

GENTLE CRITICISM.

Credulity the Curse of Spiritualism.

IMPORTANT QUESTION—HOW TO DETERMINE THE TRUTH—CHANCE FOR DECEPTION—SEEKING GOD.

I was prompted to write a few words on this subject by reading the communication of my friend Dr. Sweringen in No. 273 of this paper. I know the Doctor will appreciate my intentions and will not interpret what I shall say as a reflection either upon himself or upon his judgment, so I shall speak with perfect freedom. I am going to examine the statements made by the ostensible spirit of Mr. Cummins, to ascertain whether or not we are to believe them and to attribute them to the source from which my friend thinks they came. If it can be shown that the communications were unreliable in this case, and that so intelligent a mind as that of Dr. Sweringen was deceived by them, then we shall more clearly appreciate the dangers which beset the path of the average believer.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

What reason have we to believe that because a control says he is "John Cummins," he is whom he claims to be? We have none whatever; for spirits, it has been shown, are not free from moral weaknesses, and if they were jesters and deceivers in their earth-life, they so remain—at least for a time. So, then, the bare statement of the control does not establish the identity of the spirit.

HOW DETERMINE THE TRUTH?

How, then, are we to determine whether or not we are being imposed upon by the control? I have not yet thought of any means whereby we may satisfy ourselves beyond question of the identity of any control.

Nearly all my readers will ask: Suppose that the control, in order to prove his identity, gives certain facts connected with the earth-life of the person he pretends to be, and recites certain incidents that were known only to that person and to one of the parties present, is not even such evidence as that to be taken as absolute proof of the identity of the spirit? To this question I am obliged, as a thinking, incredulous being, to answer: No; even such evidence as that may be counterfeited, and is not to be received with implicit faith. It may be perfectly true—and in my opinion, which amounts to nothing, as there is absolutely no way of verifying it—where such testimony is given, it is generally to be relied upon. But why not always? Because we can suppose, and not unreasonably, that the control had obtained the information he gives either from the person for whom he is trying to pass himself off, or might have witnessed from the unseen world the events which he describes in order to prove that he was the actor in them.

CHANCE FOR DECEPTION.

For example: In the communication referred to, the control who claims to be John Cummins says that he died of peritonitis. If the man really had died of that disease, and the medium was known to be ignorant of the fact, it would appear at first thought that it must be Mr. Cummins who made the statement. But is it not perfectly possible that Mr. Cummins might have made the acquaintance of somebody in the Spirit-world to whom he had described his transition and its cause? Or is it at all unreasonable to suppose that there were many spirits about his death-bed who knew exactly of what he died, and just how he passed into the new life? It only requires now, to complete the circuit of deception, that one of these spirits that are familiar with the circumstances should desire to amuse himself by playing the role of Mr. Cummins, and nothing is better attested in the spiritual philosophy than the fact that earth-bound spirits do delight in just such pranks.

SAW SWARMS OF ANGELS.

I find nothing else in the communication of the supposed Mr. Cummins that could be considered as evidence of his identity by even the most credulous follower of Spiritualism. But how shall we treat the following statement of the supposed Mr. Cummins: "As my spirit lifted itself out of the body, I saw the beautiful planets and the swarms of angels around me." Does Dr. Sweringen believe that the intelligent editor, Mr. Cummins, could be guilty of uttering such nonsense? He associates the angels with the planets as though they were visiting him in company; one bright angel on the arm of Jupiter, another escorted by Saturn, a third in the company of Mars, a fourth by the side of Uranus, a fifth with Mercury, a sixth with old Neptune, while the rest of his "swarm" of angels, comprising the male portion, probably, we may suppose, were hovering around the planet Venus—and all these in a bed chamber! Why, such an absurdity would disgrace even a page of the Bible, where the story of "Jonah," the "gourd" and the "big fish," the account of the Lord's stopping the sun for the accommodation of Joshua, and where every other kind of nonsense is converted into wisdom and truth by the metamorphosing influence and power of the "Word of God."

HE WENT TO GOD.

The communication continues: "I went at once to the God who gave me being, and in great agony begged his mercy for my shortsightedness. Oh, if you could have seen the infinite love that beamed from His eyes as with pitying gaze he

warned me of the pitfalls that even yet abound about me."

Think of it, intelligent reader; these words are offered to us as the truth! We are asked to believe the old, exploded orthodox absurdity of a personal God, who sits in judgment (nobody knows where) and receives the homage of the angels! Just imagine this Indiana editor's shedding his shell like the butterfly, then spreading his wings and soaring right straight to the King of the Universe, without even once having to inquire the road to take among the great constellations in order to reach the "great white throne!" But he finds it and indulges in a friendly tete-a-tete with God. He even gets near enough to look him in the eye as he talks, for he mentions the "infinite love," he saw there. God seemed to be very much concerned in Mr. Cummins' welfare, and listened with the greatest interest to the account of the gentleman's shortcomings—which he knew nothing about before, of course. He then offered some friendly suggestions as to the best mode of procedure for the penitent, and then, probably, arose, shook hands with him, and, patting him familiarly on the back, said: "Glad you came up, John; come around often, my latch-string is always out."

A PUNY, PERSONAL GOD.

What an outrage upon the character, the majesty and the omnipresence of the Deity, is this idea of a puny, personal God! The conduct I have mentioned is just what we might expect from such a god as the one who honored "Mr. Cummins" with a personal interview. For, according to that gentleman's report, this god was no more nor less than a kind, generous, superhuman man.

Now, if there is no such god as this, then the communication is false. And if we are to believe that this Indiana editor "would not tell a lie," then we are bound to conclude that it was not the spirit of Mr. Cummins, but of some one else that gave the communication.

As to this "someone," we may safely conclude, from the evidence of his own words, that he was either an intentional deceiver, or was laboring under some mad delusion. In view of the general tenor of the communication, I prefer the latter supposition, for I have rarely seen, even in accounts of the speeches of the insane, anything so opposed to the dicta of reason.

DESTINY OF THE EARTH.

Again we find: "As to the earth, I believe it will float through space for a time, when it will reach a permanent abiding-place near the center of the material universe, and all who dwell upon it will be permitted to select homes such as they desire."

CENTER OF MATERIAL UNIVERSE. So the earth is to leave its orbit and merely "float through space," settling aside laws which are as unchangeable as nature? And it is finally to reach an "abiding place" near the "center of the material universe?" Think of it! Locating the center of infinity, and giving this position of honor, as did the ignorance of old, to this insignificant grain of sand which we call Earth! And who is to superintend the "selection of homes" so that each of us may get "the one he desires?" And what are we to do for homes before the earth reaches that blissful spot "in the center of the universe" when the apportionment is to begin?

If Mr. Cummins had been a friend of mine, or had even been a intelligent enemy, I should never insult his memory by believing him guilty of giving this communication. And yet how many communications as senseless as this one are received every day, and because the honor of the medium is above reproach are accepted as truth.

CREDULITY A CURSE.

Credulity is the greatest curse of the followers of Spiritualism. Spiritualists, after they have been convinced that communication with the inhabitants of the unseen world is possible, are too prone to accept without questioning, and even without thinking, everything that comes labeled with the tag of Spiritualism. What is the result? Tricksters play the roles of mediums and bring mediumship into bad repute. The intelligent world outside, seeing these "mediums" exposed, is confirmed in its opinion that Spiritualism is a gigantic fraud perpetrated on the people by the leaders for the sake of personal gain. And it is no wonder that its followers are stigmatized as "dupes" and "lunatics." We are to blame for this. By frequenting the test seances, always seeking for the phenomenal, and receiving with childlike faith every message that purports to come from beyond the gates, we have deserved the censure that has been cast upon us in such ample measure. If we should pay more attention to the

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ETHICAL SIDE of our religion, accept nothing without proof, and leave the seance-room to the investigators, thus showing to the world that Spiritualism has an attractive philosophy and a high code of morals, people would soon cease to call us "cranks," and would be glad to inquire into the principles of a religion that has commended itself to such a host of earnest, thinking, upright men and women.

J. CHARLES WALKER, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Does not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good; try to use ordinary situations.—Richter. Mere sorrow, which weeps and sits still is not repentance. Repentance is sorrow converted into action.—Vincent. There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of retribution; man always gets what he gives.—J. Foster.

War Against Free Speech Commenced!

PROTESTANT VIPERS AND THE ROMISH OCTOPUS ARE AT THEIR NEFARIOUS WORK!

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

Priests Try to Suppress It.

Ingersoll and the Blue Laws.

ANCIENT STATUTE RESURRECTED TO PREVENT HIS LECTURING IN NEW JERSEY.

For a week the bill boards of Hoboken, N. J., proclaimed the fact that on Sunday, February 24, in the Hoboken theater, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll would deliver his last lecture, entitled "The Bible,"—the same one he delivered to a large audience in that city a few weeks ago. Dr. Beatty, a young, active and ambitious clergyman, who in an amateur sort of way has been of late trying to do for Hoboken something like what Dr. Parkhurst did for New York, and is the editor of Light, a monthly publication, saw in the threatened invasion of Hoboken by the hosts of infidelity, with the arch-infidel, Ingersoll, at their head, an opportunity to appear in glittering mail upon the battlefield and rally the defenders of the faith with a clarion blast. The edict accordingly went forth that Ingersoll should not speak, and Chief of Police Donovan was formally directed by the mayor to prevent the

all the good it did his client. Seymour was convicted, and had to pay a fine.

This is the statute, section 66; it is of the statutes of crimes:

"If any person shall willfully blaspheme the holy name of God, by denying, cursing, or by contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, or the Christian religion, or the

holy word of God (that is, the canonical scriptures contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments), or by profane scoffing at or exposing them, or any of them, to contempt and ridicule, the every person so offending shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding \$200, or imprisonment at hard labor, not exceeding twelve months, or both."

With this statute in mind, the Hoboken pastors consulted Judge Skinner and other sound lawyers, with the result that at a meeting at the house of Herbert Campbell, a member of Dr. Beatty's First Presbyterian church, the following letter was drawn, signed by Dr. Beatty, and others, and copies of it were sent to Col. Ingersoll himself, the mayor, Lawrence Fagan, and the chief of police, Mr. Donovan:

"We, the undersigned, are informed and believe that a crime is about to be committed by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at the Hoboken theater Sunday evening, Feb. 24, 1895, violating section 66 of the crimes act. We beg that you will take immediate steps to prevent violation of such law. We beg further to be informed at your earliest moment as to your disposition regarding this notice, that we may be relieved of further action in the matter."

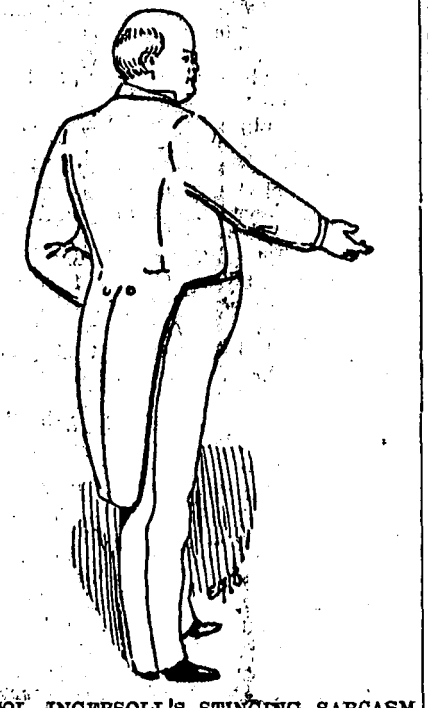
The chief of police called on the mayor for instruction, and the latter told him he must prevent the lecture being delivered. The chief then went to the manager of the Hoboken theater, and notified him of the mayor's orders, and then he went to Edward Russ, of the law firm of Russ & Heppenheim, and told him of what had happened. Mr. Russ' only connection with the theater is that he is the legal adviser and man of affairs of Mrs. Waring, the theater being a sort of property belonging to the Waring estate.

Clarke, the manager of the theater, therefore, goes to him for advice once in awhile. Clarke was in a fine middle now; he had let the theater to C. A. Davis, the manager of the Ingersoll lecture tour, and here Mr. Ingersoll was going to commit a crime, and could not use the theater.

The old statute was dug out, and they all went over it together. There was not a loophole to get through it. The mayor finally said he was willing to abide by the decision of the corporation attorney. If Mr. Davis could get a written authorization from him, and show it to the mayor, the order would be rescinded. The corporation counsel wrote a letter in which he said that Col. Ingersoll could not be prevented from speaking before the theater, but that if the law was violated there was a remedy. So the doughty Colonel may again tackle the Jersey law on the religious question.

BLUE LAWS EVOKED TO SHUT HIM OFF ARE NOT CONSIDERED STRONG ENOUGH, AND HE IS ALLOWED TO SPEAK.—MINISTERS PRESENT WITH NOTE-BOOKS ARE TREATED TO SOME LIVELY SARCASM AT THEIR EXPENSE.—HE GIVES HIS ENEMIES AN UNPLEASANT FIFTEEN MINUTES. The clergymen, police department and mayor of Hoboken did not prevent Col. R. G. Ingersoll from speaking in that town, as advertised; it was arranged with the mayor that if the corporation attorney after an exploration

Refinement creates beauty everywhere.—Hazlitt.



COL. INGERSOLL'S STINGING SARCASM THROWN AT THE PRIESTS.



COL. INGERSOLL, SENDING FORTH HIS HATRED OF INTOLERANCE.

Colonel from talking about the Bible, by force, if necessary, even to the extent of applying to the governor to call out the serried ranks of the gory and battle-scarred Jersey militia.

Dr. Beatty sounded a number of Hoboken clergymen on the subject of hearing off Ingersoll, and found, with few exceptions, they were with him in favoring vigorous action. Moldering among the dusty legislative junk in the New Jersey statute-books there is a law which every now and then is dragged out into light, to the mortification of the godless and humiliation of the profane. It dates back, probably, as far as 1820.

Col. Ingersoll himself knows all about this moldering relic of the past. He



COL. INGERSOLL CONSIDERING SOME LAW POINTS.

had a struggle with it which lasted a week only a few years ago, and he found that notwithstanding its age, its venerable, worn-outsten lockers were still supplied with apparently an endless amount of Jersey sand. It was at Morristown that the Colonel had this memorable bout. James B. Seymour was his client. Seymour had been talking about the Bible at a public meeting in much the same way the colonel himself talks about it. Some clergymen of the place began raking among the blue-law lumber, and found the statute on blasphemy. So Seymour was arrested, and Ingersoll defended him, making a speech which lasted two days, and might as well have remained unspoken, for

THE ROMISH OCTOPUS.

Catholics Engage in a Religious Riot at Savannah, Ga.

EX-PRIEST THE CAUSE—ATTEMPT TO PREVENT SLATTERY'S ANTI-ROMISH LECTURE—RESCUED BY THE MILITIA—OCCUPANTS OF THE HALL SAVED AFTER A SEVERE STRUGGLE.

The night of February 26th was the most exciting night in the history of Savannah, Ga. For five hours the city trembled on the verge of religious riots. The entire white military force of the city, except the artillery, was on duty. There were ten infantry companies and the Georgia Hussars, the latter being dismounted. A mob estimated at from 3,000 to 5,000, the greater part being Catholics, challenged their forbearance to the extreme.

But for the coolness of Mayor Meyers and the officers commanding the troops blood might have been the result. Bayonet charges were made several times to clear the streets, but the mob, which had gathered about Masonic Temple, one of the prominent buildings of the city, and situated in the heart of Savannah, stubbornly refused to retire.

For three days it had been apparent that grave trouble was brewing. The city had been liberally placarded with notices that ex-Priest Slattery and his wife, described as an ex-nun, would lecture here on Catholicism. Members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at once took steps to prevent their appearance here. Petitions were circulated asking Mayor Meyers to refuse permission to the ex-priest to hold his lecture. The petition said that if Slattery was allowed to speak there would be disorder and riot. Five hundred signed the petition. When it was presented to the mayor by a committee of twelve Catholics, including the presidents of two divisions of the A. O. H., he handed them a written opinion from the Corporation Attorney to the effect that he, the Mayor, had no power to abridge the right of speech guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and Georgia. In his opinion the City Attorney said there could be no disorder or trouble if those who would be offended by Slattery's remarks would stay away from his lecture.

He urged all to do so. Mayor Meyers also asked the committee to advise all Catholics to keep away from the lecture.

MAYOR'S FIRM STAND.

"I cannot stop this man from lecturing," said the Mayor, who is a Hebrew, "but I can prevent disorder, and I will do so. If the police are not sufficient force to do so, the military will be appealed to. Riot will not be tolerated." The committee said it was its desire to avoid trouble and it would use its influence in that direction. These efforts utterly failed, however. All day it was rumored that mobs would come from different sections of the city and that Slattery would be killed. The fact that he was to put on the garb of a priest in the course of his lecture spread like wildfire and raised an intense feeling among Catholics.

Mayor Meyers issued instructions to Chief McDermott to have the entire available police force on hand at Masonic Temple. Fifteen policemen were stationed inside the hall and thirty others were massed in front. By 10 o'clock several hundred had collected. When Slattery arrived the mob had not assumed large enough proportions to cope with the police.

By 8 o'clock a howling mob of over 1,500 surrounded Masonic Hall. In the hall was an audience of 400, including a number of women. The lecturer had hardly begun before brickbats and cobblestones began to rain on the windows. The police had closed all the heavy inside shutters, thus saving the audience from injury, only two or three being injured by falling glass. The rest of the police force was called out, and fifty men were soon in front of the hall. The mob made rushes to secure an entrance, but was driven back by the police. Before 9 o'clock the mob had grown to between 3,000 and 4,000 people. Window after window in the Masonic Temple was crushed.

Cries of "Kill him!" "Down with Slattery!" "Death to the Renegade!" were heard. Chief McDermott summoned the Mayor. The lecture closed at 9:30 o'clock, and it was apparent that it meant the loss of many lives for the lecturer and the audience to leave the hall. Upstairs a number of members of secret organizations, who had cheered Slattery's declaration that he belonged to them, gathered around the ex-priest to defend him as he left the hall. A number it was evident, had come armed in anticipation of trouble.

As the ex-priest was about to leave the hall with his friends the Chief of Police stopped them and refused to allow any one to go down stairs. Outside

Mayor Meyers and Col. William Garrard were in consultation. The mob hissed the police and hooted at their orders to disperse.

MILITARY ALARM SOUNDS.

The military alarm, eleven taps on all fire-bells in the city, was sent in, but when it sounded the mob derided it. "Bring on your military," some of the leaders shouted.

The Georgia Hussars, dismounted, under command of Maj. Mildrem, were the first to respond. Soon after the tramp of other military was heard, and four companies of the Savannah Volunteer Guards, under command of Col. Garrard, swung into position in front of the hall with fixed bayonets and rifles loaded with ball cartridges.

By order of the Mayor the guards formed in two single lines and charged the mob with fixed bayonets in hopes of breaking it. The mob was shoved back slowly, but refused to break and occasionally rocks were thrown at the hall. The mob was sullen and defiant and apparently determined. Six companies from the First Regiment under Lieut. Col. Reilly came up soon afterwards, making eleven companies on the ground.

In the hall the audience was still penned up. Some of the women were crying, and those who ventured to glance out at the risk of a broken head saw the mob and the long lines of military in all directions, and found nothing to encourage them. The military was deployed so as to drive the mob back and form a hollow square about the hall.

RESCUE OF SLATTERY.

With a double line of soldiers a block was formed, and while the rest of the military kept the crowd back, nearly all of the audience passed out of the hall amid hisses. Slattery and his wife and a few men remained in the hall. Col. W. W. Gordon of the First Georgia Cavalry informed Slattery's wife that it was his intention to leave the First Regiment and the Hussars to protect the hall while the Guards' battalion escorted Slattery to the Pulaski House. It was some time before she would consent to leave her husband. She was assured that under no circumstances would the mob be allowed to hurt him.

The four companies of guards were then banked about the door of the hall with the police and Slattery was brought down. As he came out with eight policemen and the Mayor there was a howl from the mob, but the other military charging pushed it back in all directions. Slattery was placed in the center of the military and headed by a detachment of mounted police and with foot police on the sides and four companies of infantry, amid hisses and jeers, marched to the Pulaski House, followed by hundreds. Slattery was so buried in the midst of the military that the mob could not see him. Word had got among them that any assault would be promptly met with bullets.

At the hotel a mob of five or six hundred gathered. The military made a solid mass in front of the entrance, presented bayonets, and Slattery walked in unharmed. A detachment of police was left at the hotel to guard him over night. Every door to the hotel was locked and guarded.

At Masonic Hall the other seven companies remained as a guard for Mrs. Slattery and to prevent further damage to property. Finding that Slattery was gone the mob dwindled away. Mrs. Slattery was placed in a carriage later in the night, and with a strong force of police was brought to the hotel.

Several policemen were so injured that they had to be sent home. Several of the militia were wounded by being struck by rocks. Slattery's manager was knocked senseless with a sandbag.

LATE REPORT.

SLATTERY HAS IT HIS OWN WAY—SAVANNAH GIVES HIM PROTECTION; AND HIS LECTURE IS GREETED WITH CHEERS.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 28.—This has been another day and night of intense excitement in Savannah. Feeling seems to run high, though there have been no hostilities of any kind to-day. This afternoon Mrs. Slattery lectured to 600 women in Odd Fellows' hall. Many of the women were escorted to the hall by their husbands. Policemen were stationed in the square on which the hall fronts. No one was allowed to loiter about the building. Towards the close of the lecture, crowds collected in the vicinity, and Slattery and his wife were followed to their hotel by thousands. To-night Odd Fellows' hall was crowded to its limit, and many were turned away. Fully 1,000 men were in the hall. It is understood a large proportion were armed. On all sides men were heard saying they were ready for a mob. Outside the hall, the entire police force, with the exception of a few men scattered through the audience, was distributed so as to command the entire vicinity of the hall. Slattery was given a cheering reception, and throughout his lecture he was applauded and cheered when he concluded that the riot Tuesday night had shown the necessity of Protestant organization. The wild cheering lasted several minutes, and was vigorously resumed when he said: "Get the American Protective Association, or the Junior Order of United Mechanics here, and you will have no more such demonstrations against free speech. We must meet the Ancient Order of Hibernians with the American Protective Association, and show them that it is not necessary to get their permission to have a lecture in Savannah." Slattery then declared that he was

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Waubuck—The Autumn Hunt.

In the center of the Square at Pequot, the Indians built a huge bonfire of brushwood and held a dance, preparatory to the great autumnal hunt they were to engage in on the morrow. The women first circled around it, throwing ears of corn into the flames and chanting invocations to the good Manitou. Then followed the warriors with faces painted white, keeping time to the beating of the kettledrums.

Flammario and the Old Man attended, as they wished to maintain the good will of the Indians by going on the hunt with them. With Dencke, Guy and Gertrude they formed a group apart from the crowd of dancers.

"The year is drawing to a close," said Flammario to Gertrude. "I had hoped that you would have consented to our marriage, and return to France before the winter."

"I can't go without seeing Helloise, and, really, what need is there of haste? We cannot expect to be happier than we are."

"No; but there are so many elements of danger and uncertainty. We know not what the morrow will bring. I wish to take you home to civilized society, away from the nameless dangers ever present here."

"Ah, brother," said Dencke, his kind heart rejoicing in the happiness he saw revealed in their eyes, "we find danger everywhere. There is no escape. To flee from danger is to meet it. The same kind providence that watched over and guarded us yesterday, will care for us to-day and to-morrow."

"True," said Gertrude with a smile, "and for those yesterdays I have a song for you."

"You sang to me," said the Old Man; "you sang—nay, your mother sang. The nightingale was silent when she sang."

They sat on the roots of a gnarled sycamore tree, which as by art was fashioned into rustic seats. Her voice was soft and dreamy, and the dissonance of the busy crowd formed a weird background, emphasizing its sweetness.

SONG OF THE YESTERDAYS.

As we gained the heights of the Present
And our eyes o'er the interval cast,
Below is the sweep of a river,
And beyond the wide plain of the Past.

The Yesterdays there are encamping
In a line which extends to the wall,
When clouds with this plain inter-
mingle.

And the night drops her mantle on all.
The Yesterdays camping in silence,
As they went their swift way one by one.

While we only thought of days coming,
When the present was measured and done,
Through mists they appeared as we left them,
And forever and ever will stay.

As chancelled and stony as silence,
In the light of the lingering day,
In memory some smile upon us,
And our souls are aglow with the breath.

Of the roses of love and affection,
While some are as bitter as death!
Oh, Yesterdays, how we regret you!
Oh, that prayers deep and fervent would bring.

Us again all blessings of childhood,
And the light of its blossoming spring!
That way we pass again never,
By the headland there sets a swift tide;

He who passes it passes forever,
For no bridge spans the gulf to that side.
In a dream we look in the distance,
Through the mists settling dark on the plain.

The Yesterdays vanish in twilight,
But the Mornings will greet us again.
The Old Man arose to his feet; his face shone and his eyes glowing with joyful recognition. He did not look at Gertrude, but to one side.

"Your beautiful song has rent the veil and I see through. There by your side stands your mother, exactly like you, only over her angel brow falls a divine radiance. Oh, Inez!" he stretched out his arms toward the apparently vacant air; "when shall I gain rest, and be with you? Listen! Soon? Did you say soon? You give me the light of heaven. You will come for me? I am content."

The scene was impressive, and for a time silence rested on the little circle of friends, for they felt a divine guest was with them.

A sharp shrill voice in the boughs overhead broke the silence: "Katydid!" and immediately came back the reply, "Katy-didn't!" The contradiction was so sharp it turned the current of thought and set them to laughing.

"There is domestic happiness for you," said Guy. "Even the humble insects quarrel and scold each other. For me, heart free say I, I am not favorable to marriage."

"Why, dear Guy, what would Wintasta, the Erie maid, say to that?"

"Do you for a moment think I would take an Indian for a wife?"

"The poor child worships you, Guy,"

the deer frequented to lap the salt which encrusted the ground.

Waubuck, the Erie village, was situated on the banks of a stream which lost its poetic, Indian name, in coarse English being now known as Old Woman. It flows into Lake Erie, three miles east of the Huron river, and for a few miles from its mouth resembles a canal cut through a wide valley, with broad marshes, and overhung with a tangle of trees and vines. The stream divides into two branches, one of which passing around the lovely village of Berlin Heights, breaks through the sandstone of the ridge, forming a deep gorge, and furnishing a picturesque scenery as the State affords.

Two miles from its mouth is a remarkable promontory which was the site of Waubuck. Its natural defenses were unequalled, and protected by palisades, and guarded by vigilant sentinels, it was impregnable against the attack of predatory bands.

The red man was not the first to discover the advantages of the position. The mound-builders, that mystic race whose origin of fate no cat can tell, had occupied it and thrown up stronger defenses than the Indians were able to make. When they fortified the point the lake was at a higher level and the valley was a shallow bay, and consequently they made their defenses against attacks from the water, stronger than those on the land side. The Indians had taken advantage of the earthworks they found ready to their hands, and by inserting palisades on the top, made a defense impregnable to the arts of forest warfare. In this enclosure they built their lodges with a feeling of security which by a predatory people.

Flammario, Guy and the Old Man formed a party by themselves and went eastward, making a wide circuit, and returning late in the afternoon toward Waubuck, having been very successful. As they came within a short mile of the village they were startled by a deer bounding toward them. Guy instantly raised his gun and fired, and the deer fell pierced through the heart. He had scarcely reloaded when an Indian strode into view. It was the Beaver who was in close pursuit. Wrath flashed from his eyes when he saw the deer.

"This is the second time," he snarled, "you have robbed me of my game, and I am not a man to be trifled with. You sneaking white faces! You killed my dog; you robbed me of my deer, and I let you live to rob me of Wintasta."

"I knew not that you were in pursuit," replied Guy, attempting to appease him. "I care not for the game; it is yours."

"What want I of dead game? I can shoot my own." He placed an arrow in his bow and drew the cord viciously. "What is a dead deer to Wintasta and you, white dog, rob me of her! You are a coward—a dog!" With the last words he raised his bow and drew the arrow back to the barb, but Guy, who had watched his motions, knowing life depended on his doing so with greater quickness, raised his gun and fired. The Beaver fell backward, shot through the heart, and expired without a groan.

They went directly to the village, where the hunters began to assemble with their heavy loads of game. Dencke and Gertrude had arrived early in the afternoon. When all had assembled, Guy gave an account of the sad occurrence, and was by the chiefs acquitted of blame, but a younger brother of the Beaver, of a violent and revengeful temper, demanded blood as the price of his slain kinsman. From his demand, according to the rude justice of the tribe, there was no appeal. Dencke was zealous to save his friend and vainly offered ransom. The brother was inexorable, and the customs of the tribe must be followed.

They bound Guy to a post and the brother was assigned as his executioner. The Old Man raised his hand and commanded silence.

"Have I not always been your friend?" The spectators expressed their affirmation.

"Have I not twice saved you from famine?" He was answered by the same response.

"Then accept me as a sacrifice in place of this man. He is young; I am old. He enjoys life; I do not. He wishes to live; I to die. Accept me and let him go free."

There was a murmur of approval, but the executioner demanded the blood of Guy, and his alone, and quickly drawing the bow sped the arrow.

Wintasta, distracted with grief, tore herself from her mother's arms, and, watching the executioner, threw herself on Guy's bosom to shield him. The Old Man, determined to save him and sacrifice himself, stepped in front of both in time to receive the arrow in his side. It was not arrested, however, but went on and pierced the heart of Wintasta. His white friends were instantly by his side and attempted to staunch the blood gushing from the wound. He gasped, while his breath came quick and hard, "It is over—the weary march—she comes!" he exclaims, his face aglow with joy. "Take the miniature, Flammario; keep it for my sake. I want it no more, for I shall be with her. Take it—and love—Gertrude—as I—have Inez—I come—come."

Blood having been shed, vengeance was satisfied and Guy released. At his feet, weltering in her blood, lay the Indian girl who had given her life for his. He knelt by her side.

"Poor girl," he said, "would I could repay the obligation with my own life. Now nothing is left for me but to weep over your grave."

They reverently buried them, the Old Man and the young maiden, side by side on the highest point of the ridge at the roots of a giant ash.

After it was all over, they kindled a fire on her grave and placed venison thereon, and her mother came to watch and weep. When the fire was extinguished the heart-broken streamer went softly to the bank of the stream and threw herself therein.

The autumn hunt, which had been so eagerly anticipated, had brought gloom and sorrow. The hope of reformation and advancement of the red man entered into the minds of the white men, and in his depression he desired to consult his leader and have him survey the field for himself. With this intention he dispatched a messenger, imploring Louis and Helloise to come and pass the Christmas tide, and advise with him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The cabin of the Crashes, called a home, uncomfortable and disorderly,

was a fair type of the border dwellings. With the early adventurers everything was make-shift. They had no conception of home comforts, and lived for the day and to-morrow might take care of itself.

Louis once asked Crash why he did not build a chimney, and not endure the smoke of an open fire.

"Dunno but we'll move in the spring," was the reply.

"You might put in a door, and plaster the crevices in the logs. It would be much more comfortable this winter."

"Didn't I tell you, we uns like's not will git in the spring. If we can squeak through the winter it is all we ask."

Swine had become wild and numerous in the forest, and it required little effort or skill to secure them. Feeding on roots and nuts, their flesh was strong, and with corn cake made an unwholesome diet, which had its share of responsibility for the fevers which affected the settlers.

It was a gala day, or rather night, at the Crash cabin. Crash had been on a prosperous hunt, and brought home with him two comets from the trading-post. He was of a type of housewifery. His wife had long refused to take up the gall from the blood. To look at him one would conclude that his blood was all gall, for it oozed through his skin, infiltrated his eyes, and even his lank hair had a bilious aspect.

His beard was like thinly scattered tussocks of rushes, not concealing his wide-cut mouth, drawn down at the corners, and stained with tobacco. He hated everybody, himself most of all, and was either whining or swearing. At times, toned up by whisky, he became a cruel and brutal tyrant.

His present condition. One of his companions was phlegmatic, with too pointless characteristics to be described; the other was a hard, bullet-headed man, short of stature, with a thick, red, and wrinkled neck, round, staring eyes, coarse mouth, projecting teeth, with the canines enlarged almost into tusks. His thick beard and hair stood straight out, bristling with self-assertion, guileless of comb, as his face was of the application of water. He was known by the borderers as Cubby, his real name having been lost. He wore a buckskin suit, ornamented with beads, and a cap made of a coon's head, the hair of the animal showing over his low forehead, and the tail falling down his back.

"I say," said he, bringing his coarse, hairy fist down on the table, "I say, Crash, I am not mean with my whisky; but I've toted that flask over a hundred miles, and if you keep on you'll take every drop."

"It's good," replied Crash extenuatingly. "Here, take the bottle; I'll drink no more, Cubby; finish it yourself."

"Now you've drank my whisky, I want you to tell me what's that gal of yours," said he, with a leer.

"Betsy Ann," replied Crash.

"Betsy Ann? Is she a she?"

"Why, altered Crash, 'she's gone to live at the mission.'"

"Didn't you promise her to me? You did, you rascal, and I'll have her, or I'll make you suffer."

"So I did," whined Crash, "so I did; but she went away."

"Git her, then! git her!" yelled Cubby fiercely. "I want her now. Gals is scarce at the Post, and I've waited for her. Now I'm ready to marry, if you can get a priest, and if you can't, to dispense with one." He thought this a good joke and laughed coarsely.

"I don't think she'll want to marry you, Cubby; that is why she ran away to the mission. Sorry, very sorry," whined Crash.

"Sorry be cursed! Oh, ho! that's you, scamp," cried Cubby, dashing his bottle against the table, breaking it to pieces. "Now you'd like to have the officers know a few things I could tell, wouldn't ye? Well, I'll accommodate ye. I'm not to be trifled with."

"Well, well, Cubby, don't get mad; I'll send for her at once. Here, Sammy, go to the mission and tell Betsy Ann to come home."

"That's the way to talk! You've had good luck hunting?"

"You had a bite of the deer; what else do you suppose I shot?" chuckled Crash.

"A bear?"

"A bear! no, an Indian! He came from the south hunting. Just about as old as the devils killed for me. Now's yer revenge, I thought, and beaded him. It was a bad shot, for he ran back, where he met a party of his friends, and I reckon lived long enough to tell the story."

"Didn't you give him a chance?"

"What would I give him a chance for? So he'd shoot me?" querulously asked Crash.

"Nobody would suppose you'd give him a chance. You'd make a nice Injun, only you are too much of a sneak. Now, see! Mark what I tell you—you'll git yer hair lifted, and I shall not probably escape with mine, for this cunningness that would shame a wolf."

"They won't dare!" arrogantly replied Crash, "they're afraid!"

"Afraid of you? They'll have revenge before they return, mark ye."

Hereupon Mrs. Crash freed her mind: "Yer too big a fool to run alone in the woods, Crash, and I've told you so many a time. Here yer've been and put us all in danger, me and the children! I do believe yer done it a purpose, just to git us killed. What'll yer do for support when I am gone?"

"Stop yer everlasting tongue, will yer?"

"I'll stop when I git ready. Where's the farm you told me ye owned when I married ye? Down yer throat, ye brute, and me workin' like a slave, and now yer've bin and got the Injuns mad to kill me!"

There was a rap at the door, and pushing aside the curtain of skins, Louis entered, followed by the pale and trembling Augusta.

"Your daughter wished me to accompany her," said Louis, "and I have taken the liberty."

There was no reply. Cubby was too much surprised at this change wrought in a girl since he last saw her, and her father had not recovered from the assault of his wife.

"Don't yer know me, my pretty one?" asked Cubby, his face glowing with delight. "Your father promised to give you to me for a wife a year ago, and I have come for you."

The girl glanced from one to the other, overcome with terror. She saw brutal cunning on one hand and indifference on the other. Her mother broke the silence:

"Yer needn't git yer head turned by yer fine clothes and larnin'. Cubby will make you a good man, and ye'll have to give in to Crash anyway."

Augusta, white with fear, threw her arms around Louis and cried: "Oh, do not let them have me! Save me, save me! Take me away, I pray you!"

"Oh, ho! she's in love with the priest," sneered Cubby.

"He is a nice fellow; cling to him while you can, for I'll soon free you and show you who to cling to."

"You surely would not wed one who dislikes you?" interpolated Louis.

"What do I care? She was the brutal reply. 'Just as soon she'd hate as love. I'd have more fun in bringin' her round.' He advanced to take hold of her."

His Christian sentiments were not constantly successful in keeping the hot temper of Louis in abeyance. It now flamed through his flashing eyes as he said in a voice of command: "Hands off, villain! I would as soon leave this girl in a den of wolves as with you—I shall take her away, and you interfere at the peril of your life!" He drew her toward and out of the door before they were aware of his intentions, and was gone.

"That's yer fault, Crash," snarled the feminine Crash.

"Yer let her go to the mission with them nobodys, and see what's come of it."

"Go and fetch her back," howled Cubby, black with rage.

"Get her yourself. I've had her here once for yer, and why didn't yer keep her?"

"Well, I will, and I'll fetch her in such a way that they'll know it, and there won't be anybody for her to cling to, left, but me. I'll go to the settlement and get a band together, and just clean out these Christian injuns, who are a nest of thieves."

"That's business," cried the trapper, who had remained without saying a word or changing expression, smoking his pipe. "That's right talk. I'm with you every time. Let's git together a band of settlers and give these tame Injuns a thorough cunctin'."

"I'm for that," gleefully said Crash; "I'm for that, and count me in the front."

"In the rear," sneered Cubby. "Oh, if yer were as brave as yer tongue, yer'd be a terror, but as it is yer woman can whip yer."

"I'll see when the time comes."

"How bald the head of mission! how it bleats. O! the hums, so born, bright and beautiful, is desecrated and becomes a seared and withered husk. It is like a mirror, bright as burnished silver, held in the hands of a child, reflecting every thought and deed by day. Day by day the present overshadows the past, and the outlines of the old become more dimly defined. At times the mirror is bright and beautiful, when thoughts white as snow are written thereon, with pictures lovely as Eden. At others the black cloud overshadows all its face, and the demon-eyes of lightnings stare balefully from the mist. There are pictures of duty, of misery, of pleasure, of pain; of duties done and neglected; of successes and defeats, of anticipations and regrets in wonderful kaleidoscopic change, and the child thinks, and the man and the world, that the new writing with its sharply drawn images ever blots out the old, and that the fading outlines disappear forever."

But there comes a day when the child having ascended the pathway of life, and so descended, reaches the headlands overlooking the mystic sea which waves with sullen waves the shores of life and death. The dawning light from the remote horizon is caught by the mirror and becomes a blaze. Every thought, every image which has lightened or darkened its fair face appears in an irrefragable panorama. The recording angel has allowed no erasure, and all the world may read the open book.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VOICE OF A MATE.

Come, love, and whisper thy heart-
yearns to me;
Thy pangs and thy passions, thy long-
ings all free;

Come, enter my bosom, and bring in
thy life,
And let me but soothe thee, my own
precious wife.

Let me subdue all the pains of thy form
And coddle thy spirit away from all
harm.

Come, sit in the moonlight, beneath the
old tree,
Where, wanting—soul-hunger—I first
courted thee.

Come, tell me in silence, as silent as
then,
While feasting on kisses, thy love o'er-
again.

The grassy old hillside, romantic old
place;
The tall, dusky shadows, like spectres
apace;

The soft, soothing zephyrs are whisper-
ing yet
The song of our wooing we ne'er can
forget.

Our oneness began—how fresh is the
time—
When eye and eye met in thrilling sym-
limine;

I heard something whisper, I felt some-
thing say—
"That fashions your future, prepare ye
the way."

We often have parted and met since
that day,
But distance entwined us, and time
paved the way,
And fortune will conquer forever old
fate,

Where love is so patient to linger and
wait.
DR. T. WILKINS.

Romanism in Belgium.

Ten years ago the Roman Catholics abolished free schools in Belgium, and turned 15,000 Protestant school-teachers out of employment. Here in our country Jesuit influence is seeking to undermine and destroy our free public schools, and, in lieu of that, to foist Roman Catholic teachers into the schools as much as possible. Enemies of free schools should never be allowed to control them in any way or manner, direct or indirect. What Romanism did in Belgium it will do here, when it has the power. It has already done so, to a great extent, in some of our cities.

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INVISIBLE BEINGS.

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Herald.

And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits.—Luke, vii., 21.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—Hebrews, i., 14.

There is no reason why we should gladly accept those teachings of the Scripture which happen to fall in with our notions of what the Almighty ought to do and reject those against which we entertain a prejudice.

If a messenger comes from God, both respect and courtesy demand that we shall listen to all he has to say.

There is one matter, however, connected with the soul's environment, which we persistently ignore, and that is the influence which neither originates in our own wills nor comes from those for whom we have love or friendship, but is exercised by the unseen beings who have passed through the change which we call death, and for some reason still linger near their happy homes or their evil haunts.

The assertion that the departed may have a rather close relation to us is somewhat startling in an age as practical as this one. To affirm with any degree of emphasis that the two worlds, the one in which we now live and the one in which we shall live by and by, are so close that they touch each other, and that the good and bad folk in the other world have something (how much it might be difficult to determine) to do with the affairs of this world—that seems very strange to all of us, and to many it is simply incredible.

It cannot be denied, however, that in the records of nature as well as of what is termed revealed religion this doctrine occupies a very conspicuous place. No student of history can ignore the fact that among uncultured as well as cultured races the belief that evil spirits do intrude into our lives, and that good spirits are always near to lend us assistance, is accepted with undoubting confidence. Among barbaric tribes you discover two devices which are constantly resorted to. The one is for the purpose of driving away the baneful influences which have stealthily crept into the household, and life thereafter to allure and entice good influences. These "influences" are supposed in all cases to be personalities, beings who for good or bad motives, as the case may be, are interested in what is being done on the earth.

If you take a stride from Central Africa to the India of the time of Christ you are astonished to find that the same belief prevails among the multitude, and that He, the preacher of the new truth, accepted it and proclaimed it.

We are forced to admit that it is a very hard doctrine to accept, and most frankly declare that there are many intellectual difficulties in connection with it which are embarrassing. We are so accustomed to seeing people that we hesitate to believe that any one exists whom we cannot see. To tell us that there are more folk in the upper air, invisible to us, than there are on this lower plane, and that these invisible beings, some of them, are helping us to be cured of our diseases and rolling the clouds away from our weary heads, while others of them are tempting us in precisely the way that our evil companions do—all that sounds like a quaint conceit, the product of some wild imagination. We shrug our shoulders, or make a deprecating gesture, or otherwise express an astonishment that is without bounds. We shrink from the man who makes such statements, and wonder if he can be evenly balanced, or if some great misfortune has disturbed his equilibrium.

But careful thinking convinces us that whether the doctrine be true or false, or whether we first come to it as a concept or not, Christ certainly regarded it as the embodiment of an important truth. He held relations with spirits that were evil, and spirits that were good, and exercised a kind of sovereignty over them. The bad ones feared Him, but when He commanded, they let go their hold of the afflicted man and took their unwilling departure. The good ones were near at hand to supply His needs when called upon. After the terrible experience of the temptation they "came and ministered unto Him." If you say that this is an Oriental metaphor, and that these ministering spirits were simply His own comforting thoughts after the victory had been won, the reply is that the statement does not apply to other occasions, as, for instance, when He rebuked Peter for his chivalrous impetuosity, declaring that He needed no defence by the sword, and adding, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

But, you answer, those were exceptional times. True, and yet exceptional times may give us a vivid and thrilling truth. What we are seeking to know is whether the matters of which we have spoken have ever been true, and if that fact is denied, then we look on the assertion that they can be true with a considerable comfort. The God of to-day is the God of to-day. Eighteen centuries are nothing. If heaven is far away now, it has always been far away, and if it was nigh to the earth in the days of Christ, it is just as nigh to earth at the present moment.

What shall we say, then, in conclusion? Only this: That if you wish to lead a pure and noble life, your friends on the other side of the grave are not only conscious of your struggle, but are using their utmost endeavor to make you successful.

This being so, then the converse is beyond all contradiction, for if there are spirits at all, then there must be both spirits good and spirits bad, and if those that are good can assist you to do right, then they can assist you to do wrong, and you shall say that the God cannot to a certain kind of gratification in tempting you to satisfy your baser appetites and your ignoble passions?

We must either give up everything or accept everything. No middle course is possible. Nor is it desirable that there should be one, for we double the influences that affect us, and bring the other world in close proximity to this world, giving you the right to choose whether you shall be great or small, and assuring you that an invisible, as well as a visible, multitude are round about you.

President Barrett's Response to Dr. Westbrook.

To THE EDITOR:—I have read Westbrook's so-called reply to me, and find nothing in it that requires any further attention from me. He has simply repeated the charges made in his first attack, all of which I proved to be erroneous in my rejoinder. I believe an intelligent public is able to distinguish between truth and fiction, hence feel that my time and strength are too valuable to be wasted in combating statements that have again and again been refuted. Two proverbs occur to my mind at this time: "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him;" "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." Prov. xvi., 5, 6.

I will leave my opponent to choose which of these two is most applicable to him, and retire from the field in person.

Hereafter, as I am not "a foeman worthy of his steel," because I am not a lawyer, my side of the case will be conducted by my attorney, Mr. L. V. Moulton, of Chicago, Ill., who has been retained

NEW DEPARTURE.

Some Useful Suggestions to Spiritualists.

TO THE EDITOR:—May I, too, join with your numerous correspondents in expressing my delight that at last we are to have a Spiritualist Publishing House, for whilst all Spiritualists must rejoice at the spirit of inquiry manifest on all hands to-day, as they come in contact with the deplorable ignorance of the people concerning these truths they must be more and more impressed with the great need there is for some ready means by which we can not only meet this spirit of inquiry, but also arouse it still more in the minds of thinking people, and this, I am convinced, is only to be found in the free and judicious use of printers' ink.

True it is that we have any amount of sermons, lectures, printed books, convincing enough to satisfy any earnest seeker after truth, but they come in "First catch your hare, then cook him," is applicable here, and what we want to do is to arouse such a desire to learn as will take them within the sound of the spoken word.

We are always glad to learn any useful lesson from poor old orthodox, and I think here, at least, we may follow her example with profit to ourselves. What is it that has brought the teachings of the churches to the masses of the people? For there are but few of them but know something, at least, of the creeds and doctrines taught by these. Have it been the sermons heard within the walls of the church? No, sir. Years ago the church realized that a surer way was at hand—namely, to scatter the seed within the homes of the people. Looking back over thirty years of experience of this kind of mission work, I believe to-day the church owes more to its tracts and pamphlets, its leaflets and printed texts, than to all the sermons ever preached in Christendom; and if the people, through these mediums, have been so ready to accept these theories of fire and brimstone, of vengeance and of blood, how much more ready would they be to accept the grander truths of God's unchanging love? This is the heritage of mankind, and if in bringing it to them we have to combat the errors of the past, surely we are entitled to use the same weapons of warfare; and I do feel that printers' ink is the battering-ram that will hasten the victory.

What we want is literature, inexpensive and easily circulated. Let us flood the city with leaflets, extracts of discourses, evidences of spirit return, short, pithy addresses, that will arrest and set to thinking, and lead to enlightenment upon this momentous question.

The time is ripe for this—the need is pressing; it is our duty to humanity, as well as to the cause. It would be to the interest of every society to do missionary work along this line, and who can tell where the good shall end? Take the Salvation Army of to-day—its phenomenal growth has been due to persecution and publicity alone.

But, some one will say: "Surely we have had enough of this."

Ah, yes, we have, but has the publicity already been such as to redound to our credit? We are silent. Publicity must not bring us shame, a pure platform, a high standard of morality, an unswerving love for the truth, must be upon our banner; with this, the blood of the martyrs, the persecution of the saints, will ever be the seed of the church—without it, the angel of truth broods over the world in sorrow and in pity.

The need for this means of enlightenment forces itself upon us daily and hourly. That the most eloquent of sermons may sometimes fail to meet this need may be illustrated by the following incident: A lady leaving Eoley's theater, where she had listened to one of those wonderful discourses given by the guides of Mrs. Richmond, said at the close: "Yes, it was grand and beautiful—but what a dreadful thing it is that you do not believe in a God or Christ?" Ignorance—was it? Yes. Lack of perception? Yes—and it is just these things we want to be ready to meet.

Not believe in a God? No, my friends, if by God you mean that being of your Biblical creation, who, having made man in his own image, endowed him with functions and passions which he knew not how to control, placed him in the very nature of things, he must succumb, biding him be fruitful and multiply, knowing that the very obedience to this meant an eternal curse upon the race to follow; and when, in obedience to this command, nations had been born to this heritage of wrath, the divine vengeance, reeking with the desire for blood, could only be appeased by the sacrifice of his own only-begotten son. No, a thousand times, no! Thank God, we no longer believe in such a monstrosity.

But if you mean that Infinite Intelligence, creator and ruler of the universe—that river of every good and perfect gift—that being who has placed man amidst surroundings where he can use the powers with which, in infinite wisdom, he has been endowed, for his own eternal progression and preparation for that wider sphere which awaits him in the great beyond—that being whose only name can be Infinite Love—if you mean a Christ, not the mediator between us and a vengeful God, but the teacher of Olivet, the promised messiah, the friend of humanity, the culmination of all that is possible for man—then we say: a thousand times, yes! This is our God; this is our Christ; in whom we live and move and have our being.

Behold, a sower went forth to sow in the garden of the soul; The space was clear, and the ground was tilled.

But alas! the seed with chaff was filled, And nothing but husks of a broken creed

Were scattered around, to meet the need Of the soul that hungered the truth to know.

And longed for the seed of love to grow. He sowed the seed of dread and fear, He spoke of a God of vengeance near; He told of suffering, deep and dire, Of pains untold in a quenchless fire, Of useless works of mercy done;

No hope, nor help for the striving one, Save by the faith in one alone, Whose blood in some way must atone.

But the soul looked out on a scene of love, And saw the work of a God above; And all around a world so fair, So full of light, so rich, so rare, That the seed of chaff refused to grow.

And the soul refused such creed to know, And cried again, as though heaven to move: Oh! show me but this God of love.

And the cry went forth to the upper skies.

And angels listened in glad surprise; And the messengers of light came down And scattered the seed of love around, And spoke of a heaven that is within; Of a Christ of love, and conquered sin; And bade the hungry soul be fed.

No more on husks, but on hope instead. Then led him forth to the realms of light,

Where angels of love, in robes of white— Around the sad and cheerless way— Where earth's poor, suffering children lay.

And there, in ministering love benign Showed him the Christ-life, all divine. This be thy work, from heaven above, And know from this, thy God is love.

Yours truly, CAROLINE CATLIN.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

"For it is written He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."—Scripture.

O'er the world a truth is streaming, O'er the world bright hopes are beaming.

O'er the hearts of people stealing, Steals a love of deepest feeling.

Like the winds that softly blow, Flit the angels to and fro,

O'er life's way they scatter flowers, Flowers of hope in silent hours.

And their footsteps, light as air, Vending from a land that's fair,

Seek the values of vice and crime, With a love that's pure, sublime.

Ever planting seeds of truth, In the springtime of life's youth;

Many a heart they prompt to deeds, Deeds that reach a heart that needs.

Trail they upward faith's green vine, Upward to a life divine.

Scattering gems of mercy fair, Precious gems that all should wear.

Come they with love's oil and wine, With its healing power divine;

Binding up a shattered life, Shattered in its mortal strife.

Guiding pen, inspiring mind, Opening doors for worldly blind,

Causing rich to open purses, Stopping lips from uttering curses.

Courage to the weak they bring, Ever sows of hope they sing,

Down to deepest depths of woe, Deathless love from angels flow.

Ever outstretched helping hands, Helping souls in all the lands,

Rending veil of death apart, Veil that hides from love some heart.

When you near the river's brink, When of all the past you think,

When with doubting heart you fear, Then the angels they are near:

Near to cheer you on the way, The lone some way that leads to day—

Golden day of life's desire, Ushered in by angel choir.

O'er the gateway of the tomb They have caused life's hopes to bloom;

Lifted up our loves on high, Up to lands beyond the sky.

Let us meet them on life's way, Welcome them as flowers of May.

Greet them with a loving heart, Hearts that love shall never part.

LEANDER THOMPSON.

A SOLILOQUY.

How oft we pause to pine and mourn

O'er years of wasted life,

Brooding, dejected and forlorn,

O'er bygone scenes of strife.

What vain regrets, what secret woes,

How needlessly we bear,

Which, onward as the river flows,

Bring with them but despair.

'Twere vain to wish each scene's return;

'Twere idle to regret;

Such lessons, tho' hard to learn,

Are easy to forget.

The lofty trees, the simple flowers,

That in the fields abound,

The sunshine and the cooling showers

High heaven's praise resound.

Yet scarce could be that man alone

Should suffer or bear pain;

The rumbling earthquake and cyclone

Groan loudly nor in vain.

Loud thunders crash, fierce lightnings

flash—

The mighty glacier torrents dash

Dismay on every side.

The howling tempest blindly driven,

The foaming breakers swell,

Bent or subdued alone by heaven,

Seem bubbling hot from hell.

Vesuvius belching clouds of wrath

In fitful bursts of fire—

The vengeful lava spurting forth,

Grand in her gaunt attire.

Wildly the seabirds swoop and screech

Mid ocean's blinding spray,

Leaving their nestlings on the beach,

To bear home safe their prey.

Why do relentless billows roar?

Or why so wildly lash and swell?

For answer seek you spirit shore—

Such knowledge is not ours to tell.

But yet we know there is no death—

Grim, ghastly name, so hard to bear;

Dear, loving friends, who once drew

breath.

Are watching, waiting for us there,

Then why should mortals here below

Have any reason to complain?

For earth and elements we know

Alike endure and suffer pain.

Rosebury, Ore. Mrs. G. LECKY.

HAS HE NOT A SOUL?

An Important Question.

TO THE EDITOR:—We have at Wilona, Minn., no organized society of Spiritualists, but I felt that the glorious truth of spirit communion should be sown, so I have hired a hall, and am doing what I can to sow a little good seed, hoping it may take root and sprout into a golden harvest, that many may partake of the true bread of life.

I hope I will not be infringing too much upon your time and space if I interrogate your readers a little. In the first place:

Who can say a dog has no soul? What is it within the dog that expresses sympathy? Can he, with his emotions stirred into quick response at the sound of a familiar voice, or the touch of a familiar hand, be lacking the keen sense of soul perception?

I wish now to relate a little incident which has caused me to think much upon this subject:

On the third of last September my oldest son, a bright, spiritually-minded boy of nineteen years and twenty-two days old—passed into the Spirit-world, and I being a medium of the phase known as "trance-voice," that is, spirits who have the knowledge or power to communicate through my organism, bring back in fac-simile their own expression upon my features, and their own individual tone of voice. Our dear boy had not been in the spiritual state one week when he could impress his spiritual presence upon me in perfect manifestation; transfiguration of my face, his expression upon my eyes, and his voice was heard to come from my organism as perfectly as though it was spoken through an air-tube. We have a little pet dog, of the rat-and-tan breed, that is a great favorite with the family, and he and Guy (my son) were great lovers indeed. When sick in bed he would not leave his bedside, and when his body was placed in the last earthly cradle, he persisted in staying by it, and would try with all his little might to spring into it, and moved around in a sad and pathetic way after he was taken from physical sight.

When Guy came back and spoke through my lips, he sprang up with delight, and commenced hunting for him; he ran all around me as he tried to find where the sound of the familiar voice was, and discovering the tone to emerge from my lips, he sprang into my lap, and smelled of my mouth, and looked puzzled, and began scenting in the air about me; but not being able to find the physical form of his loved one, he crouched down upon my lap, and with plaintive little moans cried as earnestly as a human being, as the tears from his eyes ran in a stream down his little face.

When we ask him now where Guy is, he will run around and hunt—but will finally come to me for an explanation.

He is usually a joyous little fellow, but whenever the name of our ardent darling is mentioned, one can discover in his little face a feeling of disappointment and pain.

Dear reader, do you think this instinct can die? I do not.

If the "Divine architect of life" has given corresponding affinitive place, use, and conditions in this mundane sphere of existence, I believe a place will be made for our little "Tippy" in the land where our Guy awaits the coming of his little earthly pet.

They know each other here, and I believe they will know each other there—else intelligence has no immortality, and Nature's laws are not universal.

CASSIE E. McFARLIN.

"I DID MY BEST."

Significant and Expressive Words.

TO THE EDITOR:—I heartily thank the writer of the above-headed article in number 274 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for the kindly and admirable temper of her notice of my answer to "Let There Be Light," of December 8. While we accord as to the object of life, our friends dissent from the ideas thrown out by me that our presence here may not be the involuntary one generally thought, and says:

"Our presence here cannot be by our own desire, else the many who seem to be forever struggling against the tide would have willed it otherwise."

Let us apply that test to what we are told of Jesus of Nazareth. Will it be admitted that his coming was involuntary, and that if he had known what he was to suffer, he would have willed it otherwise? But if he came of his own choice, why should not others? On the other hand, is it not claimed that he came for a special purpose? Does not his accepted history quote him as saying: "Before Abraham was, I am?"

Would not this indicate a previous conscious existence? I would very much like to know where authority is to be found for the statement that "even the one perfect life knew but one incarnation—none before his time, nor since, ever attained perfection in the material sphere."

Assuming the one perfect life to be Jesus, are we not told that he himself disclaimed being perfect, saying: "Why call ye me perfect; there is none perfect but God?"

I grant that as an ideal, the character of Jesus is the highest that has been conceived by the mind of man, and one that should call forth our best efforts to emulate, but I must think, if he merited the character that has been ascribed to him, and could speak to us at this day, he would himself pull down the pedestal upon which he has been placed, and rebuke us for our adulation. E. T.

New York.

"There Is No Death," by Florence Marryat. An intensely interesting volume, giving an account of her wonderful experiences in her investigation of Spiritualism. She describes the scenes she witnessed with her own eyes, and repeats the words heard with her own ears; making an account more entertaining than any novel, and far more instructive to one who seeks light in Spiritualism. Paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Atlantis: The Antediluvian World." By Ignatius Donnelly. Sums up all information relative to the lost continent of Atlantis. He regards the description of it given by Plato as veritable history. It is intensely interesting. Price \$2.

"Health and Power. A Handbook of Cure and Human Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D. Full of useful information, and wise suggestions. Price 25c.

A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

They Are Critically Examined.

TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would like to express my views in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on taxation of church property, half-fare rates on railroads for mediums, and what some people are pleased to call merchandise in mediumship.

To start I will say I have been a radical freethinker for twenty years, and once circulated a petition to the legislature of Michigan to have a law passed to tax church property, and although I am as much of a radical as ever, I am now opposed to church taxation.

In the city of Orono where I do most of my buying of merchandise, there are probably over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of church property. Now, when a lot of superstitious Hotentots want a new church, they appoint a committee to visit business men, and ask them what he will give. They all know what will be expected of them, and they dare not refuse; if they did their business would suffer in consequence, so they subscribe, and add the amount to the price of goods. I cannot buy a pair of socks or a pound of tea without helping support the church. Now, if churches are taxed the taxes will be paid in the same way the churches are built, and labor will have to pay with cost of assessment and collection added; also profit on money paid by merchant or business man.

As I see it, property cannot and does not pay taxes. All tax falls on labor in the end.

Now for the half-fare. The railroads—those I am acquainted with their constructions—are built in this wise: At first a subscription is taken up of the people living along the proposed line, and work is commenced. The amount raised does not build the road. Work stops. Next, people are induced to buy stock. Work begins again. This will not build the road. Work stops again. The stock being liable to assessment, people see they are beat, and surrender the same. Next the cities and villages, and in some cases the township, are bonded to carry on the work. This usually completes the road without cost to the company, and they get good pay for their service all the way through, and I am informed the people pay the first cost of the road every seven years.

Now, if our mediums get concessions from the railroads that others do not, will they feel at liberty to show these things to the people? Would it not in reality be taking a bribe?

I am in favor of having our speakers free to express themselves on any subject.

Since I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I have noticed two short articles condemning mediums for using their mediumship for money-making purposes. Now, I believe anyone who performs a service is entitled to a proper compensation therefor, and I think anyone who is not willing to pay should not have the service. Mediums have to eat, and their flesh feels the cold the same as others, and if they can't get pay for their gifts they will have to do something else. Anyone not intensely selfish is willing to pay.

I know a medium who is very poor, who has labored for Spiritualism the greater part of her life. She has met mostly with people who don't believe in making merchandise of mediumship. Mediums need no advice from me, but if I were to advise them I would say, get your pay or don't give people the benefit of your mediumship. Some will be one's friend for a spirit communication; and others will be a friend for some spirit out of a bottle, and as far as generosity is concerned, one is not much above the other.

There are Spiritualists who will soon forget the giver of the grandest communication that ever came from the other shore, and they altogether too numerous. W. P. TUBBS.

DEPARTURE.

Well, Bill, shake han's 'n' say good-by afore ye go away.

We hate t' see ye leavin'; we'd lots ruther hev' ye stay.

Mother 'n' me a gittin' ole; we can't be with ye long.

She's bin poorly for some time now, 'n' I never be ez strong.

Ez she wuz afore the ager laid 'er up 's' long in bed.

'N' more 'n' likely when ye git back 'er'll find yer mother dead.

Her pore ole lips 'uz quiverin' when she went t' say good-by.

'N' tears splashed on the pillars when she axed ye ef ye'd try

'N' be a good boy for her sake, Billy, when ye git fur away.

We hate t' see ye go, Bill; we'd lots ruther hev' ye stay.

Look at them pore young 'n's 'way up yander on the hill

Wavin' ther hats 'n' apurns 'n' throwin' kisses ef ye, Bill.

Ther little 'n's 'uz chokin', they 'uz 'n' hard t' help but cry

When ye went up 'n' shook ther han's 'n' kissed 'em all good-by.

The'll be mighty sad 'n' evenin's circled round the ole fireplace,

'N' they'll miss the tales ye tole 'em 'bout yer early boyhood days;

They'll be listenin' 'er yer whis'le ez ye done yer evenin' chores,

'N' they'll hev' no one to swing 'em in 'at ole rope swing o' yurs,

'N' ther little eyes'll water nowcher fiddle's quit its play;

Oh, they hate t' see ye go, Bill; they'd a heap ruther hev' ye stay.

Now, Bill, yer train's a-comin'; here's some scraps the chill ren sent;

Dress goods, more'n likely; 'n' me 'n' mother went

'N' hed our povers taken so ez we could give ye one.

'T' m'ber us by in after years when we'll be dead 'n' gone.

Now, here's a little Bible mother said to give to you;

She couldn't spend much money, but I reckon it'll do

Ez well ez ef we wuzn't pore 'n' hed more change t' spare;

So take it, Bill, 'ith mother's love 'n' try 'n' keep it where

I'll allers be the handiest when ye're fur away.

We hate t' see ye go, Bill; we'd lots ruther hev' ye stay.

At O. F. FRAZIER.

LENT.

It Is a Relic of Paganism.

In the course of a few weeks the Papal and Episcopal branches of Christianity will be shrouded in physical gloom similar to the mental gloom that is always second nature to those creeds, for Lent will begin. The name "Lent" is derived from the Saxon "long" (Spring), from the time of year in which it is observed. It is used as a preparation for Easter, and begins on Ash Wednesday. The observance of Lent is of great antiquity, for, from the first ages of Christianity, it was usual to set aside some time for humiliation and special exercises immediately before Easter. At first the fast extended to only forty hours, and then to thirty-six days, and four additional days were added during the ninth century. Ash Wednesday is the name given to the first day in Lent, from the Papal ceremony of strewing ashes on the head, as a sign of penitence. The ashes used on this day are said to be those of the palms consecrated on Palm Sunday, the year previous. The ashes are first conveyed on the altar, then sprinkled with holy water, and afterwards strewed on the heads of the priests and assembled people, the officiating priests repeating the words, "Remember thou art dust, and shalt return to dust." The ceremony is said to have been introduced into the church by Pope Gregory the Great. Amer. Encyclo.

Once every year this starvation programme is observed in obedience to the established mandate of the Papal church. Previous to this humbuggery, balls, parties, marriages, and all the pleasures of the life were enjoyed, but on the fatal day the curtain drops like a pall on all the faithful dupes. For forty long, tedious days and nights, the strict observers will deny themselves all the pleasures of life, and appear only at religious devotions—and the liquor saloons. The Papists, and many Episcopalians (almost the same as Papists), will abstain from the use of meat, as an article of diet, at certain periods, in commemoration of the supposed fast of a fictitious Savior. (Dr. Tanner, of whom we have prof, fasted forty days, yet receives no honor for it.)

The prescription forbids the eating of meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Holy Thursday, and the second and last Saturdays of Lent; only one meal a day, and a collation at evening, are allowed. It exempts all under 21 years of age, the sick, those who are obliged to labor hard, and all who, through weakness, cannot fast without injuring their health.

Many able-bodied people take advantage of this last proviso, claiming weakness, and eat whatever they can get.

A law that exempts some and enjoins others is a very unjust law, whether it be religious or secular. Meat is forbidden on certain days, but fish is allowed at all times. Fish is flesh, and all kinds of flesh is meat, and this fact cannot be successfully contradicted, either by man or God—by religious ignorance or common sense. Religious laws are one thing, and justice and truth quite another.

We often wonder how any people can be so extremely ignorant as not to see the fallacy of all the pretensions



GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send us a brief note please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines; but long reports will not be used. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be read by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

M. W. Chunn writes: "I want to express my appreciation of your spirit of breadth and liberality in publishing in your paper Prof. Edwin Johnson's valuable and interesting articles. Having read carefully all of Prof. Johnson's published volumes, I can heartily recommend to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER anything that comes from the pen of our scholarly and progressive brother across the ocean. I am also very much pleased with the editorial work of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The editorials are invariably good and interesting, and of a high literary merit. May success crown your efforts."

Mrs. H. Lewis writes: "We have just had a few dark seances given by H. B. Allen and wife, and I must say it is the first time that I have ever been convinced of materialization. The guitar sailed about the circle, tapping each on the head, or shoulder, and sweet music was heard as it passed us. Then the music of the dulcimer was grand, and was played as no one but those in the higher life could accomplish. Then, too, two little bells would accompany the guitar with music, and would circle about the room; and small lights appeared in different places in the room. Hands, faces and bodies were seen by many. All received messages from their dear ones in the higher life: some received kisses from their children, some were healed."

I. M. S. writes from Omaha, Neb.: "Mrs. M. Theresa Allen is here and giving increasing satisfaction, a general desire being expressed to have her remain another month. She is one of the ablest exponents of Spiritualism before the public; as a speaker and clairvoyant test medium she is the best it has been our pleasure to hear. We have had quite a campaign this winter. Mrs. Wagner, and Mrs. Johns, two mediums having been located here and doing good work for the cause. Mrs. Wagner is a highly-developed psychometrist, and both ladies good clairvoyants. Mrs. Wagner organized a developing circle which is a wonderful success. They leave us in a few days for Lincoln, and the west. We can confidently recommend them as worthy and thoroughly honest."

B. V. Cushman writes: "So many among New York Spiritualists as well as our friends in the church having expressed a wish to hear Miss Abby Judson—daughter of the well-known missionary, Adoniram Judson, and herself a new worker for our cause—we deem ourselves fortunate in securing her as our speaker during Mrs. Brigham's absence from us—that is, for March 3, 10 and 17. We are having good audiences in our new hall, and know that its utmost capacity will be tested during Miss Judson's brief engagement."

Mrs. E. B. S. and J. M. S. write: "For the last two months the liberal-minded residents of Santa Monica, Cal., have been having a rare treat. Miss Barnicoat, of Boston, and Miss Lydia Allen, of Sumnerland, have been the speakers. Miss Allen is but seventeen years old and has the ability and power as a speaker which would do honor to many an older orator. She leaves us soon, but all who know her wish for the speedy return of this gifted child. May she ever be successful in her earnest labors for the cause of truth and spiritual knowledge."

Mrs. M. A. Page writes that she has a family of six boys and one girl and allows them to go to all churches, and has had circles at home for their development, and they all say they can find nothing to equal the home. G. D. Search was recently at Thayer, Kan., and held a few seances. He gave the people something to think about, and they are anxious that he or someone else as good will come again.

Mrs. T. D. Giddings writes concerning the Southern Cassadaga Camp, at Lake Helen, Florida, of which mention was made in our last issue. She adds that the library building on Marion avenue, the possession of Mrs. Marion Skidmore, who so recently passed to Spirit-life, the avenue being named for her. It is understood there are four or five hundred volumes donated, which will be placed as soon as possible. The association is regularly organized and chartered under the laws of Florida, and is known as the Southern Cassadaga Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association.

H. J. Horn writes: "As a pebble in a lake sends its waves in every direction toward the shore, so your paper causes waves of advanced thought to reach in remotest quarters."

Bishop A. Beals has been lecturing at Sturgis, Mich., and Brighton and Water-

J. W. Marshall writes: "The children's lyceum, organized October 7, 1894, by the First Spiritual Society, of San Diego, California, cordially assisted by H. B. Allen, and wife, and H. W. Wilcox, kindly advanced the money for about forty copies of the Lyceum Guide, by Emma Rood Tuttle—has greatly prospered from the start. After a thorough trial of three months, we find the book so admirably adapted to the work of the lyceum that we have adopted it as our guide, and recently re-organized under its forms, retaining in some places the officers appointed at first, adding others needed. Mrs. Ella Custer is the right woman in the right place, as conductor; the children love her and delight to do her will, and all the leaders and teachers are zealous and harmonious workers; but what has been said so far is mainly to give a chance to say with emphasis, that too much cannot be said in praise of the Lyceum Guide. To it, largely, we attribute our phenomenal success. The attendance is 150 to 200, and we already need 100 more books. The Guide, in every detail—music, words, lessons, illustrations, all and entire—seems to be just the thing for the lyceum, and the lyceum is the most efficient feeder to the society; with us it has largely increased the interest in our glorious spiritual philosophy, and quite a number have been convinced of its truth. It is a joy and inspiration to look upon a hall full of happy, smiling children, eager to drink in the beautiful ethical, liberal lessons as taught in Mrs. Tuttle's Lyceum Guide. I am sure that every society of Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists or other liberal organizations throughout the land would be greatly benefited by using this book in their schools. Even in the home it will be useful."

E. W. Sprague, platform test medium and lecturer, writes from Erie, Pa.: "Spiritualism is progressing nicely in this city of churches. A new society has been formed, composed of excellent material; enthusiasm prevails and good work is being accomplished. Smith Warner, an ex-minister of the Presbyterian faith, is president of this society and is their regular speaker. We have been here two Sundays of this month, speaking four times, our audiences increasing with each lecture. Last evening the hall was full and many remained standing throughout the entire service. The city is full of investigators, and tests from the rostrum call them out, and thus they get the philosophy and the phenomena at the same time. Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., has been here, and with her logic, reason and beautiful inspiration gave strength and encouragement to the old workers and inspired the new believers and investigators to renewed energy and courage. The evidence is on every hand that our cause is growing rapidly, and we are happy."

L. M. S. writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "Yesterday was a red-letter day with the First Spiritual Society. In the forenoon Mr. Wiggins gave a scholarly and somewhat aggressive lecture in answer to 'Criticism on the Philosophy of Spiritualism.' He rose to the height of oratory in his denunciation of the flimsy pretenses and fallacious statements made by religionists. In the evening the hall was literally packed; for nearly three hours men and women were standing in the aisles listening attentively to the tests given through his mediumship. One of the pleasing features of the meetings conducted by Mr. Wiggins is the singing of his soloists, Mr. Maxham. His songs are new, and rendered with varying pathos and power. Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Maxham have been engaged for March 6th and 6th, in Oakfield, Wis."

Mrs. S. Witte writes from Omaha, Neb.: "The Spiritualists are alive and active here in Omaha and are growing in number. Mrs. M. Theresa Allen has been with us through the month of February, giving us some very fine lectures. All are so highly pleased that we have concluded to keep her another month. She has formed a class in psychic science, which meets every Friday evening. The class is much appreciated and enjoyed by the many who attend. Address her during the month of March, 3201 Burt street, Omaha, Neb."

Mrs. P. C. W. writes from Ionia, Mich.: "We have had regular afternoon and evening meetings of our society for the past three Sundays, and have listened to some grand inspirational lectures by Dr. H. C. Andrews, who has been with us. His controls closed each lecture with a number of tests, which were nearly all recognized. We are talking about a lyceum here, and Dr. Andrews will organize it for us and work with us for a time. We expect the materializing medium, Joseph King, and with him and our speaker we hope to have a rare treat from our spirit friends."

Rex writes from Norwalk, Ohio: "Marguerite St. Omer, the phenomenal psychometrist and test medium, gave us one of her grand lectures Sunday evening in Nicol's hall, followed by readings and tests which were remarkable for their accuracy, and which were readily recognized. This is the first lecture here for many years, and was one which will set the people to thinking. She gave proof of the continuity of life and means of communication with that existence beyond the tomb. Her engagements are: the first and second Sundays in Cleveland, the third in Clyde; the 7th, 8th and 9th of March in Florence, Ohio, for the J. O. U. A. M. She has been doing good work here, lecturing and organizing the women voters on the school question. She can be addressed at Norwalk, Ohio, for further engagements and camp-meetings."

Mr. Guest writes approvingly of the good work being done by the Progressive Spiritual Society. Willis Edwards, of London, England, was the speaker, who gave excellent satisfaction.

S. M. Burnstead, president, writes: "The report of the Spiritual Union for February is quite encouraging. We have had a very fair attendance, both afternoon and evening. Our afternoon meeting is under the head of a class of instruction and tests. It is presided over by Emma Hanson, assisted by other mediums, such as Mrs. Boardwell, Miss Emmet, and Mrs. F. Burnstead. The afternoon meetings are held in the same hall as the evening, at 2:30."

A San Francisco friend writes concerning materializations: "I do not say all are frauds—but when their breath smells of onions, and the body is smeared in corsets—2. The same medium (?) is supposed, or held by those who are investigating, offer tangible resistance, by hand or foot, and in one case here, by weapons concealed in the sleeve."

M. H. Prince writes from Washington, D. C.: "Mrs. A. N. Glading gave us her farrow lecture: 'The Position of the Spirit-world Regarding the Policy of the Home Church.' Metzger's hall was well filled with an attentive audience, who at the conclusion of the lecture made the welkin ring with their applause, causing the lady to rise twice from her chair in acknowledgment of the compliment."

C. L. W. writes that Dr. W. O. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was engaged to deliver morning and evening lectures, Feb. 10, at Ottawa Station. The severe storm prevailing made it impracticable to hold the meetings as intended. On the following Sunday there was a good attendance. The platform tests given at the close of the lectures were surprisingly correct, and well-received. The candid declared it was something strange, while the orthodox pronounced it the work of the Devil. Dr. Knowles is an earnest, conscientious worker, and a fine speaker. His address is 200 East Bridge street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Harvey Lyman writes: "I have read your paper for years, and I think you ought to have a monument as high as heaven for the brave and fearless manner in which you have tried to protect our American liberties from the bold attacks the Pope of Rome has made on our liberal institutions and public schools. You have dared to picture out the Pope and his aids trying to get the best of Uncle Sam while he was asleep; you have waked up the people so that they have formed American Protective Associations all over the land. People are wondering why Catholics are not elected to office, but have to take a back seat. The Hibernalians are drilling here under the green flag and do not carry the Stars and Stripes. Someone in this State petitioned the Legislature for a charter for the Hibernalians to carry rifles. The word came back NO!"

The Unity Spiritual Society, of Milwaukee, Wis., held a grand fair and festival on the 19th inst., which was a great success in every way, and another will be given during the coming month. Last Sunday evening closed a very successful engagement of Mr. G. H. Brooks. His work was so well appreciated here that a beautiful diamond charm was presented to him by this society as a token of esteem and lasting friendship. Resolutions expressive of appreciation and esteem were also adopted.

Rev. C. H. Johnson, a spiritual minister, and F. L. Pease, a magnetic healer, of Pipestone, Minn., were recently in Altona, and a meeting was improvised. A fine address was given through Mr. Johnson, also a poem, followed by the answering of questions. Mr. Pease displayed his power as a healer, and gave practical illustrations of animal magnetism.

C. W. Stewart, an old-time worker in the ranks of Spiritualism, would like to enter the lecture-field again. Mr. Stewart is fully competent to entertain any society. His permanent address is Liberal, Mo.

Will C. Hodge, inspirational speaker, whose lectures have been well received wherever employed, is now open for engagements. He can be addressed for engagements in care of 40 Loomis street.

Frank T. Ripley, lecturer and platform test medium, passed through the city last week on his way to Milwaukee, Wis., to fill an engagement. He seems to be doing a good work.

A very pleasant surprise party came in upon Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, at Detroit, Mich., on a recent evening. It was headed by the president of the Ladies' Spiritual Industrial League, and the house was filled. Games were indulged in for a time, and then the president called to order, and in well-chosen words presented Mrs. Baade with a beautiful silk bedspread, and shams to match, also other fancy work. The spread alone is valued at \$50. The embroidery is beautiful. Refreshments were served, and dancing indulged in until after midnight, when, with many congratulations, the friends dispersed to their several homes.

George L. Barrus writes that he is an investigator, and takes much interest in Hudson Tuttle's answers to questions. The spiritual philosophy has given him new ideas of life, and encouragement to press onward.

The First Spiritual Philosophical Society, of Detroit, Mich., at a recent meeting passed resolutions expressive of their high appreciation of the labors of Mrs. Nellie S. Baade with and for the society. Her services as lecturer and test medium have been very satisfactory.

A Wanderer writes: "I am prompted to state that Leo XIII., Pope of Rome, will be called to Spirit-life during March, 1895."

Mrs. R. R. Jones writes: "Words fail to express my feelings in regard to the stand THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has taken against all error. There are some things in it so in accord with my own views, I feel almost like giving an old-fashioned Methodist shout when I read them. One very noticeable article is in No. 27. It is Hudson Tuttle's answer to 'Alexis' question. I feel as if I could read that answer to many, with the hope a few would profit by it. As I am a widow, and live alone in the mountains, where nearly every one goes to church—there being but one other person of my belief here—you can see at once the paper is my society, as well as my recreation."

A subscriber writes: "Dr. Willis Edwards has just closed a successful engagement for the South Side Society, on Forest avenue. He is re-engaged by the North Side Society, for the month of March. Societies desiring his services address 3244 Graves Place, Chicago, Illinois. He is a forcible and entertaining speaker, and his tests are always convincing."

M. Thurston Dole writes from Boston, Mass.: "There is a great spiritual awakening in this city and vicinity, which has been manifest ever since the last fatal raid on two of our best and most noble spirits, and the great injustice done them seems to have aroused our people to action. I wish to make this proposition: That the Spiritualists throughout the country form a Spiritualistic Protective Association, and raise sufficient funds to employ first-class legal counsel to defend all honest mediums. This can be done in each State, through State organizations (where they have one) or through the National organization, it matters little how, only that it be done. The First Spiritual Society here is the largest and finest building in the world, dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism, and built by that noble and generous man, Marcellus S. Ayer, and costing nearly half a million dollars. For the last three months, every Sunday morning and evening, the Temple has been the grand point of attraction for people for miles around, some coming more than forty miles. Every Sunday morning P. L. O. A. Keeler, the well-known medium for physical manifestations, and one of the best mediums for independent state-writing, gives one of his wonderful and convincing exhibitions of spirit power, and in the evening a materializing seance is given. These seances are held in the large auditorium, which seats about fifteen hundred, and it is filled to overflowing."

Harlow Davis, platform test medium, can be engaged by societies in vicinity of New York and adjoining States, for March 24th or 31st, by addressing him at 211 East 14th street, New York City. He will serve the Norwich, Conn., Spiritual Union, March 17th and 19th.

Oscar A. Edgerly passed through this city last week, on his way to Murcie, Ind., to fill an engagement during March. During the last two months he has been lecturing at Anderson, Ind. Mr. Edgerly seems to strike a responsive chord wherever he goes.

Secretary writes: "Mrs. T. U. Reynolds has just finished her engagement for February with the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Spiritual Association. She is a fine speaker, giving many grand and ennobling thoughts, through the influence of her guides. She is also a good platform test medium. We cheerfully recommend her to societies wishing to engage a speaker. Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan Jackson, who stands in the front rank of lecturers, is our speaker for March. The simple announcement of her name gives assurance that we will be well served."

Prof. Lockwood is ready to accept calls to the spiritual rostrum. The tests he gives of the spiritual philosophy inhere in the structure of matter, and during a period of twenty years have never been refuted.

The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature, by Prof. W. M. Lockwood, is in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued as soon as possible. Remember this is the only treatise of the kind ever offered to the public. An absolute scientific demonstration of the automatic character of nature, and of continued existence, and the bed-rock of the spiritual philosophy.

Prof. P. O. Hudson, the poet, singer and musical director can be engaged for the coming camp and grove-meeting season, at reasonable terms. Mr. Hudson is justly termed the 'Sankey of Spiritualism.' He is author of many fine spiritual songs, which he sings in his own inimitable style. Write for particulars to Bay City, Michigan.

L. G. K. writes from South Riley, Mich.: "Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, of Port Huron, delivered a lecture here to a large and attentive audience, nearly two hundred being present, (which is about two-thirds of the population of this place) on the evening of the 26th of February, at the P. O. H. hall. Questions by those in attendance were very ably treated, and to the satisfaction of all present. Mrs. Robinson, and the grand and noble work she is engaged in, are too well known to need mentioning here. She will be with us again on the 11th of March, and will answer all questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and give tests. Her permanent address is 1123 Water street, Port Huron, Michigan. The public in general appear anxious and very enthusiastic. Mr. D. A. Utter acted as chairman, and filled the office to the utmost satisfaction, and the choir consisting of Miss Dora Chapin, Mrs. Hattie Jones, Mrs. M. E. Eddy, and Mrs. Charles H. Jones, rendered very ably for excellent music rendering. There is some talk of organizing a spiritual society here, but if we don't succeed in doing so, the present meetings will be conducted as long as there can be money raised to support them."

Mrs. W. C. Knight, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "I received the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, and can truly say it is the best book I ever read. I wish all who fear death could read it. Your paper may rightly and truly be called, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is filled with light and intelligence. Words fail me to express the high esteem that your book and paper deserves. Your whole soul seems to be in your work, and may you have the power to help those who walk in darkness."

Bishop A. Beals has been lecturing at Brighton and Waterloo, Ind., with excellent success.

G. L. Ives writes: "The paper is the grandest literature that ever entered my home. Were it in every home, heaven would be there, provided there were brains to appreciate its valuable truths."

A late report from Marcellus, Mich., shows that Farmer Riley is still confined to his bed, and is very weak.

Enos Gay of Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "The Encyclopedia came to hand promptly. I am pleased with the Encyclopedia. Every Spiritualist ought to have it. I hope it will be the means of lifting the gloom of what has been termed the Shadow of Death to many. May they see the light, as advocated by us in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Dr. Willis Edwards has removed to 3244 Graves Place, 3d door south—between 32d and 33d Sts. Test seances Wednesdays and Fridays.

P. Chamberlin, a Californian, writes: "In your issue of January 12 I find a lecture by Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., entitled 'Beyond the Stars.' I think that it is the most profound and condensed argument against orthodoxy that I ever read. It seems a pity that while you had it in type, there were not a hundred thousand copies struck off and put into pamphlet form for sale and distribution."

Correspondent writes: "The People's Home Spiritualists' Association, at Bricklayers' hall, 93 South Pearl street, Sunday, February 24th, held two very interesting services at 3 and 8 P. M. In the evening, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader spoke as missionary of the National Spiritualists' Association, and the need of organization for the protection of mediums. G. W. Van Horn and Mrs. Edith B. Nickless gave many tests, fully recognized. Mrs. Hughes, trumpet medium, under control of Mike, amused the people. Mrs. M. Phillips, Mr. J. Smith and others spoke. Mrs. Frankie Cole, organist and vocalist, and a favorite in musical selections, pleased all."

G. H. Brooks is now at Kansas City, Mo., where he can be addressed in care of general delivery.

Ira Perrin writes from Elmira, N. Y.: "We hold meetings every Sunday evening in the I. O. O. F. temple, with full houses. Mrs. Ida Perrin is our speaker, and has been for eight years past. She has to assist her in the good work: Mr. Dana Blodgett, speaker; Mrs. M. E. Thomas; Mr. L. Zimmerman, and Dr. L. Ticknor, test medium. I have never seen so much interest as there is at the present time. Our society is known as 'Seekers for Spiritual Truth.'"

A correspondent writes that Dr. M. F. Hamond delivered an able and forcible lecture, under control, at South Haven, Mich., February 17. The subject was: "What are the scientifically demonstrated proofs of continuous life, and the return of the spirit after the death of the body?" After the close of the lecture, Mrs. Levi Wood gave some psychometric readings, to the satisfaction of all. The most wonderful was when a small piece of the ill-fated Chicora was placed in her hand, without any previous knowledge of its being present. She uttered a scream of despair, and then began to describe the sensations of cold water, of floating ice; of tossing, rolling, shrieking, drowning, sinking down—down.

G. W. Kates and wife are doing a good work in Denver, Colorado. They have secured the Odd Fellows' hall, one of the finest in the city, and also rented a hall for permanent work. Visitors to Denver the coming summer will find them at 2550 Stout street, where they may be addressed.

Mrs. Adah L. Smith writes from Watertown, N. Y.: "Since the opening of our lecture season last fall we have had the ministrations, first, of Oscar A. Edgerly, in October, followed by our pastor, Carrie E. S. Tving, for two months; then came Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y., who is now filling a two months' engagement in Michigan. Lastly, the incomparable Edgar W. Emerson, who came to us a stranger, but who will not soon be forgotten. Many for the first time received the evidence for which they sought. Mr. Emerson goes to New York city for March, where we extend a kindly greeting to Mrs. A. M. Glading, of Doylestown, Pa., for the same month. Our society has had in the past some rich experiences, but few have now received a goodly share of spiritual blessings."

Mrs. A. S. Kingsbury writes: "The readers of your valuable paper, and the friends of the cause, will be glad to know that one of our youngest mediums, Mrs. J. E. Ehardt, 1070 West Monroe street, is rapidly coming to the front, she being possessed of remarkable powers for removing obsession. I can recommend her for that phase, several cases having come under my own observation, which she has successfully removed. Her guides have given warnings repeatedly in my own family, once saving the life of my son by warning him of a collision—he being a railroad man—and once saving our home from being destroyed by fire, by warning us of a defective line."

Ben. F. Hayden writes: "We visited Burney, Ind., where we found a few families of honest, earnest investigators. We stopped with Mrs. Peak and his estimable wife. We were royally entertained and made to feel at home without money and without price. We gave one lecture to an audience of perhaps two hundred, who have heard but little of our philosophy and are very credulous and bigoted, still willing to listen to the truth when presented. We hope to return to this field again and do good work for the cause some time in the future."

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran worker, is still very sick. Mrs. Howe writes: "It has been a question whether Mr. Howe was really gaining, even after the cough abated. He has suffered terribly from neuralgia headache for days, but this morning, March 1st, there is less pain, and he hopes to be himself again within the next thirty days. Our daughter improves, but it is slowly. Both she and Mr. Howe are so very weak that life is almost a burden. She had been sinking spells when it has seemed she must go to the other side. The little boy is well again."

Prof. Theodore F. Price, of New York, inspirational speaker, and platform test medium, is at liberty for April and May, and is looking for engagements for next season. Societies desiring his services please address him at 230 East 19th street, New York. Prof. Price has just completed ten weeks at Springfield, Mass., and William, Conn.

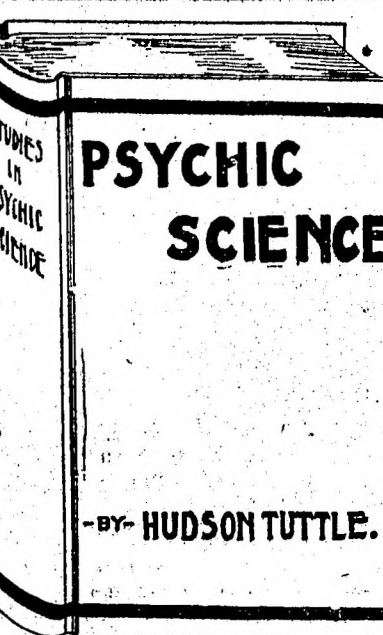
Mrs. B. F. Overman, of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "I thank you very much for the 'Encyclopedia of Death.' Words cannot express my appreciation of it. I trust that your plan to establish a publishing house will meet with the success it deserves."

J. G. Potts, of Houston, Texas, writes: "J. H. Mendenhall asks entirely too much of investigators and too little of mediums. If we pay mediums for their services, we ought to at least make an effort to have honest results."

E. C. Getsinger begins a series of class lectures on "Science," Friday evening, March 8, at 421 West Monroe street. You are invited.

Mrs. Maude Lord-Drake, who is well known as a most excellent platform test medium and speaker, will go to Omaha, Neb., for a few days. Her permanent address is this city, No. 2813 Michigan avenue, where she can be addressed for engagements.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Dole. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lovely to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.



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Joan, the Medium.

MRS. LILLY TRIES TO SUPPRESS MOSES HULL.

MOSES HULL.

He Rises in Self-Defense.

He Defends Himself Against the Insidious Attack of Mrs. Lilly.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your readers have been saved several inflictions by my having a book on my hands, but now that the book is in the hands of the binder (it will probably be issued before this reaches your readers), time begins to hang heavily, and I will kill a little of it by gossiping with your readers.

This has been one of the busiest winters I have ever had; in fact, I have not during the past six months been able to fill half the calls I have had to preach, and still they come. The fact is, Spiritualism is having the biggest kind of a boom everywhere, and everybody wants to hear and read about it.

I believe your readers have been posted as to where I have been, and what I have been doing. My departure from the Rev. H. J. Becker, of Dayton, Ohio, was a good thing for Spiritualism. The hall was crowded to suffocation every night. The Reverend is a good talker, and treats his opponent in a gentlemanly manner. The Doctor is in some senses a back number; he has not learned that it is not fashionable now to deny all the phenomena, and so he used up much valuable time in an effort to prove that Spiritualists are either frauds or fools; yet I think very few could have done better than he did.

We had a glorious time at Muncie, Ind., at the dedication of the new Spiritual Temple in that city, where Mrs. Hull and myself conducted meetings eight days. Mrs. Kaynor, formerly Mrs. Porter, was present, and held seances in the Temple every afternoon. There were various opinions as to her work, and its good to Spiritualism, as there generally is about such mediums coming before public audiences, but I think the general consensus was that she is a chip out of the old E. V. Wilson block, and that her work as a whole is a help to the cause.

We arrived at home on Monday night, Feb. 18, and devoted five days to revising and making addition to Mrs. Hull's little songster, which is now reissued for the twelfth time. We have now issued a very large edition, and shall probably not revise it again.

On Saturday morning, between five and six o'clock, I started to Sherwood, and Olds, Mich. I held three meetings in the beautiful little Unitarian church. A revival going on at the Methodist church, and an admittance fee of fifteen cents at our meetings, our audiences down in size, but I have never seen more earnest or intelligent audiences anywhere. The three lectures seemed to whet the appetites of the heavens. Many places were made for my return in the near future. A good missionary could find more than a year's steady work, within twenty-five miles of Sherwood.

On Monday, the 25th, Brother Ensler carried me across the country, ten miles in his buggy, to speak in the little village of Olds, Mich. The snow which was piled many feet high in drifts in the road was rapidly melting, so that buggies in places went in to their hubs. We supposed it impossible for the people to get out, but the house was as full of as deeply interested people as ever assembled to hear Spiritualism discussed. I talked over two hours on the "Rise, Progress and Prospects of Spiritualism." They also want more, and I am under promise to return in the sweet bye-and-bye.

On Thursday of this week, I start for Boston, to spend five weeks with the Temple Society, which meets in Berkeley hall. My good friend Mrs. Lilly, (she wrote me that she had always been my friend,) in anticipation of my visit caused circulars to be distributed through the hall, warning people against my coming. The circular proved to be a boomerang.

I pity Mrs. Lilly; she does not know what is the matter with her, and in spite of all her friends can do, is bound to sacrifice the remaining modicum of her popularity. I think her friends all pity her; but "the gods" seem determined to destroy her, so they are making her "mad." Her power to injure me has gone. For her sake I am sorry; for mine I am glad.

A few quotations from her circular will explain its animus. In the second paragraph, she speaks of Mrs. Hull's "insolent refusal to meet the case in a manly, straightforward manner."

"What the case is, nobody knows. If Mrs. Lilly will show where I have ever wronged man, woman, child or beast, I'll meet the case in a straightforward manner. If she knows a wrong I ever did, let her speak: 'the case' shall be met. She next proposes to meet the issue with the Berkeley Hall Society, as she has met it elsewhere. Probably that means that she will do as the Irishman did when his friends were drawing him out of the well; that is, reach up, and out the rope and let himself down. Poor Berkeley Hall! What a fall there will be when Mrs. Lilly cuts the rope!"

She next tells the officers of the society what their duty is. Undoubtedly they will send her a vote of thanks. Then she tells them of my "dark rec-

fully as great an extent, if not greater, than in Chicago.

We wish to say to all seekers after light, on the Atlantic coast, that now is the best opportunity they will have to take the degrees of the Order of the Magi. We have the Grand Temple of the Magi, robes and regalia here and are able to give the full work as given in Chicago. The temple is located at 354 Columbus avenue, only three doors from Dartmouth street, thus being easy to reach by all the great car lines north, south, east and west, as well as being close to the famous "Back Bay District."

OLNEY H. RICHMOND, G. M.

SCINTILLATIONS

From the Pen of C. H. Mathews,

Touching on Important Current Matters.

TO THE EDITOR:—Before proceeding with my hectorations, I wish to pay my compliments to Eva A. Cassell, who so gracefully defended the A. P. A. and also my old friend Dr. J. M. Peebles. The Doctor is boiling over with the milk of human kindness; but I am afraid that he is the victim of misplaced confidence. His love for Rome is like unto that of some luckless swain for his innamorata—his love is not requited. Every passing day demonstrates to patriotic Americans that Rome is determined to establish a theocracy in the United States, with all its odious superstitions, and its inquisitorial methods. To event this impending ruin of the best civil government on God's green earth, let me invoke the common sense of all patriots to maintain our institutions in their pristine vigor and purity.

A HORSEWHIPPING IN CHURCH, participated in by ministers' wives, in the midst of the services, is the latest sensation in Oklahoma, near Ingalls. It occurred on Sunday, January 23d, and almost led to a riot. A few Sundays ago the deacons were severely criticized by Rev. Dr. Johnson, the new pastor. Rev. Dr. Tully, the former pastor, received a letter that reflected on Rev. Johnson, and especially on his wife. Dr. Tully read the letter at the close of the services. Mrs. Johnson then slipped out from the church, unnoticed, and procured a buggy whip, and rushing at Rev. Tully gave him a severe lashing. In the melee Mrs. Tully secured the whip and began to apply it to Mrs. Johnson, who fainted in church. The two Amazons and several of the male believers have been arrested, and the case is now in court, causing much excitement. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments: As the dew of Hermon that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore!"—Psalms, 133. "Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord."—Psalms, 134.

BLASPHEMOUS MIMICRY At Green Bay, Wis., January 23d, Bishop Messmer (Catholic) has published a denunciation of Sheriff Delaney and E. M. Borlindson, ex-Rogers of Deeds, the latter of whom, dressed as a priest, went to the cell of John Dazkowski, the prisoner, supposed to have killed his wife and burned the body, made the culprit kiss a crucifix, and attempted to wring from him a confession. The bishop was, of course, indignant that his holy office should have been usurped by two of his co-religionists; but a blasphemous mimicry, which would leave the prisoner under the false impression that he was speaking to a priest. The persons guilty of such sacrilegious deceit deserve to be punished by the law of the land.

From this I would infer that a confession, unless made to a regular priest, would be of no good. The court would probably accept it, Bishop Messmer to the contrary notwithstanding.

A SAD CASE. Frank Rankin, a soldier of the regular army, at Columbus, Ohio, committed suicide on the 3d of January with a revolver. He wrote a note as follows: "The only wrong I do is to deprive my family of my support; but owing to the duty of man I am unable to support my family. That I am not vicious a thinking man will know from this act. My property is to be given to my wife. Religious teachings only teach servitude, and as to the question, am I a coward? I'll be judged by someone who is surely not one."

"A TRUE CATHOLIC" Writes as follows for the Wisconsin Patriot: "Chicago, grand, lovely, colossal city that she is, rules by virtue of our holy church. We have a true and noble man for mayor, a devoted follower of the Holy Pontiff. We have a postmaster, a man of vast intellect and nobility, and he is also a Catholic, good and true. We have a Catholic for collector of the poor of the every hand Catholics have much to be thankful for and rejoice at. That accursed institution of moral iniquity, your so-called 'little red school house,' is not so bad here, but only because the majority of the teachers are followers of the only true church—and that is the holy Catholic. Where Protestant women teach, a child might better be in the care of a harlot."

RIFLES, BIBLES AND WHISKEY. At Ransom, North Dakota, on New Year's day, some "tough whites" and Indians from the old Sisseton reservation got up a carousal, and when it was in full blast a fire broke out, the building was burned and a number of them were cremated.

The Government has been very busy civilizing the Indians for several years, with rifles, Bibles and whiskey, and some of the effects are seen in this little incident. A number of lazy missionaries and a larger number of lazy Indians are the beneficiaries of the money that is not like bread cast upon the waters, that returns after many days.

SCRIPTURE AUTHORITY. A facetious editor says: "Chauncey Depew is not much concerned over the threat of the Methodist ministers to look askance at him. The row is all over the half-rate pass order issued by the New York Central, shutting off the clergy. Mr. Depew has collected scriptural authority for refusal to give passes

and is paying the ministers in their own coin."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. It seems that our Canadian neighbors are having trouble, growing out of the intermeddling of the Catholics with the public schools, as appears from the following dispatch:

Winnipeg, Man.—A cable to-day announces the decision of the judicial committee of the privy council of England on the Manitoba school case, reversing the decision of the Canadian supreme court and giving the dominion government power to grant relief to Roman Catholics in the matter of separate schools in Manitoba. It is not expected that the decision will affect the status of the Manitoba schools, as the Dominion Government dares not interfere in view of public sentiment.

"Public sentiment" in the Dominion is similar to what it is in the United States. The people do not want to be taxed to promote any religion of any kind or character; and the sooner the pope and his emissaries are given to understand this, the better will it be for all concerned.

A Catholic school has been established in New Philadelphia, Ohio, which means a church in the near future, as a matter of course. Perhaps our Catholic brethren are trying to offset the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. Why not "join hands," as suggested by the Rev. Wm. Knight, of the Old Stone church in Cleveland?

ALL FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. "The question whether dancing shall be permitted in the public schools in the city of Cleveland; is still agitating the Christian church; for none but bigots would think of objecting to such harmless amusement; more especially so when the Y. M. C. A. is teaching 'physical culture,' and turning out athletes by the thousands, and all 'for Christ's sake.'"

Dr. Geo. W. Arbuckle, a physician of reputation, who has made a study of human nature as well as anatomy, says "dancing can in no way prove detrimental to the health or minds of the children. It is not only a pleasant but a healthful amusement; more especially so when the Y. M. C. A. is teaching 'physical culture,' and turning out athletes by the thousands, and all 'for Christ's sake.'"

"Leave off your dancing," cried Parson Smith, "turn to the lamb that taketh away the sins of the world!" This is the levity which they use in referring to it in some of the secular newspapers that "greater Cleveland." Perhaps there may be a "scintillation" of orthodox religion in the following choice excerpt, which I clip from the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

Billy: "Law, will you have the same kind of a body in heaven as ye've got now?"

Deacon Sourbread (solemnly): "Yes, my child, we are told in the beautiful passages of Holy Writ that we shall simply put off corruption and put on incorruption."

"Paw!"

"Will you look like ye do now?"

"Why, certainly. We are to be of solemn mien and godly cast of countenance."

"Paw!"

"Does angels ever laugh—?"

"What? You yauy imp, off to bed with you! Oh, you little devil, I'll break your back! Off with you!"

And Billy dodged in time to see the venerable family Bible break a soup tureen on the sideboard.

To demonstrate that there is a great variety of so-called "religious" sentiment abroad in the world, especially among the secular newspapers, I clip a few items, at the risk of being considered cynical:

"While the police and people are discussing the advisability of permitting scientific glove contests to take place in Cleveland, a crowd of sports go out and 'pull' off a red-hot cock-fight without the slightest fear of molestation."

"The devil is not throwing very many stones at the man who is not as religious in business as he is in prayer-meeting."

"If angels hear all the preaching that is being done down here, it must puzzle them to make out what some preachers are aiming at."—Rams Horn.

"Some people who sit in front seats in church leave their religion behind them whenever they go away from home."

"The first move in trying to reform a man is to tell him he is utterly and irretrievably lost." This is strictly orthodox.

"Some of the preachers in our pulpits occasion considerably more hilarity than the Sunday night concerts at the theaters."—Boston Herald.

SUFFERING IN OKLAHOMA. There is much suffering in the Cherokee strip, in Oklahoma. On one occasion, with the thermometer below zero, there were thirteen men at a religious service who wore no overcoats. Some women were without wraps. A mother and daughter alternately wore the same shoes. Some women are compelled to go barefooted. One missionary writes: "I take every cent our society can raise for boots, keep up Sunday-schools, and provide fuel for our church. The blizzard struck us Christmas, since which some families have suffered simply for want of clothes of any description."

Here is an opportunity for some of the rich churches in the rich city of New York to go down into their pockets and help these poor, starving Christians, if they wish to escape the "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment," etc., etc. "When they ask for bread ye give them a stone," or, maybe, a Bible.

Much yet remains to be written, and then the half would not be told. But I fear to overtax your space, and will close.

not here in the interest of the A. P. A., but after the riot he had wired the National President, and an organizer would be here in twenty-four hours. This was received with cheers. At the close of the lecture there were cheers for Slattery, and many went forward and signed a paper promising to unite with either of the orders he had mentioned. Slattery was escorted back to the hotel by a large body of police. Sev-

THE ROMISH OCTOPUS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

eral hundred of those who had heard him, followed, to assist in protecting him. While there were many people on the streets to the hotel, there was no demonstration made against the priest except hisses. Slattery announced to-night that he intended to remain in Savannah until he could walk the streets without police protection. His presence will keep up excitement, which has been intensified by the announcement that the A. P. A. would be perfected here at once. Conservative men on both sides deeply deplore the existing situation.

Fifteen of the men said to have been prominent in the troubles Tuesday night were arrested to-day. Four of them were tried, of whom three were sent to jail for thirty days. Other arrests are to follow.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted.

A live Spiritualist in every county to manage office and control territory for the famous Aetolian Electric Pill remedy. Send stamp for terms and sample, naming THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Address Dr. E. J. Worst, Ashland, Ohio.

Testimonial.

29 Chicago Terrace, Feb. 1, 1895. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa. Dear Sir:—We have received your melted pebble spectacles; they are perfect. Your power in fitting eyes is truly wonderful.

MRS. MATTIE E. HULL, MOSES HULL.

Mother will find "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" the best to use for children while teething. An old and well tried remedy.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to the higher life, Feb. 14, at Port Huron, Mich., Mrs. Sarah E. Dunford, wife of Captain Thomas Dunford. This lady was universally beloved, and leaves, beside her husband and one son, a large circle of warm friends to miss her physical presence. Services were conducted by Mrs. Anna L. Robinson.

Passed on to that better land, February 24, 1895, at the residence of her son, H. H. Hunt, Mrs. Sophronia Hunt, in the 93d year of her age. She was born in the town of Pomfret, Conn., Sept. 21, 1802, and at an early age removed to Tunbridge, Vt. In 1833 she with her little family removed to a farm in Conneaut, Ohio, and lived there until, two years ago, they came into a suburban residence of the town. Forty years she has been a believer in Spiritualism, and to her it was always a comfort and solace in her declining years. She was a great Bible student, but never united with any church; she culled the good from it, and rejected the bad. She gave life and immortality great thought, and lived a consistent Spiritualist.

Dr. P. S. George, Lincoln, Nebraska, writes: "There is much destitution in this State, but there has been a desire among property-owners to keep the real condition of poor people so that it shall not be made known outside of our own State, for fear it would be a great damage to Nebraska. The real condition is deplorable. The Salvation Army people had a lady lecture here for a day or two, and during one of her discourses she said the greatest want among Nebraska people at the present time was not so much religion as it was soup, soap, and salvation. This, I think, was a very sensible thing to say."

Clarence Bert passed to the higher life Feb. 24, 1895, at the residence of his parents, Detroit, Mich., aged fifteen years. He was a bright, intelligent youth, loved and respected by his friends and employers, as was manifested by the words of sympathy, and many beautiful floral emblems sent to the parents at his funeral. The services were conducted by Rev. Flint, a Congregationalist minister, and Nellie S. Baade, both friends of the family.

Mrs. Louisa A. M. Hatter, of Cleveland, Ohio, passed to Spirit-life Sunday, Feb. 24th, after a long and painful illness, aged 46 years. The transition of the Spiritualist from birth, and life-long adherent of the cause, was indeed a happy release from physical suffering.

Mrs. Hatter was the daughter of Margaret Cooper, of Cincinnati, a well-known medium of early days, and possessing much mediumistic power herself.

The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Thomas Lees, after which Mrs. Clara L. Hopkins, Guardian of the C. P. L., recited a beautiful poem, and Mrs. Effie Moss, the medium, added brief personal reminiscences of the arisen sister. Appropriate singing was rendered by the Russell family. Among the numerous floral offerings, those of the Children's Lyceum, the Cleveland Psycho Society, and the Chosen Friends were the most prominent.

The remains were taken to Woodland Cemetery for burial, and when the casket was lowered into the grave, a delegation of ladies of the Chosen Friends dropped a green sprig thereon. The departed one leaves a devoted husband, Mr. John Hatter, a well-known business man of Cleveland, a comparatively new convert to Spiritualism, but an earnest and enthusiastic one, who will miss his departed companion to whom he was greatly attached.

THOS. LEES.

Mary Emma Schwartz passed to Spirit life Feb. 18, 1895. Miss Schwartz was born in Albany, Ohio, Nov. 22, 1869. She was an estimable spiritual woman and only words of praise were heard from those who knew her.

A mother and sister had gone before; a father and brother are left to finish the journey, with no other relative on this coast.

The funeral service took place at the father's residence in the city of Portland, Oregon, Rev. G. C. Love, pastor of the First Spiritual church, officiating.

"The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism." By A. Leah Underhill. A deeply interesting volume, of especial interest to all Spiritualists. A. Leah Underhill was one of the Fox Sisters, whose work was the inception of the modern Spiritual movement. She narrates many incidents and spiritual occurrences in the experiences of the Fox family. Price, cloth, \$1.50, postpaid.

THE ROMISH OCTOPUS. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

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SAMUEL SMITH,

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L. P. Smith, proprietor, Rev. G. C. Love, superintendent. Commenced Saturday, Feb. 24, 1895, and continuing three Sundays. Good hotel and camping facilities. Daily line of steamboats with cheap fares. Lectures platform and test mediums wanted. Address all communications to the undersigned, giving particulars as to terms and phases of mediumship, which will receive prompt consideration by the committee of arrangements.

J. HENRY BROWN,

Secretary of Committee of Arrangements, 541 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon.

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deceased friends from a lock of the sender's hair. Send to Mrs. L. A. Hatter, Washington Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Send five 2-cent stamps, name, age, and a lock of your hair, and I will send you a photographic diagnosis of your disease from Mrs. L. A. Hatter.

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Send to Rebecca Johnson, Hollister, California, for her "Sure Cure" remedies for female diseases, blind or bleeding piles, rheumatism, catarrh of head, throat or stomach, weak or inflamed eyes. These remedies are prepared under the supervision of my spirit physicians. Send two 2-cent stamps for particulars.

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