

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

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HINDOO TEACHERS.

They Will Try to Capture the United States.

H. DHARMAPALA.

This Hindoo's Treatise Upon the Mysteries of Life.

Finds Much to Condemn in Western Religions and Civilizations.

SCARCELY A SUGGESTION AS TO IMPROVEMENT, BUT MUCH SAID OF NEGATION—PHYSICAL TRAINING THE MEANS BY WHICH THE SPIRITUAL IS DEVELOPED.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Chicago Chronicle, ever to the front, has already informed its readers that the Buddhist priest, H. Dharmapala, who is visiting Chicago, has just published a distinguished Hindoo at the congress of religions can fail to remember his intellectual face, his clear-cut features and that spotless robe, which maintained its purity in spite of Chicago soot and Chicago mud.

Mr. Dharmapala will find that America has no less interest in Oriental thought than when he was here three years ago. In most of the large cities there are well-organized societies for the study of Eastern wisdom, and Chicago, not to be outdone, has several prosperous organizations. Together with the announcement of Dharmapala's coming is the appearance of a new book in English by Swami Vivekananda, that other Hindoo monk conspicuous in the parliament of religions—he of the yellow turban, who fascinated the ladies and held them spellbound as he talked of Samadhi and the formless absolute, the absorption into the infinite and all that.

The ladies did not always catch the meaning of Vivekananda's superlatively beautiful thought, but they thronged to his lectures and hung about the platform long after the lecture was over. If it was their privilege to meet him in the social parlor they fairly doted on his words and expressed their admiration in every possible way, until the poor monk, unused to feminine ways, closed his eyes and turned away.

A MYSTIC DOCTRINE.

Vivekananda's admirers could repeat little that he said. Exclamations of rapture took the place of exact statements. Clapped hands and gentle sighs indicated an unutterable something, an attempt to express what was beyond expression—beyond their expression, at least. And so those who learned of Vivekananda and his wonderful thought only as second-hand, but not that the hand more than a confusion of oils and abs, and a rush of feeling intended to suggest the ineffable. A few of the more sober-minded sometimes questioned what would be the worth of Vivekananda's lectures apart from his fascinating personality—a question not easily answered. But now that the hand more than a confusion of oils and abs, and a rush of feeling intended to suggest the ineffable. A few of the more sober-minded sometimes questioned what would be the worth of Vivekananda's lectures apart from his fascinating personality—a question not easily answered.

Vivekananda belongs to the most ancient order of monks in the world, and his religion is based on the vedas. By the vedas no inspired man is meant, but rather the accumulated treasury of spiritual laws. These laws have been discovered at different times by different persons. As the law of gravitation existed long before Newton's discovery, so, according to the Hindoos, the moral and spiritual relation between soul and souls, and the Father, would exist before and after the discovery. It is true that if not all of the great teachers of religion the world has ever had claim that they received their knowledge of spiritual truth from beyond—either from God, from the angels, from a vision, or from a higher source of some kind. Vivekananda, or rather the gospel which he preaches, maintains that the mind itself is the source of this knowledge, that it has a superconscious state in which it discovers spiritual truth.

Sometimes the mind stumbles into this state, and then strange hallucinations are mixed with the highest truth. This is the reason why Mohammed, along with most wonderful truths, combined cruel errors. So, too, of other seers, diviners and prophets.

Yet, for all that, according to our Hindoo monk, every answer to questions pertaining to God, freedom and immortality must come from this superconscious state, this condition that is above the plane of reason. But our ethical theories, all our moral attitudes, all that is good and great in human nature, has been molded upon answers that have come from this higher plane.

"The utilitarian theory of the greatest happiness to the greatest number is not the basis of morality," says Vivekananda. "Why should I not produce the greatest unhappiness to the greatest number if that serves my purpose? Where is the necessity? The power of my being myself? Why should I be? Why not be a brute if that is my pleasure?" The answer is that a higher life, a higher form of happiness, has been revealed, and man cannot find satisfaction in the lower, knowing there is a higher.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

How to reach this higher state is the question. For Vivekananda holds that this is the real object of life. Mohammed and such as he stumbled upon it by chance, but that was a misfortune and evil results followed. The superconscious state must be reached in a scientific manner, not in any hit or miss way. The experimental method is advocated as urgently by Vivekananda as it is by the leading scientists of today.

The kind of experience may vary, but the method is the same.

Vivekananda says the prophets were not unique. They were the same as you or I, and the superconsciousness they gained can only be gained by all—in truth, must be gained eventually by all from the lowest animal to the highest angelic being.

The first steps to be taken to reach this exalted condition are in a moral direction. This morality is chiefly of a negative character—non-killing, non-stealing, non-receiving gifts, truthfulness, continence, cleanliness, contentment and self-surrender to God. Most of these are virtues familiar to all, but why the non-acceptance of gifts? Gifts are usually evidences of affection, bonds that unite heart to heart. What objection can there be to them? True, the trojans were once warned against the Greeks and those bearing gifts, but that was an exceptional case.

The explanation given by the monk is that when a man receives a gift his heart becomes impure, he becomes low, he loses his independence and becomes bound. "Even when one is suffering terribly he should not receive a present," says Vivekananda. The contrast to what Vivekananda said while in Chicago, for he certainly advocated charity then. Many will remember the scolding he gave his audience one day in the Art Institute for sending tracts and missionaries to India instead of supplying the poor natives with bread and the necessities of life.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

After these negative virtues comes posture, a series of exercises, physical and mental, is to be gone through every day until certain higher states are reached. The idea is not primarily to make the body strong, though that is desired as a means to an end. The main object is psychological. The posture to be assumed is that which leaves the individual free to talk, and may vary with different individuals, but "let the whole weight of the body be supported by the ribs," says the teacher, "and then you have an easy natural posture, with the spine straight. You cannot think high thoughts with the chest in. The three parts of the body must always be held straight, the chest, the neck and the head on one line."

In order to have command of the nervous system rhythmic breathing is advocated. The explanation given is the nerve center that controls the respiratory organs has a sort of controlling influence on the other nerves. Rhythmic breathing has the tendency to move the nervous system in the same direction. "When mind changes to will the currents change into a motion similar to electricity. When all the motions of the body have become perfectly rhythmic the body has, as it were, become a gigantic battery of will."

Vivekananda gives special directions for this rhythmic breathing, and he says the effect of the practice is such that in a few months the face will change, harsh lines will disappear and a calmness will come over the countenance. The voice will be refined and beautiful.

This calmness and gentleness is not to be mistaken for stupidity and dullness. It is the repose of strength based on perfect self-command. "Activity," says the Hindoo monk, "is the manifestation of the lower strength, calmness of the superior strength. It is the greatest manifestation of power to be calm." This self-command, this control of feeling, this control of the voluntary. The author condemns faith-healing and the work of hypnotists because it is the work of another and not of the individual, and the result is not the same. The faith-healers teach people to deny their misdeeds and pain not by controlling the brain centers by the power of individual will, but by stunning the patient's mind for a time by sudden blows, as it were, given by another. So, too, the hypnotist, by his suggestion, excites in the patient a morbid state. Vivekananda goes so far as to say that it is healthier for the individual or the race to remain wicked than to be made apparently good by such morbid extraneous control.

Doubtless the faith healer would put in a protest here and affirm that if a man were down, physically or mentally, it is the part of his fellowman to lend a hand and give the man a lift, help him to help himself.

VALUE OF CONCENTRATION.

Having obtained control over the mind so that it is no longer continually diverted and distracted, the next step is concentration, or giving the mind to a single object. This is said to develop a wonderful sense of perception. If the mind is concentrated on the tip of the nose, after a few days one begins to smell wonderful perfumes. If it is concentrated at the root of the tongue one begins to hear sounds, on the tip of the tongue to taste wonderful flavors. If one concentrates his mind on the palate he begins to see peculiar things. "If any man doubt this," says Vivekananda, "let him faithfully try the experiment and he will have proof."

The great value of concentration is that it enables the mind to hold to one subject and leads to the next higher step—meditation. The mind now dwells upon subjects more refined and more abstract. All argumentation is to be given up as mere intellectual jargon. All outward influences are to be shut out. The mind is simply to develop the truth that is within, and by persistently holding to this final stage of superconsciousness is reached where pure truth is unveiled.

self and flies off at various tangents.

One would have supposed that the severe mental discipline he professes to have exercised would have led to clear thinking and accurate expression; that the concentration which he urges would have led him to keep close to his subject without a single diversion.

It is not so. To get at the author's meaning one must keep turning the pages of his book backward and forward, finding a bit of revelation here, a glimpse of light there. With all the difficulty the case would not be so bad if it were not for certain contradictions. After giving various instructions for the care of the body and its use as a fine instrument of the mind, Vivekananda begins to speak of the body as an unreal dream. This, too, when he has already declared that the soul must go through various incarnations before it can free itself from the desires that are peculiar to the body.

"This idea of a body is a simple superstition. It is a superstition that makes us happy or unhappy. It is superstition caused by ignorance that makes us feel heat and cold, pain and pleasure. It is our business to rise above this superstition."

AN APOSTLE OF NEGATION.

Vivekananda speaks of love and friendship, and yet he scorns the idea of love and friendship as known to the western mind. Negation, continual negation, the giving up of everything, is the command. "As long as we require some one else to make us happy we are slaves. Isolation, that is the goal. When that is attained the soul will find that it was alone all the time, and it required no one to make it happy."

The love which Christianity offers as its very essence, the brotherhood and human sympathy which makes life worth living and eternally desirable seem to have no part in this philosophy. We find this expounder of Brahmanism saying: "When the soul realizes that it depends upon nothing in the universe, man goes to the lowest atom, that is perfection."

No wonder that this abstract philosophy, which ignores the best things of this world, repelled a large part of its followers, and that the more practical Buddhism took its place. The wonder is that so many still retain their hold on the ancient faith. Its aristocracy, its exclusiveness, its appeal to the intellectual class alone, doubtless had much to do with the permanent hold it seems to have on the highest caste of the Hindoos, but one cannot help thinking that a religion less individualistic, more human, might have made India less hungry and more self-reliant.

There is another point on which Vivekananda dwells that is widely foreign to western thought, and that is the original condition of the soul and its final return to the same. The religious belief of the Brahman is that human beings are but temporary manifestations of a formless absolute and that the soul is going forward only to return to the same condition—western theory, on the contrary, is that man's destiny is to go on always improving, always advancing throughout eternity. This, the Hindoo says, is absurd, for there is no such thing as continuous motion in a straight line. A straight line infinitely projected is a circle or a return into itself. He holds that nature works on the same plan. All evolution leads to dissolution. All dissolution to evolution—a continuous round.

MAN IS DEGENERATE.

He then puts the question which is better, the condition of the soul as it is, or as it would be in its formless state. His answer is, of course, that the going back to God, or the absolute, is the highest condition. The present state of mind is a degeneration. It is full of misery. It is limited in every possible way. It is diabolical and unsteady. It is excusable only on the score that we have to pass through it in order to become regenerate again. The sooner we get out of this state we call man, the better for us.

Does he then advocate suicide? Not at all. That is killing the body. The soul would appear in repeated new bodies until, by its own efforts of purification, concentration, meditation and complete self-surrender, it is fitted for the highest state once more. The difficult part of this is to understand the nature of this highest state. "It is not," says Vivekananda, "as some men fear, that of the zophite or stone. They seem to think there are only two states of existence—one of stone, the other of thought. What right have they to limit existence to two? There is more than something infinitely superior to thought? God does not think, does not reason. Why should he? All is clear to him."

Still, the explanation of the Hindoo monk does not satisfy. The question comes: Why this eternal round from God, through pain and misery back to God? Why not remain in the first absolute condition? No answer can be given. The problem of evil is as mysterious in the east as it is in the west. The book as a whole will disappoint the admirers of Vivekananda. It has not a whit of the orator's eloquence, and it lacks every grace of style. Although no one would demand more clearness than the nature of the subject admits, and granting every consideration to the foreigner, still, the vagueness of expression and the careless repetitions are unpardonable in one of Vivekananda's scholarship.

CAROLINE K. SHERMAN.

The Pope enjoys a yearly income of about 7,500,000 lire, of which he keeps for his own expenses only 1,000,000, but only for his personal expense, not to make presents to rulers of other countries.

WONDERFUL YOGIS.

Marvelous Feats of Hindoo Ascetics with the Aid of "Agasa."

Levitation, Invisibility and Disintegration.

ONE LIFTED THROUGH THE AIR TO THE ROOF OF A TEMPLE AND THEN BECAME INVISIBLE—THE DISINTEGRATION AND REINTEGRATION OF A PEBBLE.

TO THE EDITOR:—"Agasa," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, according to the Hindoo and Arabian ascetics, is another name for life fluid. The marvels that I shall presently describe, accomplished by these yogis in my presence, were accomplished, they claimed, by the aid of the "pitris," or ancestral spirits, and the superabundant superpotential agasa in their trained and macerated systems. Spirits, they insisted, used agasa as a conductor to matter, somewhat as the electric current uses a copper wire as a traveling medium. In proportion to the quantity and potency of agasa in the system, so is the power to work marvels by the aid of spirits. One of the gentlemen, named Bahadur Dost Saude, assured me that initiation

may have played me tricks so far as Mr. Saude's temporary invisibility was concerned, I labored under no such possible disadvantage in connection with his aerial ascension. That I could swear to in a court of law; is that not marvelous enough?

Not less amazing to the layman as well as the magician is another experiment claimed by my yogi friends as "a simple illustration of the power of agasa on natural substances." The experiment was twice performed for my edification, once under circumstances where sleight-of-hand or trickery of some kind was very remotely possible; the second time, if agasa was not at work as they claim, it is impossible to indicate in the remotest degree what was operating.

The scene, as before, was the temple hewn out of the solid rock. Mr. Saude and five of his friends officiated. The Munshee, an old fakir, sat near us, but took no part in the ceremony; is, perhaps, the best word to use, for whatever these gentlemen had a reverential aspect, as if they were exercising strange powers by the benevolent and gracious permission of the highest of all powers.

Before we entered the temple I was asked to pick up a stone and carry it with us—no weighing three or four ounces would do. It was to be placed in my handkerchief and I was to hold the four corners of the handkerchief so as to touch the stone as little as possible. Suffering them to precede me a few steps, I selected an ordinary pebble and fixed it in my handkerchief as requested.



H. DHARMAPALA.

into these wonder-working powers was ad. We entered the temple. The fakir lighted some torches which sufficiently illuminated the section we were in. My handkerchief and the pebble were placed on the hard rock ground. Mr. Saude's friends and myself sat round the handkerchief. Mr. Saude himself laid down about four yards off and turned his back to us. Nowhere about the smooth rock was there a stone, pebble or loose splinter or segment of stone. One of the yogi took out of his pocket a small cake of common red water-color paint and a camel's hair brush. Moistening the brush with his saliva he filled the brush with moist color and handed it to me as he said to me, "I was asked in any way I liked. I illuminated it with a 'B' that covered all the available surface."

While it was drying, the Yogis began murmuring, and placing their feet hands in turn on one spot on the floor just away from the handkerchief. As soon as the marking had dried, I was asked to roll the pebble on this spot they had "charged with agasa," being careful not to touch it with my hands.

The quietest all fixed their eyes on it and at first pointed the dexter finger steadily towards the pebble, ceaselessly murmuring, intoning and singing in unison. This continued some time. Then, in turn, each man seemed to take something invisible out of the atmosphere and shake it over the stone, the others meanwhile continuing to chant. As they proceeded their intensity augmented. Soon the "B" I had marked in red began to fade and at last disappeared altogether.

The pebble, too, seemed smaller. It is impossible to determine how long I watched the pebble, but after a considerable interval of time the yogis ceased dropping and their droning song ceased. The pebble had disappeared.

It had grown small so gradually that its final disappearance I could only credit by passing my hand over the spot where it had lain continuously and without intermission under my eye. I asked for an explanation.

"Sahib," was the answer, "we have disintegrated the pebble by removing agasa from it. We have reduced it to primitive atoms and dispersed it." "Then as a pebble it no longer exists," I asked.

For answer the old fakir plucked me by the sleeve and pointed to Saude Sahib. I rose and went to him. He was seated cross-legged on the rocky floor, one outstretched hand, palm upwards, on his knee, his head sunk on his breast. Apparently he slept. The fakir held a torch near Mr. Saude's hand. I looked and gasped. Laying in his palm was the pebble precisely as I had marked it.

Falseness is susceptible of an infinity of combinations; but truth has only one mode of being.—Rousseau.

I have from the beginning, and I hope I shall to the end, pursue to the utmost of my judgment and abilities one steady line of conduct for the good of the great whole.—Washington.

AN ENVOY OF BUDDHA.

Dharmapala Returns as a Missionary from Ceylon.

Comes to Labor for the Brotherhood of Man Rather than the Interests of Any One Dogma.

WILL ALSO ENDEAVOR TO CORRECT SOME MISCONCEPTIONS IN THE MINDS OF CHRISTIANS—WILL ACCEPT INVITATIONS TO TALK OF HIS FAITH.

TO THE EDITOR:—As set forth by a late article in the Chicago Tribune, H. Dharmapala, a Buddhist missionary, is in Chicago to work in the interest of the brotherhood of man and not for the advancement of any particular dogma. He will accept invitations that may be extended to him to talk on the subject of the elevation of mankind, which is his idea of religion.

Three years ago he appeared as a delegate for the Buddhists of Ceylon at the Parliament of Religions and made a favorable impression on his hearers when he explained the scope of Buddha's teaching. And a most favorable impression the Parliament of Religions and the broad-gauged men and women there made on the follower of Buddha. At the close of the parliament, with an entirely different idea of Christians from that which he had previously entertained, he returned to his native land and began at once to enlighten his fellow Buddhists concerning the typical Christians.

RESULTS OF THE PARLIAMENT.

As a result of his visit to Chicago and the Parliament of Religions, with its many and lasting lessons, the study of the Bible became more common among the high priests of Ceylon, and the study resulted in finding much to praise and nothing to condemn in the teachings of Jesus Christ. His precepts, they maintained, were like Buddha's in that they taught a brotherhood of man, and therein the Buddhist and the Christian would meet on common ground.

In furtherance of the idea and to correct misconceptions in the minds of Christians about the doctrines of Buddha, Missionary Dharmapala was deputed to return to the United States. It was understood that he would avail himself of every opportunity of presenting the claims of the Buddhist faith in its truest light to the Christian world. He delayed his departure from India until after Buddha Gaya, the most sacred spot on earth to the Buddhist, had been turned over to the keeping of the followers of Buddha.

BUDDHA GAYA RECOVERED.

In the spot, some 300 miles from Calcutta, the founder of the faith, several centuries before Christ, "attained to his enlightenment," as his disciples phrase his sanctification. This event marked the beginning of the Buddhist era. On the invasion of the Mohammedans, India ceased to be a Buddhist nation, and for several centuries the Buddha Gaya, or temple, remained in the possession of Mohammedans and Christians, and not until three months ago was it returned to the keeping of the faithful followers of Buddha.

The Buddhists found a remarkable resemblance between Jerusalem and Buddha Gaya. The former was the scene of much of the activity of the founder of the Christian religion, and yet its residents are not now known as Christians, and Buddha Gaya was the place where the founder of the Buddhist faith appeared, and its residents, up to three months ago, were not followers of Buddha.

The transfer of Buddha Gaya to the faithful was effected through the Christians, and has done much to remove the prejudices existing in India on the part of the Hindoos. With the transfer completed, Dharmapala started on his mission of peace and good will, and arrived in Chicago yesterday. His stay here is indefinite. At present he is the guest of Charles Howard, No. 658 Stewart avenue.

Thus it is that the Hindoo is making his impression on this country. Dharmapala represents a country as much superior to this in all the cardinal virtues, as one could well imagine. It is not corrupted by the slums of Europe.

CHICAGO, ILL. MAGAZINE GLEANER.

BABY BOY.

[To Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan.]

HERE.
Baby boy,
Mamma's joy,
Little legs and arms;
Baby boy,
Papa's joy,
Bless your little charms!
Go to sleep,
Mustn't peep,
At the close of day;
Go to sleep,
Little feet
Cannot always play.

THERE.

Thou little babe,
Who undismayed
Approached the gates of death:
Now thou art free,
No more shalt see
The woes of mortal breath.
God loves his own,
Healed thee home
His heaven bright to share;
There thou shalt grow,
Without earth's woe,
A being bright and fair.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

In the pursuit of knowledge, follow it wherever it may be found; like fern, it is the product of all climates, and like coin its circulation is not restricted to any particular class.—Colton.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the band. In literature cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit, genius and sense than by humor.—Coleridge.

THE HINDOO, GANDHI.

He Will Establish a Hindoo Propaganda.

The Indian Philosopher Will Soon Establish Missionary Headquarters in Chicago.

BESIDES TAKING PART IN DEBATES, HE WILL WRITE FOR THE PRESS, AND AS HE PROGRESSES IN HIS CRUSADE, WILL APPOINT ASSISTANTS.

TO THE EDITOR:—A very palpable echo of the World's Congress of Religions, held in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago, arrived on the St. Paul yesterday, in the person of Virchand R. Gandhi. He is en route, with his wife and seven-year-old son, to Chicago, where he will establish missionary headquarters, says the New York Journal of September 27.

Gandhi is one of the most profound of the band of Indian philosophers whose arguments for their religion and code of morals made numerous converts during the progress of the World's Fair among those who organized the Congress of Religions for exactly the opposite purpose. He speaks fifteen languages and translates readily from the Sanskrit. It was Gandhi who visited the monastery at Ladakh, India, and verified the data presented in Nicholas Novotich's "Unknown Life of Christ"—a book which attempts to prove that Christ lived in India during the years of his life which are not accounted for in the Scriptures, and created a sensation.

Before leaving Chicago at the conclusion of the World's Fair, Gandhi had organized large classes in his philosophy. Men and women of brains sought to learn from him the principles of his religion. He explained to them that Christians in America are almost entirely ignorant of the Hindoo faith, while the Hindoo philosophers had fully studied the doctrines of Christianity. He thought it reasonable that he should try and convert the men and women who had brought him and his colleagues all the way from India to tell them of a religion they already knew all about.

There is no doubt about Gandhi's status in India and in Europe, where he is welcomed by the profoundest thinkers. He is not a stranger to New York City. Returning to India three years ago he spent several days here—long enough to completely win the confidence of the members of the Nineteenth Century Club with his arguments denying the value of the Christian missionary movement in India.

He did not enter into the merits of Christianity as a religion, but he declared that it had made its Indian converts a great army of hypocrites, to wit: a great army of people who were gluttony and drunkenness. In India, he said, the natives see the Christian missionaries eat the flesh of animals and birds and drink liquor as part of a religious ceremony—an example that breaks down all the old barriers and makes of converted Hindoos a race of drunkards and gluttons. Gandhi complained that the Christian missionaries in India retain the habits and customs that govern their lives in America and England, and that the mass of heathens who hear them get a false and degraded idea of Christianity.

Gandhi will preach in this country that it is a crime to eat any kind of food obtained by the sacrifice of the life of any living thing. He is here with a determination to make converts. His religion is one full of mystery and fascination. As he progresses in his crusade he will appoint assistants, and hopes to make the religion of the Hindoo as well known on this continent as the Christian religion is in the Orient. He will visit all the large cities, will take part in debates and write for the newspapers.

How much impression Mr. Gandhi's propaganda will make on the religious thought of this western world, is a matter of speculation. There can be no doubt that a liberal infusion of the ideas and spirit of the Oriental religion represented by this well-known philosopher and thinker would be of immense benefit to the orthodox religious element of our time. The liberal and tolerant spirit of the religions of India is widely apart from the spirit of orthodoxy, which is essentially intolerant and hostile toward all religious thought that does not coincide with accepted orthodox tenets. The spirit of orthodoxy is proscriptive and aggressively antagonistic toward all shades of religious belief that do not harmonize with orthodox faith.

Buddhism, on the other hand, is tolerant and permeated with the spirit of kindly liberality toward all shades of religious thought. It does not proscribe, ostracize and persecute, but allows full freedom of thought and belief. Surely the introduction of this element into the veins of Western religious sentiment cannot be other than beneficial to the spiritual life of the religious world.

No doubt, too, there are many Western minds prepared to receive the philosophy of the East, as represented by this missionary, and such will welcome him and give practical aid by personal adherence and sympathy. The contemplative mind may find matter for interesting study and forecast of the religion that will ultimately result from the growth and influence of Buddhist philosophy and Spiritualism, gradually interblending with and modifying orthodox religious faith and sentiment in our Western world. That the evolution will be in a humanizing and ennobling direction cannot be doubted, and hence this movement of the celebrated Indian philosopher will be watched and welcomed by all lovers of a broad, humanitarian, philosophical religion.

X-RAY.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered all the feet of man like flowers.—Wordsworth.

All beings have their laws; the Deity has his laws, the material world has its laws, superior intelligences have their laws, the beasts have their laws, and man his laws.—Montesquieu.

100

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

As Experienced by Mattie E. Hull.

Undoubtedly, the good friends with whom we spent pleasant days at the various camps are settled in their respective homes, and although they enjoyed the meetings, the social visits, and all that enters into camp life, we know they are glad to be at home and to take up their accustomed duties once more. Among the hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists whom I met during the season, enjoying the opportunities afforded at the camps for lectures and seances, how many, I am wondering, will make an effort to impart from the knowledge they have received, light on the great subject of Spiritualism, in their respective communities? How many who were loudest in their praises of the work done at the camps will have the courage of their convictions when interrogated by their orthodox neighbors?

I sometimes think our spirit teachers must be possessed of more patience than we can even count on to be patient with in their effort to lead their earth friends from the shadows into the light, in presenting so faithfully the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism with so little co-operation and apparently appreciation on the part of many of their mundane friends. How easy it is to float with the tide. How little courage is required to avow unpopular truths when surrounded by friends who are in sympathy with the sentiments we would have proclaimed.

It is said that there were forty-two Spiritualist camp-meetings in session during the late camp season. It seems as though there should be more of these camps as an influence that could honey-comb every community with the truths of Spiritualism. Such an immense outlay of time, talent and means should count for much in our glorious cause.

Since the closing of the camp work Mr. Hull and myself have been as busy as at any time during the season. We reached Chicago (direct from Ashley Camp) on the night of September 15, and left that city on the night of the 17th ult., and boarded the C. B. & Q. train for Unionville, Mo. We reached our destination in a big rainstorm, and were told that the storm had been in progress ten days. O, the mud! and what a prospect for sight-seeing on a bicycle! We were met by Mr. Roberts, Esq., a whole-souled Spiritualist, and one who has never felt it necessary to hide his light under a bushel, though prominent in the legal profession. He took us to his beautiful home and in a short time we were made to feel we were not in a strange land, and that night the clouds lifted, and the first rain fell as well attended as one could expect.

We conducted three meetings Sunday. The audiences increased; at night the hall was crowded. Monday night many more were out than could be accommodated in the hall. Some of the readers of this paper may remember that I visited this place about one year ago. The work resulted in good. Soon after a society was formed called "The Truth-Seekers' Society," and regular meetings were held during the year. The heaven that was left as a result of my efforts has been thoroughly working, and our recent visit made me feel as though there were more to be done. (Three meetings were held in which I took part. Mr. Hull's discourses on "Biblical Spiritualism" were eye-openers to the conservative people of Unionville, and many who had commenced investigating along phenomenal lines were surprised to learn that Spiritualism had such good backing in the Bible.)

Tuesday we started for our Iowa appointments. We found we could not reach the place of our next appointment the same day we left Unionville, so we arranged to make a flying visit in the home of Mrs. W. F. McCarrill, one of the oldest and most active Spiritualists in the State. I had the pleasure of being entertained in her home before we took up our residence in the West. During all these years, through good and evil report, she has been a staunch friend. She was identified with the woman's movement as long ago as I commenced my labors in Iowa. How pleasant are such reunions and how they help to smooth the path on the inevitable journey. Mrs. McCarrill had recently returned from the Clinton camp-meeting; she reports a splendid meeting and fine prospects for the future.

Our first appointment in Iowa was in Hayesville. This town was included in our circuit last season, as were other points we visited on our recent trip. The meeting was well attended, and engineered by the Richardson brothers, who are old Spiritualists and progressive in all lines of reform. The meetings were held in a new store building. It was well seated and lighted. The ladies decorated it beautifully, and seldom do we find so nice a place for meetings in a small town as the Hayesville store afforded us. Audiences were large at every session except one afternoon, and we learned that one cause might have been that an admittance fee was to be taken at the door. If such a report was actually circulated, it was undoubtedly to keep people from attending. The meetings were free to the public in every place on our circuit; the money was raised by private subscription.

Our next point was Webster; there we held two meetings, and four in White Pigeon. These towns are only five miles apart. Mr. Gilbert S. Morgan of the former town, and Mr. S. C. Morgan of the latter, co-operated in their efforts in getting up the meetings. The audiences in Webster and White Pigeon were all we could expect. Sunday night the hall in White Pigeon was crowded. Many were compelled to sit upon the platform and some remained standing during the entire service.

Mr. Hull's calculations led us to go good in Iowa like those we recently visited; that is, if the people are tolerant enough to listen. The "Holiness" people are numerous in and around Webster. As far as I can learn, they are among the most bigoted people in Christendom. People in the East often hear it said that "the great liberal West is ready for advanced thought on all lines."

When we are in New England, Iowa is regarded as a portion of "the great West." It is no more ready for radical thought, nor as much so as Puritanical New England. I have seen many in Iowa more of them than in the capital. It is a great State, but some of the most obnoxious laws that were ever passed (some of them city ordinances), were enforced while they were residents of Des Moines. The Sunday laws were more arbitrary than any I have ever known. There is much more toleration in the extreme West than in the East. Freedom of conscience is noticeable in Washington, Oregon and California, that one seldom finds in the Eastern States.

We go from there to Boston. Our headquarters will be there until April. We shall be in Mantua during June. I have a few open dates in January and February. The two first Sundays of March are designated. I have several calls for October. In those places where I am desired, the friends can arrange for week night lectures. I can engage, otherwise not.

Now the time has come to reopen the halls for Spiritualist meetings, to reorganize for the fall and winter work. I wish it were possible to cite more solidly than ever before, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, brain to brain, soul to soul, and rise into that altitude where envy, prejudice and jealousy can make no impression upon us, where, with "one long, strong pull, and a pull all together," we may place Spiritualism on the heights where its light may penetrate into darkened places, and its voice proclaim a religion so sweet, so tender, so inspiring, that "the common people will hear it gladly." MATTHEW E. HULL.

29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

Since the above was written, we have a letter from Mr. Webster, N. Y., stating that owing to the hard times they will be compelled to suspend meetings for the present. That cancels our December and, probably, appointments for April and May. In consequence of this I shall return to Boston early in December. I have scattering calls from various points in New England during the winter months. I shall probably lecture in Manchester, N. H., on one or more Sundays in December. M. E. H.

SOMETHING.

To Say Something Well Is an Art.

A Sample Poem of the Impromptu Sort.

TO THE EDITOR:—To say something well is an art; to say nothing well is a science. In your late issue my mentality is attacked; I wish to set my would-be-educator right.

If anything is positively criminal, it is to take up valuable time and space when you have nothing to say. To those that know me this article will be superfluous; to those that do not, and to Brother Post I would say that my rather critical defense of the character of Judas did not imply my belief or disbelief in any of the parties or events, any more than a review of some story of the present day would imply my belief in any of the things reviewed.

When I am accused of believing all or any part of the orthodox Bible, my mentality is attacked, and that I will defend while I have voice or pen. I pointed out discrepancies, injustice and poverty of account; I believe in a fact, stand up for it, and even though the character of Judas is fictitious, I don't like to hear it everlasting abused by people who cannot and will not learn to think.

That exploded theory of planetary analogy, though something of an astronomer in a timid way, has no place in my astronomic view. The origin of ism and anity is lost in antiquity.

Victor Hugo says: "That fabulous monster which has scales on its belly, and yet is not a lizard; has warts on its back, and yet is not a toad, which lives in the crevices of old lime-kilns and dry cisterns, a black, velvety, slimy, crawling creature, sometimes swift and sometimes slow of motion, emitting no cry, but which stares at you, and is so terrible that no one has ever seen it." The antiquity that veils these myths of orthodoxy and other dioxies is just that kind of a nondescript.

MEDIUMS AND EDUCATION.

In the same issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—long life to it!—is an article from the pen of Allie Lindsay Lynch, which says that the spirits which control her have forbidden her to know too much, or as much as she herself, fearing her passivity would be lost. God help us!

The great trouble with Spiritualism is, it is too passive! Adam and Eve were kicked out of the orchard for knowing too much. What was the result? We can teach the one that put them there.

If we knew all languages, all sciences from geology and the grains of sand to astronomy and the grains of stars, we could not know too much! Could we create a world out of nebulous gases, we would still be sons of years behind the delphic power that moves the spheres.

Were all the brains from the earliest ages up to the present and indefinite future rolled into one, it would still fall billions of ages short of the mighty power that called it into existence.

The grander the instrument, the grander the music every time. Point me the impromptu poem worthy the name; that even a poet through the brain of an ignorant person.

Where is the sermon that ever exceeded in logic the mental calibre of the one that voiced it?

I have heard mediums give vent to poems on subjects chosen by their audiences, and they all ran something like this:

"The lily is so sweet and fair,
Its petals they are everywhere.
It points to truth and so is given,
While all about we see it bloom to us and heaven."

ROT! ROT! I say! No one need go under control to voice such rubbish! If from the medium herself, it is unworthy the name of anything; if from spirit, it is from the same class that while in the form contributed poetry to the editor's waste basket. Educate our mediums!

CHARLES NEVINS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The New Woman's Ten Commandments.

William Schmuckebler, of Chicago, has been granted a divorce from his wife, Tillie, on the ground of infidelity. Judge Haney entered the decree just as soon as Schmuckebler proved that his wife gave him a poem, which she had clipped from a humorous paper, with the remark: "That is the way to treat men." The judge read the poem and severed the marital bonds with one swift stroke. Here is the poem:

"These are the new commandments ten,
Which wives now make for married men:

1. Remember that I am thy wife,
 2. Thou shalt not stay out late at night.
 3. When lodges, friends or clubs invite.
 4. Or chew tobacco, "round about."
 5. Thou shalt with praise receive my notes.
 6. Nor pastry made by me despise.
 7. My mother thou shalt strive to please.
 8. Remember, 'tis thy duty clear.
 9. To dress me well throughout the year.
 10. Thou shalt in manner mild and meek.
- Give me thy wages every week.
Thou shalt not be a drinking man.
But live on prohibition plan.
Thou shalt not fight with me at once.
And wife such freedom thou allow.
Thou shalt get up when baby cries,
And try the child to tranquillize.
These, my commandments, from day to day,
Implicitly thou shalt obey."

A SOLDIER TRAMP.

How His Heroism Was Rewarded by a Home.

Yer honor, I pleads guilty; I'm a bum—
I don't deny the cop here found me drunk;
I don't deny that through the whole long summer
The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.

I ain't been able fur to earn a livin';
A man with one leg planted in the tomb
Can't git a job—an' I've a strong misgiving
'Bout bein' cooped up in a soldiers' home.

"What did I lose my leg?" At Spottsylvania—
I've read about that bloody fight—
But then, I guess the story won't restrain you
From doin' what the law sets down as right.

I'm not a veg through choice, but through misfortune;
An' as fur drink—well, all men have their fault;
An' judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion
O' rough experience in prison vaults.

I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey,
An' all the boys 'll say I done what's right;
Thar 'ain't a man kin say that Abram Bursley

War ever found a shirk in a fight.
Right in the hell-born, frightful roar o' battle,
Whar shot an' shell shrieked thro' the darkness wood,

Amid the blindin' smoke an' musketry
You'd always find me doin' the best I could.

We had a brave ol' feller for a colonel—
We called him Sweetie, but his name was Sweet—
Why, judge, I swar I by the Great Eternal!

Thar brave ol' cuss'd rather fight than eat!
An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar
In battle Sweetie'd never turn a tree;

He'd alius dash into the front and holler:
"Brace up, my gallant boys, an' foller me!"

Well, just afore the Spottsylvania battle,
O' Sweetie cuss to me an' says, says he:
"I tell you, Abe, 'tain't many things 'll settle

A old weather beaten cuss like me.
But in my very soul I've got a feelin'
That I'm agoin' to get a dose to-day,
An' 'tain't no use fur me to be concealin'.

The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.
"Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursley,
An' I hev alius found you squar an' true—
Back our little town in old New Jersey

No one has got a better name than you.
An' now I want yer promise, squarly given,
That if our cause to-day demands my life,

An' if yourself are left among the livin'—
You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife."

Well, judge, that day, amid the most infernal
An' desperate bloody fight I ever seed,
Way up in front I saw the darlin' Colonel

Throw up his hands an' tumble off his steed.
In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him
An' seem'd that he wasn't killed out-right;

I loaded him upon my back an' bore him home.
Some little distance back out o' the fight,
The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin'

An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back,
For I could see the brave ol' cuss was goin'.

To let unless I held that red tide back.
An' purty soon I seed he was revivin',
An' heard him whisper: "Abe, you've saved my life,

Your ol' wool shirt, along with your comin'—
Has kept me from that grave beside my wife."

Well, judge, while I stood thar beside him, sobbin'
On him to get him in a doctor's care,
A ten-pound shell toward us came a-screamin'—

Just like a ravin' demon in the air.
An' w'en it passed, I found myself a-layin'—
Across ol' Sweetie's body, an' I see

Thar 'arnal shell, that by us went a-flyin'—
Had tak my leg along for company.

Well, judge, that's all; except when the
I found myself a cripple, an' since then
I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover,

But just as honest as the most o' men.
I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
Nor never harmed a woman, child or dog.

I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll
Be just as easy on me as it can.

Then spake the judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures
Should never be allowed to bum and beg;
Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,

For in your country's cause you lost a leg.
And yet I feel the world needs an example
To check the tendency of men to roam;

The sentence is, That all your life—your camp'll
Be in the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue!
Thar in a voice of trembling pathos, said:
"Judge, turn your head, and give me one look at you—

Thar voice is like an echo from the dead."
Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended,
While tears adown his sun-browned cheeks did roll.

And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended:
"Why, Colonel, Sweetie, darn your brave ol' soul."

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REMINISCENCES.

Referring to that Grand Spiritualist, Prof. Wm. Denton.

A Large Underground River Discovered by Him.

THE STREAM FLOWING TO THE SEA FROM THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—PROF. DENTON WAS LAUGHED AT WHEN HE ASSERTED ITS EXISTENCE YEARS AGO, BUT ITS COURSE HAS NOW BEEN TRACED—THE PURE WATER IT SUPPLIES TO LOWELL.

When the late Prof. Denton, of Somerville, Mass., first declared that there was an underground river of considerable size flowing from the White Mountains across and under the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, people laughed at him. He insisted that he was right, and said many times: "I have discovered a supply of the purest water below the surface. I am of the opinion that the supply is adequate for all Central New England for all time. You may laugh, but sooner or later some one will strike the 'rolling torrent' and find a never-ceasing supply of the purest water."

Prof. Denton died in South America a few years ago. Were he alive now he would find that men of Massachusetts and Rhode Island had experienced a change of mind on the subject of his river. The great underground current has been tapped, and at several points along the course, as laid by the geologist, large manufacturing concerns are using the supply in the place of the local service. The water, reached by driven wells, is better than any found in springs or lakes in these parts.

It was between 1872 and 1875 that a large bluechery in Providence drove a well into the northern part of the city, and found an underground supply, which from that day until this has never failed it. The water was struck eighty or one hundred feet below the surface under a layer of stone from six to eight feet in thickness. From the pipe ice-cold water spouted several feet into the air. Fifteen feet below the surface of the first rock the water struck another layer of stone. When the well pipe was forced into that rock the flow of water stopped. People who examined it were of the opinion that the well had reached a spring of unusual size.

Eighteen years ago Prof. Denton was engaged by a straw hat manufacturing concern in Foxboro, Mass., a few miles from Attleboro, Mass., to locate a source of pure water, as only pure water could be used in the bleaching of the material employed in the manufacture of fine summer hats. H. E. White, now of Attleboro, Mass., was engaged to assist in the search. He and Denton made several expeditions through the interior of the Bay State, and on one of these tours Prof. Denton made a discovery that remained a secret with him for a long time. One of the places visited by the geologist and his party was on the south side of the main road to Foxboro from the point at which the water is situated in Foxboro. The Boggs, the second Sheppard's Pond, and the third Whitche's Pond.

Prof. Denton noted a peculiar formation of the surface in that section. In the Boggs, from which Foxboro now gets its supply of water, a few springs were found, and a few were also discovered in Sheppard's Pond. Whitche's Pond contained several springs of great size. These three lakes are located on high land, the Eastern Massachusetts divide, and so situated that the outlet of The Boggs flows to the northeast, through Canton, the home of Congressmen Elijah A. Morse, to Massachusetts Bay, while the outlet of Sheppard's Pond flows southerly toward Taunton, where it empties into the river of that name in the vicinity of Dighton.

Whitche's Pond has an outlet, but it is not visible. It makes its course below the surface in a south westerly direction, and finds its water beneath the ledge of the west side of Narragansett Bay below the point of Wickford. Whitche's Pond was so named years ago on account of the many peculiar noises heard there. At intervals there were distinct rumblings beneath the surface. Superstitious persons were alarmed and afraid to go near it. People who had no fear of ghosts watched the action of the water with interest. They always found the water icy cold in summer, and it ever rolled and boiled. A water pall would not cover some of the largest bubbles.

The pond covers fifteen acres, and in winter ice forms there long before there are signs of ice on other ponds. Ice six inches thick forms on Whitche's Pond to the west side of the outlet of the water in the same length of time. Only a few years ago four men who were fishing through the ice narrowly escaped losing their lives. There was a sudden upheaval while the men were on the pond, and ice, fourteen inches in thickness, that covered the peculiar lake, was thrown about. The men, having heard the rumbling, took to their heels, and reached the shore just in time to avoid being precipitated into the boiling pond. Lilly-pads roots, as large as one's arm, were brought to the surface at the same time.

Prof. Denton heard several stories about the pond, and out of curiosity made an investigation into the cause of the great bubbling of the water, and the action of the ice. He tried to take soundings, but in several places he was unable to find the pond's bottom. Gases were detected rising from the pond, and he was led to believe that they issued from some distance below the surface. The water's remaining pure proved to him that the pond had an air as well as a source, and as it was not visible, investigation was all the more interesting.

Pipes were driven about the well, and coal and blue clay were brought to the surface. Over 100 feet below the level the pipe struck a ledge, and after drilling the ledge on the south side of the pond, water was found. That water, when examined, was found to be purer than any other found in New England. Several wells were driven, and Prof. Denton came to the conclusion that Whitche's Pond was an outlet for an underground river. It was when he told of his discovery that people laughed at him.

The river located was 110 feet below the level. Above it is a covering of hard pan, and the bottom, twenty feet below the covering, was of rock. Prof. Denton was of the opinion that there was no Whitche's Pond until there was an upheaval in the earth years ago, when the shelving rocks under and over the gorge were torn away. Aided by the gases from the coal and other substances in the earth a rent was torn, through which the water made its way to the surface.

The streams in the vicinity of Foxboro are from a different water-shed. The underground river is believed to come from a glacial spring in the White Mountains of New Hampshire or beyond. It is held that the city of Lowell struck the river only a few years ago, and from that day to this has had a fine supply of water. At the time the

Lowell wells were driven no one had heard of the river flowing under New England from north to south. The underground current has been followed by wells through Attleboro, Dodgeville, Hallowville, to Lebanon, where it serves to the west and passes under Pawtucket Falls, on Blackstone River, thence through Pawtucket southwestward and under Providence, Cranston, Warwick, East Greenwich, Wickford, into North Kingston, and into the sea near Hazard's Ledge.

To the north the course of the river was followed to the New Hampshire line. Before Prof. Denton found the source of the river he was called to Brazil to locate a water supply. He was stricken with a fever afterward while on a visit of exploration and died on the island of New Guinea.

Within a very short time manufacturing concerns have driven wells and found immense supplies of water, and now there are probably 200 or 300 wells connected with the river in Providence, to say nothing of the Lowell wells, and those at Foxboro and along the course. It is only on the course as laid out by Prof. Denton's party that the great current is struck.

The above graphic account from the New York Sun will be read with deep interest, for it refers to one of the grandest minds that ever graced the ranks of Spiritualism—Prof. Denton, Attleboro, Mass.

THE FOX FAMILY.

A Proposition to Purchase the Cottage in Which They Lived.

You say, Mr. Editor, that the Spiritualists should provide a place for the remains of the Fox Sisters to rest before we purchase the cottage in which the first intelligent paroxysm occurred. No doubt there is an idea of justice in your assertion. All of us know that the Spiritualists did not do their duty in the protection of the Fox Sisters. They were allowed to suffer. They became, through public neglect, children of unfortunate circumstances; but we must except Leah (Mrs. Underhill), whose married life was happy and well-provided for. The marriages of Katie and Margaretta were not so pleasant and harmonious. Time brought changes and trouble before the public were aware. The Spiritualists thought they were happy and beyond want. Their troubles came like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. A few friends knew of the facts, and yet they made no move for redemption. I am certain that the Spiritualists at large would have with great spontaneity and generosity provided for the girls.

As to their burial: Your reference may cause some people to think they were placed in the potter's field, or are entirely neglected. I believe a fund was subscribed and proper attention was rendered. They need a place for proper memorial, then all the more reason for us to purchase the Hydeville cottage and grounds, and thereon erect a mausoleum to hold their remains and to be properly inscribed. If the place can be purchased, a testimonial of some character, to their memory, should at once be erected.

All this shows that the cottage should be purchased at once. We cannot now accomplish what has been neglected. But we can atone for it! Having neglected the persons, let us cherish their memory. Let us purchase the home of their childhood, made sacred to our cause by the tragedy of their deaths, through humble children, starting a revolution in thought that has brought humanity to the truths of immortality. At least, let us hold a meeting there to commemorate the semi-centennial of Spiritualism, in 1898. All who are interested, please agitate and let us know if there is such a public desire. G. W. KATES.

A PROGRESSIVE WEDDING.

Unique Exercise Attending It.

In Chicago, recently, I attended a wedding that was decided progress. Ever since the wedding of Adam and Eve such events have been attractive occasions, and the interest still gives no evidence of abatement.

The scene of the present gathering was in large double parlors, richly and profusely decorated with vines and flowers. There were some fifty guests assembled to drink in the joys, and the bridal couple were radiant and richly attired.

After a progressive ceremony—for the Baptist clergyman relieved the bride of the ancient embarrassment of promising to obey—and after the usual congratulations, and the regulation refreshments, there was added an unusually interesting literary feature. It consisted of two or three charming recitations; two exquisite poems written especially for the bride and read by the writers, and some half dozen speeches in response to such toasts as "The Twentieth Century Marriage," "The Ideal Home," "The Ideal Husband," "The Ideal Wife," "The Coming Man," and "The Coming Woman." The responses were all highly flavored with rich seasoning. I will give a brief synopsis of the one on "The Coming Woman." The speaker said the coming woman expanded; she was the going woman expanded; she may ride many wheels, but she will have no wheels in her head; she will exert more influence through the power of the ballot; she will devise a tasty, low theatrical hat that will not need removing; she will not be less proud of her personal charms, but will be more proud of her improved judgment and increased good sense; she will appreciate every new Trilby; she will read novels to increase her knowledge of manners and customs, and read philosophy for a deeper understanding of human nature; she will have greater depths of character, born of higher views of the theological, political and economic problems; she will have free use of her every innate gift; she will ask only to be a counselor, not a sole ruler; and, finally, she will be a more intelligent and wiser mother.

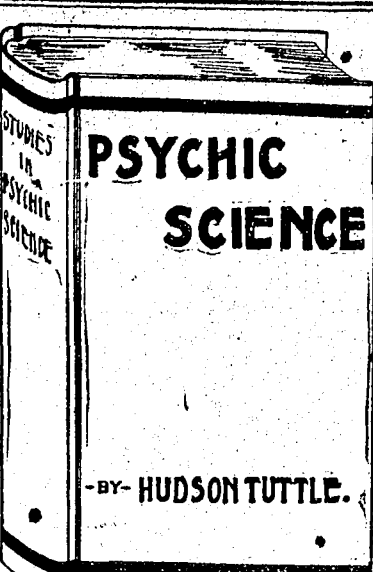
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Reconstruction of Religion.

When common sense gets into a pulp

it is a pleasure to make a note of it.

Our criticisms on the clergy are because

they wish to intrude into modern civiliza-

tion the barbarism of medieval igno-

rance. When a clergyman gets out of

the rut, without caring to what sect he

belongs, we feel like cheering him on-

ward.

The Chicago Chronicle gave an ab-

stract of a sermon preached by Rev. R.

A. White, at the Stewart Avenue

church a few Sundays ago, on "The Re-

construction of Religion," which had

the ring peculiar to discourses from

men of enlarged thought. We are sure

our readers will regret the abstract is

not more complete. We quote as fol-

lows:

"Henry Ward Beecher said many

years ago, 'If the American people are

ever driven away from the church or

from faith in the Christian religion, it

will be the fault of the church and the

pulpit.' That is, if faith fails in the

land, it will be the fault of a bad admin-

istration of Christian truth. No man is

a sceptic by choice. It is equally true

that thinking people will not accept

even religious truth on insufficient evi-

dence. To say that there is confusion

in religious thought and no little scuf-

fles is to say what everybody says.

There is much drifting. Old theologi-

cal anchors drag in the ancient theo-

logical mud and no longer hold the new

ships of thought tugging at them. On

the other hand, there is a strengthening

of opinion that the best interests of men

demand not a destruction of religion,

but its reconstruction. There are two

fundamental reasons for present relig-

ious unrest. To understand them is to

understand better the lines along which

reconstruction must proceed.

"First, the gradual introduction into

the world of thought of the scientific or

inductive method. We are undergoing

a mental revolution not merely in

thought, but primarily in the method of

thought. Religion has heretofore pro-

ceeded upon the deductive method. It

began in assumption. It followed the

method of Plato rather than that of

Aristotle. It assumed special revela-

tion, verbal inspiration and what not.

If facts did not square with the theory,

so much the worse for the facts. Until

the present century the religious method

dominated all phases of thought. All

philosophical systems, physical as well

as moral and spiritual, proceeded upon

its own assumptions. In the hands of

the last fifty years have witnessed a

transformation in thought method. It

has become inductive. Investigation, ver-

ification and classification take the place

of assumptions. Religion proceeded

upon the assumption of a revelation,

modern thought upon the progressive

and continuing revelations of truth. Re-

ligion assumes, science investigates.

Between these opposing thought meth-

ods there is or can be no compromise.

One or the other must prevail, and there

is at present no question which will

prevail. Religion, which has stood

centuries the prime dispatcher of truth,

finds its scepter snatched from it and its

own assumptions are now subjected to the

same scrutiny as the assumptions of

other things past and present, and the

investigation thus far has not proved com-

fortable to traditional belief. Religion or

religious teaching has not yet fully ad-

justed itself to this new method. The

schools now teach our children one

method, and at the average church they

are taught another method of thought.

The reading man wanders six days

among the deductions of science to find

himself mentally outraged or confused

by the religious thought method of Sun-

day's sermon. Thus the average mind

finds itself caught in the swirl of two op-

posing thought methods and wanders in

confusion between them.

"The interpretation of religious

truth and the estimation of its real effect

in the affairs of living men must be re-

constructed. It must admit itself to the

new method of thought. It must itself

become scientific. It must adjust its

doctrines of Providence to the univer-

sally accepted doctrine of law. These

two things must be done to harmonize

A Buddhist Missionary.

Among the recent arrivals in Chicago

from abroad, our readers will take spe-

cial interest in that of H. Dharmapala,

direct from Calcutta, India. He comes

as a missionary, an expounder of the

doctrines and teachings of the immortal

Gautama, better known as Buddha.

The learned Buddhist talks English

with the fluency of a native to this

country. He represented his people at

the Parliament of Religions three years

ago, and made many friends on that oc-

casion. He called on Prof. Max Muller,

Sir Edwin Arnold and Rhys Davids, dis-

tinguished Buddhist and Sanskrit schol-

ars, on his way to this country. Mr.

Dharmapala has already issued a man-

ifesto declaring the purpose of his visit,

wherein he says: "To dispel preju-

dice, effect a reconciliation with Chris-

tianity, and for the uplifting of human-

ity." His object is praiseworthy, and

as the representative of an older reli-

gion, much more numerous in believers

than are Christians of all creeds, as also

the Eastern branch of the great Aryan

family of which we are all so proud, he

should receive a cheerful hospitality and

welcome. He says he selected America

and Chicago as the field of his mission,

because he believes it the grandest na-

tion and the most progressive people on

the globe.

As Spiritualists and Liberals have a

kindly feeling towards all peoples

who are pressing forward and upward,

they will be glad to listen to Mr. Dhar-

mapala whenever favorable opportuni-

ties occur. In behalf of them we extend

him a cordial greeting.

The Premium Encyclopedia.

Several weeks ago we withdrew our

offer to send the Encyclopedia of Death,

and Life in the Spirit-World to new

three month subscribers. We have

been at great expense in sending out

this premium, knowing that thousands

of Spiritualists would want it without

any intention whatever of becoming

permanent subscribers to THE PRO-

GRESSIVE THINKER, for, as a rule, they

take no Spiritualist paper. But the in-

crease of getting a 400-page book, for

worth fifty cents, and the paper also for

three months, all for twenty-five cents,

brought them temporarily to the front.

The great good that the thousands of

copies distributed will do, compensates

us for the great expense we have been

to in this direction.

We still have a few hundred volumes

on hand of this "Vol. 1" of the Encyclo-

pedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-

World, in paper cover, which we will

send to all new six months subscribers,

and also to each of our present sub-

scribers who renew for not less than six

months, and who sends us at the same

time one new six months' subscriber.

It is far better for the new subscriber

to take the paper for six months, for,

during that time, he will begin to see

the necessity of continuing it.

A Good Man Gone.

We are pained to learn from the

Truth Seeker that Hon. Wm. S. Bush,

a former editorial associate of the

writer, died at Seattle on the 31st of

August. The Judge was a graduate of

Lombard University, at Galesburg, Ill.

He afterwards graduated with the de-

gree of M. D., from the Eclectic Medi-

cal Institute at Cincinnati. For several

years after he was associated with the

press as editorial writer. He established

and published for a series of years the

Galesburg Daily Register. When he

disposed of that journal he entered the

office of Col. Ingross, at Peoria, read

law, and was admitted to practice at the

bar. He accompanied the Colonel to

Washington, and was connected with

him in his law practice. Judge Bush

removed to the Pacific Coast several

years ago. He was a brilliant writer,

a Liberal in religious views, and a gen-

tleman of great moral and social worth.

He leaves a lovely family to mourn his

loss, to whom our tenderest sympathies.

Christian Martyrs.

A cablegram of September 11, from

Constantinople, reads as follows:

"An Armenian police yesterday under-

neath the Armenian church, near the

Kassim Pasha Cemetery. From the

factory a long tunnel had been excavated

Hon. Warren Smith

Replies to Criticism.

SLASHING.

Impeachment of So-Called Christianity.

Hon. Warren Smith Replies to Criticism.

To THE EDITOR:—I see that Brother

Ira Gale Tompkins has come forward

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

G.H.A.S.E. WATKINS, M.D....

THE FAMOUS SPECIALIST

Who is so successful in treating Chronic Diseases, devotes his whole time to his practice. This is one reason for his great success.

ANOTHER REASON is that he does not try to run down other doctors.

ANOTHER REASON is he is acknowledged by all to have the most wonderful psychic powers by which he can locate the cause of disease.

ANOTHER REASON is that he has his patients write him each week, and he sends them weekly instructions, thus showing that he watches each case closely.

ANOTHER REASON is he gives only the purest medicines and in the smallest doses that will produce the desired result. Some cases are cured without any medicine.

ANOTHER REASON is he makes the price of treatment right to all.

HE IS ENDORSED by all the Spiritual papers not only as a fine physician, but a perfect gentleman and honest in every respect.

Send a 2-cent Stamp for His Book on

"CHRONIC DISEASES,"

Which will more than repay you. Should you desire to consult him.

Send Two 2-cent Stamps, Age, Sex, and Leading Symptom.

DR. G. E. WATKINS,
AYER, MASS.

357 Mondays of each week at 357 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Watkins' Great Work in Boston.

We saw by the Banner, last week, "there was great excitement at 357 Columbus Avenue, Boston, owing to some wonderful cures wrought by Dr. G. E. Watkins and B. W. Banks, 'The Healer' and their method of psychic treatments. Thinking, perhaps, I might get some new facts as to spirit-healing, I called at their parlors. They occupy the whole of first floor, giving them two large parlors and a small room tastefully arranged.

In the front parlor were a number of people waiting. Introducing myself, I told Mr. Banks I desired to investigate his method.

"Come right into my work-room," he replied, "and if my people do not object, you may gather what you can."

For about an hour I watched him in his specialty, that of healing by laying on of hands. Each one claimed to have been more or less benefited. In answer to my questions, some said: "Good as new," "Not an ache!" "Wonder how he does it?" etc. One poor man came in bent almost double, hitching along on two canes, and the thought came to me: "Now will I see the victor vanquished."

"Take off coat and vest," was the order, and I smiled to myself.

In about five minutes, however, Mr. B. said: "Stand up—straight!" and sure enough he stood up straight. "Now, I want you to walk like a man," said Mr. B. Much to my surprise, the man started, feebly at first, like one afraid, but in about a minute he seemed to gain confidence, and walked about the room nearly as well as I could. Tears ran down his cheek, and he told me that for more than five years he had not straightened his back, and had given up all hopes of ever taking another step without his canes.

"So that is the cure," said I.

"Oh, no," said Mr. B. "It will probably take three months for him to thoroughly regain confidence and develop muscular tissue sufficient to perfect a cure."

By this time my head ached so badly that I began to lose interest and thought best to go home. But Mr. B. smilingly said: "All experiences have a price, and this is no exception. Shall I cure your headache?" and he did in less than five minutes.

I find in Mr. Banks none other than the husband of our late gifted speaker, Mrs. Clara Banks.

I was then invited into the other room—the office of Dr. Watkins—and with "Hello, Charlie," and "How are you, Frank?" we were lost to the present, in reviewing the past. Then came, one after another, some ten or more people, and I witnessed what to me was a demonstration of wonderful power.

Hardly a question was asked, and before he had hardly looked at them, he would begin to diagnose their case, each one claiming it was perfectly correct, and I was astonished at the rapidity and certainty of the descriptions. Some came for final examination and declared they had been completely cured of what to them seemed incurable diseases. Another said: "While devoid of hope a month ago, to-day the sun shines brightly, and I shall soon be myself again." Could not help thinking as I sat there: "Can this splendid specimen of physical manhood, with that sympathetic dignity that is so invigorating that even I (a hard shell) feel almost impelled to join the next force, be the same Charlie Watkins that we knew years ago as the wonderful independent state-writer and sensitive?" It is truly interesting to watch the development of such a man and instrument.

There seems to be a great degree of harmony between these two men—Watkins the psychic, and Banks the healer—combined curative powers. They both seem to have their hearts in the work, and from what I overheard, are extremely conscientious.

When I left, then, it was a continuation of the old story, "Coming and go-

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL HEALTH CIRCLE.

HOW TO GAIN HEALTH AND RETAIN IT!

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION SEND 2-CENT STAMP TO...

B. W. BANKS,
357 Col. Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

ing." The question is how long can they stand the strain? For there must be a limit to endurance.

May progressive thought (and THINKER) continue to spread its light until the dark corners are filled with the sunshine of knowledge and men rise by the wayside and cry Ye Blessed.

FRANK L. BROWN.
Boston, Mass.

The American Spiritual Health Circle.

Among the many methods employed in the treatment of disease, we would cite the three leading schools that employ magnetic force for the cure of disease. The Allopathic, the Homoeopathic, and the Eclectic School is supposed to use large or small doses, as in their judgment seemeth best.

Each of these schools have legally recognized colleges in which their methods are taught, and the coming physician. Aside from this, there are many other methods, prominent among which are—Christian Science, Mental Healing, Mind Cure, Faith Cure, Psychio, Magnetism, and Massage Treatments—as well as the so-called New Method—Kneipp's Cure, or, as it is called, "The Cure of the Dowsy Grass." While much is being said in favor of the "New Method," we should advise very moderate indulgence during January and February throughout New England.

Can any of the foregoing schools or methods claim to have reached "perfection?"

How is the public, the people, to decide which one of the many to employ when they feel the approach of the destroyer?

Which one instructs the public how to keep well? In this article we shall speak of the M. D.'s and others as doctors, believing that each according to his own school or method is striving to recover health.

Now we believe a doctor should be able and willing to instruct the public in the art of retaining as well as regaining health, and doubtless many are. But the great majority seem to us quite content to struggle with the problem forced upon them in the sick-room.

The object, then, of the Spiritual Health Circle is not only how to get well, but how to keep so. Our motto is: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." We have been conducting our Health Circle in a quiet manner for some time and have positive proof of its good work, and feel impelled to enlarge the Circle from a sense of duty.

Why do we call it The American Spiritual Health Circle? As all common laws are founded on the Divine law, the Spiritual law should permeate and control to a marked degree all natural and physical laws. "Thoughts are things," must carry weight in the circle of unseen forces; therefore, in this we find an answer to the great Agnostic's wish, and firmly believe that under proper instruction, health is as catching as disease.

Combined concentrated thought, intelligently applied, increases the power of force to such a degree that it can be thought. We feel it our duty, having fully tested its merits, to interest you in the movement. We shall form classes, giving monthly lessons or instructions, which will embrace Hygiene, Laws of Health, How to Live, How to Gain and Retain Health, Care of the Sick, etc.

Many receipts and suggestions as to food, clothing, drinks, etc., for the sick-room. How often we hear the patient wishing they had something that would taste good. We hope to supply, in a great measure, this long-felt need.

Do not suppose that we are antagonistic to your doctor; on the contrary, our object is to aid him in his effort, by pointing out an intelligent course of action on your part, and suggesting many minor details that your busy doctor has not time to enumerate. Often your doctor is blamed for the loss of some loved one, in point of fact he has done all in his power, and blame, if any, belongs to ourselves alone, owing to our inability to act in intelligent concert with him.

We propose forming a New Circle on or about October 1st, and monthly thereafter, and would be pleased to hear from all wishing to join. There are no restrictions, and one subscription in a family we deem sufficient. Our purpose is to enlarge the field of usefulness, and carry our help and strength to weary hearts. Address:

B. W. BANKS, Secretary,
357 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
Membership, \$2 per year, in advance.

Letter to My Patients.

Having long felt the need of the proper person to administer massage and psychic treatments in connection with my practice, am pleased to inform you that I have induced B. W. Banks, the healer, to join me at 357 Columbus Avenue, Boston, for this purpose. Mr. Banks has been long and favorably known among his friends as one who possessed to a very marked degree this wonderful magnetic curative force. I have for a long time been trying to induce him to work in concert with myself for the benefit of suffering humanity, and have just succeeded in inducing him to join me in the work.

The remarkable feature of his treatments is the rapidity and permanency of his cures. We desire to say that we have in the past, and still have, the gift of psychic healing; we have met and cured the most wonderful cures without medicine. We ourselves have cured hundreds by this method, but we never saw more remarkable cures than those of those performed by Mr. Banks.

Hereafter we shall have a Boston office, where Mr. Banks will give treatments daily (Sundays excepted), remember at 357 Columbus Avenue, Boston. Office hours 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Knowing as I do that some diseases will not yield to magnetism alone, I continue to give medicine, using as heretofore, the purest possible to procure. On the other hand, I know full well there are cases that psychic magnetic treatments alone are all that is needed, and others where magnetism and medicine work in harmony and facilitate the cure of stubborn cases. I also can be consulted personally on Mondays, free of charge, at the same office. I will also diagnose and give psychic treatments as well as Mr. Banks on this day.

I still continue my letter practice. When you desire me to diagnose your case by letter, address me at Ayer, Mass., giving name, age and leading symptom. Price of treatments made right to all. Yours kindly,
G. E. WATKINS, M. D.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS,

SPECIALISTS IN ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

—Depend for their remarkable cures, not upon the old druggist system, but upon the knowledge of diseases and their proper remedies—upon science and the finer psychical forces.

Some of their cures, like Schlecter's, are INSTANTANEOUS; in other cases months are required.

Having carefully studied all the therapeutic agencies in connection with their long medical experience, they use those best adapted to each case with unvarying success. Hundreds are joyfully writing the Doctor: "I am better," or "I am cured." "God bless you!"

THEY TREAT THE FOLLOWING:

Dyspepsia, diarrhea, dropsy, epilepsy, zema, erysipelas, falling sickness, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous system, gravel, gout, headache, heart disease, kidney complaint, female weakness, liver difficulty, neuritis, neuritis, bleeding piles, bronchitis, asthma, bladder affection, indigestion, diabetes, piles upon the face, uterine diseases, weakness of men, hemorrhoids, insanity, drunkenness, constipation, fits, and all chronic diseases. And further, they furnish

FREE TO ALL PATIENTS

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

Correct Diagnosis Free.

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

REMEMBER TO ADDRESS

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS,

P. O. BOX 177,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Magnetism or Medicine—Which?

It was said of old, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." But considering present conditions and conditions, faith is not a universal panacea—neither is "belief," nor "will-power." Tinctures of roots and herbs—wisely selected and properly magnetized medicines are at times required to restore the sick. And spirit power often (very often with Dr. Peebles) cures at once, removing pain instantly.

[We have seen and inspected the letters to Dr. Peebles from which the following extracts are made.—Thomas G. Newman, Editor of Philosophical Journal.]

For instance, Mrs. S. A. Jewett, Pittsburg, Pa., (care of J. Shipley, B. & O. depot) wrote us yesterday: "I had suffered great pains a long time from a prolonged sickness; but when I was sitting Thursday evening for your psychic treatment, the pains all left me at once, and I was instantly cured. Although there is some little soreness, I've had no pain since."

A letter from Mrs. R. Irvine, 65 Corydon street, Bradford, Pa., received the same evening as Mrs. Jewett's, says: "My foot was very, very painful; and when your letter came I took and bound it on to my foot and it was perfectly easy right off, and it has not troubled me any since. It is wonderful and I feel very happy about it."

Mr. Ackerly, 60 Herkimer place, Brooklyn, New York, writes: "At my first sitting for your psychic treatment, doctor, my hand, by some invisible impulse, was lifted to my head, which was very sore and painful, and believe me, before the half hour was up, I could press hard as possible on my head, and there was no soreness, no pain—all left. It was wonderful!"

Certainly, Dr. Peebles is doing "wonderful" things and making astounding cures, taking many, by his psychic power and attending spirit healers, from their sick-beds almost instantaneously, thus literally making "the lame to walk, the blind to see and the deaf to hear" (obscuring spirits). Others, in fact the majority of invalids, require not poisonous drugs but some magnetized vitalized medicines.

The doctor also treats the tobacco habit and drunkenness with marked success.

Those sitting for psychic treatment should put the hand of the patient of one of his letters and place the mind calmly upon spirit and spiritual things—upon health, harmony, happiness and heaven.

Those wishing a free diagnosis should send the name, age, sex, leading symptom and stamp for reply. Address Drs. Peebles and Burroughs, P. O. Box 177, Indianapolis, Ind.

INDIANS ON AN ISLAND.

Adepts at Black Art and Perform Most Surprising Feats.

King's Island, in the Behring Strait, about 120 miles from Siberia, is peopled with a queer band of Indians. They have lived there for centuries, and make their living by hunting and fishing. The climate is so cold that holes dug in cliffs serve as refrigerators, and will keep meats the year round.

Capt. M. J. Healy, who commands the steamer Bear, and recently returned from a fishing trip to Alaska, says that the Indians are wonderfully adept in legerdemain and other forms of the black art. He says that he has seen a medicine man thrust a knife into the body of another Indian, apparently killing him, and yet within a few minutes the injured man was walking around without a scratch on him.

Captain Healy also tells of another event more surprising: One day an Indian girl who was visiting his ship in company with her friends, suffered from hemorrhage. Blood flowed in a stream from her mouth, and she was rapidly becoming unconscious. The ship's surgeon was called, but before he arrived a medicine man went to the girl, blew in each ear and tapped her on the chin. Then she arose and walked away as though nothing bothered her. All that was left to show her previous condition was the blood-stained deck.—New York World.

Testimonial.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1896.
DR. E. A. READ, Yonkers, N. Y.—Your treatment of my sister was successful. She is entirely well. I hope you can benefit her daughter as much. Myself and friends who have been under your care are delighted with the result. I shall recommend you at all times to those afflicted. Your cure of Mrs. Van Vlack after so many years of pain was remarkable. Yours fraternally,
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Testimonial.

By F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.—Dear Sir: Your Malted Pebble Spectacles are all right. They fit me well. Are just what I wanted. I am 91 years old. Many thanks. Respectfully,
GEO. W. GOODWIN.
Hancock Point, Maine.

"Human Culture and Cure, Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Building." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75c. For sale at this office.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker,

AS A SPIRITUAL HEALER HAS NO EQUAL.

Rejoice and Be Glad! Herald Forth the Tidings of Good Health!

DR. A. B. DOBSON'S
Dept. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

WRITE TO THE . . .

Golden Laxative Coffee Co.,
AYER, MASS.

Healing powers are being repeated over and over again through the mediumship of MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER, who, for the past year and a half has

MY DEAR MRS. DOBSON:—I have been cured of my chronic disease, and I feel as if I should like to tell you how much good these medicines have done for me. When I began taking the last medicine, I had considerable trouble in the bowels and stomach, but after a week or two I was relieved and was convinced I had not the medicine. I was very much surprised to find that my stomach and bowels were in a bad condition. Now everything seems good, and I feel as if I am better. We thank you sincerely for your prompt reply, and wish you all the success you so well merit.

With affectionate regards, very truly,
MRS. DOBSON-BARKER.

THE HUMANE WORK.

Hudson and Emma R. Tuttle in Cleveland, Ohio.

To THE EDITOR:—Prominent among the delegates to the American Humane Association, which recently assembled at its annual convention in this city, were Hudson and Emma R. Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, two of the best-known and most highly esteemed workers in the Spiritualistic movement.

The association, being purely non-sectarian, welcomes all kind-hearted and benevolently inclined as members and workers therein, no matter what their religious views may be, whether Spiritualist, Materialist, Jew or Christian—all are welcome; hence the interest taken therein by these two humanitarians. ("Sub rosa," the work of the A. H. A. has really grown to be Mrs. Tuttle's chief hobby, and through the deep interest and study she has given it, and the active part she took in this year's convention, together with the introduction of her new book, just fresh from The Progressive Thinker Publishing House, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations" (modeled somewhat after the "Demorest Prize Contest"), for the furtherance of the temperance cause, adopted by the association; for immediate use, Mrs. Tuttle will, no doubt, henceforth be known as one of the most conspicuous workers in this humane education.

Besides the various discussions participated in by Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, the former distinguished himself as one of the anti-vivisectionists, and the latter, by her very interesting paper, "A Plea to Popularize Humane Work," closing with an admirable rendition of "My Horse, Mary" (original), which was, indeed, a revelation to her deeply-interested audience.

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Now that the Cleveland C. P. L. has resumed its meetings since its customary summer vacation, it will make a special feature of "The Band of Mercy" work under its new guardian, Mrs. Kate Hicks, and "The Kindergarten," under the management of Miss Nellie C. Thayer, principal of the Thayer Kindergarten, on Van Ness street. Lyceums throughout the country desirous of giving additional interest to their work are referred to Mrs. Emma R. Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio, for further information regarding the Brotherhood of Mercy work.

At the close of the convention, presided over by Mr. John G. Shortall, of Chicago, held in the Chamber of Commerce Hall, the delegates were invited for a trolley ride through the principal streets of the city, with the writer and his sister, through the courtesy of the genial and efficient treasurer of the association and agent of the Cleveland Humane Society, Mr. E. C. Parmelee.

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