



Or the Triumph and Failure of  
the Reformation.

The spiritually-minded man or woman will always interpret the emblems of the church according to the language of the spirit. The danger lies with those who who materialize all symbols in their own thought. To mistake the shadow for the substance, the symbol for the thing itself is surely a mistake. The danger of this is symbolism, the rise to modern idolatry and fetishism.

Children need object lessons; the uneducated mind fails to grasp abstract ideas and principles, hence to present these in some concrete form seems a necessity. If society did not need this, the Catholic church, it would not exist. It stands as a kind of kindergarten for the masses, where the child is taught to use intellect, and substitutes a priesthood instead of a healthy moral insight.

History repeats itself, it is sometimes said, and if this is not literally true, it is remarkable how near the truth it is.

and homogeneity as registering an unprogressed state; so in the mental world we estimate the degree of unfoldment in proportion to the ratio of individualized mentality. Among the undeveloped tribes we find similarity of thought and sentiment, the accompaning the progress of civilization, the gradual tendency to nonconformity of opinion in matters of a "met-empirical" character [To use a phrase of Mr. Lewes]. On the other hand, there is a tendency towards greater unity in matters pertaining to the knowable world.

Before such advancement can be effected, however, there are long periods of still-nigh unprogressive clan and tribal wars, conditions and conditions of moral obligation found a limited sphere of action within the family or tribal relations. Fidelity to the interests of the clan was rewarded by its success in bat-

In this contact of Christianity with paganism, the pagan was somewhat Christianized, and the Christian partly paganized. This could scarcely be avoided, for the missionary must use the language of his hearers, and in many ways clothe his gospel in a foreign garb. These different colorings which Christianity received under the various conditions in which it was fostered, gave rise to much disputation. In the hope of settling these controversies churchmen creeds were formed. But there were always dissenters who insisted

It seems that Luther believed in the actual presence of the body of Christ in the wafer. Private confession was encouraged by him. Images and pictures were not objected to by him. Like Calvin, Luther believed in predestination, but, unlike Calvin, his conception was that God predestines because he foreknows; whereas Calvin's God fore-knows, because he had predestined. Luther proclaims an interior standard, as opposed to Calvin's exterior. In his view, salvation by faith alone. Some perverted has been this thought that human goodness has been despised and a theological adherence preferred. Luther himself must have taken an extreme view of salvation by faith, or he never could have made such a reply to Melancthon as is reported. It is said that on one occasion when talking to Luther, Melancthon observed a relation to the world, that Jesus had come into the world to save sinners, of whom he, Paul, was chief, "I do not feel myself to be the chief of sinners." Luther

Roger Williams, while the Presbyterians of to-day put Professor Briggs on trial for heresy. The Church of Rome claims infallibility for a human institution, and orthodoxy defends the infallibility of a book; and for my part I would as leave to believe in the pretension of the pope as of the pope's book, as both human! If any man ever received an infallible revelation, surely the fact makes the existence of an infallible church possible! Churches come to conclusions by a logical process of reasoning, as a rule, but as we grow intellectually, our point of view changes, and we reject the old premises or propositions from which we commence our logical process, and the outcome are confirmed by our ancestors. The modern thinker must test the validity of those foundations upon which the most sacred of our beliefs rests.

What are the results of this emancipation from churchianity thraldom? Free speech, a free press, liberty to investi-

The papist thinks that we shall return to the mother church through sheer weariness of the effort to solve in the light of reason what faith alone can reveal to us. Other churches think their forms of faith ultimate, no doubt; but we shall behold more wonderful transformations in religious thought in the future.

Before you can be said to know a man you must have eaten forty pounds of salt in his company. — Eastern Proverb.

Self-conceit magnifies a fault beyond proportion, and swells every omission into an outrage. — Jeremy Collier.

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you wish to keep them in working order. — John Adams.



# THE CLOISTER BEACON OR THE CURSE OF THE CONVENT.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Slatnam Druidheart.

"The Night the Light Went Out" was a most remarkable story, founded on absolute facts as testified to by a prominent gentleman of this city. We commenced in No. 226 the publication of its companion piece, the scenes being laid in England. It is by Hammond Hills, of the *Agnostic Journal*, London. We are sure it will prove of great interest to our numerous readers. All new yearly or trial subscribers will get "The Night the Light Went Out" free.

Three days after Roland de Brabancon was so hurriedly compelled to set out en route for Dover Castle, a scene of more than usual splendor was presented within the court-yard at Windlesore.

King John sat enthroned amidst his barons, while heralds, pursuivants, and squires surrounded him on every side. Nobles and men-at-arms advanced from beneath the archway; the portcullis was raised, and each knight, gallantly accoutred, led forth his men arrayed in glittering panoply. It was the monarch's will to set out on the morrow for Winchester, whither he had not repaired since the destruction of Angiers and his return to England; and, ere bidding farewell to Windlesore, the flower and chivalry of their native isle, "this precious stone, set in the silver sea," collected beneath their banners, all equipped with helm and lance and cuirass, as though for warlike enterprise. Fair dames and maidens gathered the scene, among the latter Isabel de Clere, whose eyes all vainly searched amidst the gathering crowd of knights and squires and courtiers for the stalwart form of Roland de Brabancon. And, though her foreboding heart oft sank within her, no thought that he was false entered the mind of that true and loyal maiden; she would have defended his faith, if need be, against the world; but that he had been the victim of treachery she felt convinced, perhaps even of assassination; and Isabel de Clere, so early called upon to suffer, drooped almost fainting beneath the weight of her most crushing grief.

Mechanically she performed the task devolving on her, and waited on the Queen-mother, meanwhile gazing on the glorious cavalcade as it passed by, when the harsh voice of Eleanor recalled her to her duty. Duty! that stern, inexorable word which ever mars the happiness of youth. At length the King proclaimed his will that Isabel should proceed to Winchester with the Queen-mother's train of attendants, and scarce the Kentish maid knew how to repress the sobs which arose in her aching heart.

The pageant over, the duties of the day discharged, Isabel was at last alone. Ah! then the anguish of her soul found vent—ah! then the falling tears relieved the overcharged heart. How long a time she had indulged in sorrow she knew not, before the pale rays of the moon shone through her casement as if in sympathy with her grief; and suddenly she remembered the promise Cyrranong gave, that would she venture once more at eventide within the Myrtle Grove, he would be there to counsel her. And Isabel de Clere hastened to the appointed spot, feeling she had more to hope from Cyrranong, that man of mystery, than from the honeyed words and superficial smiles of any of the polished crowd with whom her lot was cast.

With beating heart the maiden searched the recesses of the glade, when, beholding an approaching form, she quickly advanced, then as suddenly she stayed her steps, for the form was not Cyrranong's. Too late, too late to retreat; the maiden recognized King John. Had, then, the Briton proved treacherous—had he but lured her hither to betray her.

"Ah! fair one," said the monarch; "methought that hither thou wouldst bend thy steps to-night. Art seeking for thy errand squire, sweet bird? He is indeed a craven knight could prove false to charms like thine."

"Nay, sire," replied the maid, all vainly striving to render her voice steady; "I but thought the air of eventide would cool my fevered brow; I but thought"—and the long pent-up emotion claimed its course, a flood of tears checked the words she strove to utter. But neither tears, nor youth, nor innocence could evoke one spark of pity from the heart (if heart he indeed possessed) of the depraved monarch who had so basely entrapped the young knight, Roland de Brabancon, and who held the honor and the life of Isabel thus surely in his power.

"And so thy lover hath broken faith with thee?" continued the heartless tyrant. "Well, well, grieve not for popinjay who could deceive thy trusting youth. Thou art beautiful, fair maid, and beauty hath great power; already hath it served to sway the ruler of a kingdom, and may do so again. What thinkest thou, wilt thou not withdraw thy love from him who doth not covet its possession, and bestow it upon one who would set a greater value on thy smiles than on the crown he wears? The King of England woos thee, sweetest lady, and stoops to sue where he might well command."

"Oh! spare me, sire," rejoined the maiden,

"and suffer me to rest undisturbed and obscure. Methinks, your majesty, that simple maiden such as I but ill deserves a reigning monarch's thoughts."

"Thy monarch is the best judge of thy desert, fair Isabel; and thoughts, which should be free unto our meanest subjects, is surely so unto thee; and for our thoughts, why, John of England tells thee, maiden, thou art the fair object that engrosses them. Already art thou envied by many a proud dame, I warrant thee; yet art thou too high in favor to be injured by their shafts, and they who would traduce thy name shall perforce pay thee homage, fairest Isabel, when at our court at Winchester we do proclaim our favor for the beautiful maid of Kent."

"Such favor, sire, would crush me with its weight; I was not born for so great honor," ventured Isabel, gathering courage from impending danger.

"Thou wert born for such honor as thy monarch chooseth to confer upon thee," said John haughtily.

"And please thee, sire, I would that thou shouldst seek one more deserving than myself. Of my poor rustic charms methinks thou art too soon wouldst tire. How could a simple maid like me, so new to court and courtly ceremony, hold long a monarch's heart, when even the beautiful and accomplished Hadwisa failed to do so; when even?"

"Listen, maiden," said the King, interrupting her; "it is not often our subjects venture to thwart our wishes, and darest thou oppose our will and brave our anger? It were better for thee that thou think again ere thou rebel, and better too that thou shouldst prepare thyself to accept the fate that we ordain for thee. Before heaven, shall a monarch be heeded in his castle grounds, and by a simple Kentish maid? By hawk and hounds, I'll teach thee, girl, how John compels submission."

Thus saying the depraved monarch seized on Isabel, and was about to bear her from the grove when a tall form interposed; and Cyrranong—it was he—exclaiming, "Adon, Selawente, Kuchja: cuiridh me thu ar coisde," flashed before the astonished King the *Slatnam Druidheart*, which, as he waved it over his head, straightway became transformed, and simple laurel staff flashed into polished blade and glittering hilt bedecked with priceless gems; the *Slatnam Druidheart* was metamorphosed into sword, not of steel, but of lightning, beneath the gleam of which King John of England reeled back blind, and fell heavily upon the green sward, the clash of his armor awakening the echoes of the night, which closed around with redoubled gloom as the gleam of the mystic sword passed into the ground, leaving rayless darkness behind.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Three Immortals.

At the moment the baffled monarch sank blinded by the awful flash of the levin-sword, Isabel, dazed and bewildered, yet unharmed, perceiving nothing but the lightning bolt, realizing nothing, but that the King had released her, frantically cried: "Oh, my father, why didst thou leave me thus—why art thou not here in this perilous hour with me? De Brabancon, too, who promised to protect me—he also gone—I am indeed alone. Oh, heaven; hast thou forsaken me—dost even thou deny thy aid to one who hath no friend but thee?"

"No," answered a clear, calm voice beside her; "the Christian's heaven may deny thee aid, sweet maiden, since when was Sacard known to succor helplessness? but here within the Fiodh Aongus Matharagast fear thou nothing. Meigen-i-hwy! Elyo" will, through me, protect you. And Cyrranong, the Druid, once more stood face to face with Isabel de Clere, the Kentish maiden.

"Cyrranong, was it thou—yet I beheld thee not—was it thy mystic power released me from the King, though I beheld thee not, but only flash of gems, and steel, and flame and gold; and now I see not him? Have I been dreaming, Cyrranong, thou unto whom all earthly things have surely been revealed, where is the King, who late?"

"Stricken by *Excalibar*, and, till morning's dawn, rendered invisible to mortal eye."

"Invisible! Thou almost makest the blood freeze in my veins; and yet, I trust thee—invisible and rendered so by thee. Then what art thou, Cyrranong?"

"Initiate of such mysteries as the Christian wots not of. I am Cyrranong, the Druid; Cyrranong, to whom *EXCALIBAR*, the sword

\* John was the first king of England who adopted the royal "we."

\* King, here in my Hall of Justice I bring you to trial. The Druids conducted their trials in uncovenanted temples or open groves. Coisde, or jury of twelve men, were necessarily present, according to their code of laws.

\* Druidical magicians' wand.

\* Of which the Druid's wand was composed. It is said that, when Hesiod inspired Homer to sing of the gods, they (the gods) gave him a staff of green laurel "to cut, or shave, and mark."

\* Priest.

of Koetan, hath been entrusted by the self-named hand that gave it him, then snatched it at the rising flood from Sir Bedevere, his knight, and bore it back again to the weird *Leaky of the Lake*."

"And wherefore, man of mystery?"

"Listen, maiden. In King Arthur's time, six centuries and a half gone by, flourished three demi-gods. Thy Norman-Wallon calls them simple poets. Yet were they demi-gods, who wrote for immortality, and fought for Cattraeth's honor."

"Men called these demi-gods 'the three Immortals; for in the time they lived Genius was awarded honor, lady, and was acknowledged to be the priceless gift bestowed on such as had in former incarnation earned by deeds of virtue and self-sacrifice a higher state of manhood."

"One of these demi-gods, the author of 'The Gododin,' was called 'Aneurin Gwawdrydd,' and was 'The Monarch of the Bards.' From him descended—but I will not tell thee who it is. Certain thou wilt learn anon, for he is great in power. Ambition caught him in her coils, and he cast away his boyhood's gods—the institutions which for centuries had been transmitted in perfection only to the few—to embrace the pernicious doctrines expounded by the Nazarene, uncultured and unlettered, an apostate Jew; and the descendant of the Bard Aneurin preaches now the Christian dogma, that Genius is the brand of Cain, and should by man be made unto his fellow-man a life-long curse; and the descendant of the Bard Aneurin is lost to Druidism—lost to honor too, save only such honor as its name implies—the Christian's honor, lady."

"Cyrranong, shake not the faith in which I have been reared; I am not learned as thou art in the pre-Christian doctrine; destroy not thou the hope which bids me bear my present woes so I may inherit joy hereafter. I am oppressed by doubt and fear; oh! let not thine become the hand shall dash the crystal vase away, and leave only the ruined fragments to remind me of the once perfect chalice."

"Lady, we will pass Aneurin by. The second immortal Cennau of Llywarch Hen, Llywarch of the bloody lance, fell without issue at Cattraeth; his lance, or sword, was seized by spirit hand even as he expired, and was mysteriously conveyed to Koetan, at whose death it was regained by Taliesin, from the Lady of the Lake, in return for the valiant song of 'Cann y Modd.' Taliesin of the Golden Torque, Taliesin of the Triads, who, dying, threw *Excalibar* into Lake Geirionnydd—from him it is Cyrranong's boast he has descended; and, lady, by my side, behold, the sword of Arthur and of Taliesin, *Excalibar*."

And the British bard waved high in air the *Slatnam Druidheart*, which, under his unearthly spell word, had resolved itself from simple laurel staff to jeweled crosshilted sword of fire.

"Dost wonder, maiden," said the Dral, as he resheathed the weapon, "that thou hast not learned this mystery sooner? I will tell thee, and thou wilt listen. I have not, as had Taliesin over Arthur's sword, unlimited power. My British blood is tainted with the Norman, and hath lost thereby certain mystic potency. Once only in the cycle of nineteen years may I control *Excalibar*; in this Great Year the god Apollo visits Britain, and, playing on his harp from the Vernal Equinox until the rising of the Pleiades, inspires my arm with mystic influence, my wand with magic force."

"And now *Excalibar*?"

"Shall never more be wielded by my hand."

"Never, Cyrranong?"

"No, lady, never. In nineteen years the stars complete their revolutions; until that time no power is given me to transform the *Slatnam Druidheart* into *Excalibar*; and when that time shall come, lady, this hand will have cast the jeweled blade into the flowing Vaga. Cyrranong hath wielded for the last time Arthur's sword in thy defence, fair maiden."

"And the king, thou sayest, shall until morn remain invisible. What, then, will be his fate?"

"For three days blind!"

"Cyrranong, thou frightenest me."

"In three days, lady, much can be done to save thee. King John will not, for that he cannot, leave for Winchester to-morrow."

"Then teach me, Cyrranong, in the meantime, teach me how I may escape from out the palace."

"Thou shalt quit the palace, lady."

"Sayest thou so? And shall I enter once again my happy home at Kirton? Oh! Cyrranong, rather than linger here, let me be buried for aye within the Cloister's shade; at least I should find rest and safety there. Point out the way I may find means to quit this hated

place."

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spot—to fly—anywhere—anywhere—so I may never more be tempted by the splendid mockery of a treacherous court, or be placed again in power of king whose attentions but betray!"

"Peace, maiden," said the Druid in a tone of command; "have I not told thee by thine own art thou never canst be free? They yield not thus to vain repining; thy path is marked for thee upon the book of Fate; thou canst not escape thy destiny, nor can the king weave for thee the meshes of thy future life; it all is pre-ordained. Yet have no fear for king or court; not long—not long—and you will abjure them both forever. Cyrranong the magician tells thee this, Cyrranong the Prophet, who, on the eve consecrated by his ancestors, the sixth of the moon, entered the mystic cycle of the Rhodrydyr, beheld the heavens by the flame of the Drui' lanach, and, as the green vernal and selago all consumed, flashed high in the sacred light, the Mhior-Bheilt pointed ever to the stars floating in infinite space, and to the truths which they recorded on their azure scroll. Fear not, then, O maiden; Cyrranong the Fald hath read thy future, and ere three more suns shall set thou shalt be rescued from the danger that now threatens thee!"

"But who can rescue me?" asked the maiden, awed by the mysterious words the Druid had uttered. "Oh! much I fear that now our monarch would not yield me even to my father's care."

"Not to thy father would he yield thee, child; but yet, to one who holds a higher authority even than his own, King John of England will, perforce, surrender thee. Go now, and sleep in peace; in short time thou shalt be free from danger."

"Free from danger! Free from all sorrow then?"

"No, maiden; I said not that: thou wilt be free from danger, but—a heavy trial awaits thee."

"A heavy trial!" murmured Isabel.

"Cyrranong the Fald hath said it," replied the visionary, "and it shall come to pass. But go now—go—I will not tell thee more."

And the form of Cyrranong the Briton was lost amid the waving trees.

And Isabel de Clere realized she was alone. And the trembling maiden sought her couch and wept till morning's dawn.

It would be impossible to describe the scene of confusion which prevailed within the castle on the morning following the events just narrated. King John had been found by his barons within the Myrtle Grove, to all appearance dead, and had been conveyed to the State Chamber, where, attended by his physicians, he was at length restored to consciousness; but with returning vitality came not the power of sight. It would prove to be a temporary blindness only, the physicians said, as the chosen monarch cursed and prayed in turn; but, temporary or otherwise, the assemblage of lords and vassals and retainers, all collected for departure from Windlesore, and ascribing to supernatural agency the calamity which had befallen the king, were overcome with reverential awe, and the Myrtle Grove was at once proclaimed an enchanted and unhallowed spot; and not a man in all that throng was there who durst again set foot in it.

Thus was King John's projected departure for Winchester delayed; thus Isabel de Clere obtained a respite from impending danger; thus England's courtiers learned that God's appointed king was mortal like themselves, and subject to mortal weakness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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† The Druids held opinions similar to those of Pythagoras, though not quite the same; for while Pythagoras believed "the souls of animals infused themselves into the trunks of men," the Druids taught a metempsychosis which transmitted the soul from one human body only into another—a sentiment of a somewhat higher order than the Pythagorean one.

† Not pronounced as spelt, but Aneurin (Anirid) Gwawdrydd (Goo-ah-so-dreeth), the dd in British breyding the same sound as the English *edthe*. The signification is *Satirist*, or Mocking-Face.

\* "Cann y Modd" was the famous song by which Taliesin obtained the release of his patron Elfin from the Prince of North Wales, Maelgwyn Gwynedd.

† The cycle of nineteen years was called by the Greeks the "Great Year."

† Vaga was the ancient British name for the Midway.

\* Druid's wheel.

† The flame of the Druids which is said to have blazed without consuming fuel. "Drui' lanach is, doubtless, from the Gallo De' lan, lightning."

† The finger of Bel; Celtic for marvel or miracle.

## Spiritualism the World's Great Need.

Glory to God! The cry goes forth, From east to west, from south to north, For Spiritualism gaineth sway— Glad herald of a brighter day! Too long have minds in darkness been Oppressed with grievous doubts and sin; Now light has come dispelling gloom, And driving shadows from the tomb, While many a soul is glad to see The proof of immortality; And many more the way will learn, By which they will from error turn.

We hail this grand, auspicious time, When Spiritualism's march sublime Is treading error in the dust, And learning men in God to trust. It is of pure celestial birth, Sent down from heaven to bless the earth, It is the world's great special need, Based on no dogmas stern, nor creed; But claims that to all men is given A birthright glorious in heaven, In it alone will mortals find A solace for the sorrowing mind, Assuring them they'll meet again Their Lord, where bliss doth ever reign.

The raps that gave so much surprise, Announcing spirits from the skies, Were but the first faint dawning ray Of what around us shines to-day. Its light to truth eternal wed, With a resistless power hath spread, And many a weary, fainting soul Has felt the joy of its control. Creeds, dogmas, superstitions all Before its progress grand must fall; O'er all the world, from cot to throne, Its power will be felt and known, And men will see come down to them The shining "New Jerusalem!" Popes, priests and kings are struck aghast, To see their day of power past, When none will own a despot's nod, And only bow in love to God.

Proud thrones are tottering to their fall, No more to hold the world in thrall; God worketh out his purpose grand, With his divine, unerring hand. Of all events he holds the rein, And will at last make mysteries plain— Will lead all wandering feet aright, Till all will in His law delight.

God speed the time when o'er the world Love's banner ever will be furled, When wars and murders all will cease, And nations hail the reign of peace. When through the world God's will is done, And heaven and earth will be as one! By mystic wires thoughts will fly From mind to mind, through earth and sky, And spirits will to mortal ken, Appear and speak as living men And even now on earth they roam As welcome guests in many a home! We see their forms, feel touch and breath, Assuring us there is no death! To us it is a sweet surprise— To see them thus materialize.

Men yet will see, with raptured eyes, The earth become a paradise, When joyful hopes are never crossed, And paradise will ne'er be "lost," And panoplied with truth divine, Will Spiritualism ever shine! Then bound together men will be In bonds of sweet fraternity! Lynn, Mass. M. PARKER RUSSELL.

## An Old Pioneer Passed on.

General Experience Estabrook, a distinguished lawyer and citizen of the State of Nebraska, has passed to higher life. The old familiar face so long known among the citizens of Omaha, no longer welcomes us. The grave has enclosed his body, but his spirit, always brilliant and clear as the noonday sun, has gone on to meet its reward. He died as he lived, a Spiritualist, always as true to his convictions as a needle to the pole. He never clouded his religion by a veil; but to all men was an outspoken and firm adherent to the cause, which he avowed years ago. He passed away quietly and peacefully on the morning of the 26th of March.

He had reached the age of eighty-one years, and within a very few days would have celebrated the golden anniversary of his wedding. He was perfectly rational until Sunday morning, and his death came upon him as the sleep upon an infant. The General traces his descent from the Mayflower, and was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, in 1813. He has filled many positions of honor and trust in the State of Nebraska, as also in the State of Wisconsin, from which he emigrated in the spring of 1855. He was Attorney General of Wisconsin for a term of two years. He has been in close accord with Spiritualism for many years, and has attended the various camp meetings, where his tall form will be remembered by many admiring friends. Our cause here, and our little society, has met with a severe loss. He always was with us on Sunday afternoons and always had words of cheer and comfort for those who were seeking the new light. His mind was remarkably clear and logical, and he brought the same acumen to bear in the investigation of the psychic laws as he had been accustomed to use in his legal training at the bar, where he had been very successful. He never faltered in his faith, but lived and died a true Spiritualist.

His wife and two children are left to mourn his loss, and surely will have sympathy in this their great bereavement.

Omaha, Neb. ALONZO THOMPSON.

## The Progressive Thinker.

Published weekly at No. 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill. Every Spiritualist should have this paper. Every advanced thinker should subscribe for it; in fact the whole world would be greatly improved if it could be read by each family circle. Terms: 50c per year. Sent three months for 25c.

## 16 Boils at Once

Hood's Sarsaparilla Purifies the Blood and Restores Health.



Mr. J. W. Stewart, Wilmett, S. Dak.

"O. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'About four years ago my wife was troubled with salt rheum. Although we tried nearly everything it got worse instead of better and spread over both of her hands so that she could hardly use them. Finally she commenced to use Hood's Sarsaparilla and when she had taken two bottles her hands were cured. She had and she has not since been troubled. In December, 1892, my neck was covered with boils of a Scrofulous Nature.'"

There were sixteen boils at once and as soon as they healed others would break out. My neck finally became covered with ridges and

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

scars. I then commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking four bottles the boils had all healed and the scars have disappeared. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all suffering from any disorder of the blood." F. W. STEWART, Wilmett, South Dakota.

Hood's Pills not easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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**REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.**  
Given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King.  
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Good Tuttle. A beautiful book of poems of rare



















## AN ARRANT FRAUD.

His Methods Fully Revealed.

The Greatest Swindle on Earth.

## The Methods of a Trickster.

TO THE EDITOR:—Knowing your paper is in the interest of honest Spiritualism, ever ready to assist our beloved cause, and therefore ready to expose any fraud that may be fully substantiated, I called upon you asking your co-operation in this effort to separate the true from the false, and thus lift our cause to the honored position it should and will occupy in the world.

I will give my feelings and experiences as they led me to facts I was very slow to believe and sore and heavy at heart to learn.

Drawn to Bricklayers' hall, amongst hundreds of others who felt sorry at the thought that it was the last night we would be able to hear Mr. Clifton in his talented and beautiful answers to the numerous questions asked, I heard him state that some parties had published an article in the newspapers which was a lie from beginning to end, and in very earnest words defy them to prove their assertions.

With nearly everyone in that crowded hall I felt that Mr. Clifton was the injured party, and determined to do all in my power to vindicate him. With this thought urging me to learn the falseness of the article in the *Dispatch*, March 23rd, and that the signer could not substantiate his remarks, Mr. Geo. Willey and myself went to the rooms at 282 W. Madison street, and there met Mr. and Mrs. Scovell, who told us they had known the truth of the newspaper article, and had been trying to let people know the facts for some time before, and had received in return, unkind words and treatment.

We were incredulous, and could not understand why, if it had been known, it was not given out to protect others; but we saw now that without proof which could only be reached by united action, and that, even now, with full and complete proof, those that so readily paid out their dollars do not want to be convinced, and seem to oppose the effort made to place the truth before them, as their feelings are similar to what our own were. We try to be patient and prove to them that they can be convinced by seeing for themselves—for until we saw for ourselves we had some hope that the others were wrong.

Being referred to the young man that had been known as Mr. Clifton's manager, we called on him. He seemed willing but afraid to speak, and until assured that we were only seeking the truth he did not tell us anything. He made an appointment with us for Friday morning, March 30, when in answer to the question, had I seen the spirit of my aunt, he told me the truth—that I had not; I had seen a man. My feelings I cannot describe, and for a moment that boy was in a doubtful position. Not even then fully believing him, I made another appointment for Saturday when he promised to produce some of the phenomena and make the pictures—hundreds of which are cherished so fondly by those that had received them from the cabinet. He kept his word and came, offering to do as he had promised, saying that he with another man could give the exact reproduction of Mr. Clifton's seance, and under the same conditions; and after would show how it was accomplished. 8 o'clock Sunday morning was the time agreed upon. We went and found the young man was refused the use of the room in which Mr. Clifton had worked, because the landlady required advance rent and the young man did not have any money to pay her.

The change of room would not have satisfied us had we the young man's unsupported word, but we had heard the same from the landlady, Mrs. Vogler, and had been permitted to see the room and found the conditions as the young man had stated. From the landlady we learned how she had caught them fixing the hole through which her husband and friends, with hundreds of other believers' loved ones, had appeared. Oh, what a fearful crime that man has to answer for! Mrs. Vogler says she was very angry with Mr. Scovell when he said that it was fraud, and would not accept his statements.

The young man—with the knowledge in his mind that Mr. Clifton had threatened his life if he exposed him—he guilty of so basely deceiving them. Still, when free from the powerful influence of Mr. Clifton, and guided by his own better nature, remembering many painful things which had occurred at the cabinet, one of which was a little child seeing her dear mother, he determined to give up forever the life he had been living, and came to the conclusion, by letting the world know how the wonderful phenomena were produced by Clifton and Taber. This was and is the young man's claim.

On Sunday morning, April 1, Mr. George Willey and myself went to 252 W. Madison street, third floor. What did we see? A complete reproduction of what had been given as genuine materialization, under the same conditions, even words and actions being used to assist the effect, as in Clifton's seance, in such a manner that the question: "What is it? Where is the fraud?" was only answered when the trap opened, and without the cabinet curtains to hide it from view, the same was performed.

What is our duty? What shall we do? How punish? How approach the public and put away this possibility of injuring Spiritualism, and robbing those who, desiring to hear from their loved ones, and knowing that there is truth and fact in materialization, become easy victims to such frauds?

As we reached the sidewalk, Bricklayers' Hall, where Clifton had been for three months, came to my mind, and the position that Mr. Gus. Jenifer as president had occupied during that time. He had been a frequent visitor at the seance-room, and recognizing his dear ones, he, meeting after meeting, endorsed the note as seen and believed by us and hundreds of others, and in his words he told the large congregation:

"I have been there and seen my dear ones; but do not take my word for it; go and see for yourselves."

I saw the painful position in which the true facts placed all those who had

indorsed Mr. Clifton; but especially hard was the position of the president of the society on whose rostrum the man had stood for such a long and successful engagement. So, on our way to your office we determined to call on Mr. Jenifer; and we told him what we had learned and what we had seen.

He asked what he should do. I offered the thought that his duty and the greatest good to our beloved cause would come from his stating that he had been deceived with the rest, and learning that fact by seeing the exposure himself, ask them to go and see for themselves. (Repeating his words used when he honestly but unfortunately endorsed Mr. Clifton's seances.)

He said he would go and see it. We immediately went to see the editor of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*; and his immediate consent to do all in his power, and to go with us to see the proof, was very thankful for, especially as we compare this with the manner in which prominent Spiritualists have met our attempts to prevent a continuance of this fraud.

Mr. Jenifer and Mr. Francis went, and both decided with us that this was an opportunity that was surrounded by such proofs that the pure Spiritualists and the world had a chance to see how it could be defrauded, and that all who had assisted innocently in the work of this cruel fraud should now see for themselves, and assist in preventing a repetition of the same.

Under our advice, the young man have consented to give the full exposure at 282 West Madison street, third floor, for a few days, so that those whose confidence is not, or cannot otherwise be shaken in their belief in Mr. Clifton, will go and see—and every Spiritualist that has a doubt should go.

The thoughts that came upon me at this moment are so numerous that I can hardly expect to write them, but will try to give some of them. The most sacred sanctuary of the true-hearted Spiritualist—the actual contact and touch of his beloved ones awaiting the moment of a closer reunion on the other and brighter shore—has become the most lucrative employment for those mediums or others whose hearts are lost and dead to every feeling of self-respect, decency or honesty; and the most heinous crime against humanity and against our cause should be exposed and punished to the fullest extent of the law. I hope this will be the means of bringing into existence a society for the especial purpose of preventing these frauds being repeated.

Wishing for your paper the success it deserves, and thanking you, in the name of every true Spiritualist, for the work you have done and are doing, we are yours fraternally,

S. C. BURLAND,  
Chicago, Ill.

GEO. WILLEY.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to higher life, at his residence in New Philadelphia, Ohio, on the 3rd day of April, 1894, Mr. John I. Smith, aged 84 years and six months. Mr. Smith was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, and came to Ohio, when quite a young man and learned the trade of a saddler and harness-maker in Canton, Ohio. He afterwards engaged in the business of a miller and lately in the drug business. He was a steady, active, plodding business man. He early became aware of the truth of Spiritualism and never hesitated to speak of the interview that he had had relatives and friends who had gone before him. He was a member of the I. O. O. F. for 45 years; and in all his earthly transaction was an honest man. His wife, who was also Spiritualist, preceded him to the Summerland three years ago.

"There is no word in our cold, English tongue

Where hope and joy are kin alike to

'Farewell,' we say, and the sad heart is

wrung;

Only farewell—there is no 'Farewell' seen."

Not so, farewell, the German sailor

cried;

Not so, good-bye, sad sweetheart into

swain.

I go to come—he is not dead who dies;

Good-bye, dear friend—but, till we

meet again."

C. H. MATTHEWS.

New Philadelphia, Ohio, April 3, 1894.

Only a Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said;

"Only just a child that's dead;"

And so they carelessly turned away

From the mound the spade had made

that day.

Ah! they did not know how deep a

shade

That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small;

One yard would have served for an am-

ple pall;

One man, in his arms, could have borne

away

The rosebud—now a freight of clay.

But I know that darling hopes were hid

Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother had stood, that

day,

With folded arms, by that form of clay.

I know that burning tears were hid

'Neath the drooping lash and aching

eye.

And I know her lips, and cheek, and

brow.

Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away—

The crimson frock, and wrappings gay—

The little sock, and the half-worn shoe—

The cap with its plumes, and tassels

blue—

An empty crib, with its covers spread,

As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but oh, beware!

For wide-wide paper, and there

Are, yep, perhaps, in coming years,

May see, like her, through blinding

tears,

How much of light, how much of joy

Is buried with an only boy.

CLARA BOSWORTH PETERSON.

Good Words from Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—I can say truthfully

that *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* grows

more interesting with each succeeding

issue. The Spiritualists in this city

have certainly been doing a good work

the past winter, but we should have

more outside talent; by that I mean dif-

ferent phases of mediumship, in order

to make people think. Still, we have

nothing to complain of, after all. Wishing

you success in the work you have in

hand, I beg to remain, yours truly,

Toledo, Ohio. C. S. RICHARDSON.

## THE "WILE HEATHEN."

He Strikes Back with Vigor.

And Tells Many Unpalatable Truths.

BURN NEGROES—YES—300 MEN LYNNED—

YES—KILLING UNBORN BABIES—

YES—BRIBERY OF LEGISLATORS—

YES—PROSTITUTION—YES, TRULY—

THIS COUNTRY MUST FLEAD GUILTY TO

THE HEATHEN CHARGES.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following letter, which appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*, is very significant; it was received from Beyroot, Syria. Every Spiritualist should read it, as it contains some very unpalatable truths: A. PAGAN.

Beyroot, Syria, February 14, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You will perhaps remember when you were traveling in Syria last year, with another American gentleman, of meeting me at the home of one of the American missionaries here, and of our pleasant conversation about America and of your manners and customs. I wish to state that I formed a true friendship with you, because of your interest in me and the apparent truthfulness of your character, and I therefore come to you for information, knowing that in the premises I can rely upon you for the truth.

I was born a Mohammedan, with a firm belief in God as taught us by our prophet, and ever since boyhood I have been a seeker after the truth. I have read of your Jesus in the New Testament and of his life and teachings, and was told by the missionaries here that his religion is the religion of your country. They also told me of the wealth and prosperity of your country, which fact I also read in books. I am almost persuaded to become a convert of the mission here, not because I think that there is any difference in truth and love of God as taught me and as they teach it, but because the religion of my fathers is looked down upon with suspicion, and to me nonsensical practices, and it is not practiced as taught by our prophet.

Our people, although outwardly religious, are many of them very bad and have many bad practices. Now the missionaries say if we will accept Christianity all this will be changed, and they refer us to the general morality of your country and its people as tending to show what Christianity will do for a people. While still in a doubtful state of mind, the more I thought, I wish to become a teacher of the people, if I become a convert, there was issued a pamphlet in Constantinople which has been spread broadcast throughout Syria. As to the truth or falsehood of the statements therein made I wish you would truthfully write me, for upon your answer depends my future course. The pamphlet alleges many things against Christianity, among others, as you will see by the copy I sent you, the following: "That Christian people of the United States burn negroes, after first having saturated their bodies with oil. More than 300 men were lynched by mobs without trial during the last year. Little infants are cast into privy vaults and vacant lots by their mothers, often while still alive. Your women, especially of the upper classes, make it a practice to kill unborn babes, and that in nearly all your cities certain doctors thrive by performing upon women operations to destroy infant life. Christianity is only preached in churches to the wealthy, and that the masses of people in your large cities never hear of Jesus and have no religion on any one day in the week, and on all other days in the ordinary business relations of life they steal from each other and lie and cheat, and that this is quite common among your best classes, who attend churches."

Your religious teachers have comfortable salaries and nice houses and only preach to people who come to the churches, but never go out to the poor, the deprived and the miserable. Bribery of legislatures and judicial officers by corporations and rich men is a universal practice in your country, and that at the same time these wrong-doers are often church members. Prostitution and immorality exist in your country on every hand, and that the officials in your large cities thrive and get rich from permitting and blessing the unfortunate women. Your people make religion subservient to the getting of wealth, and often join churches to have a social standing as an offset to their rascalities in daily life.

This pamphlet alleges that Christianity as preached by many of your sects is no more like what Jesus of Nazareth taught than black is like white, and that should he come among you and observe your daily life he would disown you and speak to you as he did to the Pharisees, as people who, having the outward forms of religion, had no religion in the heart.

The author of this pamphlet was at the World's Fair, as he relates, and saw all the wickedness in one great city, Chicago, and he says that "outside of a few women who went into saloons and sang and preached, called Salvationists, he never heard the words of Jesus preached outside of a church, nor did he ever see a missionary seeking out and preaching to these wicked masses in that great city." He also alleges that "there are localities in your great cities where every other house is either a place where intoxicating liquor is sold or a dance hall," and that into these places your missionaries seldom go. You know the Koran forbids the use of intoxicating liquor, and drunkenness is a vice that does not exist in my country except where the native population has come in contact with the vices of Christian countries, and we naturally look upon this latter condition as a very bad one and wonder if it is a natural adjunct of Christianity. There are many other allegations against your country, as you will see by reading the pamphlet. Now, a great many vices and immoralities exist in my own country, and the missionaries say it is due to our religion, and that the introduction of Christianity will mend matters, but these are not as bad as alleged against your country. If Christianity is responsible for this condition of affairs, or cannot mend it with you, but little would be gained to our people by accepting it, for it is not to be supposed that you could find the mote in our eye as long as the beam is in your own eye, and that so large a beam as alleged by the author. I can honestly say that our condition as regards moral-

ity and daily life is better than yours, provided these allegations are true; but as I hope they are misstatements of the case on the part of the author, and that they are not true, I anxiously await your candid answer before enlisting myself in the cause of exchanging your moral and religious condition for our own.

Yours very truly,  
HASSAN BANARI.

## NEW ANNOUNCEMENT!

Special Gifts to New Sub-

scribers.

During March and April.

*THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is desirous of doing a philanthropic work, hence it has had a special edition of the following numbers of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* struck off in order to present them free to all new trial and yearly subscribers in the month of March and April. The three papers combined are as valuable as any two-dollar book now published in the United States. In fact, they constitute a mine of valuable information, that every Spiritualist or Liberal should read.

The first paper contains, complete, the remarkable story (just finished) "The Night the Light Went Out." All the details of this thrilling story are absolutely true, only names being changed to avoid the danger that would arise otherwise. Everybody should read it.

The second paper (our Tract Edition) contains eight solid pages. It is a mine of valuable information. The first page contains a lecture by Swami Vivekananda, on "Hinduism" before the Congress of Religions.

The second page is devoted to the "Arts of the Spirits," and is copiously illustrated.

The third and fourth pages are devoted to the "Poets and Poetry of Spiritualism," showing that there is no death.

The fifth page (illustrated) shows that the "Passage to Spirit-life is Most Delightful." It is very valuable.

The sixth page (illustrated) contains some valuable statistics on "Political Romanism." Every patriot should be familiar with them.

The seventh page is a lecture by that great scholar, M. M. Mangasarian, on the "Martyrs of Liberal Faith." You should read it.

The eighth page (illustrated) contains an article by one of the leading journalists of Rochester, N. Y., on a "Cloud of Witnesses—the Truths of Spiritual Phenomena Endorsed by Science."

The third paper consists of facts connecting the Romish Octopus with the assassination of President Lincoln. It is intensely thrilling and contains some appalling facts. This paper has been read undoubtedly by over ONE MILLION of people. Our aim is to do a philanthropic work, and to reach a new class of readers and get them interested in spiritual literature. This offer will hold good during March and April only.

Bear in mind that this offer is

only made to new subscribers, sent in

during the months of March and April.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit-life from her home in Grand Rapids, Mich., on the morning of March 26, after a brief but painful illness, Mrs. Dr. L. A. Hooker, formerly Dr. L. A. Hooker, of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., at the ripe age of 70 years. Mrs. Hooker was a graduate from the Syracuse Medical College, and practiced her profession for forty years. She lived at Fond-du-Lac thirty-six years, where she was widely known and greatly esteemed for her many virtues and her brilliant mentality. About eighteen months ago she married Mr. H. W. Booser, and came to Grand Rapids, where she has since made many warm friends. She was an active worker; identified with all reforms; an earnest Spiritualist from the early days; possessed of marked mediumistic gifts; a writer and a seer; charitable and kind to the unfortunate; a buoyant and youthful spirit, defying the shafts of time, and peculiarly sympathetic with the young. This irrefragable loss falls most heavily on the husband and son bereft, as well as two sisters and a brother. Mr. L. V. Moulton officiated at her obsequies, and spoke feelingly of the soul's transition and hope. The choir rendered appropriate and beautiful music, and thus, amid loving hearts and gentle hands, has passed from sight but not from memory one whom to know was surely to love and respect.

Mrs. E. C. HINCKLEY.

Mrs. S. E. F. Lander passed to Spirit-life August 6, 1893, after a brief illness, of neuralgia of the heart. She was deeply interested in progressive ideas, was a woman of fine intellect, with a special genius for music and languages, and was quite mediumistic.

E. M. FORMAN.

L. W. Sherwood, of Otego, Mich., passed to Spirit-life Feb. 27, 1894, aged 69 years. He was one of the first settlers in Otego, and was much respected by all who knew him.

Mrs. Wm. Golden, a highly esteemed lady, passed to the higher life March 29th, from her home in Flint, Mich., leaving a husband and several grown-up children to mourn her absence. She was a firm believer in spirit communion. Dr. C. A. Andrews officiated at the funeral, held on Sunday, and spoke such words of comfort as makes it almost impossible to mourn for our loved but not lost ones. Mrs. E. A. PARKER, Secy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething softens gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

RESEARCHES IN ORIENTAL HINDU

and Development of Zoroastrianism and the

of Christianity to which is added: Whence

came the idea of the resurrection? The

most valuable works ever published. Price \$1.50

## SPECIAL NOTICE ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Purify Your Blood.

The blood is the life, and pure blood is necessary in order to have good health. Medical science has demonstrated that many diseases, like scrofula, rheumatism, and catarrh, which were formerly treated with local applications, are caused by an impure or an impoverished condition of the blood. This is the chief reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing these diseases. It acts directly upon the blood and thus removes the cause. This, too, is why the cures effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are permanent. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and skin eruptions and sores are danger signals put out as a warning that the blood is not right, and all of these troubles are speedily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the "King of Medicines." Be sure to get only Hood's.

"I was troubled with stiffness and pain in one of my knees and I used external applications without any benefit. Reading a testimonial from a sufferer from rheumatism I concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took it and the stiffness and pain have left me, though I am in my seventy-fourth year." ABRAHAM J. BAUN, 54 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## A Remarkable Cure.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

DEAR DR. DOBSON:—It becomes a duty as well as pleasure to make due acknowledgment to you of the benefit my husband has derived from your treatment. For six weeks previously he had been sick with pain in the head, face and eyes. We used such remedies and appliances as are usually administered, but without effect. Finally he grew so bad that we called an allopathic physician, the best in town, who used his medical skill, but to no purpose, as he steadily declined. He maintained that one eye must be removed, to save the other, etc., but his remedies only made him worse. Husband himself, friends and the doctor, all despaired of his life, as a steady decline at his age, sixty-nine years, terminates usually at the grave. But I and one other faithful friend, would not give up yet. So upon his suggestion I wrote you. A perfect diagnosis was given, remedies sent promptly, and treatment begun. He had not been using your medicine and magnetized paper four days till a change for the better was manifested, and his improvement is such that now, after two months, he considers himself well-better, in fact, than for twenty-five years. He has some hopes that sight may be in some degree restored to his eye. Whether it is or not, you and your band of healers have accomplished great things for him, and we are truly grateful. He might have been saved much suffering had we employed you sooner. Blessings attend you.

F. E. P. MALCOLM.

P. S.—My husband's recovery is a

great surprise to his family and neighbors, and they cannot account for it; but

to me, a Spiritualist, it is no mystery.

You are doing a noble work. Continue

working in harmony with nature's laws.

People should be taught what these

laws are and how they operate.

Truly,

Glidden, Iowa. F. E. P. M.

NOTE.—Having carefully copied the

above from the original, and read it by

copy, we can testify to the truthfulness,

honesty and intelligence of Mr. and

Mrs. Malcolm.

(See ad. in another column.)

Address all letters to San Jose, Cal.

Good News for Spiritualists.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

Dr. E. J. Worst, of Ashland, O., has kindly offered to mail all our readers one week's trial treatment of the famous Australian Electro-Pill remedy free, for catarrh, kidney, liver and stomach trouble, sick headache, nervous prostration, la grippe and its after effects, or seven weeks' treatment for only \$1.00. Our readers should send at once, naming *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.

Free Diagnoses.

Those wishing a free diagnosis address

Dr. Craig, 1428 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Inclose three two-cent