

think
SCIENCE, MORALITY, SUPPLEMENTED BY THE FUTURE.
BY AN EXHIBIT

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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

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THE GOSPELS.

An Old Copy Thereof Found.

Its Variations, and Some Reflections Thereon.

A matter of exceeding interest to the religious public and all who are interested in Biblical studies, is the publication of a translation of the ancient Syrian manuscript of the gospels, discovered a few years ago in the Greek convent at Mount Sinai. As the Chicago Tribune says:

"It is commanding a widespread interest among Biblical scholars, because of the important differences it presents from the text of the gospels as generally read, and on account of its undoubted age, while the circumstances of the 'find' leave no room for suspicion of fraud. Mrs. Agnes Lewis, a scholar in Syria as well as in Greece, who accompanied by her sister visited the convent near the place from which the Bible states the law was given to the Israelites. The monks gave her full permission to examine their precious library of manuscripts. She found a palimpsest, that is, a parchment, the original writing on which has been (partially) erased to make place for a second writing. The underlying text is dim, but yet distinguishable enough to be deciphered, and it proves to be a copy of the four gospels in ancient Syriac, which probably was written between 350 and 400 A. D. It is conceded to be a copy of a much older version of the gospels, the peculiarities of construction indicating that it may go back to 140 or 150 A. D. which is a generation earlier than the famous Diatessaron ('through the four') of Tatian. Hence it is regarded as of the highest value as showing what were held in Syria in the middle of the second century to be the traditions of the Christian Church, and what was the reading of the Greek text from which the Syriac text was translated. The new version of the original had been made. When Mrs. Lewis found the palimpsest she was only sure that she had a very ancient text. She took photographic copies of several sheets to England, where the great importance of the discovery was soon recognized. At once competent copyists were sent to Sinai, and their copy has been edited, translated, and published.

"The new Syriac text does not contain the last twelve verses in Mark, which are bracketed in our revised version as doubtful. These are the verses which tell of the appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene and the disciples after his resurrection; contain the words 'he believeth and is baptized,' etc.; give the promise that those who believe shall be able to 'cast out devils and speak with new tongues,' etc.; and state that Jesus was received up into heaven and sat down at the right hand of God. The 'new' text does not contain the story of the woman taken in adultery, the doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer, the account of the blind men touching the hem of the garment, nor the prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' It omits the words 'neither the Son' from the verse in Matthew xxiv, 36, the authenticity of which previously was doubted, and justifies the authors of the revised version in many of the well-known changes and omissions they felt compelled to make.

"The most important differences between the text and the revised version are found in the first chapter of Matthew. The 'new' reading declares that Jesus was the son of Joseph. In verse 21 the angel is made to say to Joseph of Mary: 'She shall bear thee a son,' and verse 25 reads: 'He married his wife and she bore him a son, and he called his name Jesus.' It is true that the statement found in our 18th and 20th verses is repeated in regard to the Holy Ghost. So it would seem that when this Syriac text was written both views in regard to the birth of Jesus were accepted in the Christian Church. But also it is evident that Christian tradition was not so unanimous in accepting the miraculous conception. In other words, it may be said by those who lean to Unitarian views of the case that there can be no doubt at least that some of the disciples believed Jesus to be a natural born son of Joseph and Mary, and that probably this was the accepted idea of a considerable portion of the church at the time this copy of the gospels was written. As to the supposition that both views were orthodox at the time, it is open to grave question. But it must be conceded that the refusal to believe in the miraculous conception finds strong support in the latest discovered reading of the first chapter in the New Testament."

Among the reflections called up by this new "Old Copy of the Gospels" is the strange anomaly presented by the accepted orthodox theory, that "The Scriptures" are the inspired word of God, and that belief in its doctrines are necessary to salvation—that without such belief the soul will be damned and in endless hell—and yet, the Almighty and All-wise God who inspired these gospels should allow them to become so full of variations, interpolations, changes, etc., that the wisest, most reverent and most learned Biblical scholars—to say nothing of the unlearned common people—are unable to tell the true from the false, or to put their finger on any chapter or verse, of gospel or epistle, and declare with real knowledge of the correctness of the declarations: This is the original, unadulterated, inspired word of God.

No—they cannot do it. They can say, and that is all they truthfully can say.

We believe this is the true inspired word.

They believe because the accepted passages coincide with their preconceived notions as to what the inspired word of God should teach. That is the best proof they can bring—and it weighs little with a mind searching for a solid foundation of verifiable facts or truth—a mind that wants evidence, and not merely beliefs, to rest upon.

There is not a gospel extant, nor an epistle, in any known language or tongue, that is free from interpolation. Is it not strange that—when so much depended upon it—the All-wise and Omnipotent God, when He could so easily prevent it, should permit His inspired word to become adulterated by the admixtures of ignorant or unprincipled transcribers and copyists—or, in other words, permit His inspiration to become mixed up with the devil's inspiration. And all this, knowing that His word would suffer thereby, and the souls of multitudes would be eternally lost in consequence.

The many variations and interpolations in the New Testament most assuredly indicate that the transcribers were not only exceedingly careless but absolutely dishonest—dishonest in palming off as the inspired word of God their own uninspired thoughts. Even according to orthodox Biblical scholars, such unprincipled interpolations are numerous; and how numerous they are unable, with all their scholarship, to tell. The next new "find" in the way of "ancient manuscripts" will probably bring further variations—omissions, additions, etc.—tending to discredit other parts of the accepted versions.

The dishonesty manifested by the scripture transcribers is so glaring and great as of itself to give strong color of support to the contention of some modern scholars, notably Edwin Johnson, that the bulk of the New Testament writings, as we have them, are the work of monkish forgers of days far later than the Christian Era, who concocted, devised and wrote gospels and epistles, or largely changed those that had been written, with the intent and purpose to subvert the interest of the priesthood and establish the authority and power of the church.

How many sermons, homilies and exhortations have been founded upon these uninspired additions—or these monkish forgeries—and doled out to men and women as the teaching of God's inspired word! It is sickening to think how poor humanity has been gulled and deluded by the craft of dishonest monks and priests.

If the only extant copies of Abraham Lincoln's messages or speeches were garbled and full of additions, omissions and interpolations, and every new copy discovered served to increase the known variations—how much dependence could be placed on any man's views as to the genuineness of any part of it?

There is not an "original" copy of a gospel or epistle extant, nor is there any copy of a copy, or transcription, so-called, that is known to be conformable to an "original" gospel or epistle; or that does not contain admitted interpolations, omissions and additions, and so, at best, is tainted with frauds and errors.

Such are some of the reflections called forth by this "old copy of the gospels." J. C. UNDERHILL.

RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

I am not going to attempt to explain the origin of Christmas. Bushels of stuff have been written about that which is of no interest to me. It is enough to know that it is a gala day and everybody is happy, giving and receiving presents, eating turkey and making merry every way. So I want to wish all this to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and to everyone connected with it.

I never will forget the time when I first learned through the daily papers that a new spiritual paper was issued in Chicago, and I went to the street and number mentioned and could find nothing but an ordinary dwelling-house; nothing which answered to my idea of a printing office, and I turned to go home. Another thought struck me that I should inquire, which I did, and was ushered into a back room, where a young lady clerk sat at a long pine table filling up a subscription list to which I ordered my name written, and paid a dollar a per advertisement, wondering how much I was going to get for that pitance.

Then I asked for the printing office, and was shown into a garret room where a man was setting type, with his head near the roof. I saw the form on which the subscription-list was printed, and that gave me encouragement, for it was pretty large.

I saw Editor Francis for the first time, and that gave me more encouragement, for from my slight knowledge of the human physiognomy, I knew he could make a success of it, if any man could, and the forty thousand readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER knew that I was not mistaken.

Just think of the many New Departures it has made, and this last the greatest of all, and would have sunk many a shallow vessel beyond redemption, yet it is an unparalleled success.

There is no institution in Chicago that I am so proud of as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a journal of honest integrity, justice, fidelity, morality, and cheapness. But space will not permit me to tell half of what it deserves. One thing it should have is a hundred thousand subscribers. R. NEELY.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

Singing With the Angels.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. CADWELL.—A GLOWING ACCOUNT—CHILDREN MATERIALIZED—THE ANGEL MOTHER—EXTENDED CONVERSATIONS—TEST CONDITIONS.

I have enjoyed many hundred public materializing seances with different mediums, but have had only a few opportunities to attend their private seances; it is impossible to describe how much greater satisfaction is to be found in a seance with only a friend or two, than in one where strangers meet, with all their varying emotions and widely diverging interests and aspirations, too often with conflicting opinions, which they do not hesitate to set before us with all the pomposity and arrogance which are the favorite attitudes of the spiritually unenlightened and bigoted. I have often left such seances with a sensation of having had cross-cut saws drawn across my nerves, until each nerve fibre is quivering with pain. And yet, into the midst of the tempestuous elements the dear ones always have descended, and left with me a word of cheer, a earnest pure affection, a token of their constant, watchful, loving presence, some proof of their power to help in time of need, and these have remained with me warmly bright and comforting, long after the temporary annoyance and irritation passed away.

But yesterday—O happy yesterday—a friend who has great intellectual acumen wedded to a sensitively loving heart, said, "Come and share with me a seance at Mrs. Cadwell's."

For two hours we two mortals sat alone enjoying uninterrupted communication with our angel loved ones. Eighteen of these took on material forms! In several instances the general characteristics of feature, complexion, form and manner of speech were so lifelike and real as to be absolutely startling, and we felt for the moment that what we had thought and talked of as "death" and "separation," had been only trifling visions, or troublesome dreams, and that these dear ones had never really gone from our sight. Lovely women and girls came in pure white men in street and business attire, or full evening dress; ancients in white flowing robes, each according to their taste or condition of life.

There were children, also, with fat, chubby hands, full of rollicking mirth, claiming kisses and bestowing them freely; there were wise guardians, speaking sedately on topics of vital interest to us and the world; and dearly loved friends, who are closely associated with us in life's daily labors and cares, proving by spoken words how helpfully they walk congenially with us.

How glad I would be to report verbatim the opening speech of "the angel mother" (that spirit who is always so ready to impart of wisdom and counsel, whenever it is asked for!) She spoke in her own calm and beautiful way (with a hand of each of us clasped warmly in hers) of the grand work going on among the women of earth: of their becoming more self-reliant and independent, and said that many an unknown and unnoticed woman in the past, as she sat in the corner at her wheel, or busily knitting, sent up silent prayers for deliverance from her cramped and cramping environments; prayers for an enlarged sphere of useful activity, and that these prayers were so spun into the thread of the wheel and knit into the stitches that they affected and helped the wear of them, so that her sphere of use had really been broader than she dreamed, and added: "In Spirit-life such unknown workers find full recognition of their powers; find fields of labor belittling their efforts; and come back to give courage and strength to their sister toilers of earth."

In response to our grateful thanks for her comforting words, she said: "Every word I can drop in the listening ear of any one seeking help from me, becomes a jewel of triumph in my crown of rejoicing."

Among the lovely women who came was Mrs. Josephine Stone, who had many friends among Spiritualists and liberal thinkers. She manifested great power, which those who knew her will recognize as strong characteristic. She asked me to say a few words for her, and I remembered her, that she is still actively employed in the same lines of labor which she had always been so deeply interested in, and sent a message of love to her daughter and others.

We had an excellent light all through the seance, and scanned closely and eagerly the faces of spirits who came. In three very marked instances I saw faces easily recognizable from paintings of the persons, which were taken in life, and which I had seen.

A very powerful power of vocalization is a predominant characteristic of the materializations in Mrs. C's cabinet; spirit friends are able to hold extended conversations with their loved ones, when the equable state of the minds of the sitters allows it, and (what is still more remarkable and interesting) beyond any power of description) to unite with their dear mortal friends in singing their favorite songs, or refreshing their own.

One of the "angel mothers" sing "Rock the cradle," and "Beautiful Zion," her "Song of the Boreas;" Lucille Weston, one of her favorites, or Mr. Seymour in his numerous onts, is to be baptized with the very essence and spirit of song; is to feel the partition walls between heaven and earth rolled back, and that he really stand "On That Beautiful Strand," with our shining

loved ones surrounded by the halo of their glory, and baptized with them in the healing dews of Infinite Love. ("Singing with the angels—think of it," said the friend at my side, in a voice tremulous with the appreciation and love which flow out so purely and richly from her generous heart to the spirits, and which furnish them with their "best conditions for giving in return.")

O, that all mortal seekers for truth would aspire to put themselves in the same loving rapport with those they have mourned, and whose presence they wish for in the seance room. If, instead of waiting the mediums to be present under what they foolishly call "test conditions," they would seek to come themselves into these "best conditions" of harmonious relationship with the mediums and their spirit co-workers, to learn of them what conditions to make, what satisfying results they would obtain! Only a few among all investigators have yet thoroughly learned that most important lesson; but the number will slowly increase, and by-and-by their united forces will swell to such volume that the angels can descend with a power which will lift this old earth of ours out of its ruts of sorrow and doubt, of spiritual blindness and folly, and send it whirling on its way, radiant in rainbows of hope, joy, and constant, tangible, angelic presence!

I must not forget, before closing, that some will read this who will at once ask what external conditions did you have for your seance? What entirely outside of yourselves? I can conceive nothing simpler. A loop of strong wire with a plain curtain run on it, was brought into the little parlor to enclose the cabinet for the reception of callers, after we arrived, and hung between the front windows. A chair was placed inside this curtain for the medium's use, and the windows were shaded by curtains from the strong afternoon sunlight. Mrs. Cadwell lives on the second floor, and her parlor windows are directly over the street.

I blush to record the necessity to examine any medium's clothing, and I never before have consented to do so under any pressure, but Mrs. Cadwell insisted before going into the cabinet that for once I should be able to say, "I know she had on no men's apparel, nor anything but her simple brown wrapper and white underclothing." Her spirit business manager, Mr. Dan Bryant, assured us most earnestly, as he talked with us in his own materialized form, that he should never again allow her to subject herself to such examination, unless coming events should prove so distressing that all mediums should feel bound to do the same thing.

I heartily thanked him for his decision, for I have always felt that more good would be accomplished in winning skeptics to this wonderful truth, by insisting that the proofs that these beings are just who and what they claim must come more from the spiritual and less from the physical senses. It is heart speaking to heart, thought responding to thought, and the numberless words of warning and encouragement we received concerning matters which the most closely affect us, and of which no mortal has knowledge, that carry conviction that these beings are just who they claim to be, and that they are not a mere self-deception, or a mere fancy, or a mere shadow of a cabinet, or a mere thing in the minds of many of us that nothing ever can shake it, though the earth should melt and "the foundations thereof pass away."

In connection with what I have said concerning the remarkable voice-power in Mrs. Cadwell's cabinet, I must add that she does not sing at all, has never sung a tune in her life, and also that during two years that she was unable to speak a loud word, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis, the spirits who materialized in her cabinet continued to speak and sing as strongly and plainly as ever.

That spirits draw from her vocal organs goes without saying, but that those chords and organs are used by a power outside of herself, while she is unconsciously entranced in the cabinet, is proven beyond a shadow of question.

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

Yonkers, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1894.

Suwanee is a corruption of San Juanita.

Monocacy means "creek of many bays."

Port Royal Bay was so called from its size.

Lake Mohegan was named for an Indian tribe.

Piscataqua means a "good place to hunt deer."

Mantou is an Indian word, meaning "spirit."

Monongahela means a "river without islands."

Winnipeg is the "Beautiful Lake of the Highland."

Chickahominy is an Indian word, meaning "Turkey Lick."

Rahway was once Rahwack, the name of an Indian chief.

Lehigh is the corruption of the Indian word lechau, "a fork."

Sheboygan means "Stream that Comes from the Ground."

Passamaquoddy signifies "Good Bay for Catching Haddock."

Espiritu Santo, the name of a Texas bay, means "Holy Spirit."

Itasca is an Indian word, meaning "Source of the River."

Ocklockonee, the name of a Florida river, means "yellow water."

Miami is a corruption of Miamahaz, meaning "stony river."

BOSTON LETTER.

Seance in the Spiritual Temple.

I received autographic notice from Mr. Ayer, of the Spiritual Temple, that he was going to have some physical manifestations, on Sunday, December 9, at 11 o'clock. I was glad to hear that, for if there is anything I like, it is to witness physical or sensuous phenomena, even if I am a veteran, when I am sure they are to be genuine—and what one witnesses under the management of Mr. Ayer, the generous builder of this handsome and costly temple, devoted to Spiritualism, one knows are absolutely honest; for all know him to be a high-toned and successful merchant, who has invested his property in a temple and devoted it to Spiritualism, and asks no aid from the public; so one knows what he sees is absolutely honest. What Mr. Ayer does is wholly for the benefit of his fellow-men, giving honest investigators an opportunity of knowing that life does not end at man's physical death. So I like to go on such occasions, for even if the manifestations are sometimes not as good as I have seen, it is a great thing to feel and know what you do see are what they purport to be. I have seen very wonderful manifestations there, but if they do not happen, so, one is not disappointed for no honest seeker after truth wants to see them forced for the sake of having a good effect. An honest investigator wants the truth or nothing, and everybody knows they get that when they witness manifestations under the management of Mr. Ayer. That is why I take the pleasure of relating this experience, even if it should not be as wonderful as some others, because people know the circumstances in his connection add sublimity to the manifestations.

Before it was time to go to the temple, I was reading the Sunday Post, and the first item that my eyes fell upon was this notice:

TO SEE SPIRITS.

Board of Police Invited to a Seance.

The Board of Police Commissioners, Superintendent Benjamin P. Eldridge, Chief Inspector Watts, and Inspectors Barry and Knox, have a novel invitation on their hands.

They have been invited by Mr. Whitney, a well-known Boston Spiritualist, and Mr. Keeler, to attend a private seance at his house. Here there will be table-tippings, slate-writing, and all other kinds of spiritual phenomena except materialization.

In making this invitation Mr. Whitney said: "My object is, in view of the arrest of George T. Albino, to show that there is such a thing as genuine spiritual manifestations. There are frauds, but that does not alter the fact that there are genuine mediums."

"I do not want people to understand that because there are frauds, there is nothing in spiritual manifestations. I can prove that there is, and that is why I want you to attend a private seance where I can prove what I say."

It is expected that General Martin will attend this seance. Superintendent Eldridge, and Chief Inspector Watts, and Inspectors Barry and Knox, will probably be of the police party who will attend.

Mr. John Curtis, a well-known retired Boston business man, has offered \$2,000 to any person who will show him a genuine spirit. It is understood that his offer will be taken.

Mr. Curtis has for over twenty years been investigating materializations, and has written numerous pamphlets in regard to them.

He has a collection of "spirit robes," false wigs, and other paraphernalia which he relates have been seized from such mediums as the Fays, Mrs. Bliss, George T. Albino, and others.

I could not help wishing that these official gentlemen were going to the temple with me. I do not know who this Mr. Whitney is. I hope he will give satisfaction. It will weave this notice into this article, and comment on it.

Mr. Knox and Mr. Barry are the officers who abused George T. Albino, that prince of managers, in a late raid at one of his seances—a matter that is not yet settled; but I have faith that Mr. Albino will come out on top, as he did before when manager for the Berrys, who were most excellent mediums.

The same item speaks of John Curtis, the celebrated spirit-grabber; he says he offers \$2,000 for proof of a ghost. He will lose his money, if conditions are right, but in such cases there are always quibbles, so that no money passes. I am as sure I have seen a materialized spirit as I am that I have seen a mortal, but that John may not have the chance; but he is perfectly reliable, and will respond if he makes the offer, and does see a spirit. He is a very high-toned man, but very much opposed to materialization, and has long been the bete noir of mediums here for that phase. I shall be glad if he succeeds in eliminating all the frauds and confederates, but when he acts on the principle that they are all frauds, he is wrong, and his rough way is not the best way to prove it.

About one hundred to one hundred and fifty people gathered in the lower hall of the temple to witness the physical manifestations. The medium was the well-known Pierre Keeler. We all saw the dark curtain affixed close to the

wall, and a dark curtain arranged in the corner in the front of it, making an inclosed triangular space. This curtain was about five feet high, touching the floor. In this triangular space was put a small table, a guitar, a tambourine, and, I think, a block of paper. In front of the curtain were placed the chairs—in one sat Mr. Keeler, next a lady, and next a gentleman. Mr. Ayer asked a lady and a gentleman to come up; said anybody would do; whether a Spiritualist or unbeliever. One or two came up, and the two were changed once or twice during the seance. Mr. Keeler held his two hands on the lady's arm, one at her wrist, and the other near her elbow, and the man on the end held the lady's wrist, his right hand free, and in sight all the time; a little boy then strung a curtain in front of the three sitters, so that only their heads were seen, and the end man's right hand.

Everybody knew from their own senses that there was nobody behind the curtain in the triangular space, and Mr. Ayer also said so. The manifestations were excellent from beginning to finish; they began with raps in different places, and music on the guitar and tambourine. The latter was thrown out on the platform and rolled on the floor; the tambourine was poked out, and both were handed back and taken by materialized hands. Scraps of paper with messages on them were handed out; one was a portrait of Luther Colby, which was shown around and generally recognized. Hands and arms appeared above the curtain, and often apparently through it; this was very interesting feature; for the curtain was whole—there were no holes for the hands. Mr. Ayer not only said so, but all had the opportunity of examining the curtain after the seance was over. The hands and arms apparently coming through the firm cloth, sometimes to their elbows, were very wonderful and very convincing.

Mr. Ayer made some remarks on the point as being proof of materialization, for they certainly were; they were handled, and were natural flesh hands, and seemed human, and came as I have said, through the curtain, or apparently in which there were no holes. They were not the hands of the medium, or any one sitting there, and all who examined them knew it. Mr. Ayer said if a hand and a man could be materialized, a whole form certainly could be; and if one could be, all could; and that was proof that we shall all have a future life. His few remarks were applauded, for the large circle realized the fact.

It is hardly necessary to lengthen this article out by going into all the details, for Mr. Keeler's manifestations are a new thing. He is well known. The strong feature here is the fact that this seance was in the temple, under the auspices of Mr. Ayer, and in that case is more than an ordinary affair.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Keeler was at the house of Epes Sargent, where I attended seances many times. Sargent comes to me with a message at every slate-writing seance I attend, identifying himself perfectly, and wants to know that though he has been a spirit for ten years, he has not forgotten the manifestations of old. I think he comes to me because I tell the story in print, and will do so this time, which will show also the method generally.

The boy had the block of paper handed to him, and was told to take it to me, which he did, saying: "Go up there with it," which I did, and found a hand extended, which shook mine vigorously. It took the pad and wrote something, which I tore off; and it took it again and wrote and gave it to me, shaking hands with me, as if the spirit knew me. The hand disappeared, and appeared again and again, sometimes in one place and sometimes another, sometimes between Keeler and the lady, and as often between the lady and the end man. I asked the lady where the medium's hands were.

"Holding my arm," said she; "I am sure of that."

I knew it, too, for by no possibility could those spirit hands be his. On the first leaf was written with a pencil these words:

"Dear fellow, I am here."

On the second leaf, "EPES SARGENT."

"I am here."

On the third leaf, quite heavily—and all of them were very plain:

"Dear John, I am with you."

EPES SARGENT.

He has identified himself so well at different slate-writing seances that I feel very sure that this writing came from my old friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent. I did not know who it was when the hand shook mine, as I did not read the writing until I got to my seat; but I feel that my old friend, who has been a spirit for over ten years, shook me heartily by the hand.

As I have called this "Boston Letter," I suppose I ought to write more of other things, but I will omit it this time, only saying, the meetings, large and small, are all flourishing, the interest in Spiritualism is unabated, the churches are full of it, and it doesn't hurt one as much as it did to be called one. I am very willing to be among them, and am glad I always have been—at least for nearly forty years.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

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

SPIRITUALISTIC FOLLY.

As Understood by Thomas Lees.

Cleveland seems to be rapidly following suit of other large cities in regard to its methods of running spiritualistic meetings. Already there are four societies holding separate public Sunday meetings, two children's lectures, four ladies' aid societies, besides regular weekly public seances for physical manifestations; and any number of semi-public meetings for phenomena and development of mediumship. Whether or not the wisest course is being pursued for the advancement of the cause is a debatable question; certain it is that while Spiritualism here is increasing its number of places of meeting, it is not strengthening itself organically. The "Cleveland Spiritual Temple," so long prophesied and loudly talked of in this beautiful Forest City, seems as far off as ever from assuming any outward form. Fifteen to eighteen hundred dollars per year is the price we are now paying for the privilege of sitting a few hours each Sunday on wood-bottomed chairs. It is hard on the sitters, as well as their pocket-books, and should, after so many years of patient study of the question, stimulate Spiritualists to sufficient exertion at least to rise at once and protest against further continuance of this folly.

Spiritualists contribute to the building of churches for every denomination but their own. Investigators of spiritualistic phenomena come out from every church in Christendom to get the proof positive of continued life, and when obtained, they go straight back to their finely upholstered pews; so our places of meeting are but the recruiting offices for the spiritualistic army. The bulk of recruits merely stay long enough with us to draw their bounty, then skip they might truthfully be called pious bountymen.

I have maintained for years that in any church in Cleveland I will go in any five Sunday morning and pick out from five to twenty-five Spiritualists. What is true of this city is true of others. So apparent is this desertion from our ranks that I am fast losing faith in the idea that we shall ever achieve success, organically speaking. Spiritualism has already taken such root in the churches that if any spiritual society shut up shop to-morrow its steady growth would not be appreciably affected thereby. Yet the thought is seductive that after forty years of continuous labor and expenditure of over one hundred thousand dollars, the Spiritualists of Cleveland, if an inventory of their property was taken to-morrow, would not foot up \$20,000, all told.

There is this satisfaction about it, however, when we do move, as a body, into our future home (the church) we shall not have much truck to move.

The Rev. Moses Hull concludes his three-months' engagement in Cleveland, December 30. He has delivered an admirable course of lectures on the east and west sides of the river, and called out excellent audiences. During his sojourn here he has filled engagements in many towns in different parts of the State, and several surrounding States. The friends in Columbus, where he goes in January, have a fine treat in store. Mrs. Hull, who was with her husband part of the time, has been called to the bedside of her dying mother.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, the pastor of the C. S. A., is still presiding over the meetings in Army and Navy hall. The service last Sunday was supplemented by a public wedding, Mrs. Lake uniting in marriage Mr. Tremont Powers and Miss Lucy Burton. The unusual ceremony called out a large attendance. The Children's Progressive Lyceum gave the little ones their usual Christmas good time, and distributed presents to all, Sunday, the 23d, in Weisgerber's hall.

THOMAS LEES.

The Black Sea has a depth of 600 fathoms.

The Gorgonia, or fan corals, are found in every sea.

The Atlantic Ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

The water in the Strait of Gibraltar is 150 fathoms deep.

The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator.

The sea is estimated to contain 2,500,000,000 cubic miles of water.

One very common species of ocean infusoria is shaped like a bell.

In a cubic meter of limestone, Origny found 3,000,000 sea shells.

An echinoderm that inhabits the West Indian seas has over 10,000 arms.

The Gulf Stream is 100 miles wide and from 400 to 600 fathoms deep.

Dr. Young estimates the mean depth of the Atlantic at about 16,000 feet.

The first author to attempt an explanation of ocean currents was Kepler.

Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist on the earth.

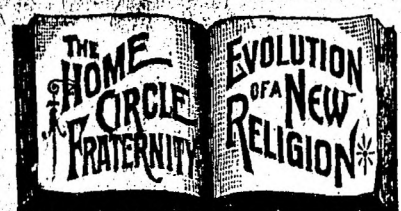
The average depth of all oceans is supposed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms.

The sea-nettle stings its prey to death by means of a poison secreted in its tentacles.

The water of the Dead Sea weighs about 2 pounds to the gallon of sea substances.

The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its weight.

merists in America. Ancient and modern hypnotism explained by mesmerism. An illustrated work. Paper, 50 cents.



THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

Its Expression in the Human Soul.

I.
The Gospel of Love, like the Gospel of Happiness, is but little understood. It is only in extremely few cases where it exists in all of its divine purity. General Cassius M. Clay, in writing of his marriage with his fifteen-year-old ward, says:

"In marrying a young girl and a peasant I but exorcised the privilege allowed the humblest citizen of the Republic, to spend my money as it pleases me, and to rule my own household, and nothing more. . . . The disparity of ages is our own business, and nobody's else. My rigid regard for the physical as well as the moral laws of the situation places me beyond the cavil of inferior souls, who criticize me so severely. After all, love and sensuality or passion are as far apart as night and day. Passion punishes, and may degrade, but love refines and elevates. Love is immortal. My experiences in life show me that a young girl may love an old man intensely, for love is of the soul, passion of the body."

The Gospel of Love vibrates in harmony with those divine attainments that hold lust in abject submission—in fact, in its angelic purity, it knows nothing whatever of lust as it exists in nearly all the walks of life, defiling man and woman, and giving birth to monstrosities to continue their nefarious work. The true Gospel of Love scintillates beautifully with innate goodness, and clothes every thought with angelic radiance, and illuminates the soul with a light divine. The Gospel of Lust is its antipode, and enemy. The Gospel of Love contains no provision for divorces, family brawls, or litigation over vested rights, for under its supervision and influence none can occur. It is the radiance of heaven within the human soul; it is the pulsation of those attributes that connect the human with the divine.

II.

The Chicago Times well says that the pride of this city is her many charities conducted in the name of the lowly Nazarene. The city is becoming belted with these institutions of relief. They reach out after every class and age, to give a helping hand in the struggle of life. The Talcott Day Nursery, located at 125 Sangamon street, is truly one of the most important missions of the city. It is under the able supervision of Mrs. Ralph Greenlee, a woman of wonderful force of character, combined with a loving heart. This mission is a center of good and helpfulness. The work has grown to its present dimensions under her constant watchfulness and ability to execute wise plans. The Talcott home, in every sense of the word, is truly a home. The manager, Mrs. Fletcher, is a woman of experience and consecration. A free kindergarten is ably conducted by Miss Curtis, an accomplished young lady and an efficient teacher, one of the best in the city. Every Saturday there is an industrial school, conducted by Mrs. James A. Loundsbury. Many children are taught some simple industry, and the mind trained at the same time.

III.

Mrs. Talcott was a Spiritualist, and as a Spiritualist she founded this Day Nursery. She understood thoroughly the Gospel of Love, and could detect therein the undertone of the Deity himself and the smiles of the highest angels; hence the institution she endowed is in no sense denominational or sectarian—in spirit it is as broad as the universe. Here the weary mother leaves her children to be ministered unto while she is out doing work to earn them a living. Like a sparkling spring of pure water, where all who desire can quench their thirst, the Day Nursery is equally free to the Turk, Assyrian, Arab, Christian or Spiritualist—it frowns upon no one, but extends a loving hand to all. Mrs. Talcott, so beautiful in spirit, so broad in her philanthropy, so grand in her aspiration, was wanted in heaven, in the bright spheres of Spirit-life. If like her, you will be wanted there sometime, and even if not worth a cent now in earthly goods, you will be her peer in all respects. By being a Spiritualist, a Mohammedan, a Methodist, or a Hard-shell Baptist, it is no indication you are wanted in heaven, unless you understand thoroughly the Gospel of Love. There are worldly people, belonging to no religious society, who are nearer to heaven, nearer to God and the angel world, and who have within their souls to enrich it thoughts full of beauty and grandeur; and this because they understand the Gospel of Love, divorced from lust, avarice and selfishness. The Gospel of Love never begets children in passion, but in love as pure as that possessed by the angels of heaven. The child begotten under its hallowed influence will not lie, steal, nor be actuated by lust; it will have nestling within it all the qualities and attributes of an archangel. As the sun's rays are for all humanity, so does the life of such a being go out in gentle vibrations to bless and help all mankind.

IV.

When Vanderbilts passed to the spirit-worlds, he had to tarry in the lower spheres, in order that an inventory of

his moral qualities might be taken. On earth he had been delighted time and again with an inventory of his gold, silver, stocks, bank deposits, and railroads, and when in Spirit-life, and asked for an inventory of his noble qualities, it was found that he had no adequate conception of the Gospel of Love, for an avaricious, cumulative spirit and feeling had driven it out of his soul. He who devotes his time to the accumulation of wealth, after a competency has been gained, knows nothing of the Gospel of Love! He who acquires wealth to assist suffering humanity and to advance the world to a higher plane, understands the Gospel of Love, and vibrates in harmony with the divine mind.

V.

As well said by an editorial writer in the New York Herald:

"It cannot be gainsaid in these days of scientific research, when bodies and souls are being explored, that a person's mental attitude is a very important factor of physical as well as of moral health. Peace of mind, the continuous consciousness that your life is being lived along the right lines, that there is a high purpose in the experiences which have been allotted to you, and that they will all work for your good if you have the knowledge and the grace to use them as God intended you should do—all this has a direct, a potent, possibly an influence decisive of health or disease."

"Our learned physicians have very clamorously asserted to our deaf ears that the habit of worryment, that surrender to a querulous tendency, that indulgence of uncured passions, not only result in permanent mental disturbance, but react on the nervous system with such relentless vigor as actually to produce disease. In other words, your health as well as your happiness depends largely on what you think, on what is called your disposition. Accept your life in a generous frame of mind, be at peace with your soul and your environment, preserve a quiet equanimity, or, in homely phrase, take things as they come and make the best of them, believing that the good God has need of you in just the place you occupy, and you do more to keep yourself whole or to make yourself whole than all the drugs that were ever discovered."

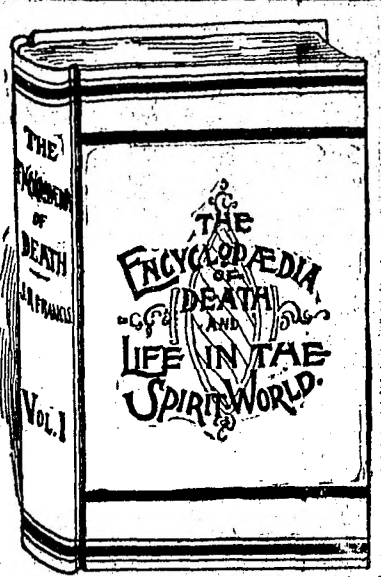
"Here we have a new view of Christianity. The Master gave us a revelation and we were not prepared for it, but in these latter days science comes and reveals the meaning of revelation. We are both wonderstruck and grateful. We have heretofore thought that the purpose of religion is to prepare us for another world, but it has just dawned upon us that it is to prepare us for this world as well. We must not have faith in order to go to heaven by and by, but in order to enter the heaven which it is possible to enjoy here and now."

"At last we have an inclusive Christ, and the secret of His revealings has been discovered. He is interested in the whole circumference of human existence and touches with His benignant finger-tips the body as well as the soul. He not only teaches us that we must look on God's providence that we shall be ready for the summons which will usher us into the hereafter, but must in this present time, in this beautiful vestibule of eternity, enjoy a life whose duties and responsibilities are means of development. We cannot touch the hem of His garment, but we can hear Him say, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole,' by which we are to understand that our suffering and our happiness, physical and spiritual, depend largely on whether we are mentally in harmony with the plan of the universe—quiet, peaceful, kindly, charitable—and imbued with that LOVE which will make this world richer because we have lived in it."

VI.

The one who builds as follows certainly comprehends the Gospel of Love: "Unconsciously a woman builds a temple in this world below, And day by day a stone is laid. Of little things that come and go, So it doth slowly rise above. The tide of years, until its dome Has reached the glory clouds of heaven, A world within itself, a home— She wisely builds upon the rocks. Far more eternal than the years, The pavement is of solid truth, Untouched, un worn by falling tears. 'The walls are innocence and grace, Fair virtue makes them high and strong. Within they shine with purity, Resound with mirth and sacred song. The gates are pearls of truth and love, Whence issue forth bright gleams of light, Each stone a little sacrifice. And kept in place by truth and right. The pillars are of gentle acts, That bear the weight of golden beams Of life, and bound by cords of love, And braced by faith's undying dreams. 'Each nail a heart-beat set in place, Each blow her very center shook; The steps are trials, stepping-stones Where patience climbs with upward look; The throne, her grand, eternal soul, Her king, the one she loves, loves best; Her altar, where sweet incense rises, So day by day a stone is laid. Until the white-capped dome Is hid among the shining clouds, And she has reached her heavenly home."

"The Dead Man's Message," an occult romance, by Florence Marryat. The author's wide experience in Spiritualism and her study of occult sciences have prepared her to write this romance, which will be found laden with gems picked up in the course of her investigation and studies. Cloth \$1.10. For sale at this office.



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THE CAUSE FLOURISHING.

In Portland, Oregon.

BEN BARNEY—NEW SOCIETY—JOHN KING—EXCELLENT SLATE-WRITING MEDIUM—ADDIE R. SMITH—OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

For several months there has been a growing inclination among a portion of the Spiritualists in this city to organize a spiritual church to lift Spiritualism out of the rut in which it had been running for so long a time, and conduct its meetings on a higher plane, therefore a number met and organized a church, conducted upon church and orderly principles, at which time and place the philosophy of Spiritualism could be set forth in its true light and beauty. We hold our church service at 11 A. M. Sunday morning, opening with singing and invocation, then our pastor reads a text from the Bible, and delivers a discourse of thirty minutes, after which our medium gives a few tests, then closing with singing and benediction. Brother G. C. Love is at present our pastor, and the great psychometric medium, Ben M. Barney, gives tests. Both of these gentlemen are ordained ministers of Spiritualism.

The first meeting we held there were only seven present, but the attendance has increased until now we have thirty-five and forty, and the interest is still growing, although I am sorry to say that we have met with considerable opposition, and that from some who should not have taken the stand that they have, as they have been avowed Spiritualists for years.

The evenings we give to Mr. Ben M. Barney, as our congregation is not strong enough numerically or financially to pay him a living salary, and his meetings have an average attendance of from 250 to 400, which speaks well for him as a medium, when there are always from one to two other meetings being held at the same time in other portions of the city.

Mr. Barney has now been with us in this city for more than a year, and he apparently draws as large audiences now as he did for the first two months of his advent among us. The great secret of his success is the honesty of his work, and the people have found out that he is sincere, and they have faith in his work. He is not only honest in his mediumship but in his everyday transactions with all who have any dealings with him, and is considered a man of integrity in everything. Mr. Barney has done more in spreading Spiritualism in this city than any medium that has ever come to us, which only goes to show the great good any competent medium could do if they would only work for the good of the cause instead of prostituting Spiritualism to the gain of the "almighty dollar," by swindling and deceiving the people, and then clandestinely taking their departure for new fields, to repeat their nefarious work. I will give you one short instance: Early last summer there came to town a man giving his name as John King; he advertised extensively and scattered thousands of handbills over the town, and hired one of the largest and most expensive halls in town. His meetings were well attended, and his lectures were interesting and instructive, and I am informed that he was a good medium. He did an immense business for four weeks, and all at once he left town one Sunday morning, and the next we heard from him, he was in Seattle, Wash., under the name of West. It soon transpired that he had collected considerable money in advance of several, who wished to develop mediumship under him. Of course these victims roundly denounced him, and several have blamed Spiritualism with the whole transaction. This, of course, is wrong, but victims are always unreasonable.

The First Spiritual Society, the oldest in the State, is still holding regular meetings, which are well attended and enjoyed by those who have various persons who lecture for them. Mrs. Addie R. Smith, a good test medium, occupies their rostrum in that capacity. On last Sunday (16th inst.) they held an all-day meeting in celebration of the National Jubilee. The First Spiritual Church was invited and attended in a body, and all enjoyed the occasion. The exercises commenced at 11 A. M. and the programme continued until 2:30 P. M., when all partook of a repast that each contributed as a whole. Although the day was exceedingly stormy, there was quite a large attendance. In the evening they continued their programme, and Mr. Barney held a very successful meeting in his own hall.

If our orthodox friends only knew of the number of private circles that are being held by families in this city, they would open their eyes with astonishment—families at that, whom their little folk are tutored with that horrible fallacy; but it is so, spreading slowly but irresistibly, and the result is that the orthodox yoke is being thrown off. Mrs. Bruce, our best slate-writing medium, is doing good work and has all that she can attend to.

"Your New Departure" is attracting considerable attention, and we all hope that you may succeed in the venture, and reap a good harvest as the result of your enterprise. J. HENRY BROWN.

PEEBLES AND POPY.

A Trenchant Statement of the Aims and Claims of Rome.

"Quite likely I may be reminded and re-reminded of what Catholics said and did in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Of this I care nothing; let the dead past bury its dead." Doctor M. Peebles in the PROGRESSIVE THINKER of November 24th, 1894.

To THE EDITOR: Although a pretty close reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, somehow Dr. Peebles' article from which the above is copied, escaped my attention until it was called to it by a friend to-day.

Are we to infer from this statement of Dr. Peebles that the doctrine or principle of supreme and absolute fealty to the Roman Pontiff, required in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth century on the part of Catholics, is not required now? Then let us to the proof, which is ample and incontestable. The quotations shall make to prove this point, will, at the same time, fully prove the truthfulness of the charge of the "A. P. A." and other loyal American organizations, from which the above is copied, escaped my attention until it was called to it by a friend to-day.

In the encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII., written to American Catholics, November 11, 1888, he says: "The Roman Church has the right to exercise its authority without any limit set to it by the civil powers. The Pope and the priests ought to have dominion over temporal affairs; The Roman Church and her ecclesiastics have a right to immunity from civil law in case of conflict between ecclesiastical and civil powers, the ecclesiastical ought to prevail. The Pope can dispense with any law. The Pope are explanations of the divine law, and are therefore binding, as soon as known. The church does not recognize the right in the government to say whether or not the pontifical decree shall be enforced."

Archbishop Ireland, considered by Protestants and Liberals generally, the most liberal, enlightened, and reformator of the Roman hierarchy, says: "The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."

Of course Dr. Peebles does not need to be told that this distinguished functionary is a contemporary with him.

Cardinal Manning, speaking in the name of the Pope, said: "I acknowledge no civil power; I am the subject of no Prince, and I claim more than this: I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the conscience of men; of the peasants that till the fields, and of the Princes that sit upon the throne; of the household that lives in the shades of privacy, and the legislator that makes laws for kingdoms. I am the sole, last, supreme judge of what is right or wrong."

Another contemporary authority, a Roman Catholic Jesuit priest, Thomas Sherman, said in a lecture in Chicago, Feb. 5, 1894: "Banish the Jesuits? First banish the American Constitution, and the Declaration of Independence."

Right here I wish to say that ours is well nigh the only civilized nation in the world that has not driven out of its borders, by legislative enactment, these mischievous Jesuits. Whether we can afford to thus ignore the dear-bought experience of other civilized nations, in our great American heart of fraternity (and belief that we can mould them into good citizens) remains to be seen. Doubtless, Brother Peebles in his great heart of brotherly love, believes we can.

Again: Not content with supreme authority in Church and State, listen to what Pope Pius IX., in his evangelical letter of August 16, 1854, has to say as to our right to listen to, and be governed by the conscience implanted in every human being, and which we have been taught to believe the last and the highest authority in our relations to

"This absurd and erroneous doctrine and ravings in defense of liberty of conscience are a pestilential error—a pest of all others most to be dreaded in a state."

In December 8, 1864, the same Pope said: "The Catholic religion with all its voters, ought to be exclusively dominant, in such sort that every other worship should be banished and interdicted. The church has the right to prevent the state from granting the public exercises of their own worship to persons emigrating into it. She has the power of requiring the state not to permit free expression of opinion. She has the right to require that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the state, to the exclusion of all others."

This fulmination of Pius IX. was confirmed by the present Pope, who is said to entertain more reformatory ideas than any who have preceded him. Surely these quotations will be sufficient to show that the assumption of ecclesiastical and temporal power exercised by the Pope of Rome in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, is held in all its entirety to-day; and hence, that the charge of "persecution," made by Catholics and seconded by Dr. Peebles, against the American generally, and in their laudable efforts to restore to the Roman Pontiff his baseless, and the aim of these patriotic organizations is not only praiseworthy, but entitles them to the gratitude of all true Americans; and furthermore, that so far from being liable to the charge of "persecuting" our Catholic brethren, it is they that are persecuting us, in seeking thus to undermine and subordinate the Republic to our fathers—the hope of the world—to an ecclesiastical hierarchy, the most galling, relentless and cruel in the history of the world.

Americans want no religious interference in any way, or for any source, in the temporal and political affairs of this Republic. V. FELL, M. D.

Ellis Island has also been called Oyster, Bucket and Gibbet Island.



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RUFUS H. BARTLETT, M. D.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

[The following is commended as a Lyceum recitation. It may be made more effective by dressing in the robes of a priest.]

Money! oh, money! thy praises I sing: Thou art my Savior, my God and my King; 'Tis for thee that I preach and for thee that I pray And make a collection twice each Sabbath day.

I have candles and all sorts of dresses to buy, For I wish you to know that my church is called high, I don't mean in structure, or steeple, or wall, But so high that the Lord cannot reach it at all.

I have poor in my parish who need some relief, I preach to their poverty and pray for their grief, I send my box round to them morning and night, And hope they'll remember the poor widow's mite.

I gather my knowledge from Wisdom's great tree, And the whole of my Trinity, I, S and D, Pounds, shillings and pence are all that I crave From my first step on earth to the brink of the grave.

And when I'm laid low, and my body at rest, Place a box on my grave—"tis my latest request, That friends may all see, who come for reflection, I can't rest in peace without a collection. Money's my creed; I'll not pray without it.

My heaven is closed against all those who doubt it. For this is the essence of parson's religion—Come regular to church and be plucked, like a pigeon.

My pay may be hundreds or thousands a year—Double it, treble it, still I am here With my box or my bag collecting my brass— I can't do as Jesus did, ride on an ass.

I have carriage and horses, and servants and all—I am not going to foot it, like Peter and Paul; Neither, like John, live on locusts and honey, So out with your purses, and down with your money."

Fools sometimes ask what I do with the money! They might just as well ask what bees do with honey. I answer them all with a whiff or a nod—I keep three-thirds myself and give praise to God.

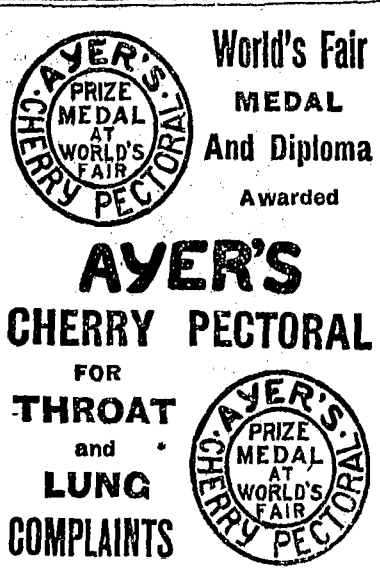
In the cold, silent earth I soon may be laid low, To sleep with the best that went long ago. I shall slumber in peace till the great resurrection, Then be first on my legs to make a collection.

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I have poor in my parish who need some relief, I preach to their poverty and pray for their grief, I send my box round to them morning and night, And hope they'll remember the poor widow's mite.

I gather my knowledge from Wisdom's great tree, And the whole of my Trinity, I, S and D, Pounds, shillings and pence are all that I crave From my first step on earth to the brink of the grave.

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I gather my knowledge from Wisdom's great tree, And the whole of my Trinity, I, S and D, Pounds, shillings and pence are all that I crave From my first step on earth to the brink of the grave.

And when I'm laid low, and my body at rest, Place a box on my grave—"tis my latest request, That friends may all see, who come for reflection, I can't rest in peace without a collection. Money's my creed; I'll not pray without it.

My heaven is closed against all those who doubt it. For this is the essence of parson's religion—Come regular to church and be plucked, like a pigeon.

My pay may be hundreds or thousands a year—Double it, treble it, still I am here With my box or my bag collecting my brass— I can't do as Jesus did, ride on an ass.

I have carriage and horses, and servants and all—I am not going to foot it, like Peter and Paul; Neither, like John, live on locusts and honey, So out with your purses, and down with your money."

Fools sometimes ask what I do with the money! They might just as well ask what bees do with honey. I answer them all with a whiff or a nod—I keep three-thirds myself and give praise to God.

In the cold, silent earth I soon may be laid low, To sleep with the best that went long ago. I shall slumber in peace till the great resurrection, Then be first on my legs to make a collection.

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THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

OUR TRANSATLANTIC ELEGANT MAGAZINE.

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS FROM LONDON SPIRITUALIST PAPERS.

MEDIUMSHIP.

The Many Mysteries Thereof

As Given Through a Scotch Medium.

MR. DUGUID'S EXPERIENCES—SAVED BY JAN STEEN—THE FIRST SPIRIT VISIT—ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Light, of London, England, contains the following interesting particulars: "Mr. Duguid's business required him on many occasions to make visits to the Highlands of Scotland during the shooting season. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were making a tour, and traveled with David in the same steamer from Oban to Appin. After parting with them he was too late to catch the steamer that crossed Loch Linnhe to Kingairloch, in Morven, and was, therefore, obliged to hire a fishing-boat, with four men to pull him across. The water was very quiet at starting, but when they had gone a few miles there came on a severe thunderstorm. The sea rose very rapidly in those parts, which felt at times like full force, the Atlantic. They had got off the island of Lismore when matters became so serious that the man who was pulling the boat insisted that they should go back. "The sea was washing over the boat, and David sat in the stern bailing out the water as best he could with his hat. Amid the tumult he saw Jan Steen, who said to him, "Don't allow the men to turn the boat or you will surely be swamped; go on you must." Almost immediately the man who had been so pronounced about the necessity of turning back said, "Go on!" So for hours they continued to pull, and ultimately arrived at their destination. After giving the men some refreshment at the ferry inn, and the storm having abated somewhat, the boatman who had proposed to go back at first, and who had changed his views on the appearance of Steen, said to David: "What was that (i. e., younger man) that was sitting beside you?" "Did you see him?" asked David. "Yes, and heard what he said." So that the boatman in question gave evidence of possessing what the Highland people call "second sight," a faculty which is alleged to be peculiar to Scotland.

AN ADVENTURE IN SKYE.

The first time Mr. Duguid saw a spiritual visitant in the physical form was when he was located in one of the Western isles. He had work to do in a certain castle, and, after finishing, could not get away for some two or three weeks, the rough weather which prevailed preventing the steamer from calling. One day Lord — suggested that as there was no chance of his getting away for some days, he should get the key to the library, and find some books to read. David availed himself of the opportunity. One night he was reading Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and was hurrying towards the end, anxious to finish, as he expected to get away the next morning. He was in a wing of the castle, the sole occupant of an entire apartment, with high arched ceiling, his only means of illumination a candle. A large oak table stood in the centre of the room, the bed being at the far corner away from the window. The candle stood on the table. Still deeply interested in his book, David suddenly felt the large table being tilted from the opposite side, towards him, an although the slope appeared to him to be equal to an angle of 45 degrees, yet the candle remained steady in position. Looking up in a state of consternation, he beheld, at the tilted side of the table, a warrior clad in steel, with a shield over his shoulder, a two-handed sword suspended behind his back, and a battle-axe by his side. The mailed hand of the figure was resting on the table. David began to be sorely afraid of this weird and sudden apparition, and rose, seized the candle, turned his back to his visitant, and got into bed undressed. At that moment the figure turned round and raised his visor, showing a pale face, with black beard and moustache. David also noticed one hand bare and the mailed gauntlet lying on the table. He was glad to blow out the candle, and when no more was seen. Next morning he met his lordship, who told him he was "done" for another week, as the steamer had not called. His lordship then ordered his butler to show David round the picture gallery, which he had not yet visited. The first figure that arrested his attention was a full-length portrait of his singular visitor of the night before, the only difference being that in the portrait he stood uncovered. On asking the butler whose portrait it was, he was told it was the portrait of the line.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

The foregoing, Mr. Duguid insists, was genuine manifestation of materializations as any that have taken place in his presence, and it occurred several years before phenomena of that kind were developed in the circle. At my first sitting with Mr. Duguid in 1876, I

had but just come into contact with Spiritualism. All my mental furniture had been displaced by the disturbing energy of the new force. Doubting and denying for years, I had now got hold of a something which had to be faced. I wanted, if possible, to make my position perfectly sure—to examine all things carefully for myself before joining the public movement. Such was my mental attitude when I was visited by the first spirit in the Duguid circle. My experiences on that occasion completely satisfied me that the substance of the "Hafed" Appendix could not be wild exaggeration, but was probably sober truth soberly stated. The memory of what then transpired is as fresh to-day as ever, and during the earlier period of my acquaintance with the subject, when doubts and perplexities assail one in spite of facts, the revelation of the seance referred to proved of staunchest service to me. It was then I had my first experience of materialization. Lights, I remember, floated round the room, from one corner came a materialized hand, which I examined carefully, and which touched me several times, and regarding which I then said to myself: "There can never come a time in my life when I shall doubt the present reality before me." It was but a hand; nevertheless, its appearance made a deeper impression on me than all phenomena of materialization that I have since witnessed. It has been my good fortune many times to witness this phase of Mr. Duguid's mediumship. At the Glasgow Spiritualists' Hall, for months, meetings were held, and "Hafed" appeared there in bodily form, with the same features as given in the work bearing that name, always with a bright star seen by him, which lightened up his face. The control known as "the Brahmin" also frequently manifested, putting out a naked foot for examination. Several Masonic friends have told me that this figure of the Brahmin gave them the Masonic grip, although Mr. Duguid is not a Mason and knows nothing of Masonry. Jan Steen also brought his dog, which Mr. Garrioch, the scribe of the "Hafed" circle, and others felt and patted.

"A young girl, who was the medium when I had my first experience of spiritual phenomena, but who had gone on, also used to appear to the satisfaction of her mother and others who knew her in the flesh. To myself, likewise, came experiences of a personal and most satisfactory kind. A week after my mother's departure to the higher life, Mr. Duguid was present in my home, when we arranged a seance, and a curtain was put up in the dining-room, behind which Mr. Duguid retired. After a little time I was asked to go close to the curtain, and there I saw clearly the features of my mother for a moment or two. Pages might be filled with descriptions of phenomena of this nature which have transpired in Mr. Duguid's presence.

SPIRIT FRIENDS.

In many of his country excursions it was a common experience to walk along the roads in his normal state, and hold discussions with the friends who guided and guarded his life—Steen, Ruyssdal, Halley, and others; he not only saw them by his side, but he heard their voices, and debated topics which were of interest to him.

THE DIRECT VOICE.

There is scarcely any form of spiritual phenomena that has not been manifested through the versatile mediumship of Mr. Duguid. The direct voice I have listened to many times, singing and speaking. Mr. Bowman, one of the sitters, possessed then of a rich bass voice, would sound his lowest note, and the spirit voice would follow suit, but always going one or two better and deeper, beyond Mr. Bowman's vocal capabilities. The voice could be heard, clear and distinct, joining in the songs which were sung. The spirit who is responsible for this phase calls himself J. O. K., and at times he has shown himself a bit obstreperous and mischievous. One night he wrote his name, J. O. K., in large letters above the three feet deep, across Mrs. Duguid's newly-painted ceiling, much to her annoyance. It was never known how the joiner's pencil was procured with which it was most cleverly written. The ceiling was some eleven feet high, and, standing on a table, one would still require something more to enable him to reach it.

A SPIRITUAL APPEARANCE.

Amongst the early sitters with Mr. Duguid was a gentleman named James Logan, who became his close friend. In their talks together, they made an arrangement with each other that the ever would first to the land of spirits would come back and make himself known to the one left. Both had been at the opera in Glasgow on the Saturday night, and on Monday morning Mr. Logan left for Manchester, while Mr. Duguid went to Tighnabruich in the Kyle of Bute. During the week David used to walk down the fisherman's jetty to smoke his pipe before going to bed. On the Thursday, while sitting in the gloaming, he heard his friend's well-known step limp down the pier. Mr. Logan had been late, and the step was easily recognized. David looked round and saw his friend and said, "Hello! James! What has brought you here?" when, at once, he disappeared. The next night, Friday, the same step was heard, and the same form seen, again suddenly disappearing. When Mr. Duguid got back to Glasgow he learned the melancholy news that his friend had died in Douglas, Isle of Man, on the Thursday.

THE OUTCOME OF A SEANCE.

Mr. Duguid was obliged to go twice a year to take the inventory of a shooting lodge in Raunoch, Perthshire. His sleeping apartment was over the dining-room. One night he was awakened by a feeling as if a pair of knees were pressing on his chest, which made him spring up in bed, when he saw that he was surrounded by black figures. It was a clear, starry night, and as the blinds were drawn up fully, the room was light, so that he could see the forms clearly. "A panic of fear came over him, and he prayed earnestly for the help of his spirit friends. Eventually he saw a

small light appearing at the end of the room. At first a tiny spark, it gradually grew to the size of an egg, then enlarged to the size of a man, and became so bright that the mantlepiece was illuminated by it. A figure appeared in the center of the light, and then the forms closely investing David withdrew space. He sprang out of bed, rushed through the figure in light, to the mantle, seized the matches and struck a light, when the apparitions, both black and white, vanished. At the time he did not know who had been his helper, but was afterwards told it was Steen in his spiritual selfhood. The sequel to the appearance of the black strangers was made clear to David the next day. It seems that the party below, after their sports during the day, had become a bit convivial, and having mistaken of ardent spirits too strongly, arranged for a seance. The lady laid herself expiring in spiritual phenomena for some time before. Of course he had no idea that Mr. Duguid was a Spiritualist, or that such a valuable medium was close at hand.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FRAUD.

Now that the subject of fraud practiced by so-called materializing mediums is being discussed, I should like to say that, in my opinion, the fault lies in a great measure with the sitters themselves. I would suggest that before a medium is engaged, he should be distinctly told that such test conditions would be imposed as would preclude the slightest possibility of fraud on his part, and that the sitters would be so fixed that he could not possibly use either hands or feet. A genuine medium would not object to these conditions, but should insist on them for the sake of his own reputation. If a medium should say that the phenomena could not take place where there is such distrust, he may be put down at once as a fraud. Some time ago I asked a well-known materializing medium if he would grant me a series of sittings, under test conditions, telling him that any reasonable sum of money would be paid for his time and trouble. I received a polite reply to say that he would not be sitting that week or the next and could not say when he would. I have since found out that he is giving seances whenever the opportunity occurs, and no doubt makes a fine thing out of it.

R. E. LANE.

On Friday evening last I was present, as usual, at a circle held twice a week by friends of mine, when, at the close, I witnessed a phenomenon which surpassed anything I have seen since becoming a Spiritualist. We were (a gentleman, his wife, and myself) in total darkness, and I had just finished singing, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," when, after a few seconds, I was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of lights. They were blue-white in color, and the shape of them was like a very thick comma, quite half an inch in length.

I had, also, a large, square light in my lap, of the same color, which lasted only a couple of seconds; but the other lights lasted fully fifteen seconds. I was thoroughly enveloped by them. If you can in any way explain this strange vision to me you will greatly oblige.

K. H.

[Lights, such as you describe, are far from uncommon at seances, though seldom so numerous as you describe. In your case, were they subjective or objective—in other words, did your friends see them as well as yourself? Ask for information about them from your spirit friends.—Ed. "Light."]

THE YEAR'S LAST HOUR.

SONGS.

I.
Dying, dying! Across the Old Year's face
Float visions of our past, like clouds of gray
Plunging through the evening sky apace,
And made resplendent by the sunset's gold-fringed ray.
Flying, flying! The moments rush along;
Headless of man, they join the checkered past;
But, ere they go, they weave a slumber-song
To give our souls faith, peace and comfort to the last.
From out the western arc of paling light
Surges sorrowful thoughts of loved ones dead and gone;
But angels, near us, calm our mournful night,
And bending, whisper: "Child, wait patient; 'tis not long!"
O, weep no more! For, tho' our ways be rough,
Never are we alone; Heaven's dawn is near;
And, when death calls us hence, 'twill be enough
To see, without a veil, one's strangely, sweetly dear.
O, let each toil and live for others' good,
Striving to be like morn's bright herald-star;
Making earth-life to be more understood,
Piercing Pain's darkness through with Hope's heart-cheering bar.
Like love-chorus from the harp of Nature's soul,
Be all our thoughts as harmonies divine,
And thus to nobler tones our days control,
Helping the Light of Love on outcast hearts to shine.
Of our harps deep hushed in minor keys,
When Thought surveys the Long Ago held dear;
Still let us voice fraternal sympathies,
So that our brother-man may feel a Glad New Year.

II.
All will be well! Although our world seems cold,
And Love and Right seem drowned in seas of pride,
The patient soul with brightness gleams, like gold
Which has been passed and passed through fire and purified.
Although we strain our eyes, and fail to see
Our destined lot within the approaching year,
Be this our motto: "True to each one be!"
At best, earth-life is short; we only sojourn here.
Though flurried and precipitous be the way,
Which lies 'twixt earth and home, O, let us try
To ease our brothers' burdens day by day
And we shall reap with joy Heaven's harvest by-and-by.
And though the roll of fruitless, self-stained years
May blur our Memory's mirror with sharp pain,
Grieve not, nor weep regretful, useless tears;
Farwell, O Past, farewell; the Present holds sure gain!
All will be well! Though I'll seem conquering Good,
If each would float this spiritual standard clear
"To found man's universal brotherhood,"
Then through the earth-world's realms would sweep a Glad New Year!
DEVOTION.
Sydney, New South Wales.

MICHIGAN.

The Cause at Grand Rapids.

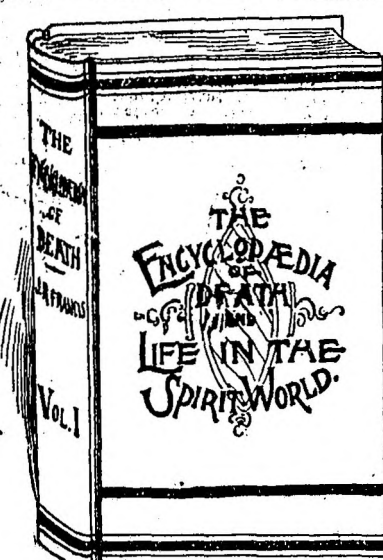
TO THE EDITOR:—As the old year sinks away among the shadows of the past with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, let us place upon its coffin-lid the flowers of memory, forgetting, as we do, every blighted hope, every mortal sorrow the old year has kept a secret record of, and with gladness hearts meet the winsome smile of the New Year, bearing on its luminous face the promises of golden days yet in store; for,
"A wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime.
As it blends with the ocean of years."

My engagement here has been harmonious and profitable, and notwithstanding the weakness and condition of the society, in consequence of internal jealousies, and the spirit of rivalry with some over-ambitious ones, there has been a steady increase in the attendance and a respectful hearing from the first, and I have won golden opinions from the best minds of my audiences. The president of the society, Dr. J. C. Batdorf, is the right man in the right place, and his genial bearing lends dignity to the position he occupies, and strength to the speaker on his platform. The Doctor has a large practice as a physician, and is widely known and respected, and his influence and ample means are unflinchingly given to the aid of Spiritualism. He is also an eloquent speaker and exponent of spiritual progress, and keeps the cause here warm and active with his own voice when not supplied otherwise. His gifted wife joins him in his efforts, and strengthens the social ties through her womanly influence. The vice-president, W. W. Howe, is a gentleman of culture and a great assistance at the meetings, and the faithful steward and secretary, George M. Butler, completes the patrons and builders of the society.

I met our sister worker, here, Mrs. Hinkley, whose interesting lecture appeared in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and although not so well-known as a platform speaker as some others, she yet stands number one, and should be more actively employed in public.
This is the home of Jennie Hagan-Jackson, and it was the writer's pleasure to visit her at her beautiful home situated on S. Lafayette street, one of the finest streets in the city. It is well known that Jennie is the queen of the spiritual platform, but it may not be so well known that she is also queen of her little domain of home, and right royally does she grace the place, not only in the parlor and drawing-room, but in the kitchen as well, where she is at home in the mysteries of the culinary art. Your humble servant was never so sumptuously fed and feasted as while a guest at the hospitable table, and the pleasant memory of the event carries with it the charm of her personality and life so richly endowed by nature and mediumship and the presence of her noble husband, Mr. Jackson; also the summer sweetness of her aged mother, whose face seemed the ideal picture of all the graces of well-spoken years that now lingered on her placid brow and white-haired locks, like a halo around the heads of old pictures of our patron saints. Jennie finds time amid her domestic duties and Sunday engagements to do other work and has now nearly perfected a book, "Portrait Picture Album" of mediums and speakers, which will add an interesting page to our spiritual art literature. I bespeak for it a ready sale and a welcome from a grateful public.

There are many interesting mediums here of local worth, that I am credibly informed give good service, and are liberally patronized from the popular churches, seeking in mediumship what they fail to get from their old, effete religions.
I have had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of this place, a musical medium of wonderful power, and professor of music. Their little boy, 13 years of age, has developed into a fine slate-writing medium, with other phenomena quite as marvelous. It is the purpose of the guides of the boy to complete his education at school before they use him much for the public as a medium.
The new society here has this month Mrs. De Wolf of Chicago, the slate-writing medium and clairvoyant, and I understand have good audiences.
Mr. Foster, the spirit photographer, is here exercising his gifts and busily employed. These mysterious pictures are interesting in the light of spirit likenesses, but would be more so if the doubts could be removed from the mind that they are really shadows from the great beyond and not imitations. There is yet so much uncertainty in the matter that it will have to wait fuller development before an impartial judgment can be given.
I hear the widest praise given THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER here, and eager desire to possess the Encyclopaedia of Death, with the renewal of their yearly subscriptions.
I go from here to Bay City, this State, the Sundays of January, 1895, and can be addressed at that place, 420 Garfield avenue. BISHOP A. BEALS.

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Bear in mind, please, that the Encyclopaedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, (although well worth \$1.50 as prices go), is furnished to any subscriber for 50 cents when he remits one dollar for a yearly subscription. Any one who sends us a new yearly subscriber can have the book for 50 cents. The subscriber can also have it at the same price.

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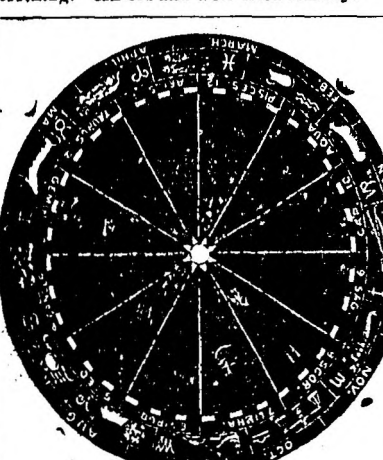
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