

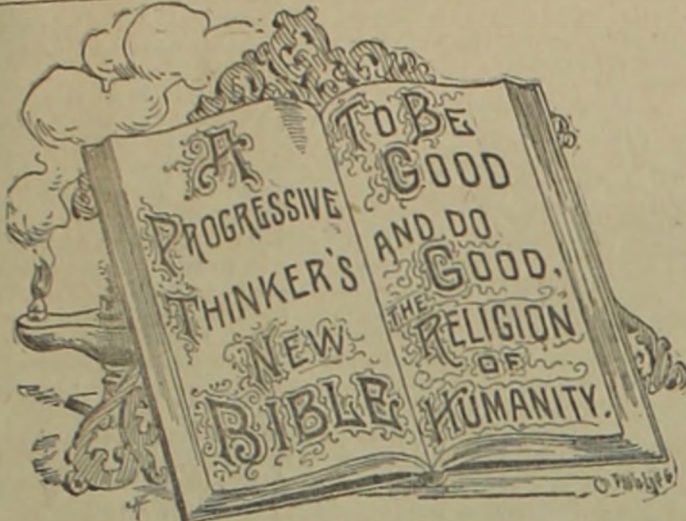


Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 7.

CHICAGO, APRIL 1, 1893.

NO. 175



OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons
SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

Life unfolds marvelously to every human being. Owing to differences in surroundings, or environments, temperaments, ability to read life's lessons and their meanings, the various degrees of unfoldment or development present to each child of the human family a kaleidoscopic picture seen by no two alike—read by no two the same. Some are alert, watching the changing panorama with lively interest, ever seeking to gain knowledge by each turn in Nature's great handiwork; these are the wise ones who will ever be found in the line of progress. Some are half awake, indifferent to their condition, so long as comfortable; they blindly grope their way, often stumbling, sometimes falling, never seeking by wise observance to know themselves or to be able to remove the stumbling blocks so often barring their pathway. Others still are bitterly complaining, but never willing to help themselves toward better conditions, nor to give the helping hand to those even more blindly unfortunate than themselves. Many are shackled by erroneous ideas inculcated by the well-meaning but misguided leaders or teachers of their childhood's day; some are woefully ignorant, and steeped in crime; some, the demon temperance holds in bondage strong and unmerciful; some are perverse and willfully wicked. We see then that humanity differs as widely as the stars are set apart in the heavens; no two minds run in the same channel, or arrive at the same conclusion in precisely the same manner, or by the same mode of reasoning. Life in its multiples of change or development reaches every condition of humanity pertaining to the spiritual and physical realms; all light and absence of light termed darkness, are a part of the great plan in life's unfoldment. The bitter and sweet mingle and offset, to make the ripening fruit aspire toward perfection; so in human life, the joyous and sad, the bright and dark, the exalting and the debasing, the good and the true *temper* the bias and the struggle for supremacy, bringing to humanity the experience calculated to eventually bring them into the continuous sunshine of spiritual freedom. It is a question whether the mortal who wholly escapes temptation, and lives the life of absolute goodness, grows as strong as the less favored mortal who struggles through darkened conditions, becoming at last the victor; we would not counsel rushing into temptation; but if temptation assails it is more valiant to fight and win than to run and hide from them. But what has all this to do with spiritual freedom? We hear one ask. It has all to do with it. Mortals cannot grasp or accept spiritual freedom until, having passed through the various stages of perdition or slavery into which they may have been born, or into which they may have drifted because of their apathy or ignorance, or into which they may have been plunged by the force of circumstances—ways, that until they emerge into that stage of enlightenment which shall render them eligible to the great boon, they cannot grasp or accept spiritual freedom. How, then, can we best attain this spiritual freedom which shall liberate our souls from thralldom and make us rulers over our physical nature also? Now we enter a broad field, and the limited space we are at liberty to occupy will not suffice to even touch upon all the vital points as issues. Spiritualism, with its broad, comprehensive philosophy, its array of truth and its illustrative storehouse of phenomena of all kinds, invites us to grow wiser and better by its teachings and counsel. Spiritualism would lead us out of the darkness of bigotry into the light of knowledge based on facts; it frowns on arbitrary teaching, and gives us the gospel of liberty to accept or reject what in the light of reason and common-sense seems true or false; by the light of Spiritualism we can peer into darkness places, and bring to view many good things hidden or enveloped by false coverings; by Spiritualism's might we can lift the fallen, comfort the sick, strengthen the weak, sustain the helpless, and while helping others, we shall ourselves grow strong, marching steadily on to receive the reward of spiritual freedom. When we are able to "cast the beam

The Creed to Be.
Our thoughts are moulding unseen spheres,
And like a blessing or a curse
They thunder down the formless years
And ring throughout the universe.
We build our futures by the shape
Of our desires, and not by acts.
There is no path way of escape,
No priest made sacred can alter facts.
Salvation is not begged or bought;
Too long this selfish hope rusted;
Too long man reeked with lawless thought
And leaped upon a tortured Christ.
Like shivered leaves these worn-out creeds
Are dropping from religion's tree.
The world learns to know its need,
And souls are crying to be free.
Free from the load of fear and grief
Man fashioned in an ignorant age;
Free from the ache of unbelief
He fled to rebellious rage.
No church can bind him to the things
That fed the great evil souls evolved;
But mounting up on daring wings
He questions mysteries long unsolved.
Above the chant of priests, above
The blatant tongue of braying doubt,
He hears the still small voice of Love,
Which sends its simple message out:
And dearer, sweeter, day by day
He mandates from the skies:
"Go roll the stone of self away
—And let the Christ within thee rise."
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in the Arena.

The International Spiritualist Association.
Dr. C. T. H. Benton, President; Mrs. Dr. Morrell, Vice-President; M. C. Benton, Treasurer; L. A. Coughlin, Recording Secretary; R. C. M. Theilig, Corresponding Secretary.
Feeling the necessity of having a home where those interested in the spiritual advancement of humanity, from all parts of the world, can be properly represented during the coming great event of the World's Fair, the above association was organized March 18, 1893. Having received numerous letters in response to our "Earnest Call," we have decided to hold a World's Fair Convention.

PROGRAMME.
This association will convene once or twice every week at their place of meeting (which will be announced later) throughout the entire Fair season, to discuss the best means and methods of organizing Spiritualism, to insure the greatest liberty of thought and make the best conditions for human happiness, development and progress throughout the entire world.
We urgently request every spiritualist, theosophical or psychological association, of whatever name, throughout the world, to send at least one delegate who can and will properly represent them and the interest of human progress at this most important convention.
Good mediums, psychics and speakers are cordially invited to our free platform, and should correspond with us at once, especially those anticipating coming to the Fair. State time of coming, and phases of mediumship, etc. All people, regardless of race, creed or nationality, are cordially invited from all parts of the world, to participate in this spiritual and intellectual feast of good things.
To be cared for while here, all persons should notify us at once of the time they are coming, length of time they expect to stay, etc.
Address immediately, with stamp, for further information, Dr. C. T. H. Benton, President of the International Spiritualist Association, Englewood P. O., Chicago, Ill.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.
TO THE EDITOR:—I find in your Journal of March 23d, an article entitled "Give Him a Lift," the perusal of which prompts me to send you this brief communication.
Your contributor, like many other persons, is evidently unaware of the existence of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, "an organized band of intelligent men and women," who aim to render prompt and efficient service, where service is needed.

This society has been in existence for nearly three years, and although its headquarters are located at Boston, its field of operation is supposed to be as extensive as the United States.
Many are the philanthropic deeds which it has already performed, and its purpose is to perpetuate the work. It is an incorporated body, well officered and equipped, has a serious aim of which are set forth in its constitution and by-laws, which may be procured by addressing the clerk, Wm. H. Banks, 77 State street, Boston.
Spiritualism has several noble institutions for the inculcation of its philosophy, at the head of which stands the First Spiritualist Temple of Boston, but the Veteran Spiritualists' Union is probably the only one a specific object of which is to "give him a lift" when he is "down." The widely-read columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will convey this information to thousands.
Cleveland, O. MRS. H. S. LAKE.

A Great Picture Free.
Mr. John Lewis Childs, of Floral Park, N. Y., the well known seedman and florist, has issued a most beautiful stipple lithograph painting of Gladys Childs, size 16x23 inches, in 15 colors, showing several spikes of bloom. It looks like a superb oil painting, and is really one of the finest things ever produced in floral art, and is well worth a dollar to any one. Mr. Childs will, however, mail it free of charge to any of our readers who send him ten cents for postage and packing.
Last year our railroads carried 600,000,000 people.

IT IS A STORY!

And Is Taken From the Bible.

"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 camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth."
What the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails; he that gathered least, gathered ten homers; and they spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp.
"And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people and the Lord smote them with a very great plague."—Num. xli, 31-32-33.

What a simple little story, on the face of it, and still what a monstrous one when we come to look at it and see just what is stated in the account.
In order to explain more fully (as the ordinary person will not look up a reference) let it be understood that the Israelites had been wandering in the wilderness for about one year, and had been existing upon "manna." While it is not known just what this manna was, the word was derived from the Hebrew "Man Hu," meaning "What is it?" It is described as a small round thing, like coriander seed, white, tasting like wafers and honey. There exists at the present day an insect whose English name is manna, whose home is in the Arabian desert near Mt. Sinai, which has a proboscis like a mosquito; with this he punctures the tamarind tree and the sap or gum runs out, hardens and drops to the ground. This must be gathered before sunrise the next morning, as it melts with the heat of the sun. The natives of the desert near Mt. Sinai believe this to be the veritable manna upon which the Israelites fed, and in emulation gather and eat great quantities of it. Other writers claim it to have been a class of mushroom, but that is not sustained to any great extent.

In either case it was not very fattening, and it is not to be wondered at that the Israelites "sighed for the fish, cucumbers, onions, leek, garlic and flesh pots of Egypt."
Under these conditions the anger of the Lord was kindled against them, and they were condemned to eat flesh, which turned out to be quails, for thirty days as a punishment; after this occurred the rain of quails of which our quotation speaks.
The quantity of quails that fell at this time was something enormous. Let us throw away all superstitious awe and examine this story as we would were it told as a fact at the present day.
We are told that the quails fell "round about the camp, a day's journey on each side;" that is a circle having the distance equal to a day's journey as its radius, or two days radius as its diameter, supposing the center of the camp to have been taken as the starting point, and two cubits high upon the face of the earth.

The Oxford Bible says a day's journey was 33 miles, 384 feet and a cubit was 1.84 feet, or nearly 22 inches. That would give us a circle 66 miles 768 feet in diameter, covered with quails to a depth of, practically, 44 inches. Why the people had to gather them when this was the case is a conundrum! Yet we are told that they did, and "he who gathered least, gathered ten homers." According to the same authority a homer is eight bushels; consequently he who gathered least, gathered eighty bushels.

As they had instructions not to gather any more than was necessary in the case of the manna, it is reasonable to suppose that the same rule would hold good in this case. If we take it that we then to believe that each person of that caravan demolished eighty bushels of quails in thirty days—two and two-thirds bushels a day? If the estimate made by several persons is correct, a bushel of quails contains twenty-five pounds of solid meat; so each person would be obliged to eat sixty-seven and two-thirds pounds of solid food each day for thirty days. Do you wonder it made them sick?

There are supposed to have been 3,000,000 people at that caravan. If each one gathered eighty bushels of quails, they would have gathered the enormous quantity of 240,000,000 bushels. Can you conceive what a quantity that is? Let us reduce it to figures that can be more readily understood: A good, big wagon load is forty bushels. Let us load this on wagons at that rate and it would load six million wagons, which, stretched out in a straight line, allowing thirty-three feet to a wagon, would reach one and one-half times round the earth at the equator; 37,500 miles.

The amount that fell is simply appalling. Imagine a circle 66 miles, 768 feet in diameter, covered with quails to a depth of forty-four inches! The human mind cannot begin to conceive of the number. Reduce it to bushels, it is still too large for finite comprehension, for the figures are 240,000,000 bushels; load it into wagons, allowing 40 bushels to a wagon, and it will load 7,000,000; stretch them out in a straight line and they would reach a distance equal to 175 1/2 times around the earth at the equator; load them into freight cars, six hundred bushels to a car, and it would require 400,000 cars to hold them; make these cars up into trains of twenty cars each and it will make 20,000 trains; allowing forty-five feet to each car and engine, it would make a string of 4,165,424 miles in length. The string of engines alone necessary to haul these trains would reach around the earth at the equator eight times, or be 200,000 miles in length.

Just think of it! Unless we believe a whole string of such stories, we are overwhelmingly damned; yet it is a physical impossibility that such a thing could have been! Take all the quails that have existed since time began and their number would still fall far short of the required quantity. Are quails aquatic birds? If not, why did they come from the sea?

The fact of the matter is that, looked at in the light of common sense, this story is on a par with "Gulliver's Travels," "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."
No wonder that infidelity and unbelief are rampant when the religious world is trying to force a belief in such stuff upon a sensible people. That day has passed and the sun of the new era is shining brightly and will continue to shine until the last vestige of superstition is swept away and the light of truth from the Spirit-world illumines the world of humanity, sending peace and comfort to all.
W. H. BACH.

SHE HEARD VOICES.

The Young Folks' Club for Spiritual Research.

In a lecture, Mrs. Maybee, of 1205 Walnut street, Lansing, Michigan, told some of her interesting experiences in spiritual phenomena. The abstract of her lecture is as follows:

I had often heard a voice telling me to go here and there and to do this and so in my evangelical work; then I thought it was the voice of God, and I obeyed it. I used to preach against Spiritualism, not knowing the Bible was full of it. In fact, I knew but little about it and thought it was the work of that old gentleman, the fabled devil. About a year ago I was alone in my house tacking down carpet. I was thinking how I should arrange things in the kitchen. I was at that time a pastor in Topeka, Kansas, preaching in the morning and the evening. As I was thus working and thinking about other things, I heard a voice saying: "Can you imitate when there is nothing to imitate?" "No," said I. The voice asked me: "Can you make a counterfeit dollar without a genuine?" I answered "No." The voice continued: "Then how about Spiritualism? Search the Scriptures," the voice commanded. "Can there be a counterfeit Spiritualism without a genuine?" "No," I said. I left my work and took my Bible, and I read of the transfiguration of Jesus on the mount, and there stood Moses and Elias, who had returned to earth in spirit form. Then I read: "The wind bloweth where it listeth; ye hear the sound and ye cannot tell where it goeth." So with the voice I heard. We must learn to distinguish between the literal and the spiritual. The Nazarene taught Spiritualism and that spirits can return. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation?" When Jesus walked the streets the people told him to go away; they reviled him. He taught that the people of his day were a self-constituted class, egotistical and overbearing. But the spirit worked upon the people. Well, I commenced reading that good book, the Bible, and I found it contained man-made material, truth and some error. I came to the point where I could believe truth wherever found, whether in the Bible or some Spiritualist papers. Let us accept truth wherever found. We should not be ready to condemn, but we should investigate. When I was yet in Topeka, I thought I would go to Halett Park camp meeting; yet I hardly knew how I could go. But I heard a voice saying I should yet go to that camp-meeting and get convinced of Spiritualism, and even take the Bible and prove Spiritualism from it. There I went and got proof. I was told that I would get further proof among my own children. When I went home I told my children in Lansing that I wanted to investigate. My son said I might sit at the table, but he would not. His wife sat with me and we got rap. I talked with the spirits, and I asked them if they would write if I would put some slates on the table. They replied that they would. My son said: "Now, mother, you have got them. If they don't write, you will know they have deceived you." So we got two clean slates, and, without any pencil, they wrote several messages. My son now sits regularly and he is developing into an independent slate-writing medium; he is unconscious at the slitting.

There is no death. There is only a laying away of the old body. Every soul has the right and privilege of going upward and onward through all eternity. No God has a lake of fire and brimstone or any right to consume and burn you. There is peace and joy for every soul. There is a principle that will carry you upward and onward. This is worth living for, worth asking for. The good spirits are willing to lift you up and to help you. If you seek after the truth you will find it. For years I have heard a voice telling me many things to do; and I was a medium and a Spiritualist many years without knowing it.
H. E. MARTIN, Sec.
Diamond Lake, Mich.

Mrs. Bullascher of Galveston, Texas, has been married twenty-three years, but in that time has blessed her husband with twenty children.

A SUGGESTIVE BILL.

More Needed Legislation.

Dr. Wilkins Tries His Hand at the Work.

A COMPANION TO THE BILL NOW PENDING IN THE LEGISLATURE OF ILLINOIS, MAKING SPIRITUALISM A "CRIMINAL."

A BILL

For an Act for the suppression of the circulation of the Bible and other obscene and profane literature; the preaching from its falsehoods; the organization of churches, nunneries and Sabbath-schools founded on the same, or in any way dependent thereon, and to prohibit the issuance of ordination papers, and revoke all those now issued to ministers of the gospel who are preaching from said Bible.

SECTION 1.—Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That any person who shall, within this State, for hire or reward, or for any promise or agreement therefor, or without any contract or expectation of reward, engage in the business of buying, selling or for attempting to buy or sell, receive or circulate, or in any way aid or assist in the buying, selling, receiving or circulating the book called the Bible, or any other book containing obscene or profane language, or statements not provable by practical demonstration to some of the senses of man, or cause to be printed for sale or distribution such book, recommending the same as the word of God, shall be deemed guilty of a crime against the morality of the community in which he resides, and be classed as a common swindler, and upon indictment and conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars for each and every offense.

SECTION 2.—And be it further enacted, That it shall be unlawful for any person to preach, lecture or exhort in any church or other public building or place upon any text, theme or subject taken from said Bible or other book that contains obscene or profane language, whether said text, theme or subject does or does not pertain to the practice of fortune-telling, forecasting of future events, divination; obtaining messages on tablets of stone; changing water into wine; healing the sick by the laying on of hands; casting out devils; changing a rod into a snake; parting the waters of the sea to create a public highway; causing the sun to stand still; transfiguration, levitation or materialization, or any of the many statements of like weight therein contained without tangible proof or better authority than the language of the book itself, shall be deemed guilty of the crime of fraud and immorality, a dweller of the intellect of society, a "common swindler," a demoralizer of the sanctity of the home, and such person shall, upon indictment and conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail not less than ninety days for each and every offense.

SECTION 3.—And be it further enacted, That it shall be unlawful for any person to advocate from or in connection with a text, theme or subject any ideas, in public or in private, to delude the ignorant or unwise, to hoodwink or deceive, or to dwarf the perception or cloud the minds of mankind with the old superstitions of the past ages, or utter any unprovable assertions purporting to come from the Bible, under pretense that the said Bible is the word of God, and shall claim that there is no chance for a sinner to escape the wrath of said God, except through the pardoning power of the priest, the bishop, the Pope of Rome or America, or St. Peter and the "Holy Virgin Mary," or by the blood of Jesus Christ, receiving tithes, a contribution or a salary therefor, and by virtue of said "command of God," or for distributing tracts, pamphlets or other literature containing such assertions or statements, or sending the same through the United States mails, or shall hold himself up as a special mediator, agent or appointee of God over the citizens of a certain parish or district, to whom all must bow, or advocate in public or in private doctrines derogatory to the interest of the public schools of this State, to hold and teach that the church is supreme, and above the State or Nation or any institution therein; and any person found guilty of the same shall, upon indictment and conviction thereof, be deemed, and taken to be, a defamer and a falsifier of the God he pretends to serve—a perjurer, an obtainer of money under false pretense, a "common swindler," and shall be fined in any sum not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, and sent to the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than five years for each and every offense.

SECTION 4.—And be it further enacted, That it shall be unlawful for any persons to associate themselves together in an organization either as a church, nursery or Sabbath-school, having the aforesaid book known as the Bible, or other obscene or profane book, as its foundation or basic principle, and to prohibit such church already established from granting or issuing papers of ordination to any person presuming or pretending to preach, lecture or exhort from such book, and to revoke the license so held by any such person; also to prohibit the solemnizing of marriages, christening of babes, and holding funeral services; provided, however, that nothing in this act shall apply to

true spiritual mediums and agnostics, or any and all persons now preaching, lecturing or exhorting, or who may hereafter do so, who can furnish living, tangible evidence to substantiate their statements; and any person found guilty of violating the least of the provisions of this Act shall be considered guilty of the violation of the whole Act, and the same shall be deemed and taken to be a "common swindler, a knave, a fraud of the basest type, and unfit for the association of men, and upon indictment and conviction thereof shall be cast into the State prison, made to serve his country at hard labor, lie in the dungeon twenty-four hours each week, on crackers and water, the dates optional with the warden, for a period not less than one nor more than ten years for each and every offense.

SECTION 5.—This Act shall take effect and be in force from and after its adoption and publication.

DR. T. WILKINS.
See the companion to the above on 4th page, 7th column.

SOME THOUGHTS.

On Evolution and Spiritual Reincarnation.

Professor Buchanan says the baseless hypothesis coming from two opposite schools of thought are nevertheless exactly alike in this, that they have nothing to rest upon, but are floating in the air like clouds or fog-banks, which the sunshine of science readily dissipates.
Now I am anxious for new light in the line of truth, but I want some proof before I drop the old and embrace the new.
While the Professor has knocked the grand idea of evolution out of existence, what proof has he given us of its baseless fabric and what hypothesis of the origin of man and all the various types of animals that seem to be in grades and descend step by step from man down to the lowest type of animal life and verge into the vegetable?

We have no historical record that gives us any proof of the truth of evolution, neither have we any that gives us any proof of its falsity. But science, so far from exploding it, gives us most decisive proof that it is true. Science, in connection with reason, reaches back into the past millions of ages, and gives us the stepping-stones to the truth of the hypothesis of evolution.

The Professor says if such a theory was a law of nature there would have been vastly greater numbers of progressive animals changing from one species to another than of the original species, the whole earth would have been sprinkled with their remains, in every forest we would find the indeterminate and intermediate species, and we would see the evolution in progress among all wild and tame animals.

Now let us see how these assertions agree with science and reason. In the first place evolution is slow in its progress of change, in both animal and vegetable, keeping pace with the earth and the inviolable forces; so slow that a man's life on earth would be too short to notice the change, and so slow that the "sprinkled remains" of one species all disappear before a new or higher grade make their appearance. Science has revealed these facts, and at the same time given us the petrified remains of animals and vegetation without any record of their having lived on earth for six thousand years back; consequently we conclude that they have become extinct and their places been filled by a new species, by a slow change we call evolution. We think we have facts, both material and spiritual, to rest our hypothesis on; and before we can change our belief we would ask the Professor to give us some facts to the contrary, and also give us a theory of creation or of the origin of man and everything below him.

At present we have to choose between evolution supported by science and reason, and direct creation supported by the Bible, ancient myths and superstition.
So far as reincarnation is concerned, there must be generic elements reincarnated in order to have the progressive change called evolution; and while I don't believe that man can lose his identity to be reincarnated in a hog, dog, lion, horse, a Shakespeare or a Byron, I believe that spirits have the power and do reincarnate their intelligence direct through mediums, and to all humanity, more or less, by impression, and thereby assist in the evolution of man to a higher state, both mentally and physically, and so far as the Professor's referring to Prof. Virchow as authority, I don't consider any person authority in any line of investigation unless his sayings are supported by facts, or at least good, philosophical argument. Hoping the Professor will present us with his theory, I am most respectfully,
O. P. FLETCHER, M. D.
Delta, O.

Mrs. Anna Potter, the independent candidate for Mayor of Kansas City, Kansas, weighs 200 pounds, wears glasses, and looks as though she could run the town.

General Felix Agnew, editor of the Baltimore American, has eleven bullet wounds and a partially disabled right arm, as mementoes of the bravery that raised him from the rank of private in the Bureau of Cavalry to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Captain William Roberts, of the missing White Star steamer *Savonic*, was formerly Captain of the *Audacious*, and was transferred to the freighter because of his refusal to tow the City of Paris into Queens town when it was injured 350 miles from shore.

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVIA

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED

"I begin to see," said Mahaveia, "that what my dear friend, the Earl of Montrose, has so often explained to me is coming to pass; that the future of Buddhism lies in the better appreciation of him in far, new lands like yours."

"And like America," said Armand.

"Ah, yes; perhaps I shall one day cross that wide ocean, called in India the Unknown Sea, and speak to learned people there as I have here. Are there learned people there?"

"Like bud of rare tree, engrafted on strong native stock, is the young nation of the West; destined, I think, to bear richer fruit than the parent tree."

The Dean of Montrose then mildly said:

"I believe, too, that the Christian teachings, the real ethics of Christ, may become more truly known in India through this interchange of thought. Are not our scholars and commerce greater means of enlightenment concerning our real state than our missionaries?"

"Undoubtedly greater; also than your armies," said Mahaveia.

"Ah, there is the trouble—Jesus and the sword, the cross and ordinance, churches and ships of war, do not seem to belong together," said the dean, sadly.

"But may we not see in all this an inner spirit, a divine purpose, working through all that governs the various forms and from seemingly opposite and conflicting ways must bring at last all people into one perfect light?" asked Zeldia.

"The Countess sees with better vision than we who have learned our religion in books and records, and are compelled to find our inspiration at the hands of an *alma mater*, equally divided between evolution and plenary inspiration, between the Apostolic creed and science," said the dean.

"As two equal branches of one tree, or as two portions of the sacred fruit thereof, I see Jesus and Buddha, and another older in history, whom my father's people serve, even Zoroaster or Zard-hurt," said Zeldia.

"We meet, at least, upon one common ground," said Armand, who had entered later and had not heard all the conversation, "the ground of human brotherhood."

"And one universal height must also be above," said Zeldia; "we meet in the Eternal Good."

MANLY MAKEPEACE.

The Dean of Montrose was traditionally a ritualist of the high church order, but like many people who seem to bring their purpose with them into human life, he refused to be bound by the conditions in which he was born and raised.

His father was a high church dignitary, and little did he dream when he selected his most docile and studious son for the ministry and to be his possible successor, that the one so chosen would wander into devious paths of unbelief and dare to place his own reason and intelligence against the authority of the church.

The dean was also suspected of favoring the views of the laboring classes in their claims for fewer hours of labor, higher wages and immunity from the personal brutality of overseers and managers. In fact, he advocated all the measures claimed by the most intelligent leaders of the movement that has since crystallized under the name of Labor Reform.

The bishop of the diocese was right. In their search for heaven the people, the Earl and Countess of Montrose, the Castletons, a dozen other influential families in the county, and the Dean, might succeed in finding that the pathway led them away from the established church and away from the bishop away from the "divine right" of kings and prelates, away from classes, caste privileges, titled immunities, toward a common and divine inheritance.

Poor bishop!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Home-Building.

Nest-making on every bough,
Home-building in every grove,
Hammer and song the whole day long,
Ah! fair is the face of my love.

It was certain that something unusual was going on at Melville Manor, and equally certain that there was an unwonted stir and bustle at Montrose Castle, many miles away.

"One needs a double pair of eyes to see all that's passing in the world in these latter days," sagely remarked Lady Melville, as she proudly looked at the fluttering figure of Maud walking with another along the avenues of the garden near the Castle.

"I would say that many pairs of eyes are needed to see all that is abroad in the world," responded Zeldia. "But evidently there are two pairs of eyes that just now only see each other."

Zeldia smilingly glanced at the two who were walking side by side along the winding ways of the garden, utterly oblivious of aught in the universe except the one revelation that had come to them—old as the sun and stars, new as the springtime buds, new as the songs of mating birds, new, forever new.

Some lives suddenly expand into full bloom from lifelong silence, from faithful labor in comparative obscurity. From apparent lack of interest in any human being, except the interest of a faithful and methodical worker, the silent secretary had found

SPEECH, FAME, LOVE,

all at once.

"It seems incredible," continued Zeldia, still speaking to Lady Melville, "what this pale, silent, absolutely inscrutable secretary of ours has suddenly become. His life is like a new creation. He is changed in almost every particular—appearance, manner, speech, and, above all, in what is known and said of him."

"Tell me all about it," said Lady Melville, who never wearied of hearing the praises of one so soon to be related to her by new ties.

"Well, dear mamma, you perhaps know about the detention and proposed indictment of our blameless secretary for complicity in the stupendous forgeries that ruined a bank and well-nigh rendered Armand hopelessly insolvent (or would have done so but for this brave young man).

"It seems that his statement of the case, and the documents he prepared on that occasion, the tracing of the two distinct lines of forgery, one unimportant, the other subtle, involved and enormous, the expert testimony he procured, and the final discovery and exposure of the real culprit, would not only have released and wholly exonerated him, and would have made a clear case against the banker, Hawks, had the latter not disappeared, but that all who

know of his performance regard it as the most perfect piece of defense ever brought before the judges—regard it as a masterpiece of legal and expert evidence, and the courts have placed his documents on file, and request that the entire statement be published for special use in legal circles, and that they be made authority."

"It was most marvelous," said Lady Melville. "The Lord of Hosts was with him 'mightily in battle.'"

"Poor Metcalf," continued Zeldia, "but for our hero there he would have returned from the grave but to die in a felon's cell."

"Tell me about his mysterious restoration. I do not know the particulars," said Lady Melville, now doubly, trebly interested in the young secretary.

"Well, it seems that some papers were forwarded to London by the English ambassador, resident in Madrid—papers found among the effects of a Mr. Merideth, who was insane, and was among those rescued from the ill-fated Vinola. These papers related to Armand's business connected with the estates, and had evidently been stolen, so the official letter said, 'from either the Earl of Montrose or his solicitor, Mr. Metcalf.' The truth being that 'Mr. Merideth' was Mr. Metcalf. The papers, when forwarded to Armand's London address, were, of course, opened by the secretary, who was then in London making out an authentic statement of the affairs of the bank, and quietly tracing the forgeries at the same time.

"The arrival of these documents was most providential. The English Minister of Foreign Affairs gave our secretary the required papers to go to Spain, make all suitable inquiries and investigations, and if Mr. Merideth and Mr. Metcalf were one and the same person, to bring him home to England, as it was written in the official letters that the man was 'totally insane, but evidently an English subject.' Armand joined the secretary; they found the case as stated; the maniac was none other than Mr. Metcalf, who became sane at once as soon as he saw Armand.

"The clue that the secretary had obtained made it conclusive, beyond a doubt, that Hawks was the guilty party in the forgeries. Metcalf's miraculous restoration to life and reason made the testimony overwhelming.

"Then, mamma dear, to think how swiftly this all came about, and that the secretary had less than a month to make out his statement, bring the dead to life; and to think that he is now the praised of all in the Temple (I mean of the law), and that Metcalf is alive and sane, and though weak was not guilty, and that 'Vinola' dead and Hawks escaped, no one knows whether, are not to be punished by human law, but left to the All-wise and All-merciful. Dear mamma, I become too excited when I think of it all," and Zeldia could not repress the tears of gratitude and deep emotion that welled up from the fountains of feeling in her warm, pure heart.

"My darling, it is so truly wonderful that we can only bend in silence before the wonder of the hand of the Lord," solemnly remarked Lady Melville, as deeply moved as Zeldia.

"But only the half has been told," said Zeldia. "The Royal Astronomical Society have been lately receiving papers of a most rare and difficult kind on astronomy from India—from Ceylon. They have been unable to discover who their anonymous contributor might be, but the papers have been published in the *Journal of Science* under the pseudonym of 'S. S.' and when it transpired that this young man from India, accused of complicity in a crime, had so perfectly and completely defended himself as to astonish the officers of the court and the entire legal fraternity, and that his signature was 'S. S.' the Royal Astronomical Society sent a delegation to inquire if Mr. Spix was the unknown author of the papers received by them. When he modestly confessed that the humble efforts were his, they presented him with certificates and medals of membership and honor, made him honorary vice-president for India for life, and proffered him the chair of Professor in Oriental Astronomy, and now in scientific circles his name is on every tongue."

"It will turn his head, I fear, so much of praise from men."

"No danger. See where they come. His head is turned, but not by fame, and his tongue is eloquent, I know, by the effect produced upon his audience, for, no doubt, the whole world is listening to him (in his estimation) and gazing at him in the one bright being by his side."

BUILDING BY LOVE-LIGHT.

Four stars were in the midday atmosphere—the two pair of brown eyes that shone on Lady Melville and Zeldia as the truant lovers approached.

Zeldia noticed for the first time that their eyes were alike. "Of course alike in love-light," she thought, "but also alike in color, in expression."

A flush of roses was in the bright spring air, roses that came and went, chasing each other in playful mood from one dimpled cheek of Lady Maud only to reappear on the other.

"'Tis early for roses in England," said Zeldia. Then she thought: "But they are abloom in the garden of her heart."

"Have I been too long away, dear grandmamma?" asked Maud, in mock humility, as she kissed Lady Melville's cheek. "Have you needed me?"

"No, not too long away, dear. Was time ever too long—"

Maud playfully placed her small hand over the kind lips of Lady Melville, who would otherwise have revealed what everybody knew.

"Have I been away too long?" said the secretary, mimicking the voice of Maud, but not her action. "Have you needed me?"

"We need you both," said Zeldia, "for, unromantic though it may sound to ears like yours, I believe you have come back because you know it is lunch-time, and if you will confess that you are hungry, we will go to luncheon at once."

Both culprits confessed to a prodigious appetite, and the merry party went into the pleasant breakfast-room for lunch.

Three years had passed since the preliminary scene in the court-room or "Chambers," when the young man from India had so astonished the judges, amazed the lawyers and delighted Armand.

Within the three years Seon R. J. Spix had become one of the most honored names in two continents. He had persisted in serving Armand until every vestige of the complex financial difficulty caused by the plot of Hawks, ignorantly carried forward by Metcalf, and bunglingly precipitated by 'Vinola,' was cleared away.

He had become a new man; he conversed freely on all matters pertaining to Armand's affairs; explained to him when his suspicions concerning Metcalf were first aroused, and said he finally knew that 'Vinola' would betray the whole scheme, whatever it was, by his bungling brutality."

He had returned from his second trip to India upon Armand's business when he beheld him in the garden at Montrose Castle with his betrothed, Lady Maud Melville.

He had as many honorary titles as would fill a page, from the F. R. S. of England to the honorary degrees in all the principal societies of Great Britain and Europe.

Yet, with all his honors, he valued more his record as the 'S. S.' of the Earl of Montrose than any other title, and it will be no surprise to anyone to know that he valued more the degree that was about to be conferred upon him by Lady Maud than all the Bachelor degrees of all the learned societies of Christendom.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

From the iron mines and their accompanying works on the north to the grainfields and meadow slopes of the south, from the coal-pits on the east to the manufactories and mills on the west, throughout all the county in which was Montrose Castle, and extending into two of the adjoining ones, a mighty work of reconstruction was going on, literally a new creation.

Armand was busy every hour of each day, always returning home at night; busy with the work that had its inception on the occasion of his first entrance into the Castle gates; that was quickened into life on the occasion of the terrible calamity at the coal-pits; that had given birth to two constitutional measures presented before Parliament—presented by Mr. Broadbent, who had been sent to the lower house by the combined efforts of Armand, the Castletons and the liberal dean, Mr. Makepeace, chiefly by Armand's individual efforts—measures that when they finally become laws will change the positions, relatively, of all the people in the United Kingdom, and

will absolutely set aside forever laws that at the time of Armand's effort were but little removed from feudal oppression.

Preparatory to these measures (which unfortunately are still pending at this writing, so slow are the 'mills of the gods' in grinding out justice through the English Parliament), a third one, i. e., extension of suffrage to all householders, was introduced.

As the beginning to an end—the beginning only being visible, the end only foreseen and guided by divine wisdom—Armand was making every adult man (and, in time, every woman) a 'householder.'

Houses were being built that would be homes—pretty, sunny, garden-shrined homes.

On pleasant days Zeldia would drive to one of the many little villages—not closely-crowded hamlets, but pretty, spacious villages, with broad streets, one or more churches, chapels or public halls, whichever the people preferred. Wherever Armand had decided to meet her she would drive, and superintend the interior of the houses, in each case consulting the one who was to occupy the dwelling. All the arrangements were made in keeping with the wishes of the occupants, rooms arranged for comfort, neatness and beauty.

Gardens in summer, sunny windows in winter were to hold the flowering plants that would brighten the homes.

Zeldia never seemed to be directing. She always asked, "Would you wish this? Do you like that?" Always the happy housewife who was to occupy the home wished to know 'my lady's views,' and so Zeldia arranged the homes with her larger knowledge and better taste, knowing what they needed even better than the women knew, yet with transcendent tact she made each woman believe she had planned the interior of her own dwelling.

ZULIEKA BUILDS.

On this particular day, as on all other days of the year, when she chose to do so, Zulieka lunched with Zeldia, Lady Melville and the lovers.

Just where babyhood ceased and childhood began, just where the sounds became syllables, and the syllables words, no one could now remember.

Nor can any mother ever tell just when or how she relinquishes the babe and accepts the child; relinquishes the child and accepts the girl or boy, the maiden or youth, and then, with heartache and heartpride, accepts the man or woman.

Zulieka was no longer a babe, nor had she fully outgrown the rosy plumpness and dimples of babyhood. She was not precocious; was in no sense a prodigy; she was sweet and playful and full of mirth, a roguish twinkle in each eye, and a mouth that was a rose-bud when ready for kisses or silent (which last-named in her waking hours was seldom), but a vocal-sounding sea-shell filled with tiny pearls, a mouth full of prattle and laughter.

Zulieka was in her element this day. Coming in from her long walk in the sunshine with the ayah, she seemed to have brought all the gladness of the day with her.

Seated in her high chair (not so high as the baby chair) by Zeldia's side, she had Seon (as all the household now called him) on her left. Maud was opposite her lover, and Lady Melville opposite Zeldia and Zulieka.

When all were tranquil and apparently intent on the occupation of the table, Zulieka looked toward Zeldia, and said:

"Luzu loves mamma the best and papa the most, Luzu loves Seon," looking archly at the young man, "and Luzu loves nama (as she chose to call Lady Melville, her abbreviation of grandmamma), and— Here she looked at Maud a long time quite intently, then said, with a sigh: 'Luzu loves tounsin Maud 'tose she loves Seon.'"

Maud blushed, but laughed, as they all did, and said:

"Conquered at last, my little princess. It's better to be loved by proxy than not at all."

"Who is proxy, mamma," asked Zulieka.

"Some one who takes the place of another, darling."

"Is tounsin Maud proxy?"

Then Zulieka caught a glimpse of the sunshine and a shadow across the path in the garden, and there came into her eyes a strange light as she looked into Zeldia's eyes, and spoke very distinctly the difficult name: "Rajahetti Boe come!"

All looked surprised, for Zeldia thought she knew that the name had never been spoken in the presence of Zulieka. She mentioned him whenever she spoke of him, which was rarely, as 'father,' or 'my beloved father,' but when and where had Zulieka ever heard his name?

Zulieka threw a kiss at the sunshine, or at somewhat that she saw in the garden.

Then she laughed a merry laugh, and begged mayah (the ayah) to take her 'where the flowers grow.'

Then, as she turned, she threw a kiss to all, and asked to be 'scused.'

Zeldia said to her: "Darling, mamma will go to drive this afternoon; would you like to go?"

"Yes—yes, and meet papa Armo!"

"I will send for you in due time. You can go in the garden now if you wish."

Off she danced, full of joy to be released from the house, even though Zeldia and Seon were there.

She missed Hiejoh, for he was with Armand during these busy days.

Zulieka was the one child in all the world who did as she pleased, and who pleased to do the best. She, of course, had her trials, her tears, her small troubles and her great ones.

She was allowed to go where she preferred to go, to eat and sleep when she wished, and, in fact, to do just as she wished. To the credit of Zeldia and Armand be it here recorded, they never had said 'don't,' or 'must,' or 'shall,' to Zulieka.

To the child's credit, be it recorded, that she could be led by a thread of gossamer (the thread being love), and she never wished to do the wrong way. She never plucked the flowers, but bending over them would look lovingly at them, and say: "Luzu never hurt flowers," but she often tried to kiss them.

She wished for the sunshine, and frequently gazed at the sky wistfully, as if she wanted more sunlight.

She was led by a word, a look, from Armand or Zeldia. She led all others by her words and smiles and playful wiles.

That day she went, as she had on many a day, to see the pretty homes, and when she saw the cottages and gardens, and already many flowers, she looked at Zeldia, and said:

"Luzu build flowers and homes, mamma build, papa build—all for the babies."

Zeldia smiled, for these small houses looked like baby-houses, truly. "Yet we are all babes among our toys, whether in cottage or palace," she thought.

When with Armand Zulieka was either all excitement or all silence. On this day, after receiving the homage of every dame and every child, and every workman, Zulieka subsided into absolute silence in her father's arms, never once speaking, never once removing her eyes from gazing on his face, and never sleeping.

One other thing Zulieka always did—to her English maid she spoke English, as she did to the gardener and all the English servants. To the ayah she spoke Cingalese; to Hiejoh and to Zeldia and Armand she spoke whichever language seemed most ready.

When they were on their homeward way Zeldia and Armand conversed in low tones of the progress of their work, of the great joy among the people; of the slow methods of changing the laws of England; of the probable time it would take to accomplish the changes desired.

"Only by educating the people can it be accomplished. I do not mean now teaching the masses the rudiments of learning, but educating the nobility, the gentry, the 'middle classes,' as they are called, to the new ideas."

"I understand what you mean, beloved—the work must go on by encouragement and pressure from without. How slow it seems."

"Is it not strange, beloved, that we have never been able to find that door of the cabinet open, within which we plainly saw the

key with which to unlock that mystical drawer, on the night the wonderful strangers were here?" asked Zeldia.

"Yes; and more strange that our ancestor has not been seen or heard of late to remind us and to aid us," said Armand.

"There must be some reason for the delay. I confess I have spent many hours before the ancient cabinet, hoping that the door might fly open as before," replied Zeldia.

"Yet the time may not be ripe; there may be something yet to do," replied Armand. "So much has been done, and yet so little. I believe if Seon were not so much of a student—a book-worm—and so much in love, I would have him returned to Parliament at the next election."

"Why this sudden thought, my love," asked Zeldia.

"No, darling, it is not sudden; but the country in which they will live is hopelessly conservative, is fossilized, in fact. Yet I believe he will be popular down there, and we could gain that much for the advancement of our cause."

"By this time the twilight was coming on; the evening star was behind the Cast e, just visible over the tower; the tower itself was ablaze. It was not the red light of sunset, nor the glory of the rising moon, that they saw as they turned into the gates, and glanced toward the east to see if the moon were rising.

"Seon studies early to-night, or else our tower is again inhabited," said Armand, pointing to the tower.

"Perhaps the lovers have gone to the tower and parapet to see the sunset glow and watch fair Hesperus descend into the haze," said Zeldia.

"In which case, my darling, they would hardly inform the whole world of their whereabouts by illuminating the laboratory. Would they, love?"

In Zeldia's opinion that settled it, more especially as on driving up to the entrance of the Castle they saw the lovers walking down the solemn avenue toward the cypress grove.

"There they are," said Armand, "lighting the dusky walk with their love. I like little Lady Maud better since she and Seon love each other. Whatever he loves must be worthy of all praise," and Armand handed Zulieka to the maid, who had come out to the carriage, while she, perceiving Hiejoh as he jumped from the box where he had rode with the coachman, insisted on his escorting her to the nursery, while the nurse followed demurely with the wraps.

"Ko-ko, you gone all day; Luzu lonely."

"I was helping papa build the houses for the people," said Hiejoh, little thinking she would understand.

"Luzu build pretty flowers and baby-house, too."

So prattling, and half asleep, she resigned herself to her fate, and after taking her supper was prepared for her bed.

When the household had dined, when Lady Melville had gone to her rooms, when Seon and Lady Maud had gone to the library or garden, Armand and Zeldia, passing the nursery, kissed Zulieka fondly for the night, she, almost asleep, murmuring: "Dood night, papa Armo; dood night, mamma dear." Then with mutual unspoken understanding, arm in arm they sought the laboratory.

MELVILLE MANOR AGAIN.

Every few days a young gentleman alighted from the train at the station near the manor, and was driven to the Manse to lunch and then to the estates at the Manor.

Every alternate few days Lady Maud and her maid alighted from the train, and were driven to the Manse to lunch, and then to the estates at the Manor.

And twice in three months the young gentleman and Lady Maud, with her maid, had together alighted and been driven to the parsonage as before, and then to the ruins of the Manor Hall.

All this was to superintend somewhat that was being built at the Manor. Not the old Hall, time-honored, revered, and, before the fire, well-stored with family relics.

Not the old Hall, for, with the ruin wrought by the fire, and the subsequent crumbling away of the walls, caused by the heat and cold, there was nothing to reconstruct.

"Besides," said Lady Maud to her lover, "we are building in a new time. I do not know much about these 'mighty upheavals' of which I hear, but it seems to me we are in the beginning of a new age, a new state of things."

"So it seems to me," said Seon, very seriously, but with a smile in his eyes. "It is an age that is revered by gods and men, a state that most people expect to attain when they die, if they are beloved by the gods, a state of bliss."

"Yes—yes, but of course I did not mean—how very naughty of you to tease me so when I was quite in earnest, trying to keep up with you and Zeldia and cousin Armand," and Maud almost laughed, and almost shed tears. Still they were tears of joy.

As Lady Melville does not seem to be intent on having a reproduction of the old Hall, being satisfied with whatever my little bird may decide about the home-nest, why should I not agree, when I am already in perfect accord?" said Seon.

This had been said before any of the preparations had been made, and when they had come to the Manor to decide upon the site for their future home.

The place was easily chosen. The old Hall had stood in a depression formed by the forest and hill beyond. A little to the north of the forest was an open space on the very brow of the hill, commanding to the west a fine expanse of country—hills, groves, villas and a stream; sheltered on the east and north by fir and pine trees that made a splendid background; open on the south and west to sunny slopes and a far glimpse of the sea.

The ruins of the Hall, overgrown with ivy as they were sure to be, would form a beautiful and stately picture to this lovely scene.

Seon was to be his own architect, draw his own plans, (what could he not do, this versatile young man?), employing an efficient architect as constant superintendent, he was to really supervise the building of their home.

And these two, so dissimilar, yet so united, were perfectly aware what kind of a home they wanted, and were perfectly agreed; the amazing part being that Maud suggested what Seon most desired, and he seemed ever planning and thinking what would most please his ladylove.

"What a comical and grotesque house it will be if all our ideas are carried out," laughed Maud, as they were returning the second time from visiting the place.

"But I have incorporated them all," said Seon, "in my plan, and we shall astonish the county as well as please ourselves, which latter part is quite important."

"Far more important than the first," said Maud, with quite an independent air.

"Does my lady scorn the opinions of her neighbors, the dear public and the special few hundred?" asked Seon.

"By no means," replied Lady Maud. "But the public like to be astonished, and the few like to be flattered, so we will do both," pliantly replied Maud.

Not even the suggestions of the Rev. Samuel Sleeper were followed although they were listened to by both these young people very attentively, especially as the rector had been so kind when the Hall was burned.

No one could have been more surprised than the rector when he recognized in the accepted lover of Lady Maud the one who had been heralded by a thousand tongues, and by all the press, as the most learned, the most astute, the most scholarly, the most eloquent, the most courageous young man in all the royal domains, the pale, statuesque and inscrutable private secretary of the Earl of Montrose, whom he had seen a few times in Ceylon.

After this the deluge or the end of the world might come. Mr. Sleeper could never again be so surprised.

He did not recover from his surprise sufficiently on the occasion of their first visit to the Manor to choose a site for their home, to ask Lady Maud about the state of the soul of her betrothed, and when, on her next visit, accompanied only by her maid, he ventured to approach her with a question as to the religion of her lover, the young lady promptly replied:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPIRITUALISTS

Of This Great State!

What Are You Going to Do About It?



It would seem that some of the sapient legislators of the State of Illinois are desirous of fulfilling that text of "holy writ" in which one of the inspired writers of Israel in olden times launched an inspired denunciation of those who "frame mischief by a law." Not content with their proper duties and functions as representatives of the people—ALL THE PEOPLE, not merely a part—whose rights they are to conserve and protect, they set themselves to frame mischief by a law aimed directly against a body of their constituents who violate no proper law of right. A law stigmatizing Spiritualism and mediumship as a crime is not demanded by the people; the only advocates of such a law are a few petty unscrupulous medium-haters and intolerant bigots whom ignorance and prejudice have blinded to all true perception of truth, right and justice.

The proposed law is in its essence and spirit a "bastard" at the best—it has not and never can have, by virtue of its inherent spirit and essence, a legitimate claim to the high and holy name of law. Those who think otherwise should read a little of Blackstone, Hooker, Kent, and other acknowledged writers and instructors in the principles of law, and learn the beautiful, grand and wise lessons taught by those master minds concerning its origin and nature.

We venture to say that, after such a course, some at least of those who framed and seek to pass such a law as that now before the Legislature of Illinois would hide their heads in shame and confusion, with the sense of their littleness, ignorance and the contempt they would feel for themselves in view of the wide contrast between their own ideas of law and the noble, expansive, grand and inspiring ideas of the great writers to whom we have referred. To all save those whose minds have been dwarfed and shrunken by contact with the petty and oftentimes contemptible, mind-withering technicalities of an essentially fallen and depraved mass of statutory enactments, and the low course of law procedures on technical lines adapted to hysteric acumen and hysteric methods, the study of the thoughts of such great lights as Blackstone, Hooker, Kent, and other great minds, would prove greatly instructive, mind-enlarging and profitable.

Of course, not much is properly to be expected of little great men—"honorable men," as Marc Antony put it—whose only ideal of statesmanship is, by trick or trade or any means, to boost their party up and boost themselves thereby, and beat the "other party." But even such as these can be made to feel that they are running against a snag that is likely to sink them in the deep waters of political oblivion, when they attempt to override the rights of the people.

And now, in this connection, and right here, we wish to say to the Spiritualists of Illinois that there is a proposed law, as published this week, now before the Legislature of this State, which is shaped and intended as a direct menace to their rights and liberty as Spiritualists, "Spiritualism" by name is mentioned, and also mediumship, and are classed as misdemeanors to which condign punishment is meted out by this infamous proposed law.

Some sneaking enemies of Spiritualism, who have not yet outgrown the barbarism of the Dark Ages and the Inquisition, have concocted this persecuting scheme, and they have found some facile tools in the State Legislature to introduce the same before that body, with the intent to compass its enactment as a law.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? What you should do, and begin at once, is: Call meetings in your respective localities of Spiritualists and all liberal people who are opposed to oppression and intolerance, and make a vigorous united protest; and cause the same to be published in the local papers, and also furnish your representatives and State Senators with copies of the proceedings. Let them know that you are awake and watching them. Let individual Spiritualists and liberals write their individual protests and send them in also.

Our enemies seem to be making a concerted movement all along the line in different States. Let us meet them boldly all along the line, and fight for our rights to the bitter end. There is Jesuitism and sneaking bigotry behind and beneath this iniquitous treachery to human rights. Let us plant our heel solidly on the head of the serpent and crush it. As Voltaire said of the French Church in his time, "Crush the Infamous."

A Veteran Passed On.

Alanson Reed, well known in Chicago musical circles for the past fifty years, passed to Spirit-life Feb. 25, at his residence, aged 78 years. For many years he was prominent as a Spiritualist, and an active supporter of Spiritualism. Mr. Reed was twice married; his first wife died in 1877. Mrs. Reed, his widow, is well known as a medium, and is a most estimable lady.

The Baroness Von Levotzow celebrated her 70th birthday, Feb. 4, at Brühl castle in Bohemia. It was the wish of her mother to marry her to a nobleman, and she was refused him. At her great age she is in excellent health, and looks as young as she did at 40.

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

"Climate," of Portland (State unknown), writes of a test given by Dr. E. M. Saunders, of Charlestown, Mass., who told a gentleman present at a circle that on a journey he was about to make he would meet a man whom he described fully, whom he must watch closely. It happened just as foretold by the doctor, and the gentleman to whom the test was given wrote a letter stating the fact.

Mrs. John McHugh, of Evansville, Ind., writes that Spiritualism is on the upward move in that city. The Evansville Society of Spiritualists came into existence with the beginning of 1893, with a list of ninety members. The Ladies' Spiritual Union has been in existence since June 5, 1891; it began with seventeen members and now numbers sixty-five. This has been the means of organizing the former society, which is chartered under the laws of the State. The Union has also opened a Lyceum, which is in a healthy, growing condition.

J. C. McClain, of Denver, Col., writes that Mrs. V. M. Cane, Secretary of the Colorado Institute of Spiritualism, tendered Mr. and Mrs. Bartholmes a reception, at which about seventy-five couples met and had a most enjoyable time, including a bountiful repast. Mr. and Mrs. Bartholmes go to Albuquerque, N. M., for April and May, after which they intend going to Southern California, then back home to Denver.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan writes from Los Angeles, Cal., that he had a glorious time there in an address to the Industrial Lyceum, who applauded every paragraph. He says: "The world is beginning to realize that the oracle I predicted is approaching—even Judge Gresham has expressed it. The kettle will boil vigorously within five years—but the battle belongs to the next century. Newspapers are largely supplied with rosy prophecies from various writers, all blind as bats to the dread realities." He promises an article on "Reincarnation," and says he trusts "there is enough of solid sense in the country to escape that superstition."

Mr. Thos. Layden, of Austin, Minn., is one of the Catholics of that place who has been cured of disease by Dr. J. P. Razer, as was recently mentioned in this paper. Dr. Razer is a spiritual medium, and cures, like Jesus and his disciples, by the laying on of hands; but because he is not a priest, and "followeth not" the priesthood of the church, the priest at Austin berates him as a devil or as performing cures by the power of Satan. Mr. Layden had been a sufferer for eighteen years, beyond the reach of the medical fraternity, and because he went to Dr. Razer and was cured, the priest has denied him the rites of the church, and threatens him with purgatory for hundreds of years, etc. Mr. Layden quite naturally and reasonably, is astonished at the idea that Satan, instead of "going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," is feigning about doing good, healing the sick, and making well those who have been bedridden and tormented with pain for years. Says Mr. Layden: "If our priest is right there will be many Catholics in purgatory from this place, for Mr. Razer has cured a number of us in the past two years; if he is an agent of Satan he has the powers of a saint and cures persons just as Jesus did. There has been a number of small remain out. I think that when a man's church would force him to endure the tortures of the damned during the time of his natural life, it is time to leave it to stay." Mr. Layden has been learning something about Spiritualism, and concludes that he would take back his old conditions of disease and suffering rather than be denied the happiness this new knowledge has brought him. The attitude of the priest is likely to cause more than one defection from the church in that place. Of course the priest will terrorize them into the fold if he can. Terror is the main part of priestly ammunition.

Mrs. C. A. Bacon, of Stockton, Cal., corroborates the account given recently by C. H. Matthews of the phenomena of sixty-three years ago, through Mrs. Nancy Blaney; and says that all the old mysteries can be made clear by modern Spiritualism—thanks to the loved ones, who have never tired of proving it to mankind through all ages.

Wm. G. Sayer, of Vanderbilt, Mich., says the Bible Concordance by Moses Hull is a new revelation, beautiful because of the truth it reveals. He takes for granted it will be published as a book; and says he must have a few copies.

Ruth M. Wanzel speaks of the great feast spread out in our paper, and declares she is not so self-sacrificing as to not eat such "strong meat" as her appetite craves, merely because some one else's weaker stomach may be offended by it. Of Judge Rosecrans she says: "He has the substantial, linked with the delicious and finer fruits of Spiritualism," and of Moses Hull: "His broad of life. What a hard Biblical student; what a grand man, to give to us the bread it took him years to accumulate. In intellect a giant—I wish we had a Moses Hull in every neighborhood, not to cringe at the feet of older or stronger institutions, but to stand head and shoulders above the stand and lead in the freedom of voice masses, and proclaim more of your con and pen. Many more of your contributions are *par excellence*."

Mrs. P. Crane, of Brant, Mich., writes of the formation of a Spiritualist society at Brant Center, three months ago, comprising about thirty members. Several circles have been formed, meeting once or twice a week for development. They have one recognized medium, but several have developed mediumistic powers. At some sittings the results are very satisfactory; a stand has floated in the air and swayed to music; in dark circles shadowy forms have been seen, also lights; the face of one member becomes illuminated at times. She says: "When attempting to converse by the stand tipping 'yes' and 'no' answers, the results are not always satisfactory. Will some one better informed in spirit manifestation tell us why this is so?"

Mrs. C. A. Bacon, influenced by her controls, writes derogatory to the idea of betting on Spiritualism, as putting it on a level with juggling, horse-racing, pugilism, dog-fighting, baseball, and bull fighting of Spain and Mexico. Do the church members bet on their ministers? But why not? As well as mediums or their "owners" betting or offering to forfeit a stated amount if any one can duplicate what they do. It makes a Spiritualist mortified to feel that spirit communion and the beautiful, pure and uplifting teachings that should take all the grossness out of us, have done so little for them. When the loved ones come with their messages of love, truth, charity, unselfishness, and good and evil, it is a humbling state to see Spiritualism in the mire by such unseemly procedures, partaking of the spirit of the race-course or the cock-pit, rather than of the spirit of light and goodness from the higher life of the Spirit-world.

The Society of Modern Spiritual Thought, of Minneapolis, Minn., holds its meetings in the Masonic Temple, corner 6th street and Hennepin avenue, N. C. Westerfield is president, and Harry C. Barron corresponding secretary. Mrs. R. W. Barton spoke Sunday evening, subject: "There is No Death, Spiritualism."

The Woman's Progressive Union will give an anniversary entertainment at Bradbury Hall, 290 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday evening, March 31. Mrs. H. M. Walton will give the opening address, followed by an original poem on "The Fox Girls." Mrs. L. J. Weller, the President, will conduct the services, which will be varied by music, recitations and speaking.

The Advance Conference of Brooklyn, N. Y., meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at Mrs. Walton's, 436 Carleton avenue. Teachings, communications, tests, psychometric readings and development. Admission free.

Margaret Sandefur, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "The first lecture under the auspices of the Institute of Psychological and Progressive Sciences was delivered by Hon. W. P. Adkinson, a prominent lawyer of that city. The Institute will continue its lectures, as it has come to be styled 'The Institute of Psychological and Progressive Sciences,' recently been incorporated under the laws of Indiana, and its charter gives it power to establish branch institutes in every city in the United States; which it proposes to do as soon as live, earnest workers can be secured in such cities to do the work. This is surely a move in the right direction; for Spiritualists in the past have seriously lacked organization, and without proper organization it is impossible to hold the forces after we once gather them. It is also the purpose to teach all the phases of Spiritualism from a scientific standpoint, and all branches will be taught in all their features; and again, this will be done under a charter granted by State authority." The PROGRESSIVE THINKER our welcome weekly visitor—we would be lost without it.

W. J. Colville has been delivering a course of six lectures upon "Rational Studies in Theosophy," at the Englishwood, Palmer street, Chicago, since Jan. 6th, at 6th street. His closing lecture on "The Way, the Truth and the Life: Through Death to Life Immortal," will be given on Saturday evening, March 25.

The 45th anniversary of Spiritualism will be celebrated at Adelphi Hall, 52d street and Broadway, New York City, Sunday afternoon and Monday evening, March 26 and 27. A splendid entertainment is provided, for each occasion, including songs, violin solo, oration, mental tests, recitations, speech, slate-writing seance on Sunday afternoon; a magnificent illustrated history of modern Spiritualism, by J. W. Fletcher, on Sunday evening; and songs, altar songs, "Climbing the Pyramids," by J. W. Fletcher; recitation, speech, etc., closing with a reception and ball, admission, 50 cents, on Monday evening.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull is to remain in Washington, D. C., with Mr. Hull, in April; and not in Anderson, Ind., as was announced. The Washington people were unwilling to let her off.

Mrs. Mattie Woodbury, of Detroit, Mich., writes of attending the reunion of Spiritualists at Flint, Mich., where she found a flourishing society, with fine music and good lectures. In Port Huron, also, much good has been and is being done, very largely due to the efforts of Hon. Jas. H. White, who has a fine hall in the White block, and whose generosity has made thousands happy. Investigators are welcomed by him; and speakers and mediums find a haven of rest in his beautiful home, with his noble wife. H. J. Olney is well received by the home society, and in other cities where he has labored. He is a good test medium, and his lectures are of a high order. In Detroit the old veteran, Augustus Day, welcomes those who go to hear Mrs. Minnie Carpenter, whose tests are grand and convincing, and whose voice is a ray of inspiration, which all hearts with tenderness Mrs. Woodbury seems to be doing an excellent work.

Mrs. E. R. Hall writes: "The St. Paul, (Minn.) Spiritual Alliance will celebrate the 45th anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Sunday, April 2, at Odd Fellows' hall, corner of Wabasha and 5th streets. Mediums' meeting and general conference in the morning. Lecture and tests by local mediums in the afternoon, and in the evening Mr. Frank T. Ripley will occupy the rostrum, and lecture on 'The Spiritualist's Work.' He will startle the people with his wonderful tests. All the exercises will be interspersed with good music, vocal and instrumental. A lunch will be served in the dining-room for those who prefer remaining at the hall through the day. An invitation is extended through these columns to all Spiritualists and members of spiritual societies in this part of the great Northwest to join with us in one grand celebration of this anniversary day."

Harry Dalton, whose efficient services has rendered the First South-Side Spiritualist Society a great success, informs us that four members of the society questioned the genuineness of the manifestations given through Mrs. De Wolf, and in order to test her, they visited her, and with slates securely tied together and sealed, they expected to get—nothing!—and be able to prove the fraudulent character of her mediumship. You can imagine their great surprise, however, when they untied and unsealed the slates, to find writing and drawings thereon. Thus Mrs. De Wolf vindicated herself, and the four investigators acknowledge Spiritualism to be true.

A very pleasant surprise was tendered Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates, of Philadelphia, the present speakers of the First Church of Spiritualists of Pittsburgh, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. The occasion was much enjoyed by all.

Louis Ransom, of Akron, Ohio, writes that on the 31st of March they are to celebrate the anniversary of Spiritualism. He asks that every Spiritualist society in the Union and the world convert the celebration into a pay entertainment, and give the proceeds to the fund for buying a burial-place for the Fox sisters. "That," he says, "is what we shall do here in Akron," and he inquires: "Where shall we send the money?"

Dr. C. R. S. writes from Salt Lake City of the excellent work done there through the mediumship of Mrs. Slawson, whose efforts, always satisfactory, are constantly improving by spirit education. He says: "Our local spirit control, Judge McKean, has taken up a course of lessons that are intensely interesting."

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings was killed to lecture in Rochester, Ind., March 28, the subject, by request, being "Do we carry with us into the Spirit-life the effects of disease, vicious appetites and wrong-doing?"

Augustus Day, of Detroit, Mich., writes that the increasing interest in Spiritualism has culminated in successfully establishing regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, in Fraternity Hall. Anniversary exercises are to be held on Friday evening, March 31, or Sunday, April 2, when Miss Minnie Carpenter, the newly-developed lecturer, pianist, vocalist and test medium of Detroit, will take a prominent part. Mr. Day writes in highest terms of praise of her mediumship.

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer goes from Washington, D. C., to Dayton, Ohio, being engaged to hold seances for the society in that city; from there she goes to give an engagement for the society in Indianapolis, Ind. Some very fine materializations have recently occurred at her seances.

Michigan Spiritualists will hold the 45th anniversary celebration in the Universalist church at Saginaw, on Saturday and Sunday, April 1 and 2. Mrs. Emma Nickerson-Warne, Prof. Henry Olney, Mr. D. P. Dewey, Dr. Charles Andrus, and others, will be present. Rev. Howard McQuary will repeat a very fine lecture on Spiritualism Sunday morning.

W. R. Alger, president of Flint, Mich., writes that the society is doing well, having grown in one year from a half-dozen in a parlor to a full hall every Sunday, with 400 chairs. D. P. Dewey, of Grand Blanc, spoke on the 19th, and H. J. Olney, of Port Huron, the following Sunday.

W. H. Leidigh, of Villa Ridge, Ill., writes that Spiritualism is holding its own there notwithstanding the orthodox have refused them a hall for meetings. They are holding private seances in several families with satisfactory results. When pleasant weather comes, they expect to hold meetings in some beautiful groves owned by members of the society. "There is a rich, ripe harvest here for any good public test medium. We are endeavoring to get a hall of our own by next winter. We are poor, financially, but are going to put our shoulders to the wheel, and give a good strong push; but if any brother or sister in all this broad land of ours would like to contribute something for the upbuilding of our cause, it will be gratefully received and receipted for if forwarded to the Secretary of the Truth-Seekers' Society, H. S. Hagendobler, Villa Ridge, Ill."

At Detroit (Mich.) Fraternity Hall Mrs. Minnie Carpenter will lecture and give tests every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.

N. A. D. writes: "The people of Blair, Neb., have an independent slate-writing seance, and also a circle, both of which whom our spirit friends hold long conversations. The tests are perfect."

A. J. Burke, of Portland (State not mentioned), writes that at a recent meeting, while J. Edward Bartlett was working over a patient he noticed the spirit of a young man whom he described, but who was not recognized. In a few moments a lady entered and inquired if the spirit of her son had been there. Being asked to describe him, her description was the same as Mr. Bartlett had given just before. She said she had felt his presence, and also that he had come to go to the hall and let the people know she was coming. He also manifested through another medium and uttered his dying words, which the mother recognized.

Just as we are getting ready to go to press, we receive some "Notes from the South" by Mattie E. Hull, which, interesting as they are, we are compelled to omit. Under the auspices of the State Association she delivered a course of lectures in Dallas, Texas, where she was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, of the Watkins House, earnest workers in the cause. Next, at Denton, she delivered one parlor lecture and three in the Opera House; Spiritualism there is a new thing, but she had excellent audiences and disposed of considerable literature. Thence she returned to Dallas to give the funeral of Mr. Whittall, a prominent Spiritualist. The following Sunday she lectured at Fort Worth. Feb. 16th, commenced a course of nine lectures, as an independent work, in the room of the First Spiritualists' Society in Dallas; both societies joining in making it a success. March 5th and 6th were filled by lectures in Fort Worth, with an interesting social. On the 15th, saying "good-bye" to her sister and family, she started Northward; stopping over, by invitation, at Van Buren, Ark., and delivering four lectures, being given a generous and respectful hearing—although she had to work in the dark. Next to St. Louis, Ark., for four meetings; thence to Memphis, Tenn., the 27th, to give one or two parlor lectures; from Memphis she goes to Washington, D. C., where she will jointly work with Mr. Hull during April. She reports a great awakening in Texas and Arkansas. The prospects are that she will have a busy summer. She desires to thank the many personal friends who have been associated with her in her winter's work, for every helpful service rendered on behalf of the cause. "Miles may stretch between us," she says, "still let us be one in work and in the spirit."

Mrs. Adeline M. Glading is just now closing a very successful three months' engagement for the Religio-Philosophical Society of Baltimore, Md. She will lecture during the month of April in Indianapolis, Ind., and would answer calls for week-day evening lectures during the month in adjacent cities and towns. She may be addressed No. 320 Mississippi street, Indianapolis, Ind. During May she will lecture in Anderson, Ind., every Sunday.

Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, N. H., the well-known old "war horse" of anti-slavery and other radical "reforms," writes: "Your paper is truly phenomenal. Every number is heavily freighted with cargo almost invaluable. A weekly journal, too; and only a dollar per annum! It seems to me unparalleled. Comes, too, at the right time, and to the right place. May the Omnipotent and Omnipotent have it and its proprietor over in special charge."

The forty-sixth anniversary of Spiritualism will be held at the A. O. U. W. Hall, Iowa, Mich., April 1st and 2nd, '93, (Saturday and Sunday). Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, will deliver an address Saturday, at 7 p. m., also Sunday, at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, who has been speaking at Akron, Ohio, during March, will lecture at Old City, Pa., March 29th and 30th; at Albany, N. Y., the Sundays of April; at Troy, N. Y., April 4th and 18th; and at Cleveland, O., (Army and Navy Hall) during May and June. Her coming meetings dates are all filled, and include Lake Brady, Parkland, and Casasagada.

"In helping others we are blessed." So writes one of the oldest of the "old veterans" of Spiritualism, 83 years of age, and 41 years a medium; and a true sentiment never was penned or uttered. The blessings do not always come in the form of earthly goods; nevertheless, the one who helps others, though it be but as a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, "shall in no wise lose his reward." It is an established law in the realm of spiritual economies. Worldly reverses may come, as they have to the one of whom we speak; but there are blessings which the world cannot give, and neither the world nor death can take away. "I never turned one poor child away," she says. "The cause has been sacred to me." And with this hope and anticipation of a true Spiritualist says: "Oh, the next life will tell the true story of this one." "With a little help I can help myself," she writes; and with the end of directing such help we give her name and address: Mrs. S. A. Sweet, No. 34 Orange street, Worcester, Mass.

"Mabel Kline" writes that Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in New Orleans. Dr. H. F. Stanley, of New York, an eloquent speaker, is occupying the rostrum during March. His lecture recently on "Moral Courage" was loudly applauded. Mr. G. V. Cordingley will soon leave for his new field of labor in Texas.

Will C. Hodge desires engagements for the months of April and May. Terms will be made reasonable. Address him at 315 West Van Buren street, Chicago. Mr. Hodge has a varied experience as a lecturer, and always gives good satisfaction.

Mary E. Van Horn writes: "Anniversary exercises will be held by the Milwaukee Progressive Society, Sunday, April 26, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Three sessions: morning, afternoon, and evening. Mrs. Sarah F. De Wolf, of Chicago, will lecture and give tests. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the cause. MARY E. VAN HORN, vice-president. The Milwaukee Progressive Society holds regular meetings every Sunday evening at 7.30, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand Avenue. Mrs. De Wolf will officiate through April, and Mrs. Ada Foye in May. There is much interest manifested in the cause. Our conference-meetings are well attended."

From the far-away, nethermost *ultima thule*, New Zealand, Mr. A. I. Ross, of Gisborne, writes that Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in that colony, the greatest drawback being the want of good mediums; and he wishes to let the numerous good mediums on this side of the earth know that there is a vast field of usefulness open for them there and in the Australian colonies, and that after a 12 months' tour they would be well pleased with their venture. He says they have no materializing mediums in New Zealand.

From Letta V. McConnell, secretary of the First Spiritual Society of Dallas, Texas, we have received a series of resolutions adopted by that society and other Spiritualists, highly laudatory of Mrs. Mattie E. Hull and her labors with them. They express appreciation of her generous actions, and respect for her qualities of mind and heart; and heartily thank her for her interest in behalf of the society and cause; elect her an honorary life member of the society; and commend her labors and ability as "worthy the most high of the children of earth; and that in whatever land her lot may be cast she may ever remember that our love and good wishes be ever with her."

John W. Beebe, of Lake Odessa, Mich., believes Spiritualism is real, and Spiritualists should make it their religion and live up to it.

Mary E. Roberts, of Rockford, Mich., writes that the Religio-Philosophical Society of that place held the regular quarterly meeting March 11 and 12, with Dr. Johnson, of Battle Creek, as speaker. The society is in a prosperous condition, and every meeting adds to its membership. At this meeting Mrs. Martha Berry gave two inspirational poems. Many private developing circles are held, and much interest is manifested.

The many friends of W. J. Colville in Chicago, are respectfully informed that he will continue his classes in spiritual science in this city during April, as he can divide his time between Chicago and Grand Rapids.

He will give April 11, 15, 25, and May 2, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lord, 385 West Adams street, at 7.45 p. m.

CONTINUED ON 8TH PAGE.



MESSAGES WRITTEN IN CLOSED ENVELOPES OR HEARD CLAIRAUDIENTLY

PHENOMENAL.

Through the Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Socrates communication, as well as the one from Jacob Jones Janeway, D. D., was recently given, written inside of sealed letters.

The Hiram Abiff address was spoken at the Carrie Miller circle, January 24th last.

Socrates, coming across more than twenty-three hundred years of time, tells us that during his earth-life career he was guided by "disembodied spirits," who were constantly returning and seeking to reveal the knowledge of a life beyond the mortal. The only difference between mediumship in the year 469 B. C., and mediumship A. D. 1893 is, that methods of communicating are now so far perfected that, through the process of form materialization and the materialization of thought (independent spirit-writing) visiting spirits, whenever and wherever welcomed, can speak through their own extemporized vocal organs or write with their own spirit hands eloquent and elaborate papers on varied public topics—such as I am constantly sending to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for the public edification.

The last paragraph—the summary—of the Socrates communication, reads: "The rocks, ores, and all material substances take the immateriality, ascend to the spiritual sphere and continue in their new form their use to man in his new form."

So important is this statement that I said to myself, I will give it a brief interpretation. But, remembering what one of the most eloquent of our inspirational speakers and poets had written on the same subject, I borrow the language of Lizzie Doten (Poems from the Inner Life, p. 48), to clothe in shining garments—to interpret in language of surpassing beauty—the profoundly philosophical statements of Socrates:

"God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from
Thee!"

It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Craton's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

"God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through all Thy creatures back to thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs—
Read mighty sea without a shore—
White men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore."

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Jones Janeway was, less than a generation ago, one of the ablest and most influential clergymen of this city. Dr. Briggs is assailed for no other offense than the asserting and maintenance of his well-mastered and honest convictions, and Dr. Briggs could have no abler defense from the intolerant and persecuting spirit with which he is assailed than Dr. Janeway, writing from the spirit side of life, has given him.

I think highly of Dr. Briggs, and I have one other thought in regard to him, which is that he is too large a man, both intellectually and morally, to remain subject to the creedal limitations which Presbyterianism imposes upon its members.

The Hiram Abiff communication is the second one from the widow's son that I have had the pleasure of sending to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

"There is no limit whatever," says the builder of Solomon's temple, "to the possibilities of what immortal life may accomplish, even when confined and cramped in the mortal body and obstructed by conditions inimical to steps of progression."

Read the communication from which this extract is taken, and you will there learn some of the most important lessons of life.

CHAS. R. MILLER,
281 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPIRIT OPINION OF DR. BRIGGS.
MY DEAR SON:—The position assumed by Dr. Briggs and his supporters resolves itself into the discovery that the creedal dogma of his church was in keeping with the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century.

The system of public school instruction has become so widespread and universal that this generation is competent to instruct that of their fathers.

Added to this the public press constantly teems with criticisms of church dogmas from a common-sense standpoint, while your theological seminaries confine themselves to the dry and dusty routine of a course of studies hundreds of years of age, and whose theories have been exploded with every new decade. Thus theologians' mental capacities have been confined within narrow limits, and now stand forth, with few exceptions, proselytes of exploded theories and conspicuous targets for an enlightened people and press to knock over as size-pins in a bowling alley.

Not Dr. Briggs and others have become liberal by keeping up with the progress of the age, and not enslaving themselves to dogmas their observation and intelligence teaches them are more fit for the dark feudal ages, when it was considered a disgrace for a gentleman to be able to read and write his own name.

There is another cause for this liberal movement in the church of Dr. Briggs, and this cause is the most potent of all. I refer to the great spiritual movement now going on among mortals, and

the constant manifestations that now being made by departed spirits. Members of families who have attended seances, have seen, conversed with and heard from dear departed friends, on Sundays will attend church service and hear dogmas of which their actual experiences at seances are flat contradictions. They thus learn to regard preachers as mountebanks, and discontinue their attendance under such apparent folly, and the result is the preacher finds at each successive service more and more empty pews, with a prospect of diminished salary and accumulating church debt.

The preacher investigates and finds his theories and dogmas are too unreasonable and narrow for intelligent people, and he sets himself to work to broaden out his views to suit the people and thus again fill his empty pews. He now becomes popular and incurs the jealousy of the members of the synod of his church, and he is condemned before a modern Pilate for heresy and schism.

Dr. Briggs, however, has acted from honest convictions and is, indeed, the pioneer of liberalism in his persuasion, and will be sustained by the intelligence of every community of every persuasion. Sects and creeds are not known in the spiritual world, and there is an epoch in the future when they will cease to command respect among mortals. The spiritual movement is gaining converts from every sect and creed, and it will continue to absorb until finally there shall be but one sect, and that sect will be the vast and universal sect of Spiritualists.

JACOB JONES JANEWAY, D. D.

SOCRATIC REASONING.

Yes, I was born in mortal life 469 years before the advent of Christ, and was persecuted for the doctrine of the immortality of the soul which I advocated and taught; not from mere inspiration, but from revelations made to me by those who had been mortal friends, but were disembodied spirits constantly returning and seeking to reveal the knowledge of a life beyond the mortal. In my days, as in your days, the prevailing sentiment was against all that was not material. This is attributable to the material conditions of the earth sphere, with its geological and mineralogical formations from which mortals derive their status in creation. These elements are so largely predominant in mortal life—the very mortal bodies of men being constructed from these elements—it may be pardonable to man under these conditions to be more material than spiritual.

The immortality of the soul is evidenced in other manner than spiritual manifestation. This may be demonstrated by the known quantities of matter, their essential properties, viz: impenetrability and extension; their secondary properties, such as divisibility, indestructibility, inertia, attraction, porosity, hardness, elasticity, brittleness, malleability, ductility and tenacity, all of which are simply the characteristics of an active, intelligent life, though of a material nature.

What of materiality exists in you day, existed in my day, though of your day its form is modified. What of spirituality existed in my day in material form exists in yours, in a modified or spiritual form, or body.

God's laws never change; and though the mortal puts on immortality and the material puts on immateriality in the air you breathe, God's laws govern both conditions; hence all animal life is translated in spiritual form to the spiritual sphere; the mortal man puts on the spiritual forms and also dominates the spiritual sphere and the material. The rocks and ores and all material substances take on immateriality, ascend to the spiritual sphere, and continue in their new form their use to man in his new form.

SOCRATES.

THE MATERIAL AND THE SPIRITUAL CONTRASTED.

A tall, powerfully-built man, very high forehead. He is dressed in a robe; the border of his robe is figured in red.

St. Peter at the Gate.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate,
With a solemn mien and an air of state,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman—coming there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick, and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out,
His face was pleasant and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choir in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"Oh, thou, who guards the gate," said she,
"We two come either heathen or free
To let us enter the heavenly land
And play our harp with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.
I've been to meetings three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak."

I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all
'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primeval Fall,
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path with the clear—
Told out the plan for their whole career.

I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good, and my voice is strong.
So, good St. Peter, you'll try to be
The gate of mercy to me;
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's
got.

And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited THEM or not.

But O, St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go!
I've done enough, a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim goggle I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must try below,
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?

It's a NARROW gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find SOME way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So that THEIR relations can amble through;
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand rightly by the opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers is
trimmed.
They're cut too wide, and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
But, spite of his office, he had to laugh.
Then said with a merry gleam in his eye:
"Who's tending this gateway—you or I?"
And then he arose, in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall.
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
Escort this lady around to hell!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone.
A life long, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad;
He thought if the woman went down below
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went to the region dim,
There wasn't the ghost of a show for HIM.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back, and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down
He raised his hand and scratched his crown.
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"THIRTY YEARS with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing he wicked; smoke's not good.
He smoked and swore—I should think he would."

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?
Oh! Angel Gabriel! GIVE HIM A HARP!
A jeweled harp with a golden string!
Good air, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best!
Let him enjoy the music—and rest!"

See that on the finest Ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do—
To roast him on earth and the future, too!"

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
And he said, as he entered the Realm of Day:
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"
And so the scriptures had come to pass—
"The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."
—Joseph Bert Smiley.

Diphtheria Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:—Knowing that you take an interest in anything that will benefit mankind, I hereby send recipe for simple remedy for the diphtheria: Take crude petroleum, such as it comes out of the well, dissolve in it a lump of gum camphor; to half a tea-cupful of oil use a lump of camphor the size of a hazel nut; give the patient a little of this inwardly; if he does not keep it on the stomach so much the better. If small child, swab its throat often. Take a strip of flannel, saturate it in the oil, and wrap outside of neck and leave it on for two days.

I have saved children with this simple remedy when doctors have pronounced the cases hopeless. The petroleum is not kept in drug stores, but can be obtained from the agents of the oil companies.

Leadville, Colo.

J. R. NEWTON.

THERE IS NO GOD!

From the Standpoint of Mr. Geo. A. Shufeldt.

No living man can reconcile the existence of a good God with the existence of whisky. The two cannot live in the same universe together. If there was a benevolent, wise, all-powerful God there would be no whisky. There are two hundred and fourteen thousand saloons in this country licensed by the government to deal out a liquid poison for the destruction of the moral and physical natures of man.

Allowing twenty feet as the width of each whisky shop, a street could be built up solid on both sides four hundred and twenty-eight miles long. Think of it! From Chicago to St. Paul, a highway along which millions of human beings are tramping to moral destruction, and from which a hundred thousand of our brothers drop into drunkards' graves every year.

Would a grand God permit such a monstrous evil?

A little while ago I read an account in a New York paper of a man who, in a drunken fit, brained his wife with a skillet, and ripped open his little child's bowels with a butcher knife.

And at another time one James Flanagan, in Jersey City, took his little two-year-old girl and sat her naked body on the hot cook-stove, and notwithstanding her screams and cries held her there until the whole lower part of her body was burned to a crisp.

In our own city of Chicago, about four years ago, there was printed in the public papers an account of one Daniel Sweeney, who got beastly drunk on the proceeds of his wife's clothing, which he pawned, she being then confined to her bed in childbirth, seized the body of the still-born infant, and, using it as a club, beat the life nearly out of the poor woman. Too weak to resist, she could only pray to God to avert the blows.

No answer came to those prayers, and the hand of the ruffian was not stayed. Surely if there was a God anywhere in the universe he would have heard that prayer, and paralyzed the arm of the wicked wretch.

No, it cannot be; God and whisky are incongruous elements. GEO. A. SHUFELD.

"What Do You Get?"

TO THE EDITOR:—In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of March 4th, under the above caption, occurs the following paragraph:

"Is 'What do you get?' a noble or worthy motive to inspire our thoughts, as we listen to the fervid words falling from the lips of a speaker or medium, or as we read the ringing words of some writer whose pen flashes and scintillates with the burning intensity of spirit power?"

In our opinion the answer to the above query can best be met by telling of that which some have got.

They have got such a decided impression of the truth that "God is," that not all the sophistry of the ages can convince them that God is "not." They have got such a hunger for a closer walk with those of their loved ones who have passed from their mortal vision, that nothing but a personal acceptance of the truth that "there is no death" will satisfy their desire.

They have got such an intense yearning for absolute purity of motive in all their actions, that only the strictest, purest living will please their newly-acquired habit of thought.

They have got such an entire change in their whole moral nature, that nothing but the constant companionship of the best and purest in the Spirit-life will satisfy their aspirations. All of which has been obtained by seeking personal good in Spiritualism. Such a getting as this, is the object of those whose sole desire to do good leads them back to the atmosphere of the earth, where their lives have also been passed in seeking "God," or "Good."

Our object in writing this critique of the paragraph in question, is to lead some one to seek what they may get in the lecture hall or seance-room; and not to carp at another's possibly hasty view of the question: "What do you get?" "ALIE."

An Experience.

The experience uppermost in my mind at the present time is what occurred at the house of Dr. Wheeler, where we meet Sunday evenings for the purpose of listening to lectures delivered through him by his control, Hermes. At this time there were present some sixty or seventy persons. A subject was called for, and we were directed to write our subjects on a paper and roll them up and place them on the table. I thought I would let the unbelievers do the writing, but as there were only four or five written, I wrote one myself and placed it on the table with the rest of them. When ready to commence the lecture the control asked me to hand him the one I had written. I went to the table and took the one I supposed I had written and was about to hand it to him when he said that was not the one. After trying two or three times I found the right one, as he said, and as I found out afterwards.

"In hoc signo vinces," was what I had written on mine and placed on the table. He selected "Truth" for the subject, and delivered one of the finest lectures I ever listened to, of about an hour's duration, and in winding up he turned around to me and said: "Yes, Mr. President, and by this sign we conquer."

At another time, when lecturing upon our solar system, the control said the sun was not a solid body, and as a spirit of truth he would say it was a focus of light, and advised us to study it.

Some of the astronomers say it is composed of gases—once a solid body, now gases; if they continue their investigation, in time perhaps they will find it a focus of light, as Hermes says. Not being an astronomer I will leave the subject for the more knowing ones; for those who believe that the sun is a solid body might think it was making light of heavy things—but will continue to call for more light.

C. W. BAXTON.

A Hint About the Insane.

TO THE EDITOR:—The article from the pen of S. B. Husselman, entitled "Mark of the Octopus," in No. 113, exposes some of the absurdities of the "True Church" in a manner both interesting and instructive. How monstrous some of the institutions of this representative of the meek and lowly Nazarene appear when exposed to the broad glare of nineteenth century intelligence; but still they have their uses. Mr. Husselman would probably hesitate before calling for the abolition of insane asylums; he would probably admit that such places are necessary, and yet, it appears to me that the Abbey of Gethsemane bears all the "ear-marks" of a first-class insane asylum, the partial illusion of its inmates, "subjects," "patients," or victims, being a belief that they still live in a long-for-gotten past, and with a stubbornness born of maniacal fanaticism, refusing to "let the dead past bury its dead." Were all the maniacs who are still at large herded together it would require the building of several new institutions to hold them. This also applies to ultra-sabbatarians.

M. R. CRILLY.

The Popular Science Monthly for April, 1893.

The April *Popular Science Monthly* is a notable number; in fact the *Popular Science Monthly* is without a peer. It opens with an essay on "Science and the Colleges," by President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, in which the absurd weakness of many starveling sectarian colleges is set forth and the advance which science has made in higher education is described. The president of the University of Rochester, Dr. David J. Hill, follows with a suggestive paper on "The Pestal Development of Art," taking the ground that the fine arts are modes of expressing the feelings awakened by religion and other potent stimuli of the imagination.

Dr. T. Lauder Brunton discusses "The Correlation of Structure, Action, and Thought," showing from diagrams and two of Raphael's pictures what parts of the body move as an accompaniment of certain thoughts and actions. The *Monthly* takes a decided stand in this number in defense of Prof. G. F. Wright, whose recent book on "Man and the Glacial Period" has been severely handled. It has an article on "Prof. Wright and His Critics," by Prof. E. W. Claypole, and an editorial dealing with the same matter. Herbert Spencer contributes a paper of much scientific value on "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection."

There is an entertaining illustrated article on "The Maoris of New Zealand," by Edward Tregear.

Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin makes a fervent plea for wise and generous action in regard to the "Education of Our Colored Citizens." Mechanical gymnastics gets sharp criticism from M. Fernand Lagrange, under the title "Free Play in Physical Education." John Gifford tells the story of smelting bog iron ore in South Jersey. The frontispiece is a portrait of Ernest Renan, and there is a sketch of his life and work, by Gabriel Monod. The departments are well filled with items of popular science. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

Religious Dancing.

President David J. Hill, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, says:

"It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment; and, if the connection must be made, some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth, the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts. For light upon the problems of human culture, we naturally appeal to the anthropologist. 'Dancing,' says Tylor, 'may seem to us moderns a frivolous amusement; but in the infancy of civilization it was full of passionate and solemn meaning. Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion. The forest Indians of Brazil, whose sluggish temper few other excitements can stir, rouse themselves at their moonlight gatherings, when, rattle in hand, they stamp in one-two-three time round the great earthen pot of intoxicating *kacai* liquor; or men and women dance a rude courting dance, advancing in lines with a kind of primitive polka step; or the ferocious war dance is performed by armed warriors in paint, marching in ranks hither and thither with a growling chant terrific to hear.' Tylor proceeds to describe the dance of the Australians, and the buffalo dance of the Mandan Indians, who, wearing masks to mark their impersonations, with rude songs and pantomimic gestures, act out the incidents of an imaginary hunt. And then he adds: 'All this explains how, in ancient religion, dancing came to be one of the chief acts of worship. Religious processions went with song and dance to the Egyptian temples, and Plato said that all dancing ought to be thus an act of religion.'"

ZULIEKA.

Those who don't read this remarkable story by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will miss a rare treat. You should now do some missionary work for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and aid us in the great work we are doing. Call your neighbors' attention to the paper, and then supplement your efforts by sending it three months to some one who will appreciate it.

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

The Funeral of Margaret Fox Kane.

TO THE EDITOR:—As stated by a daily paper Benjamin Franklin, who was alleged to be the spirit guide of Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, one of the three sisters that founded modern Spiritualism, had part in Mrs. Kane's funeral, at No. 292 Fulton street, Brooklyn. One of the speakers, Mr. Wright, spoke in a trance. "I have been requested to name the guides that prompted my speech," said Mr. Wright. "It is an unusual request. Sometimes it is very difficult to say. In this case it is not difficult. I distinguished two spirits, acting in harmony. They were Benjamin Franklin and George Rushton. Only twice in my life before to-night have I been used by Franklin. I have had communications from Rushton for twenty years or more."

The funeral was a quiet affair. The hall was crowded with about one hundred and seventy-five people, while half as many more were in the ante-room, hearing but not seeing the exercises over the body. The inclement weather was mainly responsible for the small attendance. Mrs. Fox Kane was lauded as an epoch woman, more than a queen, the discoverer of a new world—greater than Columbus, greater than Plato or Caesar or George Washington.

Mrs. Lucy J. Weiler, president of the Woman's Progressive Union, presided. The invocation was by Miss Abbie M. Vernon. Mrs. Henry J. Newton spoke, reading a spirit letter from Mrs. Leah Fox-Underhill, another of the Fox sisters, directed to Titus Merritt, of New York, thanking him for his kindness to Mrs. Kane.

Wilson MacDonald, the sculptor, was another speaker. He said that Mrs. Kane was regularly married to Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, but such strong objection was made by the Kent family that her husband hadn't the manhood to acknowledge the truth.

"Margaret Fox will be remembered generations after the Arctic explorer's name is forgotten," said the speaker, "as a canoe is forgotten that crossed the lake a thousand years ago."

Mrs. M. A. Gridley and Mrs. Timson Smith made speeches, and then Mrs. Emily D. Ruggles, at whose home in Brooklyn Mrs. Kane died, was introduced.

Mrs. Ruggles told of the last hours of Mrs. Kane, and of their long acquaintance and friendship, relating a number of incidents.

The last speaker was Henry J. Newton, of New York, millionaire president of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York.

The audience was made up of well dressed and intelligent people, leading disciples of the faith. They were earnest people. They believed, with one of the speakers:

"The revolution year of 1848, when the spirit rappings were first produced, was of greater importance to the world than the year 1 A. D. in the Christian calendar."

The body will be placed in the receiving vault at Greenwood this forenoon. The Spiritualists of New York and Brooklyn intend to buy a plot and erect a costly monument over the bodies of Mrs. Kane and her sister, Mrs. Kate Fox Jenckens, who died last July.

Thus was laid to rest one of the most remarkable women of the present age. She will live in the memory and hearts of Spiritualists long after those who have ruthlessly assailed shall have been forgotten. She will always remain a prominent character of history.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

VIDEX.

Easter Day.

This day of all, they tell us,
That "the Christ our Lord has risen,"
Taking his farewell leave of earth,
And entering into heaven,
And so we celebrate the time,
And hold it as a creed,
But did our Lord ever leave us?
How can it be, indeed?

We see him in the sunshine,
And springtime's April showers,
In budding leaf and opening bloom,
That speak of coming hours;
Of joyous summer gladness,
Of birds, and flowers, and bees,
Making their drowsy murmurs
Mid blossoms of the trees,
That speak of laden harvests
That come with summertime.
And so we welcome Easter,
With future's best of things,
Wreathing its tendrils heavenward,
With hearts all laden pure
With hopes of coming future
Where life will ever endure.
A symbol in this day we hold,
By others set apart
From all the rest, to know that we,
Immortal from the start,
Are part of God; and if a part
Of him doth ever rise,
Then all of life are certain
Of another in the skies,
For God is one, and all in all;
The same law doth maintain us
In the after-life as here
Upon the earthly plane,
And if his person ever should move
From out this earthly sphere,
Then all of life are certain
Could surely not be here.

His omnipresence he must hold
Forever, certain way
Over everything, in everything,
In all time as to day.
And teachers of his loving care,
And beauty of his soul,
That moves in everything we know,
As atoms of his whole,
May rise to higher worlds than this
As nature fills her needs—
All realized by loving care;
As life, concealed in seeds,
Protected till the time of growth,
To higher life they rise,
So Easter tells us of a life
Beneath celestial skies.

—Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse.

That is what we are constantly looking for—more light! We presume that each one of our thousands of readers is also desirous of finding more light, and while so feeling they should try to impart some light to others less fortunate than themselves. We are now sending the first 12 chapters of Mrs. Richmond's remarkable story to each of our new subscribers free. Bear this in mind whenever you meet one of your neighbors.

A Religion for All Time.

The March number of the *Arena* has an excellent article on this subject by Louis R. Ehrlich. It is a sequel to "The Religion of Man" by Hudson Tuttle, and, if possible, in stronger language. He thinks the old religions, including Christianity, are going down because they are not true or reasonable and do not satisfy the human soul. He says: "Simplicity is the character of all discovered natural laws. Simplicity will be the character of God's religion; no redemption mysteries, no vicarious offerings, no trinitarian subtleties."

Yet he thinks there are in the New Testament the elements of true religion, and quotes: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have loved one another." There is the essence of a new gospel according to Jesus. There is the inner spirit, which, despite the wrappings of credulous, mystical, superstitious churchmen, has contributed so much to the moral progress of the race.

He arraigns all conventional religions, past and present, in the following bold and vigorous manner:

"I maintain that from the remotest ages to our own times; from the first savage who offered up his enemy to the war god; to the Druid setting fire to great figures of plaited osier filed with human beings; to the Mohammedan slaying thousands with the shout, 'Allah, or the sword; to the Aztec priest snatching out the heart of his sacrificial victim; to the Crusaders approaching the Holy Sepulchre after seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword; to the pope's legate urging on the attack against the Albigenses, killing friend and foe with the cry, 'Slay all! God will know His own'; to the holy inquisitor piling up the fagots around the unbelievers; to Charles V. in the Netherlands, because of their religious opinions, hanging, beheading, burying alive and burning over fifty thousand people; to the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day, and the driving of over half a million Huguenots from France; to the horrible persecution of the Quakers in Massachusetts less than two hundred and fifty years ago; to the modern son of the Greek church ruthlessly expelling thousands of Jews from Russia;—all religion primarily devoted to the glory of God has left one long, hideous trail of suffering, of torture, and of blood."

But he draws a finer picture which we gladly copy and love to read:

"As the centuries grow, man will less and less concern himself about God, and will more and more devote himself to man. 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' Job asks. No, you cannot; but you can find out your neighbor, God's child, around the corner; find him needing help or sympathy or some human ministrations. 'So do not stand gazing at the sky, but go, do thy duty around the corner! Just as the highest point in evolution on this planet is and forever will be Man, so the highest in the religion of the race is and forever will be the love of man for man. Such a simple religion of love will be a religion for all time.'

"Such a religion will bless and beautify this earth as nothing has yet done. This, and this alone, will bring about the highest cooperation of man with man. No mere change in methods of government—no State socialism—will effect it. The change must be made in the heart of man. The change must be made in man's conception of religion."

Theology has long enough darkened the earth and separated mankind. A new impulse is needed to make men join hands and hearts. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. How shall we reach the light? The disciple whom Jesus loved most makes answer: 'He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.'

Mr. Ehrlich has touched the vital point—the real issue in the revolutionary movement now inaugurated and destined to change the world from a scene of confusion, strife and misery, to a place of harmony, peace and comfort for mankind; and that issue is, a true conception of God, and a proper estimate of man.

There is no greater source of danger to human rights than the belief in a personal God delegating to certain persons the right to execute His will, in the manner described in this essay. We are sorry we cannot give it more space; but we are glad to have such a writer as Mr. Ehrlich on our side of this great question. Fight hard, brother; we are sure to win eventually. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Sacerdotalism is strongly entrenched in the ignorance and superstition of the people; but we will dislodge it by educating the masses, developing their reason and banishing their fear; then the unfolding of the divine side of their nature will naturally follow and the enemy will surrender and disappear forever, and the shout of victory and triumph will be heard: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;" and man shall stand next to the throne, not because he is absolved by a priest, but because he is the highest expression of that Universal Life, Love, Truth and Right, which we call God.

R. NEELY.

A Great Inducement.

The fact that we send the first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's story free to all new subscribers should add at once ONE THOUSAND new readers to our subscription list. Speak to your neighbors in reference to this liberal offer, and try and get their subscriptions.

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

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