

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

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PEN-FLASHES FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

Holidays, Etchings, Comments and Criticisms.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

Years, like human beings, have their birth and death; and they have their records, too, for good and for ill. What has been the record of the past year, in this and in foreign countries?

Believing in the Infinite Wisdom of the universe, I think, upon the whole, there has been progress, though through fire, war and terrible disasters by sea and by land. Often the deepest sorrows and the severest pains are the starting-points to the higher and the better. The life of to-day is the culmination of the past centuries. We notice the defects of society and the wickedness of the world all the more because it has grown better. Brutal, devoid of moral consciousness, would not, do not, recognize this great law of mental and spiritual progress.

MEANING OF PAIN.

Many attempts have been made to do away with pain. This can never be for pain is nature's warning, as happiness is nature's encouragement to right action. Contrasts are necessities. Altruism is a beautiful philosophy, originating in the top brain; but is not of universal application. Its gist may be thus formulated: Equal rights, equal privileges, equal enjoyments, equal shares in all profits, equal services rendered, and perfect fraternity.

These have a musical sound, and yet they are just as impossible as are equal stature, equal organizations and equal enjoyments in mathematics or music. When human lives are made beautiful and spiritual and sweet by self-devotion and by a noble self-restraint there will be no need of altruism.

WHAT IS ALTRUISM?

Altruism is a term first coined by Comte, and is that theory of life and society that inculcates benevolence to others' insubordination to self-interest. It is the theory that the chief good and supreme end of conduct are to be found in pure devotion to the interests of others.

Moreover, altruism in its strict sense encourages and stimulates a diversity of talent and genius and provides for a division of labor in the industrial, mechanical, decorative and literary departments of social activity. It asks for the special contribution of each particular form of talent possessed by the individual, for the general welfare.

Altruism, the social ideal, provides for the welfare of each individual social unit. There is no waste, no rival parties, no collision of interests. The community is renovated by the services of its individual members. Each individual participates in all the benefits of the aggregated means for complete living.

But such a social state would not only involve a new social environment, but it would likewise presuppose a complete and most radical change in the prime motives that actuate human conduct. The nearest approximation to altruism which has thus far been realized in history was that small group in Palestine called the Essenes, and the modern Shakers.

SPIRITUALISTS, FAKES AND FRAUDS IN SAN DIEGO.

It has been often remarked that if Spiritualism could have been destroyed it would have been by the frauds, charlatans and tricksters that from time to time have taken shelter under its broad, charitable wing. And what is especially painful to any man of conscience is that these cheats and frauds in the sacred name of Spiritualism have been encouraged by a large class of Spiritualists. When exposed, they have been whitewashed and bid to go on their way to other and fresher pastures.

For the last two Sunday nights there appeared in our city opera-house the "Kate Fox-Beaumont Combination," professing to materialize spirits and have them fly through the air, seen by all present, and to give wonderful state-writing tests. Their promises were failures. The sad thing about this affair was that scores and scores of Spiritualists—members of the three spiritual societies in San Diego—left their own meetings and patronized this fake show. A writer, over the signature of "Old-Time Spiritualist," thus commented upon this Kate Fox show in the columns of the Daily Vidette:

"It is generally reported that Spiritualists are the most gullible people in the world. They are everlastingly seeking for a sign, a test, a phenomenon. They reject the miracles of the Bible, but believe modern wonders and miracles that are infinitely more monstrous. They do not believe that Jesus Christ was begotten without a human father; but they do believe that in a dark magic, in a seance medium, with their spirit controls, can 'beget,' make up, build up, materialized spiritual beings, their fathers and mothers, just as real as they were in life. These made-up, materialized spirits, walk, talk, eat, drink, and get themselves married to mortals. If this is not straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, what is?"

"Just now there is on tap in the opera-house the celebrated and wonderfully-gifted mediums 'Dr.' Henrie Beaumont and Kate Fox, just from London, England. Of course, they are—on paper! Do the Two Worlds, London Light, and other Spiritualist journals any mention of this 'wonderfully gifted medium, Henrie Beaumont?' Not a word. Is he endorsed by the National Spiritualist Association? No. Is he endorsed by any Spiritualist society? No. Is he endorsed by any individual Spiritualist standing in the country? Not a word.

there, why should they be prevented from going to the other side of the world? Or—still further—why would it not be better and more in harmony with their belief to kill themselves, and so make their escape from this 'world of sorrow' into the 'summerland' of ever fresh and indescribable delight?"

Whether the above criticism is an exhibition of gross ignorance or infamous suavity, I do not know; possibly a mingling of the two. It is true that Spiritualists accept disease and death as facts. If disease is not a fact, why does Mrs. Williams profess to mentally heal disease? A non-fact is nothing. Does she profess to use her will-power and heal nothing? and then take pay for it?

Spiritualists do not, as Williams said, "believe death to be a blessing," only at the end of a long, well-spent life, when the body has become wrinkled, wasted, worn, diseased and painful. Then deliverance from the old-time shattered temple is a blessing.

Chance is universal. It is an inscrutable law of the universe, that all physical organized beings must, under present planetary conditions, become disorganized—die—clay to clay—dust to dust. Are there no crows-feet, no wrinkles gathering near the corner of the eyes and on the forehead of mental healers?

Every white hair is a dead hair, and some people die at the head first. Is it not so, Williams? Mental healers are invited to look in their mirrors and see wrinkles, approaching old age and death.

Again, Mrs. Williams writes in the same paragraph about "the end of existence." Which end? Has existence an end? has it two ends? Has she explored (not the north pole, but) the ends of existence? If so, what did she find there? Such flip-flop philosophy limps on one leg, and that leg is assertion.

She further says that "this belief" (of disease and death), unreasonable as it is, is the ground-work of Spiritualism. If this woman is gifted with conscience and is capable of a high moral emotion, why did she make this false statement? Let me repeat here that the ground-work of Spiritualism is "spirit," as Jesus said, "God is Spirit," and men being made in the image of God, are naturally and necessarily spiritual beings; spirit responding to spirit, through all states, spheres and worlds, visible and invisible.

The outward phenomena of Spiritualism are necessary to the work of a living human being. The process is not only abhorrent to think of, but is practically inoculating disease and death into the living tissue of a child.

It has been demonstrated that vaccination does not prevent smallpox, but often creates worse diseases. It is a sin against human nature, and compulsory vaccination is an unpardonable crime against our common humanity.

"Every parent should protect his defenseless children against the poisonous virus of the vaccinator's prod or lancet. And all of this medical legislation in the interests of doctors must be broken up. That is not law which is not based on right and justice."

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH.

This second very interesting volume, the Encyclopedia of Death, from the able brain and facile pen of J. L. Francis, lies before us. No Spiritualist, no Free-Thinker, no student of human nature, and no mortal who expects to die a physical death, should fall of reading this elegantly gotten-up volume, so suggestive and demonstrative of immortality.

SUMMERLAND AND WINTERLAND.

While there are green meadows in the Spirit-land, beautiful gardens, deep, mossy banks, with meandering streams; while there are fields and fountains, schools, lyceums and massive libraries—really a summerland; there are also winterlands, treeless, flowerless and barren. In these lower spheres—the hell of the Spiritualists—there are snows, scalding tears, almost insufferable mental anguish and remorse of conscience.

Mortals make their own heaven and their own hell: just as youth affects manhood, so this whole life affects the future. Judas "went to his own place," and that is where he ought to have gone. The future world is constituted of both places and conditions, which conditions and environments are necessities of happiness. An angel could not be happy in an ill-ventilated, filthy, smoke-filled saloon. These underground saloons are the homes of obsessing spirits. Happy are those who are polite enough to resist their insidious influences.

Do not understand me to express the opinion that they are beyond hope, beyond the divine influx, or beyond the great uplifting law of evolution. The celestial spark of life is still within them, and the tender, loving voice of God is: "Come up higher."

HELEN WILLIAMS, OR "FREEDOM," CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

A Mrs. S. K. B., of Garden Grove, Cal., writes Mrs. Williams thus: "How does the Spiritualist healer of Boston, of whom you wrote (in Freedom) a short time ago, account for so many eminent Spiritualists being sick and dying? She would not like to believe they had not sufficient use of their bodies to do their own thinking. For my part I think it is due to their living among the spirits of the dead, and thinking continually of the hereafter and the summerland, instead of living this life here and now."

To this inquirer the editor of the Little four-page sheet, Freedom, Mrs. Williams, replies as follows: "Spiritualists accept disease and death as facts, and unalterable facts. They believe that death is a great blessing, and that life only fairly begins after one has died. There is not a shred of reason for such a belief—not, not from one end of existence to the other; but still they believe it. This belief, unreasonable as it is, is the ground-work of Spiritualism. They accept this, and then their imaginations, assisted by some as yet understood phenomena of thought materialization or spirit materialization (they are the same thing) does the rest."

"That they should attempt to heal the sick at all is one of the inconsistencies that always grows out of a false premise; for if the spirit world is most real, the happiest and best, and if people escape from their earthly troubles by going

the pantheist, or the Forms of the Platonic philosophy? One or both, or neither of these? But really, I am reminded here of Bill Nye's dilemma on the same or a similar theme: 'He had pondered long on the problem of "how the brain thinks thoughts." A "thought" struck him! About that time John L. Sullivan had taken up literature, and it occurred to Mr. Nye that John L. might be able to help him out; so he went to interview him, and he put the question squarely: "Mr. Sullivan, I wish you to explain to me how your brain thinks thoughts?" There was silence—in the space of a moment. Finally John says: "What?"

"How does your brain think thoughts?" repeated Mr. Nye. Silence for another moment.

Finally John L., scratching his head, answered, "Yep!"

Mr. Nye did not feel certain whether this was a correct answer or not. But more seriously, if thoughts are things, what are their shape, and color, and consistency? What warrant has Mrs. Williams for her egotistical definition to a department of existence where no reliable or accepted data exists which warrants any one in a positive statement in regard to what thoughts are or are not? An overweening egotism is never commendable.

IS ALL MIND?

Take, for example, this further writing of Mrs. Williams:

"The first assumption of mental science is that all, all is mind. There is only one substance in the universe; it is all mind. Our bodies are mind, and our thoughts are mind."

Well, well—and so Helen Williams' avowals, viscerally and all—mind, a pile of compost is mind, a rattlesnake's fang is mind, a polecat's excretion is mind, for Mrs. Williams says so, all is mind! For downright contradiction, for the sake of the spirit, let us take the case of a simpleton and unscientific, illogical slush, Mrs. Williams bears away the palm.

Rational Spiritualism contends that there is a marked difference between coarse, unconscious matter and essential, absolute spirit. It is generally believed that mind is a manifestation of the spirit, and that the intellect, Swedenborg, taught that there is a discrete degree between matter and spirit; or that matter and spirit were co-eternal counterparts of the Infinite One. Spiritualists, that there is one God, one universe, one humanity, one law and one grand destiny for all races, tribes and tongues.

PLUTOCRATS AND THEIR ENORMOUS WEALTH.

The following is from the San Francisco Argonaut:

"On Broadway there are twenty lawns, each worth \$1,000,000. Cornelius Vanderbilt has gates from France, stone from the West, a gardener from Berlin, and plants from Italy. Dr. W. B. W. has a house worth \$3,000,000. George Vanderbilt has spent \$5,000,000 upon his country seat, and expects to spend \$5,000,000 more. John Jacob Astor has bestowed a \$1,000,000 stomacher on his wife. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt received \$25,000 worth of bouquets at her coming-out party. Dinners are given at \$100 a cover. William C. Whitney, who is yet so far down in the social scale, has interested himself in Democratic politics, has a ball-room in which the panels of pink Italian marble cost \$5,000 each. The jewels worn by New York women on an opera night recently were estimated to be of the value of \$1,385,000. At the Burden-Sloane wedding, there were 100,000 flowers with blue agave as the center piece. The flowers cost \$1,000,000. Planes costing from \$10,000 to \$15,000 are common, and the luxury of these homes is in proportion."

The above facts have an ominous meaning for the American people, if they know how to read between the lines. It is daily becoming more apparent that wealth is rapidly concentrating and flowing into the greedy maw of a few money-grubbers. Our government has become an oligarchy of money sharks, and legislation is shaped to enhance and protect these immense accumulations. When an income tax was asked for to lighten the burdens of the people, Judge Field of the U. S. Supreme Court construed it as "an assault on property."

Some of the "terrible effects" of this rapid concentration are already being experienced by the masses, but not a tithe of what will be in the next decade. We already see the strange anomaly in this country of widespread want, despair and wretchedness in the midst of abundance. Nature has been kind and bountiful, and the land is overflowing with the fruits of the earth. The money-grubbers corner the food supply and hold it until the added suffering will yield them a larger profit. All the professions are corrupted by this insidious money-fled. Read Prof. Bemis' crushing reply to President Harper, regarding the Rockefeller endowment in Chicago. The university is this only one illustration of the general trend. Money already has possession of the great industries, of the carrying trade, of municipal privileges and franchises, and worst of all, it is aggrandizing the land which is the base and mainstay of a free people. The sea-level-class is rapidly disappearing. The masses are becoming more and more dependent and disappointed people. Small enterprises are going to the wall. The situation is daily becoming more serious, and some sort of revolution is plainly impending.

SCHLATTER, THE HEALER.

Every generation has its epoch-men standing upon the apex of mountains, with their foreheads bathed in the first morning's dew. They come before the world as prophets. Such were Socrates and Jesus, and such today is Schlatter. He does not profess to be the Messiah, as newspapers have wrongly reported. He professes to receive his power from the Father; that is to say, from a spiritual source. And this is in perfect harmony with the Spiritualist-healers of Spiritualism. Though old school doctors growl and sneer at the wonderer, he performs the same and the people, with hardly a dissenting voice, pronounce him a mighty psychic-healer. I have the honor of knowing those who know him personally, and I take pleasure in saying he is not great egotist. He shrinks from notoriety; he does not wish to be identified with any following; he has no ambition to organize a sect; he bows down to no sectarian creed. While he is a positive personality, he is exceedingly modest and unassuming. As a character he is right the reverse of Helen Williams and that troop of egotistic mindites. He lives very abstemiously and dresses plainly. Whenever money is offered him he rejects it. All that he seems to care for is a little food and shelter. As the Springfield Republican wisely says: "Schlatter has no paraphernalia, no mysterious surroundings, no ceremony of any description, no church, no organization of any kind behind him. He is plain Schlatter, working by himself quietly and without boasting, seeking neither honor, fame nor profit. He has stood in the streets of Denver for many weeks simply shaking hands with those who have been attracted to him with the hope of having their ailments cured, or holding their handkerchiefs, or some other article of personal property, for a moment. Out of the thousands who have visited him, hundreds and hundreds have claimed to be cured, and they have given their testimony in the most enthusiastic manner, among them many persons well known in the business, social, literary and judicial world."

For judges, as well as those in the humbler walks of life, have been cured by his holding their handkerchiefs, as in the apostle Paul's time, and also in Jesus' time, when he felt virtue—that is, magnetism—go out of him. We are evidently on the threshold of a great outpouring from the Spirit-World—an outpouring which will completely unsettle all those systems of thought and interpretation which the conservators of religious creeds, dogmas, scientific formulas and accepted usages, had fondly hoped, were inflexible, labeled, settled upon for all time and properly laid away in their mouldy crypts, never more to be disturbed. This outpouring, moreover, will be two-fold, in one direction stimulating all the latent tendencies in general society to discard a collision of opposing interests, and to a final conflict, in the other direction manifesting in a less apparent form, but all the more potentially for a righteous reckoning and balancing of accounts with the workers of iniquity.

RATIONAL RELIGION.

The Great Need of Spiritualism Considered by PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

Throughout the length and breadth of the spiritual movement in all countries comes the complaint that it has no cohesive strength, no conquering power. An excitement rises as facts come out; large audiences meet for awhile, and then all declines, and instead of conquering zeal we have gossip and criticism, and occasional private meetings, and a great lack of that respect which is generally inspired by a noble cause—especially a lack of due respect from the press.

The movement is continually becoming trivial or erratic or cranky or vulgar, until some strong speaker stirs up society for awhile; but being inadequately supported, leaves the field, instead of going on like the apostles of primitive Christianity, to establish the truth in the name of God, defying persecution and death.

Why is it that this great truth, the opening of heaven to mortal eyes and listening to angelic voices, fails to bring out a response, and though millions may be convinced, there are not even thousands to live up to the standard of their professed faith demands, and send a redeeming wisdom out to all mankind. Instead of a new religion, it often seems like a temporary wind, blowing over and then neglected, so that Dr. Peebles was justified in saying that there were three thousand Spiritualists in Cleveland, including those who were morally dead.

The Agnostic accepts Spiritualism and goes his way, satisfied that he knows a few wonderful things—that is all. The orthodox Christian accepts it, rejoicing to know that hell is an exploded myth, and goes his way like a boy escaped from school, rejoicing in his freedom, and that is all. He has lost his old-time earnestness, and instead of giving twenty or thirty dollars annually to a saving faith, he is content with occasional donations, and quarrels, and even forgets his imperative duty to take a spiritual newspaper. We may well say that those who act so are morally dead.

But if Spiritualism as a movement—not as a science or religion—simply conquers superstition and leaves its votaries as mere curiosity-hunters, morally dead unto that redemption and elevation of life which is the true aim of the movement, then to that extent Spiritualism is a poverty-stricken failure, and does not inspire that noble zeal which through many centuries has been inspired in good men by a religion ruled by priestcraft and by the crazy pictures of an angry God and a fiery hell.

But is it true that a pure and noble religion, based on demonstrated truth, has not the moral power of the hell-inspired fanaticism that has so long ruled and cursed the world? Is intelligence or truth destructive to religion? If so, then, indeed, may we despair of humanity, and look forward to the same dreary round as in the past, of international wars, national enmities, debts, social inequalities, and the crushing of labor to the earth by the power of wealth and monopoly—a curse from which the nations have never been relieved, and which, having conquered the laboring classes through three-fourths of the world's population, bringing them down to grinding poverty, is now invading the American continent, crushing the laborers and their products, bringing the American nearer and nearer to the Asiatic level, while he resists in vain by strikes and trades unions, as he slowly sinks, unless he uses the power of the ballot.

Such must be the result unless there is power enough in rational religion to rouse men to human brotherhood and teach their duty to the commonwealth. To save this republic from going the way of all republics of former ages, and make it a brotherhood of justice and fraternity.

Men may perform their duties to their families honorably and be respected, but unless their souls are large enough to recognize the brotherhood of all, and make a strenuous effort to save the nation from the despotism of capital which bears down on us now and the despotism of priestcraft, which is waiting an opportunity to act, the future of the Republic is dark indeed.

Spiritualism is the dim gray dawn of rational religion, and it is our duty to recognize the brotherhood of all, and make a strenuous effort to save the nation from the despotism of capital which bears down on us now and the despotism of priestcraft, which is waiting an opportunity to act, the future of the Republic is dark indeed.

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ay of showing tests to a promiscuous and suspicious audience who have little or no respect for the occasion.

Now, we cannot have too much of spiritual phenomena, but their place in the private circle, where social harmony exists and not before a promiscuous group of strangers who are not in a position to investigate and learn and whose position necessarily leaves them in a doubtful or suspicious mood, ready to repeat any unfriendly gossip they may hear, and frequently mingled with an ignorant or bigoted rabble.

No such cheap meetings of curiosity-hunters have any moral strength or cohesive power or public influence. They cannot compete with societies that are devoted to their religion and led by earnest and competent men sustained above the cramping pressure of poverty, and respected by all; for religion is the power that has always ruled the world and will always continue to rule it. It has ruled not only the ignorant and superstitious, but the ablest and profoundest minds in all ages, in spite of the old falsehoods of ancient ignorance and the vast amount of fraud and corruption associated with it—its Bible being destitute of any satisfactory evidence of an honest origin.

It can never cease to be the dominant element in this world unless mankind could sink so low in selfishness and crime as to be incapable of free sentiments. For religion is innate in the human constitution, and if it were not, the human race would decline to extinction. The secularist or agnostic losing sight of the Spirit-world, and unconscious of immortality, still clings to his limited religion and calls it morality or secularism. The patriot clings to his limited religion, which is to serve his country and die for it. If necessary, forgetting that his country should be the whole world, and mankind should all be his countrymen.

The scientist has his limited religion, which teaches him to serve mankind by making additions to the knowledge which improves the world's condition. Forgetting that moral improvement is more important than scientific. The mother has a noble religion, which has not much science in it, but which teaches her to make home happy, and to leave virtuous posterity to go down the ages. Hence, the mother is almost invariably glad to receive that larger and more inspired religion, which teaches her to look beyond our own families to all whom we can reach in kindness, and to cling to them when they pass into the higher world, and to welcome the teaching of the angels. And as the mothers live in religion, they impart its elements to their offspring, and it becomes a saving power.

True religion is the sum-total of man's higher nature, which is fully manifested only in heaven, where it is relieved from earthly temptations and annoyances. But if his religious nature is strong it dominates his life on earth, teaches him that all mankind are brothers, under the Heavenly Father, and inspires him with that love, that love of freedom, and that spiritual insight which comes from the God within him, which enables him to realize the truths of religion without a teacher, and to embody it in his life. I think there are many women and a few men in whom this fullness of life appears; and the spiritual freedom of this country enables the Spirit-world to inspire mortal the world over, and more of the brightness and sweetness, and perfect health of their serene lives—thus giving to earthly religion the purity of truth, and the strength of exalted love.

Such is the true mission of Spiritualism, to lead mankind into a rational religion, which is a religion of inspiration and of the heroic courage of love, such as the Apostles lost their lives in attempting to introduce, but which we to-day may cultivate in safety; and when we do cultivate and realize it we shall conquer the world and exterminate superstition; and our triumph will begin when we unite in brotherhood and earnestness, not as curiosity-hunters, but as the saviors of mankind from darkness, discord and misery, which is the aim of all inspired by religion.

The Apostles had an advantage that we have not in the nineteenth century. We have the examples of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; but they had the presence and guidance of the highest inspired mortal of the world ever seen. I refer, of course, not to the mythical Jesus of the anonymous and largely forged New Testament (whom the mythical Devil struck on the top of a high temple for a small conversation), but to the real Jesus Christ, of Jerusalem, the true martyr—the true teacher, who washed his disciples' feet to teach them personal love, and who in the higher world is honored by all who approach, near as he was on earth—who was the first to teach a rational religion, and still inspires the religious sentiment on earth, the sentiment of love and progress, toward which Spiritualism is advancing.

The world has been almost deprived of the benefit of the Christianity which he taught, by the Roman forgeries, in which man is libeled by the charge of total depravity. God is libeled, representing him as an unlimited demon, and Jesus Christ is libeled by representing him as a religious crank, uttering threats and predictions never fulfilled, promising to send mankind generally to hell.

But the religious philosopher does not depend on any records or traditions, for all religious truths are inscribed on the constitution of man, and illustrated in heaven. If all history were obliterated, we need not lose any of our religion—it is stamped upon humanity. But if history were obliterated, we would lose our most perfect object-lesson in the life of Jesus, an example of religion embodied in man. We have almost lost it by the forgeries incorporated by the Roman church into his history. Having succeeded in detecting all the forgeries, I know that when his true life and teachings are known, the true lives of his martyred disciples are made known, the most bigoted orthodox member who clings to hell by his own malignity, will turn from the false to the true record, and all the enlightened will perceive that the true primitive Christianity was the religion of reason as well as love—a religion that

...DUAL LIVES...

OR LIFE ILLUSTRATED IN VARIOUS PHASES,

In Which Practical Divine Lessons Are Taught, Which Spiritualists Should Consider.

BY LOUISA BIGGS READ.

CHAPTER XV.

One evening as Lawrence Arlington sat in his room alone, thinking on the past year's events, a light tap on his door startled him. He opened the door and found a boy waiting in the hall.

"I have a letter for Mr. Arlington," he said.

"Have you, my little man? Thank you for bringing it."

"Thanks won't buy anything; I want pay."

"I guess the sender of the letter paid you," Arlington said, looking at him critically.

"She didn't pay me enough."

"How much did she give you?"

"Only ten cents. It takes two bits to buy a knife like Joe's."

"Have you got the dime?"

"He dropped his head a moment, then said: 'I spent it for cigarettes; but I'm sorry, for she told me to save it.'"

"Who told you to save it?"

"The woman who sent the letter—course."

"Then she must have been an old lady?"

"Yes, sir, 'bout your age."

"Here is six bits," Lawrence said, smiling at his bit of unconscious humor.

He took the money and ran down on the street, followed by a crowd of boys congratulating him on his good fortune.

Lawrence took the envelope, hastily unfolded the note and read, to his amazement:

"Lawrence Arlington: I am dying. I have something of importance to relate to you. Come at once to No. —, First street."

DORA.

His brain seemed whirling. He tried to collect himself. Why had the wife, who had abandoned him so strangely and flown with a prostitute gambler, requested him to see her again? Surely, she should know the Arlington pride better, he thought. He bowed his head on his hand. He felt a strange desire to see her again. He thought a moment, seriously, but could not make up his mind to go. It might be a plan to entrap him for the purpose of robbery. It resembled Dora's chirography and had a genuine ring. He regretted that he had not Dr. Hunter's wise counsel.

The sun declined and sank, twilight came, then a gas-limined city. Lawrence sat by his window looking out on the throng of people constantly meeting, passing, intermingling—all rushing as though toward a common goal, poor, great and insipid, jostled, mingled together. There was no discrimination; the exalted and debased, ambitious and vapid maintained equal rights on that crowded street, if no place else.

Greetings and good-byes were heard everywhere.

"How strange is human life," thought he; "why do they rush along? The problem is unsolvable; the theorem false. All are seeking happiness, a thing that never existed. Thousands of people are going in as many ways, chasing the same phantom. They rush blindly on in pursuit of the delusion till they reach the dark chasm of eternity."

Half an hour later he was mingling with the heterogeneous crowd. Like the rest, his purpose was something that might make him happier. He was very miserable. The nearest approach of mankind to the realization of happiness is when he or she is near the object of their strongest affections. All the wealth the mines of earth can bring fails to bring happiness if it does not find its individual source. Lawrence could not hope to find happiness by going to the side of the dying woman he still loved, though could not respect; but some hope must have flickered in his bosom, else he would not have now been on his way to see her once more the house bearing the shrouded number his heart seemed to stand still. He could never forgive her, even if she was dying; why go to all? He entered the gate and descended the hill to the door. (The house stood on a hillside.)

The door was opened by a woman of about thirty-five years, the sender of the note.

She led him along a hall with a long music-room on one side, bedrooms on the other, to a large room with windows looking eastward, where one might get a magnificent view of the bay, wharves, lumber yards, docks, and steamers and ships at anchor. The lamps were burning dimly, but he saw a woman's form on a low bed in one end of the room.

Lawrence's heart was now void of sensation. He walked mechanically to the bedside, and spoke the name of his wife.

She began coughing violently and he assisted her to rise.

"I am stronger, now," she said, as she arranged her pillow. "Sit down, I will detain you long."

"I did not send for you to reproach you in my dying moments, but to give you the true facts. I want you to know what your duplicity brought me to; I wanted you to know that I understood you."

"Duplicity! I do not understand you," he said, feeling very much like going away at once.

"Yes, you did not know that I understood you. You believed me guilty of a great crime: actually too blind to human justice to see your own. You felt justified in leading a double life. Men do those things—men of high social standing do those things. You thought: 'It can be no harm.'"

She faltered in her agitation.

"There must be a great mistake, Dora," he said, growing pale.

"No, there is no mistake. I will tell you my story. I knew Baker before I knew you. I played the part of — in P—theatre. I classed him among my friends then. He was a gay, dashing fellow; I was gay, too—never had many cares or troubles; and I liked him because he amused me. I never thought of love then, or, if I did, I aspired to titular dignity or a high-sounding name of some blue-blooded family. God pity the delusion. I found my ideal in myself. After our marriage you thought my former associates beneath one of the position your honorable name gave. One day Baker called during your absence. I asked him not to do so again, as you objected to my old associations. I told him you wanted to forget that I had once been on the stage."

"He said: 'Do you not think yourself his equal, Dora?'"

"He made me so now," I replied.

"Then you were not his equal before your marriage?"

"I suppose not; I was an actress. He was rich and belonged to a proud family," I answered.

"Then if you think yourself unfitted by birth, fortune and education to associate with his friends, you cannot be happy."

by profession I was equal to my task. I first called at his house, and when I saw you enter the evening before and displayed my goods. I quickly made a sale that should have satisfied the most crafty of the vocation. Then asked about the chance of selling to their neighbors.

"Are there not some ladies in the house whom I may wish to be like to purchase some of my fine lace," I said.

"Why, I do believe Mollie would like some," said the old lady to her daughter.

"Mollie has all the fine things she wants now," said the girl.

Then if she has fine things I anticipate a good sale," I said. "If those who have nice things that never get supplied."

"But she doesn't buy her own things."

"There, daughter," said her mother, interposing, "keep your tongue."

"Is that?" I asked, not noticing the dame's caution.

"Mollie is not a rich bean."

"It is nice to have wealthy friends?" I said.

"It is fortunate to be born handsome, anyway," said the girl.

"Is she very handsome, then?"

"Yes, she is handsome."

"I must see her, at any rate," I said, gathering up my goods.

"I knocked at the door. She opened it. A jealous woman never wants to admit her rival handsome; yet I must do so. She was a handsome girl. She did not look like a criminal either. She was untutored, unsophisticated. Surely, thought I, as I watched her lightly handle the delicate goods, some cruel wrong had brought this girl to degrade herself. She made a small purchase, expressing regret that she could do no more for me. That was the last sale I made. I was satisfied."

"I met Baker a few days later. I thought, then, by accident. I told him my intention of leaving you. I could make my life as I had done before my marriage."

"He told me to first consider well the step I was about taking."

"You might grow stronger with years," he said.

"I could not see that I ought to wait for old age to bring me happiness; death would intervene before I was too old, romantic to doubt the reality of true love; too young to shut myself in gloom; too proud to be servile to a man who was so false."

"I will go, I said; 'that is settled.'"

"Then, as a friend, I must urge you to take some money. Your husband will not miss a few thousands. It is not stealing—it is your own. I will give it to you, but I am not rich. I wish I was, for your sake," he said.

"By his advice I wrote out a check, made it much smaller than he liked; though, and drew \$5,000. My trunks were already sorely packed. I sailed for Portland alone."

"I did not try to disguise my flight much. I knew you would not search for me. I believed that you must be very, very tired of me, and I wanted to relieve you of the burden of seeing me."

Another violent spell of coughing made it impossible to finish her story. Her nurse came in and forbade her talking any more then. Lawrence promised her that he would visit her, and with many kind words and expressed hopes for her recovery, departed without explaining his conduct.

CHAPTER XVI.

A dense fog hung over the city next morning. The atmosphere was heavy and depressive to weak lungs. Yet Dora declared herself able to finish her story, as Arlington again seated himself by her side. She resumed:

"I got along nicely for awhile, though I was miserable, sick at heart. Not because I grieved for you, but because I was away from my false husband."

I regretted, bitterly, that I had given my love to a man so unworthy of it. Finally I began to take Baker's view of men. I believed most of them false. I engaged with a theatrical company and made all the money I wanted. A few months passed in this way. I was doing well, as I could earn when I took a violent fever. I was unable to act my part in the play that evening. The house was crowded and we were expecting great success. The result was a failure and general disappointment. I had never before experienced physical suffering and felt my loneliness extremely during my sickness. I was alone, and my convalescence and offered no protection and the best love, he said, that man was capable of giving. Yet he acknowledged himself unworthy of even a moderately virtuous woman's affection. I accepted. We solemnized our own marriage vows, and called ourselves husband and wife."

"I was, physically, a wreck. You, no doubt, would add: 'Your mental and moral constitution must have been a wreck also.' I wish such had been the case, but not so. Had my mind fallen entirely I should have been saved the mental torture that followed; had it been even weak I might have found for myself justification; but I saw my folly and suffered the consequences. I gave him my money to use as he pleased. A few months went by quietly, and then we went to a great stone house to live with some relations, as he told me they were, where I might find the retirement I longed for. The house did, indeed, promise retirement—it resembled a convent. But no sooner were we established in our new quarters than he became violently infatuated with a young lady of great beauty who resided near the house where we lived on—avenue."

"Great heavens, can that be possible?" Lawrence exclaimed, as he arose and began walking the floor.

She looked at him a moment in amazement, then said:

"I had forgotten. Your grandparents must reside there, do they not?"

"How could you forget that, or why should you not have learned that fact, living only about a block from their house?" he asked, distrustfully.

"I did forget. I was never invited there, as you know, and I never heard their names mentioned there."

"It is rather strange that during the funeral,"

"Funeral! Are some of them dead?" she asked in surprise, not waiting for him to finish his speech.

His reply was a silent, distrustful, searching look.

"Please listen to the rest I have to say before passing judgment," she said, coldly.

"We had only lived there a few days when I learned of his visit to the girl—when I actually saw him drive out with her. I have always been a jealous woman. Though I did not have much right to be jealous of Baker, for he did not promise much, I was jealous anyway. He took me away for a few weeks then, promising better treatment. We went very secretly, for some cause, in the

night, and returned in the same way. I did not understand why we went, but felt satisfied without knowing, as he treated me very kindly. When we returned he immediately renewed his visits to the young lady. She called at the house one day, and as she was departing I screamed with all my might and started to leave the house, but found myself locked in, as well as a prisoner."

"A prisoner?" Lawrence exclaimed in a tone half pity, half doubt.

"Yes, they kept me locked up within those gloomy stone walls, with no means of escape—no window, even to look out on the gay, happy world. I had only a skylight window, I grew sick from my incarceration, and since my escape have gradually grown wiser."

"How did you escape?" he asked, still doubting her sanity or her sincerity.

"Just as I was beginning to understand Baker's true character, and expecting them hourly to come and kill me outright, she, my jailer, who called herself a friend, came to my rescue."

"My God! it is true, then," Arlington said, interrupting her.

"What is true?"

"Please go on, Dora; I must hear the rest," he said, looking very wretched.

"She came to me and told me I must go with her; that any attempt to escape on my part meant death. She took me to a room where part of my clothing was, and said they were going away and that my trunks would be packed and taken."

"Where are we going?" I said, while she was hastily assisting me to dress.

"I do not know."

"Where is he—Baker?" I asked, timidly.

"He is gone already."

"Are we going to him?"

"Why do you ask?"

"A ray of hope shone through the darkness. I intended to make my escape or die, but I thought a little act of the best way; so I began the last act of the last drama of my life. I said: 'You want to go to him?'"

"You want to go to him?" she said, looking surprised and frowning.

"Yes."

"I thought you wanted to run away from him."

"I did then, but if he is away from that girl—"

"I thank God, he's away from that girl," she said, smiling; "or, rather, the girl is away from him."

"I wondered, of course, what she meant, but thought too much about my own perilous situation to question her."

"Then I must go to him," I said.

"Why do you wish to see him, she said, still frowning darkly."

"Because—oh, you ought to know why—I am your own, I said, as I was crying; 'because I love him so dearly. If I could once more look into his dear eyes (which seemed to me now like a serpent's), once more I would try to be happy.'"

"He shall take you," she said, sternly.

"Tears of joyful hope sprang to my eyes. I wondered how the great world would look again; I thought only of freedom."

"She saw my faith and became convinced of my sincerity."

"Follow me," she said.

"It was growing late. We both wore heavy veils over our faces. I was weak and had to almost run to keep by her side, and kept grasping her skirt as though I feared she would leave me. Finally she pushed my hand roughly from her arm. I dropped back, a crowd of people was passing us. I turned and went with the throng, never looking back."

"Remembered a friend whom I discarded when I married you, and came to her. I have grown worse steadily, and, seeing I must die, sent for you."

(To be continued.)

OUR HOME IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

I know of a mansion not built by hand. The beautiful home in the Spirit-land. So grand, yet so simple; so vast, yet so small. Adorned with each charm of the cottage and hall.

The genial sunshine illumines the sky, Unfading fair regions that ravish the eye.

While music, sweet music, vibrates through the sphere, To lift up the soul and enrapture the ear.

The lovely flowers grow everywhere, And scent with their fragrance the balmy air.

Which zephyrs are wafting with feathered wings, And carry to bowers and crystal springs.

Indeed, this fair region, this home in the sky, Is a source of delight to the ear and the eye.

But what is all this when compared to the goal, It affords to the spirit and yields to the soul!

A goal where but truth and intelligence rule, Of virtue and morals the genial school, Where innermost thoughts are stamped on the brow, And neither deception nor falsehood allow.

Where higher and higher in knowledge we rise, And virtue with mental development vies.

Where power and purity constantly grow, And spirits with heavenly radiance glow.

Where death and destruction are wholly unknown, With sphere upon sphere, and zone upon zone;

Where spirits, with ever-developing wings, Draw nearer and nearer the source of all things.

RUDOLPH LEONHART.

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry J. Newton, of New York City.

At a meeting of the Women's Progressive Union, of Brooklyn, held on January 3, at its hall, 327 Franklin avenue, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be sent to his bereaved wife and family:

Whereas, Our beloved brother and co-worker, Henry J. Newton, president of the First Spiritual Society of New York City, has gone to the great beyond; and

Whereas, By his death our cause has lost an earnest and conscientious worker, Spiritualism in general a sincere and truthful advocate, Spiritualists a general friend and steadfast brother, his family a loving, tender father; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the W. P. U., humbly recognizing the ruling of the divine power in this painful bereavement, do hereby record our high appreciation of the character and life of our deceased brother, do tender our warmest sympathies to the bereaved family in this hour of their sorrow, expressing at the same time our earnest prayer and hope that the God of all comfort will give to them peace; also that light and knowledge of spiritual unfoldment which passeth all understanding.

ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, President.

EMMA ZWahlen, Ass. Secretary.

RATIONAL RELIGION.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE I.

permits no social discord, no war, no selfishness, no millipaires with locked up hoards, no tyranny, no bigotry, no priestcraft, no bishops in palaces no down-trodden women, no oppressed laborers, and which, in its high inspiration, gives health to the body as well as the soul, and enables its disciples to conquer disease.

When the religion of the Spiritual movement is fully developed, the sick will be healed, the criminal restored to integrity, and the boldest seekers after truth sustained by society.

A VIEW OF DEATH.

An Excellent Pen Picture of the Last Change.

I have never looked upon the face of the dead, or watched the frail, tottering, senescent in the throes of dissolution, but there has come to my mind thoughts of comfort and victory; a light in the darkness that divides the shadows of death with the glories beyond; the triumphs of a principle mightier than death; the conquest of the spiritual over the material forces of matter.

To die. To lay the body beneath the folds of the valley, covering its dust to mother earth while the spirit clothes itself in the garments of immortality. Such to me is death. But who shall describe the joys of the spirit's release from the bondage of time, and mark the freedom and power of its expanding beauty as it passes onward to higher stages of truth, where nobler thoughts and purer aspirations guide its beatific vision upward to its final coronation.

I know not how or where, but somewhere, in some larger and broader sphere, I shall take up again the broken threads of my life and weave them into more beautiful proportions, and after a richer and more perfect design, for in the broad sweep of God's government and purpose I believe that the correlations of life and death are more dependent on each other than we incline to think. The land of shadows and the land of sunshine are only divided by a cloud, the passage of which occupies but a brief space of time. Thus is the death-birth of the spirit to its higher life. It reaches the border-land, and with one bold sweep passes the confines of its earthly environments, to commingle again with the higher purposes of its destiny. A breath, and the veil is rent asunder, the sphinx-like riddle solved, revealed in the light of truth, beauty and harmony. As the soft twilight passes into night, and night into morning, so are the transitions of life through the shadows of death into the dawn and light of immortality.

O man of reason, bethink you. Is there no coherence between the silence of the tomb and the dreams of hope and expectancy that flutter over these scattered elements of dust? Has the finite no relations with the infinite beyond the darkness and solitude of the grave? What may we believe if we may not believe in those impressions woven into the very fibres of our being, attesting the supremacy of the mental and spiritual over the material conditions of life? Are there those dim impulses of the soul that seek to voice the noblest and best of our affections, if death ends all? I cannot, I will not believe it. For, as with the rainbow tints of a prophetic vision, my soul seems bathed in the light of this mystery of mysteries, born of death. In its majestic silence I behold a divinity that is shaping our souls to a glorious consummation. And again, when I look within my own heart, I realize there are sympathies that lie deeper than our theories, and words are powerless to encompass or express them; they appeal to our inner consciousness.

You, my fellow-traveler to that boundless, vast, and ever-changing question for yourself. To me there comes from the watchers on the other shore a message of comfort and exaltation. It speaks of a life beyond, amid scenes of beauty, blessedness and potentialities that swell my very soul with the wild cadence of their harmonies.

Those tried and doubting one, when thy heart is mastered by an anguish that knows no relief, look to the stars as mute witnesses of a morrow's doom, and let thy faith share an earnest that thy reason cannot give.

Life's glorious sunset, all radiant with gold, Shall soon my earth-freed spirit unfold. As the sun, when in brightness passeth away, Proclaimeth the hope of a morrow's fair day.

So my Spirit, by the vision of its clarified sight, Sees the future's fair dawn through the shadows of night. For its only step from death's cold tide To the home of friends on the other side.

GEO. GUSCOTT.

THE A. P. A.

Badly Needed on the Spirit Side of Life.

AN EXPLANATION IN REGARD TO FRAUDULENT MEDIUMS.

Many contributors to this journal have deplored the existence of fraud among mediums, and all have more or less attributed it to the sordid, mercenary character of the mediums. But the most potent cause of fraud has scarcely been touched upon. The most potent cause I consider the intense hostility of the church, and its members, by all direct and indirect means to induce and bribe mediums for the purpose of discrediting Spiritualism through fraud. In these efforts the clergy are assisted by their brethren in the Spirit-world. Especially is this the case with the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, which continues its baneful activity to a greater extent, even, in the Spirit-world than it does in earth-life. Now, this is no fancy of mine, but this view is based upon constant battling against Jesuitical spirit-frauds for the last twenty years. I could fill pages of this journal with the recital of these frauds, in which the mediums (members of my family or tried friends) were absolutely honest, but the spirits were the impostors. On one single occasion I got the better of these frauds that now completely debar me of intercourse with my departed dear ones. I do not see how fraud could be kept out of Spiritualism without a powerful antagonizing organization in the Spirit-world.

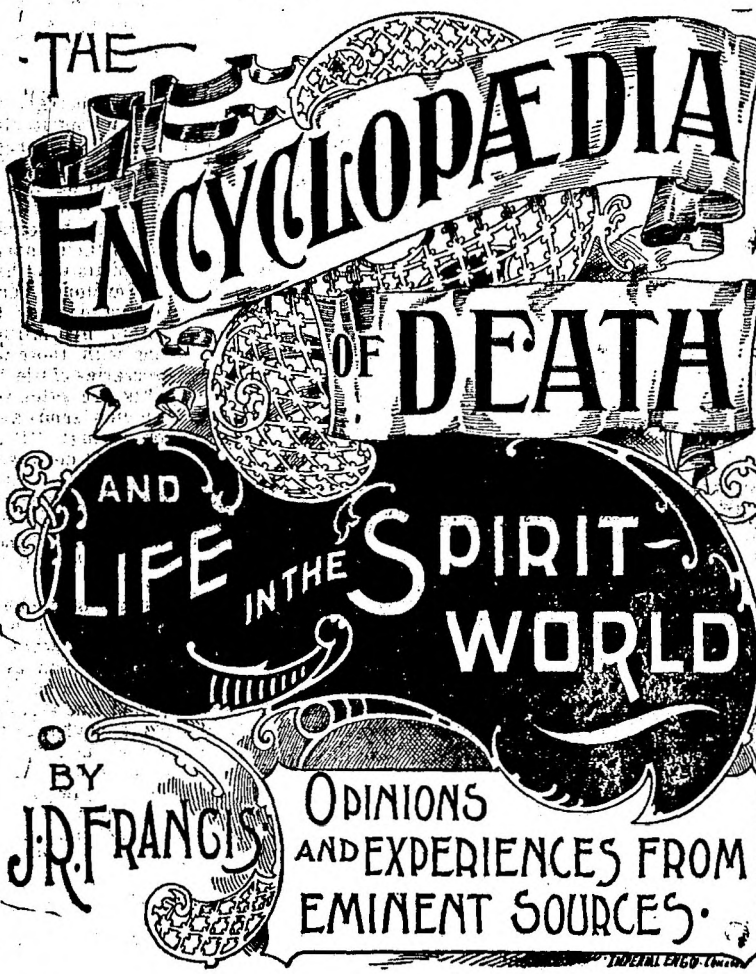
Resolved, That we, the members of the W. P. U., humbly recognizing the ruling of the divine power in this painful bereavement, do hereby record our high appreciation of the character and life of our deceased brother, do tender our warmest sympathies to the bereaved family in this hour of their sorrow, expressing at the same time our earnest prayer and hope that the God of all comfort will give to them peace; also that light and knowledge of spiritual unfoldment which passeth all understanding.

ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, President.

EMMA ZWahlen, Ass. Secretary.

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Remember, please, that THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND

THE NEW WOMAN.

She Comes Forth in All Her Glory.

And Makes a New Bible by Modifying the Old One.

In olden times (says the New York World) of paganism women enjoyed rights and privileges of value and distinction, which under another regime were taken from them. History declares that the ancient Teutonic tribes treated women with respect—great respect. Women sat in the halls of state, were consulted in affairs of government, and their opinions were sought in matters of war, in settling disputes and in all important questions relating to the management of human business. These ancient pagans were monogamists, marrying but one wife and acknowledging the equality of women in religious, political and secular matters generally.

And so it was in pagan Rome. The women were educated, respected and honored in the family and in the government.

Hortensia, daughter of Hortensius, was a student of law with her father, and when she was admitted to practice at the bar won many plaudits for her masterly exposition of the Roman laws. So happy were the conditions of the family under pagan rule that a divorce was not known in Rome for five hundred years, and thus the river of life flowed peacefully and happily.

Among other ancient nations women were with the rulers guiding and conducting affairs. They acquired property and when married kept their own names, their children bearing the same.

The advent of Christianity has been generally supposed to have brought more light into the world, especially to have lifted woman into a wider sphere, to have given her prominence and crowned her with a nobler grace.

The majority of people believe this to-day. Women themselves who have been brought up in the church do not doubt it. They have not asked, is it true? but have accepted as fact that which a little examination would have revealed as pure fiction.

The accepted authorities, the makers of Christian theology, brought no message of hope to the women of that other period, or to the women of any period. There was no uplift for woman in anything they had to say—not one word of hope, encouragement or good cheer, not one.

The Book of Genesis portrays how sin got into the world, how misery fastened its fangs upon us. How, then, was it? Does it not tell woman that she did it? that she is responsible for all the distress, sorrow and agony of life? that she brought sin into a world of happiness and bloom?

It is a dreadful charge, cruel and humiliating beyond expression.

There is the record, the foundation, upon which is built the yoke of inferiority which was fastened upon the neck of woman. Read it, and tell me if there ever was or could be anything in the universe more to the hurt and injury of woman, more damning to her progress, more detrimental to her best interests, than the accusation brought against her in the book that is the superstructure of the prevailing fashionable folly of Christian countries to-day.

What is the reason women are not considered the peers politically of their brothers in this free land of ours? Why are they in the same category, politically speaking, with paupers, criminals, idiots and the insane? Why are they not found in the council chambers framing the laws by which they are governed, and to which they are amenable?

Is it that they are indeed inferior, immature, lacking in good sense, reason or judgment? Nay, nay, friends, such is not the case. The real reason that woman occupies a position inferior to that of man is due wholly, solely and altogether to the ban put upon her by the great religious authority, the "Holy Scriptures," on account of the alleged original sin of the alleged original woman. It is that, and that only.

According to the accepted authority in Genesis relative to the advent of woman, she was simply an addendum, an afterthought, a supplement, a spare part.

We know, of course, that woman existed on the earth long prior to the last six thousand years, but we will simply trace the account of her miraculous coming according to scripture. Made from a bone out from the skeleton of a man, and endowed with life, she appears on the scene of action. The first thing she did was to bring knowledge to the surface. Bless her for that.

Knowledge went by the name of sin in that olden day, and there are those living who give it the same name now. Knowledge was below par and very unfashionable.

Paul said with emphasis that the woman was "first in the transgression," that is, she had learned something.

The canon law emphasized with almost paralyzing force the Biblical statements concerning woman's part and lot as chief actor in the story of the fall of man.

Never were there more scathing words against woman than the sentences uttered and written by Christian saints and rulers, and which have conspired to keep her in the valley of humiliation and despair.

Among the old Latin fathers of the church was Tertullian, a lawyer, who became a Christian priest in the year 190. He wrote several books, and one telling women how they ought to

dress, and that they should hide their features behind a veil whenever they entered the house of God. Let me quote some of his compliments to the sisterhood. "Woman," he says, "thou shouldst ever be clothed in rags, and in mourning, appearing only as a penitent, drowned in tears, expiating thus the sin of having caused the fall of the human race." He goes on to say: "Woman, thou art the gate of the devil. It is thou who hast corrupted those whom Satan dare not attack face to face."

It was, probably, Tertullian's books and letters that helped Milton when he drew the portrait of a woman, making her a woman to the waist and the rest of her body a scaly serpent, representing her as the embodiment of sin and doorkeeper of the bottomless pit.

"A serpent armed with mortal sting." Among the many atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the early friends of Christianity is the murder of the beautiful and accomplished Hypatia, in the year 415.

Why, at the great Christian Council, at Macon, in 581, the good old saints solemnly debated whether woman was a beast or a human being. St. Jerome said she was a wild beast of a dangerous species. The conclusion, however, was that, being the mother of men, she must be human, because men did not like to think themselves the offspring of beasts. They let her take communion, but not in her naked hands; oh, no! She was considered too vile, although her hands had made the bread.

Read Lecky's "History of European Morals." He says: "She was represented as the mother of all ills. She was taught that she should be ashamed of the very thought that she was born a woman—that she should live in continual penance on account of the curses which she had brought into the world."

The ecclesiastical lawmakers seemed to take a fiendish delight in trampling woman in the dust. Augustine declared that a husband had a perfect right to slap his wife in the face. John Wesley did not doubt it. The old English statutes say it still, but the stick must not be bigger than a man's thumb. What sort of a cudgel it was aforesaid no one knows—probably a cordwood stick or a birchen log. Does it seem incredible? Go into the city courts to-morrow morning and behold the remnant of that same savagery in the bruised and bleeding forms and faces of helpless wives in the hands of brutal lords and masters.

I hate to tell these things, but, in showing the obstinate causes that have obstructed the advancement of women, it is my duty to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The stigma of original sin was fastened upon woman with the branding-irons of holy writ. She inhaled obedience with every breath. She absorbed submission and subjection at every turn, for these confronted her everywhere. The church had proclaimed her guilt. Could the church lie? Could it deceive and falsify? Alas and alas, she had no power to learn, for learning was to her a forbidden thing. She was not allowed to read. She could not write. She was told her duty was simply to accept what her masters deemed proper. Thus was she relegated to her condition of servitude—a kitchen maid, a ministering angel in times of need, a ministering servant at any time and all times. The bearer of burdens and the bearer of children, she suffered the martyrdom of motherhood, but she could not, under the law, own her children, unless their father repudiated them. And it was considered that she had failed in her duty as a woman unless she had become the mother of from ten to fifteen children.

Woman in the past lived in the emotions. Man possessed the world and all therein. Woman had—love and religion. Her emotional nature was cultivated to the utmost, and to the neglect of her other faculties. Man's love was, indeed, "of his life a thing apart." 'Twas woman's whole existence. It made her morbid, often capricious. Man had the schools, colleges, libraries. Woman had the Bible; later she had the old farmer's almanac and the sloshy novel, and she had—the chimney corner. This was the boundary of her kingdom. There she lived, loved, suffered, died, and made no sign.

The New Woman has changed all that. The scales have dropped from her eyes.

The people persecuted Galileo and tried to kill him when he told them that the world moved. They didn't believe it, and many are not aware of the fact even to-day. They fancy the world is standing still, and they stand still too, stock still. But the New Woman knows that the world moves, and she is moving along with it. The printing press, like sunshine, has beamed upon her, and on her brow sparkle the words—intelligence, intellectual activity.

Colleges and scientific schools have yielded their prejudices and she has grasped the knowledge so long withheld.

Theology gave to the woman of other days a gown, long, untidy and dragging around her ankles. It said: "Put that on—'tis a memorial of the fall." She meekly obeyed and went around mopping the streets. When she rebelled they said: "Tisn't modest to wear short dresses; you'll be talked about."

The New Woman looks her contempt and declares that she is for comfort and convenience. Attired in shorter skirts, in a rational dress, she goes about her business unfettered by garments that signify and keep in

mind a foolish and ridiculous old myth.

The old husband told the old wife that she must mind him—that Paul commanded wives to be obedient; that no wife had power over her own self, but the husband owned her absolutely. And the old wife believed it.

The New Woman brings to society a breeze of purity and cleanliness. She looks with scorn upon the worse than barbarous sociology, with its one-sided code of morality—with its one estimate for the morals of man and another totally different for woman.

The New Woman sees with horror the disgraceful spectacle of women hand in hand with the libertine and betrayer, and shrinking in disgust from his victims.

Yet this practice is but an offshoot of Biblical teaching, which makes woman criminal and dependent, a subordinate, an obedient slave and minister to man's caprice and pleasure.

The world has dealt with results; it still dealing with results. The new order of things will treat causes. The Hercules of education and enlightenment will seek and destroy the sources of crime, cruelty and injustice. Then, and not till then, may we expect to see a moral uplift of which reformers hitherto have only dreamed.

The last great enemy to be destroyed is theology. The women of old were taught to accept without investigation. The New Woman applies the test of science to all things; to theology the same as anything else. She does not make up her mind without investigation. She works out problems in the crucible of honest reason. She has studied theology as she studies geology and astronomy, with the same freedom and with as little intention of fastening upon her mind anything but truth, and with the resolve to follow truth wherever it leads the way. She has placed theology in the scales along with common sense, and theology has kicked the beam.

In place of the church there will be halls of science, academies, hospitals, homes for the homeless, reading-rooms and libraries, schools, lecture rooms, open every day, instead of one day in seven, and to which she and everybody will be welcome.

The New Woman is the daughter of Free Thought. She belongs to Free Thought and nowhere else. Every step out of the poisonous past, every period of her growth is due to the influence of liberal teaching. For years Free Thought has been dealing sledge-hammer blows at the decaying fabric of ancient mythology and religious romance. Under the names progress, scientific development, enlightenment, it has sent javelins of truth through the withered heart of Superstition. It has repeatedly called to women to come forth from the caves of ignorance.

The New Woman is sent, not by the church, but by the nobler civilization, the angels of love, liberty and justice, and she is adorned with knowledge, wisdom and reason, bright and shining as the jewels in the belt of Orion. Her mission is to alleviate, instruct, uplift and bless.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

The Encyclopedia of Death.

TO THE EDITOR:—Enclosed find one dollar for another year's subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which has been both a necessity and a luxury in my family ever since we subscribed for it; also another dollar from one who I have persuaded to give it a year's trial.

I am in receipt of the second volume of your Encyclopedia of Death, and find it even more interesting than the first, which I considered unimprovable when I read it. I know of no subject in the wide range of literature so important to every human being, and yet so little understood by the masses, than that of death. When death becomes more generally intelligently interpreted, together with the great lesson peculiar to and taught by Spiritualism, that as we sow so shall we reap, the millennium will dawn.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Removed All Fear of Death.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have just read with great interest The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, and must say that it has removed all fear of death from me. God bless you and your efforts in bringing light to darkened minds. Yours respectfully,

Mrs. LIZZIE M. BREWER.

196 High St., Westerly, R. I.

A Generous Contribution.

TO THE EDITOR:—Another year has rolled into the past, and I am reminded to renew my New Year's gifts to some of my relatives and friends, as has been my custom for some years past, by a subscription for each one to your valuable paper, thinking that in no other way can I send them a small remembrance that will be of so great benefit to them. I herewith enclose New York draft to your order for ten dollars, and the names of ten subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year. Seven of these are my remembrance, and three are subscribers whom I have obtained for you. Wishing you a very happy New Year, and the success your enterprise deserves, I am, as ever, fraternally yours,

ALBERT DE GOLIER.

Bradford, Pa.

By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together: that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the delight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule.—Carlyle.

THE BEAST IN MAN.

"The True Keynote to Reform."

WHAT WILL CURE LYING AND ASSAULT?—WHO DEFILES WOMAN'S HOLY TEMPLE?—WHY SCATHING DECONCINATION OF MAN'S METHODS—HE CROWDS THE SPIRIT WORLD WITH DEGRADED SOULS.

The letters in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of January 4th, called forth by my article, "The Beast in Man," were perused by me with great interest, and I thank each and every contributor for sending out their thought upon the subject, and I am sure that the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are also grateful to them. Myra F. Paine voiced a true sentiment when she spoke of the death of the two young mothers, both undoubtedly "gestated" out of existence, since each left six little ones behind.

How terrible to contemplate the fact that in this nineteenth century of human progress and development, that the sacred body of woman is seized and its holy temple outraged! Barbarous is this fact! That in this age of enlightenment, when the world understands better than ever before the sacred rights and privileges of the individual, that the body of a respected wife and mother is seized in the grasp of man and dragged into some byway—just as the rabid lion of the forest springs upon his victim.

Shame on this civilization, I say again, that begets in man this fiendish deed toward woman. A thousand printed letters from my opponents cannot condone this fact by imputing it to lynchings in the past and notoriety through the newspapers. No, no! Outrages are due to other causes. If my article has made the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER write and send out their psychic thought, it may help matters some.

THE KEYNOTE

to assault and lynching lies not in sending out spiritual thought to deal more leniently with the rapist; neither does it lie in the various theories presented by my critics. I beg to differ with my opponents, and say that the keynote consists in making man decent in his realm of sex, and a respecter of his creative function, and in teaching him to lessen and economize his passions, instead of doing all in his power to diabolize and increase them. As long as men pay women to be outcasts and panders to their lust; as long as whole streets in our cities are given over to these women for their dens; as long as men pay them to stay there, and thus create the supply by making the demand—just so long shall we have

BRUTES WALKING THE EARTH

in the semblance of men. These outcast women are not patronized wholly by unwedded men, but the married profligate is more often their visitor, and the father of children, who, marked by his lust, grow to be fiends and ravishers. What can you expect to-day, I ask, but a nation of assassins, when men transpire the body of woman into a repository for their vile needs, set a premium on the same by paying my sex to be vile, and not satisfied with the evil work, seduce and outrage where they can. How much good and charity is the spiritual thought my opponents speak of going to do to lessen the sensuality of men, while the latter give gold to defile woman's holy temple! I say holy temple, because, as the daughter of a physician, I was taught, while my father lived, that the body of woman was most sacred, most holy, and worthy only of the deepest

REVERENCE AND RESPECT FROM MEN.

At my father's death, his medical works were bequeathed to me, and time upon time have I traced within, upon the printed charts representing woman's organism, the wonderful and secret laboratory where nature built the infant form, and I have grown to venerate and worship the female form. There, within woman's structure, was nature's secret workshop, where was created from day to day the form of an embryo god! A wonderful mechanism is woman's. There are the ovaries, where are evolved the ova, or seed of the human race. These, propelled by subtle currents adown the Fallopian tubes, are carried to the womb, where the stupendous materialization of the babe shall take place. Stupendous? Aye, the most stupendous problem of all, if the world will stop long enough to examine it. The babe is created. How? Slowly and comprehensively, from the component parts of the mother's system; flesh and bone is made, somehow, in that dark recess, eyes and brain, and body and soul. Every mother gazes with reverence upon her newborn child, and murmurs with awe: "It was produced, somehow, from me—most mysterious thing."

Imbued as I am with this reverence for woman's body, can my readers wonder that, to me, the assaults of rabid men upon it is an evil act for which I can find

NO ADEQUATE PUNISHMENT.

That the holy workshop of nature; that the very cradle of the human race should be seized by the assaulter and his fiendish personality imprinted upon it—this is, in my sight, a crime so heinous that I cannot find an adequate punishment for such an offender. To such a height have I elevated reproduction, and our human power to produce, if we choose, goes to walk the earth, instead of incarnate devils, that I stand aghast at the awful sacrilege committed by man in the reproductive domain.

The case of Mrs. Bell, recently assaulted by a negro: Let us imagine this wife and mother, whose organism

was undergoing the sacred processes of maternity at the time, and the negro must have been cognizant of the fact. Behold her, I say, in her holy state of motherhood, her unborn babe the magnet to draw her best thoughts and aspirations, her mind bent upon her near accouchement. But, just at hand,

A FEROCIOUS BEAST.

in human form, watches her tread the country lane, and a moment later springs with all the savageness of the beast upon her shrinking form, and despite her despairing struggles, ruthlessly forces himself into the sanctuary of her holy motherhood, and degrades and insults it with his fiendish presence. As if that were not enough, her assaulter brutally murders her and her unborn offspring. Stung with a keen sense of this great wrong done my sex, I say again and again, and

REPEAT IT A THOUSAND TIMES, that I can find no adequate punishment for such a transgressor against womanhood, motherhood, and the reproductive organism of the race! Not if a thousand Spiritualists condemned me—nor tens of thousands.

Not if millions of Spiritualists flung at me the stigma of barbarity and lack of spirituality, prating of the wrong of sending the negro to the Spirit-world! What of the sad spirit of the wife and mother, who was debauched from a natural death, and forced to undergo an indecent shuffling off of her mortal coil? What of her? I ask ye prating Spiritualists: to be worse than lynched—murdered immorally and indecently by the sensuality of man. What is her first thought, on finding herself in another world? Will she ever be happy in the spheres—an innocent victim to earthly lust? Will she not feel the wrong, the great misery of having been immorally sent out of life, her body polluted by the assaulter?

Most of my correspondents assume that outraged and murdered women, upon entering another world, become imbeciles; or they infer it when they assume that the souls of outraged women feel no poignant anguish at being put out of existence, but are immediately turned into angels of forgiveness and go down into the hell of the rapist, lift him out, put

WINGS UPON HIS BACK,

and turn him into the heavenly courts of a new-made man-angel. Bah! Stuff! The sentimental rubbish given out by some Spiritualists is hard to swallow. And it is extremely pernicious in time to teach the assaulter that he can rape with impunity, since his very victim will be the means of his salvation and lift him from out the depths. And I wish those Spiritualists who have arrogated me would be more consistent. If the assaulter is uplifted from his hell, how can he return to earth and obsess others, as they declare?

The Spirit-world is full of outraged women, who walk the spheres crying out against the wrong that has been done them. It is full of weary-souled courtesans, whom earth's men have robbed of their birthright and paid to tread the paths of sin. It is full of anguished wives who have borne unwelcome children to men who prized the reproductive privilege and body of woman so little that they

TORTURED IT OUT OF EXISTENCE, and allowed the weary woman to escape their clutches only through the gate of death. It is full of babes in embryo who were aborted out of life; who were offered up as sacrifices to masculine lust and vice, and who are crying out to-day against the wrong. All these unhappy souls, I say, are sending forth a protest and impressing earth's people in their behalf. And they are impressing me. I am a psychic, and even now, as I write, I feel almost overwhelmed. But I will not give place to those back of me at this time. I shall not allow them to use my pen and do my work for me. They are working strenuously on their side of existence, and I will do my work myself on this side, even if alone and unaided. I have taken this stand on this question, and I maintain it, viz.: That the keynote and cure for rape and lynching is to make a stand against the tide of immorality now inundating our earth; to make mankind moral and decent as father to the race and as the other half of it. It is purity against foulness. It is life against death. It is

EVA A. CASSELL AGAINST THE WHOLE WORLD.

the world of sensuality and vice, which robs posterity of a noble manhood. And again I say that lynchings and the newspaper notoriety thereof have not half the baleful effect on the fiendish propensities of the race, as has this vast sensual psychology wave emanating from the hideous vices men practice in the realm of sex.

Every persuasive influence man sends out to women; every house of prostitution he enters; every adulterous thought he sends forth into the world; every dollar he pays for gratifying his lust, helps to make these fiends who outrage women. It helps to increase sensuality and maintain it here in our midst. Every man who frequents the brothel and is thus a maniac in his realm of sex, and pays for the privilege of abusing it—may be father to the assaulter.

Most of my masculine opponents affect to believe that woman, as mother of the race, is the one responsible for the birth of rapists, but the prostitution that men have carried into wedlock may be one cause. Mr. Flower, editor of the Arena, speaks plainly in that periodical of the ignoble manner in which a husband frequently offers inducement to a wife to prostitute herself to his desires; whatever married man enters his home at night and induces or per-

suades a wife in whose organism the mystery of maternity is being performed, to leave the sweet atmosphere she has indulged in during the day over her approaching confinement; whatever husband, I say, entices such a wife to give over the temple of her body to his will, and

CARRIES HER DOWN,

down into a moment's carnival of base sensuality—is responsible for the brutes who walk our earth to-day. The organism of the female beast, even, is held sacred by the male during her maternity. Reproductive woman to-day—with all the heavy burden she bears in the shape of immoral and improper conditions given her by man for propagating the human race: I say that instead of many such fiends walking the earth, it is a wonder that more than two-thirds of the race are not maniacs in their realm of sex.

For ages and ages woman has been the prey of man. For ages and ages has he connived at her ruin and sought her as a victim to his lust. It is time that there was some change in a matter of so stupendous importance to the race. The present era should bring forth that change. Civilization has advanced and we are more enlightened, and still—men offer gold to women to prostitute themselves, and have made of the sacred privilege of sex a thing so low and vile that it may not be mentioned aloud. To-day

IT IS STILL A BLOT OF DISGRACE on our much-mooted modern civilization, that the holy maternal organism of woman is trafficked in, bought and sold by lustful men. How long do you suppose that women would be so? Not long; they would be obliged to go to work and labor honestly for a livelihood. As long as men offer gold there will be outcasts.

KEYNOTE TO REFORM!

Men must lay aside vice and cultivate economy and decency in their realm of sex, and cease disseminating a psychic sensual aura which goes forth over the world to psychologize and help along the assaulter in his base proclivities. All this degrading effluvia engulfs the earth, and our sons, under its influence, commit, under the guise of "sowing wild oats," evil deeds, and revel in vice and a spurious fatherhood to the race.

We have heard long enough of woman being the scapegoat for the world's sins. Let us now

CALL MAN TO ACCOUNT

for his share in earth's misery to-day and compel him to stare the fact in the face. I will close this peroration now and turn my attention to the various "bouquets" flung me by my opponents, whom I thank, one and all, for their contributions, for they were very interesting to read, especially that of P. C. Mills, who says: "See those mothers climbing fences, stone heaps, or anything else, so that they can get a better view than the crowd of mothers before them would allow, who had massed themselves together to get near the crackling flames as they roasted the flesh from the bones, to hear the agonizing groans and to get a scent of the burning flesh of the suffering victim." Phew!! Brother Mills has evidently got a little nervous, bordering on the hysterical, and I would advise him not to rush into print until he grows calm or his inflamed imagination gets sober.

Abel Newberry, who says "her mind is warped and she cannot comprehend nobler and higher endeavor than her own to reach after the cause and effect a cure"—thanks, awfully, my brother! And E. B. Kent, who says "It is selfish for a person of a spiritual understanding (meaning me) to be in favor of crowding the Spirit-world with low and degraded souls." What kind of souls has his sex been crowding it with?

Hiram Rix, Jr., says of me: "I sorrow that any one who is supposed to understand the harmonical philosophy could advocate barbaric methods for the suppression of crime." And Mr. Moffett, who says I have no spirituality at all. P. C. Mills, again, who asks me to go to the Spirit-world for advice and counsel. But as he and his brethren seem to have a cinch on the Spirit-world, and all the spirituality there is in the world, there is evidently no chance for me. While I am grateful for their solicitude, yet I cannot help thinking that if these gentlemen would turn their attention to the "barbarous methods" used by their sex in crowding the Spirit-world and propagating the ravisher, some help might be had.

And as the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER evidently consider me beyond redemption, and a fitting object for compassion, I can only hope that they will be kind enough to pray for me, as the Eudeavorers are doing the same for Bob Ingersoll, and perhaps I may be turned from my evil way of thinking, and conclude that the better way would be to jail the rapist, feed him highly, and let the sentiment of my opponents finally pardon him out of jail (as many a criminal escapes thus, in the end), to repeat his offense.

EVA A. CASSELL.

YOU can do a grand work by getting up a club of yearly or six months subscribers, each one getting free, in paper cover, the first volume of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. Every Spiritualist should read that work.

"The Bridge Between Two Worlds," by Abby A. Hudson. This book is dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by harmonizing their physical bodies and their psychical bodies with universal nature, and their souls with the higher intelligences, to come into closer connection with the purer realms of the Spirit-world. It is written in the sweet spiritual tone that characterizes all of Miss Hudson's literary works. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents.

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A MOSLEM SPEAKS.

He Gives the "Other Side."

It may not be generally known to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that there is a paper published in New York entitled "The Moslem World," which defends Mohammedanism. Wishing to get the other side of the story of Turkish wrongs in Armenia, we wrote the editor, M'd Alexander Russell Webb, Ulster Park, New York, for a copy. He not only favored us with several back numbers, and some pamphlets favoring his religious views, but also wrote the following letter, which, though not designed for the public eye, we are sure our readers will be glad to see. As intimated in a short article elsewhere, there are always two sides to a story. The press dispatches furnish one side of that story daily, the other side being suppressed by the faithful guardians of political and Christian news.

MY DEAR SIR:—It is gratifying to know that you have a glimpse of the truth regarding the lamentable condition of affairs in Turkey. The missionaries and the American Board of Foreign Missions are playing a very despicable game, and they have a vigorous and unprincipled ally in the Armenians themselves.

The trouble was inaugurated by the Armenian Revolutionary Committees of New York and London, and they are working upon Christian prejudice, intolerance and fanaticism to carry out a political plot. Taken in its entirety, it is the most cowardly and disgraceful act of treachery and dishonesty to which Christians have loaned their support during the century. Many of them—the majority, in fact—really believe the false cablegrams manufactured and manipulated by the political agents of the Armenians in Europe, that appear in the newspapers, and I think they fully believe the Armenians have been oppressed and massacred because they pose as Christians. But I am satisfied the missionaries in Turkey know this is absolutely false, and that this knowledge is possessed more or less by the American Board of Foreign Missions. It is a fact, capable of complete proof, that the question of religion does not enter into the subject at all.

No government in the world more fully respects the religious views of its subjects, nor more carefully protects them in the exercise of their religion, than does the Turkish. It has allowed a horde of ignorant, bigoted and unprincipled Christian missionaries to overrun its territory and incite sedition and treason, and has not only protected them thoroughly, but has given the ungrateful scamps privileges they would never dare to ask for of their own government.

But I will stop here, as I am apt to lose my patience when writing of this outrageous wrong. Yours fraternally, M'D ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB, Ulster Park, New York, Jan. 2, 1896.

Every Family Should Have It.

The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World should be in every house. It may be the means of saving one whom you dearly love from premature interment. Physicians as well as Spiritualists will find it a storehouse of valuable thought. Vol. 1, in paper cover, is sent forth, postpaid, to all who desire, on conditions mentioned elsewhere. 10,000 copies are to be given away.

"The Occult Forces of Sex." By Lois Waisbrooker. Three pamphlets are embodied in this volume, in which questions of great importance to the race are discussed from the standpoint of an advanced social reformer. Price 50c.

"Old Testament Stories Comically Illustrated." Church people are cautioned not to open this book, as its comical pictures, based on Bible texts, tend to induce uncontrollable levity. It is a book for the freethinker who wishes to rest from busy cares, and drive away ennui. Price, in strong board covers, \$1; cloth \$1.50. For sale at this office.

"Voltaire's Romances," translated from the French. With numerous illustrations. These lighter works of the brilliant Frenchman, and invincible enemy of the Catholic Church, are worthy of wide reading. Wit, philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records." Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily commended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualist or Christian can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Joselyn Gage. A royal volume

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The right side features a dark, textured binding edge, while the left side is a lighter, speckled page area. Faint, illegible markings are visible along the right edge, and a small, dark, irregular mark is present near the bottom center of the page.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Readings Given by Mrs. St. Omer, at Cincinnati, O.

To THE EDITOR:—For years I have been an investigator in the grand philosophy of Spiritualism; also a reader of your grand paper, and as the old year is past, and we have now entered on the new, so, in my investigations in the grand philosophy, I have recently attended the Progressive Society, where Marguerite St. Omer is preaching the glad tidings, bringing peace to the troubled souls, and leading those in ignorance up and into the bright light, so radiant with the truth. Her eloquence comes from her simplicity and expression of her soul force. You have not to get a dictionary to understand her. She reaches the hearts of her hearers, so that they feel the warmth of her soul, and exclaim, "It was good for us to be here." She is drawing the largest audiences of any speaker we ever had. Never in my investigations have I seen any that could give a psychometric reading equal to her. She gives from ten to twenty after each lecture. A sample of them I send you with this letter, which may be of interest to your readers. They were taken by shorthand, and if you see fit, and can find space, I should be pleased to send you other reports.

JOHN MAX.

PSYCHOMETRIC.

I have now in my hand a lady's watch. You have been several times disappointed, and slightly provoked. This watch brings me a magnetism full of sorrow and grief. I find that you have been quite patient in your sorrows and your troubles. I don't wonder that you are getting tired, for you have had troubles that were not pleasant to bear. You are one that is capable of doing a great deal for yourself, and you have tried to do it, and if it had not been for the sorrow of your life, and the passing away of a loved one, you would feel a great deal better; but this grief I know will not last always. You begin now to see a little light beyond, and you have some plans and arrangements made, which, although you have been very careful in making, will not be completed. There is a disappointment in store for you, and you will remain in your present surroundings longer than you intend to. I can see kind friends around you. I don't advise you to give up to care, as you have been doing. I advise you to look on the bright side of things, and it will not be long now before you will have a new opening; and while I cannot see prosperity, as far as finance is concerned, I can assure you that you will make a very pleasant change. There is another sorrow for you: One will pass away, and there is nothing that can stay this hand. Once more you will have to feel the bitter pangs, but you will be better able to bear them now, and beyond that I do not find any sorrows for a good many years to come. I would be pleased to read a brighter observation, but I must tell you just what I see for you.

[On being asked if she was satisfied, she answered in the affirmative.] I have now a gentleman's knife. This knife brings me a magnetism of a hard worker, one who commenced early in life, almost on the verge of boyhood. The world looked bright, and the prospects were fair. You could not see the clouds before you. You had a brave heart, and pushed for all you was worth to get yourself in a position to make a mark in the world. You were very young when the first cloud came to you; that was the first sorrow in your home—once crossed the river. Later on in years you chose for yourself a companion. You chose contrary to the wishes or the anticipation of your friends. They rather thought it would be a different one, but nevertheless you made your choice, and you have never had occasion to regret it, and when things were not as bright as they should have been she was indeed a helpmate to you. The fear comes now of a separation in your life. I cannot see it. I do not find your body in a condition that I would like to find it, but I do not see that you are in a dangerous condition. I do not think so. You will have many years yet to take care of yourself. There is not a selfish thread in your body. You are doing all the good that you can. Financially you are well placed, and there is more still to come. You have nothing to fear, and you can take life easy.

[Satisfied.] I have now some papers to read. These papers are of a business nature. There is a great deal around you that is not pleasant, but there is a bright financial change in the way of business in store for you in the very near future. But while business looks so bright, I see a cloud is about to break into your home; a sister will cross the river. I know it seems sad, but there is no trouble in that land. All tears are wiped away, and although your heart will be sad, there will always be a living presence in your home—several of them. You will then have a father, mother and sister, all to watch for you. Your business looks bright, but your heart is empty, and you need not feel like that, even if there has been anxiousness and anxiety about your affairs. Just go on and do your work and all will be well.

[Satisfied.] I now have to read this handkerchief. I feel, when I read this, a magnetism full of sorrow and grief; a living presence has crossed the river, and it is hard for me to try to bring you comfort. You are willing to accept what can come from them, but you do not understand that all of us must go. I feel that I must speak to you. I get the magnetism of a lady

WATKINS.

—THE—

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Send age, name in full, leading symptom and two 2-cent stamps and you will receive by return mail, a correct diagnosis of your case

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DR. C. E. WATKINS,
AYER, - - MASSACHUSETTS.

here, with a broken heart, and I want to say to you to cease; the shedding of tears will not bring them back. I know that it is hard to be separated, but, my sister, you are still here. You have got to work and to toil, and not give up to grief. Sunshine and prosperity will yet warm your heart and bring happiness to your home.

[Satisfied.] I have now a money-bank, and this comes from one who is full of anxiety, and that is all about a man, and you have reason for it. It is hard for me to advise. You have had suspicions, and they are correct, but you must not blame me for telling you just what I see, and I advise you not to wear your heart out trying to reform him. He wants to do what is right, and is anxious to do right, but it is his companions, and I tell you the best thing to do is to change his position; get him into a place where he will associate with good company. His heart to you is true and he has been faithful, but he cannot do anything, as he has temptations on every side. Just change his position, and everything will be all right.

BEAR in mind that the back chapters of the charming story, "Dual Lives," are sent free to all new subscribers. Subscribe for the paper for at least three months, at twenty-five cents.

A STRANGE CASE.

Illustrating the Fact That the Signs of Death Are Not Infallible.

Rev. T. E. Phillips, pastor of the Melanopyan Presbyterian Church, had a novel experience, January 3d, at Hazleton, Pa.—that of preaching the final funeral sermon over the same body. Some fifteen years ago, while residing at Breesport, N. Y., he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a supposed dead man. The obsequies proceeded until the grave was reached, when the coffin was opened for a farewell look by the friends. No sooner was this done than the corpse sat up, the man being in a cataleptic state. He recovered soon after, and declared that he was conscious during all the preparations for burial and the funeral services, but was unable to move. He jokingly remarked to Rev. Phillips that the latter gave him a good send-off. "Yes, better than I will next time," was the reply. To-day the minister was summoned to Breesport, the man having died "in dead earnest" this time. The sensation of talking to mourners over the same coffin for the second time has so terribly impressed Rev. Phillips that he has since been prostrated.

This incident illustrates the fact, as set forth in Vol. II. of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, that hundreds have been buried alive.

EVA A. CASSELL.

A Pen-Picture of the Woman.
To THE EDITOR:—You readers might like a pen-picture of Eva A. Cassell, the lady who has caused the very interesting discussion in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Most people think she must be a large, energetic woman, strong-minded—perhaps wearing bloomers. I saw her for the first time on August last, summer, and was surprised to find her a person so different from what I had imagined. I beheld a small, gentle little lady, with sweet voice and retiring manners; very young, and is now in the thirties—a very different person from what I had supposed. It is hard to believe, gazing upon her placid countenance, that beneath that quiet exterior, masked by the pretty face, that the avenging soul of the reformer stands ready to score the world for its wrongs to posterity. But let something be said to draw her out, and the little lady is transformed into the earnest speaker on reform, and carries conviction to her hearers. This is a pen-picture of the lady whose pen stirs your readers into activity.

Mrs. T. F. Howard.

Boston, Mass.

An Interesting Work.

To THE EDITOR:—I have read and re-read The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, and I must say that it is surely one of the most interesting works on the subject I have ever come in contact with.

C. H. Young.

J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D.

SPECIALIST IN ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Depends not upon any one time-worn system of medicine, but upon the wisdom of the doctor, and upon the success of his remedies.

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Having carefully studied all therapeutic agencies and their curative properties. Impartially he uses those best adapted to each case with unvarying success.

HE TREATS THE FOLLOWING:

Dyspepsia, diarrhoea, dropsy, epilepsy, sciatica, erysipelas, falling sickness, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous system, gravel, gout, headache, heart disease, kidney complaint, female weakness, liver disease, neuralgia, paralysis, bleeding piles, bronchitis, asthma, bladder affection, cancer, catarrh, claps, diphtheria, the various diseases, weakness of men, barrenness, insanity, drunkenness, consumption, in grippe and all chronic diseases. And further, he furnishes

FREE TO ALL PATIENTS

Hygienic and Physiological literature, enabling them when cured, to remain healthy.

CORRECT DIAGNOSIS FREE.

By enclosing name, age, sex, leading symptom and stamp for reply.

REMEMBER TO ADDRESS . . .

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SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.



Jesuit Rule and Ruin in Washington Demonstrated.

A patriotic audience greeted Rev. Scott F. Hershey with applause as he walked to the platform of the Disciples' Tabernacle, Roxbury, at 8 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Mr. Hershey delivered a short address on "Jesuit Rule and Ruin at Washington." Mr. George Pierce sang the patriotic song, "The Little Red School-House," accompanied on the piano by Miss Freeman.

Dr. Hershey said in part: "With me religion and patriotism go together. Next to the love of God I put the love of one's country. In countries where patriotism runs low, religion is also found at a low ebb. Our religion is what it is in the fruitage of our country's institutions and the liberties for which they stand."

"The second half of the century is drawing to a close, with the Roman Catholic Church as a political power constantly growing in strength. Never in the history of this country have there been so many Roman Catholics holding political positions who are Jesuits. My charges to-day are based on facts taken from Roman Catholic sources."

"A female employee of the National Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington told me that she would do more for charity were she not obliged to give so much to the Roman Catholic Church. The nuns of that church, she told me, visited the offices in the bureau to collect what money they could. Most of the clerks contributed, knowing their positions depended upon their submission to this species of blackmail. Hundreds of clerks, however, have lost their places by refusing alms to these Catholic collecting agents. Of twenty-one clerks who had their salaries raised on a certain day, nineteen were Catholics."

"Does not the fact that in every department at least one of the heads is a Catholic mean something? Some of the female clerks holding responsible positions in the various branches of the government were educated for these positions through the Catholic Church, and, though they are not always members of that church, it has gained a hold on them, and they have become mediums of communication between their departments and the Catholic Bureau of Information on F street, Washington."

"Of about 2,500 clerks who had to pass between two nuns after leaving a pay-room, a large majority placed a part of their earnings in one of the outstretched boxes. I have my opinion of the ecclesiastical power which requires the sacrifice of independence and American manhood as the price of a living."

"These conditions are not confined to any one department. In the bill of appropriations of the last Congress is the item: '\$1,000 for repairs on church in Indian Territory.' Your government made this appropriation for a Catholic church among the Indians, and nine Jesuit priests defeated a New England Congressman's bill."

"Is all this a part of the organized plan or not? Prior to the election of the last two United States Senators, nine out of the last eleven elected were Roman Catholics. Let the members of that church are but 1 in 12 of our population. The great acquisitions of property by the Catholic Church in Washington are made possible by their levies on government employees and by money obtained directly or indirectly from the government."

In conclusion, Dr. Hershey gave a short history of his struggles for an



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, 1895, says of Dr. Forster: "Since his coming here he has made himself highly respected and beloved for his benevolent work; his humanitarian ideas and practices, and his straight-forward course of integrity and honor."

Address.

DR. W. M. FORSTER,

1050 Market St.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

education in early life, and closed by saying: "The public school is a citadel of true American citizenship, and must be preserved at all cost."—Boston Daily Standard.

PRAYER.

From a Spiritualistic Point of View.

A dear Christian friend remarked to me not long ago: "There is no religion in Spiritualism—no Christianity. Why," said the dear brother, "they don't even pray. They don't believe in prayer."

There never was a greater mistake, and I cannot conceive how such an idea became prevalent. There is no one that can pray with the effectiveness of a Spiritualist, because Spiritualism teaches us the science of life and death, the science of the two worlds, the science of our souls. And as we understand this we understand the law of prayer, we understand how and when to pray.

Pray, my friends—pray with all your heart, but pray in accordance with the law of nature. If you pray for the rain not to fall upon a leaky roof, when it is raining all about, that is against the law of nature. And if you pray for the hail not to come, and it is within the law that it should, all the prayers in the universe will not avail.

If a dyspeptic prays for health, and all the time keeps taking injurious food into the stomach, that, also, is against the law of nature; but if he prays for knowledge, for wisdom, that he may discriminate between the beneficial and non-beneficial, that prayer is effective; for, so sure as we pray with an earnest heart, pertinently and persistently, so surely will we draw the object of that prayer towards us. To pray for a thing constantly, if it be within the law of nature, is to get it. Why? Because constant asking will send forth thought-waves that will reach and draw to you friends and helpers from the beautiful unseen world beyond. But prayer does not necessarily mean good; prayer for the culmination of an evil deed will be answered just as quickly as for a good act. So the most of us have need to pray, first for light, for wisdom, for judgment, for strength of mind to discern the good from the evil; we may know what to pray for, so that the thing brought by this persistent will-power prove not a curse instead of a blessing. But prayer for one thing to-day, another to-morrow, availeth naught.

It is an earnest, persistent, ever-present thought; the thought ever uppermost in the mind, every day, every hour. Thoughts, wishes, desires, are all prayers. So be careful how you think; pick and cull the weeds from among your thoughts as you pick the weeds from out your garden. What we think is as all-important as what we say; for we can never say what we do not think.

But do I hear some one say: "I often speak before I think." Let me tell you, those spoken words are but the seed-herb of thoughts or thought before; those spoken words are but the scattering of the seed from some weed thought; if the weed had not been allowed to grow, you would never have spoken before you thought. Thought disciplines the mind; mind makes the man.

Oh, sweet prayer; sweet and all-powerful, whether addressed to God, father of all life, or addressed to friends that are in the light.

MRS. E. M. SHROAT.

"The Watska Wonder." To the student of psychic phenomena, this pamphlet is intensely interesting. It gives detailed accounts of two cases of "double consciousness," namely Mary Lurancy Vennum of Watska, Ill., and Mary Reynolds of Venango county, Pa. For sale at this office. Price 15c.

"Atlantis: The Antediluvian World." By Ignatius Donnelly. Sum up all information relative to the lost continent of Atlantis. He regards the description of it given by Plato as veritable history. It is intensely interesting. Price 82c.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

An abridged edition of "Antiquity Unveiled" gives in condensed form the more important statements and references. It is in stiff board covers, and the price is 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"From Soul to Soul." By Emma Rood Tuttle. Lovers of poetry will find gems of thought in poetic diction in this handsome volume, where with to sweeten hours of leisure and enjoyment. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

BIOCHEMISTRY, PSYCHOMETRY, MENTAL SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, THE NOTED BIO-CHEMIST, PHYSICIAN, FURNISHES THE WONDERFUL CELL-SALT FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES FOR FIVE DOLLARS PER MONTH. No special diet, no need for ordering the remedies, as Dr. Carey can diagnose by chemical analysis, and furnish the proper medicine. Dr. Carey is the author of the wonderful book—

The Bio-Chemic System of Medicine.

44 Pages. Price, 25c by mail.

Dr. Carey's pamphlet—Biochemistry, Mental Science or the Philosophy of Spiritual Healing, and its Relation to the Brotherhood of Man, is meeting with large sales. Price 25c.

When writing for information send three 2-cent stamps. All diseases of women treated successfully. Address.

DR. GEO. W. CAREY,

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SPECIAL READING NOTICES.

Wonderful are the cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet it is only because Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier, makes pure, rich, healthy blood. Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily, yet promptly and efficiently.

Schlatter and Dr. Peebles.

While Schlatter, the wonderful healer, was making his way from Denver, southward to Arizona, Dr. Peebles was telegraphed to hurry northward across the continent to see a patient. Hence the Banner of Light, Boston, December 7th, says: "I write and true that 'blood tells,' it is infinitely more true that education, pathological study, long experience and psychic gifts also tell in healing the sick."

"We have just been shown the telegrams that announced Dr. J. M. Peebles across the continent, and to the suffering invalid, Mr. Joseph Loeb, Pittsburgh, Pa. The gifted doctor was recently in our office, looking as hale and healthy as he did nearly forty years ago, when beginning to write for the Banner of Light. He left his medical office for two or three weeks in care of his three assistants, and Dr. Green, whom he considers the best clairvoyant and slate-writing psychic that he has ever met, San Diego, Cal., is, by the 'Southern Pacific flyer,' but two days, eighteen hours and forty minutes from Chicago."

"The Doctor spent a night in Chicago, the guest of Mr. Francis, of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, whom he has personally known for fifty years. He left for Philadelphia and Hammon, returning direct to California, stopping over a day in Michigan, where he formerly lived. The editor of the Battle Creek Daily Journal said:

"Dr. J. M. Peebles, ex-Consul at Trebizond, Asia Minor, near the seat of the present Armenian troubles, a former well-known and highly-esteemed resident of this city, now residing at San Diego, Cal., is in the city on a day's visit to his sister, Mrs. C. C. Beach. He receives a cordial greeting from his many old acquaintances."

"The Doctor, owing to his literary and medical standing, his authorship, his experiences in a starburst and its firmaries, and almost miraculous success in healing, has a very extensive practice. He deals candidly and honestly with his patients, sympathizing with and removing their suffering. He treats only such cases as he is certain of curing and where the lesion is paralytic, or nervous exhaustion, he frequently cures instantaneously. He uses only the choicest drugs, formulating, compounding and vitalizing his own medicines; and every letter sent to a patient receives the touch of his magnetic hand."

"The Doctor handed us a long list of testimonials, from which we select the following:

"I can't express myself in writing how thankful I am to you for what you have done for me. I haven't felt so well in twenty years. W. H. LEAVITT, 'Bradford, Vt.'"

"I am sorry I did not have my picture taken before I commenced your treatment. My face was thin then, but it is plump and pleasant-looking now. 'DAVID J. BEVAN, 'New Castle, Pa.'"

"Am very much better than I have been for five years, so much so that all my friends, and some strangers, remark the sudden change, and express surprise. 'E. P. SINE, 'Lexington, Ore.'"

"Never can I pay you, Dr. Peebles, and your psychic doctors, for what has just been done for me. I had been in bed most of the time for four years with female weakness, spine and kidney troubles, and I had about abandoned all hope. And yet, in just eight days after taking your medicine, I walked across the floor without help! The magnetism or something else shook the bed and shook my limbs by the hour! Oh, it seems like a miracle! It is not yet a month, and I am doing my work in the kitchen. God bless you, doctor! My husband now says I may spend a while in California, for a change, so I start next week for Phoenix, Arizona, and then to Ramona, Cal., to stop with my sister. SARAH A. BERRY, 'Lasselle Bayou, Louisiana.'"

"That old-time and highly-esteemed medium, of Bay City, Mich., Mrs. Sarah J. Pennoyer, writes: 'I want you to know, doctor, that your treatment is helping me rapidly; mentally, spiritually every way. I feel as though I owed you a hundred dollars for what you have done for me.'"

"Such testimonials are telling because verifiable; because of the doctor's standing as a physician of integrity, and because showing what astonishing cures can be wrought by an educated physician endowed with the wonderful gift of healing. The doctor is near-seventy-five. Upon whom will his mantle fall? Dr. Peebles, during his brief visit in our city, found time for an editorial call during which he showed that the years that have accumulated have failed to bend his cheerful spirit as well as his sturdy frame. He was sunny and hearty as ever. He is a man of immense vitality and tireless energy. In addition to his trans-continental tour, etc., he is now busy writing two books, besides attending to a very large medical practice. His brief trip included, beside time of traveling, one day in Chicago, one in Philadelphia and one in Boston. His Health Home in San Diego, he informed us, was filled (as also the adjoining cottage—with the exception of one room). He was very enthusiastic over the beautiful climate of Southern California."

"He expressed himself as very anxious to meet his old friends, A. E. Giles, A. J. Davis, John Wetherbee, Dr. Shorer, Dr. Richardson, B. O. Flower and many others, as well as several patients who were in the city. He is now busy writing two books, besides attending to a very large medical practice. His brief trip included, beside time of traveling, one day in Chicago, one in Philadelphia and one in Boston. His Health Home in San Diego, he informed us, was filled (as also the adjoining cottage—with the exception of one room). He was very enthusiastic over the beautiful climate of Southern California."

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ASTROPATHY.

THE ART OF HEALING UNDER PLANETARY LAW.



Something new and startling. From a higher source and its fully explained in the "ASTROPATHY GUIDE," which can be sent FREE to any address upon receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage.

Astrological students, physicians, clairvoyants, Nurses, Everybody must have the "GUIDE."

L. SHAPER, Chemist, 61 Calhoun Ave., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Showing the Great Good Dr. E. C. Watkins is Doing.

E. C. WATKINS, M. D.—My Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for your third month's treatment. I am so far recovered that I shall need no more medicine, I think; but if so will advise with you. I desire to express my sincere thanks to you, and through you to that Divine Power on which you rely for guidance in your professional work. At the present day, compared with the many who, under the law, can append M. D. to their signature, are willing to acknowledge openly divine aid, and when one comes to the front, unless it be like the late Dr. Henry G. Clarke, who was called home some years since, he is thought to be a pretender, or, in common parlance, a quack, and I regret to say it. The profession, as a class, encourage the saying; but when one who has never seen a patient can diagnose his case, as you did mine, and send the needed relief, I need no better proof of his calling as a healer and that the Divine Power is with and within him. Again, Dear Doctor, accept my sincere thanks, and hope you may long survive to benefit your fellow-men.

JOHN B. PARKER.

19 High St., Everett, Dec. 23, 1895.

Special Notice.

Dr. J. R. CRAIG, 1528 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.—Dear Sir: Enclosed find order for another month's treatment for myself and wife. I do not know whether I need any more or not, but I will take another month, and, Doctor, I am proud to say that I feel better since I have taken your treatment than I have for twenty years; and my wife has improved wonderfully, and we are much pleased with your treatment and psychic power, and hope you may live long and do much good for suffering humanity. I have recommended you to many of my friends, and think they will send to you for treatment.

Office of J. E. GRANDSTAFF,

Milton, Tenn.

A Good Offer.

Dr. J. R. CRAIG, 1528 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.—Dear Sir: Enclosed find order for another month's treatment for myself and wife. I do not know whether I need any more or not, but I will take another month, and, Doctor, I am proud to say that I feel better since I have taken your treatment than I have for twenty years; and my wife has improved wonderfully, and we are much pleased with your treatment and psychic power, and hope you may live long and do much good for suffering humanity. I have recommended you to many of my friends, and think they will send to you for treatment.

Free to Spiritualists.

I will mail one week's trial treatment of the famous Australian Electro Pill Remedy free to all readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, or seven weeks' treatment for only \$1.00; for catarrh, kidney, liver and stomach and general complaints. Special terms to agents. Address with stamp, Dr. E. J. WORSY, Ashland, Ohio.

Mothers will find "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" the best to use for children while teething