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TRUTH FOR AUTHORITY,

And Not Authority for Truth.

A Lecture Delivered
BY DR. DEAN CLARKE
TO THE 40,000 Readers of the Progressive Thinker.

Spiritualism rests on its own basis. Its authority is fact, demonstration, nature, reason, intuition, and inspiration. It needs no "Thus saith the Lord" as its voucher. It needs no history but its own as a support. To the "infidel" there is no greater folly than to attempt to substantiate it by the Bible. Its authority is living not dead! Bibles cannot prove it true, but they are proved true or false by it. The Spiritualism of the Bible has no value to the skeptic, only as it is confirmed by the facts of to-day. It is "putting the cart before the horse," or turning a building upside down, to endeavor to support Spiritualism by quoting Bible texts. It needs no such far-fetched and dubious bracing. Such folly is taking authority for truth, not truth for authority, and very questionable authority at that—mostly that of tradition.

CONFLICTING CREEDS

are founded upon its teachings. It proves "so many things that ain't so," as Josh Billings says, that it proves nothing!

PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,

one of the greatest of our modern thinkers, once said of it:

"We cannot do otherwise than discard the Bible as authority. It abounds with the grossest fables; it tells the filthiest and bloodiest stories; it contains bad grammar, bad logic, innumerable contradictions, bad science, and, what is worse, bad morality. It has been the bark of slavery, woman's degradation, bigotry, religious persecution, in every age, and blazes every soul that submits with unquestioning reverence to its teachings."

In confirmation of Mr. Denton's arraignment we have but to note that in the first chapter of Genesis it represents God as being employed five days in making this little globe, and the countless millions of stars and suns in one day. It tells us that there were three evenings and mornings before the sun was made, though it was made "to divide the day from night." It might as reasonably tell us that a child is

OLDER THAN ITS FATHER,

as it actually does in the case of Aahziah, who is represented in II. Chronicles, 21:20, and 22:1, 2, as two years older than Jehoram, his father! It tells us, in Matthew 24, Revelations 6, and Isaiah 35, about stars falling to the earth, when, if even one of them should do so, there would be "a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds." It tells us that there is "a firmament" overhead, in which the sun, moon and stars are set, like diamonds in jewelry, so as to light the earth, and that when the earth needs watering the windows in it are opened to let the rain fall through, and shut again for California summers!

This is some of the Bible astronomy. Its geography is equally unreliable. It speaks of "the ends of the earth" in Jeremiah 10:13 and many other places; of the "foundations of the earth" in Isaiah 51 and elsewhere; of the "pillars of the earth" in Samuel 2, and two other places, and as Adam was made on the sixth day, the "beginning" of creation was but one week previous, quibble as theologians may about "indefinite periods" as "creative days."

NOT NEAR THE TRUTH IN GEOLOGY.

It is no nearer the truth in geology. King James' version tells us (Genesis 1, Exodus 20:11) God made the earth and all upon it, the heavens and all therein, 5,885 years ago. This date is obtained from its genealogical record from Adam to Noah, from Noah to Jesus, and from him to us, and as Adam was made on the sixth day, the "beginning" of creation was but one week previous, quibble as theologians may about "indefinite periods" as "creative days."

Now, both astronomy and geology prove that the earth is untold millions of years older than the Bible makes it, and geology proves that the order of the earth's evolution was materially different from the Mosaic cosmogony. Not only does the Bible contradict the demonstrated facts of science, but its grosser error of self-contradiction destroys its authority. A careful reader in Washington, D. C., published several years ago a pamphlet containing 144 point-blank contradictions as palpable as the following: Malachi 3:6 says: "I am the Lord; I change not." "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (James 1:17.)

PER CONTRA

"And I repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and he grieved him at his heart." (Genesis 6:6.) "Out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth not evil and good." (Samuel 3:38.) Contradicted (Isaiah 45:7): "I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things." "The Lord is a man of war." (Exodus 15:3.) Contradicted: "The God of peace." (Romans 15:33.) "God is not the

author of confusion but of peace." (Corinthians 14:33.) "His anger endureth but for a moment." (Psalm 30:5.) Contradicted: "I have kindled a fire in mine anger which shall burn forever." (Jeremiah 17:14.) "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." (Genesis 32:30.) Contradicted: "There shall no man see me and live." (Exodus 33:20.) "No man hath seen God at any time." (John 1:18.)

So we might go on *ad libitum*, with hundreds more of self-stultifying absurdities, but most to our point, as Spiritualists, are its contradictions as to immortality, and man's return as a spirit. Second Adventists, and materialists who deny man's natural immortality, find as solid comfort and as strong support in the Bible as do "Christian Spiritualists." They will quote (Job 7:9): "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so is he that goeth down to the grave and shall come up no more."

"The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward." (Ecclesiastes 9:5.)

"They are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise." (Isaiah 26:14.)

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them; yea, they have all one breath; so a man hath no prominence above a beast." All go into one place. (Ecclesiastes 3:19, 20.)

The general teachings of the Bible are that man goes into the grave body and soul, and those writers who believed that he would live again, like St. Paul, taught a resurrection from a sleep in the grave.

"The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." (I. Corinthians 15:52.) "And many of them that sleep in the dust shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (Daniel 12:2.)

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell (the grave) delivered up the dead which were in them." (Revelations 20:13.)

BIBLE SPIRITUALISM.

From these and scores more of passages we might quote, it may be seen that Bible Spiritualism, which mongrel "Bible Spiritualists" so delight to quote, is a very queer and illogical support of modern Spiritualism. The "authorities" who so frequently manifested in Bible times, were understood and believed to be a higher order of beings than the spirits of men, though they were in the form of men. In one of the Psalms, and Hebrews, 2d chapter, we are told that man was made "a little lower than the angels," and so was Jesus also, so it is a species of "special pleading," or pettifoggery, to claim that the spirits of the so-called dead were the messengers from heaven so often spoken of in the Bible.

There are, to be sure, a very few cases mentioned of those once mortals appearing, as that of Samuel, who was supposed to have been conjured "up from the grave," and Moses and Elias, both of whom many Bible believers think may have never died, since Moses' grave was never found, and Elias was "translated" to heaven.

HENCE WE AFFIRM

That it is a needless, useless effort, and one of doubtful propriety, and questionable logic, to attempt to bolster the demonstrated facts of to-day by so fragile a support as the Bible gives in its narrations of similar phenomena.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Are first-century miracles, of uncertain reality, necessary to confirm nineteenth-century natural phenomena that we see and feel? Is it important that we get some canned fruit from the mythical garden of Eden, in order to believe that apples and peaches grow on trees to-day?

Is a demonstrated fact, of every-day occurrence, any stronger for an untested belief that a similar one was seen two or four thousand years ago? Surely no intelligent Spiritualist requires any such far-fetched confirmation of his own senses, and the attempt to convince an orthodox or Catholic Bible believer of the truth of modern Spiritualism, by quoting Bible accounts of similar phenomena, is almost invariably met by a quoting of an equal number of texts proving that such "necromancy and witchcraft" is "the work of the Devil," and is strictly forbidden by the God of the Bible! So, what is the use of thus trying Paul's scheme of "catching some by guile?"

They will tell you if you believe the record of the so-called miracles of the Bible, you should take all the rest of it, as they do, as "profitable for doctrine, for counsel," etc., and thus it is an abortive effort to try to convince a bibliolator of the truths of a philosophy that conflict in doctrine with his sole authority. Nay! Nay! Let us not resort to any such subtleties or sophistry to convince those wedded to an antiquated and uncertain record, whose statements of fact, as well as of doctrine, need themselves to be proved ere they have any real value to us.

DIVINE AUTHORITY.

So long as the Bible is taken as a divine authority, little or no progress will be made in the attainment of modern ideas that conflict with it. Indeed, it has always been an incubus on intellectual and scientific progress. Like the "Old Man of the Sea" on the back of Sinbad the Sailor, it has held millions from ascending the heights of

mental development, where new truths and higher wisdom are to be gained!

While it is a fact that it contains a great many valuable ethical and spiritual truths, and many exalted precepts, which the world would be far, better, if it practiced, nevertheless it teaches so much that we now know to be false and misleading, that it becomes a serious question with the progressive reformer, if it does not, on the whole, do more harm than good. We certainly know it!

BLINDS THE EYES

of millions, who make it a fetish or idol, to nearly all the higher spiritual truths of the present great dispensation.

A REBUKE BY JESUS,

Jesus accused the Pharisees, who clung tenaciously to the Old Testament, of "making the truths of God of none effect, by clinging to the traditions of men." This rebuke is equally applicable to-day, to Christians who regard both Testaments as the word of God.

We, who have converted into the higher light of our most favored age, know that the Bible gives a false idea of God, of nature, of the origin and destiny of man, of the future life, of heaven and hell, of the origin and cure of evil, of the meaning and "means of salvation," of the cause, nature and purpose of death; we know that its golden rule and its many high moral precepts are almost wholly rendered void and of no effect, by its egregiously false and infamous dogma of the vicarious atonement, which, practically, is nothing short of a license to vice and crime.

How, then, can we teach the truths of science and our spiritual philosophy, and not antagonize the many false doctrines of the Bible, and of Christianity, based on it? Can truth and error, virtue and vice, right and wrong, dwell together in peace?

If Christ and Belial could have no fellowship, how, then, can we "let alone" the myths, the falsehoods, the pagan dogmas, and gigantic errors that confront us in the Bible and the church, demanding our life and liberty, or our true freedom?

THE TRUE REFORMER AN ICONOCLAST.

The truly brave and loyal reformer is ever an iconoclast, as long as a giant of wrong, or of falsehood, stands athwart his path of progress. He will not compromise, he will not yield, but will fight the battle of truth until

"Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies amid her worshippers."

SPIRITUALISM,

girded with the armor of justice and righteousness, and armed with the sword of truth, asks no odds of its enemies, nor will it try to curry favor with the blind leaders of the blind," by bending its stalwart limbs before their idols, or to come to terms with them.

It asks no favors "for Christ's sake," nor ever reverent to truth and all its great teachers, it says to error's votaries: "Get out of my sunshining."

A "BIBLE SPIRITUALIST"

is a new-born babe whose umbilical cord has not been severed, or he is a child tied to his mother's apron-string, not able to go alone! A "Bible-Christian Spiritualist" is a young bird who has just got his head out of the shell, with which his body is still covered, as it lies in the filth of the old nest, while he lies, unfledged, in helplessness, with open mouth, begging his brooding mother for "a few crumbs from the altar," or, perchance, for a recent worm that may have fallen from the clouds! A modern Spiritualist is a full-grown man or woman who stands erect in the pride of intellectual, moral and spiritual development; who bows at no shrine of antiquity; who is reverent to truth, wherever found, "on heathen or on Christian ground," but "who scorns all falsehood, though the greatest prophet hath said the word." He or she recognizes no authority but truth; no master but reason; no divine revelation but nature; no authorized interpreter but science; no oracle but intuition, inspired by spirits; no sanctuary but the temple of the soul; no religion but living right, and going good.

SPIRITUALISM TO HIM IS:

the garnered truth of all ages and all systems. It is a symposium, of the best thoughts of all the world-saviors, past and present. It is the perpetual revelation of inspiration and reason from the soul of nature. It is the open fountain from which the water of eternal life issues, fresh from the heavens. It is the everlasting gospel of love and wisdom, handed down from the spheres by the "ministering spirits," who come to teach and help him. It is to him a baptism of spirit power, that heals, comforts, quickens, strengthens, enlightens, uplifts, inspires, and enables him, until he feels the dignity and divinity of his nature, and strives to live worthy of the divinity within him. His expanding soul will not be fettered by creeds, nor wedded to bibles. His is a new revelation; a new religion; a new heaven; and, guided by angels, he proposes to make a new earth, where all humanity shall be free, happy and content; where all shall enjoy sunshine, the song of birds, the purring of the brooks, the symphonies of the sky and the ocean, and begin the joys of heaven on earth!

Let bigots and fanatics hug their bibles and worship in jealous, angry, vindictive, bloodthirsty and infinitely cruel Jehovah, if they choose. Let them prostrate their bodies and their reason before a mythical God, who, repented of his blunder, in making man, and in his wrath cursed him and all his innocent posterity; then to redeem a small portion of them by proxy, put to a

cruel death his "only begotten Son," who was a third part of himself, to appease his wrath, so that he might forgive such of his children as are sufficiently devoid of reason to believe in his infamous "plan of salvation!"

Let those who are so fast, or so hypnotized by priestcraft as to prefer the monstrous fables of antiquity to the demonstrated truths of this age of light and knowledge, be joined to their idols, if they will, but let "the children of light" forsake their ways, refuse to patronize their charlatans, and with manly and womanly self-respect, defy the wrath of the whole Pantheon of mythic gods and of their blind devotees!

Let us find our sacred books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything that nature's divine revelations unfold to our reason and intuition. Let us bow to no authority but truth, as our own spirits apprehend and comprehend it.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

From the Discourse of an Oldtime Worker.

TO THE EDITOR:—In looking over my scrap-book I find an article from a lecture delivered by Mr. Giddling, at Lockport, Illinois, in the early days of Spiritualism. It becomes most interesting to me, as I was personally acquainted with him as an anti-slavery lecturer. It seems to me, many of those early mediums were gifted beyond many at the present time.

The following is what I copy for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, if you deem it worthy of a place in it.

HARRISON AUGH.

This life, then, is man's chrysalis state, developing wings for celestial flight. It is the germ in the ground, preparing to rise above the earth, to look upon the sun and light, and feel the blessedness of vernal showers; the swelling bud expanding into the flower, to drink dew by the silent starlight, to open its petals to the morning sun and shed moisture, and sweet odors in the waste and thirsty places of the universe. Then let no one be sad when he has arrived at the summer of his years, and marks signs of decay and death stealing upon him; for the time has come when the seed is to be sown, and the harvest is to be reaped. The kind monitor voices assuring him that the soul is losing its hold on the material and sensuous, and preparing for flight to her spirit home. Nature develops the body, the body the soul, and when she is completed and entire, she is born into a higher sphere, where all right and noble tendencies shall expand and develop under fairer skies and more genial suns.

A funeral should be a season of subdued and hallowed joy. It is no time to sit by the streams of Babylon, to hang upon the willow, or to bewail the loss of the departed. Away with the cypress, the sad and howling, the haggard look, the awful tones and the gloomy words of the ghostly priest. Rule out of mind the king of terrors, the cold, damp tomb, the desolate feeling that you have lost a treasure.

When a natural body dies from the earth, a spiritual body is born into heaven. Hang, if you please, the hymeneal altar with cypress; bewail, if you will, the nuptials of your firstborn, but let joy and gladness rule the hour your darling experiences the celestial birth. Cou the father, the mother, the child, the husband, the wife, the lover, who has lost the dear one, and stands freezing gazing into the cold grave just receiving the lifeless form of his dead, or experiencing the hollow thrill of agony as he hears the horrid sounds which the first cold makes upon the coffin-lid—could, I say, the friend have his spiritual eyes unsealed, and could he gaze just above him, upon the beautiful body of his loved one, his own (but oh, how much more beautiful), attended by other celestial beings, and could he at the same time realize that, by cultivating all good and beautiful affections, the departed shall be able to communicate to him divine thoughts; sweet solace, pure associations even here; and soon shall lead him through the fields of light and glory, his sweet instructor, how would his sad bewailings be turned into joy! Alas! How unbelieving, how unspiritual, how earthly we are!

This doctrine is full of consolation to the unfortunate in this life. Let me say to the poorest slave: Struggle manfully against the frowns of fortune; learn the truth, do the truth; the latter will soon be over, the wealthy fashion-seekers, whose lachets you are hardly permitted to unloose, will soon be at your feet, begging for instructions.

PRIVATE OPINION IS WEAK, BUT PUBLIC OPINION IS ALMOST OMNIPOTENT.—H. W. BEECHER.

To tell a person of the evil and to say nothing of the good is cruel.—Edwards. He who is the master of all opinions can never be the bigot of any.—W. R. Alger.

We are so vain as to set the highest value upon those things to which nature has assigned the lowest place.—Seneca. I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clarke.

Of all the advantages which come to any young man, I believe it to be demonstrably true that poverty is the greatest.—J. G. Holland.

The constancy of sages is nothing but looking up their agitation in their hearts.—Rochefoucauld.

The original of all men is the same, and virtue is the only nobility.—Seneca.

BLIND TOM.

A Most Wonderful Medium.

He Astonishes the Musical World.

TO THE EDITOR:—What a wonderful medium was that negro, Blind Tom. No one on earth was ever like him. His soul was attuned to music! In all other directions he was an imbecile. The following from the Washington Post speaks a volume of interesting reminiscences. It sets forth that the death of General James N. Bethune, which occurred in Washington recently, removes a man who was a leading figure in Southern affairs for many years. A sketch of his remarkable career appeared in the Post of January 20, and mention was incidentally made that he had been the owner of "Blind Tom."

Public interest will now naturally rally to this phenomenon, and the question will arise as to his whereabouts. For years he was one of the most familiar figures before the public, and the record of continued amazement to the thousands who went to see and hear him. About two years or more ago the telegraphic dispatches announced that he had been killed in a railroad accident near Pittsburg. There was apparently authoritative denial of this intelligence, and nothing more was heard of the matter. But at any rate, at about that time Blind Tom disappeared to all purposes as if the earth had swallowed him up, and has never been seen since.

He was perhaps the most remarkable human contradiction that ever existed. He was the child of Charity and Tom, slaves belonging to General Bethune, in Muscogee county, Georgia, and his brothers and sisters numbered no less than nineteen. As soon as he began to be able to take notice it became evident that he was an imbecile. Charity, his mother, was a type of the old-time Southern negroes, tender-hearted and sympathetic, and when she discovered that her child was mentally useless her grief was touching. Tom was nearly two years old when Charity made known her troubles to her master.

"He's kn'fark," Master Tom," she moaned, "but he do say nuffin 'cept what you say fust. Den he say it arter you."

"Bring him to me," said the General. "If I can teach my pointer dog to bring my gloves and whip and fetch a dead bird I can teach a nigger to do as much."

Charity brought Tom up to the big house from the quarters.

"Tom, sit down," ordered the General. His master repeated the words, at the same time taking him by the shoulders and seating him. The next day he was seated on the big chair, and he sat there, however, the words, a habit he kept until he passed out of contemporary sight. This objectionless of General Bethune's was followed implicitly, and Tom was taught to make his wants known and to follow instructions given him solely by the direction of his instincts; trained, in a word, like a dog.

But hidden in the seemingly shapeless mass of brain matter was a jewel of genius that was to be uncovered to dazzle and astonish the world. Nature had been in her most fantastic mood when she had fashioned him, and with an uncouth figure and an intellect only one degree removed from imbecility she had joined her divine gift of music. He was still a baby when he roamed away from his parents' cabin one day and strayed up to the forbidden precinct of the big house yard.

One of General Bethune's daughters was playing upon a piano, which her father had just given her. The child, scarcely out of infancy, listened, fascinated and thrilled. The sleeping chords within him were touched. Trembling and writhing he crawled up the steps and into the parlor and crept to the side of the player. It was not exactly proper, half-naked pickaninny to come uninvited into the mansion, and the event naturally caused talk. General Bethune was equal to the occasion when he learned of the occurrence.

"The child is music crazy, poor little thing," he said. "Let it enjoy itself. Perhaps it may learn to play one day and make its life beautiful."

"Naturally his daughters objected to such an object as a slave baby in the house, but General Bethune prevailed upon them to let Tom touch the piano keys. Charity dressed him up and he was taken up to the house. His little fingers could hardly bear down the keys, yet his touch brought forth harmony—a faint echo of the air that was being played when he first heard the piano. General Bethune was a man of strong impulse and determination. He made up his mind at once to cultivate the germs he had seen and ascertain what they would bring forth. He was practicing law at the time and editing a paper at Columbus, Ga., and went into town from his plantation every morning.

He had ample means to carry out any fancy that might seize him, so, as it was entirely out of the question for Tom's talents to be nurtured upon the piano at home, he purchased another instrument for the boy and had it placed in one of his office rooms in Columbus. Every morning Charity would dress Tom up and bundle him in his master's carriage, and every day the little fellow would play the piano. Of course, he did not know one key from another, and sheet music to him was like Sanskrit to a Choctaw, but the child was able to play any tune that was played in his hearing. General Bethune would hire wandering musicians to come and play for Tom, and the prodigy would almost go into spasms

of delight. Then he would be placed on the piano stool and would repeat everything that he heard. When Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, the Lamars, and the other great legal giants of Georgia, would come to Columbus court, it was common to hear one of them say:

"Come on, let's go down to Jim Bethune's office and hear his nigger boy play the piano."

Out at home it was with great difficulty that Tom was kept under observation. So much did he love to play, he would follow the birds' songs out into the woods, and frequently when he was lost in this way, he was brought back by the sounds of the flute, produced by one of General Bethune's sons, who performed excellently on the instrument. The child's life, indeed, was based upon harmony. When it rained he would lie down with his ear to the waterspout and listen to the music made by the patter of the falling drops.

By the time the war broke out Tom was ten years old and his fame had spread all over Georgia. His mental cloud still remained, and he knew no sentiment. There was no gratitude about him, and he was moved only by music. As stated, he repeated everything that was said to him, and he began to display the most inordinate vanity. But he hated women, and could not bear them in his presence.

Pretty soon the news of the miraculous character of his performances attracted attention in the North, and it was not long before Charity, poor, trusting creature that she was, was approached by wily agents—far-seeing managers. Visions of great fortune were held out before her entranced eyes, and the upshot of it was that she applied to have General Bethune removed as Tom's guardian, and another person appointed in his place. Judge Bond granted her request, and Blind Tom began that wonderful journey through the United States which is so well remembered by theatre-goers of a generation ago. Hundreds of readers will remember that big, black, powerfully muscular figure, grave and earnest, with a pair of white, simple illuminating his heavy features, and his kinky hair running almost to a point on the high dome that crowned the back of his head. They will remember him shuffling to the piano, trembling like a leaf, with lips moving rapidly, his eyes blinking as fast, and then see him transformed into a medium which music chose as a wondrous translator of her heavenly language.

For years he was a central figure in the amusement world, and the despair at once of scientists and musicians.

Washington, D. C. E. A. CHUTE.

Reasons for Opposing Romanism.

I. I am an American citizen, "to the manor born," and love liberty, equality and progress. Rome does not.

II. It is an alien political despotism, wholly incompatible and irreconcilable with the genius of our institutions. The two politics can no more harmonize than light and darkness, truth and falsehood, Christ and Belial, our Government, theoretically, is "of the people, by the people, and for the people."—Romanism is of the Pope, by the Pope, and for the Pope and priesthood—a pretended democracy, a one-man autocracy, the most impious despotism on earth! Our motto is: Vox Populi, Vox Dei. That of Rome: The pope is the vicegerent of God.

The two systems are antithetic and antipodal, and can no more dwell together in amity and peace than can fire and water, vice and virtue, angels and demons! When the Roman lion lies down in peace with the American lamb, the lamb will be inside the lion!

Romanism is the deadly poison planted in the garden of freedom. It is Pandora's box in our grand republic! It is a gorgon, a hydra in our Eden, a thousand times more to be feared than the old serpent that snaked Adam and Eve from paradise.

It is a wolf in sheep's clothing, prowling in our rural pastures, and a subtle, intriguing demon of despotism, wearing "the livery of heaven" in the great centers of our republic, where the subject is filled with titles from his dupes, and the spoils of office, gained by intrigue with demagogues, and a sacrilegious profanation of freedom's shrine—the ballot-box!

Its colleges are Trojan horses, filled with Jesuitical vandals, armed to overthrow our schools and our liberties! Its cathedrals are strongholds of despotic power, where the vassals of superstition are training to war against truth and liberty, and its churches and nunneries are body-and-soul dungeons, where slaves to superstition and priests are taught to crucify their manhood and womanhood, to deny "the inalienable rights of man," and to prostitute themselves before priest and pope, who claim authority from heaven to enslave American citizens!

DR. DEAN CLARKE.

There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of requital; man always gets what he gives.—J. Foster.

Namemond, the name of a Virginia river, signifies the "place from which he ran away."

Make thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become a slave to thy recreation.—Quarles.

Cape Fear was so named by Sir Walter Raleigh, who found bad weather there in 1585.

Croton is an Indian word meaning "The Wind." The river was named for an Indian chief.

THE ILLS OF FLESH.

Healing Them by Spirit Power.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than e'er was dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio."—Shakespeare.

When we consider the power manifested by the unseen forces, and compare the energy thus exerted with that of all visible force, one is lost with amazement at the reality that "unseen spirits (forces) walk the air," and that through their operations results are produced more marvelous than anything we could have conceived of. The bursting forces of the earthquake; the eruption of the volcano; the terrible force of the cyclone; the power of electricity, are all manifestations of the unseen forces of nature; but each and all of these would be nugatory were it not that there is, as my controls announced in a lecture nearly forty years ago, "an infinite ocean of spirit, inhabiting all things and outworking all forms—the life and soul of all things."

Now, where is man standing in this relation? Is he not the one being whose developed intellect is designed to become acquainted with these spirit forces, where he himself is a microcosm of them all, and to wield them in such a manner as will produce the greatest good. To accomplish these results man must climb out of the pit of ignorance in which he has lain so long, and instead of considering himself "a poor worm of the dust," who, if he had his just deserts, would have been in hell long ago," must come to the full consciousness that he is a divine being with Godlike powers and aspirations, and that all things are his as fast as he attains the proper knowledge of them and progresses into their sphere.

It is important, then, to know that it is spirit all. The mind and body, while united, are one in spirit: as the worlds throughout infinite space are uni-(one)-verse (versus, against)—one against another—all in one.

Without spirit none such thing as we call matter could exist. Every atom and molecule is form by virtue of the spirit which gives it such and fits it to its place. The aggregation of these, according to the affinity of the spirit within, causes them to combine and form what we call solids: as rocks and minerals, plants and trees; or liquids, as water; and gases, as hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, etc. If we could possibly withdraw the inherent spirit from them, they would crumble into nothingness and disappear, for nothing would remain.

Many years ago my guide taught me that "thoughts were living things; more substantial than the rock; more enduring than all mineral forms, and that when once set afloat on the ocean of mind they would continue journeying onward until they found a mind fitted to receive them and work them out. That they were freighted with incalculable powers for good or evil, according to the conditions under which they were born and projected." Now, when we contemplate the tremendous power for good that can be exerted by right thinking—that is, thinking in harmony with the law of love—we can readily perceive what a grand world this would be if mankind could free themselves from the false teachings of ignorance and the degrading consequences of the negative thoughts engendered thereby, and rise into this higher domain of the knowledge of mind and its infinite potentials.

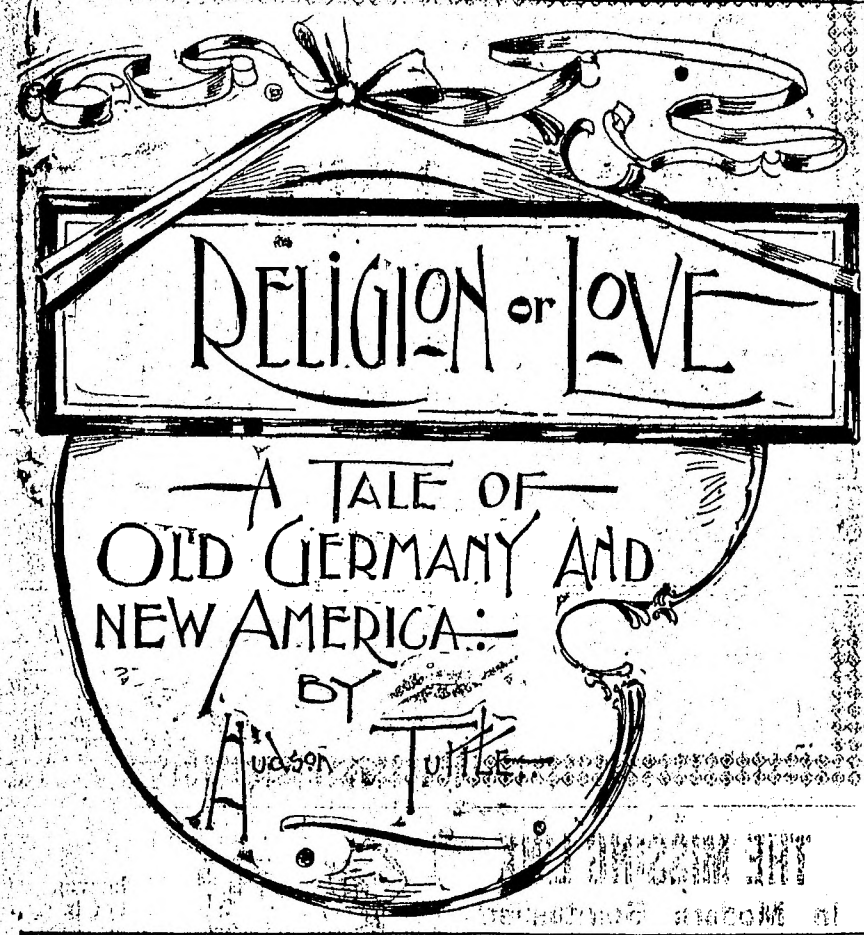
From the foregoing it must be evident that where two minds think alike, immediate results will follow. Then, for instance, we will suppose an individual has been making continual infractions into the laws of health, by wrong thinking and doing, and seeks the aid of another mind—either in or out of the physical body—and the minds of the subject and operator fully unite in the thought that all those negative conditions will be removed, and an immediate change will be commenced. This may also be effected by the concentrated power of thought of the operator, where the subject is passive, and even unconscious at the time. Of this we have abundant proof.

I will now present a few cases in my own experience to illustrate the fact of

SPIRIT HEALING.

Case 1.—In 1871 I was attending Mrs. John W. Smith, of Ringwood, McHenry county, Illinois, and while in the clairvoyant state examining her, Mr. Smith asked me if I would examine another patient before coming out of the trance. I directed him to place the patient before me, my eyes at the time completely closed. I described a fall his son had had from a horse, striking the back of his head against a stone and causing a shock to the optic tract that had produced complete strabismus (cross eyes). My controls caused me to place my left hand over the forehead and the right at the occiput, when, with two movements of the right hand, his eyes, which had been crossed ten days, were as straight as ever.

Case 2.—In 1867 John Tompkins came to my house in Erie, Pa., early one Sunday morning, saying the family had just received a telegram from Ripley, N. Y., twenty-two miles from Erie, that his brother Henry had been injured in getting off a train, and if they wanted to see him alive must come immediately. He requested me to take my instruments and be at the freight depot at 6 o'clock to go with them. I found in the caboose



CHAPTER XXV.

Affairs at the Mission.

The Delawares were especially susceptible to civilizing influences, and the mission could not have been placed in a better location. An incipient civilization had already begun, which only needed protection to ripen its fruits. Louis, with rare tact, seized every advantage, and the community of the tribe became the community of the Mission. There was similarity between them, as a starting point, which, skillfully used, brought about great changes without the Indians becoming conscious of the change. The lodges had disappeared, and in their place neat cabins had been erected, with homely comforts and conveniences. These extended along a principal street on the brow of a hill overlooking the river. On either side were wide fields of corn and vegetables. A large storehouse had been erected, where these were gathered in common for winter use. The council-house was filled on Sundays with eager listeners; those taught by Heloise during the week displayed remarkable aptitude and quickness of perception. There were over two hundred souls who had become ardent converts.

"We have cause to rejoice, my brother Louis," remarked Heloise, as they walked to the storehouse, late in autumn.

"Yes," he replied, "I confess that at first I was disheartened; but truly, our efforts have been blessed beyond our worth."

With her free life in the open air, she had regained her vigorous health, and the rounded, perfect beauty it bestows. A pure and chastened light glowed in her eyes—an expression gained by sacrifice for others, and abnegation of self. Her companion gazed on her with unutterable tenderness. He had schooled himself to accept the inevitable, and protect her in her own way. To him who was as one resurrected from the dead, for a long and weary year he had mourned her as lost. For her he had changed the current of his life. She now walked by his side, yet her sphere was distant from his. Her world was not his world. Her manners toward him were gentle and trusting; yet, he said to himself, it was the result of absorption in her duty.

They met Margery. Her face was careworn and disturbed. She wore a dress of faded silk, sadly frayed, yet neatly patched. It was an emblem of other days, worn for the sake of remembrance, when she was unusually depressed.

"Good mother," said Louis, "you are in a sad mood to-day."

"Said I think I am. I have been getting homesick, and homesick. Oh, how I dislike this wilderness, and these people! Do you not long for the broad fields and beautiful hills of lovely Berthelsdorf on the Elbe?"

"I confess, at times I do," he replied; "I ought not. I ought to be absorbed in my task; but it is natural to love our home, and we cannot wholly subdue nature."

"I ought we," asked Lady Margery, enigmatically, "to ignore our natural longings and desires? It seems to me these three years of my life have been wasted. You two are committing the same waste. The years will be gone, and you will have nothing to show for them but a withered plain, on which no fragrant flower or blooming shrub pleases the memory."

"Are you really so lonely, mother? Do you pine to return?" she asked.

"Lonely! I cannot tell how lonely!" she sobbed; "I cannot think of dying and being buried in this foreign land."

"Well, dear mother, you shall not. I pray you be cheerful and trust in the guidance of the Father," Heloise placed her arms around her and kissed her.

They reached the storehouse. There John was superintending the husking of the corn, and its storage. Men and women were bringing the golden ears in baskets from the fields, as busy as hives of bees, lightening their labors by snatches of song. Verily the wilderness was beginning to bloom like the rose.

There were several bushels for every member of the community. Stacks of beans were piled on scaffolding to dry, and golden pumpkins and squashes were piled beneath.

Patient, active John was now gray-haired, with beard at the chin tipped with white. His reverence and affection for his lady had remained unchanged. He bowed at her approach.

"Busy, dear John," said she sweetly. "Aye, my lady. The winter is coming and I am attempting to teach these poor creatures foresight and economy. It is next to religion and godliness."

"You are the best of teachers in your way. Your scholars must rapidly improve."

"Slowly, slowly; but more this year than last."

"Dear John, you remember when you were a little girl?" he asked reproachfully.

"No, not that you can forget, but would you like to return?"

"If to return and become a jester again, I do not; to return to the dear old land, as I am, would be delightful." He could not conceal the tears which gathered in his eyes.

"My good brother, this way may open for your return. Who knows? You have the harvest nearly gathered?"

"We finish to-day. This place we leave to store the flesh, of which we have a large supply." He pointed proudly to the dried pieces of deer, bear, and fish hanging in rows. This was cured by smoking over a large fire, which cooked and dried it at the same time.

"The men work now as faithfully as the women," approvingly said Louis.

"They were lazy enough at first, but now do their part," replied John.

"This is as it should be. As all share equal benefits, all should engage equally in production. Then there will be none to want," remarked Heloise.

"How wonderfully are we inter-blended," said Louis. "This poor jester, least in your father's house, saves your life, and here becomes a most useful member of the society."

"Society is like a wheel, every part of which is essential," she replied.

"A fable illustrates the dependence of these parts," said John. "You remember the old story of the six travelers who were riding in a coach up the Alps. The cold mountains stretched above them covered with snow, and below them were warm and fertile valleys. The horses were in excellent spirits and champed their bits to be allowed free pace. As they swept up the summit of a ridge and felt the keen, invigorating air drift down from the cold glittering summits, they heard a strange medley of voices at the side of the carriage. They soon found that the pieces of one of the wheels were in hot dispute as to which served the more important part in the movement of the carriage. The tire was speaking loud, and every spoke and fellow followed suit."

"The hub was a sullen fellow, but he said this much: 'Can't you see I am the center and hold you all together? When I go round you all have to move. My central position should confer the distinction on me.'"

"But," said the spokes in concert, "what would the wheel be without us? There would be no wheel."

"How could you have a wheel without fellows?" asked the latter.

"Do we not hold the tire and keep you all snug?"

"Oh, said the tire, 'without me you could not hold together an hour. It is I who support the whole load, stand all the knocking and jolting of rocks and stones. Because I am iron and strong, I am placed around you all.'"

"So hotly had they been talking that no one noticed a little black iron pin at the end of the hub. It was so small no one thought its opinion worth hearing. This forgetfulness made it angry, and in a piling voice it cried:

"You think I am of small account, but I'll show you I am of more consequence than all of you. I will just drop out and see how you will go on."

The linch-pin dropped out as it said, and for a time no missed it; the hub and spokes, fellows and tire laughed at the audacity of the little rascal; but as the carriage began to descend, the hub found it impossible to keep on the axle, and away went the wheel. The horses became frightened and unmanageable, overturned the carriage and plunged into a deep gorge. Two of the passengers and the driver were killed outright, and the other four, in attempting to reach the village on foot, were destroyed by a pack of wolves."

"Your fable is replete with philosophy," replied Louis; "the least are as necessary as the greatest."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Night Attack.

The "Crash" cabin was the scene of a midnight attack. The cabin had returned from the "Post" bringing a unusually large supply of whiskey, and he had urged all to drink, even to the children, who were wandering aimlessly about, foolishly laughing.

"Well, Crash," he said, "now I have returned after only a three-days' absence, being unable to make the raid on the Mission as I intended, and I want you to go and get your darter, and give her over to me as you agreed to do."

"What do you want?" asked Crash, arousing from stupor.

"Oh, you need not pretend you do not know. I want Betsy Ann; you promised to have her here."

"So I did, so I did!"

"Then why have you not?"

"She won't leave the Mission!"

"Curse the Mission. I'll fix the Mission. Converting Infjuns must be stopped. Go for her."

"The guards will not allow entrance at this hour. To-morrow I will go and see if I can persuade her to come to see her mother, and then you can take her."

"Fill up my cup, fill and pledge you."

Cubby filled the cup, remarking: "I hold you already, and remember the

least, Crash, and the authorities will know that Crash, and not the Indians killed the old man found outside the Post."

Crash stumbled at this thrust and called out: "Wait till I fall; I will do anything you ask of me."

Cubby resumed his pipe, and after exhaling its contents of rank tobacco, without a word or even a glance at any one, extended himself on a bench by the side of the house. Crash, in helpless inactivity, sank on the floor. As for the mother and the little Crash, they threw themselves on the floor around the fire. The bright sparks ascended to the roof, and the lurid light flashed over the slumberers.

Outside the moon hung in the west; its slant rays casting deep shadows and sparkling on the frost. There was a profound silence. Not a leaf rustled. It was one of those still autumn nights of the first frost, when nature seems appalled. Lower sank the moon, reaching the tree-tops and sinking out of sight, leaving the world in darkness—mother of evil, filling a dreary day, and blood in the falling sunset, places where would disappear, for it is of the night as are bats and owls, and carnivorous beasts.

The last twilight of the moon faded and the stars brightened, sparkling with perfect serenity, as though not an evil deed or thought existed in all the world.

A low, prolonged howl came from the forest. It seemed a great way off, it slipped and trembled, swelled, grew faint and died in a wail. A reply came from the opposite direction. It was well answered, and the howl died out of the forest into the cleared space.

The fallen leaves do not rustle to their tread; the dry twigs do not snap. Their step is that of the panther. Ah, they are not wolves, they are the men of the wild, more stealthy than the panther, more cruel than the wolf. They come for revenge. Wantonly the inmates of the cabin shot one of their party, and they will not return home until they bear the scalp-lock of his murderer, as a sign to the tribe that they have been avenged. There is more than a score of them; tall, lithe, crouching, cautiously glancing around, pausing to listen, and then, like a flock of geese, they enter their snowy hands, they gathered at the door; drew aside the deer-skin curtain. There, the family and guests reposed unconscious of danger. Five children, side by side, and the baby had drawn itself on its mother's breast, and with one arm thrown over her neck was softly sleeping. The trapper tossed his arms as though troubled in his dreams; Cubby lay on the bench, his head thrown back, snoring furiously. Why not steal to the side of the sleepers and dispatch them? It was less dangerous. That would be opposed to savage instinct. The lion roars as he springs on his prey; the tiger snarls as he leaps on his victim. The Indians, seeing their hated foe in their grasp, gave voice to their exultation. Their cry was the war-whoop, more terrifying than the roar of the lion or snarl of the tiger. Instantly the sleepers awoke, bewildered and frightened, without comprehending the danger. The Indians sprang on their victims, and before the telling accomplished their work, Cubby did not lose his presence of mind. Half animal, he retained the animal instinct of self-preservation which necessitates the instant conception and execution of a line of action. The war-cry had not finished ere he bounded to his feet, dashed the Indian in the doorway aside, and plunged into the darkness. The warrior thus overthrown started in pursuit, but soon gave up the chase.

The Indians found no plunder, and were obliged to content themselves with the bloody scalp-locks. They pushed the fire-brands against the wall of the cabin, which soon began to blaze, and departed.

When the people at the Mission awoke in the morning, the cabin was a heap of ashes, in which were scattered charred human remains. As the cause was unknown, it was conjectured that the fire was accidental, and the family, stupefied by the smoke and cold, were unable to escape. Only Cubby knew, and his interest was to suppress the truth. He knew that if he visited the settlements beginning to be made on the Ohio, and told the tale of the massacre, referring it to the Mission Indians, he could create a sentiment which would enable him to raise a party to come, pillage the Mission, and capture Augusta.

With this determination he hurried southward in a straight line for the nearest settlement. Late in the afternoon his trained ear caught the sound of voices. He listened, and cautiously crept through the brush-wood until he saw two men sitting by a fire, over which they were cooking some venison. The odor provoked his hunger. They were of his own race, and hence, friends. They were Lorenzo and Martes.

"You look beat," remarked the former to the weary Cubby.

"Beat out, and beat! Is my scalp on?" He placed his hand on his shock of hair.

"I can scarcely believe it! The red devil's nearly had me."

"You hate the Indians?" asked Martes.

"Hate 'em? That's no name for it. All Indians?"

"All 'em! The same. I shot 'em on sight. They are best of dead."

"You are hungry and so are we," said Lorenzo, taking the meat from the fire, and handing a piece to a stick from which it hung while cooking. They ate the smoking flesh like hungry dogs.

"What plan have you?" asked Martes.

"Intend to get a party together, and come and destroy these Mission Indians, root and branch."

"Ah, hal good! Good! now you are on the right track. We have been trying to get a hostile tribe to do the same, but they hesitate. We are with you. There must not be a soul escape, except one woman, who must be saved."

"Two," quickly replied Cubby, "I have one there."

"You speak of Heloise?" "You! Do you speak of Heloise?"

"No. I want Betsy Ann, and I'll have her! I have to seize her in the flames of the village."

"Well, take her when you and her. The settlers will not kill her, or many others."

"There, now you talk foolishly," replied Cubby. "Get them started and they'll beat the Infjuns in clean-cut devilry. Every one on 'em has a relative to avenge, and you'll find they'll do things thorough."

"A bottle of wine from our old monas-

tery cellar would be an addition to this heathenish meal," said Lorenzo.

"Wine!" scornfully said Cubby. "I drank some once; bal. Give me corn-juce. Whisky has body. It takes hold, and you feel you have something. To have a jug would be worth wishing for."

"How long before you can get the settlers started?"

"It can't be done in a minute; we ought to get the hostile Infjuns to make a raid and stir them up."

"Well, we must proceed as fast as we can."

"You promised Gertrude to me," complained Lorenzo. "What have you done toward it? How do you propose to do it?"

"Be still, fool," snarled Martes; "go and get her yourself if you dare. If you wait for me, it will be after the present scheme is finished."

"Then I will leave you. I have had promises enough; you say right, I have been a fool. It's all promise with you, and I've chased you through the wilderness, expecting every day you would keep your word. Now, I am done. I will go."

"A brave fool! Go and call out the men at Pennington, and kill 'em hand to hand! When you have finished the last one, Gertrude will be alone. You can then take her, and own the village."

"You may see; I am used to it, and go for myself."

He slung his leather bag over his shoulder, took his gun, and started into the forest.

"Hal Good acting!" laughed Martes, "good acting! He'll be found before night. If he should see a track of an Indian or bear he'll in."

His estimate was completely too light. He was, and a sycophant, but towards may be exasperated to deeds of valor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BROODING ANGELS.

From the starlit orbs of splendor, O'er the winter's shrouded land, Broods a spell of sunshine tender As by angel zephyrs fanned, And I listen with soul delighted, As from the flower-beds, My low-heart'd violets, sun invited, Hidden now beneath the snow.

Though the winter's icy barriers Hide the world of summer cheer, Yet I see the springtime carriers In the beams' brooding sphere, And their eyes, of purple lustre, Greet me with a glow of pride As the day fades into twilight.

And the star-worlds open wide, Though I wait, my heart grows warmer Seeking for the good I know, Hidden in love's secret corner, Folded 'neath my life of woe, And the world rolls on in grandeur, Quicken'd by a pulse divine, With affections warm and tender, Waiting for the golden time.

Though I never know the meaning Of the accidents of earth, And life's pleasures only seeming, That are lost at early birth, Somewhere, in the world unseen, Waits for me upon its shore All my treasured hopes and flowers Bright and beautiful evermore.

For my springtime I am waiting In the garden of my heart, Where no wintry clouds are breaking To keep my longing soul apart. From the hills and green-lit valleys, And the mountain's sun-lit skies, Where no dark-winged, brooding sorrow Dims my darling's angel eyes.

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Insane on Baptism.

TO THE EDITOR:—The newspapers, in the interest of the prevailing religion, have been publishing a story about the mad actions of Mrs. George W. Wolf, of Springfield, Ohio, who had put her children, aged 7, 5, 3 and 1, out in the freezing air, perfectly nude, and was alternately pouring ice-water and hot water upon them; and then, claiming that "she was driven insane at Spiritualistic seances."

I have written to a friend in Springfield, Ohio, for the facts, and he says: "My impression is that I have heard that the woman was insane on the subject of baptism. I think the woman has been sent to the asylum within a few days past."

I have known many Baptists in Ohio, and elsewhere, who went to our rivers on Sunday, in the dead of winter, out holes in the ice, and dipped their fellow-sinners in the water, thus "washing away their sins." But I have never heard it intimated that these people were crazy. Oh, no. Nor were they charged with being Spiritualists. This is all "the work of the Devil."

C. H. MATTHEWS.

New Philadelphia, Ohio.

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SEE HERE!

A Nut for Theologians, Materialists, Agnostics, Scientists and Infidels to Crack.

TO THE EDITOR:—A true story should not always be concealed from the public, even though it would reflect somewhat upon the relator or the principals connected with it. What I am about to narrate, I narrate in the interest of truth, science, philosophy and religion, rather than in that of the narrator, which will be self-evident, no doubt, to the reader.

In the year 1878 I was physician to the Allen County Asylum, of which Mr. John Spice, of this city, was superintendent. I also occupied the chair of materia medica and therapeutics in the "Medical College of Port Wayne." The latter institution was greatly in need of dissecting material. The former institution contained a number of inmates who were evidently nearing their transition. In the course of time, three Irish male paupers died within a few hours of each other.

The night after their burial in the county graveyard, a party composed of Dr. W. H. Myers, Dr. H. A. Clark, Dr. Frisling and myself, with one or two others, proceeded thither, and resurrected their bodies. The ghoulish job completed, we

"Rattled their bones Over the stones"

to the dissecting-room, then situated on Barr street, this city. We then sat them on chairs around a stove, in order that they might thaw out somewhat by morning.

This, in brief, is the story, and as true as Spiritualism. I have not thought of it for years, and have never spoken of it save to those who were immediately connected with it.

Now for the sequel: On Monday evening, January 21, 1895, Mr. Stephen Heath, assessor for Allen county; Mr. Freeman, from Bluffton, Ind.; George Hall, my son, Dr. B. V. Swearingen, myself, and one or two others, repaired to the rooms of Mrs. Maud L. Gillette and Mrs. Butler, who were then giving materialization and slate-writing seances in the Schmidt block, Port Wayne, Ind., to attend a seance for materialization. Upon our arrival we were informed by Mrs. Gillette that her guide had requested her not to give a materialization seance that evening, which was, of course, a sore disappointment to all concerned.

Inasmuch as Mr. Freeman had come over from Bluffton for no other purpose than to witness materializations, we concluded that for his sake, in order that his disappointment might not be altogether total, we would substitute for the materialization a trumpet seance. We accordingly pressed into service Mr. George Hall, a resident of this city, who has developed as a trumpet medium within the past year or more.

In the course of the seance the trumpet tapped me upon the head, when immediately thereafter, a loud voice addressed me, calling me by name, and with decidedly Irish accents. I responded with:

"Who are you?"

Irishman—I am one of the three. Doctor—One of what three? I do not now recall any Irish friend who has passed over.

Irishman—Whether friend or not, I am one of the three Irishmen that yourself and other doctors stole from the poorhouse graveyard. But you only stole our bodies. You took them into a nasty, dirty, stinking dissecting-room, and carved them out. You made beef-steaks of them.

Doctor—What was your name? Irishman—Molke. Don't you remember Molke?

Doctor—I have a faint remembrance of an Irishman at the asylum who was called "Molke," but can't you establish your identity more completely?

Irishman—Don't you remember I had three teeth knocked out of my upper jaw?

Doctor—I believe I do remember something of that. Who knocked them out?

Irishman—Jim Black. (A quarrelsome, fighting inmate.)

Doctor—Yes, that's so. I now remember it, but it had almost slipped my memory.

At this juncture, some other spirit assumed control of the trumpet, much to my disappointment, for I was very anxious to pursue the interview farther. I have, however, given, as near verbatim as I can recall, the words which passed between us. If they are not absolutely exact as spoken, they are so in substance. I regard it as one of the very many remarkable proofs of spirit return I have received in the last three years, it was so unexpected, unthought and undreamed of! I have omitted to state that after we got their bodies into the dissecting-room, we placed them upon chairs around the stove. It was in the winter season and on a cold night.

Yesterday, a son of the gentleman who was superintendent of the asylum at the time, stepped into my office. Inasmuch as he was acting as an assistant superintendent during the time of which I now write, I asked him if he remembered the three Irishmen who died at that time. He remembered "Molke," and spoke of the trouble they had with him and Jim Black, and of the teeth the latter knocked out of the former's mouth, but could not remember the names of the other two Irishmen. He then, very naturally, wanted to know why I happened to inquire about those "old Irishmen."

I then gave him the whole history of the matter, as herein related, but had hardly got fairly started on it, when he interrupted me with:

"Ah, yes! some more of your d—d Spiritualism."

"Yes," said I, "some more proof that even the poor paupers are immortal, and will have an opportunity of making of the future life the success they failed to make of this."

What a pleasing, grand thought that "only a pauper, whom nobody owns," shares alike with the millionaire, in the gift of a future existence; that death is not the end, either of prince or peasant, high or low, rich or poor; that out from the wards of a miserable poorhouse, loving kindred, into the bright and wretched specimens of humanity pass, by so-called death, in the absence of cheerful summer-land of spirits, where they also can unfold their immortal natures.

H. V. SWERINGEN, A. M., M. D.

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A general Spring Medicine to remove those impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or to overcome that Tired Feeling, nothing equals

"I wish to say that 5 years ago we had a beautiful boy born to us. At the age of 11 months he breathed his last, a victim to impure blood. On Aug. 4, 1891, another boy was born, who at the age of two months became afflicted with the same disease. We believed the trouble was constitutional, and not common sore mouth. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and commenced to give it regularly to both mother and baby. Improvement began at once. We have succeeded in eradicating the scrofulous blood from the system and today we are blessed with a nice, fat baby boy, 18 months old—the very

Picture of Health, all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist Protestant church, and it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's, became healthy and as fleshy and as the bloom of girlhood again." Rev. J. M. Pate, Brookline Station, Missouri.

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A RARE TREAT.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY THE GREAT
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THE FAMOUS CHAPTERS.

Gibbon on the Origin of
Christendom.BY PROF. EDWIN JOHNSON,
Of London, England.

VIII. Now let me deal with "Josephus," at I hope, once for all. The writings under this name I declare to be monastic, confabulated and got up in the monastic interest. Yet these tales about the Jews could not have been written without the assistance of Jewish scholars; and a strong suspicion arises that there were men among them quite capable of being bribed to give information about Jewish opinions and customs that might be used in the Christian interest. It is well known that there are allusions to some such class of persons in the Talmudic literature.

In one word, "Josephus" is a Catholic writer. That is proved by the fact that his name stands in the thirteenth place on that notorious list of illustrious men, or Catholic writers, to which I have repeatedly called attention as the key-book to church literature. Here are the earlier names: 1. Simon Peter; 2. James, brother of the Lord; 3. Matthew, alias Levi; 4. Judas, brother of James; 5. Paul the Apostle, formerly Saul; 6. Barnabas of Cyprus; 7. Luke, the medic of Antioch; 8. Mark, disciple and interpreter of Peter; 9. John the Apostle, whom Jesus loved most; 10. Heras; 11. Philo the Jew; 12. Lucius Annaeus Seneca, of Cordova, disciple of the Stoic Seneca, and uncle of the poet Lucan; 13. Josephus.

Permit me to pause for a moment on the name of Seneca, one of the most truly illustrious in the whole course of letters down to Ralph Waldo Emerson. But Seneca was not a Catholic like was Emerson. How did his name come in here? The monks could not help admiring his writings; they cribbed some things from them to put in their New Testament. They must have known that Seneca was incomparably a greater and nobler writer than any of their evangelists and the apostles. Instead of avowing this, they invented some paltry letters of Paul to Seneca, and Seneca to Paul; and on the ground of this ridiculous forgery, place Seneca in this great list of saints. "He was a very chaste man," says our sly monk; "but I should not have put him in the catalogue but for these epistles!" The said epistles amount to little more than: "How do you do, Seneca?" "Very well, thank you, Paul; and you?"

Few seem to be aware of the mischievous effects of this literary rascality. Much valuable writing is thrust out of sight, and a quantity of trash is forced upon us in the interests of one primary falsehood, and the system built upon it.

To come now to Josephus. He is described as "son of Matthias, priest of Jerusalem; was taken by Vespasian, and left with Titus, his son." I repeat, the whole story of a Jewish temple at a place called Jerusalem in Syria, and a capture by Vespasian, is an utter invention, in common with a number of tales about the Jews, inserted in the Latin literature, all quite absurd. The "calamities and overthrow of the Jewish nation" is one stock topic of the monks; they cannot get on without it; it would appear to be absolutely necessary to their malignant system.

Then we are told that the aforesaid priest, Josephus, came to Rome and offered seven books of the Jewish captivity to the emperors, father and son, and these were handed to the public library. And Josephus earned a statue at Rome by the glory of his genius! A list of his further alleged writings is given, and the monk winds up by adducing the notorious passage in which no one now believes, where this supposititious Jewish priest is made "most manifestly to confess that, because of the greatness of his signs, Christ was slain by the Pharisees, and that John the Baptist was truly a prophet, and that, because of the slaughter of James the Apostle, Jerusalem had been destroyed." Then comes the alleged testimony to Jesus, "the wise man, if it is proper to call him a man," etc. The passage is given in Latin, and there is little doubt that these spurious "Antiquities" were fabricated in one of the monasteries of the West and in the Latin language.

As I have undertaken to do my best towards telling the truth on this, to many of us, momentous subject, I must denounce the whole system of tales in Josephus and in a number of kindred sources—Malalas, Photius, Suidas, interpolations in the Latin classics, etc.—as entirely baseless as it stands. The monks have created an imaginary race of Jews, and have made them do and suffer things which it is impossible they could ever have done or suffered, culminating in an imaginary judicial murder of an imaginary founder of the church, in an imaginary city at an imaginary epoch.

These are grave words to have written; it has cost me much to arrive at the certainty that they are true words; but it is a solace to reflect that the scene of Calvary, which filled my child's soul with unutterable dismay, has been proved beyond question to be merely a sombre effort of ecclesiastical dramatists and cruel dreamers of the cloister. The Jews it is who suffer by the success of this romance; and I shall not be satisfied until some competent Jewish scholar of the type of a Jacob Bernays or an Emanuel Deutsch arises to vindicate his people from so false a charge.

It may be that society is coming up to the position of the aged lady who said: "Dear me! it was a long time ago; but let us hope it never happened!" But then, how long shall we tolerate the existence of these great corporations, whose business it is to repeat over and over again, from week to week and from year to year, this false and cruel legend. There seems to be no religion in the world which has so foul a blot upon it as this. Thoughtful orientals must perceive its heinousness more distinctly than we can do by means

of study. The editor of a Buddhist journal wrote to me the other day urging me to do my utmost to expose what he designated "the grand imposture."

Now, let it be understood that the tales about the Sadducees and Pharisees are part of this grand imposture. Deutch, in his famous article in the Quarterly Review some twenty-five years ago, showed that the malignant satires against the Pharisees in the New Testament were not justified by anything in the Talmud relating to any corresponding class of persons there recognized; in fact, there were no "Pharisees" as a sect. The faults of the teachers of the oral law are freely recognized; there are hypocrites among them; but the teachers of the oral law were the leaders and pastors of the people.

The question arises, how far is there truth in the representations in Josephus and in the Gospels of the two sharply-opposed opinions on the question of the future life and the resurrection? I am not sure whether Lightfoot, Schoettgen, or other ransackers of the Talmud, have cleared the point up, although here the Rabbins developed a doctrine about what they call the "world beyond." I presume the broad fact to be obvious enough, that the monks did not, and could not, construct their doctrine of a future life out of Biblical or Talmudic materials. And since they treat what they call the "Old Testament" as axiomatic and above demonstration, and the doctrine they want is not there, their system breaks down utterly with the detection of their falsehood.

Returning to Gibbon, the case against him becomes worse as we proceed. They teach contempt for the present existence, and they endeavor to bring all classes by the offer of eternal happiness. They invent an apostolic doctrine of the nearing end of the world, suitable to be preached at each Advent season, and to keep the minds of people as far as possible in a state of trepidation and anxious solicitude about a future which is always at hand, and always becoming a paulo-post future. Seventeen centuries have rolled by, says our ironical Gibbon, and the world has not come to an end! He supposes the error was "permitted for wise purposes!" And he quotes Erasmus and Grotius!

Erasmus is an epochal name. He represents the rise of a reading class, who began to study the writings that were brought from the secrecy of the cloister. Why did the monks put this prediction of the near end of the world into the mouth of Christ and the apostles, and thus expose the book to criticism? The answer I suppose to be this: that they were determined to have the doctrine sanctioned, and therefore inserted it in their Testament; but with such vague conditions and provisions that their disciples were mystified. And they had no idea of chronology. It could always be said, "One day is with the Lord a thousand years."

Then they befooled people with their theory of a millennium, and a reign on earth, and a last resurrection. The authors whom Gibbon quotes are all of them old friends, the "illustrious men"—in other words, the Latin-writing monks of the West under the disguises and pen-names of Barnabas, Irenaeus, Justin Martyr, Lactantius, etc. As usual, he glides over these names as if they were those of independent writers, dealing with history and speculative theology, instead of being, as they really are, part of a system of ruse and decoy. Hardoun said, "These writers have all one library." On another occasion he pointed by name to certain well-known literary cloisters of the West and said, "These appear to have been the forges of the false coin."

I confirm, I emphasize those statements. I say that the library you have to deal with is a circulating library, and the forgers you have to deal with are a circulating body of literary men who kept the remotest points of the Christian empire in touch with one another by the use of the post, as you find hinted in the amusing letters ascribed to Jerome, and which are in reality Renaissance romances of the Benedictines.

I must tarry upon the ground over which Gibbon passed with too light and hasty a footstep. But so far I hope I have sufficiently shown that the ideas about the future, whether of blessedness or of misery, which have so wasted the thought, excited and depressed the imagination, weakened the industry, inflamed the bigotries, and diverted from the interests, the science, the improvements of this world, have not been due to the fanaticism of the Jewish teachers or the Jewish people, but to the influence of the Catholic priesthood. Their power is simply rooted in that affected contempt for the present sensual world, that absorption in the feverish dream of a world to come, which is so marked in all their writings. But if ever a body deserved to be stigmatized as an organized hypocrisy, it is one which, in spite of this affectation, so desperately clings to the shadow of temporal power long after the substance has eluded its grasp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gets a Message from Spirit Land.
Mrs. Stines Hears from Her Son, Who
Was Lost on the Chicora.

ST. JOSEPH, Mich., March 1.—Mrs. Captain Edward Stines, who lost her husband and only son on the steamer Chicora, Jan. 21, is a Spiritualist and has received a communication from her son, Bennie, through a medium. The message is quite long, and accompanying it is a roughly-drawn picture of Bennie which is exactly as he looked when he started on his last journey across Lake Michigan. Even the tie he wore is described. It also states that Captain Stines and Bennie were the last to succumb to death on that terrible day. Mrs. Stines is compelled to give credence to the communication on account of certain private matters touched upon which were secrets between her and the dead.—Chicago Herald.

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

HE WAS CANONIZED.

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

The jackdaw sat on the cardinal's chair! Bishop, abbot, and prior, were there;

Many a monk, and many a friar, Many a knight, and many a squire, With a great many more, of lesser degree;

In such a goodly company; And they served the lord primate on bended knee.

Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen, Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,

Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims! In and out, through the motley rout, That little jackdaw kept hopping about;

Here, and there, like a dog in a fair, Over comits, and cakes, And dishes and plates—

Cowl, and cope, and rochet and pall, Mitre and crozier, he hopped over all! With a saucy air

He perched on the chair, Where in state the great Lord Cardinal sat, In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat.

And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's grace, As if he would say: "We two are the greatest folk here to-day!"

And the priests with awe As such freaks they saw, Said: "The Devil must be in that little jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared, The fauns and the custards had all disappeared, And six little singing boys—dear little souls—

In nice, clean faces, and nice, white stoles Came, in order due—two by two, Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer, Embossed, and filled with water as pure As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,

Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch In a fine golden hand-basin, made to match.

Two nice little boys, a little more grown, Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne, And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,

Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope. One little boy more

A napkin bore Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink And a cardinal's hat, marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight Of these nice little boys, dressed all in white; From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise, And not thinking at all about little jackdaws,

He deposits it straight By the side of his plate, While the nice little boys on his emine- nce waits,

Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing, That little jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout, And nobody seems to know what they're about,

But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out. The friars are kneeling,

And hunting and feeling The carpet, the floor, the walls and the ceiling.

The cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe And left his red stockings exposed to the view.

He peeps and he feels In the toes and the heels, They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates;

They take up the poker and poke out the grates; They turn up the rugs,

They examine the mugs, But no—no such thing— They can't find the ring!

And the abbot declared that "when nobody twiggled it, Some rascal or other had popped in and priggled it!"

The cardinal rose with a dignified look, He called for his candle, his bell, and his book,

In holy anger and pious grief, He solemnly cursed that rascal thief! He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a fright. He cursed him in eating; he cursed him in drinking;

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking; He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;

He cursed him in riding, in walking, in flying; He cursed him living; he cursed him dying.

Never was heard such a terrible curse!! But what gave rise To no little surprise,

Nobody seemed one penny the worse! The day was gone, The night came on.

The monk and the friars they searched till dawn, When the scariest saw On crumpled claw

Came limping a poor little lame jack-daw. No longer gay

As on yesterday, His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way—

His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand— His head was as bald as the palm of your hand!

So wasted each limb, That, heedless of grammar, they each cried: "That's him; That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!"

That's the thief that has got my lord cardinal's ring!

The poor little jackdaw,

When the monks he saw, Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw,

And turned his bald head, as much as to say: "Pray be so good as to walk this way."

Slower and slower,

He limped on before Till they came to the back of the belfry door—

When the first thing they saw 'Midst the sticks and the straw,

Was the ring in the nest of the little jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,

And off that terrible curse he took; The mute expression

Served in lieu of confession, And being thus coupled with full restitution,

The jackdaw got plenary absolution! When these words were heard

The poor little bird Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.

He grew sleek and fat, In addition to that, A fresh crop of feathers came, thick as a mat.

His tail wagged more Than ever before, But no longer wagged with an impudent air;

No longer he perched on the cardinal's chair. He hopped now about

With a gait devout At matins, at vespers, he never was out, And so far as any more pilfering deeds, He always seemed telling the confessor's beads.

If any one lied—or if any one swore— Or slumbered in prayer time, or happened to snore

That good jackdaw 'Would give a great "caw!" As much as to say: "Don't do so any more!"

While many remarked, as his manners they saw, That they never had known such a pious jackdaw!

He long lived, the pride Of the country side, And at last, in the odour of sanctity died. When—his words were too faint

His merits to paint, The conclave determined to make him a saint. And on newly-made saints and popes, as you know,

It's the custom of Rome new names to bestow— So they canonized him by the name Jim Crow, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GENTLE REMINDERS.

Some Hints and Suggestions
to Dr. Peebles.

The recent articles in your paper by Dr. J. M. Peebles, upon the Catholic question, and the criticisms thereon, have read with very deep interest; and although the Doctor is acknowledged to be high authority, being one of the most learned men of our time, and conversant with the religions of all nations and ages, past and present, yet I must say that, able, historical and scholarly as these communications are, I cannot fully endorse them, as it seems to me that the unbounded charity, fraternity, and good-naturedness, so characteristic of the Doctor, have partially blinded him to the ecclesiastical and the Roman hierarchy, which is evidently aiming at the subjugation of this country to papal government. The future will tell—but "forewarned is to be forearmed," and "eternal vigilance is ever the price of liberty," therefore it is our incumbent duty, as American citizens, endowed with equal rights, to earnestly resist every approach toward the usurpation of power by any religious sect in this country, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. We heterodox religionists fully agree with the Doctor that there is not much choice between them, as to intolerance and inhuman treatment of those who dare to differ from them in belief and with God in the Constitution and other of the same spirit that prompted the diabolical persecutions of the past would be rife to-day, even in the nineteenth century of Christianity (so-called), with all its "civilizing influence," and pretensions of charity and "peace and good-will toward men." His comparison of the persecutions practiced by both Catholics and Protestants, is a sad, "left-handed" compliment to the Christian character of each, and positively verifies the ancient remark: "They compass sea and land to make proselytes," and after their change from nature to grace, they are tenfold more the children of Satan than before their miraculous conversion. All who are acquainted with history know that every discovery in science, physics, or moral reform of any importance, has at first been strenuously opposed and condemned by the church, and has been obliged to fight its way through, on its own intrinsic merit and truth, and when victorious, that same brassy, arrogant, self-righteous institution (the church) has claimed it as its own, and "found it to be in perfect harmony with Christianity and the Bible," and lastly, the cause of woman, which only aims to place her on an equal footing with man, as nature evidently designed her to be, with an individuality and citizenship such as her male companion has enjoyed ever since the advent of humanity on the earth. The pioneers in this just and good cause, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joselyn Gage, and others, are not backward in telling their audiences of the persecutions and discouragements they have met, in times past, from the church.

In illustration of what I am saying of the spirit of the church, when it has the least power of the law to back it, I will cite the case of Matilda Joselyn Gage, who is even now under the ban of the Christian "Commonstock law" for publishing a book entitled, "Woman, State and Church," in which she logically proves the church to be the greatest stumbling-block in the past of woman's progress. Her book is considered (by the ablest critics) one of the mightiest pleas for the enfranchisement of woman ever produced; and no less powerful and sweeping in its array of facts concerning the baneful influence of the whole Christian church phalanx piled against its successful accomplishment, which, of course, is sufficient reason for the suppression of the book by orthodox authority, who consider and pronounce it "detritmental to the heretofore reputation of the church," whose arrogant dominion has held in check all liberal, humanitarian, progressive movements, since the days of Galileo and Bruno down to the present time.

MRS. HARTER REYNOLDS.

Those Three Brains.

TO THE EDITOR:—If the writer of that squib, referring to the three brains of man, had used reason or brought any proof to show wherein I have made a mistake—left out of my witicism, and talked sense, I would be glad to inform him of the reasons, and the proof positive in my possession that all I have said is true.

You know when Mesmer discovered hypnotism all the educated ridiculed him, and it took one hundred years to establish the fact. Now we should learn by object-lessons, and wherein we have made gross blunders in the past. We should examine everything with a careful investigation before we cry humbug, or fraud!

And when any new thought is brought to us, with a reasonable show of foundation, let us should weigh it carefully before we make harsh criticisms.

Physiology is by no means perfect. Much of the phenomena of our systems still is a mystery and can only be solved by thorough study and careful investigation.

I hope that my would-be orthogly will investigate this subject thoroughly, and bring any proof he may find against my communication, put it in good language, leave off his bombastic swagger, talk sense, and we will at all times be open to arguments substantiated by facts.

W. F. BALL.

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. The following valuable testimonial is from a man who has a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PECK, P. O., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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By A. LEAH UNDERHILL,
One of the Fox Sisters.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1895

A Holy, Howling Mob.

Could evidence be more complete that Catholics know of the wickedness of their church than is shown by its members in their determination to prohibit public exposures of their immoral habits? It was the same in the days of chattel slavery. He who attempted to tell of the barbarism of the accursed institution was set upon and mobbed in the free States, and was murdered in the slave States. We recall the assassination of a young friend, a college graduate, who visited the South to engage in teaching. He wrote home his views of slavery as he saw it. That letter was published in his village paper in Pennsylvania. A marked copy was mailed the writer in Memphis. He laid it away in his trunk. That trunk at his boarding-place was ransacked, the Free-Soil paper was found, and Aaron Brown's letter was read. Then its author, an only son, just entered manhood, became conscious of his danger and fled from Memphis to Vicksburg, where he was captured and inhumanly slaughtered.

This terrible affair of forty-five years ago was recalled as we read of the late attempt by Catholics in Savannah, Ga., to mob ex-priest Slattery and wife, who proposed a series of public lectures in exposure of the inside workings of the confessional and convents. From 3,000 to 5,000 devotees of the Roman hierarchy assailed the hall with bricks and stones, and attempted to force an entrance. "Kill him!" "Down with Slattery!" "Death to the renegades!" were the rallying cries of the besiegers. Thanks to the efficient action of Mayor Meyers, an intelligent Hebrew, sustained by the police, ten companies of infantry and the Georgia Hussars, no blood was shed. But this was contrary to the intention of the rioters and those who incited and led them on.

It is but justice to say Vicar-General Caffery, in charge of the diocese, addressed a portion of the rioters, advising them to disperse and go home.

What a commentary is this on the church which poses as the great civilizer of the world. Law set aside and openly defied. But for military force at the opportune moment, backed by civil power, in all probability the loss of life would have been great, and the most beautiful city in all the South would have been wrapped in flames.

Later advices from Savannah say the excitement was intense during the following day: that Mrs. Slattery lectured in Odd Fellows' Hall to 600 women, who were accompanied to the door by their husbands; that at night fully 1,000 listened to the ex-priest. They determined to organize an A. P. A. lodge, and close out such demonstrations against free speech as they have just passed through.

Same with the Melican Man.

The cue worn by every good Chinaman, to retain which he would almost sacrifice his life, was imposed on his ancestors, several centuries ago, by their Tartar conquerors, as a token of subjection to the reigning power. Tyrannical and abhorrent at first, the burden could be scarcely borne, but now it is the prevailing fashion throughout all China. Its loss is considered a disgrace.

We have a parallel to this slavish custom in our own civilization, the popularizing of that which was at first hateful. Christianity was imposed on nearly all the nations of Europe, outside of Rome, by the sword. Some of the nations, like Germany, only submitted to the oppression when extinction was the condition of further resistance. It is said an edict was issued for the indiscriminate slaughter of every inhabitant of the Netherlands, numbering some 3,000,000, because they refused to accept the mild and pacific teachings of the Prince of Peace. The execution was only stayed by final submission. It was not only "believe or be damned," but it was "believe, or die and be damned." Thus nations were subjugated to the cross, while individuals who refused to accept the faith and baptism were tortured,

burned alive, and their memories were made loathsome by anathemas. Now those people, the descendants of noble ancestors thus scourged and slain, are the most earnest defenders of the church, fawning sycophants of its power, to win a reserved seat in heaven. Servile slaves of the Tartar invaders who were robbed of liberty and national freedom, it is proper they should cling to their pig-tail appendages, as boons of great price, just as their Western brothers do to a religion imposed on their ancestors by similar methods.

Dancing Davids Are Extinct.

The church has a holy horror of dancing. If it is not the unpardonable sin, it so nearly approaches it there is no forgiveness for those who indulge in this pastime. Can any one tell why Christians abominate this custom, and have placed their ban upon it? Perhaps the little incident mentioned in 2 Sam., 6:12 to 23, of David, "who did right in the sight of the Lord," may have prejudiced the clergy against the custom. But leaping and dancing with all his might, and shouting aloud amid the roar of trumpets, or harps, or psalteries, of timbrels and cornets, naked at that, before the Lord, who, in this case at least, was a box, rendered ark in which was deposited the "tables of the law," are not common occurrences in these times. For such unseemly conduct in sight of his handmaids, David's wife, Michal, "despised him in her heart." Had it not been for that painful escapade the church would not be so bitter against dancing. But we beg to assure them the race of dancing Davids and dancing Paunes is extinct, it is hoped never to be revived.

Be Watchful.

It is very apparent the hope of Catholicism is transferred from Europe to America. To that end the church is laboring as far as practicable to adapt itself to our institutions. Its parochial schools were designed to educate a class of virtual Jesuits, who in the near future will exercise a controlling influence in moulding the destinies of this country. The coolness the movement met with by American Catholics, native born, has led to a material change from the original plan. In many localities the church school has been abandoned because it aroused such opposition. The claws of the cat are velvet-lined when playing with its game, but this shield is withdrawn when its pastime is over, and the unfortunate mouse disappears down the throat of its wily captor. We shall not pray heaven to shield us in this hour of danger; but we will beg Americans to be ever watchful of the new clerical combinations, at the head of which is seen the fine Italian hand of the sworn Jesuit, whose object is to establish in this country ecclesiasticism on the ruins of constitutional and civil liberty.

Tells Its Own Story.

All will remember the determined fight made by the clergy of all denominations against the decoration of graves of soldiers with flowers on Sunday. The 30th of May was made sacred to the memory of our dead heroes by legal enactment; but the church insisted on its holy Sunday should in no manner be profaned. "Keep all we have and get all we can," is always their motto. An ecclesiastical Sunday is too sacred; in their estimation, to be dedicated to placing floral wreaths of tender affection, symbolizing immortality, on the graves of those whose cast-off bodies rest below. Ordinarily it would be supposed no day would be too holy for such a purpose. It is well to treasure in memory such brutal usurpations and stupidity on the part of an overreaching priesthood, as it shows the direction towards which we are trending.

Prosperous Charities.

A telegram from Battle Creek, Mich., informs the world that the Seventh Day Adventist Publishing Association is in a very prosperous condition. Its business last year equaled \$2,000,000, with a handsome net gain above large expenses in the purchase of property, erection of buildings, etc.

The Bible societies and the great tract societies are all doing a prosperous business, in no way hampered by the terrible depression which has so severely crippled every other industry. Were it not for the money there is in it, either by persistent beggary, or otherwise, how long would these associations continue in business? Would the intellectual or moral world be materially prejudiced if these great drains on the purses of the charitable were permitted to die of inanition?

Commendable.

The secretary of the Papal delegate, Satelli, gave a sermon at Baltimore recently which has the ring of common sense, a rare commodity in a Catholic pulpit. His subject was "The Rights of Labor." He said: "Men have the right to combine, and agree on the value of their services; to exclude from their organization those who will not agree to their conditions; to refuse to work when treated with injustice; but they have no right to use violence or cause disorder. The workman has the right to share in the wealth of his employer, but he has no right to destroy that wealth. He has no right to interfere with the liberty of labor."

Monday the Unlucky Day.

The German government three years ago appointed a statistician to make careful investigation in regard to Friday as an unlucky day. As the result of his protracted labors, he has just published a book filled with valuable information on the subject of his inquiries, from which it appears Friday is one of the fortunate days; that Monday is the really unfortunate day of the week. The reader will naturally inquire: Why do these show Monday is the day of all days in the week as an unlucky one? Is not the answer apparent? Because it follows Sunday, with its superstitious sacredness, and its enforced idleness.

Dr. C. E. Watkins in California.

The reception given Dr. Watkins upon his arrival in San Diego, Cal., by Dr. Peabbles and the Spiritualists was a splendid affair. About fifty guests were present. There were recitations, speech-making, a collation, etc. Among those present were musicians, artists, authors, poets, and some of the best thinkers in Southern California. They all seemed delighted and happy. The doctor is half-buried under a pile of letters from patients asking for a diagnosis of their disease. A local paper says:

"Dr. C. E. Watkins, the eminent physician who lately left Boston and is now contemplating the erection of a large sanitarium near this city, was last night tendered a reception at the residence of Dr. J. M. Peabbles, on K street. It was a happy affair. The evening was whittled away with music, speeches and recitations. Dr. Peabbles introduced his guest to his new-found friends in a few well-chosen words, and Dr. Watkins responded in a reply that sparkled with wit and witened profundity. "Miss June Custer entertained the party with a recitation that was excellently rendered. "Some fifty guests were present, among whom Dr. Schatt and wife, Col. E. T. Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. John Blackman, Dr. and Mrs. Mullenbrough, Capt. Marshall, Mrs. Bushyhead, Mr. and Mrs. Trogitz, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. West, Mr. Eyer, Mr. and Mrs. Funk, Mrs. and Miss Johnson and others. "During the evening an elegant collation was served, and the hour was late when the last guest departed."

A Christian Method to Get at the Truth.

The Rev. Lem Penrod, who preaches at Vanceburg, Ky., has decided opinions on infant baptism, and one of his church members, John Slate, has opinions equally decided. Unfortunately their opinions are diametrically opposed, and the Bible, to which they appealed, deals a flush hand of texts for both. The other day they met and waxed hot and furious in argument, and the layman got the better of Preacher Penrod, whereupon the spirit of the old church fathers, and of Calvin, came to the latter's rescue and inflamed him until he drew a revolver and put a bullet through Slate's bootleg. Thereupon Slate rushed upon him, and the preacher drew a butcher-knife and slashed away at him. But the layman had the reverend in the dust, and, although his clothes were cut, received no wound. How it would have been decided, whether infants are damned if baptized or not, is difficult to tell, for the church militant was perked by bystanders. Thereby Rev. Penrod will be taught a lesson, and that is, to be silent, except when behind his pulpit, when no one dare to dispute him.

An Odious Medical Bill.

In Texas, as well as in other States, the "regulars" are at work to restrict freedom in the healing art. Texas Spiritualists must be on the alert, or they will be deprived of their liberties. The bill contains the following: "That for the purpose of this act, the words 'practice medicine,' shall mean to suggest, recommend, prescribe or direct, for the use of any person any drug, medicine, appliance, apparatus, or other agency, whether material or not material, for the cure or relief of any wound, fracture or bodily injury, or other deformity, after having received or with the intent of receiving therefor either directly or indirectly, any bonus, gift or compensation."

The Moses Hull Company.

The Moses Hull Company has just issued a large edition of the Songster, written by Mattie E. Hull, revised, and containing an addition of six new songs, all written to be sung to familiar tunes. It is on better paper than former editions, and will be enclosed in handsome heavy covers. Price ten cents single copy, or \$6.00 per hundred. For sale, by Moses Hull & Co., 29 Chicago Terrace, or THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 40 Loomis Street.

Appeal from Kansas.

SPIRITUALISTS, PLEASE RESPOND.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having been a reader of your paper for several years, and knowing the kind-heartedness of the class of people who patronize it, I take this method of calling your attention to the suffering condition of the people in the drought-stricken counties of northwest Kansas. May I entertain the hope that you will interest yourself so much as to get some organized effort among our people for the purpose of helping the destitute of this county at large. This section of country in the year of 1893 was almost an entire failure; this year 1894 was a complete failure. You understand that this is a prairie country, and that there are no manufacturing interests centering here, therefore when agricultural interests or enterprises fail there is nothing whatever that one may turn his hand to earn his living. As a result of such conditions many worthy people find themselves in a state of destitution from which, without help from others, they must suffer fearfully. Merchants in this section are being driven by force of circumstances to deny any credit to the needy.

The poor-fund of the county is entirely insufficient to meet the demands which have and yet will be made upon it. Realizing all I have spoken, the people of this place and vicinity met and organized a committee to receive, solicit and distribute help. The present most pressing need of the destitute is fuel, provisions and clothing, or the funds to buy them. Should our people (and others) desire to contribute anything, consign it to either the president or secretary of the Association or the treasurer, may be duly charged with every item. For the purpose of reference see Dunn's Agency, or editor of Phillipsburg Herald, Phillipsburg, Kan. GEO. W. HAYS, Sec'y Relief Association. Agra, Kansas.

SOBER THOUGHTS.

Thinks President Barrett Unwise in Calling an Able Man a Fool.

Honest Criticism Should Be Tol-erated.

THE VIEWS OF AN OLD NEWSPAPER MAN, AND A DELEGATE TO THE FIRST NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—An onlooker at a game of checkers can usually see the whole game at a glance—the best move for each side, and just how many moves will be required for the player having the best of the game to enter the other's king row. This is the attitude of the writer toward the war of words upon the subject of the National Spiritualists' Association in recent issues of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. First, permit the passing of a compliment to the publisher of said paper for the toleration of free speech through its columns. That is always a commendable feature in the management of a journal, either secular or religious, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always appears to court the candid criticism of its many philosophic minds on all important topics.

The discussion alluded to seems almost at a non-debatable point. Mr. Westbrook made some very strong assertions in his first article, and Mr. Barrett claims to have refuted all the charges made against him in said criticism, and hints that the matter now remains in the hands of his lawyer—the Association attorney, "who has been retained to defend them from further libel."

The National Spiritualists' Association will not take any more criticism, nor will its president. Now, it is too bad not to accept so important a matter as a debatable question. But what are we going to do about it? People will have their opinions, and it would be very narrow and extremely orthodox to permit the hearing of but one side. It is so important to every good Spiritualist in the land to know whether or not this National Association has been legally instituted, and whether or not there is stability in it as a corporate body. It was first claimed, and upon "consultation with an eminent judge and jurist in Washington," that charters issued to subordinate societies by the National Association would hold good in any State in the Union; but the Hon. L. V. Moulton, attorney for the Association, holds that no association of any kind, Spiritualist or otherwise, attempts to issue incorporation papers to subordinate local societies. Every such association always issues charters. These charters do not incorporate anything, and are not intended or represented to do so.

Then why not call them certificates of membership and allow all this inflammation among the people. A charter is supposed to confer some power to perform an act, either of business, pleasure, or charity?

DON'T CALL NAMES, GENTLEMEN.

I do not think it becoming in a criticism or argument of any kind to call names, such as "fool," etc. There is no argument in it, and it is neither scholarly, parliamentary nor spiritual, even in a Bible quotation. Brother Westbrook is no "fool," and no such thrust is going to lead the readers of your paper to believe it, and Brother Barrett should be too much of a gentleman and have too much dignity and respect for the high position he is filling to use such language. There, now, take your chastising, and be noble, and high-minded, and philosophic, even when you are shrewdly criticized.

No one expects Mr. Barrett to give perfect satisfaction, nor is it expected that the National Association will be a perfect body for the fulfillment of a long-felt want. In fact, Spiritualism comes into the world more as a disorganizer, a dissector and a disintegrator of old ideas, old superstitions and old creeds, and to organize on any permanent basis, with no settled and universally adopted fundamental principles, would, indeed, be phenomenal. To organize spiritually and mentally on a material plane, a material basis, satisfactory, seems quite impossible.

"With malice toward none and charity for all, And love for the cause that never shall fall. In harmonious blending with God's noble men, We bid you speak calmly or speak not again."

DR. T. WILKINS.

The National Association.

C. H. Cherry writes: "As one of the delegates who made up the Chicago convention, to whom Dr. Westbrook alludes in his letter in your issue of March 2, I ask you to kindly print these lines. Among the many false charges which he makes against the National Spiritualists' Association, he openly attacks the delegates whose names appear upon the list. He says he suspects we were made up of the overflow of the World's Fair, and how many persons who said they were delegates were legally appointed? From his use of the word appointed, he evidently thinks they were appointed by one person or persons in the societies they represent. Now, evidently the Doctor has a very limited knowledge of the methods of the National Spiritualists' Association, and the societies constituting the same. As a matter of fact, the Chicago convention was not made up of appointed delegates, but of legally elected delegates, who were elected by vote of the societies which they represented, and only those bearing credentials to this effect were reported by the committee on credentials. One of my reasons for knowing is, I neglected to secure the delegates' badge, which was furnished by the committee, and for this, came very near being ejected from the delegates' floor. This can be testified to by Hon. L. V. Moulton, and others. "A few well-known workers were voted honorary seats, but all such was through the action of the convention as a whole. "A Bankrupt Heart," by Florence Marryat. A fine novel, in the best style of the well-known, talented writer. Price, paper 50 cents, cloth \$1.25. For sale at this office.

OBJECT LESSONS.

At the Roston Spiritual Temple.

The most popular meetings in this city for the last few months, have been the seances for physical phenomena at Mr. Ayers' Spiritual Temple, at the corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, on the Back Bay, if crowded meetings are any indications of popularity. These seances are free to all, intended for investigators who are anxious to get proof that death is not the end. The crowd attending these seances seems to endorse the words of M. J. Savage, in a late sermon, that "the question mankind wanted to know to-day more than any other, is whether there is a future life, or whether death is the end."

I have attended every seance since they began, three months ago; at the first one, in the lower and smaller hall, there were about two hundred present, which increased so as to overflow the hall, so that the third meeting was held in a large hall, which seats 2,000, and which has been crowded full on every seance since. Two seances every Sunday—Mr. Keeler in the morning, and in the evening Mr. Bliss gives full-form materializations. Mr. Keeler's phenomena are very satisfactory and convincing, from their unmistakable genuineness, for all can see that there is intelligence which must be from spirits, for the proof was absolute that the manifestations were not made by the medium, if our senses are good for anything; and Mr. Ayers aids them by his reputation for experience, honesty, generosity, and the fact that he gives them away free at his own expense for the good of the cause—for there is no commercial taint in these exhibitions, in these free seances. Everything is open and fair, and he has the approval of all present, by the applause he gets at every remark he makes, particularly when he speaks of the shortcomings of the church in not availing itself of these phenomena to prove that man survives the death of his body. These large audiences seem to be respectable people, rather agnostic than religious in character—honest investigators, and they stop in large groups after the seances and talk over the subject, showing that they are interested in what they have witnessed.

Mr. Keeler's seances are admirable for beginners and new investigators, they are so open and fair. Any doubter is allowed to come upon the platform to convince himself, so on almost every occasion some one from the audience is allowed to go behind the curtain, who in every case reports seeing the instruments moving, but nobody doing it. After the music and show of hands, and other physical phenomena, messages are written on the leaves of a book of paper, and thrown over the curtain, sometimes handed over and sometimes the hand comes through the curtain; test, examining it afterward, no hole in the curtain is found. These messages are an interesting feature, and are generally recognized. Sometimes there are a hundred or more, and there have been as many as 200. There are generally reporters present, who give very fair accounts of the seances, in the secular papers, adding, sometimes sarcastically, "of the use of great names." A message came from Phillips Brooks, showing within a liberal religious sentiment, which was published in the Globe, which made some discussion, pro and con. Mr. Ayers had a letter received from a Harvard graduate on the Phillips Brooks message, which I will quote: "Thanks for the message from Phillips Brooks. I fully accept it. It is in accord with the spirit of the man before he passed away. I knew him well."

When this was read over the audience applauded, as if it settled the matter to their satisfaction. On Sunday, the 17th, in the evening the hall was crowded, and fully a thousand standing up in the aisles, and Mr. Ayers said that on the next Sunday, when every seat was filled, he should close the door. The seance begins at 8 P. M., but every seat was filled an hour and more before 8 o'clock, and the doors were closed. Mrs. Martin was the medium; she had never given a seance before so large a crowd. Several forms appeared, one an Indian chief, who was taller than Mr. Ayers, and some others, male and female, and one or two children. None of them came out of the cabinet, as is the usual custom, but appeared at the opening.

Mr. Keeler is one of the best slate-writing mediums; he does not give this phase at the home seances, but gives sittings at his temple, and he is well patronized by the temple audience and others. At his seances, he has had on the Sunday evening he had to turn seventy away, as his room was full. He is making a great many Spiritualists, and so is Mr. Ayers, and it is the way to make them, for Spiritualists are made by experience and not by argument. The temple is creating quite a sensation, and he is the man to do it. The exhibit is so respectful and dignified that no one, not even a Sabbatarian, can take any exception to such exhibitions being given on a Sunday. As Mr. Ayers says, it is the proper day, even in a religious sense, to show people that death is not the end. JOHN WETHERBEE.

He Likes Free Discussion.

TO THE EDITOR:—So long as you keep THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER free from all subsidization, open to perfect liberty of discussion, pro and con, as expressed in your editorial in the 27th issue, under the caption of "The National Association," just so long will I remain a subscriber. There is nothing I love so much as unrestrained liberty of conscience, in thought, word and act, without respect to time or place. However, such liberty as here expressed does not imply or grant the license in the abuse of others' rights. JAY D. DAVIS.

TRULY ASTONISHING.—Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn., says: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation."

"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, with whom 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 Night the Light Went Out."

This is a remarkable story; it is sensational; yet it is in all respects true. The lady who figures as the principal character in the story has lived in this city, and is well known. She is still alive, notwithstanding some remarkable episodes in her life. The story exhibits in a marked degree the unparalleled rottenness of some of the Catholic priests—no crime being too great for them to commit. The story is fascinating throughout. The seven chapters which it contains are combined in one paper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Besides the story, this paper contains the following articles: "The Romish Octopus; It is Winding Its Poisonous Coils Around Washington, D. C." It is full of startling facts. This paper also contains that remarkable poem, "Saint Peter at the Gate." There has been an immense demand for this poem. It is amusing and suggestive.

The article, "The Roman Octopus in Office," contains hints with which every patriotic American should be familiar. "Nuns Buried Alive—Monasteries and Convents Where Those Alive Are Entombed," is another article in this paper which will excite attention. Moses Hull's lecture on that remarkable man, Thomas Paine, which is published in connection with the story "The Night the Light Went Out," is replete with suggestions and valuable facts. All should read it. The last article, however, is the most thrilling, which appears on the 8th page of the paper, and was written by H. Rider Haggard, on the "Immuring of Nuns."

Now comes our extraordinary offer. We will continue to receive New Departure subscribers, but are compelled to change our programme somewhat, on account of not being able to send any more back numbers of Hudson Tuttle's remarkable story, as previously announced. Now, any one who has never taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, or those whose names have not been on our list for several months, can avail themselves of this offer: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be sent to you for three months for FIFTEEN CENTS, and also the remarkable paper alluded to, containing that highly interesting and sensational story, "The Night the Light Went Out." This offer will continue until the first of April.

Those who are now on our list of subscribers, or any one renewing, can have the paper containing the story "The Night the Light Went Out," together with the poem "St. Peter at the Gate," and the other articles mentioned, for a two-cent stamp. There are thousands who will want "St. Peter at the Gate."

This extraordinary offer is made in order to extend the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER into places where it is not now read, and thereby make the people familiar with our New Departure. It is made at a sacrifice to the publisher. No one can renew a subscription at this price, but must pay the regular price of the paper, at the rate of one dollar per year.

The Encyclopædia of Biblical Spiritualism.

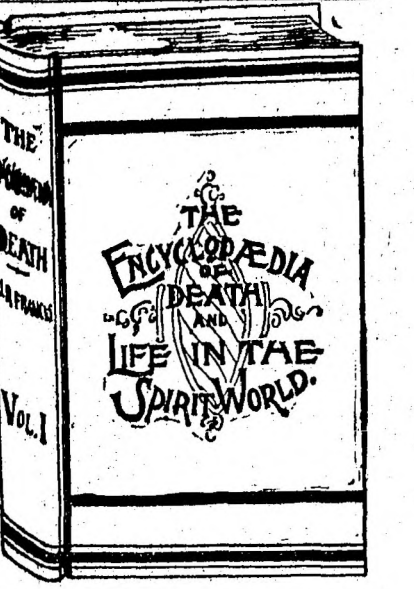
The Encyclopædia of Biblical Spiritualism, by Moses Hull, is now ready for delivery. It will prove a valuable acquisition to the literature of Spiritualism. Every Spiritualist should have it. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Gleanings From the Rostrom." By A. B. French. Contains twelve of the finest discourses by this eloquent orator and talented thinker; together with a sketch of his life by Hudson Tuttle. For sale at this office.

"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. Summs 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. "The Watseka Wonder." To the student of psychic phenomena, this pamphlet is intensely interesting. It gives detailed accounts of two cases of "double consciousness," namely Mary Lurancy Vennum of Watseka, Ill., and Mary Reynolds of Venango county, Pa. For sale at this office. Price 15c. "Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively 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.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 432 pages. Price, \$1. For sale at this office.



THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER Publishing House was inaugurated for the benefit of our subscribers. Books will continue to be published from time to time, at about the same price of the Encyclopædia, enabling our subscribers to keep abreast of the times at a nominal cost. It will be a good investment for every Spiritualist to become a subscriber to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, in order to be able to buy the books we shall publish at almost actual cost price.

Bear in mind that the Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World is furnished to any one for fifty cents when accompanied by a yearly subscription.

A subscriber can extend his subscription one year at any time, and get the Encyclopædia for 50 cents. The Encyclopædia contains 400 pages; it is neatly printed and substantially bound, and as prices are at the present time, it is worth \$1.50. It has been published for the exclusive benefit of the subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and is almost an actual gift to them.

Remember, please, that The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World is published for the exclusive benefit of our subscribers. No one else can have it unless they pay \$1.50 for it. A. W. Moore, a noted journalist, says: "I was delighted beyond measure to receive a copy of your Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. It appears to be a remarkable volume, and one that will open the eyes of the world to many sublime truths in connection with the 'hidden self.'"

D. D. Glass, a most excellent medium, says: "Vol. I. of The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, has been received. I deem it one of the most wonderful books I have ever had the privilege of reading." Joseph Beals, so prominently known in connection with the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, says: "I have read The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, with great interest, and feel that it is a book well calculated to do missionary work. It ought to have a large circulation."

How to Earn Happiness.

A BEAUTIFUL RELIGION—ORPHAN CHILDREN—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A very beautiful incident occurred at one of our recent meetings. Mr. Delva Thompson, a young man and conscious trance medium, was controlled by his spirit mother to thank and bless an old man, L. Johnson, for the kindly interest he took in often visiting and amusing her little children in that lonely period of their lives after she had passed to Spirit-life years ago. The father had to work and could not be with his children as much as a mother could. Little children are very apt to miss their mother more than grown children do who are able to care for themselves and to seek suitable society. In due time the father remarried. Certainly the spirit mother watched over her little children and knew full well who was good and kind to them. Long and many years had passed before the spirit mother had a chance to thank the benevolent gentleman. The family had moved into our neighborhood and lived here for a few years; then they moved to Antrim county, the northern part of this State. During a recent visit to this county, Eaton, to visit relatives and old friends, has attended Spiritual meetings. His friends are delighted and surprised to know he is such a good and promising medium—a speaker also. Amid the changes of many years, the spirit mother had not forgotten Mr. L. Johnson's kindness to her little children in their lonely hours. Her blessing came at last, though the day of judgment came when the kindness was done. She was thankful then; and he no doubt felt a feeling of happiness welling up in his soul, as the result of doing good, and it urged him on to do more charitable deeds. While the young man was being controlled by his spirit mother to shower down the blessing in pearly dew drops upon the old man's bowed head silvered with gray, he cried for joy. The spirit and the medium also showed much emotion. The friends looked on in silent admiration at this beautiful incident of spirit communion. "Compensation is a law, and but for this man himself would rarely ever taste of bliss."

"Learn to love while life shall last, Leave no kind word unsaid, For the mill will never, never grind With the water that has passed."

HENRY E. MARTIN.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Joselyn Gage. A royal volume, of more than common intrinsic value. The subject is treated with masterly ability; showing what the church has and has not done for woman. It is full of information on the subject, and should be read by every one. Price \$2, postpaid. "Romanism and the Republic. A Discussion of the Purposes, Assumptions, Principles and Methods of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy." It contains fourteen discourses on Romanism and the Republic. Exceedingly valuable full of information; trenchant in statement and conclusive in argument. Price \$1, postpaid. For sale at this office. "Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 432 pages. Price, \$1. For sale at this office.

beautiful pamphlet of 23 pages is the most thorough representation of the Church and State position in



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 item, 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.

A. Norman writes: "We have just closed a series of seances at Wellington, Ohio, with good success, and we have stirred the people up from their lethargy. The seed has been sown that will spring up and grow and bear its fruit for the good of humanity. Myself and Mr. Winslow leave for Dayton, Ohio, this evening."

W. S. P. writes: "The First Spiritualist Society of Somersworth, N. H., was specially favored with the presence of that most remarkable lecturer and medium, J. Frank Baxter, on last Sunday afternoon and evening, March 3. We wish to say of him that for expounding our philosophy, so far as the writer knows, he has no equal, and as a test medium he is exceeded by none. Our fine audience was enthusiastic over our meetings and are looking forward with joyful anticipations for his return to us next Sunday."

Dr. C. W. Hadden of Newburyport, Mass., has been engaged to lecture at Lake Pleasant on August 11 and 13.

E. W. Sprague is open for engagements for April, May and June. His camp engagements for 1895 are as follows: Chesterfield, Ind., July 18th to 25th inclusive; Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 11th, 13th, 14th and 16th; Delphos, Kansas, Aug. 18th to 25th inclusive. He will again serve the Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists for September, and is open for engagements for the season of 1895 and 1896. Address him at Newland and Forest avenues, Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. Henry J. Newton, of New York, writes: "We now have J. Clegg Wright and the wonderful test medium, Edgar W. Emerson. Our hall is filled to its utmost capacity, many not being able to get within the doors. We shall try to get a larger hall."

Mrs. L. A. Shorey, of Rockland, Mass., writes: "On Feb. 28, at the close of a very successful engagement of six weeks by Dr. John P. Thordyke of Boston, a reception was tendered him by those who have been constant attendants at the meetings held by him in this place. As mention has been made in your columns from time to time as to the work he has accomplished here, we will not take up too much space in this issue to go into detail. Suffice it to say we have had the most interesting meetings held since the days of Denton, and at the reception above referred to we handed the Doctor a purse of money, accompanied with the following letter, signed by twenty different persons: 'We, the undersigned residents of Rockland, Mass., interested in the progressive work of the hour, in full sympathy with all the earnest workers and reformers who are trying to teach the more perfect way, desire to express our heartfelt thanks to Dr. John P. Thordyke for his faithful services during his six weeks' stay with us. His loyalty to Truth and to his convictions, his earnestness, and self-sacrificing efforts to impart knowledge, to all who would listen, concerning this physical life and its relation to the life immortal, commend him to us all as an admirable character, and as an able and eloquent teacher.'"

Correspondent writes: "The work moves on in St. Joseph, Mo. New development circles are being organized each week, and more and more mediums are coming forward, and more and more workers are being organized. The PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the favorite. New subscribers are loud in its praises. Some say it is better than the Christian faith-book, the Bible; others say it is worth five times its price. Dr. James and wife, of Texarkana, Texas, are here. They are good mediums, and are being liberally patronized. March 3rd, his guides delivered a good address through his organism, to the Psychical Society. The 4th anniversary of modern Spiritualism will be duly celebrated. B. A. C. Stephens, the hypnotist, is busy developing mediums. Let all good Spiritualists everywhere remember their missionaries with their prayers."

W. S. Edwards writes: "A very interesting meeting of progressive thinkers was held at Newman's hall, 503 Sixty-third street, Englewood, on Sunday evening, March 3d. A most interesting and instructive lecture was delivered by Dr. C. K. Carr, who was ably seconded by Mr. Philip Reese, a very fine baritone singer, and gave a number of tests were given by Mrs. Dr. Emerson. It is the intention to hold meetings every Sunday at 3:30 and 7:30 P. M., at the same hall, and if possible form an organization."

Bishop A. Beals writes from Waterloo, Ind.: "I had here and enthusiastic audiences here and the cause is flourishing. The society at Sturgis, Mich., is awake, and write me to return the four last Sundays of this month."

B. F. Schmid, president, writes from Indianapolis, Ind.: "Another month of good, earnest work has been done, and many advanced thoughts and ideas scattered abroad by our noble worker, Mrs. H. S. Lark of Cleveland, Ohio, who has served the Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists during the month of February. Her discourses in the main have been upon topics valuable, interesting and instructive. Her teachings as to how to live better, truer, nobler, and her discourses on diet, health, and vegetarianism, have been of real, practical value and benefit to quite a number of our people. The writer has become greatly interested in the vegetarian diet, and has undertaken to become a vegetarian himself, and feels himself benefited after an experiment of thirty days. The thoughts expressed by our good worker on reincarnation did not meet with approval, but were received with much incredulity. When a speaker tells a mixed audience that he or she can remember when they were here on this planet in a former reincarnation, or that they can recall when they were on the planet Jupiter, and that they meet individuals and know and recognize them, whom they had met on Jupiter, it takes a strong stretch of the imagination to believe such doctrine. Now, were it true, how many are there who could possibly understand, evidently such a vague light of the imagination? And it certainly must take great intensity of mental vibrations to reach such conclusions, and how many are there attuned in this wise, and of what value—of what practical benefit—are such wild fancies to humanity? Of what benefit to the advancement of the race are such teachings? Of what value is or has been the adept of India to humanity? Give me the real practical issues of the day as they are, and as they must be met. Give me the reformer who is practical, not imaginative—one that can and does reach humanity in their everyday needs, and you give me a valuable teacher. Cannot this fancy of reincarnation be attributed to some abnormally developed phrenological organ? If not, why not?"

W. R. Packard writes: "I wish to relate an incident that happened about a year ago in my family. My daughter lay asleep one afternoon, it being warm and very dry. Her little boy of five or six years was playing around. All at once something told her to get up and go to the barn and put out a fire. She started up out of a sound sleep and called to her boy, but he did not answer her; but something kept telling her to go and put out a fire. She ran up to the barn, and there in an outhouse she discovered a fire, and it was going very briskly, in a few more minutes the barn would be on fire, as it was close to the barn and next to the hay-mow. Now, if that was not a strong presentiment, I don't know what you would call it. The boy had got some matches and built a fire."

Mrs. L. F. Prior writes from Tacoma, Wash.: "When I was in Los Angeles, Cal., I heard a minister of the old Methodist religion remark: 'We must be careful, for there is nothing which is creating so much thought and discussion in the churches to-day as Spiritualism and Theosophy.' Now, Mr. Editor, that is what we, as Spiritualists, wish; we have the heaven at work, and soon our truths will permeate the whole church. I see an account of the anti-Spiritualist war which is being waged against Brother Moses Hull by W. R. Covert, and I rejoice for I know it is a sign of the times. Just before I left Portland, there was a sermon delivered by Dr. Edward Locke, of the Methodist church of that city, on 'Why Tom Paine Cannot Be Classed Among the Nation's Greatest Patriots,' which, for its narrow-mindedness, called down the comments of many upon his reverend head to such an extent that a notice was inserted in a daily paper that Dr. Locke had taken a much-needed rest—and had gone to California for a few weeks. I have been in Tacoma for the past week, delivered a lecture here last Sunday, and gave tests of spirit. Now, to a house, I give one more lecture, then go to Seattle. I find our cause here upheld by Mrs. McCall, an ordained medium and doctor, also the president of the society here, which has been holding meetings in Economy hall, which is rented from Richard Cobb, who is a firm Spiritualist; Mrs. Nagel, who has been holding public meetings here all winter, and dividing her time between this city and Centralia, and Mrs. Oelson, who is a private medium."

S. Boardman writes: "In my hasty report of last week, I omitted the name of our society at La Crosse, Wis. It is the Society of Modern Spiritual Thought. Wm. Crosier, president; Mrs. Carrie Schrieber, first vice-president; Mrs. Link, second vice-president; Dr. C. W. Sanderson, secretary; Capt. Schrieber, treasurer. We cannot promise a fast growth immediately, but all are hopeful, and it is believed the child has vitality enough to survive the social ostracism and commercial dummies of the present, and beyond that, the progressive character of truth is our guaranty. I have never been a church member, and now, in the last half of sixty-one years, with full reverence for truth and purity, I cannot mourn the refusal church affiliation, but believe I have at last found sympathy where truth is not tied up with ecclesiastical red tape."

John Loth writes from Muncie, Ind.: "We are going right along here with the good cause of truth. We have had here Rev. Anna E. Thomas, of Dayton, Ohio; also Mrs. Hazel Stoll, from the same city. Mrs. Thomas is a fine and fluent speaker. She gave us two lectures, and drew out fine audiences. After the lectures Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Stoll gave tests. Every one who got a test from them admitted that they were correct to the letter. Their scope of mediumship embraces trumpet-speaking and slate-writing, and readings. Our society heartily recommends to all good Spiritualists Mrs. Anna E. Thomas and Mrs. Hazel Stoll."

L. F. Miller thinks Mr. Gotsinger's discoveries are too deep for the understanding of the majority of would-be scientific men; and predicts that within ten years his discoveries and ideas will be gratefully received by the truly scientific minds of our globe. His name will go down in history as the deepest thinker and greatest discoverer of the age. In reply to Mr. Gotsinger's criticisms, Mr. Miller says that, let three persons take their places, one at each end of a wall, and one in the center, and let those persons at the ends of the wall hear it, while the one in front will not perceive the sound made. This, he thinks, proves that sound may be split.

Daniel Winegarden has published an excellent little pamphlet on "The Resurrection—When Will It Be, and What Will It Be?" He proves that the resurrection takes place when each one passes through the change called death. The price of the pamphlet is 10 cents. Address the author at call box 303, Grand Rapids, Mich., and get a copy.

Mrs. Virginia Barrett desires to make engagements with Spiritualist societies, to serve as speaker and psychometrist; and to open new fields and organize. Permanent home address, 850 N. New Jersey street, Indianapolis, Ind. Terms easy.

Indianapolis Journal: "What would you think," asked the inquisitive young person, "what would you think if Bob Ingersoll were to get religion and die converted?" "What would I think?" echoed Deacon Podberry, with much warmth. "I would think it was a darn swindle, that's what I'd think!"

In an obituary notice last week written by Thomas Lees of Cleveland, Ohio, the name of the deceased was given as Louisa A. M. Hatter. It should have been Louisa A. M. Slater. If correspondents will only write proper names plainly, such mistakes will not occur.

C. E. Dent has been traveling in Michigan and giving circles, since the middle of December; has been to Athens, Sherwood, Findley, Sturgis, Burr Oak and Paw Paw, having circles nearly every night. At Burr Oak, Bishop A. Beals spoke, and the hall was not large enough to seat those that came. At Sherwood he heard Moses Hull give his grand lectures, and a circle was held in the church. At Mendon Mr. G. Parker and his wife held a seance, at which there were trumpet-speaking and singing, and other demonstrations.

C. L. Clark writes that Dr. Willis Edwards has been engaged by the North Side Spiritual Society as speaker and test-medium, for March and April. He won many friends during his engagement for December and January. Mrs. Anna Orvis closed her engagement with the society on Sunday, Feb. 24. She won for herself a large circle of friends during her stay. Her poetic readings were very interesting. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to her by appreciative friends.

J. Madison Allen is still at Hot Springs, Ark., where he will remain a short time longer.

Myra F. Paine has written and published a series of "Easy Lessons in Spiritual Science, Especially for the Young." In brief lessons, consisting of questions and answers, the spiritual philosophy is briefly and clearly presented. In a style adapted to the comprehension of children. It inculcates lessons in ethics or morality, in connection with spiritual truth; and can be made very useful in lyceums, or at home. For sale at this office, price 10 cents.

Ajax writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "At Howard's hall, the good work moves forward grandly. Yesterday morning a large and intelligent audience gathered to hear Mr. Wiggins' lecture on 'The Bible from a Spiritualist's Standpoint.' He was followed closely, from start to finish, as he demonstrated facts and adduced proof that in so-called Bible times there was abundant evidence of spirit manifestation. The people of St. Louis seem anxious to hear the truths of Spiritualism, even if they must pay for them. Despite the fact of being confronted by a 'race gathering,' the hall was crowded to the doors. The tests given by Mr. Wiggins were very startling to those unacquainted with spirit phenomena. And, as expressed by a Globe-Democrat reporter, who was given a seat on the platform: 'Letters were written by many in the audience, and placed on a table, and the lecturer picked up several and told their contents without opening them. In many cases he would tell the history of the writers, and, as a rule, he was correct.' Mr. Wiggins called frequently upon his associate, Mr. Maxham, for solos, which were given with spirit and earnestness. The silence that ensued when he announced to sing, is sufficient guaranty of his vocal powers."

P. W. Lund writes that wherever the church of Rome rules is poverty and distress among the masses, and ignorance and crime. He thinks it would be well for Dr. Peebles to read the history of the "Thirty Years' Religious War," in order to throw off the yoke of Rome; also, to read the history of the "Holy Inquisition" in Spain. No republic can afford to give unlimited freedom to the Roman church, as the Jesuits are the most dangerous diplomats and politicians in the world. The Roman Catholic church is not democratic in its tendencies or teachings.

Dr. L. Freedman, now in New York, will start for his home in Australia in May, where he proposes to give the people the benefit of his healing powers and American experiences. He will visit some of the large cities on the way to California.

Myra F. Paine, after two months at Baldwinville of as successful work as could be expected amid the snowstorms and drifts and horrid roads, will lecture in Syracuse on the 10th, in Rochester on the 11th, two days in Auburn the intervening week, and in Buffalo at the anniversary on the 31st, reaching home at Lily Dale April 1, where all correspondence from this time should be addressed.

H. S. Hubbard writes: "Dr. Lucy Harnicot, of Boston, has just spent a few weeks in Santa Monica, Cal., and shown herself to be both a lecturer and healer of uncommon powers. She is a fine psychologist, and a platform test medium with a commanding presence to win and hold her audience. In private readings she excels. She may be addressed for engagements at Los Angeles for the next few weeks."

From a friend we learn that the Occult Science Society, of South Chicago, has been attended by many earnest and honest investigators, among whom are a number of members of the churches. The pastor of a Baptist church became alarmed because several of his flock were investigating for themselves. Investigation is dangerous to orthodoxy—so he stated that he would give a series of sermons proving the fallacy of spirit return, etc. The sermons were given, with the result of an increased attendance of investigators. At the meeting of the Occult Science seekers, Mrs. Nickless, inspirational speaker, challenged the minister to debate the subject, and he consented—under the terms that she should speak first, and in a week or ten days he would reply—he must have that time to prepare his reply. The committee that waited on him said the lady wished to discuss the question and on the same evening, or he should reply not later than the following evening. His answer was an emphatic No! We rather wish that he had been allowed to make his own terms. We are sure that his inspiration, which he does not acknowledge, would have been no match for Mrs. Nickless with inspiration, no matter how long a time he required.

Corresponding Secretary writes from Toledo, Ohio: "We have had with us for the past four Sundays, giving readings and tests, Mrs. Steelman Mitchell, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She is a lady of sterling quality, doing a vast amount of good for the cause of truth. Under her ministrations our society has been growing, having large and appreciative audiences. Many skeptics and investigators are interested to find from the teachings of Spiritualism the truths of immortality beyond this mundane sphere of existence. Mrs. Mitchell stands in the front ranks as a lecturer and test medium, presenting a variety of phases in the manner of giving the investigator, seeking for truth of spirit return, and knowledge of the fact that it must be true; the veil can be lifted, and with our friends we can communicate, and aid each and every one by understanding the natural laws of life. A prosperous and growing society we have now, after a long and arduous struggle to uplift the truth upon a platform of intelligence. Mrs. Mitchell is open for engagements, and we, as a society, fully endorse her as an earnest worker."

Mrs. M. A. Congdon writes: "I wish to offer my services, through the medium of your paper, to any society wishing an inspirational lecturer. My expenses only will be asked through the present financial depression, as my object is to teach the truths of Spiritualism rather than to live by them; although I have no income elsewhere, yet I am provided for. I will go out within a radius of one hundred miles of Elgin for spring and summer, or to near camp meetings. Address me at 352 Seale avenue, Elgin, Ill."

J. N. Yakes writes: "Sunday, March 3d, Frank T. Ripley occupied the rostrum in Milwaukee. He had a fair-sized audience ready to greet him the second time. His lecture was replete with logic and truth. He then gave a few readings, which were pronounced true to the letter. In the evening his audience was three times as large as in the afternoon. This city is waking up. Orthodoxy wears a long face. Spiritualism here has now a firm basis and has come to stay. All mediums in the Badger State are busy."

G. F. Perkins writes from Washington, D. C.: "We are still holding meetings every Sunday at 2 and 7:45 P. M., at 108 Pennsylvania avenue, this city. During the extreme cold weather our audiences decreased some, but are growing larger this month. We are having good success in giving tests to the investigators as usual; also in our developing classes. But the influence of the three C's (Coxey, Cleveland and Congress), has about squelched the financial conditions here, and the monotonous drawl of 'hard times' is constantly heard through the streets and in the buzz of every conversational circle. We expect to work west as soon as the weather gets more settled, and would like to hear from societies in Ohio. Address me at 512 E street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

M. A. Congdon writes from Elgin, Ill.: "An occasion of interest to Spiritualists occurred on March 2, at the home of Mrs. Alonzo Jones, 277 Spring street, Elgin, Ill., it being her 63rd birthday. A number of friends had been invited, and they, feeling it to be a duty to make some consideration of Mrs. Jones' faithfulness to the cause, she having opened her house for spiritual meetings every week since last summer, clubbed together and bought her a handsome bookcase and desk combined, as an acknowledgment of her kindness and faithfulness. In connection with the gift, one of the mediums attendant on the meetings received by impression a plan of the spirit friends, by which that gift was to be made a factor in the work of Spiritualistic education. Its shelves and drawers are to be made receptacles of spiritual literature, donated by friends, to be kept in circulation. Any person wishing to take the books and periodicals, keep them one week, then exchange or report them, if wanted further. The desk leaf is also to be used by a gentleman who is developing as an automatic writer whenever he sits with Mrs. Jones, who, in addition to being a clairvoyant, is a developing medium, as her many friends, both here and in Wisconsin, can testify. Her friends of the latter State, scattered now, many of them will be pleased to learn through Mrs. P. F. Perkins' THINKER, that she is still faithful to the cause which to her is the bread and water of life. No doubt they will join with us in wishing many returns of birthdays in earth-life and a glorious entering into reward when the last milestone for her has been passed."

Mrs. S. C. Scovell is still in Elgin, doing a good work for both worlds. She is doing a good work in her calling as a speaker and psychometrist.

B. A. C. Stephens, hypnotist, lecturer and magnetic healer, is open for engagement. New fields preferred. Write for terms, including stamp. Address, 823 Francis street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Mrs. S. C. Scovell writes from Elgin, Ill.: "I hereby heartily recommend to your kind consideration Sister M. A. Congdon, whom I consider perfectly competent to please the most critical audience, in and through her talents as an inspirational speaker and teacher of occult truth. Any societies needing the services of a talented speaker and conscientious worker for the good of the cause in general would do well to give her a call. May the Angel-world ever find so faithful an agent and medium."

Two months ago Elder Covert, of the Church of God, began a series of lectures at Anderson Ind., denouncing Spiritualism. During the course of these talks he denounced all alleged mediums as frauds. He deposited \$500 with a local newspaper as a guarantee that he could reproduce any alleged spiritual manifestations produced by them. Mrs. Dr. G. N. Hilligoss, on March 9th, filed a \$10,000 damage suit against the Elder, alleging he has defamed her character in his lectures. Mrs. Hilligoss is the wife of Dr. Hilligoss, a wealthy physician, and was recently appointed pastor of the Madison Avenue Society of Spiritualists. There are many believers in Spiritualism in Anderson and they propose to prosecute the case vigorously.

Secretary writes: "Good materializing mediums passing through Pittsburg, en route east or west, will find it to their advantage, if they desire to stop over for one or two weeks, to address J. H. Lohmeyer, 10 Kirkpatrick street, Pittsburg, Pa. This city is a good field for the phenomena of materialization, and a few first-class mediums will be well cared for. The First Church of Spiritualists of Pittsburg are having for their speaker Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing. It is hardly necessary to say Mrs. Twing is one of Pittsburg's favorite speakers, this being her sixth engagement with our society. Mr. T. Grimshaw, the permanent speaker of our society, is also doing a good work to enlighten the Spiritualists hereabouts with the able discourses delivered through him by his guides. We have also had with us Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bates, Mrs. Dr. James, a local medium, assisted in the work during February."

Mrs. Mary A. Jeffery will give one of her fine musical and literary entertainments at Lodge hall, No. 11 North Ada street, corner Randolph, on Tuesday evening, March 19th, 1895, to conclude with a test seance. Go and have a good time.

Word from Marcellus, Mich., states that Farmer Riley is gradually getting better—news that all will be glad to learn.

Mr. Ingraham, of Manhattan, Kansas, would like to have H. B. Allen stop there if he travels on that line of railroad.

Jennie Hagan-Jackson lectured at the Unitarian church, Midland, Michigan, Thursday and Friday evenings, March 7th and 8th.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to the higher life, February 25, 1895, Dr. Horace Harding Smith, of Newton, Kansas. He was born in New York sixty-five years ago, and lived in that State most of his life. He was an earnest Spiritualist, and a practitioner in magnetic healing. Thus passed from this life one whose delight was to relieve the suffering of others. His conception of a Supreme Power was very far in advance of those commonly accepted. He leaves a wife, who is a cripple, and has two daughters at home to mourn his loss.

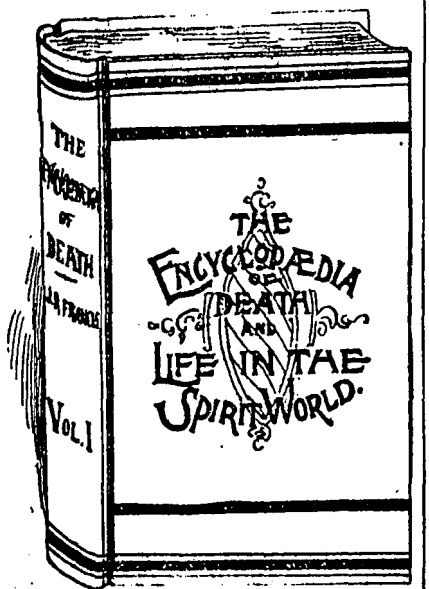
C. W. PENNYL.

I have to perform the sad duty of reporting the sudden transition of Brother M. H. Prince from 123 E. Carroll street, Washington, D. C., which occurred March 4th, 3:15 p. m. He was taken sick with symptoms of severe congestion of the lungs, which seemed to rapidly spread to the brain, the entire duration of sickness being about twenty-four hours. The companion of his life is prostrated with the shock.

The funeral took place to-day in charge of the several secret orders of which he was a member.

Brother Prince was a most enthusiastic Spiritualist.

G. F. PERKINS.



Any one who sends us four trial subscribers can have the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World sent to him for 50 cents. Every Spiritualist will want the various volumes of this Encyclopedia. Your library will not be complete without it.

G. W. Brown, M. D., prominent as editor, publisher and author, says: "One of the incomprehensible questions with me is: How do you find time in the midst of your multitudinous duties as editor, publisher, business manager and general factotum of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to compile, print and publish your one and only Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. The book is splendidly gotten up."

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

If the surface of the earth were perfectly level, the waters of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet. The first mention of the Gulf Stream is in the journal of Alaminos, the pilot of Ponce de Leon, in 1413.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium,

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

R. H. Weeks, Carlisle, Q. We have a circle of three members. As soon as we sit at the table it moves. When we take our hands from the table it will be moved rapidly. One member of the circle becomes endowed with great strength, often writing messages. Can you tell us what phases of mediumship are indicated and how we may secure the best results?

A. In this circle are the various phases of physical manifestations and writing. The most productive plan would be the formation of a larger circle carefully selected and managed.

A Spiritualist, Shelby, Mich.: Q. Why is it necessary to become a member of a secret organization, such as the Magi, for instance, introduced by Olney H. Richmond, of Chicago?

A. For some time a secret organization is very attractive, and the social life gained within the gates is greatly prized. Yet it is far from necessary for a Spiritualist to be a member of any secret society. As I understand that philosophy, it is rather opposed to all methods which place barriers between coworkers; that elevates anything above the truth. It may be well, as in Masonic degrees, to pledge to stand by a brother in distress, and attend to the wants of his children should they lose his care; but it is not better to pledge ourselves beyond the narrow walls of a society, to stand by everyone in distress, and every orphan needing help?

The Order of the Magi has the best features of all secret societies, but in this day and age it may be said of one and all that there can be no truth secreted, attainable only by means of a password.

A Spiritualist ought to be known by his life's conduct, and not by grip, secret sign, or badge. If he is not spiritualized by his belief, then he cannot properly call himself a Spiritualist.

I would not be understood as condemning any secret order, much less the Magi, for many find their needs met by such organizations, derive great help and strength, and love the ritual, which to them stands in place of church work, discipline and creed. Let us all be thankful that there are ways for each, according to his desires and needs, and instead of contending that others must see as we do, work in our own sphere to the utmost of our powers.

Anna Fuller, Florida: Q. (1) When a person is in a trance, and a disembodied spirit takes possession of her organism, what becomes of the mind or spirit of the person entranced?

(2) In case of obsession, what becomes of the one obsessed?

A. (1) There are two very distinct states of trance; one in which the spiritual perceptions are intensified, the other where they are under the control of another personality. It is the latter where the phenomena of obsession takes place. It must be held in mind that the controlling spirit does not, even in the most complete apparent obsession, displace the entranced spirit. Like a skillful hypnotist, the control over the subject is gained, and the individuality of the latter is lost in that of the former; it is only a more perfect hypnotic control. A spirit, were it disposed of its physical body, could not return.

(2) A great deal of speculation has been indulged in regarding obsession, called, whether it was really the control of a spirit, or referable to psychological causes more or less known. If we admit that spirits can control sensitive, then obsession is only a more perfect form of control. When exercised by good beings no harm can result, and the term is generally used when low and degrading influences are manifested. The class of intelligence called by A. J. Davis "Diakka," and by Dr. Peebles "Gadarenes," have strong psychological power, being in closer contact with earthly conditions, as is proven by the experience of all who have investigated the subject experimentally. The result of obsession depends on the character of the obsessing spirit, providing the subject surrenders his will. Whenever mediums thus surrender their will, they become obsessed; that is, they yield their personality to the control of an irresponsible agent and stand on most dangerous ground. It may be that the controlling spirit is better and wiser than they, or faithless and selfish.

In the Wateksa case, which has become famous, a spirit friend took complete possession of the medium, and for a year the latter had no conscious existence. There was the habit of going into close relations with the obsessing spirit's family, and at the end of the appointed time the medium was restored to full consciousness and selfhood. It was a beautiful illustration of spiritual laws, and had a happy ending, but we are appalled at the consequences which this instance shows to be possible, for a brutal and selfish spirit to gain the same control when conditions are furnished. It further shows the necessity of understanding the laws and conditions of sensitiveness and control, that the dangers may be guarded against.

I introduce some instances which have come under my own observation, from the many more or less important, as illustrating two distinct phases.

I was sitting with a circle around a large, walnut dining-table, which was moving in response to questions. Their intelligence claimed to be an Indian, and to a request said he would sketch his own portrait by my hand. With a piece of chalk the size of a small marble, my hand drew on the table a grotesque portrait. We all laughed, and my father who had left the table and was seated at the opposite side of the room said: "It looks like Satan!" Instantly my mind from light and pleasant thoughts was changed to fierce and unutterable hatred, anger turned the light to bloody redness, and to kill was an uncontrollable desire under which my hand threw the chalk with the precision of a bullet, hitting the offender in the center of the forehead, with a force which shivered the chalk in pieces. Had it been larger

serious consequences would certainly have resulted. Of course the seance was at an end; but I did not escape that terrible influence for the evening.

The study of this seance showed me the danger which menaced the sensitive and gave the cause of a class of crimes which hitherto had remained inexplicable.

We often hear of those who have been trusted for years, and models of honesty, fidelity and moral uprightness, without warning committing some heinous crime against property or person. They usually say they were seized by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, and regretted their acts as soon as accomplished.

To apply this to the suicidal desire so prominent in the insane, I will introduce another personal illustration. While sitting in a circle at the home of the venerable Dr. Underhill, in an almost unconscious state, I recognized the presence of several Indian spirits. The roar of the Cayahoga river over the rapids could be heard in the still evening air, and to my sensitive ear was very distinct. Suddenly, I was seized with a desire to rush away to the rapids and throw myself into the river. As I started up, some one caught hold of me, and aroused me out of the sensitive state in which I gained control of myself. Had that state been more profound and I had once started, the end might have been tragic instead of comic. The desire continued during the evening. I refer to the immediate cause of these examples to the pernicious influence of sitting in promiscuous circles.

This is emphasized by the following incident: A young man in the employ of a farmer became mediumistic. There was great excitement in the neighborhood, and night after night circles were held composed of the eager, the credulous and skeptical. After a few days he became obsessed by a power which seemed determined on his destruction. His language of oaths and profanity was dreadful to hear, and if opposed he became enraged, foamed at the mouth and sought to destroy those who spoke to him. He would run across the fields and throw himself against the gate or fence with a force which threatened serious injury.

His friends brought him to me, hoping that they might be instructed by a higher spirit power. No sooner did he see me, nearly a fourth of a mile away, than he rushed toward me like a wild beast, cursing, raving and foaming at the mouth. I did not know the circumstances of the case at that time, but I stood firm and catching his eye held him at bay. I supposed him to be an escaped maniac, as I saw his friends coming in the distance, and as it has been my peculiar experience to invariably win the confidence of the insane with whom I have been brought into contact, I had no fears. When his friends came they explained his case. There was only one remedy, and that was for me to magnetize him, by assistance, and introduce a superior will in the place of that which then held him. I exerted all my strength of purpose, with strong assistance, and after an hour found him obedient to my desires. I told his friends that he was safe for two days and then he must visit me. He became free from the influence, and they neglected to return and in the evening of the second day he became again obsessed. The third day they brought him, fiercer than at first, and it was with greatest difficulty I controlled him.

My spirit friends told me that he was in utmost danger, and if the obsession again returned they could do no more; and above all things cautioned him against sitting in circles. The very evening, feeling restored, and pressed to do so, he sat and the obsession returned. This time I had not the least influence over him and the obsessing spirit mocked my futile efforts.

With brief intervals this obsession continued for some years, until the death of the victim. It was a most decided case of obsession. It would have passed for insanity, and I have no doubt that many cases which are treated as madness would readily yield to magnetism, being strictly referable to obsession. While writing, recently, a prominent insane asylum was thoroughly convinced that a great injustice was being done to a large number of patients, whose only difficulty was a sensitiveness which made them involuntary agents. The cure of such cases might readily be effected by magnetic treatment. The more I investigate impressibility, or the sensitive state, the more charity I have for those who are led astray, or become obsessed as madmen and criminals. They should be judged by another standard than that which is applied to ordinary criminals.

Sunday Meetings in Chicago.

First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Hooley's Theatre. 11 A. M.

The People's Home Spiritualist Association, at Bricklayers' hall, 93 South Peoria street, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

North Side Society, Schlottbauer's Hall, Sigel and Sedgwick streets. 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

The Progressive Society, 3120 Forest avenue. Children's Lyceum, 1300 P. M. Services at 3:00 and 7:30 P. M.

The First Spiritual Society of the South Side, Auditorium Hall, 77 Thirty-first street. 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

Spiritual meetings at Custer Post Hall, 85 South Sangamon street. Services at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

Spiritual Union, Nathan Hall, 1565 Milwaukee avenue. 7:30 P. M.

The Spiritual Research Society, Orpheus Hall, in Schiller Theatre Building, Randolph street, between Clark and Dearborn. Every Sunday at 3 P. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Chicago Fraternal Endeavor Society, Lodge hall, No. 11 North Ada street. Meeting 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

Society Students of Nature, Kremer Hall, 574 Armitage and Campbell avenues, (near car barns) Sunday at 7:30 P. M.; Lyceum at 2:30 P. M.

Free Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. L. A. Roberts, 107 South Leavitt st.

OTHER MEETINGS.

Band of Harmony, Thursday, 7:45 P. M. Orpheus Hall, Schiller Theatre.

National Society of Spiritualists, 681 W. Lake street. Wednesday evenings 7:45 o'clock.

Meetings held at Lakeside hall, Thirty-first street and Indiana avenue, at 2 P. M. every Tuesday afternoon.

Mansell's Almanac and Planetary Meteorology is now ready. Every farmer, every mystic, and every advanced thinker should have it. Price 5 cents. For sale at this office.

A TEMPLE DEDICATED.

The Spiritualists of Portland, Oregon, Dedicate Their New Place of Worship.

We have reason to be proud of the success we are having here in the great Northwest. We have obtained possession, by lease, of one of the finest church edifices on the Pacific Coast, in which the First Spiritual Church will have its future home. It is a large, imposing structure, with a spire at least one hundred and fifty feet high. We are completely refurnishing it. When completed it will be one of the coziest, as well as most comfortable churches in the city.

On February 20th we dedicated the church. The building was packed to the doors. A fine programme was rendered.

Dr. S. B. Hendee, one of the most eloquent spiritual speakers in the United States, delivered the address. Following is, in part, what he said:

FROM BARBARISM TO SPIRITUALITY.

MY FRIENDS:—This seems to be a fitting time to briefly trace the progressive steps of mankind. In all ages and countries, whether civilized or barbarous, two great factors are ever present: The wise men and the multitude; the governors and the governed. Keeping this fact in view, we will go back in history a few centuries before the Christian era, taking into consideration the condition of mankind.

At that time, outside of a few wise men, the mentality of the Eastern Hemisphere, from Asia down through India, Egypt and lower Europe, had not reached a sufficient development to comprehend a realm of life beyond the material elements in which they lived. Yet we find that element of Divinity, the inner-life, that ever impels man onward and upward, even among these crude people, creating a desire for a better condition of future life.

They worshiped the wondrous beauty of the stars at night; the majestic glory of the sun (the god of day). They builded for themselves idols of wood and stone, ornamented with precious jewels, hideous in face and form. They fell down and worshiped these material things that they could see, and feel, and understand. Mothers tore from their breasts their innocent babes, and cast them into the Ganges. The most horrible sacrifices were made to appease the supposed wrath of their heathen gods. Every tie of affection was ruthlessly trampled upon—all for one purpose: To buy for themselves a state of peace and happiness in the future. At last, human nature could bear no more. Their souls revolted at these cruelties that brought no return of good. A mighty cry went up from these people asking for something better.

At this time we find there lived in Palestine the most humble and despised people on the earth. They had been driven from place to place, persecuted and spat upon, until forced to congregate in one small corner of the inhabited globe. A race of Jews—among them wise men who formulated a god and heaven, taught the people to worship—not idols of wood and stone, but an ideal man, a king of gigantic form. They clothed him in fine raiment, of a pattern the people understood. They gave him all the passions and all the virtues they themselves possessed. They placed him on a throne of white and wondrous beauty, selecting for their heaven all the most perfect things of earth. They builded a white city, paving its streets with gold (earth's most precious metal). They peopled it with angels, copied from virgins of perfect beauty. That they might quickly pass from one realm of bliss to another, they gave them wings plucked from the whitest plumed birds of earth, and transplanted the trees, and flowers, into this elysium of delight.

Thus, my friends, from the most despised people came the foundation upon which rests the entire superstructure of Christian civilization. This heaven, this God, this promised land of rest, so fully meeting the understanding and desires of the heathen idol-worshippers of the North: this God that was mightier than all their gods combined, permitting their babes to grow into glorious manhood and beautiful womanhood, completely answering their prayers, rapidly converted the majority of the northern kingdoms. This was the first step from a barbarous, material idolatry into the first plane of spiritual mentality.

Soon, however, the world, believing heaven a fixture, lapsed into forgetfulness of God, careless of his liabilities to anger, until, as centuries passed away, the multitude became so corrupt the faithful found it necessary to devise a plan of punishment. A region of fire, an infliction of the most excruciating pain, that of burning (another well-understood earthly condition) was to be their lot in future life, unless they repented.

Continual preaching at last roused the people to a sense of danger, and fear of God overcame them; then, in their dire distress, once more, a prayer went up, pleading for deliverance from this appalling fate.

Then there came the birth of a most beautiful ideal. Down among the lowliest of the Jews, in a manger among the cattle, a babe of perfect beauty was born. There arose the Star of Bethlehem. In this expression of helpless innocence, we behold the habitation of divinity. What a benefit, what a grand purpose this ideal has served!

Here, my friends, through the doors of this church, in the past years, hundreds have converted in Jesus, the Christ, the son of God. They great the number of human beings saved from the gutter. How many hearts have received here the "Balm of Gilead," and been blessed in the faith. Their loved ones, stricken by the hand of death, have passed into heaven, have been received upon the bosom of Jesus, at the right hand of God.

This is only another step into higher civilization—an expression of the divine spirit through material man.

We know our Christian friends are honest and sincere in their belief. All of these beautiful pictures are the promises that have been made of eternal rest, and joy in a far-off heaven, do not satisfy the longings of a human soul. This ever-restless, ever-expanding force, this inner man, demands more than belief—it demands facts.

In answer, there came within this century a phenomenal expression of an intelligence that has demonstrated to the

world the fact of spirit return. We refuse to accept this painted picture of a far-off heaven, with all this infinite creative power, concentrated into one individualized being.

This wonderfully constructed machine, the brain of man, the seat of reason, even expanding and developing into a more sensitive condition, forcing the soul into realms of higher life, meeting on a common ground, with those people who have passed from earth, one more step into the sphere of infinite wisdom, counseling with them, as rational beings, receiving practical instructions to apply to every-day life.

How consistent, my friends, that we, the advocates of this knowledge, who, only a score of years ago, were scoffed at as a despised by the multitude; that we, the representatives of the corner, stand to-night, in this building, the First Spiritual Church of Portland, Oregon, to dedicate it to the uses of our spirit-friends, that they, through various channels, may demonstrate the truth of our claims.

The world moves on. The divine forces, the life-principle of all things, that has carried man from a condition of darkened mentality, step by step through the material into the spiritual, teaches us that all the past idol-building, God-and-heaven building are only factors of growth in the soul-center of nature, pushing their way gradually upward to that source of life from whence they came, reaching in each successive age a closer union of physical and spiritual.

We have penetrated the veil of mystery. We have received a baptism of knowledge. We are one step in advance of our Christian brothers. We hold out our hands to them, wishing with all our hearts that they, too, will mingle with us and receive this holy baptism of knowledge, that wipes away the tears of sorrow, receives once more the cares of loved ones gone before, buries prejudice and only investigates, realizing that we have only added certainty to belief—only completed the picture!

Thou spirit of God, thou being of love, Thou bringest light so far above The eyes men so lovingly turn, Their souls reach out toward that mighty urn.

From which in thy love through eternity shall burn.

As written by the sages of old, Within this book the story is told, How, in earth's early day, God created Man of noble form and beautiful face, Created him the foundation of a mighty race.

Not wishing any part of duty to shirk, Blessed with a companion to complete the work.

This is the fable written in ages past; To the second book we turn at last. After years of errors, after sorrows untold,

God, in his mercy, remodels the mold. These beings he created centuries ago—Faulty in passions that ebb and flow, Endowed with life like the earth from which they came,

Crowned with reason, ambitious for wealth and fame. Forgot their mother, to God failed to bow the knee,

That He, mightily sitting on his throne, might see How obedient, how humble and penitent they could be.

While God was furious with wrath at these children of His, The Holy Ghost—that white-robed Angel—Came softly stealing in; her presence caused his anger to cease.

Instead of angry words, from his lips there fell: "I'll send my beloved Son to save their souls from Hell."

He came; that glorious Being of light, Came and rescued the world from night. Without the influence of this ideal so grand

Working for centuries all over the land, This earth would be a maelstrom of vice and crime, Idolatry, paganism, torture savage debauchery, all the time.

And this temple, whose arched dome covers as to-night, Would not have been built to dedicate to those beings so bright.

Not to arch-angels of a mythical past, But to those grand minds who, at last, Their works on earth well done, Have moved another step towards that central sun.

Thou Divine Intelligence that reigns supreme in that celestial realm of purity, We dedicate to thee this room.

Here years ago a seed was sown, Baptized by thee in name of God supreme alone, Nurtured by trusting in Christ, his only begotten Son.

Until the plant into a sturdy tree has grown, Until to-day we bring the knowledge of spirit return.

Thus we add to the work already begun, The halo of Truth warming the buds into bloom. No creed, no mockery, no soul eternally lost,

But love and wisdom ever guiding the gathering host.

At the conclusion of the programme, Dr. Love, the pastor, with water, baptized the altar and church and dedicated it to the use of heavenly-visitors forever.

I am reading your "Encyclopedia of Death," and think it one of the grandest books written. May you have a million subscribers.

The church has refused to let me go East, so have reluctantly agreed to remain another six months.

Yours for truth, BEN M. BARNEY.

"The Dead Man's Message," an occult romance, by Florence Maryatt. The author's wide experience in Spiritualism and her study of occult science have prepared her to write this romance, which will be found laden with gems picked up in the course of her investigation and studies. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Religion of the Future." By S. Well. This is a work of far more than ordinary power and value, by a bold, untrammelled thinker. Spiritualists who love deep, clear thought, revertent for the future will be pleased with it, as well as those by its perusal. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

It is estimated that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

ITEMS IN GENERAL.

In Regard to Spiritualism and Its Workers.

WORK IN OHIO—CHILDREN OF SPIRITUALISTS—MRS. ADA FOYE AND HER WORK—FAYES—LYMAN C. HOWE.

TO THE EDITOR:—At present writing I am at home, making an effort by will and deed to overcome physical infirmities, caused, as I am led to believe, by climatic conditions. That statement made me of an able article I have just read from the pen of one of our most gifted Spiritual lecturers in which he says: "From the metaphysical standpoint, physical diseases are physical effects, proceeding from mental states of unrest and discord. It is not strictly true that diseases have mental causes; but, rather, diseases are mental, and they produce physical effects." This may be true, but such lessons are not plain at all times to the one who endeavors to make a self-application. I was determined that the rigors of a Northern winter should bring me no discomfort. In spite of all my philosophy my infirmities have interfered seriously with my winter's work. Friends have complained in every section where I have been, of being victims of la grippe. The difference between them and myself is, I somehow, have not been able to get "the grip"—in another sense.

Notwithstanding my infirmities, I have passed a comparatively busy winter, and trust the season has not passed without some profit, in an intellectual and spiritual sense, to myself.

Our work in Columbus and Dayton, Ohio, and Dunkirk and Muncie, Ind., has been reported, and I would only add that everywhere, so far as I have been able to learn, the Spiritual movement is pressing forward as never before. Our worthy lecturers and mediums are in constant demand, and although the stringency of the times has caused some of the societies to have less meetings, or reduce the salary of speakers to some extent, the interest, enthusiasm and sympathy on the part of such societies toward its workers has seemed to increase, and judging from my observations along the line, a more thorough co-operation is coming about between the preachers and the laymen in our ranks.

I am home so seldom—that is, Sundays and occasions when meetings are held—I scarcely get in touch with the Spiritualists in my home-city, and only know of their work through the papers. We have been urged for several years to "settle down" in Chicago (I suppose that means live at home) and inaugurate an independent society, with an auxiliary in the way of a Young People's Spiritual Association, but the calls have been so numerous, especially for Mr. Hull's work in fields abroad, he has found no time. I do not suppose any society solicits Mr. Hull's services on the ground that he is "the best speaker" that can be secured, but no other one is doing the work that he is, and it seems everywhere to be a needed work.

Last Sunday morning I visited for the first time the Children's Progressive Lyceum that meets at 8020 Forest avenue. This lyceum occupies one of the prettiest halls on the South Side. I have not the name of the conductor, but the guardian, Mrs. Laura Page, seems to be eminently fitted for the position, and deserves a larger following in her good work.

When we consider the children of the Spiritualists and freethinking people in this city, I am credibly informed that many little ones, whose parents are Spiritualists and never attend any but Spiritual meetings, are sent to Sunday-schools of the most conservative churches. When I have, on different occasions, expressed my surprise at this, I have been assured that "no harm could possibly come from allowing little ones to attend these schools." Said a friend to me about a dozen years since in an Eastern city: "I can counteract all the church influence during the week, and I am thrown around my children on Sunday" yet less than three years since the poor woman declared: "I have no sympathy among my children, not even toleration;" and she added, "not one of them at heart believes in the churches, yet they beg of me to say nothing in reference to Spiritualism among their friends." So, very likely, other parents, who take no interest in the interior unfolding of their children, but are ambitious for them to get into society through the church, will tell the same story a few years hence.

I have nothing to say concerning those girls and boys who are old enough to choose for themselves. I do not believe in coercion, but there are scores of little tots sent out from Spiritualists' homes every Sunday to hear, under the instruction of orthodox, the things that are denounced in their homes.

How much joy and knowledge may be imparted to the children in our kind of a Sunday-school! How many beautiful lessons may be drawn from nature—relations given of her work in the most common things. These may be made as fascinating as "fairy stories," and applied charmingly to their lives in some way, until they grow to understand that they, as spiritual beings, are more wonderful than suns and stars.

The children do not need more preaching or moralizing, but educating; educated to a knowledge of the relationship they bear to the soul side and matter side of the universe. This can be made so plain that children can grasp it, and without serious grow into a knowledge of the useful and appreciation of the lovely in this world. But enough on this. I beg pardon for taking so much space; when on this point I forget myself.

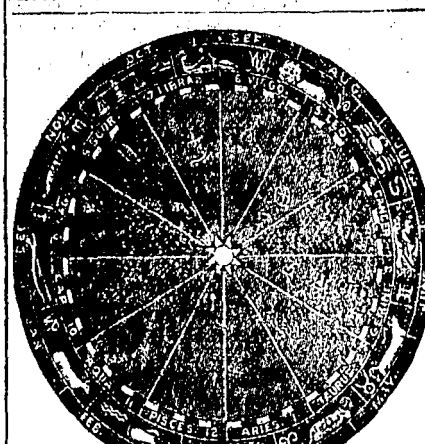
Last Sunday afternoon I had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Ada L. Foye, she is surely one of the most remarkable mediums on our platform at the present time. She is wonderfully unfolded in clairvoyance and clairaudience, both in matter and in the manner in which they are given. She serves the First Spiritual Society of the South Side the present month, also during April. It is the intention of that Society to hold a celebration Sunday, the 31st, morning, afternoon and evening.

I hear both an expression in reference to the recent exposures of fakes in this city, and that is, "it is time there was a sifting." Such exposures cannot injure the honest workers, and never, until this work is thoroughly done, will mediumship be honored by the masses as it should be.

MATTHE E. HULL.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

A well-written treatise on Personal Magnetism and its development, showing improvement in life, can be had by sending name and date of this paper and enclosing price, to Dr. Anderson, Masonic Temple, Chicago. This book would be read by every one, it is a masterpiece of moral, mental and physical manhood and womanhood. 300 pp., book on HYPOPHYSICAL, etc. Large book \$4.



THE PSYCHOGRAPH

—OR—

DIAL PLANCHETTE.

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