blamed and blowed if I understood."

Camille was unable to repress her feelings of annoyance, and turned her eyes appealingly to her husband. The words of Godolphus were to him incoherent babble, but he understood that they pertained to his wife. He took hold of the shoddy's arm, and gave it a vice-like grip that made him bend over and cry out in a manner which showed he had not reached the ultimate of high culture which is surprised at nothing which may occur, and manifests neither feeling nor interest. "We shoot such fools as you out West, do you understand that?" said Gaskell, in a low tone. As soon as released he disappeared in the crowd, and when he recovered from his fright astonished a group of young ladies with an incoherent account of the matter.

"Gad, he has a grip like a—like a bear! Kill a fellow soon as not! Hate to be caught out after dark with him; gad I would! Strangest thing who she is! Might have had her myself if I'd known how it was when she was in the factory; might have had the other one if I had not been for the governor. Had 'em both and not half tried, if I'd understood soon enough."

This last bigamist idea quieted her for a time, and with it we drop the impotent outgrowth of shoddy and sham out of sight.

When father and mother came to salute the bride, they were charmed with her appearance; her cheeks flushed by excitement and the brilliancy of her eyes intensified, she was radiantly beautiful. There was perfect simplicity and self-possession in her manners, and she spoke the words "mother" and "father" so sweetly she quite carried away their hearts.

"I love her from the first," whispered Mr. Staper to Gaskell; "she is a jewel, and you have no right to take her away from us."

"Glad you admire my taste," was his free response. "This affair of yours is also admirable, and I am glad to see the friends of my boyhood."

"You are a splendid couple, and I am proud of you."

"We shall make a better appearance ten days from now, on our horses as we take free races over the plains."

"Oh, Francis, how can you!" she exclaimed, "you have become half a savage!"

After the reception, the guests entertained themselves as guests do on such occasions. There was serving of refreshments, the hoarding of cake, the presentation of neat boxes containing a diminutive piece of each kind, with surreptitiously preserved brides-cake, to fashion the dreams of ardent maidens when placed beneath their snowy pillows.

There was the usual simper, smiles, wordings of nothing, and reiteration of common place; the rehearsal of old-time stories, funny sayings by funny men, and gossip. The latter, owing to the circumstances, was most interesting and unreliable. Several amateurs had essayed the piano, and by music or song gained the admiration of their friends. Father Gaskell sought Lizette: "I am told you are a fine vocalist," he said, "and as many of the guests have requested it, if not too great an effort, will you consent and favor us?"

She smiled and placed her hand on his arm. He led her to the instrument, and arranged the stool with deferential politeness. With the first response of the keys there was silence. Soft as the sighing of the winds over the tall waving grasses; as of waters murmuring over pebbly riffles, with wavelets flashing in sunshine. The birds warbled in lute-like melody, and all was peace and rest. Then her voice joined in accord with the instrument, free, full, strong and clear as the lark's when he soars skyward in the fresh morning. Each passing emotion expressed itself on her mobile face, trembled on her arched lips, flashed from her eyes. Hackneyed art may imitate, it cannot reproduce the soul. The subtle magnetism of feeling, of keen sensitiveness, vibrated in her words, winged them to the hearts of her listeners.

The hour of departure came; the guests took their formal leave, and a strange stillness fell over the rooms, where bustling hospitality had so lately reigned. It was arranged that Gaskell and Camille should remain there, while Fred and Lizette returned with her father to the hotel. They were to meet at the depot, and take the morning train for the West.

That journey was one fraught with pleasure to the happy party. Mr. Staper for the first day forgot his antipathy and selfishness, and was jovial. "This Boston trip has turned out a bad investment. Five hundred dollars and nothing to show for it," he said, self-accusingly.

"You went East for a son-in-law," he laughingly responded Lizette, "and you secured one, better many times than you expected."

"Do not joke me," he replied.

"And you wanted good society," she continued, "and you have gained the best."

As the journey continued they noticed a change coming over him. He sat for hours without speaking, and when spoken to would rouse up as from sleep. When they crossed the Mississippi and the long lines of rail stretched across the magnificent pastures, where the flowers rivaled the waving grasses, or his interest was awakened, but only for a short time, and then he sank back to a silent state of reverie. As night approached the name of Wautash was shouted by the brakeman. With a scream the train rushed into the village, and was brought up so suddenly by the air-brake that the passengers made involuntary bows to each other. The little party stepped out on the platform, and with a puff as the escape of breath from the lungs of a monster, the train started, gained speed and disappeared with clang and roar.

Mr. Staper stood as one bewildered. Lizette observing him, took his arm and said: "Father, we are at home again; are you not glad?"

"Home!" he said with thick voice. "Home, yes, I am going home. The mortgage has got to be closed!" He fell heavily forward on the floor.

Luxurious living, late hours, and over-indulgence in stimulants had brought on an apoplectic stroke and closed the mortgage death holds on life.

CHAPTER XX.

AT LAST—JUSTICE.

An autumn afternoon, with the sun low in the west; the air soft and balmy; a purple haze blending earth and sky. The most charming portion of the year. Mr. and Mrs. Moran sat in their little parlor, and their family were with them. When the sacred home circle is broken by dear ones going away, how delightful, after the anxiety and fears, to find them safe at home and the chain of love unbroken! Mr. Moran had recovered from his great depression, and although there was a shadow on his face, his old, genial smile had returned.

"I have been taught by experience that loss of property is of very small moment compared to other losses we may sustain," he said, addressing Mrs. Moran. "When I believed Camille to be dead, the thought came, you have regarded the possession of a few dollars more or less as of such immense consequence, how can you feel an adequate grief? Then it was I saw how selfish and ignoble I had been, for I would have given all I ever possessed to have saved one half of the dear child's head."

Camille arose quickly, sat down on her father's knees, and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, father," she said, "I am so glad to see you contented and happy again. I made you a world of trouble, and my adventure was a foolish one, though it resulted favorably."

"Providence," responded grandmother, "turns the foolishness of men often to their advantage. We plan and scheme and fret ourselves, but the end rests with God, and for aught we know, the stormiest night will be followed by the most perfect morning."

"Yes, grandmother," gleefully answered Camille, "I went rashly to seek my fortune, and thwarted in my scheme, I gained just the husband of all the world I would have selected, and gained on a raft by his own unaided and heroic efforts."

"That was like him," replied Camille, "brave, noble and daring to a fault. I will read."

"My dear friend: You inform me that you have been carried on the crest of a wave of luck, and it has landed you in a veritable paradise. I have been equally fortunate. My husband is everything to me I can desire. I have become wise by experience, and learned patience and charity. I often think over the grim factory days, and the thought brings with it a shudder. We are on the farm, and reside in the old home built by my father when I was a

"I have a letter from a friend who was a friend in need," said Camille, "to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. I shall never be able to pay; I refer to Marie Banks, of whom you have often heard me speak. The sun of prosperity is shining brightly in her sky, as it ought to do, and there has been only one dark cloud."

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don't amount to much in weight, but you are unsurpassed in quality." He was relieved with hearty western welcome by the family, who were exhilarated by his excellent spirits.

"Where is Fred?" asked Mrs. Moran. "We expected him before this."

"Coming, mother; I passed him and his wife, or his wife and him, I do not know which I ought to speak of first, not ten minutes ago. They have an immense business to settle, and it is scattered over two counties. If they had put the business into the hands of an agent, who could have gone straight forward, she would have had a princely estate. As it is, Lizette is making careful inquiries into the manner in which the property was acquired, and the claims made upon it, and is doing the unheard-of thing of restoring the land to former owners, and will thus surrender about one-third of her property."

"Noble girl!" exclaimed grandmother. "I am glad Fred has been so fortunate as to secure such a wife."

"She said," continued Gaskell, "she would rather have only a cottage left than to feel she had wealth justly belonging to another. Fred agrees with her, and executes her wishes to the letter. Already the whole country-side is loud in their praise, and should he carry out his pet scheme of setting up as a physician, he would have the ride of this half of the county."

"Here they are," cried Imogene. They drove to the gate in a light carriage, and came in laughing merrily.

"Every soul of this family here now," exclaimed Mrs. Moran. "They say it is a good omen, and I think it is."

"What is it the omen of, mother?" asked Imogene.

"Of a house full of happiness," replied the mother.

"How are the plains, Gaskell?" asked Fred.

"Grass never better; my big herd is sleek as moles; not a loss since I had them."

"You are not camping, Camille?" he asked.

"Of course. I came in last week. Look at me. I am brown as an Indian, and can ride a mustang half a day without fatigue."

"I suppose you will soon give up this recreation," said her brother, "and return to Boston? There is no necessity of your engaging in business at all, and after a time you will retire."

"What of your prospects, Fred?" asked Gaskell. "You give up your early love for a professional life, and settle down with your wife in the easy chair of wealth?"

"No, Gaskell, you know I will not do that," replied Fred, spiritedly. "Man is made for work, and we do not enjoy real pleasure except as we fulfill the laws of labor. The people in this section are the prey of ignorant quacks. Having my knowledge, I should be derelict in duty if I did not attempt to alleviate their sufferings and do what good I am able. Do you suppose I intend to settle down and rust? To add another barnacle to society?"

"That is just what you say is best for me and mine. To return to the old, moss-grown mansion. Steep myself in the old ideas, and remain like some strong ship, kept in dry dock until her hull decays and falls to pieces, instead of sailing the seas, as she was designed? No, I must be active, free, untrammelled, and the twopenny ways of Boston are not to my mind. We propose, Camille and I, next year to visit the East and remain awhile, as she desires to study painting, and familiarize herself with works of art. We may make our home there a portion of the time, but I shall not desert the West."

With some hesitation Lizette approached Mr. Moran, and her voice trembled as she spoke. "Father, I do not wish to cast reproach upon my father, and I want you to forgive him the great wrong he did you. Fortunately, I have the power to right it, by giving you this paper."

He opened the paper, and saw it was a deed of his old farm. "God bless you, my child," he said, unable to restrain his emotions; "God bless you in your love and kindness, but I cannot accept your gift. He handed back the deed."

"It is no gift, father; it is rightfully yours, and of stress of times and the law robbed you of it. I insist; nay, you cannot help yourself. The deed is made, recorded, the land transferred; it is absolutely yours."

He sank into his chair and remained in deep thought. Starting up, he said: "I will compromise; for right is right, and justice is justice. I owed your father four thousand dollars, and that I must pay. You must allow me to do that if I accept the farm."

"You forget the exorbitant interest you paid, and the damages you suffered by being forced away."

"No, that is no reason for not paying the original debt; and further, I must have time to establish myself and make the money, and for this time I must pay you a fair legal interest."

"You pain me by talking in this way, father; but if you accept, you may make your own conditions."

Mrs. Moran could not restrain the outburst of her affections, but threw her arms around the noble girl, and with tears in her eyes and voice trembling with joy, she pressed her to her bosom, and called her a score of sweet and endearing names.

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