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VOL. 8.

CHICAGO JANUARY 6, 1894.

NO. 215

HER CHRISTMAS SONG.

How Lillian Russell Once Celebrated the Day.

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FOREIGN TONGUES.

Spiritualism in Other Lands.

Our Polyglot Exchanges.

We are in receipt of *Die Übernatürliche Welt*, a new Spiritualist organ of Berlin, Prussia, full of interesting matter, the least important of which is a description of two materialization séances at the Sphinx, Versingung (alliance), with Mrs. d' E. of Göttingen, Sweden, mention of whose wonderful gifts as a medium has been made in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. The Sphinx Society sent for her to test her powers, and at some future time we may give the result of these investigations. We also acknowledge the receipt, regularly, of *La Revue Spirite*, which has grown into a superb magazine, being the finest exponent of Spiritualism there is in France or on the continent of Europe. It is in the 30th year of its existence, and therefore quite venerable. *La Lumière*, a monthly journal published by Lucie La Grange, is also on our table. It is in its twelfth volume, and is a growing magazine. *La Buena Nueva* comes to us from Sancti-Spiritus, Cuba, and *Verdade e Luz* from Southern Brazil. The latter always abounds in short accounts of spontaneous phenomena, and in the following translations we have drawn largely from it. From Italy we receive *Annali dello Spirismo*, an able monthly, in its thirtieth year, and conducted by Nicoforo Filaleto.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE. The *Verdade e Luz*, of St. Paul, Brazil, not many months since received a letter from a friend, Mr. Valeriano Gomez de Meirelles, of Desterro (Santa Catarina) from which the following extract is made:

AN APPARITION.—"I wish to tell you of a circumstance that took place in my family. On the 29th of January last, between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, my oldest daughter, Cecelia, being in the dining-room, where, near one of the windows that look out on the General Osorio Park, I sat reading a newspaper. She saw a lady dressed in black passing through the corridor, whom she at once recognized, and hastened to overtake her as she passed out through the grated partition that she reaches before going down three steps to the door that opens to the street, but losing sight of the lady she ran to the window to see her, but on looking up and down the street she saw no one. Turning to me she said: 'Papa, just this moment I saw Maria Ferreira go out from here through the corridor and open the gate, (grated door). Being busy reading, I made some indifferent answer, and she went out into the kitchen to tell her mother of the occurrence, and in a few minutes afterwards both returned to the sitting-room and commented upon the matter.'"

"But the most interesting part of all this is, that on Friday morning, February 3d, a woman by the name of Maria Machado came to our house, who lives a neighbor to Maria Ferreira, and on inquiring after other acquaintances we mentioned her name. She replied that 'Maria Ferreira died last Sunday and was buried on Monday.' We asked her at what hour the lady died, and she said it was between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. Maria Ferreira was a friend of my daughter, and resided in the country some three miles or less distant from the city."

"Form your own judgment with respect to my narration, but with the assurance that it is a fact."

UNEXPECTED GUESTS.—A person worthy of all credence related to us the following: "Mr. N., a farmer, and resident of the town of — in this State, is in the habit of celebrating St. John's day every year."

"On the last occasion, at about midnight, while all were assembled in the parlor listening attentively to a piece of music being performed on an organ, it happened that at its termination loud applause were heard at the street door, and the words, 'Bravos! bravo!' (bravos very good) were distinctly enunciated, followed by boisterous laughter, which retired little by little toward the neighboring hills, resembling somewhat the braying of a mule."

"Supposing that the noise and applause proceeded from friendly neighbors who had come to take part in the festivities, all were ready to receive gladly the new guests; but having waited in vain for them to present themselves, those inside went out, and though they searched the yard and all the vicinity of the house, they found no one."

"The same music was repeated on the organ, followed by the same applause, etc., as before, which gave place to a more rigorous search than ever."

"Perplexed, and believing themselves to be the victims of a very poor joke, and more than anxious to give the author or authors of the same a lesson which they would remember, Mr. N. armed himself with a cudgel, and taking two men equally armed he arranged with the performer that at a signal given he should suddenly cease playing; then, stationing himself by the door with his hand on the door-knob, he waited. The signal given, Mr. N. opened the door suddenly, and what was their surprise and terror to hear the voices sounding in the air over their heads and close to them."

"This fact can be corroborated by dozens of persons still living; the result was that Mr. N. sold the organ and

never thereafter did he celebrate St. John's day."

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The editor of the *Revue Spirite* received the following letter from Lisbon, under date of April 22nd last:

"I have the honor of sending you two photographic proofs, obtained on the 12th and 13th of the present month, at 10 o'clock in the evening, at the residence of my friend, Mr. Albert Bossolo, a medium. As we had endeavored, in accordance with instructions of the medium's guide, to obtain materializations and had not succeeded, the same spirit advised us to make the trial at night, and at our third sitting our efforts were crowned with success."

"The spirit, whom the photographs represent, says that her name is Katy, and it was she who gave us the instructions of all the minutia to be observed in our sittings."

"There were present at the first session the medium's mother, sitting on the left, and his wife on the right, and the medium counted the three seconds indicated by the spirit as the time necessary for taking the pictures. I stood a little back of the camera with a magnesium light in my hand. A kerosene lamp and a lighted candle also illuminated the room."

"The plate was placed in the developing bath immediately after the 'pose,' still following the directions of Katy."

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away from the theater. They lived in the back room of an old brick house. The widow, Trember, looked out into a brick yard, cluttered with refuse and decaying snow-drifts. The room was sickly, with a heavy odor, as of food and sickness, and I know not what. At first I could hardly see in the dim light. Then I made out a table, a few chairs, a little stove, nursing a disordered fire, and, in the corner, a bed. It was a bed full of tumbled clothes and pillows, and somewhere in the welter of blankets, linen and feathers, lay the old man. His face looked out, with the unrelenting whiteness of Plutonian face. His eyes seemed merely blurs of charcoal. He looked at me without speaking or smiling.

"Merry Christmas, old hero," said his wife, with a note of gaiety in her poor, old voice, and then to me she whispered, "He does not understand much now. He has been ill so long, and he is getting old."

HINDOO MAGIC.

Its Wonders Vividly Portrayed.

THE EARTHEN DISH—IT DISAPPEARS—THE MANGO FEAT—THE YOGHI.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The *Arena* for December has an article on the above subject by Heinrich Hensoldt, who claims that he writes from the knowledge gained by his own personal observation. The statements made are so bizarre and wonderful, one is in doubt if the author is sincere, or attempting to gauge the credulity of his readers. The advisability of an author's putting forth such statements as facts rests with himself. There has been a growing belief in the value of the mysteries of Indian jugglery, fostered by Theosophy. The retirement to a cave, or the shade of a banyan tree, and years of contemplation of the abdomen, is thought more conducive to knowledge than the experimental research of the West. It is a resurrection of an obsolete method, one which has in the past ages of its prime proved to be utterly worthless and misleading.

The *Arena* gained a great deal of notice and free advertising by the publication of the prophecies of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, which were of the usual blood-and-thunder sort. The reiteration of the walls of Jerusalem; wars, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, and a turning back of the Atlantic coast into the Alleghany mountains in a way that made one's flesh creep and each hair of his head stand on end.

The only remarkable thing about this prophecy is that not a word of it has yet come true, nor is it possible for the geological part to be fulfilled. The enlightened smiled in pity, the ignorant trembled in fear, and the whole matter was cast into the rubbish of weather predictions.

Let us present some examples of the facts Mr. Hensoldt seriously presents. He says: "Their tricks give one at once the impression that some totally different principle is at work behind them than the mere legerdom or substitutive trickery of the western specialists."

"For instance, a Fakir will take a large earthen dish, pour into it about a gallon of water, and hold it steadily in his left hand, the other hand being raised to his forehead. Then the vessel will diminish in size while you look on, growing smaller and smaller, so that at last it would take a magnifying glass to recognize it. Then it disappears completely. This will occupy about a minute and a half. Suddenly you see again a tiny brown object, not bigger than a sand-grain; this enlarges in the most inexplicable manner, till, at the end of another minute, the original dish, a foot in diameter, filled with water to the brim, and weighing at least fifteen pounds, is before you. (I have seen this trick performed several times, and on one occasion was so near as to be almost in contact with the Fakir.)"

More marvelous still is what he saw performed by the Yoghi, a higher order of Fakirs. He says he shall never forget the day and the state of his feelings, and one would think he never would. "It was at Agra, then, that I first witnessed the mango feat, and I cannot do better than describe how I saw it performed. In the centre of one of the largest squares in Agra a Yoghi planted a mango. There were present about two hundred and fifty or three hundred people, forming a large circle of about eighty yards in diameter. In the center stood the Yoghi. Some of the on-lookers were, of course, much nearer to him than others, and he seemed to have no objection if people came within ten or fifteen yards of him, but the average distance kept by the spectators was, I dare say, forty yards. Most of my readers will know what a mango is; for the benefit of the few who may not, I will say that it is an edible tropical fruit, about the size of a large pear, growing on a tree which reaches a height of from forty to one hundred and twenty feet."

"The Yoghi dug a hole in the ground, about six inches deep, placed the mango in it, and covered it with earth. I now expected to see a modification of a well-known trick practiced by some of our Western conjurers. The performer plants a bean or pea in a flower pot, containing quicklime at the bottom, covered with earth. The bean has been previously soaked in warm water for several days, and is on the point of germinating. Then, by pouring in enough water to reach the quicklime, the earth is warmed to such an extent that the germ is driven out in a few minutes, forcing its way upwards through the soil, and reaching a height of several inches in less than half an hour. This will astonish all those who are not acquainted with the wonders of plant life."

"Well, I expected to see something of this sort exhibited by the Yoghi. I expected to behold the tiny shoot of a mango, creeping slowly out of the soil, unfolding its leaves and reaching a height of, perhaps, six or eight inches. Instead of this I was startled to see in the air, above the spot where the mango had been buried, the form of a large tree,—at first rather indistinctly, presenting, as it were, more hazy outlines;

but becoming visibly more distinct, until at length there stood as natural a tree as ever I had seen in my life—a mango tree, about fifty feet high, and in full foliage, with mangoes on it. "All this happened within five minutes of the burying of the fruit. It may have been three minutes till I saw the tree, but as I had been at first looking intently at the spot where the mango was planted, the apparition may have been there even sooner. I was so intensely surprised at what I beheld that I could hardly realize the fact that I was not dreaming. There stood a tree, I all intents and purposes as natural as any tree could be, appeared to human eyes, a huge tree, with a stem at least two feet thick. And yet there was something strange about this tree—something unearthly, something grotesque. There was a weird rigidity about it, not one leaf moving in the breeze; it stood there as if carved out of some hard solid, like the obelisk in Central Park. Another curious feature I noticed—the leaves seemed to obscure the sun's rays, and yet I could not detect a particle of shade; it was a tree without a shadow."

"But the most amazing thing of all was this: after having gazed at it for about two or three minutes, I slowly approached it, wishing to make a closer examination of the stem, and, if possible, to secure some of the leaves. Now, in proportion as I drew near, the tree seemed to lose its distinctness; its outlines became blurred and faded, so that I had to strain my eyes to retain the impression of its form, until, when about ten yards from the supposed stem, the apparition had completely vanished. Only the Yoghi stood there, and he smiled as he caught my eye, but his look was such as I shall not easily forget. And my surprise did not end here, for no sooner had I commenced retracing my steps, than the outlines of the tree appeared once more, growing more distinct with every step till, at last, when reaching the spot where I had originally stood, it had resumed the same marvelous reality."

To strengthen this story the author adds another which probably on the principle that it is so much more incredible than the other, the first will be received. In the Himalayas he saw this cunning feat, by one of the greatest Yoghis, and it is not surprising that he writes: "I am almost afraid to record this experience, as it may be deemed utterly incredible. The mango tree which this Fakir produced did not vanish in proportion as I approached it, but retained its full realism, and I not only touched it, but actually CLIMBED SEVERAL FEET UP its stem."

"But this is surpassed by the rope feat, which the author saw on four different occasions, and every time his belief strengthened until his doubts seem to have entirely given away. "Western philosophy has not yet furnished anything like an explanation," he says triumphantly. No, there are things that philosophy is not called on to explain. "A Yoghi, after having addressed a large assemblage of people and preached one of the most impressive sermons I ever listened to, took a rope about fifteen feet long, and perhaps an inch thick. One end of this rope he held in his left hand, while with his right he threw the other end up in the air. The rope, instead of coming down again, remained suspended, even after the Yoghi had remounted his other hand, and it seemed to have become as rigid as a pillar. Then the Yoghi seized it with both hands, and to my utter amazement, CLIMBED UP this rope, suspended all the time, in defiance of gravity, with the lower end at least five feet from the ground. And in proportion as he climbed up it seemed as if the rope was lengthening out indefinitely above him and disappearing beneath him, for he kept on climbing till he was fairly out of sight, and the last I could distinguish was his white turban and a piece of his never-ending rope. Then my eyes could endure the glare of the sky no longer, and when I looked again he was gone."

The sincerity of M. Hensoldt is not in question, for he believes in his senses, and the honesty of the fakirs, a caste that has for thousands of years supported itself by imposition and the credulity of the people. "What did he see?" is the question—not what he thought he saw. There is an instrument that cannot be hypnotized, and always records what is before it. If some one would take views of the performance, three or four a minute from the planting of the mango seed to the time M. Hensoldt climbed it, or of the rope feat, then we would be able to see just what was done, and how it was done."

Will not some of the readers of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* in India, who have the opportunity, bring the Kodak or camera to the investigation, and report the results. They would thus, furnish a most interesting chapter in the study of these feats which have called forth argument and ridicule, and positively and forever show their real value."

Now for Abuse. Another priest—one of "Father McGlynn's" former assistants—has left the Romish Church and become a Protestant. It will now be in order for the Romish cohorts to abuse, malign and persecute him—that is the way the old church ever serves those who desert her fold. They may be fit for sainthood while in her communion; but let them turn their backs upon the church, and forthwith they are vilified and treated as moral and religious monsters. W.

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away from the theater. They lived in the back room of an old brick house. The widow, Trember, looked out into a brick yard, cluttered with refuse and decaying snow-drifts. The room was sickly, with a heavy odor, as of food and sickness, and I know not what. At first I could hardly see in the dim light. Then I made out a table, a few chairs, a little stove, nursing a disordered fire, and, in the corner, a bed. It was a bed full of tumbled clothes and pillows, and somewhere in the welter of blankets, linen and feathers, lay the old man. His face looked out, with the unrelenting whiteness of Plutonian face. His eyes seemed merely blurs of charcoal. He looked at me without speaking or smiling.

"Merry Christmas, old hero," said his wife, with a note of gaiety in her poor, old voice, and then to me she whispered, "He does not understand much now. He has been ill so long, and he is getting old."

"I know it was a Christmas morning. Had not the manager announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will please remember there is a matinee this afternoon at 2 o'clock." The fairies and peasant girls slipped on their cloaks and went away listlessly, grumbling at the extra matinee. The scene-shifters and stage-hands cracked a joke or two as they went out. In the street the snow was flying about like so much paper. It is odd, by the way, what a trick of imitating stage effects real things have. The air was crisp, with an undue measure of cold in it, and even the snow seemed to have lost their warmth. I paused at the stage entrance a moment before going out, and my dresser came up hesitatingly and touched me on the arm. She was a yellowish, dried little woman. Years ago—it must have been a great many years ago—she was an opera singer. Lights, illusions, flowers, elation, triumphs, the subtle charm of public praise—real and delicious as a lover's breath on your cheek—she had known all these once upon a time. The flowers faded and the illusions vanished long ago.

"What is it?" I asked. "If you would do me a favor," she said, her hand still on my arm, and her voice trembling slightly, "ah, if you would do me a favor. If you would come home with me now and sing one song for him—one song to make him a Christmas."

"For him?" I asked, "who is he, and what in the world does he want with a song?"

HER CHRISTMAS SONG.

How Lillian Russell Once Celebrated the Day.

SHE SANG TO A DYING MAN—TOUCHING STORY OF A KINDLY DEED, AS TOLD BY THE QUEEN OF COMIC OPERA—WITH THE SONG OF SERPOLETTE SHE CELEBRATED THE LAST MOMENTS OF AN OLD MUSICIAN.

Now and again, fitfully across the dancing footlights, I see the ghost of an old Christmas, writes Lillian Russell in the Washington Post. Now and again, amid the laughing riot of new music, I hear the lilt of an old song.

I know it was a Christmas morning. Had not the manager announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will please remember there is a matinee this afternoon at 2 o'clock." The fairies and peasant girls slipped on their cloaks and went away listlessly, grumbling at the extra matinee. The scene-shifters and stage-hands cracked a joke or two as they went out. In the street the snow was flying about like so much paper. It is odd, by the way, what a trick of imitating stage effects real things have. The air was crisp, with an undue measure of cold in it, and even the snow seemed to have lost their warmth. I paused at the stage entrance a moment before going out, and my dresser came up hesitatingly and touched me on the arm. She was a yellowish, dried little woman. Years ago—it must have been a great many years ago—she was an opera singer. Lights, illusions, flowers, elation, triumphs, the subtle charm of public praise—real and delicious as a lover's breath on your cheek—she had known all these once upon a time. The flowers faded and the illusions vanished long ago.

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"For him?" I asked, "who is he, and what in the world does he want with a song?"

"I have told you, but you have forgotten," she said. "He is only my husband now. Once, but that was long ago, he was Blenner. You do not know? See how we are forgotten. He wrote so many songs. Every one sang them names. Is it not sad? His fame is dead, his life is dead, and he lives on. You should have seen him when he was young and rich and famous; when lovers won their sweethearts by singing his songs; when he was king of the land of music."

"And I," the old woman went on, pride shining in her eyes, "was I not famous, too? He loved me the first night he saw me. It was in 'Les Chloches de Corneville

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street

J. H. Francis, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter

Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, on the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year	\$1.00
Six months	.60
Three months	.35
Single copy	5c

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SATURDAY, JAN. 6 1904

The Agnostic—Honesty in Belief.

The term Agnostic, which has recently come into very general use, is derived from two Greek words, *gnostikos*, knowing, and the prefix *a*, equivalent to not, which reverses the meaning of the first word and makes it NOT KNOWING. The word was coined by Prof. Huxley, and is applied to all that large class of persons who claim to have no knowledge of a personal God. They neither assert nor deny the existence of such a Being. They hold that the mind of man is limited to reasoning from effect to cause; that the infinite, the absolute, and the unconditioned are beyond all experience, therefore beyond the range of human thought. Many Spiritualists occupy this position.

Agnosticism is accepted by another class, who, while not denying the doctrine of immortality, claim they have not sufficient evidence on which to base an opinion, so they choose to be silent—a position which is very commendable. Belief is not a creature of the will. It is predicated on evidence. If the proof is not convincing, no person has a basis on which to form an opinion. What is conclusive to one mind is very unsatisfactory to another. Twelve men in a jury-box, each listening to the same evidence, arrive at different conclusions, and were no compromise made each would render a different verdict.

A large number of Christian denominations base their belief on the teachings of the Bible; but they have come to a thousand different conclusions, and have divided into nearly as many sects. If all weighed evidence alike, and read the same texts, they would be a unit in thought.

Spiritualists have evidence that is satisfactory to them that there is no death; that what men call death is a change—a new birth from the mortal to the immortal; but they have no prompting to force this belief on others—neither have they any censures for those who cannot adopt their faith. They tolerate every shade of thought, and only war on those who teach dishonoring dogmas in regard to the extension of sin and wretchedness into the future life, and its eternal protraction.

Instead of denouncing a person for being an Agnostic or an Atheist, he should be complimented for honesty. It is easy to pretend belief, to play the hypocrite, and move along with the multitude; but it requires bravery and great personal character to face a frowning world. The late Rev. Philip Brooks never uttered more praiseworthy words than when he said:

"I honor the skeptic who is honest. I honor the man who says, 'I will not believe until my soul has evidence to make me believe.'"

Not Too Strongly.

The city dailies seem impressed with the idea that Dr. Bayard Holmes was beside himself in a lecture he gave in Lake Forest University the other day, on the "Sweating System," when he said:

"If the Lord Jesus Christ came to earth today with a million dollars, and attempted to run a clothing establishment in Chicago on his principles, he would be driven out of business inside of one year."

Instead of putting the case too strongly, as the papers say, if the great teacher should practice the same system of economics accredited to him while on earth, he would not be able to maintain business a single month on a capital of only one million. "Take no thought for tomorrow," would wreck the largest business house in the world in a very short time. "Lay not up treasures on earth," cannot be adopted as a motto by commercial men. "Ask and ye shall receive," carried into practice, would soon bankrupt the proprietors. "If they take away thy coat, let them have thy cloak also," is instruction to the unthrifty to help themselves. This seems the "principle" which Dr. Holmes, though orthodox, probably had in mind when he was discoursing to students in the classroom of the University.

Is It Inspiration?

Rev. M. W. Chinn, of Luvern, Minn., in a recent address which has fallen under our observation, says: "Often when I am writing an address a thought comes to me—I cannot tell from what source—which strikes me so forcibly that I have to jump up and walk across the floor two or three times before committing it to paper."

Mr. C. probably thought this habit peculiar to himself; on the contrary, it is believed to be common to all writers, and few really know the source from whence it comes. Thomas Paine, in his "Age of Reason," says:

"There are two distinct classes of thoughts; those we produce in ourselves, by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat these voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I am able, if they were worth entertaining. It is from them I have acquired almost all the knowledge I have."

Mrs. Hungerford, in "The Duchess," says:

"To force the mind is bad business. What comes spontaneously is of untold value. It is always fresh, always the best the writer is capable of. Those unsolicited outbursts of the mind are as the sprays sent heavenward at times by a calm and sunbeaming ocean—a promise of the power that reigns in the most quiet breast."

This idea is not wholly a modern one. Philo, writing as early as the fore part of the first century, says:

"I will not be ashamed to relate what has happened to me a thousand times. Often when I have come to write out the doctrines of philosophy, though I well knew what I ought to say, I have found my mind dry and barren, and renounced the task in despair. At other times, though I came empty, I was suddenly filled with thoughts showered upon me from above like snowflakes or seed, so that in the heat of divine possession I knew not the place, or the company, or myself, what I said or what I wrote."

The Danger Imminent.

The Catholics, under the direction of Cardinal Gibbons, were lately agitating in Baltimore for a division of school funds among Protestants and Catholics alike. They propose to go before the State Legislature of Maryland when that body convenes in January, and press their demands for all they are worth. They flooded that region with circulars, telling of their great love of education, but insisting it should rest on a religious basis. The Jesuit was at the bottom of that movement. He found he was not strong enough to carry the measure singly, so he pretended great love for his Protestant brother, and urged him to engage with him in crushing the "godless schools." And there are Protestants who have forgotten, or are ignorant of, the persecutions their ancestors suffered from Catholicism, and were ready to join hands with their mortal enemy, not having foresight to discern that every movement in the direction indicated would lead to their own enslavement.

Jesuitism was called into being to suppress the Reformation. The principles of the order are the same as three hundred years ago; but they have changed their tactics, hoping thereby to gain their ends. They are the leaders in the head and front of American Catholicism, and were directing in this effort to crush our common schools, because intelligence is incompatible with their restoration to place and power. If they should gain a foothold in Maryland they would advance with their organized cohorts, on other States; and these would fall, one by one, and finally the Republic itself would become a prey to popish misrule. The enemy of liberty is tireless; he never sleeps.

Boycott the Boycotters.

If Catholics wish to try the virtues of the boycott in extending their principles, it will be well to show them the workings of the measure by practical application to themselves. The attempt so crush Mr. Smith, the baker, at Kansas City, because he advertises in an A. C. T. paper, shows the dominating character of Jesuitism; and it must be met in a way to be effective. Protestants and all others should join hands to boycott the boycotters. Let the editor of *The Western Cross* and his sympathizers feel the effect of that method of warfare, by ceasing all business and social relations with them. Deny them the common amenities of society, and let them remain as "heathen" in the community.

Art Museum Open on Sunday.

It gives us real pleasure to announce that the Chicago Art Museum, with its great wealth of exhibits, besides being open each weekday, is open to the public from 1 to 5 P. M. on Sundays, free of charge. On week days the doors are opened at 9 o'clock, with an admission fee of 25 cents on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays; Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays free. The museum is located on the lake front, and will be one of the most popular as well as one of the most instructive of Chicago resorts. The Sunday attendance will be so large the trustees will be compelled to increase the hours. No one will be any more inclined to attend church because the doors of the Art Museum are closed during the hours of church service.

The Prayer Gauge.

The lamented Prof. Tyndall greatly distressed the religious world a few years ago by proposing his famous prayer gauge. He suggested that the patients in a hospital be divided into two classes of like diseases, and of equal severity; let each class be treated exactly alike medically, and have those who had confidence in the efficacy of prayer, exert their best efforts in appeals to heaven, and withhold their prayers from the other, and see which class made the best recovery.

Religionists treated the proposition as an insult. In doing so, did they not give positive evidence that they had no confidence in the healing virtues of prayer?

STARTLING REVELATION CREAMED AND URNED

Secrets of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Perhaps no story ever published has awakened more interest than the "Secrets of the Convent," as it ran through the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The demand for it was outspoken, and in a single week after it was announced to appear in book form enough copies had been subscribed for to insure its issue. The subscribers were not content to take one copy, but nearly all took five, many ten, and some even fifty, to distribute in missionary work. That there are 1,300 convents in the United States, behind the concealing walls of any one of which the horrible scenes depicted in the story may be daily enacted for aught the world knows, is enough to make a true American vow relentless warfare against institutions which menace our liberties. The narrative of priestly crime is paralleled by facts, and forms one of the most convincing arguments of the correctness of the position taken by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It shows the worthlessness of convent schools, and the folly of Protestant parents in sending their daughters to be the dupes of the Sisters, who receive their orders from the priests. In the great struggle now imminent between the powers of the Catholic church and free thought, this revelation—for it is more than a story—plays an important part, as presenting the subject in a form that at once takes possession of the mind and convinces it of its urgency.

Thousands of copies have gone out on their mission, and tens of thousands ought to follow. There can be no better investment for missionary work than in copies of this book for distribution. It is yet offered at the subscription price—25 cents, postpaid—or 5 copies for one dollar, postpaid, or by express for 10 cents each. The price of the bound copies, which was 50 cents, has been reduced to 30 cents, or 35 cents postpaid. Order the book, friends of liberty, and send them where you think they will do the most good. If you did not read the story in this paper, send for it and appreciate the rich treat you lost in not being one of its early subscribers.

For sale at this office, retail and wholesale.

The Investigator and Spiritualism.

From an editorial in the *Medium and Daybreak* we reproduce the following as to what, in the opinion of its editor, constitutes an investigator, and what real Spiritualism is. "The most important thing for the investigator of spiritual manifestations to observe, is the ultimate effect of his procedure upon the movement, mediums, and mankind at large. Like Dead Sea fruit, many things look fair to the sight, which when put to the test are hollow or full of dust and rottenness. The true investigator must, therefore, be a person of open and progressive mind, holding on to his schemes tentatively, ready to relinquish the evil that he meets with, and follow the good wherever it may lead him. It is the light within the mind, rather than the phenomena seen without, that constitutes the real Spiritualist. 'The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation.' It cannot be seen as an external thing. It is within and can only be apprehended by the eye of the spirit. On this account the manifestations appear in a very different light to the spiritual mind. It is only the man who has eyes to see that can see, either physically or spiritually. "These considerations constitute the burning question in Spiritualism today. Many mistake 'Spiritualism' for 'spirit manifestations.' Some one points to certain phenomena, and asks: 'Is that not Spiritualism?' Certainly these things are not Spiritualism, any more than a star is astronomy, or a piece of stone geology. Astronomy explains the nature of the star; geology, the nature of the stone; and Spiritualism, the nature of the manifestations—indeed, the nature of man as a spiritual being in all respects. These distinctions are almost universally overlooked; the distinction is now clearly indicated to prevent misapprehension."

A Jealous Spirit.

Light, of London, sets forth that a curious story has been going the round of the Continental journals. It was originally taken from an American paper by "L' Ettoile Belge," of August last, and appears to have caught the fancy of some of the Continental editors. The subject is a Mr. Baldwin, whose first wife died. He married again, and the apparition of the previous spouse manifested in a threatening manner to the one in the flesh. Matters became very serious, and the distracted husband very anxious. Soon, threats were in a way fulfilled, and the lady's arms were pinched till they were black and blue, by hands which no one saw. The torture became so acute that the tormented wife applied to the divorce court for relief, on the strength of these injuries. The relief sought was granted, and now two persons who adore each other are parted; as it turned out in evidence, the gentleman had sworn to his first wife, on her death-bed, never to marry again. The apparition first appeared only to the second wife, but latterly, to every one in the house. This scene is laid in Lanark, Ill., and the maiden name of the second wife is Teresa Cooper.

32,000! 32,000!

Our Christmas edition has just now reached 32,000! No other Spiritualist paper on this earth ever reached to such heights, as to quantity. This number will be sent to any address at the rate of ONE CENT per copy, when ten or more copies are ordered. It is worth at least one dollar.

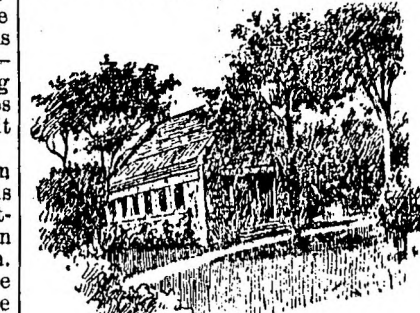
A subscriber writes as follows of the South Side Progressive Spiritual Society: "We mean to be the best society in Chicago. We shall have a first-class Lyceum, and a Ladies Auxiliary Society, as well as other branches for work. We are established to stay."

Carrying Out a Wife's Last Wishes at Graceland.

REDUCED TO ASHES IN EXACTLY NINETY MINUTES IN A WHITE-HEATED FURNACE.

For the second time since its completion the crematory of Graceland Cemetery was fired lately, and the body of a woman was reduced to ashes. For an hour and a half the fierce heat of a forced flame burned over the iron grate, and when the fire was extinguished, and the furnace doors opened, there remained only the white ashes to mark the end, for one human life, of all things earthly. As the fire was burning the husband of the woman stood before the furnace doors paying his last tribute of love in carrying out her often-expressed wish that her body should go to the flames instead of to the grave.

The process was a short and simple one. No services were held; no songs were sung. The superintendent of the cemetery was there to see that the orders were carried out by the three employees who were charged with the task. No one else was admitted to the room where the preparations were made or to

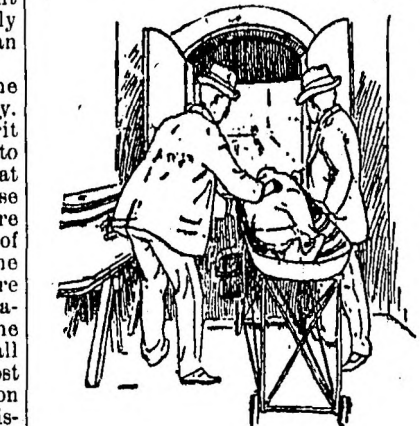


MORTUARY CHAPEL IN WHICH THE CREMATORY IS LOCATED.

see the doors of the furnace open to receive the heavy iron grate which served as a carrier from the cooling room outside to the flames within. Hardly a word was said from the moment the coffin was opened until the fires were drawn and the furnace opened to allow of its speedy cooling.

HER LAST WISHES RESPECTED.

The woman whose body was incinerated with thirty years old at the time of her death, was the wife of a citizen of Chicago. She died in Colorado last February, and the remains were brought to Chicago and taken to the receiving vaults of Graceland Cemetery. This action was prompted by the desire expressed by the woman before her death that her remains might be cremated. The long distance to the nearest crematory caused the husband to hesitate about having her wishes carried out. When the crematory at Graceland was completed and the first successful test made the husband concluded to investigate, and if he found the arrangements satisfactory, to carry out his own and his dead wife's designs. He paid a visit to Supt. Simon and was shown the apparatus and told of the experiments. He was satisfied and yesterday morning was selected as the time for carrying out the plans. The preparations began at 9 o'clock, when the coffin was taken from the receiving vault, where it had lain for the last nine months, to the room fronting the furnace. It rested on a wheeled truck made noiseless by the addition of rubber-tired wheels, and



PLACING THE BODY IN THE FURNACE.

beside it was the cradle, as the pan is called, which receives the body. The fires in the furnace were started under forced draft. At 10:30 o'clock the husband came by train from the city and, in the company of Supt. Simon, went to the crematory. The employees of the crematory were ready for the test. A vessel was filled with alum water to saturate the sheet with which the body was to be wrapped. The coffin in this instance was of copper, and the usual plan of putting it and the inclosing box in the furnace was abandoned. The count of the great heat required to melt the copper. In front of the furnace is a small room with tiled floor and walls of white, the connecting door of which was closed. In fifteen minutes all was in readiness and the door was opened.

THE PROCESS OF CREMATION.

Stretched out on the cradle was the body, wrapped in the gum-saturated sheet. The doors of the furnace were open, revealing a white heat, the cradle was rolled gently in on the bed of fire-bricks, the inner door of cold rolled steel was pulled down and the outer doors were closed and fastened. Then the fire was started again, under forced draft, caused by the introduction of steam, and the end had come. The fire burned fiercely, and all withdrew. The process of incineration requires an hour and a half. At 11 o'clock the fire was started afresh, and at 12:30 they were extinguished. Nothing remained but the ashes, weighing about six pounds, in the bottom of the cradle. It was 3 o'clock before the furnace had cooled sufficiently to permit the removal of the cradle, and then the ashes were carefully transferred to the urn.

From a small opening in the rear of the furnace the work of reduction by flames can be watched. Under the intense heat the remains were quickly consumed, until there remained only the skeleton. This required more time, and the flames swept over it with the force of a tornado until at the end the bones too, crumbled into dust. The draft carried off all gases and smoke, leaving nothing but the glare of the

flames to obstruct the view. There was nothing in the operation which was in the least objectionable to the sight; nothing which the friends would have considered unseemly.

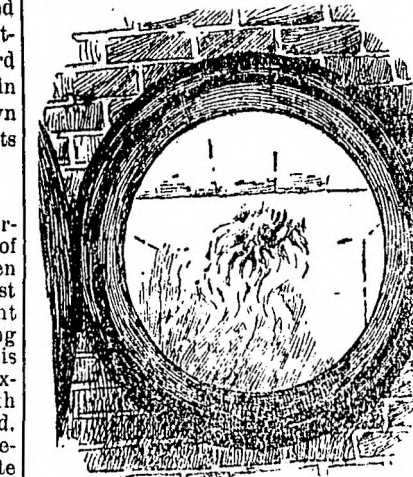
FULLY-EQUIPPED CREMATORY.

Graceland's crematory combines all the latest devices of the improved methods now in use. The directors of the cemetery association had the experience of the builders of the crematories of other cities to guide them. Two furnaces were put in the basement of the beautiful mortuary chapel, which occupies a prominent position almost in the center of the cemetery ground. The furnaces are incased in fire-brick walls, the front being of white enamel, to correspond with the white tiled floor and walls; all the woodwork is in polished oak. The apparatus consists of two combustible chambers, one above the other. The body to be cremated is rolled into the upper chamber after it has been raised to a high degree of heat, and a flame is forced on it from the back. It passes over the body and through an opening into the lower chamber, where there is a second flame, similar to the first, the purpose of which is to burn the gases arising from the incineration.

The cradle is made of cold-rolled steel, designed to prevent its becoming warped by the flames. So great is the heat, however, that even this will not last for any length of time, and it must be renewed from time to time. Coal and coke have been discarded for fuel oil, which makes a hotter fire than either of the other fuels and is much easier to handle. The oil comes from a tank in the rear of the chapel, and is conducted through pipes to the furnaces. Oil is also used for the heating of the chapel. Under the forced draft, a heat exceeding 2,000 deg. is produced. The oil is not crude petroleum, but has stood a test of 110 deg. before it is put in the tank. A solution of alum is used so that the clothing may not be burned off until the furnace doors are closed.

OTHER CREMATORIES.

The growth of the cremation idea has been wonderfully rapid. In many cases in the European countries the incineration of the dead has received the highest endorsements of the governments, while in the United States, crematories



THE BODY IN PROCESS OF INCINERATION.

have been established in many of the cities. Those built in the United States up to 1892 were seventeen in number, beginning with the one built in Washington, Pa., in 1876, and first used for the incineration of the body of the Baron de Palm in December of that year. These, in the order of their opening, were at Washington, Pa.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Fresh Pond, L. I.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Medical Department University of Pennsylvania; Los Angeles, Cal.; Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Louis, Germantown, Pa.; Quarantine Station, N. Y.; Baltimore, Md.; Troy, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Atlanta, Ga.; and Davenport, Ia. Chicago's crematory, that in Graceland Cemetery, was the last to be completed. While it is near a residence section there is nothing about it that can be found objectionable. There is no smoke from the chimneys connected with the furnaces and no noxious gases can escape.

The above from the *Chicago Tribune* illustrates the fact that Cremation is gaining a strong foothold in Chicago.

Ignorance and Silliness.

According to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* the Rev. M. C. Lockwood, the Wesley Avenue Baptist Church minister, claims that he is able to perform all the difficult feats shown by the Spiritualists and mediums now interesting the public. He has an apparatus which he uses in his "manifestations." He proposes in one night to give the "manifestations," and the following night to expose them to his audience. He has been practicing with a device for producing "slate-raps," "slate-writings," and other queer tricks, which he claims he can expose as well as play. He has been working for a good while on devices to carry out his ideas, and claims that he has about perfected them. He claims that he can perform all the tricks seen on the stage.

Now, we have no doubt that the Rev. Lockwood can, with his "apparatus" and his "device," produce "manifestations" that himself and his churchy dupes are silly enough to believe are the same as those produced through spiritual mediums; but it only shows the power of ignorance and prejudice to blind and mislead. Even though he may be able by the aid of apparatus and devices to imitate, after a manner, some of the spiritual manifestations, it would not prove that there are no genuine spirit phenomena; and there are very many things done that no apparatus nor device can imitate nor duplicate. For instance, we would like to see an apparatus or device for painting flowers and portraits between closely bound slates, carefully held in our own hands, after being thoroughly cleaned. To a well-informed Spiritualist these poor attempts to combat Spiritualism seem but a ridiculous "manifestation" of impotent ignorance and silliness; and for these traits there is no class that averages quite so high as the genuinely orthodox ministry when it sets out to "down Spiritualism."

Prayers—Religion.

The world has learned to think with Junius, that "prayers are not morality; neither is kneeling religion."

Mrs. Colby-Luther, eminent as an inspirational speaker, will lecture for the First Society of Spiritualists, South Side, No. 77 Thirty-first street, at 3 and 7:30 P. M., each Sunday during January.

The Father to His Sons.

The father, to impress on his sons the importance of united effort, placed a bundle of sticks, strongly corded, in their hands, and required each in turn to try his strength in breaking them. Failing, he removed the bands, and gave each a single one, which was easily broken. "While you remain faithful to each other, each for all and all for each," said the father, "you are invulnerable; singly and alone you are soon overcome by opposition, and become slaves of the united multitude."

Is not this a faithful illustration of Spiritualism? The church is banded together with hooks of steel. They have fought us from the beginning untidely, openly and secretly, and we have resisted them as best we could single handed, without organization. Our numbers have been constantly on the increase; but would not the advance have been more rapid had we been organized into tens, hundreds, and thousands, and these into legions, like the Roman army? A phalanx of such cohorts, well officered and disciplined, will be invincible on any moral battle field. Its members instead of being defeated and scattered, will rally around a common standard, and ensure certain victory.

The church is concentrating its forces, and uniting conflicting creeds under a common banner, to crush all opposition. It is enlisting secular governments in its service, and is endeavoring to make them auxiliary to its schemes of domination.

He who discourages unity of action in our ranks, or throws serious obstacles in the way of those who are laboring to organize for self-preservation, is doing the cause and the principles they champion a great wrong. Let us change front. Wherever ten trusty Spiritualists can be found, let them band together, work together, and in the end they will triumph together; our word for that.

The bond of brotherhood must be so broad as to repel no one, not even the honest inquirer who is in search of truth.

But—but, we say—organization must be accompanied by correct business methods, as well as correct principles. There must be nothing connected therewith that is secreted from the masses. The officers of any organization, from the greatest to the least, are acting in the capacity of servants, amenable at all times to those they serve, and as organization in the ranks of Spiritualism has often been tried and as often failed, it would be out of place to assert that any first attempt, by whoever controlled, would be all that is desired.

GEM OF AN ISSUE.

Your Paper—My Paper.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has just come to hand, and I must say that this number is a gem of an issue! In it we find all the religion that we need. It breathes the breath of life into our tired souls. It smells of the freshness of youth; and the poetry that is contained in Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture is worth more than the price of the paper a year.

The sound sense of your contributors makes one copy a feast for a whole week; nay, for months. Judge Rosecrans' "Musings" are delightful. Matthews always writes common-sense, and your items from all over the land are refreshing; and in conclusion, let me say that I have sat in the circles (some of them) of which E. T. Washburn writes, and you and your readers will find in them food for reflection, and thought, and also, if closely looked into, the matter that he sends will open up a new world to all deep thinkers.

The Old and New.

The Old year has passed away, and the New one made its advent, and that, too, under not very prosperous circumstances. Thousands were out of employment (and are still) and thousands more are being discharged from stores where the sales have fallen off in consequence of the lack of patronage. We are giving steady employment to ten persons, and they are always paid promptly for their services. We are able to do this from the patronage of our subscribers, which amounts to about two cents per week from each one.

We do not beg nor receive gifts, nor sell worthless bonds, but we do ask each of our present subscribers to promptly renew their subscriptions. In doing so, they get far more than the worth of their money, and at the same time their generous acts enable us to give employment to those who need it, a highly important matter at the present time.

A Remarkable Offer.

"The Witch of the Nineteenth Century" was a highly interesting story, running through eight numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. That story and the Christmas number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be sent free to all new trial or yearly subscribers. Trial subscriber, thirteen weeks, 25 cents; one year \$1.00. The Christmas number was worth, itself, one dollar to every reflective mind. Call your neighbor's attention to the paper, and get him to subscribe.

Two ladies, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Snyder, of South Chicago, have taken an active part in establishing a Spiritualist meeting there at Centennial Hall, 9212 Commercial avenue.

Whose loves law dies either mad or poor.—Middleton.

Church Decadence.

Dr. Briggs, of heresy fame, has a long and well written paper in *The Forum* of late date, on "The Alienation of Christ and People," in which he states the case as fairly as could be expected from one in his position, he having seen from his standpoint, as a scholarly critic, a few of the dismal failings of the church; but, like his contemporary, Dr. Strong, author of the "New Era," he still believes in the validity of Christianity as the best system of religion. He says:

"The church is a divine institution in the midst of the world, with a ministry commissioned by Christ and sacraments appointed by Christ, and is endowed by the holy spirit."

In this he does not differ from other sectarians, for every one of them thinks that if their way were adopted, everything would be right; and he (Briggs) believes as much in the authority of the church as the pope of Rome does; but it is the Presbyterian church with Briggs instead of Calvin; and he thinks that the failure of the church lies in the abuse, and not the use, of her authority.

We are of those who repudiate all authority or domination in religion, and think that every individual soul should be free to aspire to divine goodness in its own way, and entertain spiritual inspiration through its own intuitions, without the interference of any man or set of men.

There is no more dangerous, or insidious element than the "divine" authority which Dr. Briggs still vehemently claims for the Church; and with all due respect for the apparent advance he has made and the sufferings he has endured from the domination of others, we feel it to be our duty to testify against all such "divine" authority as he entertains, as being the cause of all the persecutions and bloodshed with which the Christian Church has been chargeable during all the Christian centuries; and Dr. Briggs need not flatter himself that the people who have become alienated from the church will ever again submit to her domination, even though modeled to suit his ideas.

Ecclesiasticalism has become a stench in the nostrils of all freethinking men, and freedom from sacerdotal authority is a boon that will never again be surrendered. When the Christ said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," he understood what he was saying, and now we begin to understand it, too, sorely against the wish of many of the clergy, all of whom are lovers of authority, and who to a great soul seems so sweet as freedom from superstitious ecclesiastical authority.

It is said of Martin Luther, that he never felt free until he was excommunicated. It would have been better for Dr. Briggs if the same thing had happened to him long ago, because, instead of trying to reform or reconstruct an establishment pregnant with the elements of its own destruction, he might have been an active worker in the cause of human freedom, to which he may yet be forced by the obstinacy of the sacred sacerdotalty before which he has begun to fall.

The voice from heaven said: "Come out of her my people that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." This is the only sure retreat for those who are censured for searching after truth; and, we now advise all to free themselves at once from the servile wisdom that promises to do their thinking and praying to save their souls while they pocket their money and hold them in the bonds of superstition, calling it truth and duty. Think and act for yourselves, as you have to answer for yourselves, in the great hereafter.

A New Church.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *Truthseeker* tells of the organization in that city of a new church called Archemans. Why so-called, he does not enlighten his readers. *Arche* in Greek signifies beginning; perhaps the idea is "Beginners." The object of the church, he tells us, is to give eternal principles precedence over debatable theories and dogmas; that deeds are placed above creeds; acts above professions. The doors of the church are open alike to Atheists and Theists, Agnostics and Spiritualists, to Pantheists, Theosophists, Christians and Jews. They teach that religion is doing, not believing; that heaven is earned, not hired. Its religion is to do good; its gospel is intelligence, industry and integrity; its message to mankind is: Do your duty. It is an industrious and economic body, asking for more work and less talk. Success to the "Universal Church of the Archemans," is the wish of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Depew and the Pope.

The semi-Romanized news agencies have been sending out to the daily press of the world an account of a visit by railway magnate Depew to the Pope. Mr. Depew did not have to kiss the Pope's holy toe, but from the fulsome adulation he bestows upon the



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

The spiritual movement in Europe is assuming alarming proportions, especially to all those bitter enemies, the Roman Catholics; it is spreading like the broad sunlight of eternal day to the remotest parts of the earth.

The little town of Charleroi, in the province of Hainault, has a window-smashing spook, who has been amusing itself smashing the skylight in the office of a money-changer. The police are busy trying to capture this spookship. While they wait, the premises, the stone-throwing goes merrily on, often coming in unaccountably close proximity to the nasal organs of the "cops."

A new spiritual society has recently been formed in London, England, but Light forgets to mention the name of the new-born. Despite the "bad times," the old wheel of progress still revolves.

L. P. Scofield, secretary, writes that the Progressive Society of Spiritualists and Materialists, of South Haven, Mich., assembled at their usual place of meeting on December 17 to carry out the program of the jubilee meeting, as far as possible. The attendance was full, and every one entered into the exercises with great zeal, and consequently had a very interesting time, and every one was happy. The exercises lasted about three hours; and yet no one seemed to be weary.

C. E. Dent, president, writes that the society of Vicksburg, Mich., held jubilee exercises, there being a good attendance. Mr. Dent and Mr. Blanchard, of Grand Rapids, made addresses. Mrs. Roe read a poem and furnished music. On Sunday, December 24, Mrs. Emma Blake and Mrs. Henry G. Dykhouse, both of Grand Rapids, gave many and satisfactory tests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Nagell, mediums and magnetic healers, closed their two-months' engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists, Wash., December 15. Many were convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. A final farewell reception was accorded them on the 7th, at which they received many tokens of endorsement. Their next move will be to California, where they expect to open a Magnetic Hospital.

A Magnetic Society has been formed in France, and is organizing a practical School of Magnetism, in which all branches of the art of healing by this method will be systematically taught by properly-qualified professors and practitioners. The instructions will be both theoretical and practical. The first will comprehend lessons in descriptive anatomy, physiology, the history of magnetism, and magnetic therapeutics, together with lectures on chemistry, hygiene, psychology, morals and Spiritualism. Fifteen lessons in experimental magnetism and a hundred in classics, will constitute the practical training. Special examinations are to be held at the end of each year, and degrees or diplomas issued to those who succeed in passing them. This would be practical if the art of healing depended upon the science of manipulation and mere animal magnetism, but where it is possessed as a special gift through a band of highly-educated spirits, by an illiterate being, in a miraculous degree, all the diplomas in the world would be of little effect, except to loosen the reins of college-bred mediocres, who seek the legislative halls for assistance to monopolize the art. "Our guides" must necessarily have something to say in this respect, or the magnetist art will be a failure. Education as to the anatomical and physiological structure is all right, but let us do away with all the far-fetched show in the art, and fight the unconstituted attempts on our rights.

Mrs. N. N. Hunt, President of the Woman's Progressive Union, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: We desire to state a few facts relative to the affairs of our Union; also to correct errors made by a reporter. We would say, first, that we are progressive. We do not seek novelty; we are incorporated body; have been organized over four years; have purchased a lot to build a Spiritual Temple; have sufficient guarantees to build the foundation; have presided over our own deliberations, and so far as I know, will continue to do so. We endeavor to mind our own business, and would have others attend to theirs. We are trying to assist the poor to the extent of our ability. Mrs. Matteson having donated her place to establish a soup-house, and the members of the Union combined with those of the Spiritual Society are assisting in the good work. I would say further, that the corner-stone of our structure will be dedicated to LOVE, TRUTH, the foundation, and SPIRITUALITY the superstructure. If any gentleman or lady desires to assist us in our efforts, they will receive the heartfelt thanks of the members of our Union.

A local paper of Pittsburg, Kansas, states: "Last Sunday was a red letter day for the Spiritualists of Pittsburg. They, in common with their co-workers throughout the country, celebrated the founding of the National organization at Chicago during the World's Fair, under circumstances that gave them great encouragement. The meetings both afternoon and evening were well attended, and the exercises were both interesting and instructive. The Rev. M. Theresa Allen, of the Liberal Institute, was the leading spirit and imparted to them a fervor and beauty that will make them memorable."

Ole Beardale, "from Norway, now an American," writes to express his appreciation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

O. Z. Skinner writes that the people of Durand, Wis., were recently favored with the services of Rev. Allen E. Brown, who proved himself possessed of excellent powers as an inspirational lecturer and psychometrist. He is expected to come again this winter, and assist in organizing a society.

Mrs. Nellie Phillips Raleigh writes that twenty persons met at the home of Mrs. Hinkley, in Paw Paw, Mich., on Jubilee Day, had a picnic dinner, and in the evening music, addresses by mediums, an invocation and poem by Mrs. Raleigh, and poem and benediction by the guides of Mrs. Emma Bathwick.

Mrs. Colby Luther will lecture at No. 31st street during the month of January. She is popular as a lecturer and should draw crowded houses.

Somewhat over three years ago, writes Mrs. A. M. Farnsworth, about a dozen progressive minds met at the home of one of the number, to discuss the feasibility of organizing a society. Encouraged by assurances "from the other side," and fortified by their own resolution, although few in number and surrounded with adverse influences, they duly announced their little band as the First Spiritual Society of Owosso, Mich. The city papers alluded to the society as "eccentric" and applied other epithets of similar character, but the society stood firmly by its colors, and now comprises fifty members, and has gained respectful mention even from those who do not accept Spiritualism. A charter has been procured from the National Association for the purpose of general union of effort with Spiritualists. A "jubilee" was held, as recommended by the National organization. Mrs. Martha E. Root, of Bay City, who has rendered effective service in the present and took a leading part in the jubilee exercises, which were of varied character, and enjoyed with great satisfaction. The result shows what might be done in other places by a little determined effort.

J. C. Stouffer writes from Cottage Grove, Oregon, that Ben M. Barney and Mrs. Barney visited that place and remained two weeks, lecturing, giving tests, etc., with great success, making many friends, securing good audiences and awakening a great interest among liberal-minded citizens, in the face of a most determined opposition by the church people. There had been but three families of avowed Spiritualists; a society has been organized with thirty members, and Mr. Barney has promised to visit them once a month during the winter. Mrs. Barney is an accomplished musician and is of great assistance in their public meetings.

Wp. H. Lewis writes that the St. Lawrence County (Ill.) Progressive Association was organized Mar. 20, 1892, and has had for speakers, from time to time, Mr. Lucius Colburn, Carrie Twining and Mrs. Nickerson. The National Spiritual Jubilee was celebrated with readings, recitations and music. Mr. L. Colburn, a good trance speaker and test medium, gave the principal address, closing with a beautiful poem. Master Llewellyn P. Lewis recited the poem by "Quina."

In reply to an inquirer concerning the man who was to have been buried alive, and after some weeks taken up and revived, we will state that it did not take place.

G. T. Howell writes from San Francisco of attending a seance by Mrs. Fitch. Spirit forms appeared, plain and distinct, in full daylight, among others his three children appeared and conversed with himself and wife, giving their respective names, ages, and other tokens of recognition—himself and wife being strangers to every one in the circle. Others had equally good tests.

Dr. J. C. Hennessey, of South Butte, Montana, writes that owing to unfavorable conditions during his two years of sickness, his wife lost much of her domestic gifts, but recently, under more favorable circumstances a new gift has come to her, such as Mrs. Cushman, of Boston, Mass., has. He has placed a guitar in her left hand, and a banjo in her right, with his head down on the floor; and while he played another banjo, the two instruments played an accompaniment. Also he got a slaty message from his mother—the slaty lying on the floor.

Miss Clara M. Gamp will treat cases of obsession, and will answer calls from a distance. Address Box 171, Eden Center, Erie county, N. Y.

John L. Moore, J. P., writes: "The article on Christ in the Christmas number is a stunner, the reading of which may open the eyes of some; but the died-in-the-wool Christians will read about as much as a piece of flint, or drop the paper like a piece of fire, or of such a kingdom of heaven; at least they think so. I know all about it; I have been there."

Joseph Wolf writes: "I like the PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am astonished at your ability to print so good a paper at so small a price."

Dr. H. A. Cross writes: "The exposure of Spiritualism, as presented in the address prepared by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, for presentation at the World's Parliament of Religions, is, in my opinion, an exceedingly interesting and well prepared address, calculated to interest many outside the ranks of Spiritualists, without in any way exciting animosity or resentment, and I believe will result in much good. If that address could be published in book or pamphlet form, with good selections of reports of seances of the various phases setting forth the phenomena of communication between the spirit and mortal plane, it would make most invaluable campaign literature."

Mr. James Robertson, president of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, has been stirring up the skeptics and cowards by his highly inspirational lectures at Marylebone, W. Eng. Mrs. J. M. Smith, a praiseworthy psychometrist, has been holding forth at the same place for some time, giving short addresses and readings. This takes in England as well as in America.

Smith is causing a great revival among the Spiritualists of Rockford. He is open to engagements. His address is in care of Josiah S. Tilden, 1305 South West street, South Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. O. H. Soule, secretary, writes of Frank T. Ripley's good work with the Spiritual Society of Tonia, Mich., during December. "Jubilee Day" programme was carried out in full, with songs, short addresses, etc. Mrs. King opened, giving her ideas as to the way Spiritualists should live; the Jubilee Poem was read by Mr. C. Warren; Miss Annie Fanning gave the Christmas Carol. The secretary made some remarks concerning the need of organizations and becoming charter members, which were favorably received; the full amount was raised to get a charter, and thirteen new names were added to the society. Full houses greeted the lecturer, and the tests were well recognized.

A book has just been published in Bahia, Brazil, by Senhor Marbema Lig-naga, entitled "The Three Doctrines."

Which of the three will be most acceptable?" containing the Roman Catholic, for the ecclesiastical secretary of the Archbishop of Bavaria; the Protestant by the leading Protestant minister of that city, and the Spiritual by Dr. Francisco de Menla Diasa Cruz, president of the Brazilian Spiritualist Federation. A sort of comparative triole, that will do its good work.

P. C. Norton writes: "On Dec. 17th, Sunday last, we permanently organized another society for the advancement of truth, and the mutual benefit of all concerned. The readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We will hold meetings at Lakeside Hall, corner 31st street and Indiana avenue, every Sunday at 3 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, whose qualifications as a medium place her in the front ranks of progress, has rendered us efficient aid. With harmonious thought and action we hope to grow in numbers and usefulness."

Minerva Aiken writes: "I want to express my thanks to you this Christmas morning for the bounteous feast prepared for the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The paper of this week is a wonder of journalism. Of the many articles prepared for the grand spread, every one is best in its way. A. B. French must be made of star dust—his rhymes and scintillates so far; and who but Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond could string such a coronet of pearls and diamonds? Moses Hull, the peerless, the dare-to-be-true soul, with battle-axe is hewing away at the old stump, clearing the way for others, while Olney Richmond is opening up treasure-houses of the countless ages of the past."

N. W. Stevens writes: "I have read the Christmas number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I think it grand. I wish every family on earth had the paper."

Abbie F. Watkins writes: "I received today a copy of the Christmas number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a grand number."

C. D. Siebert writes: "You will find enclosed postal note to extend my subscription to the banner paper of spiritual freedom. I have just read Bro. Hull's article and think it the climax of fact; also the article by Miss Marsh on the eighth page. Such lessons as that ought to go before every one in the land."

Mrs. Anna Laeman writes: "I would feel very lonesome without your valuable paper."

J. J. Breakwell writes: "I had the not distant day when THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER shall be read by the millions, and its advanced teachings believed and better understood by a world groping in the darkness of religious bigotry and intolerance. The flaming word of truth and justice is in your hand; let your spirit be undaunted."

W. E. Leonard, an attorney-at-law, writes: "I admire your business methods and when your paper don't pay expenses, it is certain that you are not the man to run it, or the people don't want it." That is so, Bro. Leonard.

While the Catholic Bishops, Archbishops and Priests are contending over the right of the church, over in England, the jealous fur is flying in America over the very important matter of the Italian-American Pope, Satoli, and his vested authority, and their poor ignorant dupes in both countries are being throttled with a firmer grip. But Spiritualism is gnawing at her vitals and the old church is in pain.

The Melbourne Spiritual Society reports great advancement of the cause, and a grand awakening of the people.

The Society for Psychic Culture in Sidney, Australia, is reported in a flourishing condition.

A. B. Coman, of this city, writes: "They are having very interesting meetings at Lakeside Hall, Indiana avenue and Thirty-first street. Mrs. Nickerson-Warne, Mrs. Nickless and Editor Stead occupied the rostrum Christmas Eve. They all brought forth thoughts that were instructive to investigators of the highest truth. Most of the audience were surprised when the president of the society called on Editor Stead to speak. He gave us a complete history of his mediumship."

H. S. Hanson, Snohomish City, Wash., writes: "There are a good many Spiritualists in this place, but for want of a leader in the interest in the cause seems to lag dormant. Now, can't you give some good honest, medium to come here? I am sure that he or she would be upheld by the believers in the philosophy. A lecturer and test medium would be preferable."

Mrs. E. V. Wilson writes of three ordinations and three christenings on the evening of Dec. 14, by Mrs. Jennie Moore. The children christened were: Terrissa V. Wilson Jellies, granddaughter of E. V. Wilson; Walter Reismant and August Reismant. Mrs. Lizzie Sawyer, of San Francisco, Mrs. G. Bumstead, and Mrs. M. Drayton were then, invested with full power as ministers.

Wm. A. Thompson writes of his experience with a so-called medium for slate-writing. A man, who had defrauded him out of \$7 and whom he detected in taking the frames apart at the corners. He prepared another slate in such a manner that the "medium" could not take the frame apart without being exposed. The slate was never returned, nor would the "medium" give any explanation.

From London Light we learn that the cause at Forrest Hill is being pushed by lecturers Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bertram and by medium Mrs. Bliss, amid an appreciative public.

The spiritual philosophy is being advocated at New-road, Eng., through an "Inquirer's Meeting," where a general discussion is held upon topics germane to the cause, and South London will soon be headquarters of a large society of Spiritualists.

Mr. Stewart Clark gave an inspirational address recently, at 14 Orchard-road, Shepherd's Bush, London, Eng., upon "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," that evoked the highest encomium from his auditors. The phenomena were represented by Mrs. Wooten, with clairvoyant readings and public healing.

Muskegon (Mich.) people are considerably stirred up on the subject of Spiritualism. Joseph King has been holding some seances, which have received considerable notice in the local papers. The Baptist minister resident attended three seances, and hence knows all about the business; so he advertises a lecture and announces "a complete reproduction of a seance by a noted medium." Hon. L. V. Moulton will respond on a subsequent evening, and it is hoped the good Baptist man will attend, as he will be able to learn something that he doesn't yet know. A first class platform test doesn't especially want, and such could find all they could attend to during the week. L. R. Sanford, president, writes that Mrs. DeWolf has been engaged for January.

Dr. Wilder, mentioned in a former issue, is a lady graduate of three medical colleges. She is working on Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings' subject Sunday, at Minneapolis, was: "The Foes Within Our Household, and How to Deal with Them." Any attempt to quote would only tend to depreciate the splendid influence laid upon those who heard her. The evening subject was "For Inspiration." Those who could not accept her views, were deeply interested in her presentation of the subject. Mr. N. C. Westerfield, president of the Society of Modern Spiritual Thought, writes that a new medium of that city, Mr. W. L. Kuyler, followed the lecture by giving some of the most wonderful tests ever given on their platform.

Thos. Wardell writes: "The Spiritualists of Mitchell county, Iowa, have been fortunate in securing the services of A. B. French to lecture to their gathering brethren on our frontier country. Mr. Brown is from Minneapolis, Minn., and is just the man to go out to our villages and towns where Spiritualist lecturers have not yet found their way. He has been successful in organizing a society, to be known as the Mitchell County Spiritualist Union, with about twenty-five members. W. L. Barnum, of Otranto, president; H. A. Wardell, of St. Ansgar, vice-president; S. V. Wardell, of St. Ansgar, secretary; Abigail Mack, of Otranto, treasurer. Our society unanimously recommends Mr. Brown as a pioneer worker in our cause."

William Barton, of Stippville, Kan., writes that the Spiritualists of that place had their Thanksgiving at the house of Thomas Horsley. There was a fair congregation; Thomas Coulson was chairman. The guides of Mr. Horsley gave a good lecture on "Love and Unity."

The very laudable project of building a Home for the Aged and Unfortunate is being urged by Mrs. M. E. Dobson, who earnestly requests all Spiritualists and Liberals who may feel able to donate a sum for that purpose. She says: "I am not able to build such a home alone, but am willing to donate one hundred dollars towards it, besides shouldering the responsibility of selecting the grounds, and seeing that it is properly built and conducted, if it should be the wish of the donors. Our reasons for building this home for Spiritualists and Liberals is that all may have an active interest in the above; and still a better reason—that the structure may be dedicated as a work of Spiritualists and Liberals, of which work there is but very little to their credit to-day. Let all interested in this work lend a helping hand. For further particulars address Mrs. M. E. Dobson, San Jose, Cal."

Mrs. Julia E. Hammond writes that Mr. Samuel Smith, of Fruitport, Mich., has been visiting old friends in Boone county, Illinois, and gave several parlor seances and held public meetings at Caledonia and Belvidere. He is an excellent trance speaker and clairvoyant. Several have been converted to Spiritualism as a result of his efforts.

Thomas Pyford, of Weir City, Kan., writes that there are many Spiritualists in that section, but they are backward in coming out and showing their colors. Meetings are held every Sunday evening, and circles twice a week. Jubilee Day was honored with public exercises of appropriate character, presided over by Mr. Thomas Coulson, of Stippville. Mrs. Drayton, Mr. J. Huffman, Mrs. Lowins and R. Lowins were active participants.

E. Wilcox writes: "I recollect a good many years ago of hearing the remark made by an old exhorter that there were three kinds of poor: the Lord's poor, the Devil's poor and the poor devil. Now, from my observation I am inclined to think there are a good many of the third class, for in our vicinity we see those that have the best opportunities to gain for themselves homes, but who throw them all away. If we had not denied ourselves a few luxuries in starting out in the race of life, in order to lay a little foundation for old age and sickness, we should be poor indeed."

Annie Lewis writes from California: "Enclosed please find one dollar for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I am willing to give a dollar for the exposure of priests and their works. You are doing bravely."

Carrie Brayshaw writes: "Your paper is grand, and I wish it could shed its light from shore to shore."

The National Reformer, a "free-thought" publication of thirty-three years' battling for freedom in London, England, has recently succumbed to the death-dealing blow of "bad times," as they call it over there, and its editor, J. M. Robertson, will at once begin the publication of a monthly entitled THE Free Reformer.

The Reformer was started in 1860, by Charles Bradlaugh, who died at the helm of that paper.

A book entitled "I Awake," has just been published in London, by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., that was written automatically, every word, punctuation and quotation marks being made in this manner, the operator being entirely unconscious of what was being penned. The book is descriptive of the other side of life, and the conditions of the spirit.

After a short illness, Miss Daisy Peole, age 13, passed to Spirit-life, December 24, from the effects of cerebro-meningitis. The internment took place Tuesday, with Mrs. Carrie Twining conducting the services, taking as a text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Mrs. Twining's address was full of thought, impressive and affecting. As a part of the services, Mrs. Twining read several compositions of prose and poetry, written by the deceased, as tributes to the child's promise. She was a physical medium of true worth, and indeed a silver cord has been broken. The deceased was the daughter of Thomas L. and Lena Peole, formerly of Chicago, who now reside at 61 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind.

In Lincoln, R. I., December 19th., Nellie, daughter of Frederick and Ella Miller, in the sixth year of her age, passed to Spirit-life, December 19th., from the effects of cerebro-meningitis. Her funeral was held on Tuesday, December 19th., at 10 o'clock, at the residence of her father, Mr. Frederick Miller, 100 North Main street, Lincoln, R. I., according to the ritual by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, printed in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, after which she spoke words of cheer and consolation to the bereaved parents, who bid farewell to the form of their child with a full consciousness of life beyond these fleeting shadows: H. G. F.

J. P. Collingwood has been lecturing before the London Spiritualists' Alliance. His first discourse was upon "The Significance of a Rap."

At a circle in London, England, recently, merely being held for the development of mediums, a lady—not a professional medium—went into a semi-trance, and gave to the circle a clear description of a spirit leaning over the shoulder of a lady in the circle. The spirit was recognized as that of Madame Blavatsky, and immediately the medium was entranced by that noted personage, who vehemently said: "I will speak! I don't like to hear words quibbling over a subject they don't understand." When asked if she had changed her mind about the spirits speaking to us, she merely replied: "I am here, and speaking to you." And when asked if she had "met any Mahatmas," she only made an evasive reply.

There is a society in London, England, known as the Spiritualists' International Corresponding Society, whose intent and purpose is to furnish to inquirers into Spiritualism the most necessary information and assistance toward their investigation. Free literature is sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Its membership now extends all over the globe, and it would seem a timely suggestion right here to have it connected, in a working way, with our National Association.

The Spiritualists of West Ham Lane, Stratford, East, England, have recently been holding an annual social tea party, which always consists of a grand festival of viands, tea and toast, music, recitations, speeches, and everything of every high order that will tend to popularize Spiritualism among the young people, that will educate and unprejudice the rising generation. There is no way of reaching the mental and spiritual in man, either in England or America, for elsewhere on the globe, half so effectual as through his stomach, and our cousins are not slow in adopting the best means.

Emma Hardinge Britten and Dr. Wm. Britten are at present doing valiant service in the Lindens, Cheetham Hills, Manchester, England.

A subscriber writes: "The First Spiritual Society in the City of the Angels is in the midst of a genuine revival of spirit manifestations and power. The people are being awakened, and the masses are feeling an unusual interest in everything pertaining to Spiritualism. Grand Army Hall is crowded every Sunday night to listen to the lucid presentation of the spiritual philosophy by Dr. N. F. Ravlin, and the forcible, convincing proofs of spirit-return by Dr. J. M. Temple. The outlook is very encouraging. If the interest continues, a larger hall will be a necessity."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

On the evening of the 21st, at his home in Etta Green, Ind., at the age of 74, surrounded by his three daughters, the message came that called Bezael Hayhurst across the mystic river, and he awoke to the realities of immortality.

He was born in Catawba, Pa., and came when four years of age with his parents to Salem, O., and in 1848 to Kossuski county, Ind., where he settled permanently, and devoted his energies to clearing his farm and making it a home. He embraced Spiritualism in 1893 and has ever lived firm in that faith. There was for him no sadness in growing old; no fear of the change, and the final step was not a sad sinking into nothingness, but a happy, peaceful, going home.

Hudson Tuttle officiated at the funeral held on the 23rd, and pleased the large audience gathered in the church, not one of whom, perhaps, had listened to a spiritual discourse before, and to them it was veritably a revelation of the beauty and grandeur of that philosophy, which even the most bigoted cannot but hope to be true. J. C.

The funeral of Loren Spafford, of Cleveland, Ohio, a well-known citizen, who passed to Spirit-life Wednesday, 20th ult., took place at his late home, Saturday, 23d. The services were conducted by Mrs. Annie E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., and Mr. Thomas Lees, the latter opening the exercises by reading several excerpts from our prominent poets on death, followed by Mrs. S., a new and beautiful inspirational speaker. Her admirable discourse on the philosophy of death, from the spiritualistic standpoint, was a revelation to many of the orthodox present, indeed to some of the Spiritualists also. Mr. Lees followed, speaking more particularly of the personal life of the departed one, who was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him—he had a kindly nature and was a scrupulously honest man. He had enjoyed the conjugal companionship of his medium wife frequently saying: "My house is my heaven, and Sarah is my angel." His was a happy, contented life, and he passed away in his 76th year as "one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." T. L.

After a short illness, Miss Daisy Peole, age 13, passed to Spirit-life, December 24, from the effects of cerebro-meningitis. The internment took place Tuesday, with Mrs. Carrie Twining conducting the services, taking as a text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Mrs. Twining's address was full of thought, impressive and affecting. As a part of the services, Mrs. Twining read several compositions of prose and poetry, written by the deceased, as tributes to the child's promise. She was a physical medium of true worth, and indeed a silver cord has been broken. The deceased was the daughter of Thomas L. and Lena Peole, formerly of Chicago, who now reside at 61 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind.

In Lincoln, R. I., December 19th., Nellie, daughter of Frederick and Ella Miller, in the sixth year of her age, passed to Spirit-life, December 19th., from the effects of cerebro-meningitis. Her funeral was held on Tuesday, December 19th., at 10 o'clock, at the residence of her father, Mr. Frederick Miller, 100 North Main street, Lincoln, R. I., according to the ritual by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, printed in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, after which she spoke words of cheer and consolation to the bereaved parents, who bid farewell to the form of their child with a full consciousness of life beyond these fleeting shadows: H. G. F.

A Rare Offer.

All new yearly or trial subscribers will get a copy of our Christmas edition free, and also that remarkable story, "A Witch of the Nineteenth Century." Both are very valuable papers, and will be highly prized by every thoughtful mind. Induce your neighbor to send 25 cents, at least, for a trial subscription.

DESOLATE CHRISTMAS.

A Sad Picture Indeed.

LIMA, Ohio, December 11.—Miss Clara Welker, the self-confessed child-murderer, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary by Judge Ritchie to-day. She wept bitterly all the time she was in the courtroom. The girl threw her arms from the train on the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago road one day last August, and its brains were dashed out against the stone ballast. She was indicted for murder in the second degree, but the indictment was nolleed, as it was clear that she could not be convicted under the indictment. She was then arraigned on the charge of manslaughter, to which she pleaded guilty. Her attorney, Hon. Walter B. Ritchie, stated in court that the young woman's mother died when she was three months old, and she had never known a mother's care.

Her father, who lives near Wooster, is addicted to drink, and drove her from home to earn her own living. She has a stepmother, who was kindly disposed toward her, but the father was stubborn and would not allow her to remain at home. He had never visited her in jail.

The girl said she had no intention of killing the child when she threw it from the train, and thought some one would pick it up who would care for it. The author of her ruin has never been arrested, but it was shown that it was he who prompted her to the deed. She will be taken to Columbus to-morrow.—Cleveland Leader.

Here is a picture of life that should stir the sympathies of all who can love, feel and remember. It is a representative case. There are thousands like it in this land of churches, schools and asylums.

A girl who has never known a mother's care or a father's kindness, is betrayed through her trusting affection, and deserted by the man she loved after he has wrought her ruin. Her cruel father spurs her from her home! Such fathers should be subject to imprisonment, and the proceeds of their labor given to the helpless, wronged victims of their cruel scorn; and such betrayers of trusting innocence should not be allowed to marry, but compelled to work six days in every week for twenty years, and their earnings devoted to the support of the mother and child. Why this sad and deeply-wronged girl to her lonely cell. The dreams of youth, the light of hope, shadowed in social despair. This child that never knew a mother's love, left desolate and deserted, with no means of support for herself and babe, driven to desperation, flings it to the fates, hoping some kind rescuer will care for her worse than fatherless child, as she cannot. She is in prison, her betrayer free to ruin another trusting victim, and society pats and pampers him, mothers welcome him to their parties, and the society of their daughters, and thus tacitly justify his crime, while they have only contempt for the ruined girl.

What a desolate Christmas to her! What hopeless dawn will touch her lonely life in the prison gloom! What an ordeal awaits her cruel father when awakened conscience confronts him with the blighted life for which he is responsible. When happy thousands greet the New Year with joyous welcome, this wronged girl will be languishing in unspeakable sorrow, and who will care for her now? Who will visit her with a Christmas blessing, and carry a comforting smile to her cell, and speak sweet words of love to her broken heart, and try to inspire courage and high resolution for the new year which brings gladness to her betrayer's home, comforts to her unnatural parent and despairs to her?

LYMAN C. HOWE.

A SEARCHER FOR LIGHT.

He Lives In Ohio.

And Asks a Few Plain Questions.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some two weeks ago I wrote a few questions, [they are in the 8th page—Editor] which to me were very important, in as much as they called upon some one to explain the advantages of the National Association at Washington in granting charters to State and also local societies. I notice in your last issue Bro. Dimmick, of Washington, D. C., has set forth what he considers the advantages of the National, but he signally failed to answer one of the questions which we think to be of the greatest importance—that is, the legality of a charter made in the District of Columbia to any State in the Union. Will a charter granted from the National Organization at Washington, stand the test of law in Ohio, or any other State? If not, what is the good of the charter?

The Judges of Ohio say it will not be recognized in the State; hence, you cannot blame me or any other individual for asking information.

If we want protection by charter, we must procure it from the State where we desire protection, as no chartered institution can grant charters outside of the State where chartered, and have them of any active value. We are in favor of each State having protection by charter and by one or two delegates from each State (elected from the chartered societies) forming a National. Such an Association would have a strength in the land, but they could not grant any charters to State or subordinate Societies, as that belongs only to the secretary of each State.

Having made careful search for the truth, I find the above covers the ground.

If the National Organization has other and better authority on this matter, we ask for its published merits, as this is a question not of dollars, but of protection. Any five reputable citizens of any State can procure a charter from the State in which they reside, but not for any other State.

Now we hope Bro. Dimmick or any other brother who has this matter at heart may take this question and give us an explanation in plain terms, so all may comprehend, and in so doing they will aid the cause.

My only object in writing the above is purely for no good of the cause, and not for my own aggrandizement, or any selfish motive. All I ask is to place before the many readers of your worthy paper the truth, pure and undiluted.

I wish the National success, and that it may be the means of doing much good.

W. F. BALL.

Mantua Station, Ohio.

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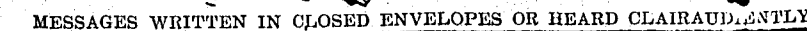
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are also requested to confer with us, and information is desired respecting all new phases of development in all parts of the world. Books, pamphlets and magazines upon Spiritual matters are eagerly solicited for the National Spiritual Library. Information, address as above. ROBERT A. DODD, Secretary.

IV present treatment. Charles W Boughton,
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