

Eight Pages of INTERESTING Reading Matter, each of which is Worthy of Careful Perusal. A Spiritualist Paper that is Sustained by HONEST INDUSTRY.

VOL. 8.

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NO. 218

THE TWO JOHNS.

The John of Boston, Mass.

The John of the Pacific Coast.

A recent sensation in the realm of spirit return is sufficiently startling to interest the 40,000 readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and possibly to impel them to attempt to solve the problem.

Most Spiritualists are aware that the *Banner of Light*, published in Boston, has for many years held a free public circle, at which questions have been answered by an intelligence calling himself "John Pierpont," and acting as Spiritist Chairman. He has continued to hold this position during the time Miss Shelhamer—now Mrs. Longley—has been the *Banner of Light* medium. Soon after Mrs. Longley resigned her position, a letter appeared in the *Pacific Coast Spiritualist*, and also in a Cincinnati paper, over the signature of John Pierpont, but written by Mrs. Longley, saying that he was not the John Pierpont, purporting to direct and guide the present *Banner Circle* in the City of Boston.

As we have here the all-important question of spirit identity, every student of the spirit philosophy should make a careful study of this case. For, unless we have some reasonable certainty that spirits who return are just what they purport to be, we may be the sport of intelligences who have never even been human, and the whole question of spirit return must once again become a subject of theological faith. To thoroughly understand the present position and arrive at a reasonable conclusion as to which Spirit Pierpont is the Ananias of the nineteenth century, we must take a brief lesson in the history of that free circle in Boston, long maintained by the *Banner of Light*. And like all other histories, it is naturally divided into chapters.

Chapter First would be a most interesting narration of Spirit Henry Clay, with a hand of co-workers, entering into an engagement with Luther Colby and other mortals to establish and maintain a paper through which spirits might send messages to their friends on earth. The paper was to be under spirit guidance, and Luther Colby, with his mortal associates, have each year been called upon to renew their solemn pledge to be faithful and obedient to their spirit partners in this enterprise. For many years Mrs. Conant was the spirit instrument for the paper and its circle, and when the work of that grand medium was ended by her death, another sensitive was sought to take her place. After several had been tried, more or less successfully, Miss Shelhamer, now Mrs. Longley, became the *Banner of Light* medium, holding that position for fourteen years, till her name became known to almost every intelligent Spiritualist in the world. Through her entire career Rev. John Pierpont, poet and philanthropist, has occupied the position of Chairman of the Free Circle on the spirit side of life.

Chapter Second will be much shorter than the first. It commences with a public announcement at the Free Circle that John Pierpont and his medium are about retiring from public life in Boston. Spirit Pierpont declares he shall no more officiate as Chairman at the Public Circle, but will accompany his medium in a long-intended visit to the West.

We notice that this statement of the spirit chairman, although made publicly to the audience in the Circle-room, was not printed in the *Banner of Light*. So the chapter ends with a statement made by Spirit John Pierpont, which was refused publication by Editor Luther Colby.

Chapter Third finds Mrs. Longley shimmering amidst the sunshine and flowers of the Pacific Coast. She finds glad welcome, and is soon as busy as in Boston with sittings and platform work, under the guidance of the same active spirit. Meantime the reports of the Circle Meetings in Boston, with Mrs. Longley as medium, are continued week after week in the *Banner of Light* until they are exhausted. At this point of the history Editor Luther Colby sits shivering (not shimmering) by the corpse of the past, with the ghost of a vacuum staring him in the face.

Chapter Fourth might be called "Resuscitation of Spirit Pierpont." A new medium is called to the platform of the *Banner* circle, through whom the afore-said J. P. announces that he resumes his old position as Spirit Chairman. As proof that it is his very self, and not a substitute, he proceeds to call upon a number of his old spirit friends, who come, one by one, and practically vouch for him. At least, such is the report of the proceedings, as published in that paper by the chairman on the mortal side, which position is now taken by Editor Colby himself. And it is important at this point that we notice that the *Banner Circle* is no longer open to the public.

Chapter Fifth should be headed: "Stone Wall for Spiritualists to Climb." It commences with an account of Editor Schlesinger's reports of the proceedings at a department in that paper wherein to report the proceedings at the Public Circle opened by Spirit Pierpont and his associates in the City of San Francisco. Through his medium, Mrs. Longley, he answers questions, and through Mrs. Waite he gives opportunity for returning spirits to report to their friends. But at the same

time he gives solemn warning that he is not now Spirit John Pierpont, of the *Banner of Light* Circle, as reported by Luther Colby. Here endeth the history of the two Johns, as reported to date, but here also beginneth the time for Spiritualists to do some hard thinking, unless they are prepared to give up and go home to seek admission amongst those who live by faith.

It is obvious that if the whilom Rev. John Pierpont, of poetic and philanthropic memory, can be divided into two spirits, one in Boston and the other in San Francisco, then spirit return has mathematical difficulties as well as theological ones. For instance, Hamlet should not have exclaimed: "Oh, my prophetic soul. My uncle!" But "O, my prophetic soul. One of my uncles." Or perhaps "Part of my uncle."

And in the case of our own loved ones, there must be difficulties "over yonder," though we are here getting a glimpse. The twain spirit evidently has different views, even of truth according to which part of him is speaking, and must have great difficulty in keeping his temper—also twain—under such provocation; and if his affections and aspirations are also contradicting one another, the poor mortal has little comfort to look forward to after "life's fitful fever" has introduced him to the undertaker and the crematory.

But leaving all dreams of what might be, let us set ourselves soberly and thoughtfully to the problem before us, looking at it from the standpoint of honest manhood. Here are two spirits contradicting one another, and each asserting himself to be the immortal John Pierpont, who has been Spirit Chairman of the *Banner of Light* Public Circle for the last fourteen years. Surely we have a right to start with the assumption that at least one of them is an impostor. If so, how are we to determine which of the twain is the offender? It must be a matter of cool, calm reason, and our verdict, like the verdict in earth-life, will be subject to the limitations and imperfections of the human intellect.

John Pierpont the mortal was a man of marked character, and esteemed and loved by all who knew him. As an inhabitant of Boston he was known to thousands as a true-hearted worker for his fellow-men. His interest in Spiritualism was also known to his intimate friends, many of whom survived him. Soon after his decease he appears at the *Banner of Light* Circle, and as soon as Miss Shelhamer became the medium he assumed the chairmanship of the spirit side. The former president, Theodore Parker, retired, as he could not control her brain as he had done that of Mrs. Conant. For fourteen years he occupies that position, and so far as I know, his identity was never impeached by any of his old associates, many of whom became interested in Spiritualism. During all these years he never once complains that any one has simulated him, so we have a right to assume that he is the same spirit who was in control before the last circle when he announced that he was permanently severing his connection with what I may call the *Banner of Light* Band of Spirits. And the startling fact that that statement was not allowed to be printed, although publicly addressed to those present at that circle, seems to suggest that even then some mortal or spirit was conniving the possibility of simulating his presence at future circles.

The next point we notice is that the expressed intention of the old-time Father Pierpont was faithfully carried out, for as soon as his medium reaches the Pacific coast he announces his presence and resumes his work. If it is acknowledged that no spirit could have successfully simulated him while his medium was in Boston, then as a truthful spirit he is now carrying out what he had indicated as his future work.

So far, if the facts be as stated, the jury would not be long in finding their verdict. But there are complications that as thinkers we cannot overlook, and must meet before we arrive at a decision. Let us remember the position in Boston. The *Banner of Light* was founded by spirits, headed by Henry Clay, who with his associates has demanded and received a yearly pledge from the mortal managers of that paper to obey their spirit guidance and directions. So if we assume that their present John Pierpont is a fraud, then it involves either the consent and assistance of Spirit Henry Clay and his friends in that fraud, or they must also have withdrawn from all control of the paper in question. That this has happened seems to be most probable, as it is well known to several deeply interested that the advice and request of the spirit managers was rejected and defied before the departure of Spirit Pierpont and his medium. And the further fact that the public are now excluded seems to be a sad confirmation of the inference that the entire control and management of the paper has been taken out of spirit hands.

But this does not necessarily impeach the honor of the present spirit instruments through whom messages are now answered. Both questions and messages must stand upon their own merits, as with everything received from the world of the unseen. Our trial is only of the Spirit Chairman claiming to be the identical spirit presiding at the Free Circle for fourteen years. But as we have seen, it is impossible to think of the present chairman as associated with the old band if he is assuming a name and character that do not belong to him.

A psychological element is imported into the case at this point. Those who have investigated carefully know that there are mortals who can psychologically compel a medium to say and do that which would not otherwise be said and done. But few are aware that a SPIRIT when in control is almost as liable to such compulsion as the mortal sensitive. Our hypnotists have not yet grasped this great fact. But this knowledge is all-important in this case, for the present acting chairman on the mortal side is a man who for years has boasted and exhibited his psychological power over sensitives. And if that chairman be also editor of the paper in question, all contradictions would be rigidly excluded from the press. Let us remember that it is almost a matter of life and death to the old *Banner of Light* that the old band, with its spirit chairman be supposed to continue in control, therefore all utterances opposed to that idea would be rigidly excluded, and many spirits would be psychologically compelled to endorse his statements.

This is the case as it is now submitted to the thoughtful jury who read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and have cared to face and study this extraordinary and outrageous case of fraud by one or other of the Spirit John Pierponts now before the public.

Whilst spirit fraud is at times a lamentable fact, and may of course be an element in this case, we see that it is not absolutely certain that mortal hypnotic power may not be the solution of the whole problem.

CHARLES DAWBARN.
San Leandro, Cal.

LIFE! LIFE!

Life Without Design.*

Wasteful Profusion versus Niggardly Stint.

TO THE EDITOR:—Here are presented the outlines of two living beings, whose habitat is the sea.

Figure 1 is a *Periophthalmus*, or Stare-about, the jumping-fish, one of the early vertebrates.

Figure 2 is a *Onchidium*, a mollusk. This is a potentate. The second is a peon. One is active, the other is dull and sluggish. The former feeds on the latter.



PERIOPHTHALMUS.

For a fish this Periophthalmus answers very well as a model. Its eyes are large, and have a wide range of vision. While the head cannot move, the orbits roll in all directions. It has well-nigh a thousand advantages over the poor victim upon which it feeds.

On the other hand, *Onchidium* is a soft, pulpy mollusk, many grades below its arch-enemy, the jumping fish.

Onchidium is a crude, extemporized creature, with many deficiencies in its organic make-up. It is destitute of organs of locomotion. Being without fins it is fated to be a poor swimmer.



ONCHIDIUM.

The jumping fish is a good swimmer, and though without feet it gets over the ground with much facility, and is able to pursue or capture several kinds of prey on land.

Its short fins are extemporized for feet, and the fish is able to live for days on land as an air-breather. It does much foraging in open fields.

Onchidium has no feet, fins, wings or prehensile tail, like the lobster, by which to make a quick back-action move in retreat. But as if in mock endeavor

* From an unpublished work of that title, by the author.

ment, it has a redundancy of eyes, as if a prodigality of sight organs could compensate for a deficiency of foot and prehensile members. Prof. Semper counted ninety-eight eyes planted on the back of *Onchidium*,—if there is any way of telling which is back and which is front. These eyes are not definitely shown in the cut. They are so mingled with tubercular glands as to be seen in no discreet order, or even separated from the glands.

Ninety-eight eyes and no feet! What an abysmal inconsistency! How abjectly barren the proof of design! How conflicting the fitness of things! What maladaptation of means to ends! Of what avail can this plus-ninety eyes be above that of two or a half-a-dozen? Prehensile organs are not needed, since its little, cheap life is sustained by the scant nutriment there is in sand of the sea bottom and the seashore.

Like the earth-worm, they are direct eaters. The earth-worm is destitute of sight, but is furnished with the senses of smell and touch.

The logic of this subject is the counterpart of that which applies to the centipedes and the thousand-legged worms. Does the multiplicity of legs in these worms augment their motion? Not in the least. Nor does the multiplicity of eyes increase the power of vision, or serve any other known purpose.

Onchidium has eyes to spare, and centipedes have legs in excess. Their useless numbers constitute a waste of material.

These are two examples of prodigality. A meaningless waste of raw material. As before remarked, *Onchidium* is one of the primitive order of beings above the radiates and below the vertebrates. Indeed, it is a step below the shelly-covered members of its own order.

Without shell, it is soft, pulpy and flesh-like. It has no hard, bony framework to protect it.

Prof. Semper says: "It is terribly slow. Therefore, being without feet, fins or wings, it has no means of escape from enemies."

Multiple vision only serves to magnify the pang of its helpless sense of peril. It can neither run, jump, fly, swim, dodge, fight, hide in a dark corner of ink, or in a breastwork of evil smell, like that of the pole-cat. It is more helpless than the dodo, which failed and perished from off the earth in modern times.

Only useful end *Onchidium* seems to serve in life is to provide food for predaceous animals. Perforce it gives its life for others.

Living upon dirt, destitute of motive organs or friends, which some other animals have, would it not be likely to decide—had it the choice—that "life is not worth living?"

While the earth-worm is largely picked up for food by birds, yet it is an eminently useful worker for the husbandman in the matter of a pioneer laborer, to modify and quicken the soil for the benefit of growing vegetation. They also do the remarkable work of sinking rocks and stones from the surface of the ground to below and out of sight. Feeding upon the earth taken in the burrows—which run from a few inches to six feet deep—the worms eject the ingested earth, which is discharged in piles or little pyramids, each some three inches high on the ground surface.

Darwin has estimated that in England about seven tons an acre in a year are brought to the surface from varying depths below.

In the study of the mollusk *Onchidium* we seek in vain for the meaning of this prodigality of eyes on the one hand and the beggarly stint and want of pedal or locomotive members on the other. But we cannot shut our sight to this; that they combine to show the design argument in distress. It is as lame and weak as the specimen we have depicted.

Design would have made as many eyes and as many legs as were needed, and no more. Hence, as prudential and economical rulers are out of sight, likewise forethought and purpose are out of the question. All of which proves the absence of design in nature, and points to the philosophy of evolution for the rational explanation of life and being on this planet.

There seems to be fewer evidences of design in Australia than in other quarters of the globe.

M. W. Ullathorne says: "Australia is the antipodes of the entire world. In that country a rising barometer indicates rain, and a falling barometer fair weather. The swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole is viviparous and has a duck's bill; the dogs have a wolf's head and a fox's tail, and never bark."

"They also have a bird with a tongue like a broom. There are serpents that have wings and fish with large, feathery wings. The emu is a bird as large as the ostrich, but instead of feathers has hair. One bird has a note like a bell, another cries like a child, while a third laughs as though its sides would split."

What is the design of all these? A. S. HUDSON, M. D.
Stockton, Cal.

California convicts each cost the State 32 cents a day.

Baltimore has a population of 510,000 and 399 policemen, who in 1892 made 31,781 arrests.

San Francisco has 350,000 population and 456 police, who last year made 29,259 arrests.

Washington, D. C., has 258,000 population and 487 police, who last year made 26,666 arrests.

REGULARS OR QUACKS?

The Doctor's Law.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Year by year, with the regularity of the assembly of the State Legislature, there comes up in almost the same form the "Doctors' Bill," for the protection of the dear people against quacks and quackery. The preamble continually sets forth that the people are being slaughtered, in their innocence, by irregular practitioners of the healing art, and a paternal government ought to protect them against the right they claim, in their ignorance, of employing whom they please to administer medicine.

There has not been a single complaint from the people. They have not asked for protection. There is the singularity and uniqueness of the "Doctors' Bill."

Petitions usually go up from the class wanting protection; but this is instituted by a class desiring, from motives of benevolence, to protect, and on its face carries the suspicion that beneath the benevolence expressed is a motive of selfishness; for if the people can employ no one else, then the "regular doctors" have the case all to themselves. For this purpose the "profession" have organized to suppress quackery, and in all not in their books—and compel the dear people, for whom they manifest paternal solicitude, to employ them and none others. If they could demonstrate by incontestable evidence, in practice, that medicine is a science, that it is accurate in record of facts, and by the symptoms, the disease and indicated remedies could be so thoroughly understood that the result could be justified in claiming the right to heal the sick in preference to others.

They might call those who proceeded empirically, and had less knowledge of the laws of life, charlatans, and pray the legislature, in behalf of the people imposed on, for laws protecting them against their own ignorance. When the organization of doctors demand a law which will make it criminal for a mother to give a sick child a cup of sage tea unless a doctor prescribes it, it is well to inquire if medicine is a science? If its professors really understand the life flesh is heir to, if they have with certainty prescribed the remedies which surely will cure? If they can in any case predicate with certainty the result of a given line of treatment?

A brief glance at any medical work on disease or remedial agencies will convince the reader that of all the most uncertain things, "Medical Science" is the most uncertain. The only approach made to science is in the classification and description of diseases, or rather symptoms. It is popularly supposed that the physician who can read symptoms and name diseases with readiness is qualified to prescribe for the same. A greater mistake could not well be made, as the most skillful doctors readily acknowledge. They unhesitatingly say that to describe symptoms is an easy task, and to learn thereby what organs are affected; but what results will be obtained by the medicines administered can only be known by experiment. If this were noted, if medicines were certain in their action, diseases would disappear with the administration of the remedy, and death would only come from accident and old age.

Every issue of the "regular" medical journals has one or more new remedies, to displace some old one, highly extolled in its day for its specific action. In every issue, old and once considered absolutely reliable and invaluable remedies are discarded as worthless or harmful. There is not the least assurance that the remedy most depended on to-day will not be cast aside to-morrow by this "science" which antedates Hippocrates!

How conflicting the views of these "regulars" are on points of vital importance may be best understood by an illustration drawn from some well-known disease. Take fevers, which from the decided symptoms and great organic disturbance they create, ought to be thoroughly comprehended. One "regular" will have us believe that the predisposing cause is alkalinity of the blood, and that the neutralization of this fluid by an acid is the road to health; another finds the microbes, the terrible fever germ, as the cause and relies on "germicidal" remedies—mainly quinine or arsenic. The two theories may not conflict, for the alkaline state of the blood may be essential for the growth of the microbes, but we must bear in mind that it has not yet been proven that the microbes are the cause of the fever. A large following incline to the belief that they are the effect; that they follow the breaking down of organic tissue by the disease.

In any case, aside from theory, fevers are self-limiting, that is, have a certain period of duration, and then the patient recovers, if the body has strength enough left for recuperation. Remedies may palliate, the temperature when dangerously high may be reduced, and at the proper time rightly-administered nourishment be supplied; in short, with perfect hygienic nursing, the chances are that, after the system has freed itself of the corrupting matter originating the disease, health will be restored. Such treatment cannot be claimed by the "regular" profession, for most empirically it has been an outgrowth of outside practitioners, or quacks, and been forced on the "profession." And, further, reliance on hygienic treatment

is an accentuated denial of the reliability of drug medicines.

If there is uncertainty in such pronounced diseases, what may we expect in those of obscure origin? In a few cases the notability of the patients have brought this prominently before the public. The case of Garfield is still fresh in mind. The daily bulletin of his physicians—the best in this country—made queer reading after the death of the martyred President! If medicine is uncertain, surgery ought not to be yet we find that the most ignorant charlatan would have come as near the truth. Wiggins in his wildest weather prophesies never went wider of the mark. They probed and treated a pus cavity for the track of the ball, which they failed utterly to locate, and, practically, his wound was as unhealed for as it would have been had the officious doctors been ten thousand miles away! Yet bulletins daily told of probing, "healthy pus," and administration of morphia, to kill the sensitiveness of the nerves crying for aid.

The instances of Conkling and Allen Thorndyke Rice show how utterly incapable the best "regular" practitioners are in the presence of grave forms of disease. If the latter was no more indisposed than his doctors said and thought he was, then not the diseases, but their medicines, must have been the cause of his death; and had Conkling by good luck, fallen into the hands of a nurse who would have been content to use a poultice until the abscess broke by a natural process, he would have recovered.

Unfortunately, he was attended by men who relied on the probe and knife. Quacks? Oh, no!

Charles Sumner placed himself in the hands of Brown-Sequard, and the description of the tortures he suffered from the sissing cautery makes one faint with horror. It is a good result from the continued burning and blistering of the spine? Well, yes, the end of the pain by death.

The erudite A. E. Giles informs me that he once heard the great vivisectionist, Brown-Sequard, relate how he treated the Duke of Wellington in his last sickness. He operated on Wellington's ear, and it "caused him to spin around on one foot like a top," and the famed doctor laughed as he told it. It is easy for this slaughter-house practice to make a patient spin around like a top, and it might as well be made known that such pain means exhaustion and death. The word patient has real significance, although victim or martyr would be more exact.

One more instance, which must suffice, although a volume might be easily filled, of the Crown Prince, who had the best medical talent of Europe to attend him. If we are to believe his English physician, a simple throat trouble was aggravated by a treatment which would have made an Apache medicine-man blush, into what, for want of other term, was called a cancer.

Could quacks show more ignorance? or do worse?

Who are the quacks? What is quackery?

"A boastful pretender to medical skill he does not possess; an empiric," says Webster. Do not the foregoing instances, and the many which may be recalled in the mind of every reader, apply to the "regular" profession? Brown-Sequard, who has bound more helpless animals on the dissecting-table, and cut through quivering vital tissues with remorseless knife than any other "professor," in his senility made a discovery! It was that he could overcome the decrepitude of age and return to perpetual youth by injecting into the veins the erotic secretion of a dog! He was not a quack, but a "regular" in "high standing," and the doctors went wild over the subject. Medical "science," however, cannot do what is said to be crucial of true science, predicate results. It constantly confesses itself a system of empiricism—that is, quackery! It can not tell what would be the consequence of such injection, until they try it, and if it kill the patient, it is "regular," and "regular" experts will shield the malpractice!

We laugh at the Chinese doctor's prescription of a syrup made of a black calf's head, a dried toad, a small snake and six inches of umbilical cord; we may not laugh, but bow our head in shame, that "Medical Science" of our day accepts with credence the corrupt theory and practice of Brown-Sequard, who, from the day he bound the first vivisectioning animal on his table, through all the years he has tortured his patients by his unfeeling treatment, to his senile imbecility, when he proposed a method of rejuvenation as beastly as its source, has been a self-proclaimed quack.

I do not condemn the regular profession; there are good, noble and true men and women in all, who devote their best energies to alleviate suffering. They have all they can do, and are not the ones who are clamoring for protective legislation. They are willing to take their chances in the struggle for existence, when the most expert win the prize. The people who are cured ought to be the best judges, and only weakness and imbecility seek legal protection from more successful rivals.

Let it be held in sacred memory that every advance in the treatment of disease, and in the art of nursing, has been made outside the "regular" profession, by those who have been persecuted as quacks.

Hippocrates, the father of medicine, was the prince of quacks. He would, if living to-day, be called in derision a root and herb doctor, and not a

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SENATOR VILAS.

Weekly Subservient to Catholicism.

He Condemns the A. P. A.

TO THE EDITOR:—Hon. Wm. Vilas, of Wisconsin, who was President Cleveland's first postmaster general, and who is now a United States Senator from the State of Wisconsin, has deemed it his province to declare the American Protective Association "a menace to the Republic," and that every citizen should be opposed to its principles. He also says that the A. P. A. movement "is a blow at religious liberty." I know to the contrary.

I do not know whether Mr. Vilas is a Catholic or not; if he is, he certainly knows that the Catholics, under the leadership of such men as Bishop Ireland, have been intermeddling with our common school system, which they have pronounced "Godless," and have for years been endeavoring to obtain control of, wherever they were strong enough to influence the election of school boards and school teachers.

Does not Mr. Vilas know that the attitude of the Roman Church is subversive of the dearest rights of American citizens? I do.

Does Senator Vilas not know that when a Catholic foreigner takes the oath of allegiance, in order to become a citizen, he does it with a mental reservation, which places his allegiance to the pope of Rome, not only in religion, but in civil matters, paramount to his sworn allegiance to this government?

Does Senator Vilas not know that all Catholics are exhorted "to devote careful attention to public matters; to take active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to favor the principles of the church in all public services, meetings and gatherings? Also, to make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live?"

One of the cardinal doctrines of the Catholic religion is that the pope and the priests ought to have dominion over temporal affairs, I know it.

Does not the senator know that at least one President of the United States, the lamented Lincoln, was ruthlessly murdered by a Catholic, on the 14th of April, 1865, under the shadow of the Capitol?

That the news of the murder was known in the Roman Catholic village of St. Joseph, Minn., eighty miles from any telegraph office, four hours before the murder had actually occurred? These facts cannot be controverted.

Does the senator not know that Roman Catholic jurymen acquitted John Surratt, who was known to be implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln?

I would ask Senator Vilas whether he ever read the letter of Pope Pius IX. to Jefferson Davis, during the darkest days of the rebellion? That letter was regarded as "a poisoned arrow" thrown by the pope at President Lincoln personally. In a word, Rome saw at once that the very existence of the United States was a formal menace to her own life. It was President Lincoln's oft-expressed opinion that:—

"This war would never have been 'possible without the sinister influence' of the Jesuits. We owe it to Popery 'that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons.'"

"When Popery will give up the power 'of life and death which it proclaims as its own divine power, in all its theological books and canon laws, then alone can it be tolerated and can receive the privilege of citizenship in a 'free country.' * * * Does not the 'Church of Rome hate, curse and destroy liberty of conscience; whenever 'she can do it safely?'—ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1864.

The Catholic Church does not recognize the right in the government to say "whether or not the Pontifical decrees shall be enforced." "The church is supreme and independent." That was the theology of Peter Dens, a prominent Catholic.

"The Roman Catholic citizen owes no allegiance to any principle of the government which is condemned by the church or pope."—*New York Tablet*.

It was promulgated by Pope Pius IX, in 1864, among other heresies, that:— "The State has not the right to leave every man free to profess and embrace whatever religion he shall deem true."

What does Senator Vilas think of that? Is not that an "old method of iniquity and tyranny in governments," to use his own expressive language.

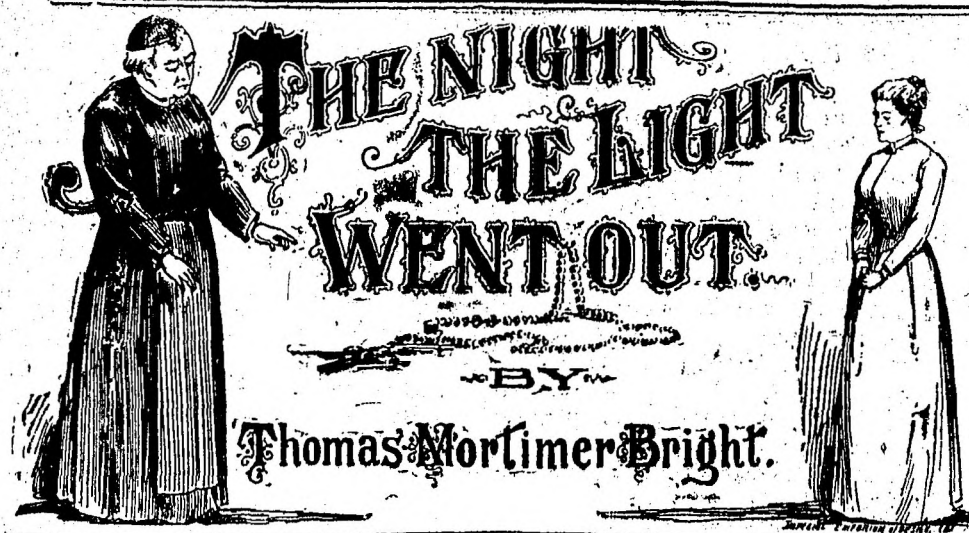
I should like to ask Senator Vilas whether the Catholic Church does not claim and assert the "right to deprive the civil authority of the entire government of public schools?"

Does Senator Vilas not know that in the Ecumenical Council of 1870 the Pope was declared infallible? Does he know that Mgr. Satolli was sent to the United States by the Pope to supervise the Catholics in America and change our common school system, so as to allow the Catholic religion to be taught therein?

Does the senator not know that this is in direct conflict with the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the United States?

Does the senator not know that in the year 1889 there was given to the Roman Catholics for Indian education 1 (\$350,000) three hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars?

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CHAPTER II.

A Startling Crime Committed.

"Yet," I reasoned, "how could the advertisement appear so soon, unless the death occurred yesterday; and if a member of the Order, why did not the funeral cortege move from the convent in a proper manner?"

All I read therein was one notice that might or might not bear upon the mystery:

"Mary Carolyn McMahon, known as Sister Angelica, aged eighteen years and twenty-one days. Funeral at 10:30 from St. Asylum to chapel of —."

Could this be "the figure?" A cold hand seemed to shut off my breath; of course it was nothing to me—how could it concern me—yet I was strangely unnerved as contemplating the probable causes that led to her death. Still, she might not be the shrouded figure; somehow, I hoped not. The mystery had taken such possession of my thoughts that I felt I must do something to get them into a more comfortable channel. I looked at my watch, it was only nine o'clock. I put on my coat and hat, and on the way downstairs determined to call upon a young friend of mine, a reporter, whose hours were from 2 p. m. till 2 a. m., and whom, I felt sure, must be up by this time. He lived on the street that bounded the school on the east side. As I mounted the steps he thrust his head out of the third-story window and shouted to me, "Hold on, don't ring the bell. I'll throw you my pass-key and you can come right up here."

As I reached the top of the last flight of stairs, he rushed into the hall in his shirt sleeves, and grabbing me by the arm, half dragged me into his room, shut the door, and looked at me. I looked at him surprisedly, wondering if he was entirely sane. He understood the doubt that was slowly creeping into my mind. "Don't misjudge me rashly, Tom," he said breathlessly, "I can see that you think me daff, but just you hold on till you hear the wonderful tale I have to unfold to you. I have been dying to have you come over, all the morning, and I threw you my key because I did not wish to leave my window (I'll tell you why later) and there is nobody in the house but me, as my landlady has no servant, and has gone to market. Now sit down, or come and stand where I am; but I suggest that you sit down, for it will take me some time to tell you about this matter."

I declined the chair, for I had gotten quite stiff sitting before my own window, but I did not tell him this.

"You need not take this 'cum grano salis,' Tom, for as God is my witness, it is true—every word of it!" said my friend, Frank Stowell.

"I will believe you, Frank; but proceed with your mysterious story, for you have whetted my curiosity and I am impatient for you to begin." He was silent a few moments as though resolving the many distracting thoughts into coherent sentences. Still keeping his gaze fixed upon the school-court, he began:

"I had a lot of hard work yesterday, and about the time your train was due (I had intended to meet you) and I was preparing to go to the station, I was given orders to go and write up a 'coop,' a hint of which had come by telephone. So, pocketing my keen disappointment, I started to obey the order. It was nearly 3 a. m. before I left the office, for I had a good deal to write up, and I rode home in a cab, as I was pretty well fagged. Newspaper work is all very nice," he said, *en passant*, "but not when you have to work against your own desires and inclinations, for it is hard to get any inspiration under adverse circumstances, and words seem to stutter in my brain at such times."

I laughed at his quaint way of putting it. "Never mind about your 'takes' and 'coops,' Frank," said I, "at another time I shall be much interested in your work, but now I am more anxious to hear about this disturbing occurrence you spoke of when I entered."

"All right. Well, when I got out of the cab I was surprised that the corner lights were out, for the circuit was all right down town, and even two squares below here, yet all in this neighborhood were out. I was glad I had come up in a cab, for, though I am not a coward, no man likes to be abroad on a pitchy dark night, alone and unarmed. I felt a sense of safety when I closed the street door, and the dim gas in the upper halls—always left burning to light me to my sky parlor—aided in banishing every remnant of fear from my breast. Somehow, I did not feel a bit drowsy, so I stirred the fire, lit a cigar, and proceeded to enjoy a little novelette in a magazine given me by a fellow down at the office, a queer story—"The Shadow of Revenge"—full of uncanny things, rather occult, ever read it? I'll lend it to you. Well, I finished the blood-curdling stuff, and as the room was pretty full of smoke, I thought I had better let in some fresh air before retiring."

"Yes, yes," I said, impatiently, leaning towards him.

He looked at me narrowly, and proceeded: "As I said, I threw open the window on the side, but before I opened the front window, something seemed to whisper, 'Turn out the gas!' Now, I am not easily rattled, nor do I believe in occultism, but, I must confess, I felt impelled to obey the mandate uttered in

such a strange way. I turned out the gas, and I must say, I felt queer. I do not fear the dark when I know no mortal on mischief bent is nigh to either frighten or attack me, but the worst rigor I ever had in my life came over me, and my teeth chattered like castanets. My feet seemed paralyzed, and my breath came in stifling gasps. I staggered to the front window and threw it open, leaning my head out, thinking thereby to overcome the effects of the smoke (for I thought it must be that, what else could it be)? Somehow, I felt compelled to rivet my gaze on the top floor of the school building. I started, and I could not look away from there; try as I might, I had no power to change the persistency of the spell that made me stare at that brick pile in such a senseless way. I inwardly rebelled against such a senseless foolishness, and felt quite angry to perceive that I was not master of my own eyes. Now comes the strange part of it. Soon after the bells chimed quarter of four (he saw me start, this time, but did not question me then), I heard the queerest creaking, squealing noise, which continued for about three or four minutes; then followed complete silence, and then the same noise was repeated. In a few moments a light appeared beneath the curtain on the top floor opposite, which I thought a strange occurrence, as only the janitor sleeps there, and never before had I seen a spark of life or light there. With a premonition of something startling and sensational about to happen, I dashed to the bureau and got out my field glass that I might bridge the intervening space and see exactly whatever might transpire. I forgot to tell you that the curtain did not come to the sill by nearly six inches. Someone tried to pull it down, but it would not go down any lower, and as all the houses on this side looked dark, they undoubtedly thought it made no difference if that space was not veiled, as all over here were asleep. A long table—a billiard table by the way—was shoved into the room opposite, directly in line of my vision, so that what follows is an accurate description of what I saw with my own eyes, supplemented, as I have said, by the powerful glasses.

"When the table was in position a dark-robed form was laid upon it—it was the form of a woman! I, at first, thought her dead, but later, it was plain to me that she was still alive and doomed to suffer more."

"My God!" I ejaculated. "Then she was not dead?" I feared so.

"You?"

"Yes; but proceed, and I will tell you my story afterwards, though it is really the preceding act of this terrible tragedy."

"If yours is Act I, pray tell it now, as I have been consumed with a desire to know the truth, which, as yet, I have only half surmised."

I told him all that I knew, except the newspaper notice, which I thought irrelevant to this matter. His eyes gleamed fiercely when I mentioned the acts of the patrolman.

"Damn such law-preservers!" he broke out menacingly. "A pretty kettle of fish when even policemen stoop to crime, or cabot with criminals, and let them have freeplay. Whoever says the church does not have power over public berths lies, for I know that one sect has the supreme say about municipal matters, though the people are either ignorant or indifferent to the true status of affairs."

"Do not stop to preach a new code, now, Frank, for I am all excitement and it is nearly ten o'clock, and I must be at my room in exactly fifteen minutes."

"Anything to do with this case?" he asked, nodding towards the school building.

"Yes, and I wish you would keep your eyes on this side of the premises." To which he agreed.

"Well," he resumed, speaking quickly, "three women of the Order came and placed their hands upon the head of the prostrate one, and then fell on their knees, as if in prayer. A nice time to pray! I felt like cursing. They then arose and stepped aside and stood with folded hands and bent heads, apparently quite unmoved; at least, I saw no evidence of any emotion. Then two men came forward and took their places at either side of the table at the head, and each laid a hand upon the shoulder of the woman. The other three men stood at a little distance, while another, a physician, made a superficial examination. He turned and spoke to one of the women, who came forward and removed some of the garments. As she remained standing between me and the body of the woman lying upon the table, I could only guess at the operation about to be performed; but my guesses were not far wrong, for ere the bells chimed half-past four another form was ushered into this world. I saw it, but a heavy garment was thrown over it, and no care was given to it. I shuddered. But the mother was tenderly cared for, I presume, to prolong her life that she might learn 'To suffer and grow strong!' Fugh! Such things sicken me. Well, just after daylight, a double carriage with drawn blinds drove up to the door of the building, on this side, and later, four men in robes came out carrying the poor woman. She seemed to be alive, for I saw her face, and though the eyes stared skyward, I could almost swear that her lips moved in prayer. Poor soul! my own heart sent up a petition for pity and succor for her, for she

was truly a victim. I shall never forget her face. I saw her once, about four years ago, in Baltimore; she was of this world then, petite, graceful, and altogether charming. She had lustrous brown eyes, in which gleamed infinite purity and tenderness; I deemed her truly a woman nobly planned. I was a silent and distant worshiper at her shrine, and I always was on hand, near her home and, in early evening, near her school, and I followed her at a respectful distance to see that no harm befell her. How I longed to draw her to my breast and caress the rippling dark hair, on which the sunlight seemed to love to linger! She was so exquisitely dainty and beautiful that everyone was enchanted by her charms, though it was all unsolicited on her part, for she was a model of modest girlhood; she was then about fourteen and still wore short gowns.

I soon found out her name and that she would be heiress to quite a vast sum of money; I also learned that she was destined to be a bride of Christ, and that she wished to give all her inheritance to the Order when she resigned the world, which she had determined to do when she reached the age of sixteen. Being rich and the betrothed of Christ (?) I felt I was too unworthy to approach her; and I was poor and what chance had a fellow against such heavy odds? But I staid near, and saw her for the last time when the convent doors intervened between her and the world forever. Somehow a feeling of desolation surged through all my being; a mist obscured the sunshine, and a dirge seemed ringing through my brain to the words, 'Nevermore! Nevermore!' He paused, as though lost in reminiscences. Soon he aroused himself, and continued: "From that day I lost sight of her, and as I was not strong enough to endure the misery of living longer in that city, I came West and have been here ever since. I cannot tell you how stunned I felt as I gazed upon her face again, and under such circumstances! Great God! my blood boiled, my brain reeled; I could have choked the villain who had so cruelly dishonored my love of long-ago! Follow that carriage I must; so I grabbed my hat and got into my overcoat on my way downstairs. I purposely dashed along seemingly unmindful of those who might be in the vehicle, as I did not want them to become suspicious, and lead me a long or false trail, but, rather, I hoped they would think I was after a doctor. I dropped into an alley and allowed the carriage to get the lead. It went slowly, so I had but little difficulty in keeping nearly up with it. It stopped at the — Asylum."

"Zounds, man! that is where a funeral is to be to-day."

"Whose?"

I handed him the paper; it shook in his hands as he continued to stare at the lines I pointed out for him to read.

"Is it she?" I queried, in a whisper, looking over his shoulder.

He nodded, he was incapable of speech for the moment.

"Then it is a lie!" I boldly declared. "For you saw her at five o'clock, and this paper was made up (or whatever you call it) before you left the office. It is a lie, though I begin to see a motive behind it all."

He looked into my eyes with a troubled gaze.

"Do you think," he began, slowly, "do you believe that this has been printed to conceal the crime from her parents and friends?"

"I do. Being dead to the world, figuratively, they would have the family believe her so literally; then there would be no fear of her betraying the truth to them."

"I shall be at that funeral," he declared, resolutely, "and I shall satisfy myself whether it be true or a damned farce! Oh, hell is too cool for the one who has shorn my dove of her spotless plumage—curse him! curse him!"

"Amen!" I said solemnly; at which he wrung my hand in mute appreciation of my sympathy.

As I could do him no good, and wishing to observe all to be seen from my window, I bade him *adieu* and departed, he promising to report to me whatever he discovered. I took up my position at my window and kept a keen lookout. Soon a carriage drove rapidly up; a man jumped out, and, hatless, ran into the basement in which was the chapel. He returned in a few moments and stalked open the two large doors, from which I judged him to be the director of arrangements. The tolling of the bell announced the coming of the procession. Two carriages of pall-bearers came first and took up their positions near the curb; then came the white hearse, drawn by white horses, and driven by a Jehu in white livery. A long line of carriages filled the avenue to both curbs, and also lined the east street. I looked in vain for poor Frank. The flowers on the casket were removed ere it was borne into the chapel—a custom which has always seemed queer to me. Between the mourners and the casket walked nearly a dozen Sisters of various Orders, some with flaring white bonnets; some with white gowns under brown cloaks; some in blue gowns, and some in the black robes that I have always disliked, as they seemed to me so ghostly. I could not but say, mentally: "They come between, even in death!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE WAY THE ROMISH CHURCH TREATED HERETICS.

THE ROMISH OCTOPUS.

It is Winding Its Poisonous Coils Around Washington, D. C.

Its Fangs Are Sinking Deeper and Deeper.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

He said: "I am sure this does not go on in my department."

"Yes, sir, it does. And how is it," I asked, "that the chief clerks and private stenographers are so often, if not quite generally, Roman Catholics?"

"My chief clerk and private stenographer," he answered, "are Protestants."

"No, sir, your stenographer is a Roman Catholic, has become such since appointed, and is in that position for a purpose. All you propose about removals from office is reported, so that you may be led to appoint Roman Catholics as clerks. Do you not know that there are clerks in your department who will lose their positions if they do not pay over their money to the Roman Catholics? I know a faithful clerk who has been here a number of years, and he goes out when the nuns come in, for he will not pay money to them. Now, I don't feel disposed to mention this department, but have you anything to say, or any authority as to what is done here?"

The result was that he sent out an order that this begging should be stopped; but whether it has been I do not know. It ought to be, not only in Washington, but all over the land, by statute enactment that is not a dead letter because administered by Romanists or officials who fear the Roman Catholic vote, but a law enforced, and with penalties that would make it effective.

In the civil service examination the Roman Catholics always have the advantage. The Protestant young men and women have the advantage of a higher standard of education than that of the Romanists, but the latter always succeed better, because they can get, in advance, the questions of the examination.

In one division all the clerks were given a furlough of a week; before the furlough was over a number were dismissed, but no Catholics. Clerks in this division understand that it militates against them to be Protestants; and it is a general fact that, of the clerks dismissed, the Protestants preponderate, while of the new appointments, the major part are Catholics. Why should this be? Romanists are not over a seventh of the population; their voters are not over a tenth of our voting population; and their illiteracy, foreign spirit and birth would make their just proportion in official positions a mere handful. Why do they preponderate in Washington?

In the bureau of printing and engraving a few weeks ago, twenty-one promotions were made in one day, nineteen of which were of Roman Catholics.

A man lost his position, and could not find anything else to do. One day his wife, who was a Roman Catholic, asked him why he did not see the priest. He went to him, and the priest told him he could not do anything for him; but said that if he would join his church he could get his work. He joined that church, and almost immediately received a position. The priest was sure to get a part of his salary when he went for it. There are government clerks who thus pay regularly from ten to twenty-five per cent. of their wages for the purpose of holding their positions.

On pay-days in the pension bureau, as the clerks receive their pay, they file out between two nuns, who stand on either side, with boxes extended. Many of the clerks throw in quarter and half dollar pieces. At the last payday it took two hours and a half for all these clerks to pass out, during which time these nuns stood there and received their money. The commissioner of pensions is a Roman Catholic, as also is his first assistant, and it may not be amiss to add that the chairman of the house sub-committee on pensions is of the same faith.

The following instance has recently come to my notice, and I have verified it. A one-legged soldier in the pension bureau had been promoted on merit alone, during a series of years, until he occupied a very important place in the bureau; but only the other day he was reduced four hundred dollars in annual salary, and an Irish Roman Catholic, who saw but four months' service in the army, was put in his place.

Six government clerks in one room in the pension bureau, and strange to relate, all members of a certain Protestant church, were lately reduced in pay from three to five hundred dollars each per annum. Five of these are old soldiers. Their reduced pay was immedi-

ately given to six other persons, five of whom were Roman Catholics. In this particular room nine-tenths of the clerks are now Romanists. It was in this bureau that Cardinal Gibbons persistently urged the appointment of a Roman Catholic for chief clerk.

One division in the agricultural department has been recently abolished. Seventy-eight per cent. of the clerks were Roman Catholics. After it was abolished, many of the Romanists were given other positions, but this was not the case with the Protestants.

Does it disqualify for official position to be an American and Protestant at the capital, as it does in Rome-ruled New York?

A few months ago an investigation showed that one-half of the one hundred and fifty clerks in a certain division of the agricultural department were Roman Catholics. There are more there now. Are we to learn agriculture from Ireland?

In the land office there is one chief of a division, appointed under Harrison, who retains his place thus far in the present administration, and he is a Roman Catholic. In the bureau of engraving and printing, the assistant superintendent, who is an active Roman Catholic, has contrived to retain his position, like many other Romanists in prominent positions, under both democratic and republican administrations, while it was a noticeable fact that all Protestant democratic officials, ranking above the highest civil service clerkships, were promptly dismissed upon the respective changes in administration.

In one division in the printing office where there are fifty clerks there are forty Romanists. In one room in the treasury of eight clerks, four are Roman Catholics. Why this?

In a bureau in the agricultural department an old and faithful clerk, who always avoided giving to the nuns, and who was outspoken in his Protestant sympathies, was summarily dismissed—he overheard a chief of division complaining very bitterly against some opposition that was being made against Roman Catholic influence in the department, and connecting his name with it. The dismissal followed. Is this the land of the free?

If there is one of the leading departments not visited by the sisters of charity, so-called, I am not aware of it. Some bureaus seem entirely subject to the order of priests. Cases like these are known. There are four members of one family in government employ, and one of the daughters is in one of these priest-controlled bureaus. When someone remarked that they must earn a great deal of money, she said: "No; we have to pay a good deal of it over to the Roman Catholic church, in order to hold our positions."

A lady could not give to her own church because she was giving fifty cents a month to the Roman Catholic church, and she was dismissed. She said: "One day when the collector came I did not have any change with me and this provoked the nun, and I gave her nothing the next time she came. A week after I had a letter which requested me to resign."

A lady who had long been a clerk there was asked how many Protestants she knew among the twenty-five hundred clerks employed in that particular department, and she was positive of but five Protestants. This is a department of the government that for years has simply been a feeding-station for the Roman Catholic church.

Up to the time when General Rosecrans resigned, it was notorious that the clerks had to pay money regularly to the priests and nuns.

The following was related to me by one who knew: There was a young man who was clerk, stenographer and chief clerk all in one, to himself apparently. He did nothing but read the papers and trashy novels, and draw his pay. The facts leaked out through an old man whom he employed as his messenger, and his case was investigated. Asked who was his superior? He had none. To whom did he report? To no one. What service did he render the government? His answers were equally unsatisfactory, and he was requested to send in his resignation.

At this point the influence of a cardinal was brought into requisition, and the young man was retained. This kind of interference is tolerated for the simple reason that the votes are believed to be behind it. Is there not sufficient warrant for patriots rising up all over the land, and as one man, regardless of party affiliations, uniting to put down all this intermeddling by foreign-allied ecclesiastics with the men whom we elect to administer our affairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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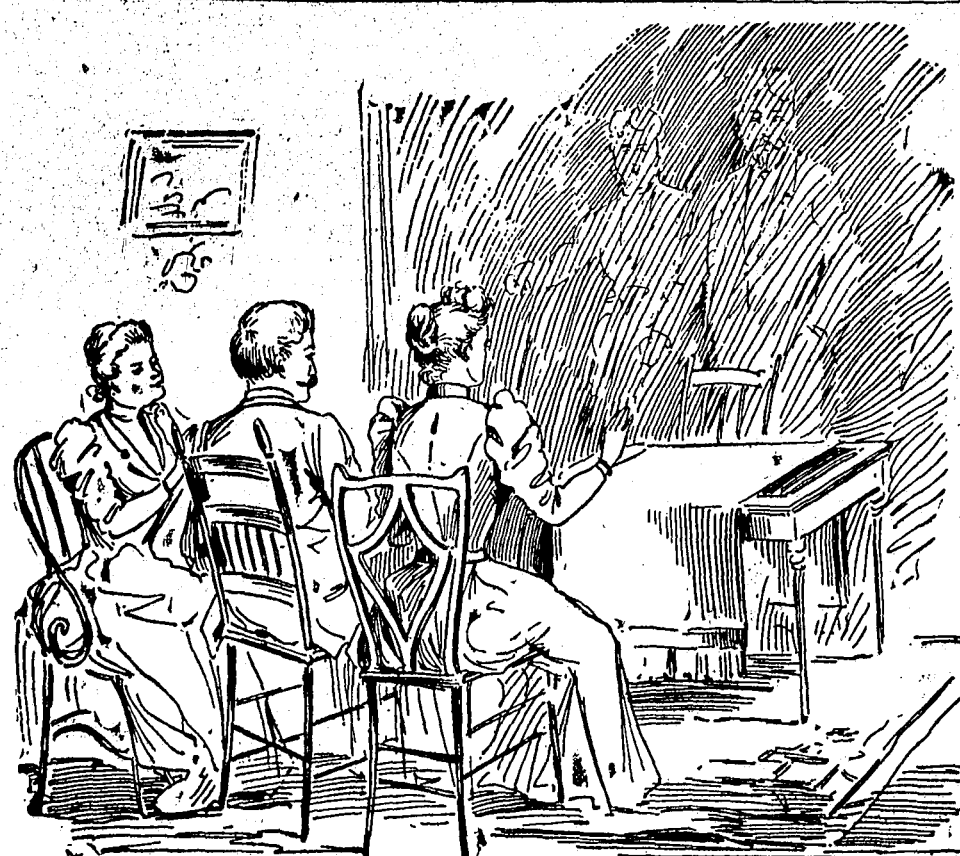
IN THE

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CHAPTER LIX.	Deputation of two Priests sent by the People and the Bishop



GRAND MISSION WORK.

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PART TWELFTH.

A SEANCE—CARELESS.

(NOTE.—This paper is copied from stenographic notes, taken during the seance. Tom, who carries on most of the conversation with the spirit who is being assisted, is a control of Mr. Fisher.)

Eva. (Spirit-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey.) We bring quite a number of persons to-night, who are not very bad, but they are light, jovial, and hard to reach.

Spirit. Say, what's up? What's the matter with you?

Mr. Fisher. Matter with whom?

Spirit. All of you. What's the matter with you, anyhow?

Mr. Fisher. Why, nothing. You are happy and jolly, aren't you?

Spirit. Yes, sir.

Mr. Fisher. Where did you come from?

Spirit. Well, I came from down town, and I'll tell you there's a funny thing happened to me. I suppose that I am just as dead as anybody can be.

Mr. Fisher. You are? You don't act like a dead man.

Spirit. No, that's just where the fun comes in, because, do you know, my folks think that I am planted five or six feet below the ground, but I am not.

Mr. Fisher. I don't see how they could think that. They might have planted your body, but I don't see how they could plant you.

Spirit. Well, they think that they planted me, and that's where it's so jolly, you know. The fun comes right in there.

Mr. Fisher. They think that they planted you, but you are not there at all.

Spirit. No, sir.

Mr. Fisher. You can have a good time now, going about.

Spirit. Yes, I don't see a bit of difference, do you?

Mr. Fisher. I don't know, because I haven't died. It's very interesting to me, to have you come and tell me these things.

Spirit. I suppose it is.

Mr. Fisher. Yes, because I would like to know something about it.

Spirit. I don't know anything about how it is going to come out. I have no sort of an idea.

Mr. Fisher. It's all right, so far?

Spirit. Oh, yes, jolly! Jolly!

Mrs. Bailey. It will get better and better all of the time.

Spirit. I hope so.

Mr. Bailey. Did you ever hear of Spiritualism?

Spirit. Oh, gosh, yes! It was regular fun! Do you know, we used to sit around the table, and the way we used to fool those girls; we used to tell them all about their fellows.

Mr. Bailey. Didn't you believe anything in Spiritualism?

Spirit. No; do you?

Mr. Bailey. Yes, we are Spiritualists.

Spirit. Oh, well, that's all right.

Mr. Bailey. You are proving Spiritualism to us now, because you are a spirit, and we are mortals.

Spirit. A spirit! Oh, the devil! I never thought of that.

Mr. Bailey. Haven't you died?

Spirit. Why, yes, I suppose I have.

Mr. Bailey. Of course you are a spirit, then.

Spirit. It's a fact, but I didn't think of it before.

Mr. Bailey. Spiritualism is a fact too, isn't it?

Spirit. Yes, I guess it is; but, you know, I never paid much attention to it.

Mr. Bailey. You have entered now where you can realize more of what life is than we can. You have entered an eternity, a life of progression.

Spirit. Well, I never made a great deal of progress; so I hope to God I shall begin!

Tom. I should think you would want to be looking around, and trying to find some of your folks.

Spirit. I don't know as I care anything about any of my folks. I never had a great

deal of—what do you call it?—Never mind, we won't discuss that.

Tom. I know one you used to like. I should think you would want to find her.

Spirit. I am not hunting up people. I never found it very profitable to be hunting up people. I just take them as they come, and then let them go; that's the best way.

Tom. That's all right; but don't you remember your old aunt Rosy?—your old colored nurse?

Spirit. Yes, I'll tell you what, that was a good old critter!

Tom. Why, of course she was.

Spirit. She had a face that was as black as the devil, but she had a heart that was good.

Tom. Yes, I know it, for I can see it now, that she had a real good heart. I tell you she thinks lots of you. She says that you are her Massa Charles. Is that your name?

Spirit. Yes, sir.

Tom. I don't know only what she tells me, because I am a stranger to you.

Spirit. Has she been talking to you?

Tom. Yes.

Spirit. Well, why don't she come to me?

Tom. She can't just yet; because, I'll tell you, Charles, when people die they progress out of the earth atmosphere, and go up into the spiritual atmosphere; and then those spirits cannot go directly to those who are 'just planted,' as you are.

Spirit. Oh, that's it. All right, McCovey.

Tom. It's all growth and progression where you are now. You have got to grow to get to where aunt Rosy is, because, you know she has been in the Spirit-life a good while. She loves you so much, and she will be so glad to have you come to her, because there's lots of things she can tell you pertaining to the new life that will be a great benefit to you.

Spirit. Well, I wish she would come to me.

Tom. She is right here, but you can't see anyone only those who are in the same condition that you are in at the present time. She can come down to you, and realize you, but you can't realize her right away.

Spirit. Well, I never thought—it's no matter. I guess I won't say it.

Tom. I know what you were going to say. You might as well say it if you wish to, because this is where every one can express themselves just as they feel.

Spirit. Well, I hadn't forgotten it, but it didn't just come to me.

Tom. You never thought anything much.

Spirit. Well, there's no use in fussing, getting sorry and all those kinds of things—no use at all!

Tom. There's no use in fretting, but there is a good deal of use in thinking; because there is a great deal in Spirit-life to see and learn, and the more you learn, and the farther you advance, why, the better you will be.

Spirit. Do you know, boy, if I were to think I would be crazy in a little while? God! I would be as crazy as a bedbug!

Tom. Oh, no, you wouldn't. It would do you good to think; and you will have to think, because there are lots of things to think about. This is a wonderful life—a wonderful universe—and to think that you are out of your body, now, in this great, broad universe, and that you have a whole eternity to grow in.

Spirit. I will be a good deal bigger than old Goliath, if I keep on growing a whole eternity!

Tom. I don't mean that you will grow in size; I mean in knowledge, and wisdom; there's lots of things to know. Think of all the planets, and this wonderful universe, all working together in such beautiful harmony.

Spirit. Well, do you know, they will work just the same way whether I know about it or not. If I were to understand all about them it wouldn't make a bit of difference—they would go on just the same.

Tom. Just the same; but still, wouldn't it be nice to understand all those wonderful laws of the spirit? And there's a great deal of good that you can do. Don't you think it is nice to make people feel good?

Spirit. Why, certainly. I never tried to make people feel bad.

Tom. No, but I'll tell you: There are a great many people who go into the life you have now entered who are very sad and sorrowful because they don't find things exactly as they expected; and then again, they didn't live just the right kind of lives.

Spirit. It serves them right if they didn't do right.

Tom. Yes; but at the same time it's a duty for any one to help these poor creatures out of the darkness and suffering, because they all have good friends who love them.

Spirit. Well, why didn't they live as they ought to?

Tom. I should think you would want to be looking around, and trying to find some of your folks.

Spirit. I don't know as I care anything about any of my folks. I never had a great

Tom. You must take into consideration their conditions, surroundings, and disposition; for they all have a great deal to do with it. If you had been born under the same circumstances, and had the same disposition, you would have done the same.

Spirit. I wouldn't have the same disposition. I wouldn't do it.

Tom. You would, because it would be natural for you. You would have been just the same if you had been born the same.

Spirit. I don't care if I had been born of a pig; I wouldn't have been anything of the sort.

Tom. Now, don't talk that way, because you would be just as it would be natural that you should be. It is natural for you to be the way you are now, and you couldn't be anything different; and if you had been born under the same surroundings as others, you would have been just as they are. It is all nonsense for people to say that they wouldn't be so and so because they would be just the same! You were Charles before you were planted, and you are giving out Charles now. If you were some one else after you were planted, you wouldn't be yourself. You have entered a natural life now. I know from experience, because I have been in Spirit-life a long time.

Spirit. How do you find it?

Tom. Very beautiful.

Spirit. What does the beauty consist of?

Tom. The beauty consists of the beautiful country, the wonderful beauties of scenery, and oh! the beautiful flowers! Do you know, the flowers that grow in the Spirit-land are so full of the bright spirit that they nod to you, and you can see them grow!

Spirit. Where are the gardens where these flowers grow?

Tom. They are up in the higher spiritual realms. You are now right on the earth plane.

Spirit. How do you get up there?

Tom. By working.

Spirit. Say! what was that? Do you know my head went off?

Tom. Well, I'll tell you. In order to enable you to talk and hear, your spirit has been clothed with earth conditions, by higher spirits who understand this wonderful process; and when that material is removed from your spirit body you feel as if your head was going off, as you say.

Spirit. I did feel so.

Tom. That was when that material was dissolved from your spirit body. You cannot speak the way you are speaking now, without your spirit being clothed with that material.

You know, when you enter the new life you have to be taught and shown something about it.

Spirit. Yes, I suppose so.

Tom. You don't suppose that you are always going to be like this?

Spirit. Well, I don't know.

Tom. You have duties to perform, and you have work to do.

Spirit. Well, I hope it won't be piled on very hard.

Tom. Oh, no.

Spirit. But I suppose that if I have to I have to.

Tom. Yes, you will have to. That is the law of your being, and those laws have to be obeyed, because you wouldn't always be satisfied to go on exactly in the manner you did before you were 'planted.' You would be tired of the same thing always; and I want to tell you, Charles, your old nurse has lots of things to tell you and show you.

Spirit. What does she want to show me?

Tom. I couldn't tell you now, because I don't exactly know; but I know that she is very anxious.

Spirit. Well, I am ready.

Tom. She says the Lord has been very good to her soul.

Spirit. I know she was always prating about the Lord being good to her. Do you know that dear old soul, she took me to meeting one time, and she thought the Lord was going to bless me for it. And she thought I was going to get religion; but, I'll tell you the thing didn't stick at all, and I felt, for that dear old soul's sake, that I would like to have it, if there was any such thing; and I guess I came as near praying as I ever did, but I couldn't make the thing stick.

Tom. Of course, Aunt Rosy didn't find things as she expected; but everything is all right, and she is very happy. She loves you, and is so anxious to have you come up into the spiritual realms—for you know she has been in Spirit-life some time.

Spirit. Oh, yes, a good while.

Tom. She is right here, and she says that she wants to help her Massa Charles.

Spirit. Bless the dear old soul!

Tom. And you are being helped to-night by coming in contact with me, because I am a spirit controlling this young man.

Spirit. Do I understand that the young man is a medium?

Tom. Yes.

Spirit. All right, go on.

Tom. I am controlling him, and I am going to show you myself as a spirit; and then afterwards, when I come to you, you must go with me. I will take you to a place where you will learn and see new things, and be led up to where your Aunt Rosy is.

Spirit. Is it far?

Tom. Not particularly far, but it will be all right—you will be satisfied. Now, this will amuse you.

Spirit. All right; I like anything that is amusing. What are you going to do?

Tom. I am going to leave off controlling the young man, and you will see me as a spirit. Now, you look right at the young man's head.

Spirit. I will.

Mrs. Bailey. Tell us what you see.

Spirit. Oh, shooting stars! How is that for high? Well, sir, that's funny! What is it?

As sure as I am a living critter, he has skinned out of the fellow, and stands there beside him!

Mr. Bailey. That's Tom.

Spirit. The one that was talking to me?

Mr. Bailey. Yes.

Spirit. I tell you that's a manifestation worth seeing.

Mr. Bailey. We'll make a Spiritualist out of you yet.

Spirit. I wouldn't wonder. He'll go back into him, won't he?

Mr. Bailey. Yes.

Spirit. All right; come on, old boy, let's have it out.

Tom. (Returns to Mr. Fisher.) Well, now—did you see me?

Spirit. Well, I did. That's a good thing!

Tom. Why, of course it's a good thing. I will tell you, Charles, this gentleman's daughter is doing what is called missionary work. You know sometimes spirits are crushed out of their bodies, and sometimes people are run over by the cars, and are in a terrible condition; and they are brought here to this place to get righted. And then, there are those who are in a terrible condition through not having lived the right kind of lives, and through heedlessness, and it is very hard to reach them. I am trying to reach you to-night.

Spirit. That is real good of you. I suppose that I ought to be reached.

Tom. Yes; and now I want you to go with me, and I will take you to a school.

Spirit. I don't like the sound of that.

Tom. It isn't exactly a school, but it is a place where there are bright spirits who have been in Spirit-life a long time; and they will explain everything to you, and you will be shown the way to get to your friends. Now, Rosy is very anxious about you; I tell you she loves you.

Spirit. Well, if there's anyone who can help me, it is dear old Aunt Rosy.

Tom. Yes, she took good care of you. No mother could have cared for you as she did, and there is a strong tie between you two, and that tie will be a great benefit to you. She can help you, because you have confidence in her.

Spirit. Well, I loved poor old Aunt Rosy. She's a darling! I would give a great deal to see that dear old soul! Rosy can never say that I wasn't good to her.

Tom. Yes, and that will be a great help to you in the life that you are now in; because every good thing you did, and every kind act of your life, you will see.

Spirit. Well, that's encouraging; but there aren't many to present themselves to me. I am glad that I have laid up a little for dear old Aunt Rosy.

Tom. Yes; I wish she could speak to you. Do you know, she is listening to all this conversation?

Spirit. Is that so?

Tom. Yes, you speak to her, and maybe she will answer you.

Spirit. Hello! Aunt Rosy! Are you here?

Say, you dear old mammy! How are you? A long time since we met, ain't it, Aunt Rosy?

No, sir, she don't speak. Maybe she can't.

Tom. Just wait a little, she will try. You know, she has been gone some time, and she never spoke in this way. Speak to her again, it will encourage her.

Spirit. Hello! Aunt Rosy! Aunt Rosy! Here's your boy, Aunt Rosy! I thought I saw her then.

Tom. Yes, perhaps, if she can't speak to you she may be able to present herself to you. She is trying very hard to do something, so that you will know that what I have been telling you is true.

Spirit. Hello! Aunt Rosy, is that you?

Spirit. (Aunt Rosy.) Massa! Massa Charles! Massa Charles!

Spirit. God bless her! Well, come on, for God's sake let's go! I want to go where she is. I catch a glimpse of her once in awhile, for an instant.

Tom. Yes, now, my friends, we will all go.

Spirit. Yes, let's go.

Eva. We have reached nearly a hundred to-night. They were all thoughtful, and just enjoyed life the best they could. We got them interested in the conversation, and then got them under our magnetic influence.

E. T. WASHBURN.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Responsibility educates.—Wendell Phillips.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Lavater.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.—Bacon.

Riches exclude only one inconvenience, and that is poverty.—Johnson.

He who is firm and resolute in will molds the world to himself.—Goethe.

Every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it.—Gladstone.

The book to read is not the one that thinks for you; but the one which makes you think.—McCosh.

Vienna has 1,391,000 population and 3741 police. Arrests last year, 74,988. The linguistic knowledge of the Vienna police force comprises English, French, Italian, Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Croatian, Serbian, Hungarian, Roumanian and Hebrew.

The prisons of Morocco are the worst in the world. No care or attention whatever is given to the prisoners; they are left dependent on their friends for food, and if they have no friends the Government provides only a bit of bread or a handful of grain daily to keep them alive.

New York has 1,850,000 population and 3,723 police. There were last year 84,498 arrests, of which 65,425 were men and 19,073 were women, of the arrests 22,853 were for intoxication, 7,955 for disorderly conduct and drunkenness combined, and 15,101 for disorderly conduct.

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TO THE EDITOR:—It appears that in a conversation between a distinguished Judge, and one of the editors of the *Baltimore American* the article of Mark Twain's on telepathy casually came into talk. Many cases were cited, and the Judge alluded to the remarkable story of Jessie Brown. It will be new to many, and it is given herewith as it appeared in a letter to the *London Times*, the latter being written by a lady who was the wife of an officer at Lucknow:

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which were assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly during the last few days. A constant fever consumed her and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she laid down on the ground wrapped in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awake her when, as she said, her "father should return from the plowing."

She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap.

I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear. My companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed: "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreaming, it's the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees

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SATURDAY, JAN. 27 1894

One Thing at a Time.

The age has gone by when all the trades and professions are centered in the same individual. A division of labor was found better adapted to an advanced civilization than was the barbaric habit of each family producing all of its own needs, and living wholly independent of its neighbors.

Instead of a single society attempting to reform all the evil habits common in the body politic, many are now in existence, and they multiply as human needs demand, so there is now one to combat nearly every great wrong.

The church originally undertook to make man perfect, and fit him for an immortal life; but as knowledge progressed it was found customs were formed which were destroying the race, and the church paid no attention to them. Then anti-slavery societies were organized, which the churches opposed because, as they alleged, "Slavery is a divine institution." Then came temperance societies; but preachers in their pulpits denounced them, claiming that every reform movement must arise from the church. As this originated outside of the church, it was evil. Prison reforms, Dorcas and Magdalene societies, and numberless others, sprang into being, each attempting a single work, and the world has been bettered because of them.

As Spiritualism flashed upon the world, imbued with the noblest sentiments, its advocates thought to reform every vice, to correct every wrong, and make its devotees perfect in every respect. A public speaker, engaged to deliver a course of lectures on Spiritualism, mistook the motive of those who contracted for his services, and gave lecture after lecture on subjects quite foreign to that for which he was engaged. These speakers gave most excellent temperance lectures; before emancipation they were right eloquent in denouncing chattel slavery, and they were applauded to the echo. They were well versed in physiology, and discoursed learnedly on health reform; while others charmed the multitude with their geologic knowledge. But Spiritualism was frequently ignored. Societies languished under such lectures, and went down, and many of its members are now found in the ranks of Agnosticism—if not battling against us, certainly doing nothing for us. And all this because of the unwise action of would-be leaders, who did not understand the art of doing one thing at a time, and doing that thing well.

Does not past observation and dear-bought experience teach a lesson in this respect? Instead of discussing tariff and silver questions, tax issues, and numberless desirable reforms, which special societies have been organized to accomplish, will it not be better for our societies to keep the main object in view, discourse on subjects germane to Spiritualism, and never, after announcing spiritual lectures, so far depart from the subject as to lug in other issues on which the outside world, whether orthodox or heterodox, are with us? Make some department of our new faith the sine qua non of every discourse, and the people will rally to the movement, as they did thirty years ago. Prosperous societies will quickly spring into being, where large ones, under bad influences, have long since disappeared.

A Creditable Blunder.

Harpers' Magazine has an article from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner, in which is found this sentence: "The great mass of Christian literature is no longer believed." The types, knowing the statement true, had inserted Christian where the author wrote Christmas. We fully endorse the printers' emendation.

All improper resorts in the City of Mexico are regularly classified, graded and licensed.

A Christian on Christians.

There is a religious paper published at Buffalo, N. Y., whose editor seems to have as low an opinion of Protestant as of Catholic churches. We don't know by what title he is known, but he does strike heavy blows, we fear too truthful, against the clergy. A few extracts at random, which we run together to save space:

"The clergyman knows no moderation, no toleration, no consideration, no relaxation. He can neither reflect nor relent. His church is a sponge that is never full, which swallows up the revenues and prosperity, the domesticity and peace of nations, and restores nothing."

"The millions poured into the lap of the church are forever diverted from human activities, enterprises, necessities and interests. Invested in unproductive lands and architectural piles of brick and stone, they sit as monstrous, unresponsive dragons in the presence of human life with its daily needs, its cares, its woes, its hunger, nakedness and homelessness. The titlings of successive generations become the dead capital of departed commerce and national prosperity."

"The editor slightly amends his text, from Prov. 20:2, and makes it read: 'Where the clergy bear rule the people mourn.'"

Another Railroad to Jerusalem.

And now a contract with an American corporation to build a railway northward from Jerusalem to the Jordan, and along that sacred river to the banks of the Sea of Galilee, thence to Damascus. The total distance will fall but little short of 175 miles. With a railway now in successful operation from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and then to the Dead Sea, and up the Jordan valley and onward to Damascus, a new class of travelers will visit those regions, whose descriptions will not be overcolored with religious fiction.

The banks of the Jordan are fringed with hills from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height, exposing masses of barren rock. Steep and rugged gorges, in winter filled with torrents of water, with castled volcanic rock along the coast of the Sea of Galilee, will make the railway a difficult one to construct.

There is a macadamized road from Damascus to Beyrout, on the Mediterranean, built by a French company in 1860, which will add to the convenience of the tourist.

Frauds Everywhere.

W. H. Burr, of Washington, has often expressed the opinion that nearly all of our classic literature is the production of Christian monks, written during the Middle Ages, or in comparatively modern times. Percy Gardner, M. A., of England, in a search to find the accretions made to Homer's Iliad and his Odyssey, has reached the conclusion that "the latest parts of the Iliad were written in the eighth century of our era." He assigns the Odyssey to the seventh and eighth centuries. He is of the opinion that both poems incorporate legends and ballads of a much earlier period.

If Homer is a modern production, not written nine centuries before our era, as generally understood, what genuine ancient literature remains to us? Herodotus, the "father of history," is now regarded by the ablest scholars as a fraud. We know, if we can believe the statements of scholars, Christians themselves, that 150,000 errors have crept into the holy Scriptures. Critics are continually pointing to interpolations in the sacred books. How much of even the Bible itself is what it purports to be, in view of what we know regarding other literature?

Statistics of Crime.

That system of religion which most fully restrains its votaries from the commission of crime must be the best religion. That system which brutalizes the race, and plunges its adherents the deepest in crime, must be the most objectionable. If either is inspired, it must be the one which exercises the best influence over its subjects, and directs its action for good.

A late statistician, in reviewing prison reports and the history of crime in all civilized countries, shows that Mohammedan Turkey has a smaller per cent of murders than any other European country. Greece, alongside of Turkey, influenced by Grecio-Catholics, shows an average annually of one murder to each 2,800 population. Ireland, under Roman Catholic control, comes next to Greece in its percentage of crime. Spain and Italy follow close alongside of Ireland. Crime is far less common in Protestant countries than in Catholic. Those countries where liberal religious views are most prevalent, as in Germany, England and Scotland, show the least crime.

Coming to America the statistics show a lower per cent than in any other country. In the State of Illinois, where Liberalism has probably the best foothold, the same table shows but one murder to 50,000 population. And here it should be observed, the criminal classes are those taught in Sunday-schools, a very large majority of whom are Catholics, with very rarely an infidel or a Spiritualist in the list.

Every Liberal should load himself with these astounding facts, and discharge them in volleys at propagandists who visit their homes in the interest of the Christian religion—a system built on dreams, extended by the sword, and sustained by beggary.

Formula for Making Hypocrites.

The editor of the Investigator says: "If we had a boy we wished educated to become a first-class hypocrite, we would send him to a denominational school where he would be obliged to attend prayers every morning, go to prayer-meetings two evenings in the week, and to church and Sunday school all day Sunday."

THE TWO JOHNS.

A Significant Problem Waiting Solution.

The two Johns—or one John—which? It is a very easy matter to ask a question that will puzzle the wisest man living. The little child can even perplex the philosopher with its abstruse inquiries. It is easy to interrogate the teacher, and no great amount of experience is required for that specific work. Charles Dawbarn, one of the most critical men living, with a mind comprehensive in its nature and discernment, is seeking light. John Pierpont, the poet, the philanthropist, the grand old man—now a spirit—is the subject upon which Mr. Dawbarn has focalized his intellectual acumen. No one can but admire this spirit (Mr. P.) for he must be imbued with all those grand attainments that characterize the lofty intellect. True, his name is John, and so is ours. There is nothing particularly euphonious in the name, but when the cognomen of a spirit, it assumes a somewhat different aspect, and would be regarded as sacred—in a certain sense at least.

Now the question arises as to the John who controls Mrs. Longley, now on the Pacific Coast, and the John who still superintends the Banner Circle. According to Mr. Dawbarn, John Pierpont is the controlling spirit of Mrs. Longley, while by others it is claimed that he devotes his whole attention to the circle held under the auspices of Brother Colby. Admitting the latter statement to be true, then the John who controls Mrs. Longley is another individual entirely—a sort of adventurer who is coveting about the Pacific Coast, smiling at the great confusion he has caused in the ranks in regard to the two Johns.

Mr. Dawbarn, however, after weighing calmly and deliberately all the evidence, comes to the conclusion that California is now the exclusive home of the real genuine, simon-pure John, while the Banner of Light is the one that is being imposed upon. Thus the two Johns are creating consternation all along the line, and the whole spiritual firmament is ablaze with vague suspicions.

Now, let us reason together. The Spirit John Pierpont for fourteen years, through the gifted Mrs. Longley, had full charge of the Banner Circle. He did a grand and beneficent work through the Banner of Light. His answers to questions were clear, concise, comprehensive and generally satisfactory. During all these years he became attached to the Banner and to its veteran editor, Luther Colby, whose whole life has been characterized by deeds of benevolence. Whatever his enemies may say against him, they must admit that his philanthropic nature shines forth grandly, beautifully. In fact, Brother Colby is just the man who would attract such a spirit as John Pierpont, and who would remain with him, to work through the columns of his paper, instead of going to the Pacific Coast to attach himself to a new-born paper, whose circulation must now be small. Such being the case, we think that Spirit John Pierpont is still in Boston, and that probably he has never seen California at all. In regard, then, to the two Johns, there can only be one logical conclusion, that the genuine John Pierpont is still connected with the Banner, while another John has taken his place to inspire the brain of Mrs. Longley. Of course we are reasoning from the standpoint of the statement made by Mr. Dawbarn as to the actual conditions of affairs. The Banner of Light is an old paper; it is most excellent; it is influential, and the Spirit John Pierpont would not desert it to take a position on another paper whose very existence is problematical, and whose circulation cannot be otherwise than small. To do so would not show good sense or sound judgment. Then as to the two Johns, we can only conclude that Boston has the only simon-pure John Pierpont, while the other is having some fun at the expense of Pacific Coast Spiritualists. The two Johns, however, are in history and will not down.

Spiritualists, everywhere, here is a problem for you to solve—an important one. The great prominence of the parties renders this question in regard to the two Johns, as one of especial interest.

Reader, You Want It Badly.

Our friend, E. Bach, Esq., writes from Aberdeen, S. Dakota, that he has just read Dr. Brown's "The Teachings of Jesus Not Adapted to Modern Civilization." Though a work of 44 pages, he says he and his wife read it through before retiring for the night. He adds: "It is without exception the best thing I have ever read. The facts and their deductions are so practical the most obvious will see their points. My wife joins me in this opinion. In ordering reading matter from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, don't fail to add 15 cents for this pamphlet, for all but worshippers of the Nazarene are delighted with it."

Reception to the Mystics.

Dr. Thatcher, a leading Spiritualist and Mystic, gave the members of the Temple of the Magi a reception at his beautiful residence, 61 Aberdeen street, on Thursday evening of last week. The occasion was one long to be remembered as one of the brightest spots in the lives of those present.

Rio de Janeiro has 550,000 population and 2,400 police, who in 1890 made 10,340 arrests.

Eight Million Dollars' Robbery.

It was a big robbery indeed—a gigantic Roman Catholic steal!—that and nothing else! The Christian Evangelist of St. Louis, Mo., says that the expropriators of Archbishop Purcell, whose gigantic failure in 1879 astonished the world, are making renewed efforts to obtain from the Roman Catholic Church the amount they claim is due them. The creditors number 15,000, most of them are poor, and, including the interest, the claim is \$8,000,000. In their appeal they give extracts from the deposition of the Archbishop in which he stated that the moneys received by him were expended to pay for lots for churches and schools, for charities, for orphan asylums and houses of refuge—in fact, for all purposes approved by the church in his diocese, religious, charitable and literary, including the erection of churches, convents, maintaining and establishing sisterhoods and brotherhoods and educating and supporting priests. In short, Archbishop Purcell borrowed the money and used every dollar of it in the interest of the church. Not a dollar of this money has been paid back, but "Mother Church" is enriched by the fraud. Were any Protestant denominations to perpetrate such high-handed robbery, the secular press would ring with denunciations, but it is silent while the Catholic church holds fast to millions obtained by the robbery of 15,000 of its own parishioners.

The Pappus Planetarium.

The Pappus Planetarium is a miniature representation of the solar system, showing the sun in the center of the zodiac, with the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune so arranged that their daily positions in their orbits around the sun can be determined and shown at any time. The place of the moon is also given in its orbit around the earth. All the planets and moon being movable, their exact position on the planetarium for any date is indicated in degrees, by the "Ephemeris of Moon and Planets" for the current year.

This "Planetarium and Ephemeris" (by J. A. Austin), will prove a valuable adjunct to every student of physical and occult astronomy, and is the first and only article of the kind that has ever been placed upon the market at a price that was within the reach of all. Any person can soon become sufficiently familiar with the solar system to not only point out any planet at any time, but will be able to locate any of the twelve constellations, tell when the moon is new, first quarter, full or last quarter; also tell what planets are morning or evening stars—all determined by knowing the relative positions of the planets and stars in the heavens. Every member of the Temple of the Magi should have one.

The "Pappus Planetarium" is made up in two quantities, and put up in neat boxes, at the following prices, which includes the Ephemeris for the current year: No. 1, extra quality, handsomely mounted, \$2.50; No. 2, fine quality, handsomely mounted, \$2.

Will be sent by mail or express, prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price and 50 cents extra for postage or express charges. The "Ephemeris," when ordered extra, without a Planetarium, will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. The Ephemeris for 1894 is now ready. Address all orders to this office.

Light Without Heat.

To the speculative mind, writes Lieut. F. Jarvis Patten in the Electrical World, none of the possible future applications of electricity is more attractive and none so full of immediate interest as the possibility that seems almost within our grasp of obtaining light without heat, of making the light waves without the heat waves that have thus far always been at the same time the companion and the burden of all artificial light. The time is ripe, and the exact science of the day seems all but ready and willing to give the analysis of two great problems, the answer to either of which would stand the crowning achievement of a century of progress in the application of nature's secrets to the requirements of daily life. One of these—the navigation of the air—seems to be a mechanical problem only, while the other—the production of light without heat—we may as confidently say is only a question of properly handling the electric current. Nature presents us with beautiful examples of both solutions, but guards jealously the key to her method of operation, by which well-known forces are made to do the apparently impossible thing and it is equally beyond our science today to explain how the bird soars aloft on motionless wings and how the glow-worm emits a gleam of light without a ray of heat. But they do it, and the many imitators of the bird will soon be equalled in number by those who are chasing the firefly's secret. What nature does with nature's forces man should and doubtless will be able to do with a full knowledge of those forces and a better comprehension of the methods by which nature applies them. Who shall say which is the more difficult accomplishment, the production of an artificial light without heat? There is no certainty, indeed, that the latter will not come from the hand of the chemist first. We are only too prone to hastily write that down as the impossible which is simply not yet done, and our last achievement as the most difficult of all accomplishments. Let us not, however, forget that the chemist has striven for more than a century to make the artificial stone with commendable success, and the mechanic has striven a century to navigate the air, while the electrical engineer has wrestled but a comparatively short time with the problem of light without heat, and has scarcely shown what the solution, far from being impossible on the lines of his attack, is, indeed, a reasonable expectation of another decade of electrical advance.

Gravity must be natural and simple; there must be urbanity and tenderness in it. A man must not formalize on everything.—Cecil.

Christianity to Blame.

A very singular aspect of the present financial and labor depression of this country, is that aid for the hungry unemployed should be requested from the poorly-paid employed, and by the employed. Is there not enough hoarded surplus in this country to alleviate the hunger of these human beings and their families, and tide them through until a Congress with both financial ability and soul, or at least sympathy, can be secured, and with manhood and personal integrity sufficient to legislate this "land of the free and home of the brave" (?) back into a state of thrift and prosperity? Here would seem a chance for this Christian (?) nation to wave the scepter of protection over her starving idleness, and win the laurels of a name eternal.

Christianity boasts of her many-fingered spires that point the way to a God of love and mercy; boasts of her great accumulation of wealth and gaudy temples of worship; of all the morals and spirituality of all nations; of a corner on charity and brotherly love, holiness, justice and power. Then, granting this as true, she is mainly responsible for the horrible condition of our people to-day, and should not only offer some remedy, but annihilate this slimy dragon of starvation with some of their brewed and bottled godliness, charity and sympathy. It would be within their power of accomplishment if the money used in these costly temples had been treasured for this most reasonable Christian purpose, instead of being used as it is. What kind of a God must it be that can shut its eyes to this hungry plea and heed the songs and prayers of miserly, aristocratic plentitude. If all these men were starving freethinkers and Protestants, and the only God a pope of Rome, naught else would be looked for; but a supreme ruler of love and mercy would likely use a combined effort of mercy and intelligence in righting these wrongs.

Some of our big institutions appoint themselves solicitors and treasurers for aid from their employees, and make it easy to escape their own assessments. To be just, be it said that a few of the wealthy ones have given nobly, and it was heralded through the press of the city, but no matter, so they give. Whether in the true spirit, or as they would throw tough beef to a dog. Idleness is helpless, and must take what is given or starve.

The Charities Too Slow.

Indeed, life is too brief to pause right in the midst of all this starvation and want; this national pauperization; to solve the problem as to what political party did it. The solution most needed now is how to better conditions most expeditiously; to feed the hungry people, and clothe them, and shelter them from the frigid elements. To ascertain the cause would only be an empty satisfaction; a chance to censure and harrow up a little war that would widen into a general melee. These are times when men become impassioned at trifles. Starvation and distress so general become the force that floods the human heart with sympathy and impatience. Reluctant effort and refusal to aid those known to be in need, on technical or trivial grounds, would precipitate a general uprising. It is all well enough for me to sweep the streets and do my august honorable to help themselves so long as they are able to work, and there seems no disposition manifest, except by the professional tramp, to refuse to earn their food and shelter, and the charities are quite liberal, but too slow and inefficient. True, they may be imposed upon occasionally unless they employ means to prevent; but it would certainly be more in accord with the true American spirit to deal out liberally to the needy, though an occasional undeserving one be helped, than to get into politics to find the solution and the entire remedy.

Watch Your Legislators.

The Jesuits are taking a new tack just now. They have failed to down Spiritualism by legislative enactments, and now they are actively pulling the wires of their political puppets to down the A. P. A. A bill has been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature "prohibiting the organization or continuance of societies whose object is to discriminate between Christians on account of their religion." The A. P. A. does not discriminate between Christians on account of their religion; but because the principles taught and practiced by the dominating powers of the Romish politico-ecclesiastical organism are a menace to the free institutions of our Republic, the A. P. A. opposes the elevation of Romish politicians to office—and they are right in so doing. While the A. P. A. opposes political Romanism, it will not neglect to impartially sweep whitening, speckless Protestants and non-religiousists who are ready to bend the pliant knee to Rome that political thrift may follow fawning, and who are ever ready to sell and betray American Liberty for a mess of Romish potage. Watch your legislators! Watch the politicians!

Note from Mrs. Richmond.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of many names and addresses in response to my call from mediums and societies in the Northwest; but anything like a complete list for the use of the National Association must include societies, members, mediums and their phases, and all stated briefly.

Thanking those who have responded, please send further information to me during February and March.

CORA L. V. RICHMOND, Care of National Spiritualists' Association, 516 E. street Northwest, Washington, D. C.

There is said to be no penal institution in this country that is wholly self-supporting.

A TOUCHING LETTER.

One Mother to Another.

The Dying Moments of a Little Boy.

DEAR MADAM: Although you are a stranger to me, the knowledge of your sorrow makes me wish to send a few words to you, hoping that I may say something to comfort you. I know how empty words of comfort, however well meant, may seem. I almost had it in my heart to curse a God who gave only to take away, and had it not been for the words of loving comfort, my little boy before his death—his certainty of meeting us all in a little while—I do not know how we could have endured our sorrow.

Now, I want to say a few words as to our boy's death to show you how our positive belief in Spiritualism arose. Our boy E. was twelve years old, a bright, lovable boy. Sixteen months before his birth, we lost our first boy, a babe. R. always regretted this very much, was always saying: "Oh! mamma, I wish my brother had lived; I do so want a brother!" So deeply did he feel this loss that many an evening or rainy day he would persuade his youngest sister, two years younger than himself, to dress herself in some of his clothes and play with her for hours, calling her his brother.

At one time, when we were visiting their grandmother, in the country, she wore boys' clothing most of the time for several weeks, greatly to his delight. During his last illness he often spoke of his brother, saying: "How nice it would have been had he lived." Two nights before he died, after a spasm of intense pain, he turned toward the back of the bed, while a beautiful smile broke over his face, and he cried in his boyish language, "Hello, dear! I like you a awful well; you are a awful nice bedfellow; you keep me nice and warm!" I spoke to him, saying, "R. dear, who are you talking to?" He looked at me a moment and said, "You can't see him, can you, mamma? He is there, my own little brother E.; I like him; he is a nice boy, but he is bigger than I am, mamma." He said this as if surprised, having always been taught to think of him as a tiny baby.

I, of course, thought at the time that he was delirious, but noticed that he knew everyone who came in, knew every word we said to him, talked rationally about everything else, but continued to talk to his brother. Later in the day he said: "Mamma, did you ever have a girl die?" I said: "No, dear." "Well, that's funny, mamma, there is such a nice girl here; she likes you awful well; she is a big girl, bigger than E. (his oldest sister, 17 years old); she looks like Uncle F. She is going to take me away, but she feels sorry for you. She says it is better for me to go, mamma; it is so cold here, and I don't feel well when it is cold; and the place where she is going to take me is so nice and warm, such lovely trees, and flowers, and birds, and above all, such a beautiful spring of water."

Although he knew that he was going away, he did not really connect the thought with death until the morning before he died, when he looked up into my face and asked: "Mamma, am I going to die?" I had to tell him I thought he was. "Well, mamma, it is all right. I knew I was going to a beautiful land somewhere, but I did not know it was heaven; but it is all right; I am not afraid. I never did anything bad enough to make you want to punish me forever, and God loves me just as well as you do, and he knows how hard it is for folks to be good here; he is just our loving Father; I am not a bit afraid to go to him."

Oh! doubting one, take comfort: child-like, trust in a loving, merciful Father, not in a God of vengeance. Shortly after this he called for his friends, schoolmates and neighbors. Every one that we could get word to came quickly to his bedside. He said "good-by" to each one; gave away his playthings, books—even his clothing. Then, one by one, he talked to his sisters, his papa and myself, saying words never to be forgotten by us; kissing us all good-by; sending loving messages to those of his friends who could not be with him; told us again of that beautiful land he was so soon to enter; seemed to talk again with his brother, and other unseen ones, and then said to me: "Oh! mamma, I know who that girl is now. She is grandma's girl, your sister and my aunt Ada. She is going to take care of me, and I shall have my own brother to play with; and, mamma, I shall come for you all as soon as I can."

And so passed into Spirit-life one of the dearest and best-loved of boys. Of the many who stood around his death-bed, there were none but what believed he saw just what he described. They could not doubt it. I talked with our Episcopal Rector afterwards. He said: "Of course he saw it. God permitted him to catch a glimpse of the promised land, that he might comfort you." Now, dear madam, why not just as reasonably suppose that he allows our loved ones to come back and comfort us? I know that they do, for besides the fact that we have seen our boys, I often feel his presence. Now, dear Mrs. Richmond, why not say this: Go each afternoon into some quiet room—your daughter's, if you can—and sit down quietly in some easy chair; let your mind, your heart, your soul go out to your daughter and see if you do not feel her presence. It may be only a cool breath on your cheek, a touch of a vanished hand upon your hair, but it will convince you that your loved one is there.

I wish you and your husband could visit us this winter, and attend the marvellous seances of Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall, who, I believe, not only a good medium, but a good woman. Now, dear madam, I must close, hoping that I may have said something that will lead you to investigate the only thing that can comfort you in your sorrow—true, pure Spiritualism! Hoping to meet you in that land of bright spirits, where our loved ones are waiting us, I am very truly yours.

To THE EDITOR:—The above is a copy of a letter written by an sorrowing mother to another, and in looking it over, it struck me as good enough to print. If you are of the same opinion, and have the space to spare, I should be pleased to read it in the best of papers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Yours truly,
St. Paul, Minn.

IMPORTANT OFFERS.

NUMBER ONE.

We desire to do a philanthropic work, hence are publishing each week a greater variety of matter pertaining to Spiritualism and free thought than any other Spiritualist paper now published on this green earth. To all new trial subscribers (25 cents for three months) we send free "The Witch of the Nineteenth Century," a highly interesting story by Dr. Phelon, which ran through eight numbers of the paper; and also the Christmas number, which is of itself worth one dollar.

OFFER NUMBER TWO.

Or, in the place of the above, we will send free that remarkable paper issued Feb. 14th, 1891, showing that the Roman Catholics were responsible for the assassination of President Lincoln. One hundred and fifty thousand copies of that number of the paper have been issued. It is startlingly true and sensational, and the most remarkable paper of the present age. When you once read it you will value it as worth at least one dollar. We will also send our "Tract edition. No dollar book ever published is more valuable than this paper. The first page contains the following article: "Hinduism—Its Status as a Religion," by the learned scholar, Swami Vivekananday, of India. It is invaluable to every reflective mind.

2nd page: "The Art of the Spirits—Paintings, Sketches and Autographs from the Departed Great," an intensely interesting article.

3rd page: "There is No Death—The Poets and Poetry of Spiritualism—A Chapter of Poetic Pearls, Beaming with Immortal Life and Scintillating with a Light Divine." This page is valuable indeed.

4th page: "A Cloud of Witnesses—All Poets Inspired Mediums." This page is full of poetic gems.

5th page: "The Passage to Spirit-Life Most Delightful." Every Spiritualist, every Materialist and every Christian should read it.

6th page: "Political Romanism." It contains statistics with which every patriot should be familiar. It has several suggestive illustrations.

7th page: "The Martyrs of the Liberal Faith." You should be thoroughly posted with the facts it contains.

8th page: "The Truths of Spiritual Phenomena Endorsed by Science." Interesting facts for the people.

This paper beams throughout with interesting matter. All of it is cream, and should go into the hands of every Spiritualist.

THIRD OFFER.

To all new yearly subscribers we will send free the four papers above mentioned. Always state in your order the papers expected.

Dr. T. Wilkins, whose contributions have appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from time to time, writes as follows in reference to the TRACT edition: "I have nothing in my collection of spiritual literature that I prize any more highly than the copy of your TRACT issue. I consider it about the best missionary tract ever published in the interest of truth. Each page is worth more than a year's subscription."

Report of the National Convention.

The report, which has been greatly delayed in the hands of the printer, over which we had no control, is at last ready for issue, and is being forwarded to subscribers as rapidly as possible. Orders for over 2,000 copies have been received, and at the rate they are coming in it is probable that the whole edition of 3,000 will be exhausted. We advise, therefore, that all those who wish a copy of the report should send in their subscription at once, with remittance at the rate of 25 cents per copy.

The book comprises 208 pages, including the alphabetical list of all delegates to the convention, and we have confidence that it will meet with general approval. We regret our disappointment in not being able to meet our promise to have the book sent out about the first of the month, but we trust all subscribers will feel that they have been fully repaid in the satisfaction they will receive in the perusal of its pages, and which we trust will bear a deep impress upon the advancement of Spiritualism in each and every part of the country. Those who have heretofore subscribed and not yet remitted the amount of their subscriptions, should do so. The books will be sent out as rapidly as possible on receipt of the price, and we hope to have all orders filled within the coming week. If the obstructions to the National Association will give us time to dispose of the surplus work (now requiring about fifteen hours a day), we will then take delight in editing them from our standpoint, as to the importance of facilitating rather than hindering the work of this organization, and in less than sixty days from this time we will show a compilation of statistics and important matter through our press (not our paper, for we have no anxiety to run a paper of our own) that will be of very considerable interest to all Spiritualists and societies throughout the country.

ROBT. A. DIMMICK, Secy.

Cremation of Lucy Stone.

Lucy Stone, world-renowned as a thinker and philanthropist, and advocate of the rights of woman, died recently, and in accordance



went to bed, as the whole camp does, at 9 o'clock; that is, the lights were blown out at that hour; this is the usual camp. As I was lying in bed, a light appeared at a window, that one could see out of. I could not sleep, and kept rolling and tumbling. I think I must have got in a drowse, for I was awakened by a light shining into the window, and a woman's face appeared as if looking in. I am sure it was the countenance of my sister, who died in Quebec two years ago. Strange to say, I did not know her. The light disappeared, and then again it came on; in this time the woman's hand appeared at the window, beckoning me to come. I got up and pulled on my trousers and went to the door. By the

A beautiful ideal of a medium, according to M. H. Prince, is found in a Philadelphia lady of refinement and luxurious surroundings—Mrs. Palmer—who uses her time and means as freely for offerings for the good of Spiritualism.

The following report is quoted from *La Moussé*: "Yesterday, at our office we had a visit from M. and Mme. Krepel. The young girl, blondified, is placed in the spiritist cabinet. She is a blonde, walks about the room, sakes with giving him, and the lady indicated immediately and without the slightest hesitation what her father holds in his hand or points to with his finger. Is it a watch? The young girl tells this

expense, above receipts. Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Gebaur have assisted in giving tests, while Mrs. Harrison presides at the organ. Union Spiritual services held at G. A. R. hall, No. 130, West Sixth street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. You are cordially invited."

The St. Paul Spiritual Alliance, progressing finely since it has changed its halls; there is a spirit of contentment and satisfaction among the members, who are engaged to continue her service through the season until April, witnessed this society. She can be addressed at Hotel Barteau, St. Paul, Minn., a visit would like to open engagements with

A friend writes that Spiritualism in San Francisco is gaining the attention of a great number of all creeds, judged from the number of meetings held every Sunday evening, all well attended. Maggie Waite is creating quite a sensation by her wonderful tests. Two unusual incidents recently occurred, one of Mrs. Waite named and described spirit of living persons—stating them to be such—the descriptions being accurate in all details.

Nevada has 104 convicts, employed making boots and shoes. Georgia has no State prison. The lease system prevails.

To affirm that a vicious man is only his own enemy is about as wise as to affirm that a virtuous man is only his own friend.—Colton.

Minnesota has 312 white convicts colored; and one Indian.

In the French prisons religious instruction is provided for all inmates.

Michigan has 563 convicts; all male.

The convicts of New Hampshire number 137.

Virginia convicts are hired out shoe contractors and railroads.

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