



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

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## PORTENTS! PORTENTS!

Important Statements for Your Consideration.

From the Standpoint of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An Inspirational Discourse By MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

DELIVERED AT CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL 8TH, 1894, AND SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Portentous clouds are in the sky, Though the sun shine never so fair, And in the summer that will come fleetly by

Strange rumors and voices are on the air.

Every few years is not only a decade which is less—but there are cycles of lesser and larger magnitude; and no sooner has human history completed some great triumph or arrived at some great victory for a portion of the human race, than you hear the murmurings in another direction of added disturbance, of deeper struggles and higher victories to attain. This is because of human progress.

Whoever wishes for a peace that shall settle permanently upon the world before there is perfect freedom and justice, and love, wishes for death; but whoever hopes that peace shall be born ere yet the unfolding of freedom has reached her perfect height, must hope in vain, and he reckons without his host who believes that the world is ready for universal peace to-day. There are many lives great in direction of human thought that are valuable, who so love peace and are so wedded to freedom and justice that they cannot see how human affairs can be governed other than by peaceful means, and the number is constantly increasing of those who prefer peaceful measures, who would like to see the armaments of war set aside, who would wish that governments might be carried on without violence, and who think that the highest ideal of all existence is an international congress of arbitration forever in session to adjudicate upon possible differences that may arise. Next to human brotherhood and the millennium, this is no doubt the most desirable. But when you recollect that in all the civic display and grandeur of an internal world-wide exposition, an exposition that celebrated the greatest discovery of modern times, the discovery of a continent, the expositions that commanded the most attention were not those incident to peace but to war; that the advance in the naval force of nations was more noticeable than in the commerce of nations, and that the Krupp guns received more attention than the greatest sentiments of peace; that if to-day there were a civic display in your streets it would attract attention and all the small boys and youths and maidens, and perhaps even staid citizens, would pause in their search of gold to attend upon it; but if it were a military display the populace would throng to see it; that to-day an army would command more attention than any similar number of peaceable bodies, and that in your annual parades of various civic societies there is less of interest than in any military review; that even those who love peace so well that they cannot afford to part with their millions nor their pleasures for war, nevertheless take great pride in the veterans of an army and in the rising generation of those who, perhaps, may be heroes for another army, and that those who have served in preserving the welfare and existence of the nation still do not command the universal homage that the trained soldier does—you must remember that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the world still rely on the arbitraments of weapons of war; you must remember that all inventors and discoverers of more feasible and destructive methods of warfare receive a larger compensation than the discoverers of all the methods of peace, and that even agriculture, which should be the basis of civilization, and commerce, which should be the hand-maiden of agriculture, bend before the forms that can create the most destructive weapons. It is scarcely two weeks since a piece of ordnance was tried near the nation's capital that cost six hundred dollars for one sound, to display its powers of destruction. That which would have fed for more than ten years the starving poor must be expended that in case of war the amount of destruction could be tested.

This is only stated to prove to you that the majority of human beings are not only not ready for peace, but that they have not arrived yet at dreaming that it is possible for the difficulties of nations to be adjusted by peaceful measures. Not only are there difficulties in the way of this universal peace to-day, but the difficulties are seemingly insurmountable without recourse to war in case there shall be human progress. No one can

templates that Russia will become a peaceful, liberty-loving nation without revolution. It is not probable that a Czar will be born who will abdicate his throne in favor of a republic. Even England, which has been taking lessons in peace while she has been steadily enforcing aggressive conquest upon other nations, has not yet contemplated the possibility of changing her nominal monarchy to a more real republic; and not one step could be taken except by such slow and tortuous methods as cause hope to almost cease and become despair, so tardy is the progress toward the final fulfillment. Yet England is a free country comparatively, and the ideal of all European nations.

This Western continent, vast in territory, dominant in its spirit of aggression and potent in its peaceful measures, still is nowhere near the realization of the Utopian idea of peace in perpetual and absolute reigning power. That which it contemplates is finally the arbitration that may ensue when weapons of war are so destructive that nations will fear annihilation. You are now upon the verge of many possible crises—of one great crisis it is not enough that the nation in its unity was saved and at so great cost, nor enough that four millions of human beings were set free. The nation itself was set free from the bondage of enslaving people. But there are other questions. Human life is at stake. The possibilities of existence for more millions than ever were chattel slaves is now in the air. Twenty-nine years ago that was an over-brooding question, but it was overshadowed by the question that was then more imminent. To-day the question of the world is all-concentrating upon this subject and it needs no prophetic spirit or vision to discern it, but it does need the spirit of wisdom to meet it. The excuse for this discourse is therefore in the latter proposition, and the pointing out of the importance of the indications that are all along the line of the question of human economics, and most fervently does your speaker deny that this is merely a political question; but if it were it would be none the less important, for there comes a time when nothing but politics can be discussed either in pulpit, upon rostrum or anywhere else in the land. You have had such a time only a few years ago, and it is within the recollection of most of you of middle age and past that there could be no other subject discussed excepting that which was mingled upon politics, if by politics you mean the existence of the nation. Whatever relates to human well-being beneath any form of government is worthy of being discussed at any time and place.

When the one whose organism your present speaker now controls was at the nation's capital, the contrast between thirty years ago and now was very distinct. Then it was the broken lines of scattered yet enthusiastic armies. It was the cementing of States. It was the general pledges of unity. It was the setting out of a grander basis of human freedom. There was chastisement, sorrow, victory and triumph born of pain. There was a united purpose, and a united grief, and a united nation, and the people were of one accord. Self-interest, the affairs of daily life, the great augmentation of wealth, the pursuit of what must be called mammon have swept in. A quarter of a century ago prosperity has taken the people away from that danger, away from the lesson of their grief, and away from the baptism of blood and tears, and away from the spirit of that larger freedom. There has swept into the country a large increase of foreign elements, and there was then an indication of what the jeopardy now is. That indication is more than fulfilled, and you are now upon the very verge of this jeopardy.

It was asked: "What do you think of Coxey's army marching toward Washington?" If it were such an army as it might be, and if men were not cowards, it would mean peace next year, because it would be a peaceable, strong army, marching without weapons, to demand that which they cannot find by any peaceable measures and which they do not wish to obtain by force—legitimate labor for willing hands. If it were such an army as could be gathered, were it not for the intermediate distances and obstacles in the form of local laws, in the form of municipal bodies, in the form of State governments that may feel called upon to intervene and at any time to precipitate a conflict,—if it were such an army as could be gathered of the unemployed, willing laborers from every city and county in the land, it would certainly mean a peaceable conquest for peace. But it is not such an army, although it is an indication of it. It is one of the signs of the times, one of the dreams of the dreamers. It may be a forlorn hope. It may result in a catastrophe like that at Harper's Ferry. It may present another John Brown to the world—who knows? Whatever it does, it is an indication of that which is in the air, and the other end of it is that no one seems to look upon it as other than a stupendous joke, as something to be laughed at and set aside with the sneer of the press, the gibes of the man of busi-

ness and the indifference of the rest of mankind. However, Coxey's army is not all on the march. They are some of them in this very room, some of them in every street of this city. Some of them are unemployed but are waiting for every turn of a possible wheel that may bring them something to do. They are in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in every city and town throughout the country. They are not marching to Washington in person but in spirit, and there is slowly arising that spirit or indication which points to one of two results. Either the National Government must meet the proposition of endeavoring to find employment for these hands that are unwillingly idle, or they must find it for themselves; that various institutions, manufacturers—affairs that are governed by corporations—either will not or cannot do it. If they will not, then they must be educated to do so—and the education may not be of a persuasive kind. If they cannot, then it shows that there is somewhere a failure in the methods of commerce that prevail in the world. If the people have been growing rich in impossibilities, it is well to know it, that the system of economics may be changed; but meanwhile these people cannot starve. When one honorable member of Congress introduced a bill the other day asking that the Government provide labor for these men upon the highways throughout the entire country, employing them where they are, out in Colorado, in Kansas, in Nebraska—wherever they are and are idle—bitterness came upon him, that is a support of Coxey's army, that faint-hearted philanthropist withdrew his bill and the Government was not implored to do anything for these people. Nationalism may be taught, possibly, by more severe measures than the introducing of bills into Congress, and the sooner it is found that the Government should provide labor for all that private enterprise does not provide for, the sooner will the question be settled. Yet both that bill and one of the line and Coxey's army at the other, indicate what is passing in this country.

Meanwhile, other elements are alive and alert; other subjects are in the air; other propositions will be upon you before another election of the chief executive of the nation, and all the time you have will be needed to prepare you for it. The present incumbent in the executive mansion is blamed, always has been blamed by his opponents, is now blamed by his friends. In the first four years he was praised more by those who had been his political opponents than he was by those who were supposed to be his political friends. He is now praised by nobody. But when a man is taken possession of by a power outside of any party and is thrown into a dangerous place, to fill that place and stop a possible disaster, it is not to be supposed that he can do much of anything excepting stay there, like a rock that may prevent a flood. He is there. When he is removed the flood will come. No wonder that he can do nothing to please either friend or foe. No wonder that he can do nothing that will carry out the promises of his previous administration. There is absolutely nothing that he can do. Standing as he does, with this knowledge, those who are above wonder how long he can stay there. It is simply a question of endurance; simply a question of resisting the pressure behind and before the tide on the other side betokening that which we have indicated in the air, and on the other, the clamor of the world, of accustomed powers of mammon, of the usual office-seeker, and the one who has purchased his right of position by his political allegiance—all this to which he is not only gives no heed, but with which he does not interfere. That which is going on now is what usually transpires in a change of administration. That which went on before was what then was usually transpired in a change of administration, and that which will go on from this time forward is simply that which will test the power of endurance until the change shall fully come. You who are outside of the great body of voters in a nation, those who perceive the issues that are now in the air, are to determine what will be the next result. The clouds that rise sometimes come toward the culmination swiftly, and these outlying clouds of indication point to only one existing political party—and you have scarcely considered it a party—that can save the country at this issue. I do not mean the old-line Republican party; I do not mean the Democratic party. I mean the new Populist party, that does not contain, perhaps, many of the essentials of full freedom, but because it is the only party that has enlisted in it have the larger view of the subjects that are now under consideration. But even this may fail. It is not wide-reaching, extensive enough. It is the forlorn hope in the West, and in some extreme localities, but has no hold in all the great vital and commercial centers.

And the next question will be, I fear, a religious one; and when it comes to that, there is no difficulty in deciding that there will be conflict. If there shall be introduced into the political contests of the next ten years the element of religion—theology—which shall really take an active part, as it has from necessity in some localities, as it will from necessity in other localities, then I see no way excepting by conflict. I know how little it takes to precipitate a quarrel upon the street, how little it takes to precipitate a conflict at the polls upon a vexed and sensitive question. We know what elections were proverbially where the subject of

man slavery was involved. We know what the elections will be where the subject of human worship is involved, and where the test question means primarily the existence of your free institutions, your schools, your privilege of conscience and all that a century of time has brought you. On the one side is the Romish church unquestionably, and such other organizations as choose to ally themselves with that power. On the other side must be those opposed to the Romish church—I do not mean necessarily opposed to Roman Catholic worship, but opposed to the power of State, which the Romish church claims wherever it can. And if this comes to be the question at issue—you know how populous the cities are with Roman Catholics—then they are not the slightest doubt but that there will be difficulty and bloodshed—not the least doubt of it.

There is one hope, and it does not exist in the purely American organizations that have been formed and cemented in this country. That may be a strong hope and perhaps that may also be one of the largest. But where do you suppose this hope will be found? There is a large and ever-increasing population steadily increasing in commerce, in all the lines of small and finally of large trade. There is an overflowing multitude that increases far more rapidly each generation than you imagine, coming from a despised, persecuted people; and if it comes to conflict between Catholic and Protestant, there is but one power, and that is the power of the Jews, that can save you. The children of Israel, despised, outcast, driven hence, and driven from every land to this country where they have free access to all methods of making wealth—their money and their anti-Romishism will save you. No one has said this before, but as clearly as that a Rothschild holds one of the golden keys of Europe, by which even a Bank of England could be shipwrecked, so are these despised children of Jerusalem the ones that will hold the golden key to your success. And whether you have foreseen it or not, the Jews, that they enjoy in this country and the vast and ever-increasing numbers in your commercial centers will make it possible for them to be your friends in the hour of your final peril. Note it well as the time approaches, and more and more are these people driven to your shores; you will find their society, their industry—not their penury, but their thrift—will be of the greatest possible value. There are very few of them among them. There are very few who are willing participants in any broils or quarrels. There are very few of them who engage in any unlawful business, unless it is an unlawful business, and that you always have on change. There are very few of them who consent to great personal excesses, and their religion is such that it demands of them a great deal of temperance, a great deal of sobriety, and when well advanced in the circumstances they are strong in themselves. Time is coming when that strength and that love for a country that has given them larger shelter than any other country, will be put to the test. In forming your societies, see to it that you do not leave out your friends, for Americans are only Americans by inheritance of one or two or four centuries at most, and all were aliens here who robbed the red man of his rightful home, and drove him from his fair hunting ground, planted the seed of nationalism and civilization, leaving him outside of it, and then, by treaties that were made to be broken, drove him farther and farther away, until the remnants of the race remain only to tell the sad tale.

Time is coming when pure American blood will scarcely be found, even if you mean the Puritanical, even if you mean that blood that was supposed to be nearly royal—the ideal, and that toward the southern friends, and time is coming when all that is supposed to constitute the pure, original American stock can scarcely be traced. Let us have an American spirit and let us have freedom that is the result of a perception of what is born rather in the soul than in the body, and let us remember that Italy, Hungary, France, all the nations that have sought for freedom, have found in this land the ideal, and that toward the country they finally look as toward the promised land, as toward the true Canaan of human freedom and human happiness.

All this must be remembered, and before narrowing down our statements to those of purely American birth or extraction you must find a spirit of America in the living law of freedom, in the truth that leaps from heart to heart and soul to soul, and in every life breath the sun that is willing to be less than human brotherhood is greater than kings, and human individual liberty the highest boon that any nation can bestow. Our America is in that host, wherever they are found. Your safety is in that brotherhood, wherever it abides; and not more do your hearts throb with delight over the possible fulfillment finally of the perfect dream and hope of freedom than do those—some of them—waiting amid the wastes of Siberia, bound in chains beneath the empires of the old world and struggling to be free—for what purpose? That they may become citizens of this ideal land. Beware, and not refuse them, for by that refusal you are measured, by the common scope of your broad humanity you are to be judged, and the Nemesis of this hour that is now upon you is the one who bears in his memory those whom you have driven from their native land.

Let the light of this coming truth, of this truth that is yet to be born into the

lives, although it has been born into the thoughts of men, so enkindle your spirits that, looking out upon the aggravated condition of affairs in your land, you shall not only rise above preconceived prejudices and bitterness that is born of limited view, but shall rise to the real spirit and real emergency of the hour, putting on the armor of as regal a right as you can find, the right of each individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; which means that America cannot afford to withhold her extending arms to any people who are Americans in spirit, but that she cannot afford to foster in her bosom for one instant any people, any class, any institutions that are not American; and that means that whatever would impair the liberty of one individual life, whatever would hamper one individual conscience, whatever would interfere with the legitimate pursuits of any individual laborer must be set aside.

It is little over thirty years ago since the one from whose thought this address now comes warned the nation that the next great conflict after the war of the Rebellion would be the very question that is now rising—rising through poverty and want, rising through unemployment, rising because of idle mines, rising because mills no longer give them employment—the question of labor. You have the autocrat; you have the despot; you have the king in your midst. It is predicted, it is fore-shadowed, and that is concentrated wealth. The millionaire is the potentate. He is not to blame. But the most un-American institution of all things possible in an American soil is the concentration of wealth in the hands of the millionaires. If you do not know it by this time, you will learn it with such lessons of individual suffering as I read to point out to you, for whatever hampers you in the pursuit of earning your daily bread to-day is born of that which you had nursed here, supposing it to be one of the indications of freedom. Having thus nursed it until it has grown to be the monster that you find it to be, you now know what to do. You can change places with the millionaire, or perhaps you would forget all about it. But there are several millions of people who cannot even hope to, and to solve that problem that lies at your very doors and threatens the daily bread which you must have or starve is the meaning of this portent.

The bread of life comes to man through trial and difficulty. The spiritual food is often moistened with tears, and the deeper baptism of human blood accompanies sometimes the manna from the skies. God grant that you learn this lesson before such dread sacrament is yours, and that you need not taste of the blood nor eat the bread that is so baptized, but may find truth and righteousness and liberty all-sufficient to lead on the conquering hosts of freedom by peaceful and wonderful ways.

## After Death in Arabia.

HE WHO DIED AT AZAN.

We here reproduce Mr. Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem entitled, "After Death in Arabia." Mr. Arnold is an English barrister by profession, but is a high authority in Sanskrit literature, and a poet who writes by far too seldom. His "Light of Asia" has made him favorably known to the American public, though his shorter poems, "She is Dead," "Come Away," and that here quoted, published anonymously, were so beautiful as to be copied into almost every American newspaper. He said that this poem is a paraphrase from certain Arabic verses quoted in "Palgrave's Travels in Arabia." One word more by way of preface necessary to a full understanding of the poem: Azan is the hour of the afternoon prayers in Moslem communities, and not the name of a place.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! I lie, I know, Pale and white and cold as snow; And ye say: "Abdullah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head. I can see your falling tears, I can hear your sighs and prayers, Yet I smile and whisper this: I am not the thing you kiss! Cease your tears, and let it lie; It is mine. It is not I. Sweet friends! what the women love For its last bed of the grave Is but a hut which I am quitting, Is a garment no more fitting. Is a cage, from which at last, Like a hawk, my soul hath passed. Love the inmate, not the room—The wearer, not the garb—the plume The falcon, not the bare Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry Slights every weeping eye; What ye lift upon the bier Is not worth a wistful tear. 'Tis an empty sea-shell—one Out of which the pearl has gone. The shell is broken—it lies there; The pearl, the all, the soul, is here. 'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid Hath treasured of his treasure, A mind that loved him; let it lie! Let the shard be earth's once more, Since the gold shines in his store! Allah glorious! Allah good! Now thy world is understood; Now the long, long wonder ends! Yet ye weep, my grieving friends, While the man whom ye call dead, In unspoken bliss, instead,

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE

## ECHOES FROM OHIO.

They Bear Upon the Derelictions of "Pious" Ones.

And Show that Religion and Crime Often Go Together.

PRIESTLY SEDUCTION—THE FATHER'S DYING WISH—THE RUIN OF A CONFINING GIRL—THE MOTHER AND HER DENUNCIATIONS—BROCKINRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Last week I gave you readers a history of a cold-blooded murder committed by a Catholic priest, Father Dominic O'Grady, in Cincinnati. I have now to relate a pitiful story of female weakness and priestly depravity, which, although it appeared in some of the Chicago papers a few weeks ago, has, nevertheless, not received the censure and condemnation which it deserved. In Aurora, Wis., a few months ago, lived one Pearce Cummins, an honest, careful, frugal man, who had a comfortable sum of money. He died, and as his eldest daughter came more slowly, he called his priest to his bedside and gave into his keeping his three beautiful daughters, aged respectively, 15, 18 and 20.

"Protect them," said he, "and save them from all harm." The priest paused in his prayer and said, unctuously, "I will." Cummins left two hundred dollars in his will to the priest, Father Leyden by name. Thus rewarded, it might have been expected that the priest would keep his solemn promise made on bended knee, but he didn't. He had cast his lecherous eye on the prettiest of the flock, Steasea, aged twenty, a bright and clever girl, and accomplished her ruin. "The girl's condition was observed, and when questioned, after much hesitation, she said Father Leyden had ruined her. The mother assailed the daughter for her weakness. At last, in despair, the poor girl sent for the priest, and at his exhortations she was brought to the hospital of Dr. B. F. Colwell, at 3014 Calumet avenue, Chicago, where she was carefully treated. The priest, as a matter of course, denied the crime, and taking advantage of the girl's superstition and physical weakness, he secured from her a statement exonerating him from all blame for her condition, and charging a young man of Aurora with her ruin.

The priest had had every opportunity at the confessional to effect the ruin of the girl, but armed with her denial, he expected to defy public opinion. During the time he was effecting her ruin, in August, 1893, he wrote: "Fear not, my dearest love, for I will stand by you through thick and thin, in joy and in sorrow. There is no one on earth I love and cherish so much as I do you, my dearest Steasea. It makes my very heart bleed when I am compelled to say anything to you but words of tenderness and love."

Her unsuspecting parents had urged her to go to the priest as often as he had sent for her, little thinking of the dangers to which they were subjecting their daughter. She began staying out until late in the night. Then came the death of the father, and then this wicked priest told the girl that unless she did just as he bade her she would forfeit all her money by her misdeed and would soon be in the poor-house. To clear his own priestly garments from the impending scandal, he obtained the promise of a young man to marry the girl for her money. The time was set and the marriage license was procured; but "the nice laid plans" of mice and men gang aft aglee. The marriage did not take place.

Shortly after this a dramatic scene was acted at St. Mary's Church. The great organ sounded, and the chorists were sweetly singing the professional music, when a shrill scream sounded above the heavy notes of the organ. The mother of the injured girl had invaded the sanctuary and wildly exclaimed to the priest as he approached the altar: "Keep down, you shall not hold services. You ruined my beautiful daughter, and no such false-hearted man can step into this sacred place!" The priest called for an officer, and fiercely resisting, the white-haired mother was led from the church, a prisoner.

"Oh, holy nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth, a creature Bearing form and life, human or savage, Native of the forest wild or giddy air, Around whose parent bosom thou hast not A cord entwined of power to tie them to their Offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, Yet, is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, And o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring, ringdove sits not more gently."

Silence being obtained, this priestly hypocrite faced the audience and charged the Cummins family with a conspiracy to blackmail him; and, like Father O'Grady, he alluded to his ward as "a weakling." On Monday a brief statement was made in a newspaper; but, as usual with the secular press in such cases, the dramatic details of the scene in the church were not alluded to. The priest was served with a warrant for his arrest, charged with the paternity of the child. The poor girl confessed to a reporter that she had loved the priest, and would love him still, had

he not thrown her over so ruthlessly. The priest tried to have the matter suppressed by the press, but it was so sensational that the news-gatherers would not yield. He said he had laid the whole matter before Archbishop Feehan, who had told him to "vindicate himself if he could."

The *Dispatch* says: "A home has been blighted, a fair life is shattered. The trust of a dead man is thrown to the winds. Two young women are borne down by a sister's shame. A mother's heart is broken. A congregation is divested of its confidence in a well-loved pastor. A supposed holy man is shorn of his cloak of righteousness. A taint is cast upon escutcheon that can but ill afford to give up its surface to anything but that which is fairest." Oh, shame, where is thy blush?

These outrages will not cease until a healthy public opinion puts its seal of condemnation upon a pernicious system of religion that demoralizes its ministers by making unnatural demands of celibacy upon them, that human nature has not strength to fulfill. "The Age of Reason" must assert itself, and the redemption of humanity must follow as surely as the night follows the day.

W. C. P. Breckinridge, the pious Congressman, the seducer of a friendless child, is making a stubborn campaign to get another term in Congress. The *Patriotic American* tersely says: "If Mr. Breckinridge, as a private individual, will perjure himself to accomplish the ruin of a trusting woman, he will not hesitate to trust himself to his constituents and country to obtain a personal end. A man cannot be a liar in private life and truthful in public office. Honorable, patriotic and moral legislation cannot come from a dishonorable, unpatriotic and immoral source. We neither need nor want such men as Breckinridge to make laws for the nation." Amen!

Rev. E. L. Southgate, of Lexington, says: "No decent Christian can afford to vote for this man." At a meeting at Mount Hope Church on the 6th of May, Col. Breckinridge "confessed his guilt and prayed for forgiveness, saying he had repented and would live a new life in the future." After a consultation he was forgiven and taken into the church again. This is the second Kentucky statesman who has embraced religion in the past two months.

"When the Devil was sick, The Devil a monk would be; But when the Devil got well, The Devil a monk was he."

At Springfield, Mo., May 6, the Revs. Higginbotham and Boltz preached that man was born pure and sinless; for such preaching they were expelled. Both sides held on to the church property, we are told, and the majority brought a motion for a restraining order to keep the "heretics" from using the church. The judge decided in favor of the majority.

The P. O. department will be called upon to decide whether the publication of the Breckinridge trial in book form is not "obscene literature," and as such liable to be excluded from the mails. The decision of the P. M. G. will be awaited with interest. Nothing equal to it has transpired since the Beecher-Tilton trial.

There is a novel and interesting instruction for the guidance of the clergy in the rule laid down by Bishop Vincent at the M. E. Conference of New York: "Between 8:30 o'clock in the evening and 1 o'clock in the morning, no minister ought to be seen on the street, unless he has been called to a funeral or something equally urgent." The theory of the bishop's precaution is to prevent "cavilling tongues from attributing reckless dissipation to the clergy." Or, perhaps, prevent the "demonstrations" that Rev. Talmage attributes to Spiritualism. Why not? The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* thinks that "the experience of a secular people kept awake at two or three o'clock in the morning by the wild whoops of the clergy enjoying their liberty would be too harrowing for toleration." Because—

"The minister never swore before, But had cause this time, you see, He wanted to write it '94 And he wrote it '93."

Of the nineteen wives whom the great head of the Mormon church, Brigham Young, married, nine are said to be now living at Salt Lake City, Utah. The seventeenth wife, Amelia Folsom Young, who is now fifty-six years old, says that "the ill-feeling that has heretofore existed toward the Mormon church is fast dying out, and the people of Utah have learned to treat the Mormons as any other religious body." The Spiritualists can now take hope, Rev. Talmage to the contrary notwithstanding.

A pious, well-meaning lady, writing from Berler, Mo., calls upon Gov. Leveiling to appoint a day of fasting and prayer in Kansas. "For the purpose of interceding with Divine Providence to remove the industrial troubles which hang over the country." She remembers, she says, when the Governors of Kansas and Missouri appointed such a day for the expulsion of grasshoppers, and it was so effective that she is sure that present evils may be overcome in the same way. Why not? Does not the Episcopal prayer-book give prayers for rain, prayers for dry weather, prayers for women in "travail," etc.? The writer remembers to have been compelled to memorize these dry platitudes under fear of punishment, when attending school in England.

C. H. MATHEWS. New Philadelphia, Ohio.



# THE CLOISTER BEACON OR THE CURSE OF THE CONVENT.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### Isabel Seeks Refuge in Davington Abbey.

["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. 225 the publication of its companion piece, the scenes being laid in England. It is by Hammond Hills, of the *Agnesic 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.]

Cyrrangon, who attended Isabel to the borders of her demesnes, on the way advised her of many matters concerning the King's designs, and her own and her husband's welfare.

"And wouldst thou Roland de Brabancon should escape a tyrant's hate," he said, "thou must wear a semblance of forgetfulness, as though thou didst believe him dead, nor mourned too greatly for it; and wouldst thou escape a tyrant's love, more terrible than hate, thou must quit thy manor, and without delay. Go to thy sister at Davington, for only in the cloister wilt thou be safe. Take, too, the vows of the novice upon thee, for, unguarded by such vows, King John would defy even the Church's protection. But, lady, let thy zeal end there; become a novice, for that perforce thou must; but, as thou valuest thy earthly happiness, oppose all efforts, all persuasion, which would make thee a nun professed. As thou valuest thy purity of heart, become no member of a sisterhood under domination of a faith which, compelling its priesthood to make the vow of celibacy, yet demand no vows of chastity. As thou valuest thy eternal soul's salvation, forbear to sacrifice thyself, thy youth, thy beauty, thy fortune, and thy pure womanhood upon the altar raised by vain, lascivious tyrants, upheld by greed and rapine, and dedicated to a deity who, if he be, as these same Christians say, infinite God, is daily, hourly insulted by his ordained priests, who describe him as a God of vengeance and a God of war, whose devilish thirst can only be appeased by blood and sacrifice and wrong, who for his own glory hath devised hell's torments on this earth, and hath sent willing executioners in the persons of his own chosen few—his Christian ministry."

"Oh! cease, Cyrrangon, I pray thee, cease," exclaimed the terrified Isabel, crossing herself.

"Forgive me," rejoined her companion; "my language is too forcible for gentle lady's ears; but I could not refrain from expressing the great horror with which I hear the Christian priest defame the god he calleth his. Even I, Cyrrangon, initiate of the mysteries of Nature and of Nature's god, would not offer to any deity another worship—false though I might deem that deity—the indignity with which the Christians insult their god. I, who doubt—nay, more, who disbelieve—in a personal Jehovah or half-mortal Christ, am still more just than they, his most rigid followers, for I do not blast his name. Lady, I would think better of the Christian creed did it portray its founder as a god of mercy and a god of love."

"Cyrrangon, thou dost not know our faith, our priesthood, ever teach of the great mercy and loving kindness of—"

"They tell thee, lady, that their god is merciful; they prove his mercy by his thirst for blood. They tell thee of his loving-kindness unto sinners; they prove his loving-kindness by pointing to a pit of flame prepared by him for his own children's punishment. They tell thee of the joy and happiness he hath prepared for the dissembling few; they prove its truth by teaching thee that happiness will be intensified canst thou but see a brother or a sister writhing among the damned. Lady, whoever be the deity, and be he true or false, I still will bow to the great name of God, and honor it too much to truckle to the Christian's blasphemy; for here, beneath the vaulted arch of heaven, I do proclaim the Christian slander of its god a lie!"

And as the prophet stood, with arm upraised, his words would have carried conviction with them to a less romantic heart than that which beat within the breast of Isabel.

With a sudden change of tone and manner, Cyrrangon said:

"Pardon me, lady, if fear lest thou might be induced to take the irrevocable step, which would forever rob thee of thy freedom and thy purity, caused me to forget thy Christian scriptures."

"Fear not I will do that, Cyrrangon; while my husband lives I have a talisman to protect me from a thousand priests, and from a thousand nunneries; while he lives, no act of mine shall sever what God and the Archbishop have made one."

"Tis well, for thou art rich in worldly treasure; thou wilt be tempted, lady."

Thus saying, the visionary strode in the silent gloom; and Isabel, with a heavy heart, entered the royal abode which claimed her as its mistress. That she was again in danger

from the advances of the King she knew; and so, retiring for the few remaining hours of early morn to rest, she resolved, ere another night should fall, to make her way to Davington.

"Better," she said, "far better to dwell in seclusion, with a sister's love to cheer my path, than to linger here alone, ever alone, hoping against hope, waiting for the day which, much I fear, will never dawn for me."

But scant rest had Isabel, for well she knew she had been suffered to dwell in uninterrupted peace at Kirton only in consequence of the unsettled state of the times. The Druid's warning, combined with the knowledge that John himself was in the near vicinity of Kirton, filled her heart with dread, and convinced her of the necessity of immediate action; she, therefore, bade her retainers prepare to accompany her to Davington with all despatch. Scarcely had she done so when an edict from the King was brought her, bidding her withdraw from her retirement, and return unto the Court she had so suddenly quitted through the late primate's intercession. In three days, the monarch wrote, escort befitting the heiress of Kirton should be sent, when he charged her to be prepared to set out for Dover Castle.

"In three days," she murmured, "and John is even now in near proximity; what if he precede the escort?" and, stimulated by the prospect of this new danger, Isabel quitted with all possible speed her manor home, and never loosening rein until she reached Davington, sought refuge within the convent's sheltering walls. Heaven help the stricken mortal who, flying from worldly danger, becomes entangled within the circle of the Church, caught in the snare which is baited by hypocrisy, and exposed to the "tender mercies" of the Christian ministry.

It was with grief the Abbess of Davington (for Frances had already, young as she was, been elevated to that high estate; but the reader must remember that Frances de Cleres, when she became the Bride of Christ, brought a rich dowry with her; and wealth, which is commercially so powerful a lever, contrives to hold its own even among such as have sworn the world and Mammon)—it was with grief the Abbess of Davington heard that Isabel and De Brabancon had once more met; for she feared such interview would tend greatly to shake her sister's religious steadfastness, and she at once sought to dispel the hope to which Isabel still clung, that she should meet her husband yet again.

But all the eloquence of the sister, all the specious sophistry of the nun, failed to destroy the faith which lived in that young, trusting heart, and, living, had supported her through her career of sorrow.

So Frances professed to yield the point. She was not the only abbess who has assumed a virtue in order to gain a soul; and, willing for the time to suffer Isabel to nurse her hope, she ceased to argue on the subject, only begging her, for the sake of her immortal soul's salvation, to renounce the world and all its vanities, to relinquish all earthly ties, to be henceforth but in heart a wife, and to await within the convent the bright day when, all her troubles over, she should be again united to the loved one, only in a better land, and purified from that degrading sin to which fallen mortals give the name of conjugal fidelity.

Thus, under a sister's auspices, but one too pure and good to feel a sister's love, Isabel entered upon her novitiate.

One foot within the snare! Scarcely had Isabel become a novice ere King John sent to Davington an imperious message, charging the abbess to yield her sister into his hands. But the usually gentle though firm nun, strong in the power she held by the dispensation of Providence, refused to comply with the King's command, asserting that she was responsible to Heaven for the soul thus placed under her care, to be qualified for entrance to the Holy Cloister.

The baffled monarch, beside himself with rage, at once committed the messenger to prison who bore the nun's defiance; and, maintaining his ill-fortune to be the consequence of having bathed in the Unholy Lake, he caused Peter of Pontefract to be brought before him; and accused him of having, by his black art, submitted his monarch to the "Ordeal of Hell," for hell and all its host of devils he was convinced he saw on the night he became paralyzed with fear at Goeten's Quoit. It was in vain: the luckless soothsayer protested innocence, and reminded the King that he had specially enjoined him to lay his hand upon the consecrated oak, for that the oak and tomb were both required to remove the Demon's spell. King John maintained that, instigated by him, he had plunged into the Devil's bath, and had come out a thing accursed. And, experiencing no spark of gratitude for the cure which had been effected—for the soothsayer's remedy had removed all traces of the leprosy—the monarch signed an order for his immediate execution; and Peter of Pontefract was removed by the guards and

hanged within the Castle grounds of Rochester.

Left to himself, the tyrant muttered: "Isabel de Cleres shall join my Court at Dover, even if I tear her from the sanctuary with my own hands. Fine odds, forsooth—a pack of cackling, head-telling women against the monarch of broad England. Let prating priests jabber their Latin curses at me as they will; they cannot launch me deeper into hell than I already am through Innocent's vile interdict. He hath usurped my prerogative of kingly power, and shall I suffer him to step between me and my love? No; the Pope of Rome hath yet to learn John, King of England, tears neither priest nor devil."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### The Holy Sepulchre.

"The lady crouches in cloistered shade, within the convent walls; Renounced are all her fair domains, her castles, and her halls."

Yet oh! how oft the sad recluse will think on happier days Of him who now for evermore hath vanished from her gaze.

"Oh! list, lady, list to the convent bell; Forget the world in thy grated cell."

That song! it was Cyrrangon's. Ah! well the novice knew the strain, and deemed the Briton had brought tidings of her love. Her love! involuntarily she paused. "Oh! what have I to do with love," she moaned—"I who am a cloistered novice! and what is song of British bard to me, dead to the world as I must soon become—against my will, against my will—'for I,' and the hot tears welled forth, 'I have not that sweet purity of nature which bids weak mortal yield earth's pleasures for the glories of self-sacrifice?'" And then the weeping novice strove to close her ear to the music of earth, to listen only to the solemn chant of the nuns as they kept their lonely vigil in the cloister. In vain, in vain; Isabel de Brabancon had not, struggle to deceive herself how she might, entirely subdued her woman's heart or conquered her woman's nature. Isabel de Brabancon had attempted, but had failed, to make of herself a mere slave to follow, without one wavering thought, the rules of priesthood first invented for the glory of its faith—the death-in-life ordained in mockery of Nature's laws, the human sacrifice which is an outrage to the laws of God. All honor to such failure!

Again Cyrrangon's song pierced through the silent gloom, and Isabel, unable longer to restrain emotion, hastened to her sister's cell. Her sister?—no, the Abbess of Davington; for beneath that holy title the name of sister sinks to nothingness; the Abbess of Davington hath no sisters now, save only the sisters of the cloister.

"Thou shouldst not suffer aught of earthly hope to influence thee," she said, in answer to Isabel; "thine aspirations now should be only for the glory of thy faith. Let what will befall, it should not arouse within thy bosom one thought or one emotion."

"Ah! sister mine," responded the unfortunate Isabel, "didst thou but know the struggle in my heart; didst thou but know how I have striven to check each rising sigh—to repress each thought of him whom now I dare not love; yet who"—and a flood of tears almost choked her utterance, "yet who still loveth me!"

"Thy love! how different is it in its kind to mine," the Abbess sighed.

"Thy love!" said Isabel, "I did not know."

"Thou didst not know I loved! Ah! sister Isabel, not mine the love fanned by alternate doubt and fear; but mine the certain hope! Not mine the love, one-half of sorrow and one-half of joy; but mine the promised bliss! Not mine the love depending upon mortal for its sustenance, seeking for mortal smile to fan its glowing flame; but mine the love of heaven and the shield of faith—the smile which cheers me on, the smile which is the herald of a glorious immortality!"

And the Abbess placed her hand upon her sister's brow with gentle, kind solicitude, and sought to assuage her grief. Then, as the recollection of her stern duties once more overcame the gentle ties of kinship, she drew back, and coldly said:

"Sister, learn to subdue thy erring nature; let thy heart be dead, henceforth, and suffer but the soul to survive within the polluted temple of clay."

Ah! then the Abbess, not the sister, spoke; and the weeping Isabel, immured, not from choice, but from compulsion, within those cloistered walls, shrank like a guilty thing beneath reproof from one who had not power to gauge her suffering.

"Sister, how is it," she continued, "thou seemest to reject what I have been too thankful to receive? Why dost thou repine at a lot which I have found more blessed than any lot of mortal?"

"It is because," said Isabel, her rebellious spirit rising, "it is because thy lot is the lot thy free will chose—it is because thou wert by Nature framed for solitude. Thou hast thy choice; I have not mine! Thou art like the prisoned bird who hath never known how sweet it is to roam on freedom's wing; thou canst not judge the torture that prison is to me, whom circumstance hath fettered with an iron chain, but whose hope hath been to soar aloft, to traverse space, to gaze upon the arch of Heaven, and feel that in its vast expanse lay the only bar of liberty!"

"(Sister, the offering which thy heart shall make upon the shrine of faith will be more acceptable that it hath cost thee suffering. Come with me now unto the chapel, for well methinks the time a fitting one for thee to view the holy tomb which stands within its center, and which thou hast not hitherto been permitted to see, save covered by the sacred pall."

And the Abbess led the way unto the chapel; when, motioning four of the sisters present, each took a corner of the linen cloth

and raised it from the tomb, then noiselessly departed, leaving the Abbess and her sister alone by the sarcophagus.

"Thou now beholdest, sister, the great blessing which our order owns. Before Saint Mildred founded this holy abbey she was summoned in a vision to the spot. Being a devout woman, she obeyed the summons, and on a mound of earth where now the altar stands she, kneeling, watched from the morning's dawn till midnight, when a sheet of lightning cleft the skies, and the great miracle was wrought which hither bore that massive tomb; as light as bird on wing it floated through the air, and, passing gently over Saint Mildred's kneeling form, so near she almost felt the pressure, it rested on the spot where now it is, whence nor man nor time may ever move it. Then came a mighty noise as of a thousand cymbals clashing, followed by a voice like to the rushing wind, sonorous, deep, which sang:

"Mid the clashing of cymbals, the ringing of mail, And the bray of the war-trump, to Palestine's strand, O'er the foam-crested wave shall the warrior sail."

To rescue God's tomb from the Saracen hand, The dark-browed Byzantine, the infidel horde, Who have wrested great Calvary's tomb from the Lord."

They ride the broad billows, they sound through the foam, With Labarum unfurled, and with armor bedight; Hallelujah! for yonder is Christ's Holy Tomb, Adorning the summit of Calvary's height; Mid tekih scream, havoc, and carnage, they gain Foothold on the mount where their Saviour was slain."

On, on press the knights of the Christ and the cross; On rushes the Paynim with fire-flashing eyes, Each pillar and temple, each rampart and fosse, Is bristling with solitaires, guarding the prize. And the war-horses snorted as wounded they lay On the blood-spattered sand, 'mid the carnage that day. Ah! the cohorts lie low upon Calvary's strand, All wounded and mangled and trampled in gore, Yet the Cross that was planted by Tankred's mailed hand But the tomb of the virgin-born Christ, saith the Lord, Flames high o'er the fray in the welkin's wild roar."

Shall never for Cross steeped in blood be reward; And the tomb of the virgin-born Saviour, God's son, Shall never by Orient Crescent be won!

For the white, heavy stone of the tomb is up-rent, And flows, as blood flows 'neath the edge of the sword, The red blood of the Christ on Gethsemane spent, And the marble's upheaved by the arms of the Lord."

Hallelujah! rejoice! with miraculous sweep, From the sands of the East o'er the cavernous deep, The sepulchre rides on the wings of the blast, To the God-hallowed shrine of Saint Mildred's cell."

Hallelujah! rejoice! and belaud to the skies That fane where the tomb of the Saviour lies. After the Abbess had recited, in clear, impressive tones, the legend of her order, she fell upon her knees beside the Holy Sepulchre, motioning Isabel to do the same. For a long time they knelt in silent prayer. At length Isabel, who might not speak or move while the Abbess remained prostrate, found her attention arrested by hieroglyphics on the tomb, which she observed were Celtic; and, hardly knowing how to restrain speech until the Abbess rose, she profited by her knowledge of the British tongue by in part deciphering their meaning. When permitted to break silence, Isabel impetuously exclaimed:

"Sister, sister, thou hast been deceived; this is not the sepulchre of Christ our Lord; it is a Cymric tomb."

Overwhelmed with astonishment at Isabel's blasphemy—for blasphemy of the most flagrant order she believed it to be—Frances lost for a time the power of speech and motion; and Isabel, continuing, said:

"Here, traced in Celtic characters, is recorded the death of King Cunobeline, the date the year 16, Cunobeline, sister, was a Briton, an upholder of the Druidic faith. He had no knowledge of that great light which just had dawned, and which has spread its blessings to our hearts. Abbess, we decorate the Christian faith by kneeling at his shrine. Believe me thou hast been deceived; for, though I may not trace all of these mystic signs, not being a skilled translator of our country's ancient tongue, yet do I something know of Celtic characters, and more than most in this our age may do; and I have spoken truth."

"(Sister, thou hast spoken falsely!" said the Abbess, regaining self-possession. "The something thou dost boast thou knowest of mystic signs, that something I call sin; and, if thou art not skilled in ancient tongue, why thou art skilled in blasphemy."

"Nay, sister, speak not thus!"

"Be silent! I am Abbess here, and, wert thou nun professed instead of simple novice, I would submit thee to such penance as might wash thy sins away. I must trust that penance may atone for the most blasphemous speech that ever has been uttered within these holy walls. Sister, thou must pass the night alone within this chapel, and neither food nor water shall be given thee."

"Nay, Abbess, not alone," shrieked the affrighted Isabel; "thou dost not—cannot mean it. Oh! I shall die with fear."

"Sister, I have said; and better were it thou shouldst die with fear than live to brand as false the Church's holy records."

"Oh! Abbess, I knew not that I had sinned. I will do penance, but not here, not here alone; I cannot bear it. Oh! would that I had never learned one word of British tongue."

"As many an erring mortal hath wished before thy time, and will do after. We are forbid to pluck the fruit from off the Tree of Knowledge, and he who disobeys must bear the consequence. Are not we told that priests alone should seek to penetrate the past, and only they because they are our guides, and any knowledge which they do not teach is sinful knowledge; that thou knowest, sister. I cannot withdraw my mandate. Here thou must remain."

"Oh! but I fear! That tomb—oh! cover it! I cannot live and gaze on that all through the darksome night!"

"Thy fear will purify thee, sister," said the Abbess calmly, as she turned to quit the chapel.

"Sister, sister, by all the joys our early childhood brought us, when we were twins in heart as well as twins by birth, let not thy holy office turn thee into stone! I dare not stay—oh! by the memory of our mother's love, condemn me not to pass the night within this gloomy vault—alone, alone! Frances, Abbess, it is thy sister pleads, thy only, thy twin-sister!" And the weeping Isabel upon her knees was clinging fast to her Superior's robe.

And the Abbess—was she stone? Ah! no, a tear was in her eye, and struggling in her heart was all a sister's love so long repressed by her pure Church's rigor. But she was an Abbess, and she might not yield. Condemn her not; her sufferings, though calmly borne, were as great as those of Isabel. As soon as she had repressed emotion she said:

"Thou again forgettest that I own no tie of kindred; I have no sisters, save only the sisters of the cloister. I am the Bride of Christ; I would thou wert so too. I tell thee that thou must remain. What is thy fear to me? I have thy soul to save!" And the Abbess slowly passed from out the chapel, locking the door on Isabel.

With a shriek of despair Isabel cast herself upon the chapel floor, and in distracted accents cried: "I shall be mad ere morning; what if, in the darkness of the night, a dead man come from out that tomb, and clasp me in his cold embrace. Oh! am I in the vault of death, or do I live? Oh! reason, reason, thou art tottering on thy throne!"

"The lady crouches in cloistered shade, within the convent walls; Renounced are all her fair domains, her castles, and her halls; Yet oh! how oft the sad recluse will think, on happier days, Of him who now for evermore hath vanished from her gaze."

"Oh! list, lady, list to the convent bell; Forget the world in thy grated cell."

That song! it was Cyrrangon's and hope once more animated the breast of Isabel.

"Cyrrangon," she cried, "Cyrrangon, now redeem thy promise, and teach my heart to break."

Even as she spoke a packet—whence she knew not, but well she knew from whom—fell at her feet. To open it was the work of a moment.

"Lady," the letter ran, "fear nothing. I saw thy danger recorded on the scroll which is the roof of freedom, and have provided for thy rescue ere the shades of evening fall; and while the daylight penetrates thy prison thou wilt not, for thou art brave, suffer fear to encompass thee."

And the Lady of Kirton banished her terrors, for she knew she would be released ere night and danger should together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The whole universe in all its modifications is ever in a process of change. This change is visible to us in proportion to the keenness of our perceptions. It makes no difference to us whether the change has actually taken place in the outer, or whether our searching for truth for five, fifteen or twenty-five years has brought about a change within ourselves in our perceptive faculties.

It is not that we have discovered a new adjustment of the truth, but that we have come into new relations with the truth. It may be expressed, perhaps, by saying, "that our alignment has become more perfect on the spiritual plane." Being thus in harmony, the vibrating force can be transferred to us more readily and fully.

The unfolding of truth is a constant process. It is like the building of the coral reef, a little every hour, in a thousand different directions, and the work of the microbe at last reaches from the rock-ribbed floor of the ocean to the upper surface; so, little by little, all men who live are gathering, hour by hour, minute by minute, that which shall give firmness and roundness to their whole character. Again, it is often the habit of those who hear the different shades of opinion expressed, or diverse ideas upon any particular point, or the theories that must follow different points of view, to feel that because the last speaker advances something entirely different from what they had thought, or from what they had received from some former teacher, that they must embrace as authority that which was last offered.

Men are not chameleons; they are not expected to change their opinions as the little lizard does its color, to correspond with the hue of the last object it may be in contact with. Because A puts forth a certain statement, and B offers an opposite, it does not follow that either is wrong. They may be viewing the same object from diametrically opposite standpoints. Wars have been fought, hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed, because some men maintained the doctrine of free-will, and others were equally strenuous that there was only predestination. These two classes were both correct. It is not necessary for our argument that we go into any explanation of this assertion; but if I stand at the right hand of a statue, I see the right hand, arm or side. If I go to the left side, I see the opposite hand and arm. These are over against each other, and both belong to the fullness and perfection of the whole statue. The contrariness does not exist in the thing, but in our idea of it. If we tell you of certain conditions and things existing under the law of the spiritual, and another man tells you of those existing under the law of the physical, they may seem to be opposed to each other, but it is in the seeming only. Even when you listen to him who, earnestly and candidly, puts forth his own experience or ideas of that which has come to him, in the living, it is not for you to receive it to the exclusion of all else that you have matured and accepted as reasonable within yourselves; neither is it necessary that you build up a wall of dissent. He who speaks earnestly within himself, to himself; bears the stamp of truth so far as his perception is capable of receiving it. He carries you to a certain point by the strength of his conviction, but if it does not become conviction to you, it is not necessary for you to retain it as a part of your mental furnishing. It is not necessary that you deny, but simply hold it as not proven to your own self. This is the condition in which those who are seeking truth are constantly being placed. That what is being given out may confirm that which has come from other sources, or it may fill in gaps, which until that time have been simply assumed as filled. This is true also of the spiritual conditions of revelation. In this only the prominent points are sketched. If you have examined a plan of a building upon paper, you found a number of straight lines, of angles, and of certain dimensions. To the unpracticed eye it conveys very little information; but to the builder's mind there comes a picture, not only of the outline plan, but of the whole building, from the corner-stone to the cornice, with all the interior finishings and decorations. The same is true of the details of whatever thought spirit force impresses upon those who dwell within the range of the visible.

Along the materialistic lines, and along the lines of metaphysical development and unfolding, there often comes confusion. They who have power to see beyond the veil, but lose the perspective of time. A picture drawn correctly in perspective follows a certain sequence, in its order, because time measures distance, and those who see into the invisible, cannot always tell, unless their attention is particularly called to it, whether the stream flows in one direction or another; or whether there be an end or a beginning. That which is, has been; that which is, also will be. The civilization of the world, as has been stated again and again, did not come from the East, but from our own continent, when the glories of Atlantis, city and continent, made themselves the beginning and model of all future civilization, leaving traces in Egypt, in Chaldea, and in India. The thing you call civilization is the result of the surplus energy developed in the conquering of a new country. This expended

itself in wave after wave, until it reached India, and there that which has repeated itself upon your continent took place thousands of years ago. The same vigor, the same spiritual dominance left behind it traces as we find them today in the marvelous cities, palaces and temples of that country. It was necessary that the rawness of the physical should be met by the overpowering force of the physical, urged on by spiritual conditions; that was a part of the discipline of the race. It passed on, reached the point where spirit dominance had achieved, and where it began to look for new worlds to conquer. That which happened to the race then and there is taking place now here; it is physical against physical, and they who, seeking knowledge from the conclusions of the East, suppose it a necessary condition that the Eastern methods must also be transferred, err most vitally. The wave of energy is passing on, and in a shorter time than our brothers of the far East were able to accomplish, shall you who dwell upon this continent reach the same point of development, in the same number of progressive steps. But you will bring to this point greater staying power, more vigorous activity, and more oneness of the whole. It is but the flowing and the ebbing of the tide.

It is inglorious to flee from your enemy, and the achievement of those who are fighting the battle of your civilization; they who seek the true path amidst the rush and clash of contending elements shall attain for them selves spiritual insight and potency, thus winning glory that even an Atlantean might desire. He who wins glory, caring not for it personally, wins it for his race, wins it for the whole.

No man living could dispose of a single atom of his body without being less than the Creative Idea, and thereby becoming imperfect. No single atom of all the universe can be dispensed with, without impairing the wholeness of the One. Not one single atom of man's body could be destroyed without injuring the perfection of the One itself, for in the perfection of the Creative Thought there could be no surplus. Then, every single atom, every aggregated atom, is absolutely necessary to the wholeness of the One, either on the physical or the spiritual plane. There can be no one-sided dependence, and the interrelation between man and the One is exactly balanced.

Your wise men have no difficulty in understanding and believing that the law of action and reaction is true; but when the same law is extended to the spiritual condition, they are lost. If I am bound to another, then that other is bound to me, in exactly the same proportion, whether it be an equal, an angel, an archangel, or hierarch, or the One itself. And at the same time, we cannot, must not, forget, that the part can never equal the whole, and therein lies the supreme condition of the One who is the sum of the All. Because of this action and reaction of the spiritual force, so constantly visible, every individual has his influence, to a greater or less degree, upon every other individual. The power that acts constantly is the spirit force which binds, holds and guides under all conditions, circumstances and times. He who forgets not to acknowledge spirit power and force is wise.

## A Word for Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

To THE EDITOR:—I cannot forbear to lift my voice in protest, after reading Mrs. Britten's letter in your issue of May 5th. It seems to me suicidal for American Spiritualists to refuse, by neglecting to send in their names and money, the great help which her great work will be to Spiritual literature, and it seems a poor repayment for one who has given her whole life for the benefit of the cause, and is perhaps more competent than any other individual to compile such a book—a book which in time to come will be priceless to Spiritualists. Cannot an effort be made to assist in the publication? I believe that if one good, stirring, energetic person would take hold at the coming camp-meetings—one in each camp—enough subscriptions could be obtained to warrant its publication this present year. I do not write this because I have any axe to grind by the publication of this work, for though a life-long medium and possessing occult power from infancy, my name or experiences do not appear in her work; but mediums are human, and like the rest of humanity, feel, after a life spent for the advancement of the cause, that Spiritualists ought to do a little to show their appreciation. Spiritualism would be a philosophy unknown were it not for its mediums, and I think, at the least, the duty of Spiritualists should be to cheer, encourage and uplift, by every means in their power, those who have given up friends, society and ambitions, to become instruments for incarnate intelligences to manifest and prove to the world immortality.

But aside from this, if Spiritualism is to be, as we believe, the religion of the future, can you not see how necessary it is that the generations to come should require proof concerning its beginning? And it seems to me this work would be a very bible—a holy book—to the Spiritualists of the future.

MARY B. BINGHAM.  
33 East avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

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## A NOTABLE EVENT.

## At the Home of an Artist Spiritualist.

A SPIRITUAL PIONEER.

To THE EDITOR:—The Springfield Ladies' Aid Society, with a large contingent of sympathizers, went to Suffield, Conn., on the 2nd of May, at the invitation of Mr. Willis Adams for the purpose of celebrating an important event in that gentleman's history. Mr. Adams' is a long-time Spiritualist and medium; he is also an artist of rare merit, and his fine paintings have attracted much attention and favorable mention at various exhibitions in Springfield, New York and elsewhere. He has traveled and studied in France, Germany and Italy, and with the aid of his spirit guides bids fair to make a national reputation.

The event that was celebrated on the 2nd of this month was the first anniversary of Mr. Adams' complete possession of the old homestead, the house in which he first saw the light of day. The fine old estate passed into other hands in his boyhood, and for years it has been the aim of his life to redeem the home of his fathers. His tenacity and persistence, aided by his brush, was at length crowned with success, and the dear old place with its hallowed memories is again restored to its proper ownership.

During the years of toil and effort the spirits assured Mr. Adams that he would be successful, and revealed to him their desire to make of this place a spiritual center, a healing institute for mind and body. They have prophesied great things for the future and the literal fulfillment of their past predictions inspires great confidence in that which is to come.

The old homestead is delightfully located, commanding an extended view of the Connecticut River and valley, and is high enough to avoid all danger of malaria.

The house is filled with specimens of Brother Adams' artistic work, both in oil and water-colors. The gem of all, however, is the sanctum sanctorum, or "spirits' room," which only an artist could design or describe. Hung with delicate draperies, lovely paintings and specimens of art and vertu gathered from various parts of the world, it gives even the most unimpressional a feeling of devoutness and spirituality.

Some eighty or ninety guests honored the occasion with their presence; among them were delegates from Hartford, Poquonock, and other adjacent towns. The day was most delightful, and after partaking of a bountiful repast in picnic style, appropriate exercises were held on the lawn, beginning with a number of vocal selections by the Musical Club of the Springfield Society. A very feeling and touching address by Mrs. Holcomb, president of the Ladies' Aid, was followed by appropriate and witty remarks by H. A. Budington, speeches by the writer and others.

Then followed the ceremony of planting a beautiful rock maple by the ladies, in which each one wielded the spade in turn with a degree of grace and skill that was a revelation to some of the "lords" who viewed the operation.

The tree was dedicated with appropriate remarks by Mrs. Holcomb and the Indian control of Mrs. Dowd.

Many of the guests remained during the evening to hold a circle in the sanctum, which was marked by excellent results. All who participated during the day departed feeling that it was good to be there, and filled with bright hopes for the future of Brother Adams and his spiritual objects and efforts.

W. F. PECK.

## A Spirit Painting.

To THE EDITOR:—I was fortunate enough while traveling in California, last winter, to meet Mr. Campbell, and at once asked him to make an appointment for a sitting. He told me he was leaving San Francisco next day, but if it was agreeable to me, he would sit for me at once. It suited me better than that at any other time, so I gladly accepted his offer. He sat at a simple pine table, with four slates, a porcelain, and a vessel of water, a towel and some paints in a small glass. After washing and drying the slates and thoroughly examining the porcelain, I thought if anything comes I shall never doubt again. Mr. Campbell and I banded the slates securely, and I held one of them, while he held the other; and I most positively affirm they never left my hands, neither could Mr. Campbell have painted them had he desired to do so. While I held the slates myself, Mr. Campbell was entranced and gave me some of the most beautiful and satisfactory tests I had ever received.

After sitting about thirty minutes, Mr. Campbell desired me to open the slates, and to my great astonishment and delight I saw on the porcelain a beautiful bunch of "tea roses," which were my husband's favorite flowers, and some delicate maiden-hair fern; on the slate I received a message from my husband, who had passed over a year ago, and also messages from other dear friends—all messages of a bright and spiritual order. To say that I was delighted does not fully express my feelings. I showed my picture to a friend, who suggested I should take it to an art store and see what I could get a match piece painted to it for. The proprietor said it could be done for about twenty dollars. Having paid only a quarter of that sum for it, both myself and friend felt satisfied in relation to it and its production. I was delighted with Mr. Campbell's gentlemanly manner, and have every reason to be grateful to the "Spirit-world" and to him as a medium through whom our loved ones can manifest unto us.

Mrs. E. SINCLAIR.

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## SPIRITUALISM, ITS WORKERS.

## As Seen by the Veteran Worker, Will C. Hodge.

Presuming that anything relating to the growth of Spiritualism is of interest to all lovers of the cause, and especially so to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I will give to your readers a few items of interest gathered by the way. After leaving Rochester, Ind., I spent a few days in your city, and then went to Beloit, Wis., for a visit with oldtime friends. Notwithstanding the fact that this town is one of the strongholds of orthodoxy, there are many who are interested in the new gospel, and are honestly and conscientiously investigating its claims. While there is no public demonstration, still the heaven is quietly working, and will in the near future produce good results. Going from there to Waukesha, the city of springs, I remained a week with Dr. T. Babcock, who is now permanently located at that place, and who has assumed charge of the Andrews House for the season. The doctor is one of our very best magnetic healers, and though very quiet and unassuming, is doing excellent work in removing the diseases to which the mind and flesh is heir. There are a few earnest souls here who are rejoicing in the knowledge which Spiritualism affords, and one lady who bids fair to develop as a fine medium for physical manifestation. From there to Milwaukee, where for two weeks I have been the guest of Prof. A. B. Severance, the noted psychometrist and well-known all-round reformer. It is pleasant to note the fact that he is kept busy, and that his power as a psychometrist has not waned, but on the contrary his work in that line is constantly increasing and is giving great satisfaction to his numerous patrons. Here we had the satisfaction of greeting and hearing for the first time the veteran worker, Bishop A. Beale, who closed his engagement with the First Society on the last Sunday in April. His work in Milwaukee was beneficial to the society and the cause he represents, as well as a credit to himself. Dr. H. T. Stanley has for some time been running an independent meeting in Lincoln Hall, after which they were organized as an auxiliary society of the National Association. The society has discontinued their meetings for the season, with the intention of reopening in September. Dr. Rothmel, who has been laboring here for the past four months, intends to depart for Colorado in the near future. While here he has had great success in his line of work, and he has made many friends who will gladly welcome him on his return next season.

The First Society, under the able supervision of President H. O. Nick, has continued to flourish in spite of the malcontents, and a division in the ranks, and their hall is filled each Sunday night with an earnest and intelligent audience, many of whom are new investigators of our philosophy. I am engaged to occupy their platform for the month of May, and if the attendance and interest manifested the last two Sundays is any criterion, the work for the month will prove an unequalled success. Brother Nick and other officers of the society are entitled to great credit for building up a society in the face of opposition and many discouragements, and it must be a source of gratification to themselves and the friends generally that they have succeeded so well. At the present writing I am stopping with Bro. N. L. Kneeland, at his elegant home in Wauwatosa. He has for many years been an ardent Methodist and prominent in that denomination, but through the philosophy and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, he has become an earnest worker and supporter of our cause. He is a member of the Milwaukee society, and finds time to attend the meetings, though living seven miles distant from the hall.

There is nothing discouraging in the outlook for Spiritualism; on the contrary, there are many signs of progress and much to cheer all earnest workers for the grand truth ever given to mortal man. I am open for engagements for the month of June and the fall and winter months, and would be pleased to correspond with societies desiring an inspirational speaker, and will make terms reasonable as possible.

WILL C. HODGE.

195 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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At expiration of subscription, not renewed, the paper will be discontinued. No bill will be sent for extra numbers. If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis. Col. R. G. Ingersoll acquired the art of "kicking hell" while he was a member of that denomination at Peoria, in this State. But heretics are bobbing up everywhere. Says the couplet:

SATURDAY MAY 26, 1894

## Slightly Venerated Paganism.

"The Sacred Scarabs. A Queer Jumbling Up of Christian and Heathen Symbolism." is the head-line title to an article in a late issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*, an English publication of great merit. Such revelations of the deep past give great force to the opinions of scholars who have directed special attention to the subject, that the Christian myth is but a survival of ancient paganism. A crucifix—a cross with a human body on it, 1750 years before our era—is mightily suggestive that the biographers of Jesus made heavy drafts on ancient Egyptian monuments for the facts they wove into their story. We quote:

"One of the most interesting exhibits in the museum of Ghizeh is the jewelry of Queen Ahhotop, of the seventeenth dynasty (say about B. C. 1750), taken from her majesty's person when her mummy case was opened by Mariette Bey. Among the most beautiful objects in this very ancient collection is a gold chain or necklace, with a scarab pendant as its central ornament. On the other hand, if the kings had the names engraved on sacred beetles, the sacred beetles in return gave their names to mighty kings. The very word for beetle was so holy that it entered into the composition of many royal titles. Just as elsewhere great principles describe themselves as lions, or wolves, or bulls, or deerhounds, so in Egypt they described themselves as beetles of the sun god."

"Strange to say, some of the latest scarabs bear the Christian emblems. Several of them are inscribed with the cross, and one in Mr. Loftie's collection is adorned with a well-marked crucifix. This queer jumbling up of Christian and heathen symbolism may seem incredible to those who do not know Egypt or early Christian art, but to students of the first few centuries of Christendom it is no isolated example. In the Ghizeh museum there are many other works of the transitional period quite as strangely mixed as these—puttings with the arch or cross ansata, the symbol of immortality, combined with the veritable Christian cross; emblems of which it is hard to tell, at first sight, which are heathen and which Christian; Madonnas that can hardly be discriminated from Isis with the infant Horus, and Isises that fade off by imperceptible stages into Madonnas and Bambinos."

"The fact is, scarabs had been buried with corpses in Egypt for centuries until they had become, as it were, part of the recognized mode of burial; people no more liked to dispose with them as marks of respect to the dead, than our own people would like to dispose with plume and mutes, and all the other wonted accompaniments of Christian burial. So, when the Egyptians felt they must adopt the new creed instead of the old, they endeavored to Christianize and convert the scarab by inscribing him with a figure of the crucifixion, just as the priests in Brittany have Christianized and converted the old heathen standing stones by putting a cross on top, to which the modern worshiper now, nominally at least, directs his prayers. There is more of this substitution everywhere in Europe than most people suspect; a large part of what passes as modern Christianity is nothing more than very slightly venerated antique paganism."

## His Place Obscured.

In the interest of good morals our sympathies go out to the people of the Ashland Congressional district of Kentucky, who held a mass convention, largely attended by women, on the 14th inst., and solemnly protested against the re-nomination of Col. Breckinridge for a seat in Congress. He would be the gainer were he to voluntarily pass into obscurity. His prominent position in church circles, the leader in the attempt to close the World's Fair on Sunday, the leading church attorney for the prosecution of Prof. Briggs for heresy, the silver-tongued orator on a hundred festive occasions, the special favorite among the ladies of the church, and then the flagrant character of his offense, should induce him to humble himself in "sackcloth and ashes" and retire from public gaze. No election by the people can whitewash his character, and give him an honorable position in social circles.

## Rich and Racy.

Even Universalists have their heretics. The other day, at Englewood, in the Church of Our Father, the occasion a session of the Women's Association, Rev. P. A. White, of the Stewart Avenue Church, in the course of his address said:

"In my opinion, we have not had enough of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Emerson and Garrison. Much has been said regarding the growth of Universalism. The reason that the world does not embrace Universalism is that the denomination is not in touch with the times. The trouble is that when we meet there is too much twaddle about the faith of our fathers, and this loyalty to ancient creeds is nonsense. In these days of advanced thought we must step out of the swaddling-clothes that were put upon the Universalists of three hundred years ago. I, for one, am not willing the denomination shall dictate to me what I shall preach. If we are going to gather in the brains men and women of today we must make our church a creedless one, in a measure. We will not only have to change the statement of our belief, but follow different methods."

## The account of the affair continues:

"Dr. J. S. Cantwell, editor of the *Universalist*, arose. Looking straight at Mr. White, he said: 'You have no means of knowing how mad some of us are. It is only by the grace of God that is in us that we have been able to endure what you have said. I have expected for some time to hear such sentiments from some like lips.'"

Now that is quite too funny for anything. The Universalists have been recognized as the heretical sect, par excellence, for a hundred years. Col. R. G. Ingersoll acquired the art of "kicking hell" while he was a member of that denomination at Peoria, in this State. But heretics are bobbing up everywhere. Says the couplet:

"Please have other fates to bite 'em, And so on, ad infinitum."

## The God Question.

If our orthodox readers are distressed because of the discussion of the God question in these columns, let them be content with our Federal Constitution as the fathers made it, without constantly trying to change it in the interest of sectarianism. The old instrument has served this country pretty well for more than a hundred years. It has advanced the morally, socially, politically and materially as no other nation. It has faced the damning disgrace of chattel slavery, which our Christian ancestors imposed on the country. If let alone, with advancing knowledge, it will banish intemperance; but never while full faith is placed in an "infallible bible," believed to be inspired of God, and that God teaching the use of intoxicants, to those of a heavy heart saying: "Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Prov. 31: 6, 7. "Thou shalt bestow money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after: for oxen or sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth." Deut. 14: 26. "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." 1 Tim. 5: 23.

## Where God Dwells.

Photius, who is represented to have lived and wrote near the close of the ninth century, and who, professedly, catalogued the various Greek classics then reputed to be in existence, Prof. Johnson shows was a Basilian monk who lived but little earlier than the fourteenth century. Photius suggested that the angels do not inhabit heaven; that their home is on the earth side of the firmament; that Christ, rising from the earth, passed through this blue firmament, entered the city above; that this upper region is "the kingdom of heaven," where God and the saints dwell. Ambrose and Basil, Prof. Johnson states, taught substantially the same. The firmament, with the angels, was that arch which seemingly bounds vision and which the telescope has removed to infinite distance. But it was a real substance long enough to build the popular theology on the baseless fabric; while hell was under the earth, and accessible through the volcanic openings, which revealed living fire, and emitted a sulphurous odor.

## "It is the Lord."

"Three times, and always on Sunday," said the Rev. Talmage, on the 13th inst., while the fire was converting into smoke and ashes the great Brooklyn Tabernacle, and adjoining buildings, with full \$2,000,000 of mostly untaxed wealth! "It is the Lord," said the biathesite, "Let Him do what seemeth good in his sight." How good the pulpit, to let the Lord have his own way. "Three times and out," used to be a boyish aphorism. Three costly churches, built in rapid succession, and all destroyed by God, should suggest that the Great Ruler of the universe does not appreciate the puny structures which churchmen rear for his dwelling-place, though stones are brought from Jerusalem and are built into its walls to add to its glory.

## THE LOWER CRITICISM.

It is Carefully Analyzed  
And Its Correct Status Defined.

BY COL. R. T. VAN HORN,  
Of the Kansas City Journal.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

They say man is the reasoning animal. Is he? That question is, sometimes at least, debatable. A pig that carries a straw in his mouth to make a bed a few hours before a blizzard begins to blow is said to possess "instinct," and the beaver who fells trees, makes a dam, constructs lodges, etc., is credited with a higher instinct. Some men are straw-gatherers and some are hydraulic engineers—comparatively. It is sometimes a question whether after all the difference between the higher and lower is but one of degree. There are millions of men teaching science who could not with the same tools build a beaver village.

This comparison forces itself when man begins to exhibit himself as a world builder. And the average man is nothing if not a builder of dams and planets. This average man, who gravely tells you how this world of ours was made and how it is maintained, could not, if his life depended on it, put in and harvest a successful crop of potatoes. Is this what you call learning?

We have been reading lately a controversy between two very able men on the origin of things—a lawyer and a chemist—and somehow this instinct illustration suggested itself. The lawyer says every thing is "governed by law." The other says "there is no such thing as a law in nature; in nature as an infinitude; no such thing as a natural law or law of nature." Now, some people will see here a direct radical difference, but both are correct—from their respective outlooks. Both are protecting themselves from the rigors of climate, but one uses straw, the other builds a dam and a lodge. The lawyer calls order "law," the chemist calls it "polarity." It is very funny to hear a man apply Blackstone's "rule of action" to cosmic order, yet he can't conceive of it in any other light. The chemist, on the contrary, may have never looked into the black letter lore, but having been watching the arrangement of particles in the uniform lines of crystallization he calls that phenomenon "polarity."

Now, law in its application to human affairs is a thing of dictation, or of agreement—authority or legislation—its very essence being control. In the sense it is nonsense to the chemist, whose wisdom to the lawyer. This is the etymology of law, and it is forcing the argument to apply meanings that have been ascribed to the word by those who had no other to express their idea of uniformity in nature. Since chemistry was born a new word, "affinity" or "polarity," better expresses the same idea to specialists in that department of knowledge.

We had, long before "law" was born, "dogma"—that "created" all things as a matter of caprice or to be doing something on the part of a "creator," and we have nature or cosmos, or the universe, was planned out on a sort of quarter-section system, and so regulated. This was the "law" stage of cosmogony. Later has come the advanced concept of this department, and it is called evolution. But all are methods, like the straw and the dam, to reach a common purpose—or use—to account for what is.

There is one limitation to all these—a dwarfed conception of the infinite. An idea cannot be expressed without the use of a sign, a symbol or a word, and we are forced to subordinate the idea to the word. We say God, and then think of God as a lawgiver or a builder or a maker of things, thus dwarfing the infinite to our limitations. This is the natural tendency of the lawyer, to whom the creator is a higher being than to the miracle thinker, yet not so high as to the chemist. We use the term chemist, preferably, because in the domain of form-life chemistry is first. Still, thinking in all departments is hindered by the anthropomorphic concept of the creative power. The effort of modern thought is to rise above these disabilities.

What can be more lame than the attempt to reconcile these childish conceptions of the origin of things with the facts of modern knowledge? The child feels that the cause or author of nature is beyond measurement, yet we continue to use its fables as "inspired wisdom." The story told the questioning child that his new sister was found in a hollow stump satisfies him for the time, but not for all time. So the simple tale of the creation of man and the world he lives on sufficed for the infancy of the race, but to call it the story told by the creator is like the stump story when the second generation had to be accounted for.

This apology of science to dogma makes common sense nervous, and belittles the creator and the created both. It is the lower criticism. The "six days story," as the symbol or a dramatic presentation of the primitive ignorance of science, or as an allegorical representation of the progressive order of natural unfoldment, is a beautiful thing. But when it is made to be a "revelation" from the Creator, misleading mankind for ages and ages, only to be read by a new key found by a man named Darwin, and is now to be read by an infallible interpreter named Spencer, it is taxing intellectual patience to the very limit of courteous expression. Such a hiding of a fact by a physician under a coat of blackery, and like oppression of truth by a philosopher would be regarded as empiricism. It is essentially the lower form of criticism—and a still lower conception of the character of Infinite goodness.

The mental man, despite all these limitations, is rising to a higher and truer conception of nature, of the creative power—of God. This power is not always to be measured by specialists—whether in dogma, in jurisprudence or in science. As long as we measure or attempt to interpret the All by the one or the other, it is only a change of words; "law" is as good as "polarity" and "foreordination" as available as "molecules." A little learning is a dangerous thing, is as true in things philosophical as in other affairs. But it is dangerous only when it becomes a thing taught or enforced upon others. That is the line upon which conscience comes legitimate and necessary. A man must think according to what he knows, for that is all he can do. He may be as wise as Solomon, as able as Aristotle, yet if he has been confined to one leading specialty as a profession in life, he will

think and teach according to premises that have governed his thought.

The lawyer's "law" is his conception of the harmony of the universe, but it is in his mind the "rule of action" behind, which is the author of the "statute,"—for to him law has a statutory coloring. The chemist's law is affinity, polarity, because he sees all things objective marshaling themselves to form in this way. There is no color of a statute to him in this process. The evolutionist sees a crab-apple and a Ben Davis side by side, and goes into a learned apostrophe as to how some crab-tree by innate vigor got a hold on a sympathetic soil and worked itself into the big red wonder—and calls this science. Then he goes to work and tells us that the story of Eve is all right—because God knew we couldn't understand it to matter just then, and so made us think for ages that the first apple was the best. And even in 1894 we are told that this is both science and religion—or that this is the way by which the conflict between religion and science is shown to be no conflict at all. It is very true, there can be no conflict without there is something to stimulate it. The lawyer would say there must be a rule of action resisted before there can be a conflict, and the chemist would say that there must be something with positive tendency to set up opposite action—neither are present in this evolutionary zero.

What is the lesson of all this seeming contradiction? It can only be to open-eyed common sense that they are all honest efforts to read a common riddle from the special standpoint of each reader. Neither of these schools is ignorant; all are able, all are honest, all are sincere, but each is a specialist. We have left out in this last illustration the biologist, for he is no longer in this modern debate. To him is primarily due all this confusion, because for ages he taught this narrow idea of creation—the very word itself being an assumption without a fact in the whole cosmos to stand upon for centuries, compared with present knowledge, he was densely ignorant, but he had fire and sword behind him, and they were so potent as arguments that even in this age these differences we have been quoting here he attempts to think things that they are along their old lines of cosmological thought. It can be readily seen that a common concept as to the universe or nature is not attainable as long as men contend over how to look at the common thing.

The all-round student admits at once that in one sense nature is the result of law. He is equally ready to accept the fact that in all its phenomena of form or activity it follows the lines of chemical affinity or polarity. And he is just as free to accept the hypothesis that the history of the planet as written in the rocks, and from investigation and observation, has been a steady process of evolutionary unfoldment, each era, or age, leaving the planet, as a whole, upon a higher plane of progress and development.

And now, what next?—for the question will come up at the end of all intellectual processes—what is the first cause? We have seen how the theologian has failed, that the lawyer does not answer, nor has the chemist, nor the biologist. The evolutionist explained: What then? Can the all-round student read the riddle? No, yet: Only one thing he has demonstrated—that the Creator, or the All, is neither a theologian, a lawyer, chemist, or evolutionist, per se, but more than either, and greater than all. Is not that a very logical, rational and important conclusion?

But what can we know? It is possible to know ourselves, if we would only try. Then we would find God to be the highest, and to subordinate our highest possible knowledge could approach. We would find the law of a life compassed by living in harmony with nature. We would discover that the fact of polarity was but the process by which all form, motion, life, activity, is created and maintained. And we would come to realize that evolution is the method by which the progress of the planet and its progeny is registered for the instruction and guidance of man in wisdom, and in his place in nature. Instead of the apple being but a survival of the fittest, we would find that the product of man's manipulation of nature, understanding its soils and forces, and modifying it from its forbidding type. Man of all form-life has a mission on the planet—to help in its progress and unfoldment—to so control its forces, modify its conditions, as to produce higher forms of life and dissipate the crude noxious conditions of its primeval grossness.

The order of life is from lower to higher—the same as in criticism. Drain the swamp and you "evolve" frogs, snakes, turtles and garfish out of existence, replacing them with sheep, cattle, grain, flowers and song-birds. It is the survival of the fittest in its highest sense, but it has been from the action of man in modifying for the locality the planetary conditions. But the law of swamps had polarized an alligator, while that of a fertile soil had directed these ever-present conditions in a new direction. This is in miniature a history of the unfoldment of the planet and man's relation to it, and the effort, owing to man's ignorance, has worn out the soil in the ancient seats of civilization, yet the fact has never been utilized in practical things.

The coming age is to do away with all sects, schools, professions or systems that assume to teach by any authority save that of individual knowledge, to be conveyed to the individual man. The same chemical conditions that once made the ancient world a garden of Eden, and which have degraded the individual, rendering him incompetent to use them.

The new age is to restore man to himself, to make him his own master, and to have him understand that God rules through nature, which is the divine, and that the highest service is through the highest individual development. Banish as blasphemy the idea of a "creator," and let the "evolution" of all things be against the Creator, this is the greatest—for out of it has come the fall of man, if such a thing could be. To postpone happiness to a future life is to take away all motive save to feed the animal in this. To beautify the body by temperance and health, fitted for the expression of a cheerful, contented and normal mind, is the very highest duty on this planet. To crucify it is but the morbid expression of a morbid and unhealthy thought. It is only by the highest culture and development of the individual, as the image of the Creator, that the order of creation can be achieved.

## SLATE-WRITING TESTS.

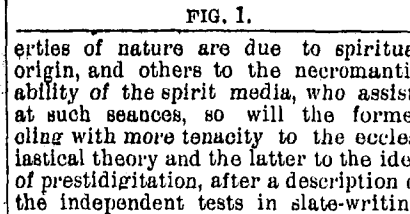
Experiments by Spiritualists and Hypnotists.

Force of Magnetism  
It Cannot Be Excluded by Any Substance.

THE PLANCHETTE AS AN ILLUSTRATION—RESULT OF TESTS BEFORE THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

To the skill of scientists, the perseverance of philosophers, and the peculiar knowledge wrested from the dark recesses of occultism by the servants of psychology, with the aid of ingenious electrical apparatus and other instruments utilized as a sounding line of truth, are we indebted for the information herein given pertaining to the fourth phase of psycho-physical appearances known the world over as the independent slate-writing tests.

As there are many who believe that the remarkable results attained by the direct association of the intellectual principle of man and the external prop-



erties of nature are due to spiritual origin, and others to the neomantic ability of the spirit media, who assist at such seances, so will the former cling with more tenacity to the ecclesiastical theory and the latter to the idea of prestidigitization, after a description of the independent tests in slate-writing have been recorded.

To those gifted with the finer perceptions of the mind and soul I would say, to quote a theosophic phrase, that "there is no religion higher than truth," and that they should therefore seek a true solution for such complex problems as those I have previously described in the material world first.

If all men had accepted all phenomena as belonging to the category of trickery, the world would still be in a state of barbarism, equally as degraded as the inhabitants of Northern Europe were during the glacial period.

## CONCEPTION OF SPACE.

In studying metaphysical phenomena for the purpose of finding their exact

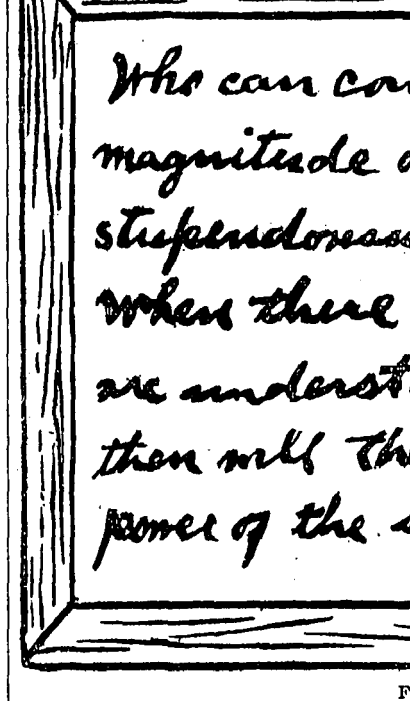


FIG. 2.

truth pertaining to transcendental manifestations, it would be well, en passant, to state that all are based on our extended conception of space and the existence of a force endowed with a highly subtle constitution that is at once infinite in nature. I do not assume the reader to be ignorant of the fundamental principles concerning these two agents; but, on the contrary, I shall enter into the heart of the subject without detailing facts already known.

In this city, on the morning of Feb. 20th, a private seance was given by a medium to three men who formed a contingent of a local psychical society. These men differed materially in opinion regarding the causes that produce writing on slates; the first firmly believed that the messages written on slates without visible aid were accomplished through spiritual agencies; the second claimed that he would prove it to be a mediumistic deception of the roughest kind, while the third endeavored to reconcile affairs by looking through the "magic glasses of science," thus seeing the results as the outcome of a natural law.

The second man took two slates of equal size from among those he had brought and thoroughly cleansed them. The sensitive desired that the slates should be placed above and below the table and held in contact with it with the left hand (Fig. 1). A piece of pencil was laid on the under slate. The sensitive held with both hands the left hand of the skeptic. A moment later a slight scratching could be heard, and we all listened with ears near the slates to be sure that the noise really came from the space between the slates and the table and not from some other point in the room.

## THE TEST.

After the "writing" had discontinued for some moments, the slates were removed and the following words were found written upon the lower slate in a clear hand and in the English language:

"Who can comprehend the magnitude of time, or the stupendousness of space? When these two factors are understood by mortals, then will they know the power of the spiritual world."

the table, as they are in some cases, that writing could be accomplished through the agency of magnetic attraction, acting on the pencil through the slate, just as a steel magnet draws a magnetic ore to it through a piece of glass or other substance. (Fig. 3.) Matter does not exist that excludes the force of magnetism. Inventors have sought such a substance as diligently as any physicist ever sought the philosopher's stone, or the alchemist a formula for transmuting the base metals into gold, for then the secret of perpetual motion would be given up to man. There are numberless tests on record where a person, however distant, writes through the mind of another such communications as the former wishes.

Mr. Stead, in the *North American Review*, explains how he could become the medium for another on the basis of the fourth dimension of space. I think there are other elements than the one just mentioned necessary to perform such feats. My impression from collected evidence is that the law that causes intelligent words to be written on the slate is the result of minds here on this earth, acting through the sensitive, as a negative medium, and however distant apart they may be, the thoughts are reproduced in the sensitive's mind. An argument in favor of this theory is that nearly all mediums who possess the power of slate-writing assume a state of insensibility, and so the mind, being void of any original conceptions, is well adapted as a receptacle for the reasonings of other men.

## MIND AND ELECTRICAL FORCE.

The power of the mind over the emanation of electrical force from the sensitive's body has been shown by experiments in hypnotism; this force is expelled in a ratio proportionate to the strength of the thoughts that occupy it, and acts on the pencil in a like manner. The medium intuitively feels that thought alone could not express the ideas he receives to any but himself, so traces the letters in his mind's eye, generally without the conscious knowledge of it. Another reason to induce belief that the communications are not produced

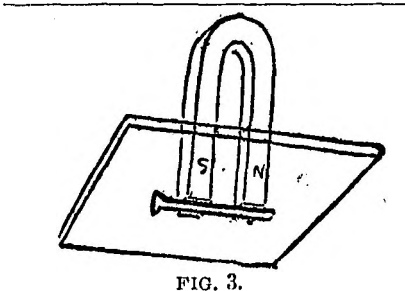


FIG. 3.

tions of spirit power is the fact that a simple instrument was contrived some years ago that gave results more or less satisfactory to every one who made use of it. The name of this mystifying apparatus

## A CELEBRATED CASE.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake.

Her Fight for Her Rights in Kansas City.

A VERDICT IN HER FAVOR—UNITED STATES JUDGE PHILLIPS' SCATHING REBUKE OF THE COUNTY OFFICERS.

The gallant fight that Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, one of the ablest representatives of Spiritualism of the age, has been making in the United States Court at Kansas City, has culminated in victory for Mrs. Drake, and a vindication of her rights under the law. The readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are doubtless familiar with the facts in this case: how Mrs. Drake was traduced by a reporter who subsequently called and added insult to injury, who, when ordered out of the house by Mrs. Drake, refused to go, and struck Mrs. Drake on the arm as she opened the door to order him out. Finally, when ejected from the house by Dr. P. A. Kimmel, at whose house Mrs. Drake was stopping at the time, he went and swore out warrants for the arrest of Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Kimmel and Dr. Kimmel. How they were arrested at about four o'clock in the evening, when the conspirators thought it too late to obtain bail—how bail was denied them by the officers at the jail, and they were imprisoned until morning. Mrs. Drake and Dr. Kimmel commenced suits in the United States District Court at Kansas City for \$20,000 each against Henry P. Stewart, county marshal, for conspiracy and false imprisonment. Mrs. Drake's case was commenced before Judge Phillips on Wednesday, May 9, and was not concluded until the 14th. No case has been tried in the United States Court since the famous Mott trial some years ago, that has attracted such widespread interest in the city and all over the country as this case.

From beginning to end the court-room was crowded with prominent men and women from all over the State, and many from other States. Leading members of the bar, legislators and professional men crowded all the available space within the bar of the court, watching the progress of the trial, and noting how, step by step, the plans and acts of the conspirators were made plain to the court; how the officers manipulated grand juries, made a farce of justice, let the guilty escape, and oppressed the innocent. The suppressed excitement when these things were shown up showed the deep interest the people had in the case. While Mrs. Drake was fighting for her rights, the people felt that it was exposing to public view a deplorable state of affairs in the criminal practice of the officers in Kansas City.

The interest culminated in the charge of the judge to the jury. The best lawyers at the bar pronounce it the finest analysis of evidence, and the best exposition of the law involved, that has been delivered from the bench. The defense used all the Catholic influence possible in the case, and sought at every opportunity to appeal to the prejudices of the jury. The verdict is a costly one to the county marshal. The costs and verdict aggregate about five thousand dollars, with the prospect of very much larger expense attaching to the case.

The next suit is that of Dr. Kimmel for the same amount, with the same evidence as in this case.

H. M. ROBINSON.

Kansas City, May 16, 1894.

## C. H. Goodwin, of Fall River, Kansas,

writes: "Our circle is getting along very well. There are always some new ones that want to sit with us. If any good medium passes through this way and would stop over a few days, the Spiritualists would take good care of them at least. With many good wishes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, long may it live to tear the scales from off the blind."

## THE PLANCHETTE AND HYPNOTISM.

I have seen the planchette used under the guidance of a hypnotic subject, and the words written by it through the subject were the same as those proposed by a committee of men, who in secret communicated to the hypnotist, who in turn imparted it mentally to the subject.

Such proof as this is good evidence in the slate-writing phenomena.



808 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL. For sale at this office.



## IMPORTANT OBJECT LESSON

That Spiritualists May Read with Profit.

What Have You Done to Practically Assist the Unfortunate, While Talking About the Good Angels?

What Humanitarian Work Can You Point to as Evidence of the Beauty of Your Religion.

RESCUE FALLEN GIRLS—NOBLE WORK OF A CITY INSTITUTION—THE FLORENCE CRITTENTON ANCHORAGE HAS SHELTERED SIX HUNDRED UNFORTUNATE WOMEN DURING THE PAST YEAR—STORIES OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

TO THE EDITOR:—As a devout Spiritualist, I learn from the Chicago Herald that right in the midst of one of the many infamous quarters of Chicago, surrounded by shameless resorts of the ribald and the impure, flanked on either side by saloons, and crowded close by opium dens and houses of ill-fame, stands a modest two-story building bearing above its portals the inscription, "Florence Crittenton Anchorage." Located as it is in the center of darkest Chicago, this unpretentious edifice offers a shelter for young women and girls who wish to leave a life of moral degradation. It is a home, in the sweetest and truest sense, for those grown weary of the hard exaction of a life of shame, where without money and without price they may remain until work is offered them or until they have grown strong enough to withstand the besetting temptation of a foregone cause of vice. Hither many a despairing young creature has turned in the dark hour of a woman's sorest need and found succor and deliverance, and, in many cases, absolute conversion from evil courses. The anchorage has been in operation since 1886, although it has occupied its present quarters less than seven years. Under the persuasive perseverance of Miss Willard the mission was first organized at 40 Fourth avenue as the "Rehoboth" (still there's room). Much good was accomplished here, but as the home was small and totally inadequate to provide right shelter for ten applicants, it was speedily found necessary to enlarge its borders and increase its scope. After considerable search the present quarters were found and set in readiness. In the window of the little parlor which cheerily fronts the street a lily is always blooming, mute invitation to the darkened souls without, submerged in the shadows of sin and shame.

### APPROACH TO THE HOME.

The approach to the home is by a broad flight of steps, from which a glimpse of a sunny basement discloses a table spread in a dining-room that is both comfortable and homelike. The summons at the door is speedily answered by a pleasant-faced woman with a pale and rather careworn face, redeemed from plainness by a sweet smile and an aureole of pretty hair. The visitor is ushered into a cozy parlor, with an open fire-place and a quantity of books to make it attractive. The furniture is worn, but has a look of home that must appeal quickly to a wanderer's heart. The couch drawn up before the fireplace seems comfortable, and the clock that ticks in musical cadence the passage of the hours has an air of pleasant antiquity that tells its own story of repose. On the rug before the fireplace an unspeakable dog is lying at full length, the ugliest, most depraved-looking pug that man ever cast adrift. Seeing the glance of the visitor fixed upon this dreadful brute, the matron will probably apologize for its presence something after this fashion:

"We don't know what to do with that dog. It came here in the arms of a poor creature whom we took in from the streets and who is now desperately sick. The dog seemed very dear to her, and we couldn't bear to turn it out into the street. I wish somebody would take it off our hands."

And if you are a true humanitarian you will say: "Madam, the succoring of that hideous brute proves the unalloyed gold of your heart and sets a truer value upon your profession than you know. The soul that is big enough and broad enough to hesitate to turn even a dog into the streets may be relied upon to do grand work for humanity."

Sitting within the little parlor, mindful of its shabbiness and total lack of ostentation, your heart warms more and more to the spell of good Mrs. Kelly's simplicity as she narrates incidents of life at the anchorage.

### MARRIED AT THE ANCHORAGE.

"You should have been here to attend the pretty little wedding last night," she says, turning to the Herald representative; "one of the inmates, to whom we have all become greatly attached by reason of her gentle ways and patience, was married to the father of her little child. I gave them a bit of a wedding spread and everybody had a good time."

"How did you bring such results about?" questioned some one.

"I always set to work to try and find the author of each girl's ruin and, if possible, lead him to make the only restitution possible, even though late," is the answer; "you would be surprised to know how often I am successful and in how many instances the plan works happily to both concerned."

"But is it wise to force an issue of this kind? Are a woman's best interests conserved if forced into marriage with a man who has already proved himself lacking in honor?"

"That is a difficult point to decide," replied the matron; "but I think more of saving future shame to the innocent baby than I do of the present happiness of its erring parents. The poor little kid must be protected anyway." Presently the door opens and a round-faced, plump girl enters with her arms full of bundles. You see at once that she is not up to the average standard of brightness. Her smile is ready and vacant. Her eyes are blue but soulless.

"This is Ida," says the matron, and she introduces the visitor.

The girl shakes hands smilingly and with the candor of a child shows what she has in her bundles. The contents prove to be a faded green felt hat with yards of gaudy ribbon, a good pair of laced shoes, a shabby print dress and some underclothing.

"Where did you get them, dear?" asks the matron.

"The girl replies that one of the managers of the anchorage had sent for her and given her the things.

"She is going to a place in the country today," explains the kind matron, and as the girl gathers up her treasures and smilingly leaves the room Mrs. Kelly proceeds with her story.

"The child is only 17, and we found her in jail, where she had been a week on the charge of stealing. Perhaps she was guilty and perhaps not. She says the latter, and we give her the benefit of the doubt. Anyway, it was a cruel thing to keep her there in the company of worse women than she, to be turned out finally to the wolves that prey on witless lambs. We persuaded her to come with us, and have already secured her a good place in the country, where she is delighted to go."

"Shall you allow her to take the situation offered, without any caution as to her past record?"

"The kind matron hesitates. 'It is the hardest thing I have to do,' she says. 'I suppose I must give her new mistress a hint, but I shall say nothing about the jail.' You wonder a little to yourself whether the course adopted be entirely just to the other party, but say nothing. Perhaps the taking in of such a member to a clean country home may work other results than the girl's reformation."

Presently you are asked to step upstairs and see the babies. Poor little rootless blossoms. Sad little mites turned out into an unfriendly world without a welcome. And yet the matron tells us that these babies are often, indeed almost invariably, dear to their mothers.

"Up to the time of its birth," she says, "the mother will show no emotion toward the coming stranger but that of abhorrence, but when the first tiny cry greets her ears the mother love surges full into the desolate heart and the child becomes as dear as yours or mine. In most cases we encourage the keeping of the baby, sure that the strongest hope of reform lies that way, but occasionally we deem it best to procure foster parents for the little one."

"There is with us now a young girl of excellent family, whose child we have taken from her. She will never see it again, but we know it is well provided for. The case is an interesting one and is only one of many. The girl came to this city for work. She fell into evil company and was betrayed. Her father is a minister in a distant town, and her mother is an incurable invalid. The least shock would kill that frail mother, and the girl is an only daughter. She came to us and told her story, which is a peculiarly sad one. We advised her to keep the record secret in order to save the hearts and lives of others. She will return to her home shortly and nobody outside of the anchorage and the hospital will ever know of her dreadful experience."

"Did she dislike to part with her baby?"

"It tore her very heartstrings; but she felt that the story of her shame would kill the feeble invalid at home, and so sacrificed her child to save her mother."

"You must become inured to histories of terrible grief," says the visitor, and turns away to look at the occupants of the nursery. The air of the room is warm and painfully close. The good matron, like many another, is somewhat ignorant of the hygienic laws which should be maintained in all living rooms. On couches propped up with fresh-looking pillows, five babies lie aimlessly crossing and recrossing their mottled flaps. They all stare at the ceiling with the attentive air usual to very young sprigs of humanity, and do not differ in anything but plumpness from the little ones that happier mothers love to kiss and fondle. There is an air about the place something like that of a deserted garden, where only weeds and forgotten blossoms bloom. A young woman, tidily dressed in a pretty wrapper and with her brown hair caught up with a gilt dagger, lays claim to the fattest, jolliest baby of the lot, a sturdy boy of six months, who grows red in the face over the difficult problem of "patti-cake."

"That girl," whispered the matron, "is more than commonly smart. She adores her baby and means to work for it. The child's father wants to marry her, but she detests him and will not even see him. He sends her money and implores her at least to name the baby after him, but she is relentless. We hope to bring her around, though. I think she is changing."

"Would it be wise?" asks a visitor.

"For the kid's sake," again replies good, kind Mrs. Kelly. Thrown listlessly upon a chair, her steely blue eyes, hard as stone, an insolent look struggling for supremacy with the forced smile with which she greets the visitors, a woman regards us attentively as we make our rounds from couch to couch.

"That baby's mine," she says, "and the doctor thinks it's going to die!"

We look at the mite that is swathed in flannel and laid in a warm corner by the fire and almost cry aloud, "God grant it may!" The tiny face is drawn with pain and the small mouth is stained like a pomegranate bud with the wine of fever.

"Take it gently back into the realms of the great unknown, O kind and merciful Father," we whisper, "that the fangs of those two gaunt wolves, want and vice, may not destroy the delicate blossom of its soul too early."

The anchorage that bears his child's name upon its walls is only one of nine already established. The committee, by whose brave efforts the Chicago mission has been made a success, is composed of the following women: Miss Alice Bond, Mrs. I. D. Evans, Mrs.

Foreman, Mrs. C. C. Lake, Mrs. M. W. Mabbs, Mrs. Allen Vane and Mrs. E. P. Vail. The present board consists of Miss Alice Bond, chairman; Mrs. Robert Greenlee, treasurer; Miss Kate Jackson, secretary, and Mrs. Mabbs and Mrs. Vail. Miss Bond is an indefatigable worker, and to her unflagging energy is due much of the success of the mission.

### SIX HUNDRED SHELTERED.

During the past year six hundred girls have been sheltered at the anchorage and over 3,000 temporary lodgings have been furnished. Many wandering ones have been returned to friends; many have found homes; some have been married; two are running a large and prosperous laundry; one who had tried to drown herself when rescued, is carrying on a fine fruit farm in the State, and one is keeping a large, respectable boarding-house, with hundreds of dollars already saved.

The vast amount of good that an institution of this character can accomplish will be known only in the ages yet to come. If the grand cause that we so much love, now reputed to embrace all religions, all reforms, and a membership reaching into the millions, can but begin the establishment of like institutions of succor and upliftment, those beautiful angels we hear of will give the workers a much higher standing on their private page of the great record of advancement, than if they poured a whole vocabulary of praise and hollow invocations in their ears. Practical endeavor is needed in our cause along the line of uplifting those whom we claim are the victims of the false teachings of other so-called religious institutions. DR. T. WILKINS.

### God Knows.

From out his over-full coffers

The rich man has given a part

To build a church for the people—

'Tis a wonderful work of art.

Now every one speaks of his merits,

The world gives him loud applause,

That the riches which he inherits

Are given for such a cause,

And I wonder, while I listen,

If he missed from his princely store

The sum that he gave,

Which to us seemed so brave,

Or could he have given much more?

God knows.

Then I sigh as I think of my neighbor,

Whose cottage is humble and poor,

And whose life is filled with hard labor

To keep back the wolf from his door;

Yet I know that from out that small pittance,

Gathered patiently, day after day,

The most goes to succor some lost one,

And help him along on his way;

That the wanderer receives a glad welcome

At the door of his cheerful hut;

Yet nobody cares

That his all he shares,

And the world heeds it not—but,

God knows.

Yes, God knows—and weighs in his balance

The gifts of the great and the small;

And he notes—not the deeds, but the motives,

That are prompting the hearts of them all.

And the gift—be it ever so humble—

If offered with good will and prayer,

Is worth just as much to our Father

As the one that is costly and rare.

Never falter, because you are lowly,

And your efforts seem feeble and small,

For in God's sight

The widow's mite

Was the grandest gift of all.

MARY F. WHITFORD.

### A Soul Reflected.

Just as the sun peeps through the casement

And softly creeps, upon her face to shine

Its golden welcome—e'er so gently tries

Joy whispers low to laughter in her eyes.

When her dolls much discipline she'd bring,

Her voice yet holds a mellow, happy ring,

And tho' her merriest she'd well disguise,

Love's song accords with music in her eyes.

Sometimes, should accident her way befall,

Not weeping she, for sympathy to call—

A little grit all misery denies,

While fortitude finds courage in her eyes.

A hungry dog, just there beneath the sill

She spies; humanity is first to thrill

Her little heart; kindly to him she cries;

And tears bedim the sweetly tender eyes.

Straight from her plate the better, tempting part

She takes to him—well deems it pleasant art,

Poor fellow! note his pitiful surprise,

While pathos finds contentment in her eyes.

Thus all the day the changing lights reveal

A shining soul no method may conceal,

Until within my arms she softly lies,

Peace kisses then and veils the precious eyes.

GEORGE E. BOWEN.

### The Only Hope.

Dr. Gile, of Pueblo, Colorado, writes:

"The only hope left for a native of America is in the brave, outspoken men; they are few, but, with the God-sent, A. P. A. at their back, light is streaming in. My vote is for you, with both hands up, the palm out. Enclosed please find one dollar for continuation of paper, with no God in the constitution. In 'Union' there is strength, and 'Liberty' for all."

### Ahead of Them All.

E. M. Jones, of Camden, N. J., writes:

"We take several Spiritualist papers, but THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is far ahead of them all in our estimation."

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

The Fountain of Life, or the Threelod Power of Sex. By Lois Waisbrooker. Paper, 50 cents.

## A PATHETIC STORY

Of Some Veteran Home Workers in the Spiritual Vineyard.

A Vivid Picture of Reverses as Drawn by Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

"Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,

While we all sup sorrow with the poor;

There a song that will linger forever in our ears,

O! Hard times come again no more!

How often, in these days of want and vicissitudes, the wall of sorrow and poverty comes plaintively to our ears. Often the plaint is so bravely uttered that it reminds one of a starving robin singing cheerily above a snow-bank. There are times when we should be as helpful as we can, in justice, to one another.

In the early spring I received a letter from a woman who did not know which way to turn. I had never seen her, but she knew me through the little I have done for our cause. I knew she was kind and true, and needed a helping hand.

She and an invalid sister, who had been a well-known teacher in Warren county, Ohio, together with a brother who is afflicted with hernia, had lived for sixty years on an upland farm of one hundred and fifty acres, to which they were strongly attached, as well as to things they had gathered about them. They had made a home for the unfortunate relatives of the family, having taken care of four aged people; brought up three children, left by a brother who was killed in the last war, and also three left by a deceased sister. There being so many helpless ones and the workers not strong nor many, the old farm was mortgaged, and after fruitless struggles, sold for it.

Thinking it almost impossible for them to endure leaving the dear old place, they rented of the landlord their own old house and kept their pets about them.

When she wrote me they had been ordered to leave and a home in the Poor-house seemed inevitable. The ones they had helped were dead, or scattered, and battling with hard times; but one young nephew said they should not go to the infirmary. So he got a little place which is in a railroad station, and so noisy that it was cheap, and the sisters and brothers bade good-bye to their old home and went in their infirmity to "stay" in their new quarters. In writing of it one of the sisters says:

"The moving seemed a wild nightmare dream, packing, selling, parting with things we did not need, clinging to old things, of which we had so many; old furniture, old clocks, mirrors, and many things our grandparents owned. I have a clock that our grandfather Cleaver brought from New York, that was made in 1800. My chickens, which were named, and which I petted as many do their birds, had to be sold. But our little dog, 'Dr. Dick,' who came to us a stray waif five years ago, we took with us, and a cat that has since run away, frightened by her new surroundings. My sister Carrie is very sorry, for she was her special pet. A kind friend brought an easy carriage for us to ride away to our new place in, and he offered our dog a place in it too. He never rode in a carriage before, but behaved like a gentleman. I am glad he did not know all I did when he took a last look at the old orchard and the hill-side, dotted with cedars and wild roses: his free playground. Now we have to keep him shut indoors, away from boys, dogs and cars."

"We live very plain—do not want cake or delicacies, and are willing to live on substantial food, of which bread and potatoes are chief."

"I have had a great deal of experience in spirit control, clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc. I have a peculiar gift of seeing landscapes and faces in lamp chimneys, but my chief gift comes under the head of psychometric reading. Before I received your letter I read a number of sentences which I found in it when it came. I have so far answered letters satisfactorily, and although I have always given my gifts and work freely, my friends advise me now to set the price of one dollar on my readings. I am sorry to, but it may relieve others from burdens. I cannot do it for a burden, or a beggar, but am led to try to do what I can for those I love who are helpless. Your sister in truth,

"LUCE MYERS.  
Waynesville, Warren county, Ohio."

I send this glimpse of life that any kind friend who wishes to try Miss Myers' gifts, and thus aid a burdened sister, can do so by addressing her as above.

Or, if you wish to give, asking nothing in return, may angels bless you for so doing.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

And we know that she is living, just as calm and true and strong

As when her earthly presence, dear, was

With us day by day;

And we feel that she still holds them, the

ones she loved so long,

With a strength which death's sad parting

has no power to take away;

For she's happy with her trusted friend, the

truest of mankind,

Till they, their life-work over, their rest shall

also find.

ETHEL M. COLSON.

### The Inspiration of God.

It is self-evident that "every scripture inspired of God is also profitable," etc., 2 Tim. 4:16, of the New Version. Ver. 17. "That the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

What do we learn in this new version of the Bible called scripture?

Taking Timothy for authority, and his reasoning seems good, we learn, first, every scripture inspired of God is good; second, that every good thing in bibles or out of them is inspired of God; third, this portion of scripture unlocks and reveals the truth in all bibles—all scriptures—showing, that that which is not good is not inspired of God, and we should reject it if found in bibles or out of them.

The man of God, or the God-man—both terms mean the same—and everything inspired of God and lived in our lives tends to build up and complete our God-character in the love of goodness, purity and truth. I do not believe God ever inspired such scripture as Genesis xix, 1-38; Numbers xxxi, 1-54; Hosea i, ii, iii, 1-2, 4; 13; Gen. xiv, 31-38; Eze. xxiii, 1-3; Malachi ii, 3; Eze. iv, 12-15; Job xl, 15-17; 2 Kings xviii, 27; and a good many more, too numerous to mention.

Men have upheld drunkenness, slavery, prostitution and every known crime in the name of God and religion. The Bible is full of just such characters—men who have said: "Thus saith the Lord," when the Lord hath not spoken." There are those to-day who are repeating this libel of antiquity, and misleading many, or still worse, making infidels of them. To do good and disbelieve the inspiration of God is not infidelity, but to do evil while professing fidelity is the worst kind of hypocrisy and crime.

There is still another class, who, having become disgusted with the present doctrines of inspired folly, have plunged themselves into every evil indulgence. God and religion have been presented to them in such a ridiculous manner and being inclined to seek pleasure only in this life, not stopping to consider carefully these matters pertaining to their future welfare, we find ourselves surrounded on every hand, all over the world, by victims of all manner of vices.

Vice is the legitimate offspring of the doctrine of the inspiration of evil. I stand on the wall of Zion to defend God and the truth, not because either God or the truth needs a champion to defend them, but because many people believe everything told them by false priests in the name of religion. This is the class of people I wish to reach.

Do not believe that God ever did or ever will inspire evil. Do not lose faith in goodness. Do not accept infidelity for what some people have said of God's character. To condemn a person from hearsay is not only unjust but cruel.

The same applies to God, the author of all truth and goodness.

You will find the best definition of infidelity to all that is pure and good, in the lives of those who say and do not—who profess and believe not. The worst enemies of God and religion are and have been found mostly among their advocates and champions.

You may think that I am getting away from my text, and to keep pace with the same I will return to it at once. "Every scripture inspired of God," etc., what is the meaning of that term scripture? The time was when everything was written on script and could have been properly called scripture. From these old musty scripts or manuscripts the Bible was compiled. When paper was introduced, script was no longer useful, but its memory and significance were perpetuated by priests and so-called religionists, by applying the term scripture to their particular compilations and writings. Scripture was at one time anything written on script, therefore my text is very appropriate to the case in hand.

In speaking of this great mass of miscellaneous writing on script the writer of my text chooses the good from all, and gave you and I the same privilege in his statement that "every scripture inspired of God is profitable," etc.

Look well, my friend, that you choose that which is inspired of God. Do not tell me that God inspired murder, rapine and cruelty. Men for selfish gain, or to usurp authority over others, have charged God with every known crime their beastly natures could invent. You hell-fire-priest, you eternally-damned-advocate, get down out of the pulpit and hide your faces in shame for representing our God to be such a monster. Leave His sanctuary; go search and learn that "God is love" and inspires naught but good. Thus all true goodness is the inspiration of God in us and we in Him forevermore. Amen.

DR. O. T. H. BENTON.

## RUPTURE CURED

FOR TWELVE DOLLARS.

Dr. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure. This is the only medicine that cures ruptures, hernia, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold everywhere. Price, 12 cents.

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Dr. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure. This is the only medicine



**Aryan Ancestors.** By G. W. Brown, M. D. One of the most valuable works ever published.





MESSAGES WRITTEN IN CLOSED ENVELOPES OR HEARD CLEARLY.

## PHENOMENAL.

### Through the Mediumship of George Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—Owing mainly to the condition of the medium's health, and partly to other causes, the Carrie Miller Circle held no sessions for a period of four months, prior to the middle of March. It is, however, gratifying to me to be able to state that at that date our weekly sessions were resumed, with a very good prospect of being regularly continued.

Considering the fact that the spirit circle of which Mr. George Cole is the medium has reached that period of development and advancement that spirits of all ages and eras can come into our session-room, and with their own spirit hands write elaborate essays upon public topics—upon whatever subject they may select for discussion—leaving in mortal life their well-written manuscript, the evidence of their presence and power—in view of spirit manifestations of such beauty and excellence and of such transcendent importance, I have never had but one thought and purpose, and that purpose was and is to sustain the circle (on the mortal side) to the extent of my poor ability, and to give the widest possible publicity to the able and eloquent papers which the visiting spirits are so persistently and generously giving to the mortal world.

Of independent spirit writing I am impressed to say that this phase of spirit manifestation is not properly appreciated or sustained by even the Spiritualist public. Not only is this true of independent spirit writing, but it is also true of its companion manifestations, spirit photography and spirit art.

The only remedy for this unfortunate state of things is for earnest Spiritualists to give more attention to these neglected phases of spirit phenomena; and especially by giving adequate encouragement and support to the media instruments of spirit writing, spirit photography and spirit art.

Henry Kiddle's anniversary address was written the second week following the 31st of March—conditions not permitting the holding of a session on anniversary week.

Though Prof. Kiddle has been living more than ten years on the spirit side of life, his anniversary address (written with his own spirit hand) shows that there is no loss of interest in earth-life affairs, nor in the cause of Spiritualism, with which his mortal career was so disinterestedly and so gloriously associated.

The Kiddle address is a clear, well-written piece of manuscript, and is in the characteristic handwriting of its author, while the signature is an exact reproduction of the mortal one.

In the closing paragraph of Prof. Kiddle's address he says: "Forward and onward should be your watchword, and your forty-seventh anniversary will witness the progress of the spiritual cause beyond what you are capable of conceiving."

I will add a word of interpretation to this prophetic prediction. Our ascended brother means that the predicted results will transpire if the great body of Spiritualists will awaken to a true comprehension of their duties and responsibilities—those duties and responsibilities being greatly augmented by the advanced and advancing stages of the spiritual movement.

The Plato address was spoken at the Carrie Miller Circle, April 18. The medium, whose clairvoyant as well as clairaudient powers are excellent, repeats the exact language, as spoken by the visiting spirit, and I report, word for word, as the address is spoken.

The Plato address is not only of profound interest, but it is in partial fulfillment, another link in the chain, of the promise repeatedly made by the ancients, who so frequently manifest at our circle—that through the return to earth of ancient and prehistoric spirits, through the law of spirit intercourse and return, the whole history of past ages is to be re-written by the exalted spirit intelligences who were actors in the scenes and events that they narrate.

Nothing is more important for Spiritualists to remember than that Spiritualism is a progressive movement, its line of advance being in multiplied, widening and perfected channels of communication.

The address from the controlling spirit of the circle was written April 25, and Orondo, the Atlantean, was the attendant spirit, standing beside Carrie during the half-hour of the writing.

CHARLES R. MILLER.

FORTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS WRITTEN BY SPIRIT HENRY KIDDLE.

Another anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism has been celebrated.

As each succeeding year marks a milestone of progress, this great cause it is well that we should derive from the past what may be expected of the future.

The past forty-six years have been eventful to Spiritualists. From a small beginning at Hydesville, of manifestations which arrested the attention of the wise and learned among mortals, those manifestations of knocks upon the doors of reason awoke responsive answers from but few, yet the manifestations have grown until at this period spirits communicate with their earth friends and stand before them, forms and features familiar to memory, and give loving assurance of life and happiness beyond the lonely tombs and graves.

Though so much has been accomplished from my side of life, on the mortal

side it has been attended with much sacrifice and persecution. The instruments or media of such manifestations have been denounced as frauds and knaves and their patrons regarded as dupes and fools. Neglect, criticism and ostracism have characterized their more material neighbors, while the pulpits and public presses have been busily engaged manufacturing false and adverse public sentiment against the followers of Spiritualism, and at the same time have pretended with pious fraud to advocate the freedom of conscience and the rights of every sect and creed.

Such have been the difficulties with which Spiritualists have had to contend, while the slaves of theology, engaged in business and professional pursuits, have gone out of their way to vilify and injure neighbors for no other reason than that they believed in an active, intelligent immortality of the soul; that departed spirits were not dead nor asleep in cold, cold graves, but were near and within call; and, whenever conditions would permit, would manifest their state of continued existence, practically demonstrating the truths which Spiritualism taught.

It must be within the memory of some that for my convictions and advocacy of the cause of Spiritualism, I was removed (compulsory resignation) from the Superintendency of Public Instruction in New York City, and I am now proud I was made the victim of malice, bigotry and ignorance.

Over such obstacles has the Spiritual cause irresistibly advanced, gathering adherents as it progressed over the civilized world, until now two or three mortal converts forty-six years ago it counts among its followers millions of people, and among the latter, some of the most advanced and scientific minds of the age.

In this country the Spiritual cause has become of National importance and has attracted attention, giving it a standing to be respected even by its enemies. The great and phenomenal growth of modern Spiritualism is attributable to the purity of life and freedom of conscience; it teaches the love and fraternity it practices, and the undying existence of family ties and social relations it demonstrates.

Modern Spiritualism has unveiled the mystery of death. It has rung upon the curtain on a life of which every mortal has intuitive conceptions, but which have been falsified and concealed by sophistry and jugglery and made subservient to the priests and potentates, to frighten poor deluded mortals into supporting a system of repression that had deprived them of the God-given rights of equality and freedom of speech and conscience.

The raising of the curtain of life revealed loving friends who had been counted as dead and lost; relatives were found standing upon the broad stage of eternity, amid scenes of beauty and glory, imaginary friends had their place there; they only existed in the false professions of priests and their unctuous imitators in theology.

Not upon the stage of spiritual life there is nothing but joy and happy reunions of sundry families and friends who but await the opportunity to return to earth scenes and assure their surviving mortal friends that the open grave is but the portal to a higher and better state of existence, where life is progressive and equality something more than a mere form.

From such scenes and conditions that departed friends are returning to earth scenes on missions of love and light, and modern Spiritualism has made it possible for those friends to manifest through various phenomena, make communication and exhibit their materialized forms in demonstration of a life, which had progressed from the terrestrial to the celestial spheres and had not died, been buried, become food for worms or had not been consigned by an angry and jealous God to endless punishment.

It is a matter to be wondered at that so great a truth should have so developed and progressed among mortal men, a truth that teaches the highest possible attainment accorded to the intelligence and welfare of man.

The most sacred ties of families are here embodied in this great truth—this preservation is being constantly demonstrated at every manifestation, while this bond (family ties) becomes stronger as their unsevered chains become more and more apparent.

The forty-sixth anniversary of modern Spiritualism should have indeed been a celebration of victory, an occasion for much congratulation.

Spirits now return and manifest to mortal friends in almost every civilized community, in and on every continent on the face of the round globe; and though much opposition will yet be met by the advance and progress of the cause, yet such opposition is growing less and will finally cease as the great truths taught by Spiritualists will overturn every obstacle and restore to man that light of reason, that freedom of conscience and fraternal love, of which he has so long been deprived.

Do not cease your exertions, be vigilant and guard your media, for through them are the practical demonstrations of the truth.

Be harmonious and united, and let no bickering nor jealousies divide your councils. Forward and onward! be your watchword, and your forty-seventh anniversary will witness the progress of the Spiritual cause far beyond what you are capable of conceiving.

HENRY KIDDLE.

The communications from Carrie Miller and Plato will appear next week.

**A SEX REVOLUTION.**

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Author of "Helen Harlow's Vow," "The Occult Forces of the Spirit," "The Mediums," and other works. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

## After Death in Arabia.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true, By such a light as shines for you; But in the light ye cannot see Of unfulfilled felicity— In enlarging paradise, Lives a life that never dies.

Farwell, friends! Yet not farewell; Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell; I am gone before your face, A moment's time, a little space; When ye come where I have stepped Ye will wonder why ye wept; Ye will know, by wise love taught, That here is all, and there is naught.

Weep awhile, if ye are faint— Sunshine still must follow rain: Only not at death—for death Now I know is that first breath Which our souls draw when we enter Life which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love, Viewed from Allah's throne above. Be ye stout of heart, and come Bravely onward to your home! La Allah, illa, Allah, Yea! Thou Love divine! Thou Love always!

He that died at Azan gave This to those who made his grave.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to the higher life, Chase J. Parrish, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Parrish, aged nearly 21 years. On the morning of April 22 our community was greatly shocked by the news that this young man had accidentally shot himself. He had grown from childhood to manhood in our midst, was a true and firm Spiritualist, a consistent member of our society, usually present at all our meetings. He possessed more than ordinary mental ability, but his greatest worth was in his spotless character—no oath had ever befouled his tongue, no bawdy had ever soiled his lips, liquor had never poisoned his brain, obscene words had not polluted his soul.

Mrs. H. B. HOUGHTON, M. D. Palmetto, Fla.

Randy Fox passed to spirit-life May 4, aged 78 years, 2 months and 19 days. The funeral services were held on the afternoon of May 6. He had poor health for some time, suffering from cancer. He bore his suffering patiently, and longed for the time to come to pass to spirit-life. The day before his death he chose his pall-bearers and gave directions about his funeral. He was a good neighbor, honest and truthful. He was born in Wayne county, Ind., Feb. 15, 1816, came to Marion county, Ind., in 1821, his parents settling on a farm five miles west of Indianapolis, and there he lived until his death. He was a resident until his parents removed to Missouri. He was married to Mary Pugh in 1844. He lived fifty years on the farm where he died, six miles north of Indianapolis.

Mr. Charles Garner passed to spirit-life from Waverly, Bremer county, Iowa, Dec. 24, 1893. The subject of this notice was born in Cheshire, England, April 23, 1816, came to America in 1840, and became a Spiritualist soon after his advent. Mr. Garner lived the religion he professed. He was known to all as an upright, true and pious man. His later years were cheered by glimpses of his future home and friends. His visible presence is missed by the companion of his life and three sons.

Mrs. CHARLES GARNER.

Dr. John Robinson passed to spirit-life at New Orleans, La. He was the oldest Spiritualist in the city, a faithful friend, an honored citizen and honest man. He lived and died a Spiritualist, and was a giant in the cause.

From her home in Rochester, New York, Mrs. Jane B. Godfrey passed to the higher life on May 1, after a tedious illness of several months. Mrs. Godfrey was a woman of noble character and good deeds—widely known as a medium, and many will remember gratefully the comfort received through her ministrations. She was held in high esteem, not only among Spiritualists, but by persons of different faiths. Mrs. Godfrey is one of the personalities whose sweetness and light and steadfastness are a blessed memory, and shed lustre upon humanity.

Benjamin Franklin, husband of Mary A. Franklin, of Clarkdale Junction, passed to the higher life in a cyclone at Melrose Park, Cook county, Ill., May 3, 1894. He was the oldest son of eight children of John W. and Martha A. Franklin, natives of Loudon county, Virginia, who emigrated to Missouri when he was eight years old. He was born March 17, 1848. His father was a Baptist minister. He joined the Presbyterian church when seventeen years old. He has been a faithful and true Spiritualist for fifteen years. He was an affectionate husband, father, son and brother.

MARY FRANKLIN.

Passed to the beauties of the higher life on May 2, 1894, from Rockford, Mich., where he had resided since 1851, Mr. William Hicks, who was born on June 2, 1817, thus lacking one month of completing seventy-seven years on the mortal side of life. Brother Hicks was one of the pioneers of this place, and of Spiritualism here, having renounced Methodism and embraced Spiritualism when it tried men's souls to stand up for our great philosophy. He was a medium for many years and to the last enjoyed sweet converse with the friends gone before. His sickness was of short duration, and he passed quietly to the better life, surrounded by friends here, and was received by friends there, as we were assured before he went. Even before he was taken sick the loved ones told us of his early demise. The last sad rites were held in the R. P. hall that he helped to build many years ago, and were largely attended by loving and sympathizing friends. Mrs. M. J. Kutz delivered the address, and also a poem written for the occasion.

On the 11th of May, the lovely spirit of Rose Vincent, only daughter of Henry and Vee Vincent, passed beyond the veil to her spirit home. She was an instrument of the Angel World, and saw and conversed with her spirit friends, although she was but little over two and a half years on this planet at the time of her transition. Particularly lovable in her disposition, she endeared herself in many ways to all who knew her, and her sweet presence will be greatly missed by both parents and friends.

Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, of the Society of Spiritual Unity, conducted very touching and appropriate services at the home, 586 W. 42nd avenue, this city, on Saturday, May 12.

Passed to Spirit-Life, at Chicago, Ill., May 10, 1894, Mrs. Lottie Gray, wife of Charles C. Gray, aged 40 years. Funeral services by Frank T. Ripley.

## Sensation in Albion, Michigan.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era is in the case of Mr. George Young, a highly respectable citizen of Albion, Calhoun county, Michigan. Following is what Mr. Young says:

"For many years I was stricken with a disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart and kidney disease—in fact, all manner of diseases—but after I had paid out a great deal of money they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's cures fell into my hands (I did not believe in Spiritualism), and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called spiritual magnetized remedies. I commenced to take them, and in a very short time I began to improve, and today I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard a day's work, and I know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment, two months after I was well, and it has nearly, if not quite, made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well, Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate-writing seances, which to me was wonderful."

"My cure made an excitement in our town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over 100 patients here, and has been successful in curing or greatly benefiting nearly every one. 'Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa, for assistance, the man that saved me from a premature grave. It is nearly a year since he cured me. It is through him and his spirit band of doctors that I am alive. GEO. YOUNG.' Albion, Calhoun Co., Mich.

The foregoing is but one of many similar testimonials voluntarily furnished Dr. A. B. Dobson, of this city. His disciples number thousands, scattered from Maine to Oregon, and from Dakota to the Gulf. It is quite likely some may be found who have derived no great benefit from his treatment, though we are free to say that we have never heard of such a case—the uniform testimony being 'entirely cured,' or 'greatly benefited.' 'The lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see.' Dr. Dobson's career has been a wonderful one, and certainly he is richly deserving of all the success that has crowned his work during the last few years of his residence in this city. He is warm-hearted and generous with his friends, while for those disposed to deride or oppose his work, he is not afraid to answer a fool according to his folly.—Maquoketa (Iowa) Record.

(See ad. in another column.) Address all letters to San Jose, Cal.

## SPECIAL NOTICE ADVERTISEMENTS.

### WONDERFUL GROWTH AND POPULARITY.

How Enterprise When Guided by Honest Methods Is Bound to Succeed.

A MANUFACTURER WHO SAVES THE BUYER THE DEALER'S ENORMOUS PROFIT.

We have been running for some time in another column the advertisement of the Oxford Mfg. Co., of 338 to 334 W. 42nd Ave., Chicago, Ill. A few years ago they conceived the idea of selling their goods direct to the consumer at but a slight advance above cost of making and thus increase their sales and enable them to add to the size of their factory. With a bright, pushing and upright manager at the head of this establishment the plan proved a most successful and popular one. Thousands of their machines were sold annually—sale increasing each year—and are now to be found in every city, town and hamlet of the United States. The name 'Oxford' has become a byword in the household. There is no greater help to a woman than a good sewing machine. To be without it is to be willfully deprived of the immense advantage of one of the greatest of all inventions. A machine once bought is a perpetual treasure. It demands no wages, occasions no expense or trouble and is always ready at a moment's notice to render the work of the laborious housewife a simple and pleasant task. The best ideas and suggestions which have been so abundantly introduced in this remarkable mechanism.

A machine which exhibits in liberal combination all the best features introduced is the Oxford Sewing Machine, with lock-stitch, shuttle running light and quiet. These machines have the following important features: Cheapness, perfect, self-adjusting and gradual tension, are under control of the operator and are always positive in their working. They are entirely self-threading in all points, including the shuttle. The needle is self-setting, the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened. The shuttle has an easy oscillating motion, causing it to keep its proper place against the race. Their Oxford No. 14 and Columbia machines, with attachments, were awarded the medal premium at the World's Columbian Exposition. They are strictly reliable in price from \$2.75 upward, and their other Organs at lowest prices, proves equally interesting and can be had by applying for one of their free catalogues, which is sent on application, and quotes both cash and time prices. Those buying from these people take no chances, for they are not compelled to keep goods that are not satisfactory or strictly represented. They are thoroughly reliable and we recommend them to you.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" softens gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c a bottle.

## GENERAL SURVEY.

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

J. M. writes from Pittsburgh, Pa.: "During the present month Oscar A. Ederly is filling an engagement with the First Spiritual Church of Pittsburgh. His work is giving excellent satisfaction, the lectures being eloquent and practical, the tests plain and convincing—attributes that make of any medium a valuable worker for our cause. He goes from here to Anderson, Ind., for June."

Dr. C. T. H. Benton writes: "Brother Nelson Gould, of Port Huron, Mich., in his 'Heroic Measures' seems inclined to go to barbarian times for conditions whereby to test the physical endurance of our mediums. I know of men who can endure torture without flinching; and where thousands of dollars are at stake some people can endure a great deal of it. It is to give them credentials of recommendation to a credulous, stupid public. There are those outside of Spiritualism who would, if they had the power, start a little 'Inquisition,' all their own, to torture people who differ with them in opinion and practice, but Spiritualism does not propose to enter into the torture business. If the Indians were nothing more than children who obeyed the laws of nature, why have they so degenerated? If eating flesh of dead beasts, living in indolence and not tilling the soil, sleeping on the ground and roaming the country over without a permanent abode, seeking the lives of enemies and relentlessly torturing each other, make them more the children of nature than we, I prefer not to be a child of such a nature. I suppose such flattery is very pleasing to the Indian, but does not, in my opinion, speak very well for the flatterer."

Bishop A. Beals is now lecturing before the Progressive Society of Spiritualists, with excellent results. All the societies on the South Side seem to be prospering splendidly. In fact, all the meetings in the city are well attended.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond desires to inform those who have sent in their names for the new book—'Entire Series of Soul Teachings'—that about one-third of the names necessary have been sent in. If those interested would each send one or two added names it would facilitate the work of publication.

Mrs. Lottie Fowler's present address is 325 Courtland street, Baltimore, Md. C. S. writes of wonderful demonstrations occurring at seances by Mabel Aber. There were many materializations of forms, besides physical demonstrations of marked character, such as lifting a piano. One form appeared arrayed in robes of ethereal light and wearing a crown of light, on which was inscribed the name Hypatia, in letters of brilliant bluish hue.

W. T. Moffett writes that plots to interfere with Mabel Aber's seances were discovered and foiled through information given by her cabinet controls. It was found necessary to establish a guard, to protect the meetings from disturbance by evil-disposed persons. This at Jacksonville, Ill.

C. M. Hovey writes from Bay City, Mich.: "There has been a decidedly progressive movement in Spiritualism in our midst this season, due very largely to the very efficient work of Prof. Geo. H. Brooks, who has held continuous meetings since December last, last, with only one month's absence from the work. We now have a perfectly harmonious society of over sixty members, organized and chartered by the Michigan State Society, and numbering among its membership some of the prominent business men of Bay City and West Bay City. The society has held two sessions each Sunday and sustained the work very acceptably, entirely by subscription. The society has also just entertained the Saginaw Valley District Convention, carrying out a very interesting programme, lasting two days, the success of which was very largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Brooks. He leaves us on Monday for his home in Elgin, Ill. We wish him as complete success in all his efforts wherever his labors may call him as we have enjoyed while he has been with us. We shall continue our work for another month, our rostrum being filled the first and second Sundays in May by Hon. D. P. Dewey, of Grand Blanc, the third and fourth Sundays by our own Mrs. Martha E. Root, of Bay City. At the close of these engagements our society will adjourn all meetings until October last."

**Fox Memorial Association.** On Monday, the 14th of May, a special meeting of the Fox Memorial Association was held at the studio of the President, Mr. Wilson Macdonald, 119 W. 41st street, for the annual election of officers, and the following persons were elected for the ensuing year: Wilson Macdonald, president; S. S. Gordon, first vice-president; Joseph L. Fume, second vice-president; S. S. Gordon, treasurer; Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, recording secretary; Titus Merritt, librarian.

A proposition was made to decorate the graves of the Fox Sisters at Cypress Hill cemetery. The motion was carried with enthusiasm. The members and friends of the Association will meet at the cemetery on the 17th inst., at 9 o'clock, and hold services at the graves. Persons at a distance who cannot attend the ceremony can send flowers, either to the office of the president, 119 West 41st street, New York, or Cypress Hill Cemetery.

Any persons desirous of donating books to the library of the Association can send them to my address.

TITUS MERRITT.

323 West 34th street, New York City.

## Passed to Spirit-life.

David Oaks, aged 70 years, passed suddenly to spirit-life, from heart disease, while visiting his sister and nephew, Mr. H. B. Wright. The funeral was held at Mr. Wright's residence, 3116 Indiana avenue, the 18th instant, and attended by a select number of friends. The departed brother had been a widower some years, and had found consolation in the philosophy of Spiritualism, giving it some attention the few last years. To the writer, who was called to officiate at the house just before regular service, his spirit manifested its presence, assuring the friends that death did not end all, but true to a changeless law, his spirit now free from the trammels of clay, had found the freedom of a resurrected life. The floral offerings were beautiful and were expressive of loving hands and hearts.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

## DR. GREER'S PABULUM OF LIFE

The World's Greatest Remedy for All Conditions Arising from Exhausted Nervous Energy or Loss of Vital Force!

It will strengthen the weak, invigorate the young, and rejuvenate the old.

TRY IT—TRY IT—TRY IT!

By Mail, \$1.00. Address DR. R. GREER, 127 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—Dr. Greer has been in active practice in Chicago for 25 years and is well known as a most successful physician in all mental and nervous diseases. He is still in active practice.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

HAVING PURCHASED OF JOHN William Fletcher the complete outfit used by him in presenting his famous LIVERWORT LECTURE upon SPIRITUALISM, and having made large and valuable accretions thereto, I am prepared to negotiate with societies and camp-meetings for giving one or all of my four illustrated lectures upon this interesting subject. My friends will know that for some years I have been gathering material for this work, and I can assure them that no expense has been spared in arranging the details of the Exhibition so as to please and instruct. JOHN EGGLESTON.

Box 845, New York.

108 West 42d St., New York City, May 10, 1894. To Whom It May Concern: I have sold the Lecture 'Is Spiritualism True?' with all the illustrations, transparencies, etc., now in my possession, to Mr. J. W. FLETCHER, 235 1/2 St. Paul, Minn.

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. W. H. BACH, Mfr., 62nd St., New York.

## ARE YOU GOING TO CAMPMEETING?

IF SO YOU WANT A Spiritualist Badge. Electroplate, 75 cents. Roll-plate, \$1.25. Solid Gold, \$1.75.

Do not send stamps. W. H. BACH, Mfr., 62nd St., New York.

## TRANCE MEDIUM, PSYCHOMETRIST.

Trance, clairvoyant, magnetic healer, and development medium. Send lock of hair and one dollar for reading. 548 Chicago avenue, Chicago, Ill. 236

**DR. STEVENS' OBESITY TABLETS.** Will reduce superfluous flesh, cure rheumatism, heart disease and irritability of the bowels. A dermal physiological effect in various ailments; they are efficacious and harmless; sent by mail. Price \$1.00 per box of 20 tablets, six boxes for \$5.00. Address: Mrs. M. W. Hillier, sole agent, No. 15 Prospect St., Kansas City, Mo. 238

## F. CORDEN WHITE.

TRANCE, TEST, BUSINESS AND platform medium, sittings daily. No. 257 Cottage Grove Ave. 234

## DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST. Will send one month's medicine (highly valued) to any patient suffering from any chronic disease, if they will send a lock of hair, age and sex, with stamp enclosed. Send lock of hair, age and sex, with stamp enclosed. One year's medicine, \$1.00. Address: 171 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 237

## CHARLES STEWARD.

2239 West 12th street, Denver, Col., holds trumpet seances Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. All investigators most recommended. 238

## MRS. F. S. DE WOLF, INDEPENDENT.

ent stage writing and test medium. Circle for address, Thursday afternoon, No. 247 Ogden Ave. 238

## CATARRH SPECIALIST.

DR. T. WILKINS, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 291 Ogden Avenue, will give attention to the cat, at home or at his room. All diseases successfully treated. He is a specialist. For circulars and prices ask his patients. 232 1/2

## PSYCHOMETRIST.

MRS. A. M. LUND (FORMERLY Mrs. Robinson), 1012 West Harrison street, Chicago, Ill., will give readings of the past, present and future, and will send a lock of hair and own handwriting, with \$1.00. All questions carefully considered by the guides. 238

## FORSTER, DR. W. M.

THE NOTED MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT of the Pacific Coast, will send a free diagnosis and terms for treatment to all who will send their name and address—in their own handwriting—with postage stamp for reply. The Pacific Coast Spiritualist of Dec. 30, 1893 says of Dr. Forster: "Since his coming here he has made a name for himself and beloved for his benevolent work, his humanitarian ideas and practices, and his straight-forwardness and integrity and honor." Address: Dr. W. M. Forster, 1009 Market St., San Francisco, California. 237

## HOW TO BECOME A MEDIUM.

IN YOUR OWN HOME. Will send a pamphlet containing instructions, a letter designating your phase of mediumship, a spiritual song book and copy of a spiritual magazine, all for 25 cts. Address: Mrs. J. A. Biles, 2221 Mich. ave., Chicago, Ill. 219

## REMOVED. MRS. C. SCOTT, FROM

New York City, traces and business medium—240 North 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sittings 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Saturdays and Sundays. 237

## MRS. CONNELLY'S IMPROVED RE-

demption for gray, faded, or bleached hair. Guaranteed free from lead, silver, mercury, and