

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Was Sir Francis Bacon a Spiritualist?

Was Bacon the Author of the Shakespearean Plays?

Both these questions are settled in the affirmative in the lately published work, "Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," by Orville W. Owen, M. D., of Detroit, Mich. If, after reading this devoutly-wished-for book—I say devoutly-wished-for, because that, "Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, and could of men distinguish her election," my soul has seated Sir Francis Bacon as the author of many masterpieces. If, as I say, I had cherished doubts about the reliability of Dr. Owen's work, they would be dispelled on reading the witness of one of its sponsors, viz., Geo. W. Goodale, the scholarly and able dramatist, of the Detroit Free Press. What it must have cost Mr. Goodale to have his faith in Shakespeare shattered by Dr. Owen's immortalizing discovery can be guessed by those only that have revered the creator of Macbeth and Hamlet second only to the mightier power that created him. Mr. Goodale's say-so, though he modestly expresses the contrary, will have no little weight to the thinking brain, not only of the leading stars in the dramatic constellation, but the brighter lights of literature generally, for Mr. Goodale is widely known as a gentleman whose sterling integrity has been ever above the breath of suspicion and the cunning hand of bribery.

Dr. Owen, after years of patient and laborious research, has succeeded in mastering the cipher; has found the key that turns the cunning words that have defied nearly three centuries, and at last for a certainty we know that that master-mind of our rich world was the author, not only of those works that bear his name, but also Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Christopher Marlowe's plays; Geo. Peele and Robert Greene's plays; the plays of Shakespeare; the "Fairy Queen" and all the works of Edmund Spenser; Shepherd's Calendar, and as Bacon adds, "all the other works of our own," which will, no doubt, include the essays of Montaigne; and he, as he himself says, impelled and guided by the spirit sphere.

As for Dr. Owen and his discovery, who finds a diamond and a piece of priceless worth, should not be hid behind the setting stone? Is there any danger that he will be, for: "The wretch that fired the Ephesian dome outlives in fame the pious fool that reared it," not less the fame be his who brings to light the proof of Bacon's workmanship. But let us see what Bacon himself says of close communion with the Spirit-world, and as we read we are reminded of Saul of Tarsus:

"And now it is time for us to tell you how we found the way to conceal these cyphers.

One night, when a youth, we were reading in the holy scriptures of our Great God. Something

Compelled us to turn to the proverbs and read

That passage of Solomon, the king, wherein he Affirmeth "that the glory of God is to conceal

A thing, but the glory of a king is to find it out."

And we thought how odd and strange it read, And attentively looked into the subtlety of the Passage. As we read and pondered the words and lofty language of this precious

Book of love, there comes a flame of fire which Fills all the room, and obscures our eyes with its Celestial glory! And from it swells a heavenly

Voice that, lifting our mind above her Human bounds, ravisheth our soul with its sweet, Heavenly music. And thus it spake: "My son, fear not, but take thy fortunes and thy

Honors up. Be that thou knowest thou art— Then thou art as great as that thou fearest— Thou art not what thou seemest. At thy Birth the front of heaven was full of fiery

Shapes. The goats ran from the mountains, And the herds were strangely clamorous. To the frightened fields. These signs Have marked thee extraordinary, and all the Courses of thy life will show thou art not in

The roll of common men. Where is the living Clasp in by the sea that chides the banks of England, Scotland and Wales, who will call thee

Pupil, or will read to thee? And bring him out that Is but woman's son, will trace thee in the tedious Ways of art, and hold the pace in deep Experiment. Be thou not, therefore, afraid of greatness, I charge thee—some men become great by advancement vain And favor of their prince; some have greatness Thrust upon them by the world, and some achieve Greatness by reason of their wit; for there is

A tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the Flood leads on to glorious fortune. Omitted all the Voyage of their life is bound in shallows And miseries. In such a sea art thou now afloat. And thou must take the current when it serves, Or lose thy ventures. Thy fates open their hands to thee, Decline them not, but let thy blood and spirit Embrace them, and climb the height of virtue's

Sacred hill, where endless honor shall be made. Remember that that thou hast just Read, that the Divine Majesty takes delight to hide His work, according to the innocent play of children, To have them found out. Surely for them to Follow the example of the Most High God cannot Be censured. Therefore, put away

popular applause, And after the manner of Solomon, the King, of thy times, and fold it into Enigmatical writings and cunning mixtures of the Theatre, mingled as the colors in a painter's shell, And it will, in due course of time, be found.

For there shall be born into the world (Not in years, but in ages) a man whose pliant and Obedient mind we, of the supernatural world, will take Special heed by all possible endeavor to frame

And mould into a pipe for thy fingers to sound. What stop thou please; and this man, either led or Driven, as we point the way, will yield himself a Disciple of thine, and will search and seek out thy

Disordered and confused strings and roots, with some Pen and unsuitably to himself. For men in scornful and Arrogant manner will call him mad and point at him

The finger of scorn; and yet they will, Upon trial, practice and study of thy plan, See that the secret of thy great and voluminous labor Hath been found out—and then the voice we heard Ceased and passed away.

Here we have a direct connection with Bacon and the supernatural forces—forces, no doubt, that followed and directed him through all that labyrinth of stupendous thought expressed, that has been the marvel and admiration of the world. When this cipher is given to the world, which Dr. Owen intends

as soon as he has finished with all the other complications which will embrace history, story and translation that will "awe these players of life's drama."

Like scattered puzzle blocks through all the works here mentioned, and his acknowledged writings, Dr. Owen, ever following by a simple and mechanical process the instructions Bacon gives in his letter to the discoverer of the cipher, has picked out here a line and there an exclamation, placed them in rotation to the cypher's laws, and his book published, which is merely a preface to the work which is to come, tells us that not only was Sir Francis Bacon that that Shakespeare, Marlowe, Green, Peele, Spenser, Shepherd and Burton seemed—but was Sir Francis Dudley, lawful son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the rightful heir to the throne of England.

Now, we begin to see why the so-called "Virgin of the West" never married. Lest in some other union she should be disgraced, having married Robert, Earl of Leicester, in secret in the tower. Now can we see why Bacon, knowing this, was forced to put an antic disposition on. Now can we see why Cecil, the crooked back, strangled her majesty to death, as Bacon's fearful story proves; but what we suspect, though Bacon does not state, was that the dying queen, whose death was hastened by Cecil's hand, had resolved to declare Sir Francis Dudley (Bacon) her lawful son, which to prevent this Cecil, Bacon's mortal enemy, dismissed the attendants on the queen under the pretext of summoning a clergyman, and when alone with her, with a silken scarf, cut short her life.

Now do we know why Shakespeare's kings and queens spoke like gods and goddesses; why his hatred of the fawning, flattering courtier; why his loathing of the common herd; his exaltation of philosophers. He knew the divinity that did hedge a king, the bitter tears and sighs that forced that king to sue for preferment, only to be denied that preferment by his own mother.

Maternal instinct would not cut him off, nor force him to mingle with the soul. It would not raise him to great honors, for she feared. She knew herself cunning, fond of power; and doubted lest her own son might have been a creature like herself. One by one, by word, by ax or by poison's help—each friend that Bacon loved, that might have been a sharer in his secret, was cut off. At last he stood alone. No one to turn to but his tender foster-mother, Anne Bacon, who, at the time her own boy baby died, received most secretly from Elizabeth the not-yet-toddling Francis, to fill her aching heart.

The work just published is not a device of Dr. Owen's brain, for, as the learned Mr. Goodale says: "These stories are not Dr. Owen's inventions.

He did not compose them—for the reason that neither he nor any man that lives is gifted with the surpassing genius to do it." And Mr. Goodale was convinced almost against his will only after a year's patient investigation.

I send this that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may be the first to answer in the affirmative the question that heads this article, as it is undoubtedly the first among American Spiritual publications—in news, in thought, in interest and in fearless denunciation of fraud.

I cry your mercy for calling for so much space in this, my first effort, to reach many thinkers through your columns, but a pint cannot contain a quart, nor can an ox take shelter in a shed and snail's house—nor can a few poor lines of mine do justice to a volume's task.

I write to call attention to a work whose pages lay bare the greatest mystery that ever encased mortality, and which relegates to the dim lumber-room of the past this upstart crowd masquerading in the lives of heaven—Shakespeare—and places on the vacant pedestal this myriad-minded, heaven-inspired medium, Sir Francis Dudley (Bacon) Plantagenet. CHARLES NEVINS. 145 W. 14th St., N. Y.

PASSING EVENTS.

A Few Thoughts Thereon.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Than John S. Adams there never was a purer and more spiritual man. He was gentle and kind almost to a fault, and possessed of the finest sensitiveness, which made him intuitive in a remarkable degree. While suffering from a painful disease he manifested the utmost cheerfulness and amiability, and met the sympathy of his friends with the fine play on words none knew better how to use. He was a poet in the true sense of the word, and many of his efforts are gems of great beauty. The following is a prophetic longing which will find response in every suffering heart:

SWEET REST AT LAST.
Sweet rest at last!
At last the hands are folded
Upon a pulseless breast,
And a soul tired of earth's great burden weary,
Hath found sweet rest.

Sweet rest at last!
A long and faithful worker
On life's broad, beaten road,
Reaching the confines of a life immortal,
Lays down his load.

Sweet rest at last!
No longer thorns are pressing
Upon a careworn brow,
But from the heavens a fadeless crown of blessing
Rests on it now.

Sweet rest at last!
No more earth's fretting discord
Disturbs the holy calm,
But angel choirs chant to the listening spirit
Their peaceful psalm.

Sweet rest at last!
We clasp our hands in silence,
And inly hope to be
Sometime with those who enter at the portal,
And heaven to see;

Sweet rest at last!
Some time, amid the realms of fadeless beauty,
Earth's toils and sorrows past,
Find, with the dear ones who have gone before us,
Sweet rest at last.

Au revoir, dear friend, thy mortal was so sweet, and thou art given the benefit of wider opportunities, freed from the burdens of earthly environments.

Au revoir—not farewell, for soon we shall meet in that "sweet rest," which is activity, to develop the possibilities which are our heritage.

Psychic Study.
At present, when there is so much talk on psychic manifestations, to the exclusion of spiritual, everything by the name of spiritism is being thrown into the past. Its members carefully, with a few exceptions, labeled their Spiritualism by a name that to them sounded more palatable. Their papers were exceedingly learned and profuse, yet in no instance—or collectively, did they reach new grounds, or traverse fields hitherto unknown. The Spiritualists have gone over the same field for the last forty-five years; yet their work and conclusions are ignored, as though they had never been. The most noted leaders in that cause were absent, because uninvited, and the promoters of the "Congress" set themselves to the task which had been already performed, with the self-complacent assurance that no one had preceded them.

This want of appreciation is pardonable, as characteristic of beginners, who, as a rule, think that all knowledge new to them is their own discovery. This is emphasized by *Bordeland*, the pretentious quarterly by which Stead attempts to storm the citadel of skepticism, which for this reason has not met the warm welcome its editor evidently anticipated. Mr. Stead has become mediumistic; in which he is like thousands of others. He quite forgets that there are other mediums in the world, and have been for many years—two scores and more—before he was attracted to the subject. There have been writers on Spiritualism, inspirational and otherwise, and a large library has accumulated; yet the reader of *Bordeland* would gather from its silence that there had been no writers or mediums previous to Mr. Stead's development. He scarcely makes allusion to the investigators who have gone over the ground before him, or to writers and speakers who have become eminent as its defenders and exponents. It is new to him, and he appears to think it is equally so to every one else.

The methods of the "Psychic Congress" remind one of the dissecting-table—a great show of scientific accuracy, and attention to inconsequential details. "Psychics" sounds well, carries no theory with it, and hence is more desirable than Spiritualism, which has been appropriated by a heterogeneous crowd who vainly think it is a religion; and therein lies the vital point of distinction. Spiritualism is not only a psychic science, it is a religion, inasmuch as it leads to righteousness, which is another name for right living. The religious and moral elements cannot be taken from it, and in this it is radically different from the results of "psychical research." It is the application of the demonstration of immortal life. Hence

PHENOMENAL.

From the Diary of a Veteran.

Judging others by myself, I think people like to read reliable accounts of spirit phenomena or the experience of reliable people. I am perfectly aware that people are not converted to Spiritualism by argument or testimony, but are made so by experience; but reliable statements of facts lead people to investigate, as they did me, and I have always interested people by my experiences. I propose to relate one that a valued friend said was so good it ought to be printed, and I will do so; it made me a Spiritualist, and the relation of it has attracted others in the same direction. It was my first experience in spiritual manifestations. It was as good and convincing a one as I ever had or ever heard of; perhaps not as wonderful or interesting as some I have had since, but was conclusive with its circumstances, which I propose to relate in detail, and as a western man would say, "It certainly was a corker." One can readily see this message could not be explained as telepathy or mind reading, which makes the hospitable M. J. Savage halt at our threshold; and there was no possibility of any fraud by other spirits or mortals; but it certainly was the intelligence of a departed spirit, and is one of the experiences that come under the head of actual demonstrations, and if I know anything, I know it came from a departed spirit, and being so, settles the great question of the ages, that if a man die physically, he will continue to survive as a spirit, and any one who will believe cannot help knowing it as I do. I have been a Spiritualist from that date, thirty-six years ago, and shall continue to be one as long as I live and have my right mind; so this experience is a very important one to me, and for any one who knows me and believes the facts I state.

I had never seen a medium, or been at a sitting, so was entirely unknown. I had reasons for investigating Spiritualism. A very near and dear friend was becoming interested in it, hence my investigation, and I thought I ought to probe it, to show its folly, and I believed my duty so would get evidence that there was nothing in it, and I knew my conclusions would settle the matter with my near friend; so I was not only a stranger, but skeptical on the subject. I called on a woman who was said to be a good test medium, and made an appointment for the next day, calling my name "Mr. Johnson." Going there at the appointed time, I went into a parlor where a middle-aged lady was sitting on a sofa. She was the medium. I had never seen her in my life, and I am sure I was an entire stranger to her. She asked me to take a seat. I was entirely green in this business; had never been on such an errand before. I did not know what to say or do, or how to begin. The lady probably saw my embarrassment and relieved me by saying:

"I suppose you want to talk with the spirits?"

I said that was what I came for, and the lady said there were lots of spirits in the room and some of them came with the consideration of this statement. I did not say so, but that was my thought. She said:

"Go to the table and see if they will talk with you."

I went, and thinking of wires and connections, I gave the table a push of a foot or so. The lady, who was still seated on the sofa, said:

"Oh, move the table and put it any where you please." I moved it then a foot or two and stood by its side. No one else was near the table, and I believed my duty so would get evidence that there was nothing in it, and I knew my conclusions would settle the matter with my near friend; so I was not only a stranger, but skeptical on the subject. I called on a woman who was said to be a good test medium, and made an appointment for the next day, calling my name "Mr. Johnson." Going there at the appointed time, I went into a parlor where a middle-aged lady was sitting on a sofa. She was the medium. I had never seen her in my life, and I am sure I was an entire stranger to her. She asked me to take a seat. I was entirely green in this business; had never been on such an errand before. I did not know what to say or do, or how to begin. The lady probably saw my embarrassment and relieved me by saying:

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PHENOMENAL.

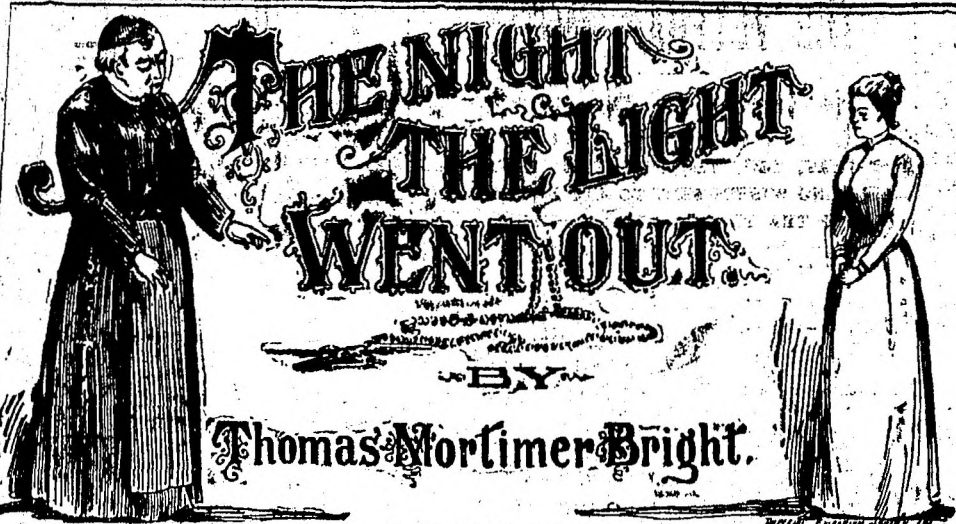
From the Diary of a Veteran.

Judging others by myself, I think people like to read reliable accounts of spirit phenomena or the experience of reliable people. I am perfectly aware that people are not converted to Spiritualism by argument or testimony, but are made so by experience; but reliable statements of facts lead people to investigate, as they did me, and I have always interested people by my experiences. I propose to relate one that a valued friend said was so good it ought to be printed, and I will do so; it made me a Spiritualist, and the relation of it has attracted others in the same direction. It was my first experience in spiritual manifestations. It was as good and convincing a one as I ever had or ever heard of; perhaps not as wonderful or interesting as some I have had since, but was conclusive with its circumstances, which I propose to relate in detail, and as a western man would say, "It certainly was a corker." One can readily see this message could not be explained as telepathy or mind reading, which makes the hospitable M. J. Savage halt at our threshold; and there was no possibility of any fraud by other spirits or mortals; but it certainly was the intelligence of a departed spirit, and is one of the experiences that come under the head of actual demonstrations, and if I know anything, I know it came from a departed spirit, and being so, settles the great question of the ages, that if a man die physically, he will continue to survive as a spirit, and any one who will believe cannot help knowing it as I do. I have been a Spiritualist from that date, thirty-six years ago, and shall continue to be one as long as I live and have my right mind; so this experience is a very important one to me, and for any one who knows me and believes the facts I state.

I had never seen a medium, or been at a sitting, so was entirely unknown. I had reasons for investigating Spiritualism. A very near and dear friend was becoming interested in it, hence my investigation, and I thought I ought to probe it, to show its folly, and I believed my duty so would get evidence that there was nothing in it, and I knew my conclusions would settle the matter with my near friend; so I was not only a stranger, but skeptical on the subject. I called on a woman who was said to be a good test medium, and made an appointment for the next day, calling my name "Mr. Johnson." Going there at the appointed time, I went into a parlor where a middle-aged lady was sitting on a sofa. She was the medium. I had never seen her in my life, and I am sure I was an entire stranger to her. She asked me to take a seat. I was entirely green in this business; had never been on such an errand before. I did not know what to say or do, or how to begin. The lady probably saw my embarrassment and relieved me by saying:

"I suppose you want to talk with the spirits?"

I said that was what I came for, and the lady said there were lots of spirits



Ursula's Trip Westward—Her Fortunate Capture!

CHAPTER VII.

"Permit me, good Ursula," said he; and with the deftness of a woman he removed her disfiguring headgear ere she comprehended his movements.

"Oh!" I exclaimed rapturously, at the sight of the clustering short curls that had so long been hidden from view.

He scowled at me good-humoredly, but Ursula sank cowering into a chair and hid her face in her hands.

"Wait a moment, little one," said the Doctor, and quickly left the room.

Each quivering sob that Ursula drew pierced my heart, but I dared not move nor speak. Soon the Doctor returned, bearing the vase of flowers. He locked the door again; then choosing a few of the loveliest pansies, he stooped and fastened them at her neck.

"Come, come!" he said kindly, but firmly, "this is no way to entertain us. I have a picture worthy of your attention, and I wish to hear your criticism; it is by one of the noblest and greatest of artists."

She raised her fair face, all interest now, which showed her love of art.

"Oh," said she softly, "I shall be so pleased to see it," and she arose, utterly oblivious of herself, and I think that she had wholly forgotten the absence of her veil.

"Will you come too?" said he to me.

"Gladly!" and I followed them to the lower end of the long parlor.

The Doctor took her hand and led her before the pier glass.

"Behold!" said he. She blushed and drew back half afraid.

"You said you wished to have us see the picture," she said, with sweet insistence.

"Did you ever see a fairer one? God has made you beautiful, Ursula, and he has given it into your hands to make good use of—not to vainly display it to win and crush hearts, but to show to the world the beauty and desirability of the higher life. You can win the regard of any living being, and all will wish to grow purer and better, to be worthy of your friendship; is this not doing the will of God, by uplifting humanity in implanting within them the desire for higher things? Pause and consider well, ere you go back to the old life."

She shuddered and grew very pale.

"But my vows!" she exclaimed in a faint tone.

"Choose, little one, and I will see that you bear no sin upon your tender soul but be sure that you are influenced only by your own happiness; not by the false sense of duty or fear of an anathema—which is only wind, after all," he said brusquely.

I felt impelled to put in a few words, though they seemed to have forgotten my presence.

"Good Ursula," I said, "I feel that you will be guided aright, and will do that which will preserve your peace of mind and leave your fair honor stainless."

My words went home as I meant they should (for I felt that the memories they would conjure to her mind would be a potent factor in influencing her decision), and she nervously looked her white fingers in an intense clasp, while her face flushed and paled.

"Good friends," said she, "I must have time for prayer and thought."

"And I, too," said I solemnly. "Pansies are for thought—will you give me one?"

She smiled at me wistfully, I thought, and disengaging one from the cluster at her breast she gave it to me. I kissed it, and putting it between the leaves of my note-book, placed it next my heart.

"It is well!" said the good Doctor, in a hearty and affectionate tone.

I looked my thanks to him, and it being rather late, I proposed to take my leave, as I knew Ursula wished to be alone.

"I thought you were to be my guest for the night," said he. "Your room has been fixed for your occupancy, and I had hoped you would remain."

"Pardon me, sir, I did not understand that part of the arrangement; certainly, I will gladly accept your hospitality."

"I will conduct Miss Ursula to her apartments, and return for a smoke," said the Doctor.

I bade a her respectful good-night, expressing the wish that I might see her ere long.

"I hope so—I mean," she corrected her speech hastily, "that I shall be pleased to see you. I have enjoyed this evening very much."

"I shall only remember your first words, good Ursula."

She smiled back at me as she and the Doctor went down the hall.

"Carolyn," I whispered, hoping my words would reach her keen ears, "dear Carolyn, won't you love me and come back to the world."

She started and turned her head. I held my book to my lips and kissed the first gift from my treasured love; she gently touched the flowers she wore in mute acknowledgment of my movement. I accepted it as evidence that she was not indifferent to me.

When the Doctor returned and we had ascended to his "den" for a brief discussion of the fragrant weed, ere retiring, he seemed to

study me closely for a few moments.

"Perhaps you can explain to me, as you had a good view of the hall, what startled Ursula as I was taking her to her rooms?" She stifled a scream and placed her hand at her throat as though she was choking (I smiled at the last words), and when I questioned her, she said it must have been a voice from the dead whispering to her. Now, what do you make of that?"

"Nothing," I replied truthfully, though he mistook my meaning.

"Well, my little plan carried out splendidly, didn't it, my boy?" and he rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Yes, and I am much indebted to you, my good friend, for a very beautiful vision that will long haunt me, waking or sleeping."

"I shall insist upon it again, and until she dreads the old garb," and he stirred the fire and rapped the poker against the top bar of the grate in an emphatic manner. "Don't lose heart, Frank, we'll get her yet."

And with those hopeful parting words I bade him to rest and dreams of my beautiful imprisoned darling—my Carolyn!

Frank swung his feet around and arose from his hard couch of pine boards; he took off his hat and bared his brow to the balmy March breeze, fresh from across the lake.

"Is that as far as you have gone?" I asked, interestedly.

"Yes," and his happy eyes met mine freely, "and I feel ever so safe in the Doctor's friendship, for I know he will use his influence (which is not small) in my behalf."

"I congratulate you, old fellow, on making such rapid strides towards the consummation of your dearest hopes, and it is most fortunate for you that you have an entree there. Good luck attend you!"

"Thank you, Tom; I shall strive to deserve her love, and hope to throw some sunshine into her life; she has lived in Shadowland too long."

"No fear but that you will succeed, Frank. If you need another friend, I am at your service," and I held out my hand to him.

He grasped it with alacrity and pressed it strongly.

"Thank you, old fellow," he answered huskily.

"Let us go landward," I said. "The people are returning from church; it must be one o'clock and we may miss dinner. Will you come with me?"

"Thank you, not to-day; but I will see you soon, and will let you know how matters progress."

"You have my best wishes."

He smiled at me brightly, and turned down his street.

I was called to attend to some business interests in the far West, and so, temporarily, lost sight of Frank, and during my two months' stay in Denver I only wrote once or twice to him, receiving no reply. But I knew that he had much to engross his thoughts and time, so was not offended by his silence. The day before my return home, while at dinner, a messenger brought me a telegram. I opened it casually, expecting some word from my employers, but my astonishment was great when I read:

"Carolyn left yesterday for San Francisco alone. I detain in Denver till I arrive. On any plea. Frank Stowell."

I hurriedly finished my meal and went to the depot to ascertain at what time the train would be due, and learned that it would be many hours late, owing to the serious wreck which obstructed the track. I hoped for Frank's sake that the train was on had not suffered in any way. I sat down in the waiting-room and fell to musing on the strange fate that pursued Frank in his love affair. What could it mean? Had she run away from the temptation to become his wife? How was I to compel her to stop over when she, probably, had purchased a through ticket? It was not clear to me what I should do; a dozen schemes presented to my perturbed brain, but I dismissed them as wild and unwise. I bought a book hoping to find in it some plan applicable to this case—some suggestion that would be a guide to me in fulfilling my friend's urgent demand: "On any plea." It was clear that he preferred me to use stratagem instead of force, which might cause her to rebel and so endanger future happiness. I paced the floor in an agony of doubt as to what I had better say and do. I was getting nervous and almost feverish, and I could have cried aloud when I heard one trackman say to another: "She'll be here now in fifteen minutes." Oh, would no light be shed upon my course? What if I fail to detain her? The thought of Frank's misery nerved me to the ordeal, and I earnestly prayed to be guided aright. The train was already pulling into the shed, and yet I had formed no plan; but I boarded the smoker as soon as I could do so with safety and walked through all the coaches closely scanning every face. I had never seen Frank's lady-love, and had only his glowing, but imperfect, description to guide me; but I felt sure I would know her if she wore the same robes. As I entered the second coach a strange shiver passed over me, and certain words seemed stamped into my brain:

"Beware of the priest in this car. Tell her

to come with you in mercy, to one who may not survive without proper ministrations. She is in the last coach. Go quickly to a carriage. You will not fail."

I heaved a sigh of relief at the last weird promise, and quickly searched for a priestly-looking person. He was just going over for supper, and I felt that when he was safely out of the way, nothing could prevent us from leaving the depot unseen by him. He looked down the long row of coaches, when once outside, and not seeing anyone in nun's garb leave the train, supposed his charge to be safe (for I jumped to the conclusion that he was watching her), and went over to the restaurant. I watched him till he was out of sight, then hurried into the last car.

"Is there a nurse here?" I inquired excitedly. "Important services are urgently needed and will be well compensated."

The instinct to aid the suffering was strong in Sister Ursula's nature, and she instantly sprang to her feet and came towards me.

"I am an experienced nurse, sir. If no other can be procured, I am willing to remain over for a time."

"Then come with me quickly; not a moment must be lost. Have you any baggage aboard?"

"None save this satchel."

I eagerly took it from her, and asking her to pardon my hasty locomotion, made a bee line for the back stand, she almost running to keep up with me. I gave an address to the driver, hastily handed my charge into the carriage, and took the seat opposite. I had given the man a dollar extra in advance, to drive away quickly, for I feared the priest might have friends along who would inform him of Ursula's departure. I did not draw a free breath until I had her safe at a good quiet boarding-house. I had a hasty confab with the landlady, whom I had long known (a most estimable woman), and she went to prepare refreshments for us. She told me that the suite on the second floor was vacated that morning, and I engaged them at a good price for one week, paying in advance therefor.

I quickly ushered Ursula into the front room upstairs, and bidding her rest a little while, left her and went to another room of the suite, as I wanted to be on hand to prevent her escaping from Frank. I rang for a servant and ordered the middle room transformed into a dining-room, temporarily, and our meals served there; also that a messenger be sent me. I scribbled a few lines to Frank, and sent them to my hotel; also wrote the clerk to give the note to a gentleman who would call there for me to-morrow. I felt embarrassed when I tapped at Ursula's door, for now I must make a clean breast of my ruse to detain her.

She opened the door and I entered without awaiting her invitation.

"Pray sit down, madam," I said speaking as gravely as I could, "and I will explain to you your duties."

Just then the servant announced that supper was served in the next room, so I was spared the ordeal for a brief spell, for which I was thankful.

"But the patient?" she asked anxiously.

"Can wait awhile, till you have eaten," I bowed to conceal a smile.

Reassured by my words, she entered the improvised *salle a manger*.

"I am under the necessity of eating at the same table, madam," I said. "I hope it is not objectionable to you?"

"Certainly not, sir."

So we partook of the delicious spread in almost total silence. When she arose, I asked her to be seated on the sofa (for that room was to serve as sitting-room also) as I had an explanation to offer.

"However officious you may deem me," I said, "I must tell you that I have intervened to save you from the pitfalls that have been set for you. You were a prisoner on the train (she started and grew pale), and you are still a prisoner—my prisoner; but I shall see that you have every comfort, and as much privacy as may please you, and when the rightful gaoler arrives, I feel sure you will have no ill report to make of me. This suite is your own, exclusively; but I beg that you will allow me to occupy one of the rooms, so that I may protect you from intrusion or annoyance. And now, I will tell you why I have brought you here," and I handed her Frank's telegram, for I did not wish to complicate matters by sailing under false colors.

She flushed, then grew very pale, and the delicate white hands that held the paper trembled pitifully. She looked at me with tears in her soulful dark eyes that seemed to ask the question her quivering lips could not utter.

"I know all," I said gently, "all save why you left, and that I can opine. I shall keep you safe till Frank arrives, which will, probably, be to-morrow, for I am sure he will take the first train. When he comes, I beg that you will be merciful to him, for he is very miserable. It is a heart of purest mold that he has offered you, and it is a sin to cause him to suffer so!"

She buried her face in the sofa-pillow, and sobbed bitterly. After a time she became calmer and said:

"Heaven—for Frank," I said. "And I would lose my soul and forfeit peace in the hereafter by breaking my vow," she said mournfully.

"One cannot lose that which is the real individual, the divine ego, the spirit, which is mistakenly called the soul; for if such were the case, it would be complete annihilation, and that never occurs with an individualized entity. It is a mistake—selfish in the extreme—to foist your cares and sins, and those of billions of human beings, upon one man, who is only a man (though a noble one, I will affirm). In my opinion, it is more praiseworthy for each to bear the consequences of their own acts than to shirk them; this is why I have never joined any religious sect, though firmly believing in God, and in the life hereafter. I beg of you to consider your first duty is to the man you love, and the next is to yourself; after that, bestow such aid upon humanity as may please you. I will not intrude upon you now, as it is late, and you must rest; but I beseech you, do not trample upon the yearnings of your own pure soul, nor murder my friend—for it will be murder, if you refuse his love."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HORRIBLE DEATHS

Rider Haggard and the Immuring of Nuns.

Proof Positive that He Told the Truth.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the well-known novelist, writes as follows to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"I forward to you herewith for publication copies of a correspondence that has passed between Mr. James Britten, honorary secretary to the Catholic Truth Society, and myself on the subject of the 'Immuring of Nuns.' I kept no copy of my answers to Mr. Britten's letters of Aug. 15 and 25, and therefore I am unable to include them.



LEADING THE WAY TO AN IMMURED NUN.

I have now read the article in the *Month*, by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, entitled 'Mr. Rider Haggard and the Immuring of Nuns.' Naturally enough, it is conceived in the spirit of the good old maxim of the legal profession: 'When your case is doubtful, abuse the plaintiff's attorney.' I accept the onslaught of the Rev. Herbert Thurston and the society with the Christian resignation of one not unaccustomed to attack, and, having said my say about it in my letter of Aug. 9 (whereof the writer of the article has only thought fit to publish such parts as bore upon the point at issue), the history of the matter in dispute I leave to others more learned. On one or two points of fact, however, I will venture to join issue with the Rev. Herbert Thurston. On page 71 of my romance, *Montezuma's Daughter*, I state in a footnote that I myself have seen in the museum of the city of Mexico the remains of a woman and an infant found in the walls of a religious building in that town. In reply to this statement my critic politely suggests that my 'memory or imagination' is playing me 'tricks,' and asks for proof that the remains are really there. I cannot give it to him, for I have no copy of the official catalogue which he demands; indeed, I do not remember that any such catalogue is printed or obtainable by the public, nor can I ask him to go to Mexico and see for himself. But I can suggest that he should learn to discriminate between the fibes of a romance and positive allegations such as I have made in this footnote. It is not usual or courteous to imply that an adversary, however heretic, is deliberately saying the thing that is not, unless the critic is prepared to prove that which he is not ashamed to insinuate. There, in the year 1891, these remains were to be seen at Mexico, with the rope-marks on the ankles, and a piece of muslin ludicrously pinned about the middle of the woman; and there, too, unless my 'memory or imagination' deceives me, are to be seen the remains of another woman, without a child, also alleged to have been found immured in a religious building. Further than this I cannot go, for I may have been misinformed as to the origin of these relics; but here I may add, that in no country does religious discipline seem to have been more rigorous in past generations than in Mexico; and, as the readers of the publications of the Hakluyt Society will remember, nowhere did the Inquisition practice greater cruelties.

"Again, I state in my first letter to Mr. Britten that I was shown a dungeon near Waltham Cross, in which, I was informed, the skeletons of two women had been found walled up, and with them an earthen pitcher. The Rev. Herbert Thurston has been making inquiries, and can hear of no such place, though he has heard of some skeletons that were discovered at Waltham Abbey. His inquiries must have been very superficial. The ancient house to which I allude, that is said to have been a monastery, stands at some dis-

tance from the town of Waltham Cross, and is, I think, known as Cardinal Wolsey's house, because at one time he is supposed to have lived in it. But a fragment of the original edifice now remains, containing, however, one fine room fitted as a museum, where a lodge of Freemasons celebrate their mysteries. Beneath the building is a very curious crypt, built in ecclesiastical style, that from the difficulty of access to it I judged to have been used for the purpose of secret worship in times of persecution. Opening out of this crypt is a darksome hole, where—so I learned locally, and the person who showed me over the place stated—the skeletons and pitcher were found by workmen, who broke through the wall while executing repairs to the fabric. Of course it may be that the tale is false, and no such skeletons were found. Probably the local antiquaries could give accurate information on this point; but there is the house awaiting Father Thurston's inspection, or there it was in the last days of 1892.

"My chief object, however, in troubling you with this correspondence, is not to complain of the discourtesies or to make clear the dark places of Father Thurston's article; it is rather to ask some of the many antiquaries, whom you must number among your readers, to favor those who are interested in the matter with their views as to the alleged walling up of nuns who had broken their vows of chastity, and with arguments deduced from the available facts less impassioned and one-sided than those that emanate from the Catholic Truth Society. Are the members of the society right when they imply that no such words as 'go in peace' were ever uttered in this connection, that no such tragedy ever happened, and that all instances adduced to the contrary are the mere inventions of malicious and bigoted Anglicans, with Sir Walter Scott at the head of them? Or, is there, perchance, verity in a report, hard to prove, indeed—since walled-up skeletons cannot speak—but widely spread and almost universally believed? For my part, I confess that my interest in the question, formerly impersonal and artistic, has grown quick under the lash of the Rev. Herbert Thurston's wrath, and that I await with some eagerness the opinions, among others, of such learned authorities as Sir John Evans, Dr. Jessop, of Scarning, and Dr. Raven, of Fressingfield, if they chance to see this letter and will be good enough to give them.

"Meanwhile, I wonder if it has occurred to the members of the Catholic Truth Society that the raising of so much dust because of the introduction into a romance of an instance of cruelty supposed to have been perpetrated by priests more than three hundred years ago, is nothing short of ridiculous? It is fortunately impossible to imagine any society representative of the Anglican branch of the Christian church opening its heavy guns upon a novelist who wrote in an adverse spirit, say, of the persecution of the Jesuits in the eighteenth century, or the plundering of the religious houses by Henry VIII."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Remembrance.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you a "Remembrance," that was written for me, from my loved ones in Spirit-life, at the close of the year 1893, automatically through the mediumship of Mrs. Warne, 1255 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

C. H. HORRINE.

How sweet the golden links divine
That knit our thoughts in memory dear,
As swiftly flows the stream of time,
The seasons bring our loved ones near.

The scattered leaves of forests fall
That flowers may bloom our hearts to cheer,
So every withered hope departs
In some bright form to reappear.

Oh, loved one, from the realms of light
A chaplet bright we weave for thee:
'Tis fashioned swift, just out of sight,
And yet thine eyes our flow'rets see.

The year has closed with sighing breezes,
To leave death's shadow on the earth,
But she thou loved, returning, learns
To whisper of the higher birth.

United now in kindred song,
They bring a message unto thee,
Death's sting is lost in joyous praise,
And life is crowned with victory.

The violet springs from tears of dew,
The rose in shady nook is sought,
But shy and gentle as the dove,
I rest thine own forget-me-not.

Forget-me-not, oh, heart of mine,
But cheer my soul with tenderness;
I only wait at evening time
Thy life to guard, and watch, and bless.

REMEMBER, PLEASE.

To all new trial subscribers,—25 cents for three months—we send free 'The Witch of the Nineteenth Century,' a highly interesting story by Dr. Phelon, which ran through eight numbers of the paper. Or, in place thereof we will send free that remarkable paper issued February 14th, 1891, showing that the Roman Catholics were responsible for the assassination of President Lincoln. One hundred and fifty thousand copies of that number of the paper have been issued. It is startlingly true and sensational, and the most remarkable paper of the present age. When you once read it you will value it as worth at least one dollar. In connection therewith, we will also send one copy of the TRACT edition. It is a MINE OF VALUABLE INFORMATION. State in your order which of the two you want. NEW YEARLY subscribers will get the four papers above named free.

The demand for 'The Priest, Woman and Confessional' in the German language has been such that the publishers feel warranted in getting out an edition in German. The book is well printed and illustrated, and sells for \$1 per copy. For sale at this office.

The Coming American Civil War.

THIS BOOK, BY BURTON AMES HUNTER, is written in the interest of humanity, of liberty, and of patriotism—a book written for the purpose of calling attention to the deadly dangers that beset us on every side, and more especially to the hostile attitude and the furtive moves of an overbearing, ambitious, and unscrupulous Pope, the Catholics, Washington's words of warning, Lincoln's apprehension and the prophecy of General Grant are all included in this volume. Obsolete church tolerances have been abolished, and the Pope has his power to annihilate them. Our enemies now abuse the Holy Ghost and the principles of the church for what they have thought fit to do. Every one should read this volume. Price 50 cents. It will be sent, postage, for fifty cents. For sale at this office.

HISTORY OF ATHARIEL.

LIFE IN THE STONE AGE. THE History of Athariel, Chief Priest of a Band of Ariana. An Outline History of the World from the beginning of the world to the present time. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE. Something you should have to refer to. By James M. McLean. Price 15 cents.

THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN AND THE CONFESSIONAL. By Rev. Chas. Chisholm. Every one should read it. Price \$1.00.

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AUTHOR OF 'COMMON SENSE.' Rights of Man, and other critical and explanatory observations of his writings, by G. Vale. Those who would know the exact truth in regard to this noble and the principles of the reformer should read this volume. Price \$1. Postage 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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MEDIATORS OR MEDIUMS.

Special to Mental Scientists.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please allow me a few thoughts with the many Mental Scientists who read your progressive paper.

Friends, success lies in the recognition of the true order of general progress. When you or I allow ourselves to turn in the least from the evolutionary order of Spiritualism at large, the best success will not attend our efforts. The science in which we toil professes that "all is spirit," or at least that the substance or soul of everything is spirit. This being true, we cannot consistently ignore the Spiritualism of science, nor the science of Spiritualism, for it is the life and shield against the agnosticism of materialists and the claims of creeds. Ingersoll and theologians are the same when it comes to immortal being, for neither admit spirit. To him all is matter, and to them and their followers the body is about all they see of man. He says: "We have no proof of a life to be," and the regular theologian says the same. He even claims the reality of God to be personal, visible sometimes, and hence matter. The theologian holding this is an agnostic and he stands in with materialism, and that is modern infidelity.

We profess to hold that God is spirit and as extended as the universe, and no Spiritualist holds otherwise. We never hear a Spiritualist assert that God is a personality or has a matter-body ever to be seen. He says God means the Over Soul or the Universal, Infinite Spirit, and that in this is the finite Spirit, and all life. Now we hold the same, but we know that the claim of a visible, personal God, other than the human being, is materialism and idolatry. Shall we, then, be known to stand in with error or shall we unite our efforts with the fifty millions of Spiritualists whom God—that is reform—is matching against both creeds, Christianity and confessed agnosticism?

Other religions and Christianity itself were established through their mediators, but then spiritualism was not so general, hence the greatest works were confined to one and he was the mediator. Now, in the establishing of the new spiritual kingdom there are many mediators, or, as commonly called, mediums. What the church means when it refers to Jesus as a mediator came from the fact that he acted between God and man in spiritual matters and Truth, hence he was a medium.

Now, the seventh great civilization is forming as science, and for its authority or constructing power it has Spiritualism. All our spiritual systems are only so many branches of the great spiritual tree.

Theology condemns our science as much as it does the spiritual philosophy; it is our common enemy; *materia medica* denies us more than it denies Spiritualism, hence, these two great foes are united with agnosticism to withstand us. To cope with them and with the law we need the mighty arm of Spiritualism. Nearly all our Mental Scientists hold with Spiritualists of immortality, on psychic laws, and on a broad basis of reform in general.

I advise all mental healers and metaphysicians to fraternize with workers in spiritual philosophy as far as you find them willing. Do not approach them, however, with any term that means Christian, for they are two thousand years in advance of it. To be spiritual means much more.

Wherever I lecture and teach our healing science, I am encouraged by true Spiritualists. They, the church members, and all others give me a wide berth while they believe I am in mental healing as a Christian Scientist, but when they see I positively object to be known as such, then they come from all quarters.

After Maud Lord-Drake left here in December, feeling that but few attended her fine seances, it became evident that she had enlisted several of the best families in a determination to investigate spiritual truth. My lectures followed and these families came to learn what Spiritual science meant. On immortality and true progress they saw that this science is in accord with the higher Spiritualism, and this led them to make me a second large class, and in it were many Spiritualists.

I had a medium come in, and divided time with him. As a result of fraternal work and feelings, the angels have awakened the whole city. Mediums at a distance, you must know that many church members and others here have urged me to have a good medium come here at once. The day we wrote one in Denver, I received a letter from one of the ordained Spiritual speakers in Iowa, who is also a psychometrist test medium, etc., that she is starting for Lincoln and desires me to introduce her to an audience, as she feels drawn here to work. We have called her, but others must follow. A Spiritual Research Society has just been organized with over fifty members, and the writer was to lecture for it on Sunday, February 25th, but he will have the one whom the spirits are sending to hold forth in chief. This union of action has created the general interest and desire to investigate. Many cures have been given us in the classes, and all are rejoicing. A popular hotel invited us to have a meeting at their parlors for psychic experiments; we did so, and nearly a hundred got in, though it was mostly private. I read to them two articles from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and then asking for subscribers, twenty earnest souls became subscribers; and with this I remit the money. It is victory to send in these new names and a good portion of them members of the churches here, hungering for evidence and life, and part of them the first ladies of society. The results here and in other cities convince me that it is wise for all our scientists to join with the recognized spiritual workers. "In union there is strength."

I am decidedly pleased to see in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that the able, fearless and progressive Rev. Joseph Adams, after years of editing, lecturing and teaching Christian Science, has begun to lecture in the public

meetings of Spiritualists. Many more will follow in the same way.
Lincoln, Neb. A. J. SWARTS, Ph. D.

How Strange!

How strange that some "good saints," whose sun shines the brightest, Forget every home save where hearts are the lightest;

They will fling to the wind what would comfort the sighing, And feed to their dogs what would nourish the dying.

How strange that some, knowing of homes gaunt with hunger, Go robed to their church, praying louder and longer, That the Father above will remember "his people," And bless his dear church from foundation to steeples.

How strange that the poor, when grand church bells are pealing, Doubt Heaven's kind care, when "that faintness" comes stealing.

Over body and spirit, while Christians kneel praying, "For the sinful and poor who are sometimes found straying."

How strange that, when bowing in saintly submission, The sheltered, the "holy" 're untouched with contrition, Tho' through the brain flashes a Sinai-like warning—

"Ye have turned from Christ-lessons in silence and scorn."

How strange you poor mother, on sick-bed reclining, Hath need of our help, that her light may be shining;

Yet we turn swift away from such visions of sadness, And begrudge her the heart-gift and sweet-wine of gladness,

What you ask for a picture most rare and entrancing, Might have saved many lives, whispers conscience, advancing.

Oh, if these are in want, or need nourishing diet, Oh, Lord, send them friends, that their lips may be quiet.

Forgive, Lord, that ofttimes our earth-wisdom bumbles; We pray for the heathen 'mong tropical jungles, Lest they die in their sins, and no mercy can reach them,

We bring here our tithes to thy servants who teach them, How strange that "God's children" hold dearer as topics

The uncaring African—sons of far tropics. It true: "Lack of knowledge holds less condemnation,"

Then why not first help th' oppressed of our nation?

'Cross the workingman's path hear the chariot rumble; "Hey, you! out of our way!"—hear the rich owner grumble,

As he runs for his life—see the dinner-pail glisten! Are the ears of God heavy? Do not kind angels listen?

There's a motherless boy: his untutored feet going Adown life's long track—and such rough winds a-blowing;

Not a hand to befriend him, nor Christian to pity; "Oh, such things are common in hamlet and city."

How strange, then, 'tis sorrow in more striking guise That tugs at one's conscience, and opens one's eyes.

Shall we paint the boy black, or brown as a bee, And give him the chance as a "Heathen Chinese?" We'd best rather these people—the homeless, and lone—

Free ticket them through to a tropical zone; Then—pass 'round God's plate every Sabbath, and see

How freely we'll give to the "Heathen Chinese." HATTIE BOYDSTON.

Spiritualism in Lexington, Ky.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having completed a course of lectures, the Sundays in January, where I filled an engagement for the Voices Calling First Spiritualist Society of Lexington, Ky., I desire to inform the public that this "Blue Grass Region" is not backward in the Spiritualistic movement.

On my arrival in this city, January 6th, I was met by Dr. James W. Lunsford and son, who escorted me to their residence, where I was royally received by some thirty members of the society, who welcomed me, a stranger, to their homes.

Dr. Lunsford as president, and his good wife Mrs. Mary A. V. Lunsford as vice-president of the above-named society, have resided in this city of about 37,000 inhabitants, two years, having come from Covington, Ky. They were the pioneer workers in this primitive field. The Doctor as an excellent trumpet medium, and his wife as test medium, have been holding circles.

As Spiritual truth dawned on the theological threshold of religious bigotry and intolerance, their good works were met by ignorant assailants who in divers ways, by threats and persecutions, attempted in vain to drive them from the city. Amidst the tumult and strife the mediums held the fort, and now the flag of truth floats proudly over the enemies stronghold. To-day a prosperous society, an auxiliary to the National Association of Spiritualists is the outcome of their good work. Some of the most intelligent citizens are and have been brought into the ranks, and Lexington is being redeemed.

Speakers and mediums that may choose to wander in these fields will surely receive the kindest treatment at the hands of royal Kentucky people.

By the way, the president of the society has inaugurated a movement among the colored folks. The writer also attended two of their meetings. Some twenty-five members were secured at the residence of Brother Toll and a National charter has been applied for, for the First Colored Spiritualists' Society of this State. There are many very promising mediums amongst this former down-trodden race.

So the good work goes bravely on. The colored folks should look to their laurels in the North. REV. G. G. VAN HORN.

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Spiritualism in the Twin Cities.

TO THE EDITOR:—Knowing that you and the thousands of readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are interested in the growth and progress of the cause of Spiritualism—a cause near and dear to the heart of everyone interested in the advancement of humanity to a higher plane of life—I write to give you some idea of the progress being made in these twin cities of the northwest, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Some eleven or twelve years ago I commenced my first active public work in the cause. There was then one small struggling society here. Myself and others secured the services of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox as a lecturer. "We were to pay her \$100 per month and expenses. After a service of two months we found ourselves in debt to her \$65. Although we had secured all the subscribers we could, and had taken up a collection at every service, a few others with myself paid the balance."

That summer I visited Onset Bay Camp meeting. Among the speakers was Mrs. R. S. Lillie. I was pleased with her lectures and engaged her to come to us for the month of September at \$100 per month. On my return the officers of the society refused to sanction my work, and I said to them: "I will take the responsibility upon my own shoulders and see that she is paid." Instead of putting her before an audience in a third-story hall, I rented the Alcazar Theater and Pence Opera House, made the meetings free, but took up a collection at each service. I was under an expense of between \$50 and \$60 each Sunday, but the meetings were so successful that Mrs. Lillie remained with us for three months, and our audiences numbered from 600 to 1,000. There were but two Sundays in the three months that failed to pay expenses, and Mr. Harvey Brown president of the Gas Company, gave his check to balance one of them. Since then such public workers have been called into the field as Dr. U. D. Thomas, Miss Abbie Judson, Mrs. C. D. Pruden, Edward Bach, W. H. Bach, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Leavitt, Mrs. Tryon, Mr. Seed, Mr. Brown, Mrs. Ethel Braun, Dr. and Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall, all public speakers and all residents of this beautiful and progressive city.

All are excellent speakers and mediums, and ready to do work for the cause whenever and wherever an invitation may be extended to them.

The camp-meeting which I inaugurated three years ago has become an incorporated body, that continues in successful operation; and we look for a larger and more successful meeting this year than ever before. There are now seven Spiritual meetings every Sunday in this city, and two in St. Paul, and all, I believe, are on a successful paying basis.

Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall and Dr. U. D. Thomas opened their meeting last Sunday reviving the old First Spiritual Society. Washington Hall, 34 Washington avenue, South, which is a large one, was filled beyond its seating capacity, and many were forced to stand during the entire services, which were conducted by Dr. Aspinwall; Dr. Thomas, Mrs. Aspinwall and Mrs. Lepper giving short lectures and following with tests, and many other mediums also giving tests. So you see we are growing, and there never has been a time when there has been as much interest shown as now. A great tidal wave of Spiritualism is sweeping over the country, which will soon engulf, with its resistless march, the strongholds of orthodox superstition.

S. N. ASPINWALL.

Minneapolis, Minn.

A Veteran Gone to His Home.

TO THE EDITOR:—I sit down to communicate the sad intelligence of the departure from this life of Dr. Charles F. Ware, of Bucksport, Me. His transition occurred suddenly at his home on the 13th inst., at the age of sixty-nine.

In early life he followed the sea and became a master mariner of prominence. Before he understood his mediumistic powers, they were of good service in navigation, he saved two ships and their crews from destruction by means of spirit warnings. In the war of the Rebellion he served in the navy. He was in New York at the time of Booth's assassination of Lincoln, and at the very moment of its occurrence he saw the proceeding, and then and there gave a minute and correct account of it.

Immediately after the war he commenced the practice of a clairvoyant physician, in which capacity he achieved great success and won a host of admiring friends. Some ten years ago he selected and laid out the beautiful Verons Camp-ground, near his own home on the Penobscot river, and has been its president and chief promoter up to the present time. To see this beautiful camp grove, flourish and rise above all financial embarrassments, and become a place where the inspiring truths of the Spiritual philosophy could be freely dispensed to hungry souls, has been the chief desire of his life the past few years. He did not remain here long enough to see the fruition of his ardent hopes, but in this connection he has certainly done enough to immortalize his name. His lifework has been nobly done, and his reward is sure. He was kind, generous, honest, true, progressive and courageous. He leaves a beloved wife and one son—his eldest son having very recently passed to Spirit-life.

F. W. SMITH.

Rockford, Ma.

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Two Workers Gone.

TO THE EDITOR:—Within the last few days two old Spiritualists have passed to the other side from this city. The first was Mr. J. C. Hebbard, prominent in political circles in this State, and perhaps one of the best-posted men in the whole country. He was a walking encyclopedia on subjects connected with public men of the country. His transition was caused by bright's disease, he being something over sixty years of age. He was connected with our Spiritualistic societies for a good many years, and at one time was President of the First Society here. Since his transition he has appeared often among us.

The other is Mrs. Jane Crowe, aged seventy-six. She was one of the first graduates of a medical school in Boston, removed to this city in 1857, has been a continued resident here and in the practice of her profession ever since. Her practice for years has been among the poor, her religion being to do good. She was one of the founders of the First Society of Spiritualists in this city, twenty-five years ago, and has always been connected with it.

The funeral services were at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James Harvey. Mrs. Lillian L. Wood delivered the address, and during its delivery the spirit of Mrs. Crowe was present to her clairvoyant sight and clair-audient power, and she told her many things to say to those in the audience. There were present orthodox ministers, ex-members of congress and many prominent citizens who for the first time got an insight into what Spiritualists believe.

If the friends of Spiritualists who pass over would always see to it that a Spiritualist lecturer preached at the funeral services, it would do much to spread abroad our philosophy.

Topeka, Kan. N. P. BAKER.

Hon. A. B. Richmond's Review is Grand.

TO THE EDITOR:—A. B. Richmond's review of Ingersoll is truly grand; I would not have missed it for a year's subscription to your paper. While reading it, a sentence I had lately read was recalled: "A steam engine is only a thought dressed in iron," or in other words, a steam engine is a materialized thought; so are all the works of the hands of man. Idealization first, then materialization—

and the White City quickly crowned the shore of your lake, and revealed the materializations of painters, sculptors, mechanics and artisans gathered from the four quarters of the globe, demonstrating that the idealizations of the human race, of the beautiful and useful, prove their common origin and relationship.

If the idealization of a Stephenson is materialized in a locomotive—of a Fulton in a steamboat—of a Christopher Wren in a St. Paul's Church, is it hard to realize that the disincarnated, "god-like and undying intellect" of some Praxiteles, Raphael and Michael Angelo, can materialize for a moment the semblance of a dear friend?

The materialization of a rose—a mortal—a world, or the stately hosts of heaven—must be the work crowning the idealizations of and intelligence surpassing the comprehension of the most advanced mind incarnated on earth.

Louisville, Ky. EDWARD SHIPPEN.

Sudden Transformations.

TO THE EDITOR:—Glad I am so poor; for the poor have the gospel preached unto them, and an eternity of happiness is theirs! I can duplicate so many strange things I see in your paper. Right here let me say a few words: In a circle by the Eddys at Lake Pleasant, I saw the spirit of a man transformed into the spirit of a woman, in the twinkling of an eye, clothing and all, and both spirits were in turn recognized by their respective friends, who shook hands and talked with them. There were forty materialized on this occasion. There are two sisters in Richmond, Indiana, who get thousands upon thousands of spirit faces by simply holding the brush, dipped in paint, to the face of the paper; if you watch you can see one or more hairs moving apart from the body of the brush, in the act of painting. One of the sisters held my hand while I held the brush, and thus a face was painted. This was during the soldiers' reunion at St. Louis. Whether the painting is being done now or not I do not know. Strange to say, they first noticed it on a visit to the seashore in Connecticut; when one sister, on picking up a pebble, found a face on it impressed there apparently by contact of her two fingers; the other one did the same with like result. Then followed the painting by holding the brush to the face of the paper.

Obsession may be avoided by the person being employed in good acts, by prayer, by keeping good company, etc. Evil is catching—good is catching. A man is known by the company he keeps.

Would not the letter of the Pope to all good Catholics, commanding them to take part in all meetings, churches and gatherings, bear repeating now? It was printed some years ago, and was and is being carried out to the injury of the Protestant cause, the effect being similar to that caused by Gideon's band among the Philistines. I mean to say, should not Protestants be repeatedly cautioned against these stabbers in the dark?

Lancaster, O. CHARLES CARTER.

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THE VETERAN MOSES.

He is Rapidly Recovering.

AND THAT, TOO, THROUGH THE MANY GOOD HEALING WISHES SENT TO HIM BY THE READERS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please state in your next issue that Mr. Hull has so far recovered that he conducted the services in the Temple yesterday. I shared the labors by delivering the morning discourse. My subject was: "Spiritualism as a Factor in the World's Progress." Mr. Hull discoursed at night on "The Life and Times of Thomas Paine." We were greeted by very large audiences on each occasion; at night the Temple was crowded.

Mr. Hull seems no worse for his efforts yesterday, and we trust in a short time that he will be in possession of his old-time vigor. I shall remain with him for a time, sharing his labors. We trust that by this arrangement the work can go on uninterrupted.

Telegrams and letters have poured in from every direction since Mr. Hull's prostration. I have answered scores of them personally. Many have said: "Let me know through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER," hence I ask a little space for that purpose. I am sure the currents of affection that have come in the tender, loving messages, have been instrumental in Mr. Hull's rapid recovery, for I believe there is nothing more potent as a medicine for soul or body than the power of the spirit. With best wishes for your grand work.

MATTIE E. HULL.

Spirit Photography.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of December 9th, Wm. A. Peterson has a communication on "Spirit Photography," and he expresses a wish to know more about it.

There is a good deal in photography, and he will find a wide field for investigation and experiment. If he will take the trouble to talk critically and carefully with capable photographers concerning the unusual things in the way of photographic possibilities, he may be surprised.

Just for the purpose of throwing out some hints or demonstrated facts, I will say that a camera is not necessary, nor is a lens, to take a photograph. As to Mr. Peterson's experiment with his daughter in a "photograph gallery," in which he failed altogether to get a picture of her, while there were other faces on the plates, a photographer would say that the plate was not exposed at all when she was before it. There is another fact it is well to think of, and that is this: It is seldom we hear of a photographer (and I have never heard of one yet outside of the spirit-photograph business) who believes that a photograph can be taken of a spirit. And after all, I believe it has been and can be done; but I don't believe it from any picture I have ever seen or from my own experience; but from what I have heard about such matters, and from a knowledge I have acquired of Spiritual phenomena in general.

BEN HILL.

A Sitting with the Spirit Artist Campbell, San Francisco, Cal.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3 1894

Practical Christianity.

We have just concluded the reading of Rev. Henry T. Cheever's "Sandwich Islands," written in 1850. The author was a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, which he names the Heart of the Pacific. He boasted of the great progress made in thirty years in Christianizing those savages, who, he says, when first visited by missionaries, in 1820, had no religion. He then tells us, in broad capitals, there were, when he arrived there, "Twenty-two thousand men and women in the Christian Church, and seventeen thousand children in Christian schools;" a total of 39,000—4,000 more than the present native population, as given in the New York Sun.

Here is a falling-away in 44 years, dating from 1850, of 115,000—some seven-ninths of the Hawaiians wasted in a little more than one generation in civilization! And still the process of deification is going on. A few years more, at the same rate of decadence, and the last descendant of these Islanders will completely disappear, as effectually as if overwhelmed by the surging waves of the Pacific.

The sons of the missionaries now assure us the natives are barbarians, unfitted to govern themselves. Bad as these people may be, Rev. Mr. Cheever wrote, in 1850, and published for American readers, pp. 49, 50:

"Life and property are now safer than under any long-established government that can be named. . . . Such is now the force of law, . . . a man may travel afoot and by canoe, through the entire cluster of islands, from Hawaii to Nihaun, and with a net of shining dollars, without fear of molestation, unless from some desperate runaway foreigner, or a straggling Hawaiian sailor, hardened by his cruises abroad. If the same be true of any other land, we have yet to know it."

When Captain Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands, in 1778, their population was estimated at 400,000. It was then these people were first brought in contact with Christian civilization. From that time their numbers have dwindled; and in the short space of 114 years have shrunk eleven-twelfths of their number. A glorious prospect for heathen nations! A ghastly vision for the philanthropist! Like our own Indian tribes, the voices of those who sought to civilize and Christianize these peaceful and unsuspecting Islanders have been their destruction.

Ignorance the Enslaver.

The slaveholders made it a penal offense to educate their slaves, because it made them worthless to their masters. All through the Middle Ages, and far into modern times, woman grew up in ignorance; the parents of the church and the priesthood encouraged it; for knowledge would unfit them for the tasks imposed on them. Even the good Paul, the real founder of Christianity, led in this direction. Catholicism, seeing its waning power, bends all its energies to keep the young in ignorance, hoping thereby to make more effective tools for the propagation of their superstition. The priests have instituted their parochial schools, and teach little in them but the church catechism, and how to read it understandingly, to the end they may regain what real education in the common schools has lost them.

Pious Vandalism.

The first archbishop sent to Mexico, on being informed of the great store of vellum rolls, and folds on folds of cloth covered with paintings, that had been discovered at Anahuac, the chief seat of Mexican learning, ordered the entire collection to be burned in a heap—a mountain heap, the chronicles of the times call it—"Dawn of History," p. 78. Such facts as these show how the clergy have aided the cause of education.

Heresy in High Places.

If the religious world would keep abreast of the times, and advance with increasing knowledge, there would be less cause for censure. But the great majority are fossils of bygone ages; they cling to old teachings as if essential to existence. The best educated, the ablest of church scholars, do not hesitate to give free expression to advanced thought; but in most instances such persons are forced to occupy false positions; to teach what they do not believe, else retire from the pulpit. How very different in the case of Rev. Samuel Davidson, D. D., LL. D., the eminent English divine. The Queen, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, placed Mr. Davidson on the Civil List, with a pension of \$500 a year, because of his advanced utterances. A few quotations from this great scholar, with such high endorsement, will teach us what is not heresy in the Church of England:

"Inspiration properly belongs to persons, not to books. The authors of the different works contained in the collection called the Bible—of most of whom we know little or nothing, sometimes not even the name—were men of various intelligence and endowments. Possessing unequal gifts, their productions are of unequal value. As infallibility belongs to God alone, none of them was infallible in what he said or wrote. Each wrote according to his light and the purpose he had in view. Contradictions, inconsistencies, errors, both intellectual and moral, are observable in their writings. . . . As the gospels passed through processes of redaction, with the exception of the fourth, and did not appear in their present state till the second century, there was plenty of time to surround parts of the biography with a mythical haze."

"The apostle of the Gentiles held the Arrian view of Christ, so far as he speaks of him as the man from heaven, or the heavenly man, implying his pre-existence. But he never notices the miraculous conception. The fourth Gospel, by introducing ideas from Alexandrian Platonism, carried the view of Christ's person even higher than Paul."

"I believe man is created immortal; that the punishment of the wicked hereafter will be remedial, and that all will be finally happy. The fatherhood of God involves the idea of perfect felicity to his children. If a Being of infinite goodness and love controls the boundless universe, we cannot but cherish the hope that such goodness and love will overcome evil. All rational creatures will be happy forever in the enjoyment of their Father's love."

Spiritualism, Universalism, Unitarianism, in the Episcopal church, and those who teach it are pensioned by royalty. This is a grand advance, and it bids us hope for the future.

Unleashed.

The sleuth-hounds of orthodoxy are already yelping on the trail of Dr. Harper, the president of the University of Chicago, a Baptist institution of learning. The Doctor had the bravery, as mentioned in these columns lately, to state in a public lecture that the story of a general deluge is a myth. Somebody in the Chicago Record wants to know if Dr. H. believes in the inspiration of the Bible, and if so, how he determines the genuineness of certain books and chapters, and the spuriousness of others. The writer concludes:

"It seems to me the president of the University of Chicago ought not to attack the Bible, but rather defend it against infidelity and materialism. Or is it true, as a heathen priest of the Orient said in the Religious Congress last summer: 'America is given over to materialism and infidelity?'"

Such an assault on the learned divine is simply refreshing. It is doubly so when a clergyman writes to a St. Louis daily, replying to some one who had charged Dr. Harper with heresy:

"It is a heresy that is shared by nearly every scholar, thinker and scientific man on the planet."

But this does not matter. The whole pack of orthodox canines, Bose, Tray, Blanchard, Sweetheart, will soon be unleashed, and the welkin will be vocal with the howls of curs, the sharp, quick bark of hounds, the incessant yelpings of pugs and poodles, while all will pursue and bay in chorus.

Dr. Harper, who had no business with an honest thought. You should believe just what the ignoramus of 1,500 years ago taught. If you possess too much brains to believe this earth was overwhelmed by a universal deluge, and all life was destroyed, save the few Noah coaxed or drove into an ark, while the heavens poured down its waters and flooded the highest mountains, you should have nurtured the idea in your own breast; for the expression of a doubt in regard to the divine authenticity of every statement in the Bible, however incredible, subjects you to expulsion from the church and eternal damnation. Bread and butter, Doctor, bread and butter in this life are also contingent on believing. Do you hear?

No Beginning, No End.

Macintosh, in his "Electrical Theory of the Universe," p. 183, expresses, in our estimation, a great truth when he says:

"The beginning of terrestrial things stretches back, not through thousands only, but millions of millions of years, until at length it seems lost in an endless eternity. It was the contemplation of the earth's crust under this point of view, which induced Dr. Hutton to give utterance to the now famous expression: 'I see no traces of a beginning; no prospect of an end.'"

Bear in Mind.

Bear in mind, please, that we send free to all new trial or yearly subscribers the back chapters of that remarkable story, "The Night the Light Went Out." Every Spiritualist in the United States should read it.

HER VOICE.

It Is Restored in Church.

She Thinks God Did It.

IT WAS SIMPLY A MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT POWER.

We learn from the New York Herald that Miss Mary Titus, of Williamsport, Pa., is one of the happiest persons in that city, as she rehearses to her neighbors and friends the remarkable experience she has had recently. Miss Titus, then a beautiful young lady of eighteen, was seized three years ago last month with a severe attack of the grip, and for weeks her case was considered hopeless.

Finally a favorable change occurred, and in due time the young lady arose from her bed, but her voice had left her, and from that time until last Thursday evening she was never able to speak above a whisper.

Miss Titus had always been noted for her religious zeal, and seldom absent herself from the regular religious services of her church. Although the loss of speech was a severe affliction to her, she was always inclined to accept her trouble cheerfully, and frequently informed those who commented on her severe lot that it was all right, and the explanation would be made in the great hereafter.

She attended a revival service in this city Thursday evening in company with a sister, and appeared to take an unusual interest in the religious testimonies that were given at the close of the pastor's discourse.

Suddenly leaping to her feet, the heretofore speechless girl surprised the audience by exclaiming, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow! He has heard my prayers and restored my voice." As the joyous girl uttered these words, her countenance shone as never before, and her voice sounded as clear and pleasant as it had years previous, when she spoke in the same place.

The minister, who had been startled by the marvelous manifestation, uttered a fervent "Amen!" and hastily arising from his seat within the altar rail walked up the aisle to where the young woman stood, while several members in the congregation also made all possible haste in reaching her side.

"Oh, let us rejoice together!" continued Miss Titus. "Such a manifestation of God's love and mercy demands our united praise. The three years of suffering and burden-bearing are over and I am free again."

Then there followed a general praise service for half an hour in honor of the occurrence, and before the close of the meeting several men in the audience arose, declaring that the miracle had made such an impression upon them they would henceforth devote the remainder of their lives to the service of God.

It was long past the regular hour for closing when the meeting broke up, and then a large number of Miss Titus' most intimate friends accompanied her home, where the praise service was continued until after midnight, and the young woman delivered an earnest address.

Referring to her remarkable experience at the revival service, she said: "As the people began to speak, a peculiar sensation came over me and I felt an irresistible impulse to speak, too. Then there was a command to make the effort, and as I arose to my feet I suddenly realized that my voice had returned."

The incident has had its effect throughout the city, and is looked upon as very remarkable by all who have been conversant with Miss Titus' previous condition.

There might be something very marvellous in the above manifestation, were it not a very common occurrence to day. A few years ago it certainly would have been generally accepted as a grand manifestation of the power and love of God, and no doubt these good people are exceedingly happy in this, to them, sanguine explanation of the cure; but the more advanced thinkers of this day and age find a solution within the realm of natural law. For instance, the Christian Scientist, who claims to add a little science to his praying—in other words, cures by the science of passivity and hypnotism, effected through prayer to a divine being, perhaps the one who performed that wonderful surgical operation upon Father Adam—would call it one of many great cures.

The Mental Scientist, about the same as the former, with the credit given to the will, or power of mind over matter, the utter ignoring of the physical and its ailments, instead of any interposition of divinity.

The studious, materialistic M. D. would say that by the dissection of the muscles and nerves of the vocal organs were in a state of paralysis, and that an extremely excited condition of the entire nervous system and great mental activity agitated the organ into its normal condition.

Our magnetic healers who have had experience with paralytic afflictions can only see in such a manifestation the act of spirit-healing. The young lady was surrounded by a magnetic influence; she had completely forgotten self in her anxiety for the salvation of her soul, and from among the cohorts of spirits, always in attendance at such meetings to help on the good work over there, she called some spirit into her special sympathy, who happened to be powerfully magnetic. Just when that "peculiar sensation came over her" the spirit did its work and performed the cure that God gets the credit for in their minds.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," and their greatest happiness depends upon the nearness of the Master to them; and in this very remarkable cure, which is only one of many recorded every day under far less favorable conditions, they are happiest in the recognition of the love and handiwork of Divine Providence.

It is truly grand and beautiful to know that some true and good spirit friend stands ready to wipe away a tear, to

soothe a pain, to make us comfortable, without the selfish motive of gaining any credit therefor, except, perhaps, in the furtherance of his soul in progression.

The Battle with Death.

It is written in the ancient books of wisdom that man, the perfect spirit in the perfect body, shall put all things under his feet; or in and by spiritual power be able to control all the physical condition. But the last enemy he is to conquer is death.

It is conceded by our learned men of to-day that we live, because we die, on the physical plane. Just as in a stove the heat is maintained by the destruction of the fuel, so in man's body, it lives and moves and has its being because the vitalized atoms become de-vitalized, and are cast out. This action of the atoms is all there is of mortal life. Around this, as a center, cluster the mental energy, soul force and spirit guidance which make our earth-lives a training ground for the unfolding and developing of our spirit conditions; for it is true that no ego can guide correctly who does not seek to enlarge its vision and rise to the highest possible development. The time must be surely coming when the atoms of the body, more etherealized, shall be permeated by the spiritual and not the physical. Then we shall reach the point where, perceiving the true cause of death, we shall be able to set it aside forever.

But meanwhile how we suffer; how we grope in the confusion of our ignorance, in our efforts to put aside the dread penalty of this ignorance. In Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," a woman was sent to seek black mustard seed from a house where none had died. She found plenty of the seed, but the other condition was impossible. She says:

"Ah, sir! I could not find a single house where there was mustard seed and none had died."

Ever so we find it, father, mother, uncle, aunt, brother, sister, cousin, child or friends, some one we have loved in this life, and whom we now cherish still more in that life, has passed beyond the veil, so thin and yet so unyielding.

Do we remember the particulars as the light of the household left us? Ah! only too well. Today in full, vigorous health, tomorrow ailing, but perhaps not seriously. We wait a day or two, if perchance the power of life may not overcome the phantom horror that pales every heart and clouds every brain. But the fever rises. The doctor is summoned; the nurses prepare to take up uncomplainingly and unremittently the duties upon whose proper performance depend all. The patient grows unconscious, the fever holds the field. It has overthrown strength, mental action and physical function; and now it knocks at the citadel of life itself, while the spirit strongly intrenched or a little time, may hold itself while it can be determined whether the body is a hopeless wreck, or its allies have power to aid it. Death, rising in a mighty flood of destructive force, demands surrender.

Have we not almost held our breath, as this crisis came, to know how it should be. Hour by hour have we descended with our loved ones into the dark valley of the shadow, through whose bottom flows swiftly and blackly the river of Lethe. Inch by inch have we contested the ground with the great Destroyer, hoping and praying, blinded with tears, choked with sobs, sucked to the utmost by our love and desire for those who are rapidly slipping out of our embracing arms. And so we fight death blindly, if perchance we can find some method to release the victim from his grasp; rather than with any hope of a final defeat. Too often all our power and strength proves but weakness, and another of our beloved ones awaits us, when we, too, shall ride with the boatman pale across the chilling waters.

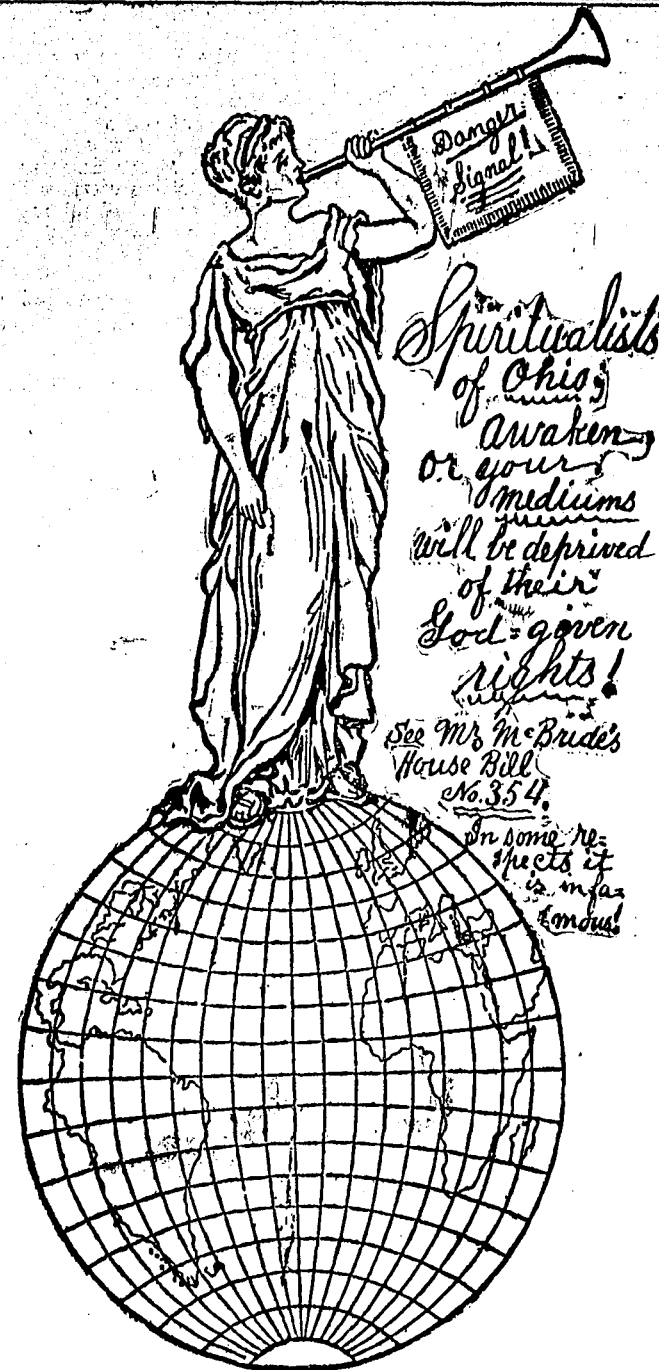
How sometimes it so happens for a time at least, we are able to ransom our dear ones. How great the gladness, as slowly emerging from the twilight of horror, the sick one begins to once more climb the hill of life; to come back to consciousness, to strength, to health, and all it implies. How much, how very much, we owe our spirit friends and helpers on such occasions. Let it ingratiate or brutal ignorance that prevents our acknowledgment of it.

Did Jesus Teach Spiritualism Only?

Mrs. W. H. Ryan sends us an article of considerable length, the purport of which is to commend and uphold the position taken by Mr. E. Bach concerning the proper topics for Spiritualist speakers—that is, to avoid those topics that do not directly relate to Spiritualism, its phenomena and philosophy. She thinks our lecturers should follow the example of Jesus, who, she says, was led and controlled by the spirit of God. She asks the question: "Did he denounce the rich, call them robbers, thieves, etc?" Without taking one side or the other of this rather lively discussion, started by Brother Bach, we must say the lady asks a rather unfortunate question from her own standpoint; for, according to the gospel accounts, we have them, Jesus did denounce the rich most unsparsingly; he gave them no place in the Kingdom of Heaven—no corner lots nor a single front-foot of real estate in the New Jerusalem; and he left rich Dives in HELL, without so much as a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, while the poor pauper Lazarus rested in the bliss of Abraham's bosom in glory. The Scriptures are "agin" you, sister, on this point. However, this does not affect the general merits of the question, either way.

The Freethinker's Magazine.

The Freethinker's Magazine for March is a Prof. Tyndall memorial number. It contains articles on the late Prof. John Tyndall from Prof. Huxley, George J. Morris, H. M. Spencer, and others. Charles Watts, of England; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Parker Pillsbury, Prof. C. D. Mills, Prof. A. L. Rawson, T. B. Wakeman, and B. F. Underwood, of this country. Price, 20 cents. Address, Freethinker's Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE INFERNAL!

That is What the Ohio Bill Should Be Called.

It is an Octopus in One Respect at Least.

It Would Suppress All Spiritualist Healers.



OHIO! POINTING OUT THE DANGER.

The "regulators" are diligently at work in Ohio, endeavoring to pass a bill which aims to give Spiritualism an effectual setback. One section of it is artfully worded, and is intended to deceive people generally. It is as follows:

"Sec. 4403k. For the purposes of this act, the words 'practice of medicine or surgery' shall mean to annex the letters M. D. to one's name, or to suggest, recommend or prescribe, direct 'or employ as a matter of business for a fee, for the use of any person, any 'drugs, medicine, appliance, apparatus' or other agency, whether MATERIAL OR NOT MATERIAL, for the treatment, cure, relief or palliation of any real or supposed ailment or disease of mind or body, or for the treatment, cure or relief of any wound, fracture or bodily injury, or infirmity or deformity."

Speaking of this bill, W. S. Clemens, of Columbus, Ohio, says: "I would call your attention to the above section, which would bar from practice all 'Spiritualist Healers and all Christian Scientists, and leave the entire field for the medical monopoly in general. This section will apply to every one. No druggist could recommend patent medicines, medical appliances, belts of any kind or surgical braces—in fact, nothing could be done outside of this wonderful combined medical monopoly! Think how the rights of freedom would be usurped in this grand old State by a set of men who are the worst class of 'frauds and humbugs on the face of God's green earth, and they know it!'"

Spiritualists of Ohio, you had better awaken at once and commence vigorous action against the passage of the above section of House Bill No. 354, introduced by Mr. McBride. Rome in her palmist days, with the crucifix in one hand and the infernal inquisition in the other, could not have concocted a measure better calculated to destroy the liberty of a large and influential class of liberal thinkers. In fact, the above section is in all respects diabolical, and why it should find the light of day in the en-

lightened State of Ohio is the mystery we cannot solve. It has not a single element of consistency, and is a direct menace against Spiritualism. Observe, please, how artfully it is worded. Glance for a moment at one phrase which lies concealed in it like a snake in the grass, or a centipede in a bunch of bananas, and then wonder as to the mental caliber of that mind from which it originated. It must have taken Spiritualists for simpletons in thinking they would not detect the subtle scheme. The phrase is: "Or other agency, whether material or not material!" Here is the deception, meaning to convey the idea that whatever the agency, whether "material or spiritual," thus proscribing every spiritual or magnetic healer who relies on those finer forces that can only emanate from the spirit side of life.

Spiritualists of Ohio, now is the time for action. Write to your member now in the legislature of Ohio, and call his special attention to this odious feature in House Bill No. 354, and politely entreat him to take immediate action against it. Request him to reach the following on "Medical Experts," as given by the Chicago Record:

"I have been taken to task by a physician at Omaha agency, Nebraska, because I placed the superstitions of civilized 'medicine men' on the same plane with that of the Indian 'medicine man.' The fact is, I merely quoted the words of some of the most eminent men in the medical profession. It is a noteworthy fact that only those of large reputation can afford thus to tell the truth about their business. Nothing that any layman has ever said about medical superstition is one-half so sa-



OUR ARTIST TRYING TO DELINEATE THE INFAMY OF SECTION 4403k, BUT IT IS TOO DIABOLICAL FOR HIM TO MASTER.

vere as the caustic strictures of eminent authorities in the guild. I am well acquainted with the medical superintendent of one of the largest hospitals in the United States, who has a national reputation, and is a member of every leading medical society in this country and Great Britain. He says: "The drug method of treatment is undoubtedly a modern relic of the ancient notion which supposed disease to consist of a malign entity which must be expelled from the body by measures proportionate in violence to the malignity of the incarcerated demon." The foregoing is taken verbatim from a recently published work of this noted physician.

Is there, then, really any difference between the superstition of the civilized and the heathen medicine man? Of course, the civilized doctor has had the advantage of schools, and ought thereby to know much more; but alas! while he does not seek to drive out the malignant demon by drums and incantations, he "goes for it" with the deadly mercury and the no less fatal hypodermic syringe. The Indian medicine man "holds down his job" because of his shrewdness and capacity to work on the credulity of his fellows. The civilized

medicine-man has the same leverage, and in addition, he has captured the strong arm of the law, to enable him to "hold up" the community. He has the power of the State governments before and behind him. He has caused laws to be enacted which forbid a man dying, unless by the aid of a legally-accredited physician or the hangman.

But Dr. Hawkins says I have grossly insulted the medical profession. Hear what James Johnson, M. D., F. R. S., editor of the *Medical-Orthurgical Review*, says: "I declare as my conscientious conviction, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, man-midwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist nor drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevails."

John Mason Goode, M. D., F. R. S., author of "Goode's Study of Medicine," says: "The effects of our medicines on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except, indeed, that they have destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined."

Prof. Gilman, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "A mild mercurial course and mildly cutting a man's throat are synonymous terms."

The Dublin Medical Journal says: "Assuredly the uncertain and most unsatisfactory art called medical science is no science at all, but a jumble of inconsistent opinions, of conclusions hastily and often incorrectly drawn, of facts misunderstood, of comparisons without analogy, of hypotheses without reason, and of theories not only useless but dangerous."

Dr. Alonzo Clark, a professor in the same college, says: "In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm; they have hurried many to the grave who would have recovered, if left to nature."

Prof. J. W. Carson, of the same college, says: "We do not know whether our patients recover because we give them medicine, or because nature cures them."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Mankind would be infinitely better off if all drugs were cast into the sea, but it would be bad for the fishes."

Dr. Bostwick, author of the "History of Medicine," says: "Every dose of medicine given is a blind experiment on the vitality of the patient."

Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated English physician, stated the same idea, but in still stronger language.

Scores of such noted authorities could be quoted, but it is needless. After reading such scathing indictments from the most eminent lights in the profession: hearing the debates at the medical congress at the Art Institute, and listening to the medical experts in the Cronin case contradict themselves and each other; I am forced to the conclusion that if I have to make a choice of evils, I will take the Indian medicine man rather than run the risk of the hypodermic syringe and its accompaniments.

THE GOVERNOR.

The Governor of Ohio is a grand and noble man, and if a general protest be made, he will never allow a bill to become a law that abridges in the least the rights of any class. Spiritualists and Liberals of Ohio, now is the time to be on the alert! Flood the members of your Legislature with letters protesting against the passage of the odious section of McBride's bill.

Evil Spirits—A Mission.

C. L. wants to know if there are evil spirits? If there are mortals evilly-disposed in this life, assuredly there are spirits evilly-disposed in the Spirit-life. It is a cardinal principle of Spiritualism that death effects no mental change; the spirit retaining its faculties, its culture, and the stains of its vices, after the great transition. The liar remains a liar; the lover of fraud and deception and the vulgar-minded remain the same. We may question the correctness of applying the term "evil," for it may be said evil is only imperfection. If this be admitted, then the same imperfection exists on the other side as here, and will exist until outgrown. Too often, as we well know, communications, distorted by the medium or circle, are referred to evil beings when, perhaps, they are the imperfect attempts made under untoward conditions by dearest friends.

Permanently evil and depraved these cannot be; for sooner or later all will arise to the plane of harmony, which is another name for right and goodness.

A valued correspondent asks if it is best to obey the spirits? "They advise me to quit everything and take the lecture-field, and write, not permitting me to do anything else, nor return to my friends."

We advise obeying the spirits if their demands are reasonable, and no further. We, as mortals, have an individuality to preserve, and the greatest injury is wrought when we rely on any power outside of ourselves. We confess to little faith in a "mission" which sends the individual adrift, purposeless, and keeps him tramping from Maine to the Gulf, to discover what his mission is. Without assuming superiority to the high communicating spirits, we would say, not only to this correspondent, but to all those who are told that they have a wonderful mission, to make sure, by the plain rules of practical common sense, that they have a mission, and are well prepared to fulfill its demands. Years are required to gain proficiency in writing, and even at best, the chances of support from writing or speaking are slight indeed.

Not all ministers of orthodox cracklities are God-in-the-Constitution cranks; in proof of which may be mentioned the fact that the Baptist ministers of Atlanta, Ga., a few days ago transmitted to Congress their united protest against the resolution of Representative Morse, of Massachusetts, to secure recognition of the deity of Jesus Christ in the federal Constitution. They "met solemnly" protest against the proposed change, as being bad politics and in direct violation of the great principles of religion and belief.

No Worse Than His Church.

The sins of priests have furnished a theme for many a story of fiction and many chapters in veritable history. Balzac, Eugene Sue, and other story-writers, have gathered data from actual life and woven them into the web of their literary looms. Many a crime against God and humanity has been hushed up and hidden in the secrets of cloisters and convents, but enough has come to the light to show the depth of the duplicity and damnable depravity that may exist under the holy exterior cloak of a vile priesthood.

The roaring loom of Time piles incessantly on— weaving the good and ill of human conduct into the web of man's moral character and moral being. Results follow cause— in the moral as in the physical world. Of a church that, as a part of her cult, teaches that most solemn and binding oaths of allegiance may be ignored as of no account, as against the church—that such oaths of fealty as a citizen may be taken with impunity and without sin, while yet in heart owing a higher allegiance to a foreign potentate—what is to be expected of its priests but immorality, dishonesty, treachery and the like?

So it is really no matter for surprise that a well-known and popular Catholic "father's" moral dereliction should be exposed in the columns of the Chicago Dispatch. As stated in that paper, Father Leydon has effected the ruin of a young lady whom a dying father had left in his charge, and whom he solemnly promised to safely care for and protect from evil. The details of the affair, as given in the paper, are shocking to all moral sense; but the proofs of his guilt are apparently complete.

But, from the teachings of the "Holy Mother Church" what better can be reasonably expected than disregard of moral and civil obligations?

The priestly "father" is no worse than his church.

"Shoot the Ex-Priest on Sight!"

As strange and ludicrous a mishap came to Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, the Catholic blossom of a Catholic education for political purposes, as ever came to a public man. He was to give a lecture, and furnished the Chicago Herald with the manuscript beforehand. Unfortunately for him, he did not give the right manuscript, but that of a lecture he intended for another occasion. The printers, of course, knew nothing of this, and made him say, referring to mob-violence to ex-Catholic priests:

"For my part I have no apology to offer for the acts of Catholics in vigorous protests against those wholesale vendors of infamy. The father who 'slays the corrupter of his child must be left to the Almighty; the man who 'shoots an anarchist on sight is a public benefactor. These ex-priests are anarchists of the worst stamp."

Hence, the ex-priest who exposes the infamy of Catholicism should be shot on sight! Priest Sherman did not express publicly this passage, which has the brutality of the Inquisition, but he does not deny that he wrote it, and that when there was proper occasion he intended to speak it. This seems something like the hand of Providence in thus bringing his intentions to light at a time least opportune. A priestly sanction and absolution is granted those who will shoot an ex-priest on sight, or bring mob-violence to bear on them.

Mr. Morse Wants God Recognized.

According to dispatches from Washington, on March 5 the Judiciary Committee of the House will give a hearing to those persons interested in the joint resolution of Mr. Morse, of Massachusetts, proposing an amendment to the preamble of the Constitution of the United States, "acknowledging the supreme authority of the just government of Almighty God in all the affairs of men and nations." Mr. Morse proposes to have God thus recognized in the Constitution. This question has been before Congress at intervals ever since the Constitution was adopted. For this reason the Judiciary Committee thinks that it is largely a waste of time to consider it; but the pressure from various sources for a hearing on this subject is so great that it cannot be ignored.

It is expected that some lively controversies may be heard when the matter comes before the committee. The chairman has already received notice that representatives of various societies of freethinkers, atheists and agnostics, as well as preachers and churchmen generally, will be here to express themselves. It will be remembered that this same question was widely agitated at the time Mr. Durborow's committee on the Columbian Exposition had under consideration the question of opening the World's Fair gates on Sunday.

Liberalists everywhere must now be on the alert, and protest vigorously against this contemplated movement.

Mediumship.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development," is a pamphlet of instruction by a well-known lecturer (W. H. Bach) and practical demonstrator of psychic phenomena. It is intended to give the results of his experience, in such a form that it can become the property of honest investigators of Spiritualism; and in this he has succeeded, and his work may become very valuable to those who read and follow his suggestions. Price 25 cents. Address Mr. Bach at St. Paul, Minn. Every Spiritualist should have the work.

Temple of the Magi.

Prof. Olney H. Richmond, of the Temple of the Magi, this city, was agreeably surprised on Thursday evening of last week by about one hundred Mystics, who assembled at his residence with baskets full of good things to eat and with hearts overflowing with affection and good will for him, they presented him with a beautiful chair. Mr. Richmond is highly appreciated by all true Mystics, as this pleasant occasion demonstrated. The future of the Temple is very bright, and nothing can impede the onward progress.

A Peculiar People.

Some of the papers, while chronicling the fact that Moses Hull was stricken with paralysis at Anderson, Ind., go on to show their orthodox proclivities—vent their evangelical spite and display the pitiful pattern of their piety, by speaking of him as "a blasphemer suddenly stricken with paralysis," and stating that "he had entered into a fearful trade against the Bible, and against all Christianity, and while in the midst of his awful speech, the stroke came," etc.

Were it not that we, as Spiritualists, and "infidels," are used to this sort of pious stuff, and so have come to expect it as a matter of course whenever an opportunity offers for this exhibition of simple-minded saintly spirit and humbuggery, we would be surprised. Of course they take it that this occurrence was a direct "judgment of God" upon Moses Hull for blasphemy. During the course of our life we have read of several instances in which devoted ministers of the gospel—men whose evangelical piety and orthodox belief were undoubted—were stricken with "paralysis" while in the very act of preaching the gospel from the pulpit. Not as Moses Hull was stricken, with partial paralysis; but these Christian ministers were stricken dead in their pulpits. "While in the midst of their speech the stroke came, and they fell to the floor" dead.

Was it a direct "judgment of God?" Or was it the result of an infraction of nature's laws of physical and mental being? the result of overwork or other natural causes?

In Moses Hull's case we are happy to say it is evident that "God" has concluded not to kill him yet—although we have no information that Moses has repented or changed his views and course.

Looking at the matter from the orthodox standpoint, it seems to us that "God" is a very queer sort of a being, anyway. Hence, it is quite proper that his people should be "a peculiar people" in the workings of their mentality.



Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" of the glorious work being done.

A. J. Champion writes from Lansing, Mich.: "The convention here was a success. It was harmonious throughout and the powers behind the throne kept the work up to the highest standard. The Mystic Seven of our members were on the roster at nearly all of the sessions, and others were in the audience. Moulton is the right man and is in the right place. More real practical business was done than at any previous meeting of the kind in the history of modern Spiritualism in our State."

There is great religious excitement among the people of the town of Jerez, Mexico, and surrounding country over the appearance among them of a beautiful young girl who pronounces herself to be their patron saint, Anita. The girl has performed some very remarkable cures of serious diseases by simply laying on her hands, and the ignorant Indians of that section are wild over her. She seems to possess the same power as the so-called St. Teresa, who created such a sensation in Northern Mexico about a year ago.

A speaker and test medium is wanted for March and April at Bordentown, N. J. Address H. L. Purves, Division and Ashmore avenues, stating terms and qualifications.

Mrs. Lora H. Hursey, inspirational, vocal and instrumental musician and medium, would like to make engagements for camp-meetings prior to August 1st. Performs upon six different instruments. Address, Vicksburg, Mich.

John Twanley writes that he thinks Guthrie, Oklahoma, is a good field for some good mediums. He is trying to establish there a Unitarian society which, if successful, will be the means of saving many from ignorance and superstition.

H. R. Wardell reports having had a first-class medium in Milwaukee. He goes now to Louisville, Ky., where he may be addressed at 519 E. Broadway. At a seance by Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel some thirty-five people were present, and five spirits at one time walked out of the cabinet—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, coming to all.

Anthony Burtis writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "Meetings in this place are and have been for some time a great success, not only in numbers, but in Sunday evenings, but in attracting more and more from the churches—persons of intellectual culture. The Lyceum is also on the ascending scale in numbers and efficiency in its management. Lyman C. Howe, well-known and honored veteran in the cause for over thirty-five years, is with us this month (February), and we have been entertained with his usual mastery eloquence and profound logic, aided by his guides."

According to the Hartville (Mo.) Press, no little excitement prevails at Cedar Gap, Mo., over a ghost, "the frightful form of a woman, tall and thin," that appears just outside the window of a cottage—while at the same time there is the sound of heavy hail falling on the roof, a piano plays an air, and a partition door breaks its fastening and swings open, etc.

Sunday evening, March 4, at the Congress of Religions, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will give his address on the "Creedless Church," Morning conference at 10:30. Good speakers, Feb. 28, the Harmony Club, an auxiliary of this society, will give its finest and only ball of the season. Mystics of the Temple please notice, and come out in full force.

Mrs. F. S. DeWolf, whose permanent address is 450 W. Van Buren St., this city, is engaged for Marshalltown, Iowa, during March.

Harlow Davis, the platform test medium, was in the city last week on his way to Washington, D. C., where he will remain until March 1. He will then go to New York City, where he will remain until May 1.

We are glad to be able to record that the zealous English worker, James Burns, of the *Modernist* and *Daily Worker*, has so far recovered from his illness as to resume his place as teacher as well as editor. Though at times severe, he in the main has cause for his severity of criticism, and hews straight to the line.

Sylvester Scott writes: "Storm-clouds are gathering and scientific research strikes severely at the taproot of orthodox bigotry: the death struggle will be long and fierce."

C. F. Waters makes some suggestions to offer, as follows: "I saw an account recently of thought transference, in which a lady was aroused from slumber one morning by receiving a sharp blow on the head. She took note of the time, her husband being asleep. When he returned, by comparing notes, she found he had received a blow at the same time as herself, from the tiller of his boat. Can it be possible that the magnetism of some people can blend so closely that when one is affected the other would be affected in like manner? During a mind-reading seance at San Francisco two years ago the mind-reader was overcome in performing a thought feat, and fell to the floor in a fit. The subject was the number in his mind also fell at the same time, and the mind-reader, by comparing notes, she found he had received a blow at the same time as herself, from the tiller of his boat. 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TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Before making a letter which explains itself, and with my reader's permission I will copy it:

"Judge Rosecrans:—I am an entire stranger to you. I am a clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I do not desire notoriety, hence I will not sign my real name to this communication, as the name will make no difference to you. I have been reading a paper called THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and have been much interested in your 'Twilight Musings,' so I would like to ask you a question and I would like for you to answer it through the paper. Do you believe in a God? Do you believe that Christ was the 'very and Eternal God,' as we are taught in our creed? 'I learn that many Spiritualists go back on the God idea, and also go back on what we call the word of God, his Holy Bible. This I cannot do, for I believe in the 'Trinity,' the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and that the three are one, and together constitute the God of the Universe. The God-principle to me seems to be universal and accepted by all people.

"Will you please give me your belief in this matter, as I would love to have the opinion, in simple language, of the one that writes such beautiful sentiments as are found in 'Twilight Musings.' I do not believe you will seek to evade the question, but I look for a plain, clear and explicit answer. Hoping to hear from you through the paper, I am a sincere 'ENQUIRER.'"

DEAR, KIND FRIEND:—How I do love to get such letters as yours from clergymen, for they show a true, honest and manly heart in the writers. These letters show a desire on their part to inquire into the opinions of others on the God question, and then compare those opinions with their own in the matter, and by so doing, learn all they can to enable them to instruct others under their charge. Yes, friend, gladly would I give you my opinion on the good question, if I had one to give, but that matter is entirely beyond my conception or comprehension.

You say you are a clergyman. I am a lawyer. You have been educated to accept things on faith alone; while I have been educated to accept nothing in that manner, but to examine all evidence under the strictest rules of law. Were the faith principle to govern in our courts, and were evidence not scrutinized by examination, and cross-examination it would be extremely bad for poor, fallible humanity. As it is now, with all our criticism and rigid examination, we make many failures that result in injustice. In the God matter the only evidence before us is that of the church, founded upon "hearsay," and not actual knowledge, and this testimony would not be admitted or accepted as evidence of a fact in any court of justice in the civilized world, where there was a denial of the fact in issue. It is an old maxim that "it is hard to learn an old dog new tricks," and this maxim will apply to some old lawyers as well as to old dogs.

In your letter you hold out the idea that you believe in and worship the God spoken of in the Methodist creed, or confession of faith, who was the maker of heaven and earth, and that there are three persons in this God, and that these three persons constitute but one person.

Now, let me suppose you a witness on this matter, introduced into court to prove this fact, and that you have already testified that it is a holy, positive truth, and that you are now ready for cross-examination, and it is my duty as an attorney to examine the testimony you have given in a matter of great importance to the parties interested. Such being only a supposable case, dear friend, do not be offended at me if I proceed to question you in regard to your knowledge as to the matter at issue, and then let the readers of this paper render their decision as a jury and bring in their verdict.

As you are not present in person, I cannot in this article give your answers to the questions; neither will I try to do so; for that would be treating you unfairly, which I do not wish to do. Under this state of affairs, will you not be kind enough to answer them in their order as they are numbered, and then the jury can see whether your evidence is worthy of credence or not.

Now, friend, there are a few of the questions as they present themselves to my mind, properly numbered:

1. Is the God you believe in and worship infinite?
2. Is the universe of matter infinite?
3. If yes, have we not, then, two infinite elements occupying but one infinite space, to wit: One infinite God, and one infinite Universe?
4. Are they not, then, virtually one and the same thing?
5. Can it be said, then, truthfully, that one of these created the other?
6. If God and the Universe are both infinite, can either exist without the other and be infinite?
7. Can one infinity create another infinity?
8. If one infinity fills all space, and then creates another infinity, must not the new, or created infinity, when created, exist outside of space?
9. If it does not exist outside of space, where does it exist?
10. If your God in the beginning was infinite and filled all space, had he room to move or act?
11. If he is infinite and fills all space, has he room to move or act now?
12. Is Hell inside of space?
13. If yes, and God is infinite, is he not in Hell as much as in Heaven?
14. If Hell is not inside of space, where is it located?
15. If God was infinite and created the material Universe, must He not have created it out of himself?

16. Is your God whom you worship material or immaterial?
17. If material, must he not have form?
18. Can you conceive of form without an outside?
19. Can you conceive an outside to infinity?
20. If your God has not form, can it be said truthfully that man was created by Him in His own image?
21. If you answer that your God is a Spirit, and immaterial, can you form any idea of him through your senses?
22. Can you through your senses conceive of anything that is not substance?
23. Is not every material substance something? and as immateriality is the reverse of materiality, must it not be nothing?
24. If your God, then, is immaterial, as far as your senses will admit the fact, must He not be nothing?
25. If He is nothing, does He exist?
26. Has "nothing" any existence whatever?
27. If God is immaterial, or nothing, could He create materiality, or something?
28. Is "nothing" superior to "something"?
29. Can "nothing" possess infinite power?
30. If nothing does possess infinite power, has matter or something any process whatever?
31. Is there any powers by which infinity can be condensed?
32. If there is not, and God was and is infinite, and Jesus Christ was but an ordinary sized man, how much more of an infinite God could his body contain than the body of any other man of the same size?
33. If there is no way by which infinity can be condensed, how do you account for Christ being God?
34. If God is infinite in goodness, can evil exist?
35. Where goodness ceases and leaves off, and evil commences, do you not set bounds to infinity?
36. Did Moses see the back-side of infinity?
37. As you believe in three persons constituting a God, are these three persons each of them infinite, or finite?
38. If you answer that they were infinite, were there not then, three infinite persons occupying but one infinite space?
39. If you say they were finite, could the three, when united, make one infinite being?
40. Can three finite beings be so constructed as to constitute or form one infinity?
41. Is your Bible, which you revere so greatly, the work and word of an infinite God, perfect and complete in all his attributes?
42. Is this Holy Bible perfect?
43. If it is perfect, can imperfection be supposed to understand it?
44. If it is imperfect, why is it more holy than other books of the same nature?

Now, my friend, you have some of the questions that are suggested to my mind, and until they are all answered consistently with each other, I cannot answer your question as to whether I believe in God or not. I have not the least idea how this great Universe is operated upon, or the power that keeps the planets in their orbits and regulates their motion. If there is a God, as you believe, infinite in power, he can reveal himself to me plainly, if he so desires; as he has not done so, I presume he does not desire to do so; and as he conceals himself from me, it is useless for me to hunt him out—is it not?

What is the use of trying to believe that of which you have no conception or idea? I have learned that certain causes produce certain effects, and I can go into court and testify to these facts—for instance, that seed planted at the proper time will germinate and grow; but why it does so, no one knows—that the universe exists but how it exists no one knows. Kindness, honesty and purity produce good results, while brutality, dishonesty and impurity produce bad results.

How clergymen can talk by the hour, day after day, about a God, his plans and his purposes, his likes and his dislikes, his goodness and his cruelty, his egotism and vanity, seems strange to me; when were they put upon their oath in a court of law, they would not dare to make oath to a single one of their statements. This seems wrong to me—as I would not dare to do so, or to make assertions even, that were not susceptible of proof. But if you can do so, as you think, honestly in mind and belief, I do not condemn you any more than I do the persons that hold to the principle that the earth is flat, and the sun goes around it every twenty-four hours. As I have charity for you, and believe you are doing the best you can from your teaching and ministerial education, I ask no more from you than to treat me as kindly as I do you. So, thanking you for your kind letter, I am ever your friend,

M. P. ROSECRANS.

The Progressive Thinker.

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From Mattie E. Hull.

TO THE EDITOR:—At present writing, Mr. Hull and myself are conducting a series of week-night meetings in Upland, Ind., and although but two meetings have been held, the excitement runs high, and we understand a prominent minister of Dayton, O., has been urged to meet Mr. Hull in a debate in the near future.

One gentleman in the community, so we are told, has informed certain parties, that he studied the Bible and Spiritualism six months and understood thoroughly the position of the Bible on Spiritualism, and in his investigation of Spiritualism had found it was a "fake." Of course we would be surprised if everything were not done to prejudice the people, with an effort to keep them from the meetings; these efforts fail for the meeting last night was very much more largely attended than the night before.

We return to Anderson Saturday next and resume work in the Temple Sunday. The Temple, the Society, the Lyceum and the workers in the cause, in that city, must be an inspiration to any worker.

Mr. Hull is again active and enthusiastic in his work, and finds it a difficult matter to go a little slower in his labors.

Brother Francis; if (as some of the reports concerning Mr. Hull's prostration affirmed) he was struck down by a just God for his infidelity, in the midst of his sermon, was it not a little strange the same "just God" should allow him to recuperate and commit over and over again the same offense? So "the mysteries of godliness" are past finding out.

It seems to be ordained that I shall accompany Mr. Hull to California. I want to make engagements during the month of June and up to the 25th of July, and for the Sundays of April and May. I have an engagement with the management of the "Lincoln Grove Camp" at Upland, Washington, commencing July 28th.

Upland, Ind. MATTIE E. HULL.

Grabendike at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists of this city have been visited lately by H. H. Grabendike, a physical and developing medium, lecturer and organizer. Like Saul of old, Mr. Grabendike takes off his coat, when necessary, and performs manual labor, at least in the matter of fitting up a hall. Owing to his positive efforts a hall has just been fitted out here for the Spiritualists, and a society organized. Mr. Grabendike, aided by his determined guides, will dedicate the hall on Sunday afternoon, February 25th. He will then hasten to Clinton, Iowa, where an engagement awaits him.

Last night I attended a materializing seance given by Mr. Grabendike in the front apartment or office portion of our hall. Some ten or eleven sitters were present, each one being over-anxious to meet again their beloved who have passed hence. Two well outlined faces appeared to me, surrounded by a soft and melting light. One of these faces was startling for its clearness and completeness, and for its nearness to me; it being the face of an aunt. Mr. Kemper recognized his mother. Other recognitions occurred, especially by a young mother present, who now sang again to her little darlings, recently translated.

J. M. HOLADAY.

More Spiritualism, Less Side Issue.

If the invaluable space of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER be not all in demand by matter of more import to the progressive portion of its readers, I wish the voiced sentiment of our entire quarter to be heard in the following: I will venture that Brother E. Bach has touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the grand majority of the more conservative, timid Spiritualists, in his demand for more unadulterated Spiritualism upon our public platforms.

The first and most natural question that presents itself to the mind of an investigator—and consequently the one that must be first settled—is: "Do spirits return and manifest their presence to mortals?" With this question satisfactorily settled in the affirmative, comes the proof of immortality, and all the main requisites to the making of Spiritualists. This done, our convert can have ample time to turn to the free thought columns of our progressive press, and therefrom decide for himself between the respective merits of the ideas of a conservative Bach and a less conservative Overton. If the investigating public, for whose benefit our public meetings are supposed to be intended, first demands positive proof of spirit return, then should our every public demonstration embody that which will satisfy the greatest demand of an investigating public, that is, more Spiritualism; in short, first make Spiritualists by purging our public meetings of all but the essence of what our impulse, and then, as Spiritualists, among ourselves, settle the side issues for ourselves, thereby relieving the cause from the greatest of all impediments to progress—public contention among ourselves.

Gas City, Ind. A. A. COOKE.

An Important Announcement.

ADDED TEACHINGS ON THE SOUL—THE ENTIRE SERIES TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION. Mrs. Cora I. V. Richmond desires to announce, in response to many inquiries, that her guides have now consented to the publication of the entire series of the Soul Teachings, which will make a volume of five or six hundred pages, and will include all the series of lessons given to private classes up to the present time.

To enable her to publish this work, many members of her classes have already subscribed for, or promised to take copies, thus affording a guarantee fund.

The volume will be \$5.00 in cloth, and will be issued as soon as three hundred names have been subscribed.

Victory for Spiritualism.

It was January 14th, 1893, when the writer met Mrs. F. N. Foster and her son Benny, on a "Big Four" train, on their way to Indianapolis, in response to a Mr. Hancock, who had embraced Spiritualism as a truth owing to the many tests he had received and who desired a second picture, if possible. Hancock was a man of means, and liberal. A daughter of his had passed to beyond, and the grief of father and mother seemed insupportable. A close friend suggested a medium, with a hope of the return of the spirit daughter. While the idea "seemed cruel," he gave way to his scruples, being a Baptist. On his second visit he became thoroughly converted to spirit return, as the child, at the father's request, gave him the prayer she had been taught to repeat upon going to bed.

At the Chesterfield camp-meeting of 1892 Mr. Hancock sought a sitting with the spirit photographer, F. N. Foster, and met with delightful success, as a correct portrait of the child appeared among others on the negative. The parents went into ecstasies over the matter, since there was no previous picture of their little one; and Mr. Hancock had a portrait in oil painted from the face secured. The family and friends were delighted at the success of that which was thought to be an impossibility. All this brought about the enmity of the pastor of the First Baptist Church, W. F. Taylor, and steps were taken by that beetle-brained "minister" to secure a return of the liberal contributions made by Mr. Hancock, who had given up his membership for a religion more satisfying. To bring about this result, Hancock was made to believe the whole matter "a delusion," and he was swayed to form a compact, entering into a conspiracy to catch "the photographer and expose the trick." Mrs. Foster came prepared to do the work. The hour arrived and the conspirators, led by the man of God, (?) Taylor, and Mrs. Foster and her son were arrested upon the charge of securing money under false pretenses. Upon their hearing, the case was sent to the Grand Jury under bonds of \$3,000, which was furnished by Mr. Wm. Pope and Mrs. Smith, veteran Spiritualists.

At the call of the criminal calendar last week, Prosecutor Holtzman entered a *nolle prosequi* in both cases, despite the overwhelming proofs to bring about a conviction on the part of the prosecutors and persecutors. Hon. Geo. Carter, who had the defense, insisted upon a trial of the causes, promising one of the most interesting trials every taking place in this country and proving beyond question, not only the truths of Spiritualism, but that spirit photography is a fact. There was no desire on the part of the prosecution to let the world have the testimony which was promised, and it was deemed "advisable" to drop the case, and the "paraphernalia" taken at the time of the arrests has been turned over to Attorney Carter. The daily press of the city, which was teeming with the "sensation" and "exposure" at the time, for days, has not had a word to say about the cases being dropped from the docket of the criminal court. This is certainly a victory, not only for the Fosters, but for Spiritualism.

Indianapolis, Ind. Geo. C. STOLL.

Reports of the National Spiritualist Association.

The board of trustees of the National Spiritualist Association having assumed the liability of printing the reports of the National Convention, including the celebrated paper presented by Mrs. Richmond to the Parliament of Religions on Spiritualism, and as a very large number of the subscribers have not yet forwarded the amount of their subscriptions for the number of copies ordered, it is especially desired that all who have sent orders for such reports will at once remit to the undersigned, the amount of their subscriptions, and the books will be forwarded without delay. A compliance with this request will save us the expense of another notification by mail.

If there are any who have not yet received the copies for which they have paid, they should notify us at once. The books are ready to be sent out as soon as orders are received.

We are now issuing finely-bound copies in red and brown, and which will be sent to any person on receipt of the price, 50 cents, which is very cheap for a work of this kind. Only a limited number will be issued of this description.

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Hon. A. B. Richmond and Col. Ingersoll.

TO THE EDITOR:—Kindly allow me a little space in your columns to express my appreciation of, and thanks for, the able article by Hon. A. B. Richmond in your last issue; surely his brave, intelligent utterances in defense of truth must commend themselves to the thoughtful attention of your readers; and be productive of much good.

With all due appreciation of the fine oratorical efforts of Ingersoll—filled with the fire of eloquence, gems of poetic expression, scintillations of wit, and the pathos of deep feeling—we can but deplore that in all this there is no recognition of the infinite and no avowed belief in Immortality; this is a fact much to be regretted, both for his own and his followers' sake; for cold materialism can never satisfy the needs of aching human hearts, but leaves them like wrecked mariners on a barren shore, with the sea of uncertainty stretching out before them.

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