

# The Progressive Thinker

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

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Written for The Progressive Thinker.

BE TRUE TO THE DREAMS OF THY YOUTH.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

"To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

I would not find the hour to say,  
"Come, Pleasure, with your roses red,  
And, having driven Truth away,  
Weave odorous blossoms 'round my head."  
When fair Temptation breathes her balm,  
A promise of dream-plectured rest,  
Upon a soul which longs for calm,  
As all souls must in mortal vest,  
I say, "Stand back! and do not touch  
The holy dreams which lit my youth!  
Your promise would not mete me much  
If made above the corse of Truth!"

I cannot for a day forget  
How much I longed to live them all,  
Nor how I long to live them yet,  
Though my achievements are so small!  
Right-doing for the love of right  
I strive for, not for its reward,  
Though that is sweet, when crowned with light  
A healthful conscience sitteth lord.  
I long to bear a loving heart  
Whose light makes white sin's 'shades and stains,  
And never by one cruel art  
Deals to a fellow-being pains.

O, for a fount of stainless love,  
Like sun-lit crystal in my breast,  
Where Peace sits, wreathed with living doves,  
And myrtles in her snowy vest.  
Would that the fountain's shining spray  
Might sprinkle all my lips express,  
And wash what'er defiles away  
That I may only speak to bless.  
I would remember when I cry  
All selfishly, with streaming eyes,  
"God, let the bitter cups pass by!"  
That angels grow through sacrifice.

I long for charity to look  
The way earth's vilest sinners run,  
And reading each like some soiled book  
Deal out vindictive scorn for none.  
But reaching out a sister's hand—  
If labor-stained or poorly white—  
Say, "It is stormy where you stand;  
Come, let us find the pleasant light."  
All hearts enshrine some early dreams  
They guard from every touch of ruth,  
O, throw them love's redeeming beams  
Upon the cherished dreams of youth.

If longings, wrought with strength and art,  
Return no recompense at all,  
Although we labor, sick at heart,  
Because the harvest is so small,  
Then, Hope, bring all thy purest gems  
Together on love's shining threads  
And fashion modest diadems  
To circle sorrow-bowed heads;  
And bid them bear their sacred dreams  
To Heaven's fair portals undefiled;  
Longing and having, there it seems,  
Are not so oft unreconciled.

—Berlin Heights, Ohio.

## UNCONSCIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS

An Inspirational Discourse Delivered  
Through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Before the First Society of Spiritualists,  
October 27, 1889, at Martine's  
Hall, Chicago.

[Reported for The Progressive Thinker by Z. T. Griffin.]

"There is one life of the body, but there is a life beyond, and that is of the spirit." This ancient proverb, handed down through many forms of language and many transpositions, forms the basis of what I wish to say to-day. Much confusion results in the minds of men and women from endeavoring to use words without a specific knowledge of their meaning, or without a knowledge of the accepted meaning in mental philosophy or in the ancient metaphysics. The word consciousness is a word that can only apply to the mind or spirit. It cannot apply to the body at all; and applied to the spirit, there can be but one consciousness. Still there are many schools of modern philosophy, including somewhat the experimenters in mesmerism, psychology and clairvoyance, who attempt to show a separate kind of consciousness in the human mind or spirit, and endeavor to prove that any individual may be conscious in one direction, and still unconscious of being conscious in another direction. For instance, a very wise gentleman (in his own estimation) of materialistic tendency, endeavored to explain the fact of spirit control and trance, and that a medium speaks under control, by saying: "Oh, that is unconscious consciousness!" Another said: "Oh, that is unconscious genius!" But what the individual meant he certainly could not explain any more than two sources of consciousness in the human being, no separate consciousness. It is one or nothing. The mistake is in substituting sensation for consciousness. Mere sensation is not consciousness, for the animal kingdom that rely on the instincts of sensation is not aware of so relying, and consequently it cannot be called any degree of consciousness because animals can suffer pain and have physical life. Because there are senses of vision, hearing and tasting, is not evidence of consciousness, for the animal does not know that he sees, that he hears, or that what he receives through the sense of taste contributes to his physical sustenance. The consciousness, therefore, which is worthy of the name, is that knowledge which is aware of sensation; that knowledge that knows that the eye sees, is aware that the ear hears, and it is not separate consciousness, because the physical functions of vision and of hearing and sensation perform their offices mechanically; you see, hear and feel without being aware of it in the same degree that the animal kingdom does. That is not consciousness. But the moment you begin to take cognizance of what you see, and measure it by what you have seen, the moment

you become aware that you can not see perfectly, and arrange yourself to see more perfectly, the moment you analyze what you hear, and think about it—that is consciousness.

If man were not a conscious being, his sensations would simply mean the faculties or functions of physical life reflected from the nervous organism, but not reflected from a consciousness that knows what to do with the results of the senses. All the faculties of the animal kingdom are arranged and adjusted with reference to the perpetuation of life, without any reasoning on the part of the animal that it shall be so; without the adjustment of the organism to the functions of physical life. Consciousness in man, as mind or spirit, is just where the physical sensations cease, where all these physical faculties stop. There is no consciousness there; but when consciousness begins, it is where spirit takes cognizance of the sensations, knows there is feeling or not feeling, hearing or not hearing, seeing or not seeing, and is endeavoring by every possible means to supplement the sensations with higher arrangements and more perfect methods of use.

The physical organism, as a physical organism, would perform its functions, if it could be created, and you not be conscious of it at all. The voluntary pulsations of the blood are like the mechanical or physical creation; and without spirit there would be no consciousness of the mind, or any consciousness of the life that flows through the physical organism. The spirit is, of course, necessary and vital to these functions. But the conscious ego is not necessary for the functions going on during the period that consciousness is withdrawn, and during other periods of coma or artificial sleep. Consciousness being withdrawn, the function continues, so far as required. In other words, the basic physical lines may be changed, modified, altered or controlled by conscience, but not created by the consciousness of man. They are the results of that larger creation, whose specific consciousness is embodied entity; and through the lines her methods of organic existence are formulated to the mind or consciousness of man. There is, therefore, no "human," "mortal," "earthly" mind. There is no mind that is separate from the other mind, which is "you." There are degrees of the exercise of spirit. There are many functions of spiritual activity, that in your waking state you are not aware of. That is not unconscious consciousness; nor is it consciousness beyond itself. But it is super-consciousness, which being superior to the physical organism, or any of the functions which the physical organism can reproduce, has seldom succeeded in stamping its action upon the usual faculties of the brain. But whatever is stamped upon the brain, is the result of the spirit, and you are conscious.

Now, let us describe what we mean more fully. In sleep there are many times when individuals are aware of having had dreams, of having experienced something, but on waking, it baffles all their powers to recall what that was. But the very fact that you know there was something, that there is a consciousness *a priori* of having been somewhere, and having done something proves that the consciousness is there. But the difficulty is that the physical brain is not attuned to that state in which that consciousness was exercised, and you only know it, not because the brain is capable of receiving or retaining it, but because the spirit is aware of its own possession. In the case of the somnambulist, Science says there is a double consciousness, a double set of faculties that are in action. That during the waking life the somnambulist performs all action through one set of faculties or one kind of consciousness, and in sleep that another set of faculties is open, and the other is dumb; that this dual action is the result, possibly, of some disease, or some interrupted condition of the nervous system,—a sort of mental intermittent attack. We don't think so. We think somnambulism is the double action of one consciousness, but that the reason that the consciousness of night is not the same as the consciousness of the day, is not because there are two kinds of consciousness, but owing to a peculiar spiritual condition, the individual is active in the night, merely takes possession, or retains possession of the physical organism to carry forward something that is not incident to the life of the day, and instead of having consciousness away from the body, is most near it.

During sleep, consciousness is still with the body, but is of a kind that does not stamp itself upon the waking vision in the waking hours, and, therefore, is a sealed book to the somnambulist. Sometimes the somnambulist has a spirit control, which makes a separate kind of existence; the will is suspended, because it is another will, another consciousness controls the individual during the time of sleep of the body, but usually the duplex action of the same spirit, acting in the manner that the spirit acts during sleep, when not withdrawn from the brain. The dividing line between the external and internal connection is not broken at all, for if instead of being separated from your consciousness in your physical body during sleep, it was linked to the physical body by some disease, or some imperfect condition of your system, your body would perform as singular freaks as that of the somnambulist. Other instances, like states of coma, trance, or those periods of unconsciousness producing oftentimes epilepsy or catalepsy, wherein the spirit by conscious visions, visitations occur, and wonderful ex-

periences are recounted when the individual resumes the thread of outward life, show that whenever the external senses are interrupted by disease or any artificial cause, the spirit naturally is conscious in its own realm, and takes up its line of activity in the direction where consciousness is supreme, whenever crowded away by the action upon the nerves or functions of the brain; that instead of being deprived of consciousness, as you call it, there is added consciousness; there is the real consciousness of the spirit.

Each of you before us this afternoon is in a measure conscious; but if by any sudden interruption, you for an instant were set free from the environment of the body, even if it were by such a force as paralysis, catalepsy, mesmerism, hypnotism, as it is called, your spirits instead of ceasing to be conscious would be more conscious than now. That is why death is the real awakener. That is why the vision of the spirit and the clairvoyant is of greater perception than the eye, untrammelled by physical conditions is free to receive the consciousness of the spirit without interruption.

You are all aware of that larger consciousness than you can express, even than you can express in your thoughts. You cannot even formulate all thought. There is a kind of shadow yet; it is an impediment to the freedom of the mind, or spirit, that you cannot formulate what you are perceiving. Many people would be good thinkers if all they perceived could be formulated. But it requires long discipline and training to put one's thoughts into form that one's fellow-beings can understand them from the outside, and even the best thoughts will escape from the brain. You are all aware, in that super-conscious realm, of so much greater things than you can express, than you can be in this physical and mundane life. Attune the vision until it shall interpret things for their spiritual worth; attune the hearing until it shall transcend all sound and become the spirit or meaning of the sound, and attune the senses and faculties so that the super-consciousness may be perceived even while you are in possession of the physical body, and thus instead of being unconscious concerning the prophets, you may in spirit be more conscious.

People many times talk about the unconscious state, or a state of spiritual trance, as though it were lost time. Many people say to our medium and other speakers who are in trances while speaking: "Why, I should not think you would like to lose so much." But the answer is: You don't know what is gained, for the vision, in the time lost, is not through the broken glass of the senses. There is more perfect consciousness of the spirit, and more perfect conception of that which is not vision; which is a compensation, and there can be no time lost. In all that pertains to human life, the object is not to bring consciousness to the subjection of the senses; not to make the spirit subservient to the dust; not to endeavor to crowd this divinely endowed and superior being into the trammels of the house of clay, but to illumine the dwelling, to make the physical life as divine as possible, to make the hands and feet and brain obedient to consciousness instead of to sensation. If one is hungry, that is sensation. When one can control the physical appetite to the degree of abstinence, or to eating only that which is required for sustenance, that is consciousness. It is not best, however, to dwell too much even upon that, for as the consciousness grows in expression, the physical form becomes attuned and adjusted to its control. We are no advocates of these things as themes of life. We do not believe that hygiene, physiology and anatomy should be always studied as supreme motives in existence. We think they are simply to be studied as the mechanical part. An artist would be poorly employed mixing the colors and never painting a picture. An artist always preparing the canvas would certainly never give the results of his genius to the world. Michael Angelo carving out of the quarries the stones that were to be the foundations for his works of art might present an astonishing spectacle. But it certainly was not necessary; any one could cut the pieces of stone from the quarry, but who could make the statues so well?

To make the body the supreme study, is to forfeit the highest realm of consciousness for that which amounts to nothing when you have finished. Spirit being consciousness, and being primary, it bends all faculties and energies to do its bidding. You do not require to tell the artist to train his vision. He knows that by the consciousness which makes him an artist. The training of all human schools is the training of the organism, then the spirit. The inverse is the teaching of the spirit. The spirit will make its way if the spirit is active. The training of the organism does not make the spirit more active. You cannot find any greater degree of spirit in a pugilist because his arm, hand and muscles are trained to do his physical bidding. But if it were necessary to save human life, or if the country is in peril, we have seen men of small muscle, but large energy, do more than the pugilist dare to do. Energy is not in the muscles after all. The strength is not in the trained physical organs. In moral work where all are battling one another for himself, he is the most successful in the accomplishment of heroic deeds who is governed by a purpose, who is conscious of doing something for that purpose.

During the War of the Rebellion it was not the trained athletes, though they were sent forth with ruddy bloom from your largest city, thinking they would do and

have among the rebel army; but it was the pale, slender youth, the boys who had patriotism and love of country, who went down with the thought of saving their native land. These were they who fought your battles. Whether for glory or patriotism, the man who is inspired with a motive is the one who succeeds even physically. So this talk about training the body, when brought to the test, almost utterly fails. There is no training excepting that which comes from the spirit, and that must have an exalted motive. The pugilist usually turns out a coward after all, since he has been trained for nothing else. The physical life is cowardly. Obedience to the senses is evil. The mind plays many freaks. People play hide and seek with their moral more than they do with intellectual propositions. The lines of physical life are very well drawn. The body obeys its quickening functions under favorable conditions, and gives warning when the conditions are unfavorable. Pain is the signal that is given to the consciousness to remind the spirit that it is not taking proper care of its dwelling. Do not take pain away from the world until you have the spirit into close connection with the physical body, and it takes care of it in every part. It seems to be the great aim of *materia medica* to soothe pain, as though that would add to the healing agencies of the world. We would suggest that pain be intensified; that it be quickened, as humanity is growing more and more acutely sensitive in nervous directions, until the body shall challenge the attention of the spirit and mind to the degree of caring for it properly. Then the body will not further rebel, and even as a child, will not clamor for anything it does not need, and will go to sleep at suitable hours and times and places, and will be properly clothed and fed and will give you no more trouble.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Home and Its Beauties—Progress in the Future Life.

BY A. B. FRENCH.

Within every vital organism there is an invisible side lying beyond the realm of physical apprehension. It eludes the laboratory of the chemist, it laughs at the scalpel of the anatomist, it scorns our yard stick and all other physical appliances, and yet so real is it, that it is the only enduring side of organized life, and so near is it, you can not separate it from it.

We need neither go down or up to find other modes of being. Nor is it necessary that the soul cut loose from its prison house of clay, should ascend or descend to reach this Spiritual universe. As the tree has its invisible life-force, as the rose has its aroma, so this universe is everywhere enveloped by its invisible Spiritual universe, real, permanent and substantial. So this invisible side has in its more refined and Spiritual sense, plants and flowers. There birds of brilliant plumage float in ambient air, singing sweetly through the long summer days. There wooded cliffs look out upon the sea, and glassy lakes turn up their crystal lips to meet the kisses of the moon.

Bro. Davis, Swedenborg and other seers claim to have seen all that we have here intimated.

1. They tell us that it is a world dotted with homes, as we dot this world with homes for ourselves and those we love. I am glad to believe that this is true. When I look over this earth, I see this love for home threading like a silver thread of light through all departments of life. Even the little ant toils to build its mound. The beaver is a home-builder. The bird, too, is a home-builder, it builds its nest for its young.

All animal life seems to find some sacred spot, some it consecrates. It may be beneath the shade of a generous tree, or on the banks of a flowing stream; it may be in some spot where a crystal spring bubbles forth to slake its thirst, or it may be a cavern temple, unthinking nature has left in the rocky cliff with doors ajar. Home-building is the instinct of the animal and the aspiration of man. The poor savage will select some spot where with boughs and bark of trees, he can shelter his dusky babe from sun and storm. The tired peasant never gets so weary in his terrific labors in ceaseless battle-field that he will not seek in the deepening twilight, some humble cot, where the vines creep up toward the lowly roof, and half-clad children watch for his coming.

If there is one being above another for whom my heart yearns with tenderest pity, it is the one who has no home. To me the man or woman who is homeless is like a wandering bird, cut off from all its kind. Home is a poem, a benediction, a prayer; home is the dream love has on earth of the glories that await it in heaven. Did you ever think that man is the only creature who is dissatisfied with the home that he builds? He always has an ideal before him, hence the form and style of material of his home constantly changes. The first beaver and the last build the same. The swallow of to-day and the swallow of a thousand years past build their homes precisely alike. The first eagle and the last hatch their young in the same form of nests. But man's home is progressive. Paralytic man made his home in the caves; Neolithic man built his poor hut from the unpolished bark and limbs of trees. As civilization moves onward, homes be-

come more artistic and beautiful. If in our present state of knowledge man is enabled to build his cottage so fair, what beauty and skill will be displayed in home building on the other side. How many busy hands are building at this moment homes for us there. They are doing for us perhaps at this moment a labor of love, as the expectant mother prepares with deft fingers the garments for her unborn child.

2. The law of association obtains there as here. In hades or soul-land, the relations born of friendship or family are maintained with renewed force and vigor. It is not an Oneida community or a soulistic monstrosity where everything is in common and nothing in particular.

Special and personal friendships there blossom into their most perfect flower. The pictures of Damon and Pythias are no longer an idle dream. On those serene heights where the dead abide, disembodied souls know the depth and meaning of Platonic love. They know what it is to rise above sex impulse and passion and blend together in unselfish union, as the fleecy clouds meet and blend in the hour of twilight. Nor does love escape its more earthly and human manifestations. Families are bound together by deathless ties. The maternal heart beats there for her child as on earth.

"The mother meets in that tranquil sphere,  
The delightful child she has wept for here.  
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,  
While the orphan smiles and the slave looks up."

Father-love, mother-love, husband-love, and wife-love continues to burn and glow in hades more perfect and beautiful.

In this world we judge of the value of particular places and locations by the society privileges they offer. The schools, churches, literary culture, morality and integrity of the inhabitants are all taken into account in our estimate of it. This being true in this life, what social wealth there must be for you and me in hades or soul-land. There dwell the wise and good of every nation and clime. What company for the philosopher! Who would not yield every dream of earthly bliss for the society of Socrates, Plato, Descartes and our own Emerson? What poet would not delight to sit at the feet of Homer, Goethe and Shakespeare and listen to the fresh melodies they breathe? What statesman would refuse to exchange earthly honors for the society of Solon, Lycurgus or our Washington or Lincoln? There dwell the world's poets, musicians, artists, philosophers, statesmen and philanthropists. Hence, all that pertains to the social life of man may find in hades its largest, truest and deepest expression.

3. The Spiritual philosophy affirms in direct opposition to the theology of our time that the law of progress obtains in hades or soul-land as in this world. Evangelical Christianity declares that all progress ceases at death. "As the tree falleth so it lies." This is the foundation-stone of modern orthodoxy. It affirms that our future life, its happiness or misery, depends wholly and entirely upon what we believe in this life. The Spiritual philosophy protests against this narrow and unsatisfactory view of hades. It says we have the same opportunity and perhaps greater for growth on the other side than we have in this life. It affirms there is not a hell so deep that the divine love can not penetrate it.

There is not a soul so low that it may not rise to higher heights of being. All hells are temporary and conditional. There never was, and never will be a special and local hell where damned souls dwell in a sea of fire. Such hells exist only in the distorted minds of ignorant and vindictive priests, who use them to frighten reluctant sinners into the folds of the church.

We carry to hades or soul-land our hells and heavens with us. We build them by our lives here. Wherever hate, envy, jealousy, avarice and lust reign, there is hell.

Look into the bloated face and bleared eyes of the drunkard; look at the blanched cheek of the poor unfortunate prostitute; look at the pinched face of the miser, and you shall see in each the shadows of hell.

We need not go to hades to find hell, unlock the door of the millionaire's castle and you will often find it.

Hell is not a public domain, it is a private and personal estate; it is a hidden and ungarish chamber in the soul.

I remember to have once read of a wealthy merchant who purchased an old English castle as a home. It was an estate which had been occupied by the English nobility since James sat on the gorgeous throne of England.

The increasing family of the merchant demanded additional room, and an architect was called to enlarge the old castle. He came and made extensive measurements of the building, then went into the merchant's office and said: "Sir, why do you ask me to enlarge this house, when there is a room now you do not occupy? I have been measuring these walls and rooms, and from the most careful measurements I can make, in yonder chamber there is a hidden room you have not found."

The fact was revealed to the merchant's wife, whose woman's curiosity demanded he find the secret room at whatever cost. Whereupon they went with the necessary help into the ancient chamber and began to cut away the wall. Soon the concealed door was revealed. They turn the door upon its rusty hinges, and the merchant's wife faints at the sight before her.

There is a room furnished with all that wealth can contribute, a table loaded with the richest viands, crouched in a corner is

the eyeless skeleton of a man, and lying on a costly sofa the bones of a woman, who had died in the hidden room. Excitement now rose in the neighborhood to fever heat. No one could at first recall the history of the hidden room.

At last it was learned that this ancient castle was at one time occupied by a proud nobleman, who doubting the fidelity of his wife, decoyed her and her paramour into this room, loaded the table with the richest viands, each of which contained a deadly poison, then locked the door and walled them in that nothing might be left to tell of their death, while busy rumor reported they had eloped.

We shall all carry our hidden rooms, our hells to hades. There will be no secret rooms in the chamber of the nobility there. In hades souls suffer as here, but the door to progress is open before them. They have an eternity in which to grow. What encouragement, what hope in this thought for you and me! What if our progress is slow, there is an eternity before us! What if we are misguided to-day, in one of those golden to-morrows, hurrying with winged feet to meet us, we shall be known as we are. What if the hand of disappointment does rest cold and hard, it cannot forever chain us. What if love does weep for an hour over the cruel wounds she has received, there is an eternity in which they may heal. What matters it, my brother, if your home is humble, your wife and children poorly clad; what if you do have to work in summer's sun and winter's storm, with no holidays, no rest for your tired feet, you will have another chance in hades, soul-land. The contest will not be as uneven then as now. There are no walls of caste, of creed, of wealth or of sect in soul-land.

Is your sight dim, cheer up; your vision shall be opened there! Are your ears heavy, wait a little longer and sound shall be restored. Soon shall you hear the musical beatings of the infinite heart over the crystal sea of life! Has age plowed furrows in your cheeks, withered your limbs, dried your blood and dimmed your eyes? Grieve not! The faded rose shall return again. You shall walk again with nimble feet.

Angels are at this moment holding up torches to your eyes so you can see over the willow-fringed river the white gates that open into the eternal city beyond.

Mother, has baby's eyes been hushed to sleep by the sighing breath of death? Weep not. Your darling child shall wake again, and play with childish glee on the verdant lawns of hades, the world forever beautiful.

Who can measure the hope this thought of eternal progress kindles in the soul! How grand to live! How gloriously grand to die! I tremble with joy when I think what we may become! If a babe can grow into a philosopher, statesman, scientist or orator in one brief life, what vast possessions will hades or soul-land give!

"AUNT EDNA."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Affectionately dedicated to Edna Randall, 2128 Ohio Street, Philadelphia, Pa., in memory of her eighty-third birthday, October 24, 1889.

I see thee in the twilight shade  
Of eighty-three advancing years  
Where all the sunshine life hath made  
Reflecting through the silent glade,  
And on thy heart in love-light laid  
With ripened harvest fruit appears.

Thy past is present in thy dreams;  
The future listens to thy call,  
While in a thousand secret streams  
The music of each joy redeems  
The promise of all youthful schemes,  
And blessings grow from each and all.

No haste to climb the silent hill  
Whose base thy trembling feet approach,  
A few more pains thy heart to thrill,  
A few more pleasures to fulfill,  
And then will answer heaven's sweet will  
And feel love's warm immortal touch.

There, bending to thy wondering gaze,  
The precious forms long lost appear,  
And in their tender, helpful ways  
Thy spirit-form its bondage rears  
And fill thee with a joyful praise,  
The full ripe harvest of the year.

Eternal ones hold the keys  
To all the mysteries of the past,  
And every silent atom bursts  
From souls of flowers and barren trees  
Bring back the voices from the seas  
Of memories that forever last.

Let cheerful thoughts thy vision light,  
And phantasms of all life depart;  
The hills of heaven are half in sight  
Whose flowers of love no child can blight,  
And all that was or is is right  
When measured by a perfect heart.

Adieu! The twilight blushes burn  
With rosy prophesies of morn.  
The blessings lost again return,  
We larger grow the more we yearn;  
The fruits of all we justly earn  
Are ours when we are fully born.

A small boy at Marshall, Ill., has voiced a sentiment which would be a good thing for general adoption. He was a very tough urchin, and together with his little brother got so bad that the townspeople decided to send him to a reform school, so he was arrested on an old charge of theft and advised to plead guilty. The little fellow stoutly maintained his innocence of this particular crime, and, while acknowledging that he ought to go to the reform school, declined to plead guilty to something he had not done. He won the sympathy of both the spectators and the court, and was finally discharged.

At Plant City, Fla., there has been found what seems to be a half orange with a smooth skin and a half lemon with rough skin.

## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

JOHN R. FRANCIS, Editor.  
Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.

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Bear this thought in mind: That while THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the cheapest Spiritualist paper in the world, its editor has the laudable ambition to make it the best. The high-priced papers pay nothing for contributions, and it stands to reason that the most eminent minds in the Spiritualist and Free Thought ranks will cheerfully lend their aid and influence in making THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the brightest and best paper for the freethinker in the world. For reference as well as study, its columns will prove of great value.

## A Bountiful Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain thirty-four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

## A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Without soliciting the wealthy to take "stock," or importuning any one for gifts; and without any anticipation of any request, we propose to establish in this city the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world. If One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists will subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on trial, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, and continue even that small contribution, we will have a Publishing House here, of which you may well be proud, inside of five years. Each one who subscribes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be, as it were, a "brick" in the contemplated structure (don't forget that), and from a spiritual point of view be considered part owner. We believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred who read this, will co-operate with us. The one who will not respond must have the paper free.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

## SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be devoted to Spiritualism, Biology, Electro-Psychology (as formulated by the celebrated Dr. Dods), and its differentiations, Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, and Hypnotism; Somnambulism, natural and self-induced, as presented by the celebrated Dr. Fahnestock; Telepathy; Visions, while awake, in sleep, or in Trance; Psychometry, as ably presented by Professor Buchanan; Cremation, a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity; Brain Waves, Psychic Waves, or Soul Force; Ethics as a Factor in Religion, and as announced by the Philosopher and Seer, Hudson Tuttle; the Various Stages of Death, in the Transition of the Spirit to the Higher Spheres; the Signs of Death; The Danger of Premature Internment, etc., etc. All these subjects as well as many others equally important will receive careful, critical and comprehensive examination from time to time in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

## AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

It will be our aim to make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the leading exponent of all subjects which pertain to the Spiritual Philosophy, directly or indirectly; it will be a receptacle of facts, criticisms and advanced views; an instructor for those seeking light, and a constant incentive to thought even in those who are truly enlightened. In the initial number we shall commence a magazine entitled, *The Journal of Cremation*, giving valuable and interesting data with reference to crematories in the United States and Europe, and which will be a library in itself on this subject, and be invaluable for future reference. It will be the aim to demonstrate that Cremation is a Spiritual and Sanitary necessity. This magazine will be followed in due time by others on special subjects, furnishing valuable information not accessible otherwise to the general reader.

## 100,000 SUBSCRIBERS.

We are not laboring under an hallucination; our nerves are steady and our brain, from a phenological, psychological and physiological point of view, reasonably well balanced. We have no pet hobby, and no impracticable scheme to worry us. Our mind is as calm as a midsummer-day, and our thoughts not in the least muddled. We not only believe it possible for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to have 100,000 subscribers, but we ardently believe we shall see the day when that number of names will be on our subscription books.

DR. J. H. RANDALL has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures on Spiritual Science at Wichita, Kansas, during December. He is open for other engagements, and can address at 229 Honore street, Chicago, Ill.

## "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER" SPEAKS.

How do you like my general appearance? I am THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am the outgrowth of comprehensive thought, careful planning and ripe experience, and I propose to convey to you each week an intellectual feast that will make me a welcome visitor at your fireside. Scan me carefully and critically, and I am sure you will desire further acquaintance, for I will fill a niche in your home that no other paper can. I propose to be first-class in all respects, and not only keep abreast of the times, but a little ahead of them if occasion require. I will visit you each week with something new, with something beautiful, with something, too, that you can't obtain elsewhere. I am not anxious to accumulate money, my principal aim being to reach the large mass of Spiritualists and enrich their minds with the best thoughts of this country and Europe. Consider for a moment the intellectual feast I present you in the twenty-four columns that I contain.

I will visit you regularly for sixteen consecutive weeks for only twenty-five cents, and I am sure you will feel delighted at the result, and willing to number me among your special friends. Give me a trial, and I will make you happier in all respects, and prepare you for living as you ought, and then the dying will take care of itself. I shall be delighted if you will introduce me to the Spiritualists and Liberals of your vicinity. I greatly desire to hold communion with them.

## THE SPIRITUALIZING INFLUENCE OF THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

It is an indisputable fact that hundreds of Spiritualists, Free Thinkers and Agnostics, attend the People's Church, at McVicker's Theatre, presided over by Dr. H. W. Thomas. It has become a very popular resort for those who have brains enough to thoroughly understand the exact status of this progressive age. Even mediums,—those who stand midway between the terrestrial and celestial realms, seem to derive substantial nourishment for their mental, moral and spiritual natures when listening to his sermons, which scintillate with a light that leads them on to a higher plane.

The fertility of a field can be accurately estimated by the number of bushels of corn or wheat raised thereon yearly. A luxuriant garden of rainbow-tinted flowers speaks well for the nourishment they have received; and the number of pounds of cotton produced per acre tells exactly whether certain elements of the soil exist in abundance. The character of Dr. Thomas, his exalted spirituality, his comprehensiveness in the treatment of abstruse questions that pertain to the life here and hereafter, may to a certain extent be estimated by the soil in which he is planting intellectual and spiritual seeds every Sabbath at McVicker's Theatre, and the grand results that arise therefrom. If results were not satisfactory, the seats would gradually become vacant, and the People's Church soon cease to exist. From this standpoint alone criticism will be held in abeyance, and Dr. Thomas pronounced one of the greatest preachers of the age.

The Spiritualists say that Dr. Thomas preaches Spiritualism. He denies just enough to suit the philosophical, aggressive Agnostic; even the materialist finds food for thought in his utterances. The wayfaring man admires him, for he has a word of cheer for even those who know nothing of religion, but who found their hopes of a future life on philanthropic deeds and pure aspirations. The infidel relishes his ironical criticism of Joshua and Job, and the atheist exults when he gives the orthodox churches the benefit of his keen, cutting, withering sarcasm. The widow and the orphan find in his utterances a beacon of hope, while the miserable old reprobate thinks he will have a chance to do better sometime. The artist, sensitive to the vibrations of the beauty of nature, likes to contemplate his comprehensive sketches of real life and the relations that exist between God and man, while the geologist loves to see him in his discourses delving deeply into the condition of the various strata of society. Even the chemist loves his keen analysis, and the physician admires his consummate skill in *doctoring* sin-sick souls. The impecunious, who never fail to strike a responsive chord in his soul, when they meet him privately, often attend his ministrations. The astronomer listens to him with bated breath as he declares the sun never did stand still, and that the modern geography of the heaven is correct. The vile old sinner may often be seen listening to him, his eyes beaming with ecstatic pleasure, and his soul-chords vibrating with intense delight as he hears the thrilling words of eloquence announcing that God's mercy endureth forever, and that the debased and sensual are never deprived of the privilege of reforming or becoming better. The *re-vised*, reconstructed, and ennobled Methodists,—wealthy, refined and educated,—in great numbers worship at his shrine, and bow in reverence as he gives expression to grand truths that are an integral part of Spiritualism; and last but not least, what a galaxy of young men and beautiful maidens listen to his ministrations, their great ambition being to enrich their minds, and finally be married by their beloved pastor, and thus have their future happiness assured.

A man so wonderfully comprehensive in his nature, and within whose soul a tender pathos is always vibrating, rises above all criticism; is superior to all censure; and stands forth as one of God's chosen agents to reflect light, spirituality, and goodness upon the world. The work that he is doing for the betterment of mankind is making a

deep and lasting impression on the present age. Occupying a niche as important in the world of reform as that of Beecher, there radiates from him an exalted influence that tends to the uplifting and spiritualization of humanity.

Socrates believed that through the instrumentality of divinations, dreams and oracular intimations, his peculiar mission was imposed upon him. Not so with Dr. Thomas. It was consummated by a church trial wherein his opponents charged him with degrading his teachings for popular effect, and they boasted of "tracking him for ten long years." They averred that he was a juggler of words; an assassin of his mother (church); that he "should stay in Jericho until his beard grows"; that he "will be so wind-broken and spavined and fondered that he will be ready for the boneyard." That church trial was the sole agent that compelled the Doctor to assume his present mission and attitude before the people of Chicago. Like the immortal Socrates, he was by his traducers regarded as a buffoon, and a moral corrupter of the people, and like him he was tried for heresy. While Socrates had his "demon," Dr. Thomas has his "guardian angel," and in many respects their lives resemble each other.

The fact that many Spiritualists attend Dr. Thomas's church shows conclusively that they find something in his sermons that affords nourishment for their souls; and it illustrates an important point: You can not organize Spiritualists. You can not confine them within the limits of a creed. You can not draw the reins on them, compelling them to seek one definite end. You can not command them,—thus far, and no farther. You can not assign them a special line of duty, nor expel them from the ranks of their adoption on account of something that displeases you. Spiritualists will seek just such spiritual pastures as their aspirations and inspirations indicate; while thousands will find in Dr. Thomas or Mrs. Richmond a priceless treasure and an acceptable advisor, others will go here and there, and by their presence and divine radiance generate an influence that leavens everything with which it comes in contact.

ON TRIAL, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only 25 cents for sixteen weeks, or \$1 per year. For that amount you get the best thoughts of the ablest writers in the United States and Europe, and also aid in establishing in Chicago the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world.

## LUCK IN LIFE, AND FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

It was mentioned in the *Chicago Herald* on one occasion that some person had drawn \$15,000 in a lottery. "There are such instances," says the *Herald*, "from time to time, but when one comes to reflect upon it he perceives that the prizes were won from those who had contributed to buy the tickets. This is one form of luck most people understand; that is, they see that there is nothing inherent in the individual that causes the success. A man throws sixes, or he draws the highest prize, and nothing can be said, except that it is his luck. And so in all the phases of life, some are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them. If his ship sinks he is saved in the longboat, if his bank breaks he has withdrawn his accounts. But there is a luck different from this, and it has been often noted. One man goes through life and everything he does turns to gold. Another man, under the same circumstances, apparently, goes the same way, and everything he does turns to ashes. Why is this? No one can explain it. For want of a better name it may be called luck, but this does not solve the problem. It might seem as if luck was a finer inner sense, that enabled its possessor to take in certain business situations and act on them accordingly; that by means of it men see better and clearer, and without being able to explain why they do this or that, go forward and achieve success. Just look at it for a moment: Here is one man who loses his train by half a minute, and an engagement that might have made him rich. Running for office, he is defeated by two votes. Applying for a place, he finds it given away the day before he applied. He speculates in stocks, and no sooner buys but the stock goes down. He sells the wheat crop, and the price goes up. He has a natural tendency to get on the wrong side, and when prices fall he is long, and when they rise he is short. On all sides, metaphorically and actually, he is cheated, robbed, snubbed and kicked. On the other hand, the lucky man is always on the other side, and no matter what may be the market, or how affairs may turn out, he falls like a cat on all fours. There is no more striking instance in respect to this matter than the career of General Grant. Great general that he was, how many, many instances there were when he seemed to cross the flood on the uncertain footing of a spear. And, concerning advancement, who could have presaged in 1860 that the obscure tanner of Galena would be President of the United States eight years later and the most distinguished man of modern times? This may be called luck, but it is a luck inherent in certain individuals, making them equal to the occasions they meet. It is, in fact, a sixth sense born with the individual, just as the talent for poetry or oratory is born with certain men."

The *Herald's* idea of luck is one generally entertained by those who do not look beyond the veil that separates the two worlds—spiritual and material. It is true that hundreds have approached a stream of water just after a rain, and met a sad fate in endeavoring to ford it. Others, too, have sought refuge under a forest tree from the effects of an impending storm and been

struck by lightning. Many have attended a feast and there met their death from poison. Thousands have been robbed, maltreated and shamefully abused, simply because of the status of their surroundings just at that moment. All the mishaps of life come along at the "auspicious" moment, and are a growth, resulting from surrounding circumstances, conditions, or environment—just as much a growth and development as is the beautiful flower that springs from a seed. That, then, which is regarded as luck,—whether good or bad,—is the legitimate outgrowth of pre-existing causes, the simple evolution of well-defined conditions—an evolution as perfect as that of vegetable, animals and man, from lower grades to a higher one.

The one who just misses the railroad train which meets with an accident, resulting in the maiming or death of hundreds, will be regarded as exceedingly lucky, while luck in the sense generally used does not enter into the matter in the least. A guardian angel saw, perhaps, the impending danger, and placed impediments in his way to that extent that he was belated, hence saved from the disaster that followed. The origin of luck, then, whether good or bad, can not always be ascertained. It is probable, however, that in all cases, guardian angels are not a factor in preventing a person from meeting some mishap—they being unable to act in consequence of the lack of that mediumship which is always essential. The basic origin of luck will always prove as fruitful a theme as that of evolution.

HUNDREDS of different secular papers, with immense circulations, are published for one penny each per copy. We follow suit as nearly as possible, offering THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents. We ask the 10,000,000 Spiritualists to give it, too, an immense circulation. Our appeal will not be in vain.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## THINK FOR YOURSELF.

BY MRS. A. H. AMES.

Think for yourself, and do, and dare,  
However strong the waves may beat;  
Earnest endeavor, work and prayer  
Press close beside victorious feet.  
Run here, nor there, at beck or call,  
Onward, straight onward, leads the way!  
'Gainst adverse winds and billowy wall  
Row straight thy life-boat, day by day.  
Ever the rudder keep firm and true,  
Securely fastened with truth and right,  
Serenely sailing, 'neath heaven's blue,  
Into a harbor which knows no night.  
Veering purpose will shipwreck bring,  
Every heart must constant be.

To make our voyage a perfect thing  
Hope's sails must wait us o'er life's sea  
Into this harbor, safe and strong,  
Near to our home where loved ones lean,  
Kissing the heavenly shores with song,  
Each strain of welcome rings supreme—  
Rest, sailors, rest thee, safe and long.  
South Wallingford, Vt.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be unique, reconstructive as well as iconoclastic, and will contain the advanced thought of this country and Europe. On trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

We feel that this the initial number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is worth more than a passing notice. Glance at the first page. Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle gives expression to some sublime thoughts; especially is the divine spirit manifested in all its comprehensiveness in each verse.

Next comes Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, whose spirit control gives his views on "Unconscious Consciousness." This address is full of suggestive thought, and will be read with great interest by those who wish to examine into the occult manifestations of the spirit. A. B. French gives his views in regard to the Spirit-world in language that is really poetical and beautiful, and Lyman C. Howe pays an eloquent tribute of respect to Edna Randall.

On the second page will be found the aims and aspirations of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER set forth in a variety of ways. The People's Church is referred to, and the varied work accomplished by Dr. Thomas. Many items of interest appear. Mrs. R. A. Ames pays THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER her compliments in a few well chosen words.

On the third page, the philosopher and seer of Berlin Heights, Hudson Tuttle, gives his views on "Living for To-day and Living for To-morrow." It is worthy of careful perusal, as it contains many gems of thought. Willis F. Whitehead has a comprehensive article on "Rome versus Reason." He has considerable to say, and says it well. Z. T. G., a clairvoyant, gives his views in relation to the "Dress of Spirits." They are in some respects unique, and that alone will insure for them a careful perusal. Then comes the "Journal of Cremation," which contains many items of especial worth to reflective minds.

On the fourth page a narration in relation to experience in Spirit-life is given by a celebrated dramatist, under the head of "A Grand Reality." Then follows the "Home Circle Fraternity," the concluding article, which deals only in the currency of the Spirit-world: "Be good and do good."

In our next issue we shall publish an article on "The Death Penalty and the Spiritualists," by A. M. Griffin, a law reporter of this city. It has been prepared with painstaking care, and will be read with deep interest. "The Spiritual Nemesis," by Mrs. Richmond, will also appear. It contains a vivid description of a "state" with which all Spiritualists should be familiar.

The first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is issued several days before the date of publication, in order to give ample time for extra work incident to the initial number of every periodical. If no failure of the mails, you should receive THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER each week on the day you receive the second number.

## HYPNOTISM OR SOMNAMBULISM.

I.

A rap at the door.  
It was 10 o'clock a few nights ago. The Technology students, who occupy a room on the second floor of a Tremont street boarding-house not far from Worcester street, were about to retire. They supposed the rap was made by some school friend, and accordingly shouted:  
"Come in!"

The door slowly opened and revealed the outlines of a gaunt figure in white. The face was ghastly pale.

The boys sprang to their feet. The figure glided into the room and a faint voice gasped:  
"Hello, boys!"

Astoned, nonplused, almost speechless, the boys recognized the face and voice of a friend whom they supposed to be lying at his home, a half-dozen houses away, critically ill with delirious fever.

"Is that you, —?"

"Yes," replied the weak voice.

"How, for heaven's sake, did you get in here, in that garb?"

"Well, boys, I hardly know. I'll try to tell you about it," and he sank into a chair, shivering with the cold. They wrapped him in overcoats, and he went on to say in a crazed sort of a way that the last he remembered was dropping to sleep in his own bed at home. Suddenly he was awakened by something striking him on the head, and he found himself in a strange house, groping about the hallway in his night robe.

He heard voices. He went down a flight of stairs and listened at a door.

He recognized the voices. They were those of friends at the institute. Hearing them he knew where he was and wrapped at the door.

"But how did you get into the house?"  
"I don't know. I have no recollection of anything more than I have told you," and overcome with his exertions, he sank back in a stupor. The boys applied what restoratives they had at hand, and bringing him partly to himself, they clothed him in garments from their wardrobe and carried him home. He lived six houses away in the same block. They walked him up the steps and rang the bell. The party was ushered into the hall by the servant, and there the invalid's mother confronted her son, whom she supposed to be lying asleep in bed upstairs.

The Technology boys explained, as far as they were able. The amazed and thoroughly frightened mother hastened her boy upstairs and to bed again; when there she found the first clues to the solution of the mystery of his journey to the boarding-house.

The window of his room was open. In his sleep he had arisen and through the window made his escape to the roof, a mansard, edged by a tin gutter, six stories from the sidewalk. Thence along the edge of the roof, balancing himself by an almost supernatural power, he made his way along the gutter, past the dormer windows of five houses and paused at the sixth. Here he found a window open at the top. He lowered it still further and climbed in.

It was the landlady's room. At the time it was vacant, and the delirious sleeper made his way through it to the hall. Here he wandered about in the darkness until he found the stairway. Then he felt his way down the stairs to the next floor, and began his wanderings anew.

Here, by chance, he struck his head against a door jamb, and the shock brought him to his senses. He heard the familiar voices, and the rest of the story had been told.

## II.

The above narrative, from the Boston *Globe*, illustrates in a marked degree the characteristic of that phase of life recognized as somnambulism. That it is an entirely new life to the individual, and distinct from his normal condition, no one for a moment can doubt. This young man who performed the perilous feat of reaching the ground, as described above, was for a short time living in all respects a new existence; the personality of his normal condition was held in complete abeyance, and he performed feats in this temporary life which he in his normal state could not possibly have accomplished. This loss of normal personality or consciousness, when occurring under such circumstances, is regarded as somnambulism; but the manifestations then are in many respects similar to those produced in the mesmeric or hypnotic subject. We are inclined to the opinion that somnambulism and hypnotism are closely allied. The young lady who went to the room of a school-mate while in a profound somnambulistic sleep, and pulled her hair, was prompted to do so, no doubt, by the vibrations of an impression on her brain arising from a slight offense which she magnified into gigantic proportions. If hypnotized she could have been induced to perform the very same act in the very same manner and with precisely the same results. The hypnotic subject can be easily willed to perform any task, however difficult or outrageous, that may be performed by a somnambulist. The somnambulist undoubtedly responds to the vibrations of his brain, induced by thoughts, by the imagination, or by reading. The boy who stood up in his bed and made motions as if demonstrating a theorem in Geometry, was induced to do so by the vibrations of his own brain, he having been greatly puzzled over one particular theorem, and which he solved very easily in his sleep. The difference between the natural sleep and the somnambulic, mesmeric or hypnotic, may be one of degree, and not a specific difference in nature or kind. Nerve and brain vibrations will explain the varied phenomena.

Don't get excited when we tell you that we expect to obtain 50,000 trial subscribers, at 25 cents for sixteen weeks. The list may possibly run up to 100,000.

LYMAN C. HOWE, the veteran lecturer, has been speaking lately at Buffalo, N. Y.; Cleveland, Ohio, and Meadville, Pa. He has an engagement at Willimantic, Ct., the 1st, 8th and 15th of December.

## THE JOURNAL OF CREMATION.

Cremation a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

The *Journal of Cremation* will be found to be especially valuable and interesting. It will prove a veritable encyclopaedia, and worth its weight in gold for future reference. Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, ministers of the gospel, physicians and others should preserve THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on account of the valuable data it will contain from time to time.

## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

WHAT EACH COPY WILL ACCOMPLISH.

We expect that each copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be instrumental in obtaining from one to ten subscribers. Just think, sixteen weeks on trial for twenty-five cents; sixty-four pages of instructive reading, worth its weight in gold, for only that amount. We want to reach the great mass of Spiritualists; you want us to do so also, then aid us.

## TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Any one blessed with good, sound sense can realize what we are aiming at. We want to reach the masses with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Each one should become a missionary and introduce the paper to his neighbors. You will have no difficulty whatever in obtaining subscriptions. A new deal is about to be inaugurated; the times demand it, and the people are ready for it.

## ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

There are thousands of Spiritualists throughout the country who would be delighted to hear from this remarkable seer and medium through the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We hope at no distant day to be able to place before our readers contributions from his pen. His professional card appears in another column.

A QUARTERLY convention of advanced thinkers of Southwest Michigan will be held at Watervliet, Nov. 30, and Dec. 1, 1889. The audience will be addressed by Dr. C. A. Andrews, of Grand Rapids, and Mr. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven. The Harris twin sisters have been invited to furnish vocal music. Prof. A. J. Davis, of Hartford, will enliven each session with extra fine instrumental music. The meeting will open Saturday, at 3 o'clock p. m., closing Sunday evening. Sunday from 9 to 11 a. m. will be spent in conference and business; 11 to 12 m. an address. Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening will be exclusively filled by engaged speakers. Among the questions discussed will be: "Does Spiritualism Teach Good Morals?" "What are the Best Evidences of Continued Existence?" A general attendance of all members is desired, as important business will come before the association.

DR. J. K. BAILEY has been in the Western field during the past season, speaking at various localities. In July and August, in Kansas and at the Delphos Camp-meeting. He spoke during September at Concordia, Kan.; Beatrice, Seward, Bee, Fremont, Arlington and Fontanelle, Neb., and during October at Blair, Neb.; Red Oak, Creston, Cleveland, Lucas, Hayesville and Webster, Iowa,—from one to three lectures in each locality named. He may be solicited for engagements at his home address, Box 123, Scranton, Pa. The Doctor is logical in his lectures, and we hear favorable reports from them.

J. W. SPOTT, of Derby, Iowa, writes to us that when in the city last, he had a sitting with Lizzie Bangs, 224 Walnut street, for independent slate-writing. He says: "The writing obtained is genuine. I wrote four questions on pellets of paper, and all were answered. One of the answers was peculiarly interesting, and while she was copying it for me on another table, I told her I would hold the slates myself. She did not even touch the table. I got a communication from my son, which was most convincing." Mr. Spott is a careful, critical observer, and his opinion and observations are entitled to great weight.

Do you wish to promote the grand and glorious Cause of Spiritualism? Do you wish to liberalize the minds of the people? Do you wish truth, grand and glorious, to prevail? If so, subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. For a moment stop and think how little an investment is required to secure it as a regular visitor to your family circle! Twenty-five cents will secure it, by mail, on trial for sixteen weeks. It will contain a fund of information each week that will make you richer mentally and spiritually.

BEAR in mind that the subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is due *invariably in advance*. The system of continuing a paper after the time expires is fraught with great evil, is unbusiness-like and causes much unnecessary labor, some of which is clerical and some of which consists in periodic "scolds" over delinquents, and making a consummate dunce of one's self generally.

In our next issue, Samuel G. Higgins, of Saginaw, Mich., will give his views on "Immortality," and Dr. Charles W. Hidden will discourse on "Mental Telegraphy." Both have something to say, and say it well.

Connecticut has a wickedest town. It's Monroe, with 1,000 inhabitants, a murder record of ten in fifty years, and the possession of fifty divorced or separated couples.

THERE are eight Spiritualist meetings in this city on Sunday, all well attended.

A LIST of the prominent mediums in Chicago may be found in another column.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## LIVING FOR TO-DAY. AND LIVING FOR TO-MORROW.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I love to contemplate the future life, with all its grand possibilities by which the spirit, however dwarfed by the accidents of time and place, may outgrow all deformities, and become beautiful as a dream of loveliness. Over there, sad heart, is the joy which knows no sorrow; over there, pilgrim wandering in the falling shadows, is the light which is never obscured by clouds; over there, when the heat and burden of the day is done, the weary hands will rest and the sore feet walk not on flinty pathways; over there the blighted hopes, the fond anticipations, the rose-hued dreams of our youth will find fulfillment, and more than all, there will be greetings from dear ones awaiting on the purple heights which overlook the grave.

It is like a delicious dream of Eden, that future, where the spirit shall know as it is known, and be free to expand all its faculties and realize its aspirations.

But more attractive is the fact that this earthly life is a part of that future—its beginning, the embryo from which it is evolved. We are spirits now as much as we shall be after the separation from the mortal body. Death can work no change in our being; only in our condition. We remain the same. We have stepped out of the old garments; we have ascended another rung in the ladder of life, the bird of song has escaped from the broken bars of its cage, but its voice is unchanged.

Life is continuous, and the future is the prolongation of this. There is no break, and the spirit carries forward into the next life all its attainments, intellectual, moral and spiritual. It follows, then, that the Spirit-world begins with earth as its first, preparatory stage. We are weaving day by day the raiment of our celestial being, and laying up treasures which will meet and bless us.

Already in the Spirit-world, endowed with the heritage of immortality, we have entered the Courts of Heaven and walk with the angels. Not to-morrow is the day of our salvation, or the entering into joy unutterable, but to-day is the beginning, and the brightness of to-morrow depends thereon.

While we do not endorse fully the words of the materialist who thinks one world at a time sufficient, and absorbed in the present, would give no thought to that life after the fleeting scenes of this are over, we joyfully accept the necessity of giving attention to the right conduct of the present, in order to reflect the best results on the future. To become absorbed in the affairs of life, to the exclusion of everything else is to become dwarfed, and all the advantages which should accrue are lost.

How blighting to spiritual growth is absorption in the business of the world, is shown by the condition of those who have aged in such pursuit. During their early and maturer years, when with selfish scheming they planned to grasp and accumulate, they were regarded by their fellows as shrewd and keen of intellect. In age, when they no longer engaged in business, they have no mentality beyond the dreary drudgery of their past lives; no purely intellectual incentive, and it is painful to see the dim light of their spiritual natures scarcely able to penetrate the darkness gathering over their mental horizon. "See soul," exclaims the materialist, "the light is going out! Like the flame of a lamp from which the oil is exhausted, soon will it expire!"

Sad end of the hopeful promise of a life which should be of constant growth. The fact is, the mind in such instances does not grow less, it has not grown at all in the direction of the intellectual and spiritual. Selfish scheming has absorbed all the energies, and the man is dwarfed and idiotic on his spiritual side. After the change of death, he will be as an imbecile, having lost all the advantages earthly life afforded him. He has no treasures, and the awakening of his intellect, and the advancement he will make must be slow and uncertain. In the language of the world, such a man may have been eminently successful inasmuch as he has succeeded in grasping a great share of worldly possessions, fared sumptuously and received homage of retainers; yet his life has been a dreary failure in all that makes it worth the living.

On the other hand, as opposing the assertion that at death, the end of the individual existence, we observe the well ordered mind which, while caring for the things of the world, gives attention to its higher requirements. When the cares of life fall off, the intellect is intensified and the personality ripens and matures in the golden rays of the low western sun, in sweetness and unselfish devotion. Humboldt may be taken as a typical example. When visited by an American admirer in the last years of his unusually long and active life, he was finishing the concluding volume of his *Cosmos*, a work in which he sought to utilize the infinitely diverging phenomena of nature. His limbs were paralyzed, one arm useless; yet his mentality was clear, his disposition as sweet and hopeful as in his youth. And he remained in this condition to the last moment of his earthly existence. While the worldly man cultivates his worldly nature, and dwells his spiritual, the great Scientist had unceasingly developed the powers of his intellect, and the weakening of bodily powers was not reciprocated. Age of the body did not enfeeble these high energies, and death only removed them to a higher level. He is an example of spiritual culture at its highest and best.

The materialism which would make this world the end, and give no thought to the next, is a reaction against the old doctrine that the next is everything and this a vale of tears and sorrow, to be borne as a penance and escaped from with joy. Both views are essentially wrong, and, in the words of the Chinese sage, the "Golden Mean" is right. We do not gain heaven by death, or spiritual life by passing the portals of the tomb.

We enter this world as spiritual entities, and heaven and hell, joy or pain, are wrought into our being. To conform to the laws of our constitution, is obedience to God, and brings the reposeful assurance of heaven; to disregard these, brings the lash of pain, physical and mental. Understanding that as spiritual beings, whatever our drudgery of our occupations, sowing or reaping, hewing of wood or drawing of water, we are in the Courts of Heaven, and by our sides,

concealed by the thinnest veil of gossamer, are the angels, the departed, loving, cheering, upholding, encouraging—the ordering of the conduct of life is not to us uncertain. We are to build on earth, but to build for heaven. Like the fabled ash in "Norse Mythology," this life of ours strikes its roots down into the foundations of the earth, and its branches arise into the glory of the celestial spheres.

We are not acting for time, but for eternity, and we should consider that every act has a two-fold relation: to the present and to the future. Whatever has relation to that future being, in developing nobility, magnanimity, devotion to right, justice and truth; fraternity, and the love which exceeds understanding, reflecting as it must on the character of the present, is of infinitely more worth than the fleeting objects of the hour.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

Love of Country, Liberty of Conscience, and Loyalty to the Constitution.



## ROME VS. REASON.

INTRODUCING THE SUBJECT.

It is a lamentable fact that many so-called Free Thought papers evince a disloyalty that is pernicious, teaching anarchism rather than patriotism and license rather than liberty.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER places itself squarely before its readers as a paper devoted to Love of Country, Liberty of Conscience and Loyalty to the Constitution. It is a patriotic motto we read among the first stars of state. We also erect that emblem of universal brotherhood, "Old Glory," its eventful and triumphant past is both a promise and prophecy of a progressive future for our country and civilization.

In this land of liberty—wring from foreign hands the brains of heads and brave and heroic hearts and hands—there is no room for treason, for priestcraft, or cunning conspiracy, any church, or class of people, who education, enlightenment or American institutions—who fear these things because education is destructive of superstition—and who calmly, deliberately and most fiendishly set to work to destroy these bulwarks of national freedom in our midst for the sake of superstition, from the lust for power and place as well as for the preservation of popery—that church and that class should be dealt with as shall forever prevent the consummation of anything contrary to the spirit of our constitution or the welfare of our country.

Free Thinkers, progressive thinkers, above all others should be loyal and true to our constitution and American institutions. All but six of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were Free Thinkers. The Constitution was a document written by a Free Thinker, and its provisions were enforced and made the corner-stone of human liberty by men who dared to think.

But "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the "sons of sires" who fought in '76" need not imagine that the present age is not without its dangers and perils. As "free education is the basis of national liberty," so every onslaught on our unsectarian school system, of any kind whatever, is a blow at our national existence and the continuity of our constitution. Under that constitution civil and religious liberty is secured. Its downfall would repeat the lessons of Italy in its past. Superstition would hold again full sway and freedom would be a myth.

That illustrious progressive thinker, Thomas Jefferson, wrote, "The peace of a State or Nation will be best preserved by giving information to the people." This, then, is our work in the American department of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—to preserve the peace of our constitution, and thereby perpetuate the liberty of thought by educating our readers on the dangers that beset that constitution.

THE DANGER ARISING FROM ROMANISM cannot be underestimated. It is a fact that Romanism is now doing all in its power to destroy the school system of this country. The patriotism of a priest is sincere only as it furthers the ends of his church. No priest would dare, or desire even, so long as he desired to be a priest, to go contrary to the will of the pope. The most influential and powerful of all Roman Catholic bodies are the Jesuits, who, having been expelled from about all countries of the globe, find a wide field of action in which to carry on their nefarious business in this country. Here is an extract of the

JESUITS' OATH, as published in Boston by the "Committee of 100," and by the *Toronto Mail*, which credited it to *Le Senneur Franco-Américain*, and by Father Chiniquy, who was for many years a Catholic priest:

"The Pope is Christ's Vicar-General and is the true and only Head of the universal church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing, given to his Holiness by Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed."

This is an oath to carry out and enforce what was announced by Pope Gregory XII, which reads: "The power of the church is superior to the power of the State," and by Pope Pius IX, when he said, "Our church is God's church, and not accountable either to State or country." The Church of Rome ever seeks to ruin what she cannot rule—to exterminate any and all things that may stand in her path. This government is based on a constitution whose every principle has been repeatedly cursed by the papacy. In its efforts to capture the Nation it has succeeded to a most alarming extent in the preparatory work to that end. Events have happened and happen every day that can point to no other conclusion.

As our readers follow us weekly in our "Home vs. Reason" articles we shall prove to their entire satisfaction that we are not dealing in sensationalism, but that we are

but disclosing the ragged borders of a gigantic conspiracy of the Roman church to subvert, overthrow and rule this land, and through this land the world.

The last information that comes to us from the front, in this battle between Rome and Reason to the death, is contained in a letter from Manteno, Illinois, an extract of which reads as follows:

"Kankakee county is largely settled with French Canadians, who are principally Catholics—some towns being composed almost entirely of that class, and of course the school districts. In these districts the custom has obtained of employing Catholic teachers, and under the direction of priests. The directors require the teachers to teach their pupils in the Catholic catechism, and in the French language, in the schools. I have no means of knowing just how many districts in the county do this, but think I would be safe in saying ten or fifteen." The letter also contained the information that in Manteno the priest gathered all Catholic children in one room every day and gave them religious instruction (7)—using public school property for sectarian purposes. The name of the signer of this letter we withhold by request for obvious reasons.

That the papacy is pursuing a policy of destruction of our common schools is self-evident from the facts we shall present from week to week. It may be well to close this long article by a few of their declarations. The editor of the *Catholic World* some months ago said editorially: "The last Plenary Council has made it of obligation upon every Catholic parish to establish a parochial school as soon as possible, regardless of the character of the public schools in the neighborhood."

At a recent meeting in Boston, the Catholic Vicar-General read a paper in which he laid down the methods found most effectual in the Catholic church, viz:

1. Religious teaching and training of children.
2. Authoritative, dogmatic teaching of children and adults.
3. The sacramental system.
4. Church legislation a power of making laws in religious matters.
5. Pious sodalities and popular forms of devotion and public worship.

Acting up to their purpose of parochial schools, the land is filled with the spider-nets of superstition in whose coils are struggling the brains of over 600,000 children—all being taught in perverted history, a smattering of reading and arithmetic, catechism, the geography of the Pope's desired dominion, catechism, spelling—with certain words left out—catechism, how to write "Hail Mary," etc., and more catechism. With this miserable apology they are thrust out in the world—their minds befogged with bigotry—a profound ignorance of the constitution of their country, but versed in all the escapes from the penalty of sin—unloyal to the land of their birth, but, as the priest-hood desires, true to the pope.

Shall American citizens tolerate a system that teaches the supremacy of the priesthood above the police power, of cardinals who must be obeyed before a Congress of a Nation, and who place a pope, a subject of an Italian king, above our President?

Let us protect the school system which teaches children to think, to grow, to be citizens of a republic where each and all are free. As we have this system for all children, let us compel all to be educated in it, for at least four years, from the age of ten to that of fourteen.

Let us declare that system which produces unfaithful citizens an unlawful institution, and abolish it.

Let us enact, third, that decree of the Plenary Council, of Baltimore, which says that no child shall be confirmed a member of the church who has not been in attendance at a parochial school for the space of two years, something contrary to the rights and privileges of free men, and unconstitutional and treasonable; and also that any priest who shall announce, as the writer of these lines has heard one announce, that any Catholic parent who shall refuse to send their children to a Catholic parochial school would be refused the sacraments of the church, shall be punished by expulsion from the country for conspiring to subvert the constitutional guarantee of civil and religious liberty.

Let us have reason not Rome, freedom instead of fanaticism. Let us progress, not retrograde. Progressive brains will do more good than martyr's blood.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## DRESS OF SPIRITS.

Injurious Effects of Tobacco—The Newly-Born Spirit—Spirit Clothing and Colors.

I once asked, through a medium, an old friend who had been only a short time in the Spirit-world, and who, upon earth, was addicted to that almost unconquerable habit, tobacco using, which in the latter years of his life, by the advice of physicians, he had vainly endeavored to break off, if he would appear to us, or materialize. He replied that he was not suitably clothed; that his spirit clothing while upon earth had been almost entirely consumed, mainly by the tobacco habit, and that he was laboring energetically to recover from the effects of it, and through other mediums this theory about clothing in the Spirit-world has been corroborated.

But the most interesting information on this subject I obtained from a prominent spirit artist, which corresponded exactly with my own experience. In the first place, it must have occurred to almost every one who has considered this subject at all, that a spirit enters the other world in an absolute state of nudity. After the process of death is over, the newly-born spirit is gradually and tenderly transported from its place of gestation, which is immediately in the vicinity of the then inanimate body, to a place of preparation, for an admission into a company of the sympathetic inhabitants of the Spirit-world. To this place it has been drawn by the powerful magnetic currents of the immediate guardian angels and aconchers. The actual process of extracting the spirit from the body is a complicated operation. It seems as though the small of the back is the point of connection with the magnetic thread from intelligences above, and that the limbs, arms, head, breast and trunk are successively drawn through this thread, and taken backwards, the head and limbs coming together, senseless and help-

less, the whole soon forming the shape of a *cud-dene*, opening downward. In this condition it has a shining appearance, and moves at a rapid rate after once getting started. This *cud-dene*, or placenta, is removed gradually, as the spirit reaches the upper currents of air, and the gross, heavy, earthy substance descends to earth again to find its proper level.

The spirit is gradually awakened to sensation of feeling and hearing, but not seeing, until the body is fully formed. The love currents from the new-born spirit stream out and interblend with the nearest friend, who is acting as the principal conductor of the neophyte, and who whispers words of love and caution into his ear. The beautiful magnetic currents that emanate from the whole body, but especially from the brain, shoulders, breast and trunk, are in a short time capable of being formed into a covering for the body, in fantastic shapes of beauty. These rays even are perceptible to the clairvoyant, streaming from the spirit while the body, as well as being felt by sensitive.

In describing the process of the transition of the spirit, it must not be considered as applying to cases of violent deaths, where the victim is conscious of any vindictiveness. In many such cases the spirit may be detained in a state of suspension or penance until it is worthy to be set free; or it may not be intelligent enough to know how to avail itself of the aid of its guardian spirits, and thus be able to ascend to its proper level.

It is very surprising to find so many spirits chained down, as it were, to the surface of the earth; and some, even, who are compelled to seek deep holes, or stay under the ground in holes in order to find their proper level. Some of these spirits possess bodies of such density that they can be perceived by the naked eye, and thus we have a lucid explanation for the appearance of ghosts, etc.

But let us turn our attention, particularly to the effect upon the spirit clothing, of such vices as sexual excess and promiscuity, intemperance, opium eating, using tobacco, etc. The sensualist or sexualist, who made the indulgence of that habit on earth his chief occupation, on being transplanted to the first sphere, finds himself the most helpless of beings, and unable to pursue his calling. Every one turns away from him. His poor, pale victims look down upon him in sorrow, and glide away from him, as too loathsome to associate with now. They sympathize with him, yet can do him no good, as he would defile their beautiful raiments with his corrupting touch. His miment was once beautiful, and shimmering with sparkling jewels; but now, from his lower extremities a putrid, nauseating and consuming emanation exudes, enveloping the whole figure, disgusting alike to himself and others around him.

The drunkard, too, is no less helpless in Spirit-life, for the fumes of the alcoholic beverages consumed in earth-life, have steamed up through and through the organs of his once clear, active brain until their acuteness is destroyed, and a bleary haze envelops the head,—that most important portion of man's temple which may be likened to the God of the Christian's trinity, as the breast may be to the Son or Christ, and the trunk to the Holy Ghost, these three forming one in a mathematical sense.

So through the category of vices, the spirit clothing is bespattered and rent according as the spirit has lived in earth-life, and ages of incessant labor must intervene before these spirits are in a presentable shape for the higher and happier spheres.

May we not learn here a lesson and wisely improve our talents in this world? True, this savor of the orthodox hell, but I am assured that the pictures are not overdrawn. When Spiritualism first spread through the country, many believers seemed to think that hell was done away with, and the devil was dead, or cast into the bottomless pit; yet, as the cause diffused itself like wildfire, reaching into the highest as well as the lowest ranks of life, the communications began to come, and they were prepared for them: that there was a hell.

Spiritualism is a religion as well as a science, and its ethics should be strictly followed. Spiritualists, when they sin, do so having the greater light, and must pay a heavier penalty for that reason. When they reach the Spirit-world with their spiritual clothing consumed and their spirits enervated by vice, their spirit friends can not have the compassion for them in their troubled conditions, as if the case had been otherwise. This is the world to clothe the spirit body, and prepare the mind for eternity, and the enjoyment of intellectual feasts in store for the worthy.

But is there a tangible substance with which spirits clothe themselves? Certainly, or else materialization would be impossible. The colors of it, too, are extremely limpid and volatile, exceeding the tints of the rainbow, as much as the rainbow does the common house-coating of the plainest domicile. On first beholding these spiritual colors, every clairvoyant is almost lost in ecstasy. Spirits of an exceedingly ardent loving temperament, have deep red or purple colored magnetic rays emanating from their lower extremities, forming a beautiful shimmering garment, which gracefully enfolds their pearl-like and transparent forms. The beautiful flickering dots of deep blue sometimes seen by the clairvoyant, are the vital sparks from his own organism, and are formed of phosphorus. \* \* \* \* \* The pure white rays of the morning, full in an invalid's face, are healthiest, as they contain all the colors in proper proportion necessary to promote health; and the same may be said of the red rays, or flashes of light. They are also an omen of health. But green is as congenial to the clairvoyant, and on that account may be considered unhealthy. Yellow is a mild, pleasant color to the clairvoyant's vision, until it verges towards a fiery hue; it then has a hot though not unpleasant feeling.

These observations as to colors may not apply to all cases of clairvoyance, yet after all there is a great deal of meaning in the significance attached generally to colors. But the most beautiful sight, however, to a clairvoyant is a view of the sensorium of a human being. It is shaped like the quarter of the moon, with the two horns pointed downward, and formed of the most beautiful colors, inter-blending in the most re-

(Continued on fourth page.)

## OUR JOURNAL OF CREMATION.

### Cremation a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

#### HOW SHALL WE DISPOSE OF THE DEAD?

Note.—Under appropriate headings we propose to publish, from time to time, journals on subjects of deep and abiding interest to Spiritualists, as well as to all other classes. Each one will be confined for a time varying from three months to a year. They will prove valuable encyclopedias on the subjects treated. Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, physicians, ministers of the gospel, and progressive minds generally will find them of great value for reference.

By what method shall we dispose of the dead in order to subserve the best interests of the living? If we inter them, covering the putrefying remains with six feet or more of earth, then the poisonous gases escaping, filtering through the soil, impregnate the atmosphere with their deleterious effects, and generate various violent diseases, which prove very destructive to human life, as conclusively demonstrated by the celebrated Dr. Friere, of Rio Janeiro. In critically examining the earth where yellow fever victims had been interred the year before, he found myriads of microbi, exactly identical with those found in the vomitings of persons sick with the yellow fever. These germs he has cultivated, and has produced the disease in animals, the blood of which after death he found to be filled with the seeds of yellow fever in various stages of growth. Although it is utterly impossible to annihilate all the poisonous germs in the soil beneath our feet, in water, food or the atmosphere, when it is positively known that disease-breeding germs are constantly being evolved through the instrumentality of any putrescent substance, then it becomes an imperative necessity to abate the nuisance at once. The slimy, pestilential Chicago river is almost equal in its poison-generating qualities to a cemetery containing thousands of bodies in various stages of decomposition. It is the seething outlet of putrid matter, which is prolific in producing various diseases. Dr. Knoll, of Chicago, has demonstrated that four-fifths of the river as we observe it with the naked eye, is life in active motion. There are three distinct forms of animal life therein. The smallest and most numerous is about 1-5000 of an inch in size, almost circular in form, and possessed with great activity. The second in size is second in number, and is hair-like in form, about 1-3000 of an inch long and about 1-6000 of an inch in thickness, and moves with all the rapidity and regularity of an eel. The largest ones are least numerous and are star-shaped. They are about 1-500 of an inch in diameter. They move as the tortoise does, and with the same sluggish motion. But this cesspool will bear no comparison to a cemetery in producing loathsome and mauling and poisonous gases. The latter may not be as offensive to the olfactory organs as the former, yet is far superior to it in the production of poisonous gases which it readily escape through the porous soil. We have evidence to sustain us in our conclusion that these poisonous exhalations, when they come fully in contact with the humid atmosphere, may be brought in relations where the potency of their deleterious influence may be intensified. As fully demonstrated by that distinguished physician, T. J. MacLagan, one of the peculiarities of parasites is that they flourish, not in any part of their host, but only in some particular organ or tissue, which is called the *nidus*, or nest of the parasite. The poisons of eruptive fevers show similar peculiarities. Each has its own *nidus*, its own localized habitat in which it is propagated, and out of which it ceases to be produced. It appears that in typhoid fever it is situated in a limited portion of the bowels, the sole root of which by way of the circulation, is through an artery the size of a crowquill; a typhoid germ may be taken through the lungs, and may make the rounds of circulation two or three dozen times without being likely to enter that particular vessel; but if the typhoid germ be taken in through the digestive organs it is brought in direct contact with the seat of its *nidus*, and can scarcely fail to act.

THE FACTS THAT SURROUND US.

The typhoid germs as well as the germs of every known virulent disease, probably emanate from cemeteries, come in contact with the atmosphere, are finally breathed into the human system, and if they succeed in finding their requisite *nidus*, dangerous diseases will surely arise therefrom. It is only a question of time," says Dr. Purdy, "when Graceland, Calvary and Rose-hill will be swept away by the city's growth. The pages of history are filled with stories of terrible devastations. Putrid and malignant fevers and periodical diseases often made their appearance in populous cities without any apparent cause. Might the cause not be the practice of interment in the very midst of our dwellings?"

Even the water of our magnificent lake may become polluted through the instrumentality of cemeteries contiguous thereto, and we may drink at times the very germs of a loathsome disease, which if they fail to manifest their virulence at once, it is simply because they fail to find their natural *nidus*. Is it not possible that cancerous affections, which are becoming alarmingly frequent, are propagated to a great extent by the numerous graveyards distributed throughout the country? What is often termed a "general debility" of the system may be the result—probably is in many cases—of a poisonous germ that emanates from a putrescent corpse buried six feet in the ground. If the germs of yellow fever can traverse the soil, six feet in depth, that covers them, as fully established by Dr. Friere, of Rio Janeiro, is it not possible that the germs of other diseases can do the same?

It is rapidly being demonstrated that nearly every disease has a peculiar parasite, as set forth by that distinguished physician, Prof. W. Paine, of Philadelphia, Pa. Even the startling discovery has been made by that eminent French scientist, M. Pasteur, that the saliva of a person fasting is venomous, and contains a parasite. As poisonous gases are being constantly exhaled from our cemeteries—no mistake about this—may we not reasonably conclude that impregnated therewith are the living germs of the malignant diseases from which they originated? Like the breath of a human being, they partake largely of the nature of the

source from which they are produced, and if the breath of a badly diseased person is putrid—poisonous—how can gases exhaled from a putrescent corpse ever fail to have a like deleterious effect? The necessity of a different method of disposing of the dead must be apparent to every reflective mind. All cemeteries are breeders of disease, a loathsome cancer on the fair face of the earth, and a different method of disposing of the dead is imperatively demanded.

#### CREMATION A NECESSITY.

Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, in "Good Words."

The burial of the dead has become universal in all Christian countries, and has unconsciously connected itself with our hopes of resurrection. Burial existed as a practice in many heathen as well as Christian countries, and was viewed by the former as a necessary means of concealing the dead. The word burial is derived from an old Anglo-Saxon word which means concealment. This was touchingly expressed by Abraham, on the death of Sarah, when he begged for a piece of land that I may bury the dead out of my sight." The same result was obtained by burning bodies, and this process of cremation prevailed at one time very extensively. Indeed it was more prevalent than burial, with the important exceptions of Egypt, India, and China, burning was the common method of disposing of the dead in the old history of the world. From the earliest times burning was practiced in the interior regions of Asia, and was followed in the Western World by the Thracians, the Celts, Sarmatians, and other nations. The Jews generally buried their dead, although occasionally they burned them, as when Saul and his sons were burned and their ashes buried under a tree. In great plagues, as in the Vale of Tophet, the bodies were burned for sanitary reasons. In Rome the burning of bodies was practiced from the close of the Republic to the middle of the fourth Christian century. In Greece both burial and burning were recognized as legitimate funeral rites, though the latter was perhaps more common, as legislative exceptions were made to it in the cases of suicide, persons struck by lightning, and mere infants.

The variations in the methods of disposal were intimately connected with the philosophies and religions of the old world. In the old philosophies matter was supposed to be derived from earth, or air, or fire, or water; and living bodies derived from these were after death supposed to be resolved into them. So the earth philosophers selected burial, while air and fire philosophers preferred burning. Religions had, however, a far more powerful influence in determining the selection of the last solemn rite. Egypt had a firm belief in immortality, and embalmed bodies so that they might remain fit for a future state. Indeed in that country the most terrible punishment for malefactors was to burn their bodies, so that they should not rise into a more glorious life. In all Christian countries burial has become universal, and the recent movement in favor of cremation comes to us as a startling surprise. In the earlier stages of Christianity there was a simple and primitive belief, which still lurks among the uneducated, that the actual bodies of the dead are to be changed into glorified bodies for immortality. The burning of heretics and infidels produced a horror of this mode of disposing of the dead, and gave to burial a visible sign of faith in the future.

It is useless to inquire whether the universal practice of burial in Christian countries may have given a materiality to our views of resurrection, and may have lessened the spiritual view of immortality. To those who have studied the beautiful words of St. Paul in Corinthians 15, the non-identity of the natural with the spiritual body is manifest; but the loving memories which cling to the dead incline us to forget the teachings both of religion and science. No Christian would deny that the blessed martyrs who were burned at the stake, or devoured by wild beasts in the arena, were as certain of immortality as the believers who are buried. Socrates, who had faith in the future, was asked by his friends, while the poison was numbing his body, whether he would like to be burned or buried, and he replied in very wise words that he cared not which, provided that his friends did not think that they were burning or burying Socrates. Lucan, who wrote in the first century of the Christian era, expressed himself in like terms—"Tabesce ad caecera solent an rogos haud referit?"—Whether decay or fire destroys corpses matters not. It doesn't matter to the dead, but it matters exceedingly to the living. We are bound so to dispose of the dead that they shall not intrude the living during the process of resolution of the body. Burial, when properly performed, is as innocuous a mode of disposing of the dead as burning.

If the coffin be of a perishable nature, if the soil be dry and porous, if the graves be not too crowded, the dead are resolved into air and into ashes as certainly in three years as they are in a furnace in the course of an hour, and in both cases without injury to the living. But how rarely are these conditions satisfied in our modes of sepulture! We often find in cemeteries that twenty years are not sufficient to effect the change. The modern Macedonian Greeks have a curious custom. They bury the bodies temporarily, and at the end of three years open the grave. If nothing but bones remain, to these they give permanent and respectful burial, because that proves the goodness of the deceased. But if flesh still adheres to the bones then the dead had become wicked vampires, who are going through the world to do harm to the living. In most of our churchyards the dead are harming the living by destroying the soil, fouling the air, contaminating water springs and spreading the seeds of disease. It is in the hope of improving our methods of burial that I write this article. But the fact that a feeling for cremation has arisen compels those who advocate burial to conduct it with hygienic precautions. Science has reached positive knowledge in regard to the changes of dead matter, and it is right that this should be understood by the public.

(To be continued.)

## THE GRAND REALITY!

## Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.\*

## LECTURE I.

For some time after my death, I was in what you might term a sleep,—a sleep which, owing to my ignorance, (with all its darkness clinging around me with a tenacious hold), I could not, for some time, shake off. When awakening and coming to my senses, I found what you would call a strong magnetic light striking upon the base of my head, which seemed to vibrate through me and bring into existence the whole of my spiritual faculties. I found myself lying on a couch or sofa (yes, a veritable couch, though not composed of physical matter), and, on looking round, I saw near me many whom I had known upon earth, and who had passed on before me. I recognized many faces with which I had been perfectly familiar,—those who had often cheered me,—those who had made the hours of dreariness pass by with pleasure, and it was with unbounded delight that I looked upon their well remembered forms.

I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a dream, and it was some time before I could thoroughly realize that I had passed through the much dreaded change termed "death"; for I found everything so natural, and so much resembling what I had been accustomed to upon earth. I had fully expected when awakening in what you term "the other world," to have found greater and more wondrous changes than I then beheld. I put my hand out to try if I could really grasp something firm, something that I could touch. I touched my spiritual body and found it was as firm and perceptible to my spiritual touch as my earthly body was to my physical senses. I moved my fingers and found that they vibrated at my will with just the same action as they did when upon earth. I found also that by exercising my will-power I could move, and move I did. When I arose I beheld myself in a purer and finer state than I had ever possessed before. I turned round to those friends who were around me and asked: "Am I really dead? or is this a dream which has caused an illusion and taken my earthly eyesight for a time? Yet I know that you passed away before me. You, friends, stand here arrayed in the garb of truth, of beauty, and of light." To the many questions I asked, answers to the following effect were given me: "Yes, you have passed through the change termed 'death,' or what might more appropriately be designated a transformation for the better. The place, or the abode you are now living in is a locality in one of the Spiritual Spheres. You have a great deal to learn, friend. You came here with darkness surrounding you; you have much to cleanse yourself of; and you have very many wondrous sights to behold." Even then I could not realize my position until one of them, who seemed to have a power of will over my spiritual form, awakened me to what appeared a wider and more expanded vision, and suddenly my eyesight opened up to scenes which launched me far away. I beheld worlds which, even had I given a thought to such a subject, my imagination could not have pictured as glowing with such beauty and perfection as I then beheld. I gasped for breath, for my spiritual nerves and my spiritual body being weak, I could not bear with equanimity such a sight as I then saw. I observed thousands of spirits who appeared to be moving in different directions, and who were clothed in a more refulgent light than I had yet beheld. All that had seemed so beautiful and precious to me on earth, appeared now no longer that which could captivate my eyesight. I wished then and there to utilize the power of will which I found floating through me. I wished then and there to have put it into action, and to have sailed or walked over the enchanting plains or spheres which I had beheld. A new light seemed suddenly to dawn upon my understanding, and my emotions were heightened as I felt how greatly I had misconceived Deity when upon earth. How stolidly I had clothed Him in those attributes which I now knew to be impious towards that Infinite Being. I felt then most acutely how utterly disregarded I had been of the voice of reason within me. I saw the whole of what I should not have been, brought into light at once before me. I saw those things which I ought not to have done, flash before me like the gleaming sheet of lightning across your sky. The loud rumbling and reverberating thunder could not bring to your minds the inward pricking of conscience I then felt. I saw those whom I had injured when on earth; those upon whom I had inflicted injuries which would demand retributive justice, stand up before me, and I wept more tears,—yes, I believe more tears than I had shed during the whole of my sojourn upon earth.

After recovering from the vehemence of passion which so agitated me, I felt a strong desire to penetrate those spheres of Nature which I had beheld, but I found I was under restraint by a tie that kept me from going beyond a certain distance, and I was gently taken back to where I started from and told that I was not yet strong enough,—that the time had not come for me to travel over those domains. I then fell into a passive sleep, induced, as I subsequently ascertained, by the movements of the hands of some of those around me, or by magnetic passes, as you would term them.

After awakening the second time I found a strength which had apparently grown in my spiritual body, and I then asked those who were with me if I could now visit those enchanting scenes which I had beheld. Simultaneously an inward, burning desire seemed to seize me to try and tear away at once the wrongs I had committed upon earth, and thereby cleanse myself to that state of purity which would qualify me to become an inhabitant of those brighter spheres. But I was told that I was only in the second grade of the second sphere. "The second grade of the second sphere! And how many spheres are there?" "There are several, all culminating in the celestial plane or sphere of glory, the physical being the first or rudimentary sphere." "And is each one more beautiful, finer, and purer than this?" "Yes, but wait," said my guide. "I will take and show you many haunts of this sphere which bear a very different aspect. All is happiness here while your spirit is enabled to make it so, but so long you re-

tain those glaring thoughts which I perceive becloud your nature, you cannot be happy." "True," I said, "I have, indeed, felt the pain of anguish and remorse chasing through my spiritual form. I have, indeed, experienced something akin to the agonies of fire burn within my soul. Oh! show me the path by which I can undo the wrongs that I have done; only show me the way and I shall do my best to try and succeed." "Stay," he said, "not so fast, time hath its cure for all things. There are no such sudden changes from extremes in Nature; she does not work so quickly. The laws you have transgressed cannot be placated all at once. There is only one cure,—one road through which you can possibly undo that which so weighs you down,—and that is TIME." "Shall I, then," I asked, "have again to suffer as I have suffered now?" "Yes, and far more. Here you are only in one of the lower spheres; wait until you are surrounded by the higher spirits, and then, indeed, you will find, more so than now, the impurities which, in accordance with the just and immutable law of cause and effect, still cling to you."

I really felt as if I could have sunk out of sight, for I perceived, intuitively, that those around me could read my thought and see every action I had done during my career upon earth. "Is there no judgment-day? Is there no repentance by which I can cast off at once the wrongs that I have committed, as they taught me in the world I have left?" "None. You must work your own course out; and it is a long and difficult one, but the longer and more difficult it is the greater pleasure it will afford you when you have succeeded. But come with us and we will show you many paths of this sphere which you will not call beautiful."

I was then led forth by four of the brightest spirits that I had seen near me. They seemed to take and waft me over space, for though I appeared to walk yet no exertion on my part was necessary, still the motion was rapid. As we passed along they pointed out to me paths, or, what would be termed by you, streaks of magnetism, leading in various directions, for there are numerous planes in each sphere. Presently we came to the first grade, where I beheld some of those who had committed heinous crimes against the laws of Nature,—such as murderers, suicides, and many of the lowest of the low that frequent the dens of your cities. I saw that the vilest passions had still possession of them; that all the horrid vices of the emotions or desires urged them on even here. I saw the murderer of the noble and good; I saw the persecutor of the humble and the poor biting—aye, biting—with vengeance his spiritual fingers. I could read into his soul and there see the consuming fire of avarice. I saw there, branded on the brow, him who had waylaid a sister and brought her to ruin when upon earth. I could hear the cries of others, cries so replete with anguish, as to make the scene far more agonizing than any upon your sphere. Their mental suffering appeared to goad the unfortunates to distraction. I have seen the murderer writhe and writhe, twist and distort his spiritual form as if he were upon spikes. I have seen him bite the very dust to think of that which he had done and that which he could not undo, for the just and unerring laws of Nature demand that the wrong-doer should suffer. Amongst them I saw those who thought that they were forgiven, and who had passed away trusting in the misleading teaching of the religion which they professed, but who found that they were just the same as they were when upon earth, only under altered conditions, and consequently were exposed to the spite and the taunts of the spirits of the lower grades, for such delight to taunt—yes, taunt—other spirits with those wrongs and crimes which lie heavy upon them.

Turning to my guides I asked them to explain this to me, and I inquired if this was the hell I had heard of when on earth. "No," was the reply. "Then, how is it that these spirits suffer so much?" "Because they have before them the sight of their victims whom they injured. Their sufferings, however, are inward, not outward. Neither do they fear for a moment that they are to be burnt, but they feel the consuming flame of those passions which they cultivated when upon earth. It seems to eat into their spirit-forms as a disease does into the flesh." "Oh! Is there no cure; is there no way; is there no light; is there not a spark of hope for these?" "Yes, friend, time, as I told you before, will show them the path; but not until Nature's laws are required; not until they have thrown those blemishes aside can they rise higher, can they pass away from the wickedness they have around them, for they have brought it with them."

Being animated by a desire to gain more information direct from those unhappy spirits about their suffering, I went to one who had committed murder upon earth, and asked him what he thought of spiritual existence. He replied that he liked it; "for," said he, "there is not the wild chase here for the means of subsistence that there was on earth." "Then you do not always suffer in the manner I saw you not long since?" "No; but when my thoughts revert, as they frequently do in spite of me, to that matter, then I feel the burning, burning influence." "Can you at will," I asked, "throw off this influence?" "No, for directly it comes to the earthly time—to the hour in which I did the deed and took the life away—the terrible, the dreadful influences of the time in which I did it, return to me, and had I it in my power I think I would do even as do those foolish ones of earth who are weary of life. Yes, at these times, if it lay in my power—my spiritual power—I think I would commit suicide, for there is no way for us to throw those feelings off—none." "Aye!" said I; "So you cannot commit suicide here?" "No!" "Then why do you not try and reach the ladder of happiness by endeavoring to better your condition?" "Because I do not feel inclined; for, excepting the suffering which you witnessed, I have everything here I want. I am in the company that I desire, and am jovial at times. Sometimes I return to earth and have jollifications; but at certain times I am drawn to this particular spot by an influence which I cannot withstand, which I cannot repel; and this, I suppose, is my punishment."

I then passed farther on. I was taken or led by the hand to what seemed a large city, which appeared to become brighter as we drew near to it, and yet there seemed to be a cloud or dark emanation hanging around it. I said to my guide, "What is that which we are approaching?" He told me to wait—that I must learn for myself all these things I was then beholding. In my eagerness to know I asked him innocently, "Is this Heaven?" "Heaven! No, my friend, this is only a place where many tarry until they are purified to enter the path, and are shown the way by which they can climb higher." "Thank you," I said. I could not help but feel in my heart that I had never in all my experience beheld such a city as was then before me. We drew near to it by what appeared groves. I observed that the vegetation, the flowers, and everything else presented a natural aspect, but in a higher state and more perfect degree than on the planet I had not long since bidden adieu to.

I wished to stop to examine these spots, but my guide told me I must pass on quickly. We approached what appeared to be gates to the wall which surrounded the whole of the town. Judging by the appearances of the houses they seemed to have been built with hands. They were of beautiful architectural design, and formed with great skill. All of them were erected upon the Gothic principle, and constructed of matter very much resembling the materials which are used for building in your world, but of a much finer quality. Within these gates I saw thousands of spirits, and as my guide drew up before them he shone forth in light and said "open." The gates were instantly opened, and I was admitted into the presence of many, very many, venerable spirits who had lived upon earth before my time. They spoke to me, saying, "Brother, what want you here?" My guide, seeing my confusion, through being thrown into company such as I had never met before, spoke for me. Addressing them he said: "Brothers, we have brought you here a spirit who, while upon earth, appeared great in his own estimation. His peculiar qualities in this respect require to be cast away by him; we leave him here under your control, and under your powers; deal with him kindly, and see if you cannot take from him that which is rough, and put a finer coating on him." As these words were uttered, or rather thoughts spoken, there seemed to rise from the whole of the town a band of choral music, imparting to my sense of hearing a most exquisite pleasure. It resembled ten thousand voices joined together in perfect harmony and concord, rendering the most delicious music, sparkling with melody and tune, also bringing with it such a delightful feeling that it seemed to sweep over me as does a cool breeze with you when the atmosphere has been hot and close. My heart throbbed—my brain vibrated—the spiritual principle within me seemed to expand. I could not speak, but my mouth gave forth in action, though not in words. Just then I was accosted thus: "Ah! you are a stranger to these scenes; when you have lived as long as we have in this sphere, you will understand the Divine spark that growth in everything."

With the force of the body which I possessed upon earth I had a similar force of the spirit, and I there and then vowed determinedly that these secrets I would investigate; that I would penetrate and find them out, and if there were such a thing as a path that I could tread, no matter how deep, how dark, how precipitous the obstacle to be scaled, or how high it would be to climb, I would indeed return to earth and show its inhabitants what I had learned and what I had seen.

After thus deliberating, I was taken by the hand and led forward along a street leading to a large temple. This temple was not built in the same manner as your churches or chapels. It was erected in a circular form, and appeared to me to be perfectly round. Its walls were carried to a great height, surrounding which there was a veranda, supported by dark-looking columns. These I found to be of substantial stone composed of spiritual matter; that is, substantial to the spiritual senses, just as rocks are substantial to your physical sense of touch.

On drawing up to the doors of this place they instantly opened, and as I stepped inside I saw that there was a gathering of various grades of spirits. There were some pure, beautiful, and bright that particularly attracted my attention. These I shall dwell upon at some future time. Each of the brighter spirits seemed to send out a light that illumined the whole of this vast building. (At a rough estimate, there must have been between fifty and eighty thousand spirits assembled in this temple.) The more venerable of them appeared to wear the most patient and passive looks, from which you could inhale, as it were, softness. You seemed to gather strength from the words they uttered, for they were spoken in such beautiful, quiet language as to instill into your mind a hope, and into your spiritual body a comfort, inspiring you with a confidence that you were in the society of those who could do you good.

As I wondered how it was that the light, which emanated from the purer saints, was of such varying hues and characters, an old sage near me remarked: "Those bright spirits from whom the various lights proceed come from all parts of the spheres. They meet here at certain times to undertake the elevation of the lower spirits. If you will but look behind you, you will see some of the faces that you saw in the first grade of this sphere." Turning round, as suggested, I recognized many of those whom I had observed suffering previous to my coming to this city, and I perceived that their countenances were more cheerful and that their magnetism, or aura, was lighter and brighter than when I saw them before. I inquired from the old sage how this was, and he said: "Each of these spirits is under the guidance of one of the higher ones, who bring them here to see if they cannot point out to them a path that they may tread, and mark out for them a course, an adherence to which will benefit them." I turned round to him and asked, "Am I so good that I have none of the suffering pertaining to these spirits to undergo?" "Wait, friend," he replied, "you are only now being made aware of your spiritual existence."

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PROGRESS is the universal law of nature.

## THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY.

## The Evolution of a New Religion.

## THE DOOR OF DEATH.

## The Two Spirit Mothers, and What They Accomplished.

[The object to be attained under the heading, "The Home Circle Fraternity, the Evolution of a New Religion," is to bring out more prominently the only currency that gives prominence to an individual in Spirit-life, viz., BE GOOD, AND TO GOOD. Hence a new conception of Deity will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.]

I. Between the mundane and supermundane spheres there exists a border-land, a Door of Death, through which all will eventually pass. Sometimes the soul, partially liberated from the physical organism, stands in this Door of Death, just midway between the scenes of earth and the supernal beauties and magnificence of the Spiritual realms. Then it is often the case that something of a startling nature may occur that forces the spirit back to its earthly home.

A man who was drowned once stood in the Door of Death; a mere breath, as it were, rightly administered then, would have carried him beyond the border-land, or compelled the spirit to return to its former body. Under the existing circumstances, however, heroic treatment seemed to have been required; so Dr. Joux, of Brussels, applied plates of iron nearly at a white heat to his chest, and the physical forces were restored to activity and the spirit compelled to resume its earthly pilgrimage.

William Seymour, a miner, was found apparently dead in Phoenix mine, England. Soon after he was interred. His spirit was then standing in the Door of Death, contemplating the scene. The next night after his burial, a neighbor of his dreamed that a gentleman in a carriage had drawn up to the house of the mother of the deceased and said: "My son is not dead, but buried alive." He was disinterred, and apparently still living and breathing. He shortly afterwards, however, died, and passed beyond the Door of Death.

As a good man was standing in the Door of Death, he still had enough control of his physical organism to say, "Mother, I can see a great distance."

As Servulus stood in the Door of Death he said, "Do you not hear that great and wonderful music which is in heaven? Do you not perceive the surpassing fragrance of the odors from heaven filling the air?"

As Bertine was waiting for the Door of Death to turn, he remarked: "I see a great brightness, so great that the sun pales before it. I see the heavens opened, and a glory above the noonday sun."

Robert Hare, a spirit, in alluding to his passage across the border land, through the Door of Death, says: "In the last moments of expiring earth-life, just before that cessation of consciousness which ushers the soul into spiritual existence, the memory is opened, and every act, however trivial, of man's past life, passes in rapid review before the bar of his judgment. Each motive inducing those acts, with their tendencies and consequences, accompany the brief exposure; and at once the soul perceives the character of its associates, and passes into another state for progression. What is left undone on earth must be remedied."

When a citizen of Danville, Va., pronounced dead, was being turned over in his shroud, the words, "O God!" escaped from his lips. The spirit, standing in the Door of Death, had not lost full control of the physical organism.

How true it is that all must pass through the Door of Death. The king on his throne, the millionaire, haughty and proud, and the plethoric bond-holder must pass through that door as well as the beggar or the most poverty-stricken being of earth.

## II.

Some strange occurrences take place at this midway station, this Door of Death established by God himself, as illustrated in the following interesting narrative: There lived, says the writer, near New York city, a young man whom we will designate as Hildreth, though that was not his name. He was young, haughty, proud, aristocratic and wealthy; well educated, fascinating in manners and unscrupulous, he secretly married a very poor but highly accomplished young lady. The fatal hour finally came, and his victim, Evangeline, gave birth to a child, and as might have been expected, she was treated with perfect contempt by the one in whom she had reposed so much confidence.

When approached for a settlement, or requested to care for her, he turned upon his heels with perfect indifference and disdain, saying, "I have ample proof that she is a wife of bad repute." And so he had, for he had secured those who would for a compensation besmear the character of one whom he alone had ruined. Evangeline and her friends calmly accepted the situation, her destroyer finally donating her \$250. With that meagre pittance, she sought employment in New York, and by strict economy managed to sustain her own life and that of her child. On an occasion when greatly depressed, she knelt in prayer by the side of the cradle; with her hands clasped and voice tremulously sweet, with divine emotions seeking utterance from a soul depressed with dark forebodings, she did not look like a bad woman. Her eyes beamed with a radiance as tender and her face was all aglow with an expression as kind as one could wish to see; her prayer was for the recognition of her own self and child as immortal souls of God.

A human soul is a precious object! It is said that it is often the product of sin, or unhappy, untoward circumstances. Evangeline prayed with her unfortunate child sweetly sleeping in the cradle by her side, and such a prayer! so surcharged with maternal love, it ascended heavenward, and formed a cloud of the sweetest incense in the presence of angels. Clinging to her darling child, she struggled on, and on, and each night she uttered the same prayer,—it was directed to two mothers in spirit-life—one her own devoted mother, and the other the mother of her seducer. They both responded; they both heard that prayer, and those two loving angels came and illumined that lonely room with their divine radiance. They did not even chide the poor

unfortunate creature! They did not even entertain a thought that she had made a mistake! They viewed her from the angelic standpoint, as she then was, not what she once was, and those two mothers resolved to compel the recalcitrant lord to make amends for the wrong he had done. Strange things sometimes happen under the Providence of God, and in this case the opportune moment had at last arrived. One day when Hildreth was in deep water, bathing, he was taken suddenly with cramps, and before he could be rescued, the obdurate villain, the haughty, overbearing aristocrat, the one who cast Evangeline into a heartless world to contend with its storms of adverse criticism and censure,—sank to the bottom and there remained several minutes before being rescued. Ah! the desired moment had at last arrived. The two mothers, the two messengers of God, direct from the Court of Heaven, were there! Poor, wretched man! Miserable, heartless demagogue! There was still manhood enough left in his desert-like nature to build upon, to expand into the angel, into something God-like! He knew that his body was lying on the bottom of the river, while he stood temporarily in the Door of Death. He saw his own loving mother, and impulsively rushed towards her to grasp her in his arms.

"Stand back, my son, and touch me not!" she said.

"Mother, dear!"

"Nay, my child, touch me not!"

"Darling mother, did you not kiss me when I bid you good-by on earth? You caressed me then, and manifested a mother's love. I pray you, come to me as you once did. Where am I?"

"Standing midway between heaven and earth. It is not too late for you to be restored to life. They are now working over your physical body. Look at your spirit, how dark, how repulsive, how unclean, how loathsome in appearance! You exhibit now your real self; money can not obscure your dark nature. Oh! little did I think my own precious son would become so vile."

Oh! what a scene! That spirit mother kneeling in prayer. There is another mother there, too. The incense of two loving hearts ascend in one heart-felt petition to God and the angels for assistance in reforming this poor miserable scoundrel, while he wrings his hands in remorse.

As they arose from their knees, he said, crying bitterly, "Mother, what can I do to purify my spiritual garment, and please you?"

"Son, make me a sacred promise that you will do as I request, and a bright life, one of exceeding happiness will open up gradually before you."

Dropping on his knees, he said: "Mother, I do so promise!"

And then that mother imprinted upon his lips an affectionate kiss that thrilled his soul with joy.

"Look yonder, my son, at that fleecy cloud."

"Yes, mother, I see it."

And that fleecy cloud seemed to open and disclose an attic room in a poor tenement house, and there was Evangeline and her little girl partaking of a frugal meal.

"Mother, I see Evangeline and her child."

"Your child, my son. Look at its dark eyes, at its mouth and features, they resemble yours. You, my son, and no one else ruined that poor, poor, unhappy girl. She is still pure, noble and angelic. Instead of abandoning her child, as you abandoned it, she clings to it with a mother's divine love. You must go back to earth, my son, and make amends for your treatment of her; you must re-marry her! She will make you a devoted wife, and you will make the two mothers in the spirit world happy."

"Mother, I will do as you wish."

Hildreth then heard the sweetest music and rejoicings, for a human soul, standing in the Door of Death had been redeemed.

The two mothers then led him back to earth, and bade him an affectionate farewell.

III.

This young man, after becoming insensible in the water, there for perhaps ten minutes, was rescued, and physicians summoned, who finally succeeded in restoring him to life. He was taken to his home a changed man, and then related his wonderful experience, concealing nothing. The vision he experienced had fully reclaimed him, and prepared him for a life of usefulness. Within three days after his narrow escape from death and his interview with his mother, he sought the room of Evangeline. The sun was just setting, and all nature seemed to repose in solemn grandeur, as if something unusual was about to occur. The world seemed different to him. His old associates in vice had lost their charm; a new existence opened up before him. New resolves, new thoughts, new purposes in life now actuated him, and everything around him appeared to be imbued with characteristics different from formerly. He approached the humble tenement house, knocked at the door, was admitted, and on making inquiry found that the object of his search was in her room. He was directed to it, approached it stealthily and knocked. The door was opened by Evangeline. With his eyes beaming with tears, he caught her in his arms, kissed her, caressed her, asked her forgiveness, and told her he had come to care for her, and make restitution for the great wrong he had perpetrated.

What a joyous time!

What a glorious reunion!

What a victory over wrong!

The two mothers in spirit-life had triumphed. The Door of Death had not been made in vain. Evangeline and her darling child were taken from that miserable attic room, and there was never a better husband or kinder father than Hildreth.

IV.

Oh! I wish all could stand for a brief season in the Door of Death. It is then that each one knows himself. The acts of life assume a prominent position then, and the real condition of the human soul is fully manifested. The murderer as he stands there sees his victim; the libertine the poor wife he has ruined; the liar the falsehoods he has told; the thief the goods he has

stolen. Thank God, there is a Door of Death through which all must pass! No one can buy an exemption therefrom. It is the heritage of all. As the Door of Death swings open it discloses all the acts of one's life. Be careful, then, of what you think, say or do! Devote your life as far as possible to the amelioration of the misfortunes of others. *Do good, and be good, and you will have no occasion to fear the scenes that will greet you when the Door of Death shall open for you.* As Hildreth made amends for his misdeeds, so must you! Sooner or later you will be compelled to make reparation for every wrong you have perpetrated, for every bad act of your life. The Door of Death opens the darkest recesses of your nature; therein you will look; therein you must look. "Know thyself," will be fully realized then. Would it not be well, under existing circumstances, to evolve a new religion with a conception of a God who will eventually overcome evil with good, cause each one to make amends for the wrong done, and thus restore the whole human family to harmonious relations. The Home Circle Fraternity Religion, which will eventually supercede all others, will be unfolded from time to time, and its true object be made known.

## DRESS OF SPIRITS.

(Continued from third page.)

splendid manner, revolving horizontally with the greatest velocity, and the whole emitting a halo of light. Of course when we shall have passed clear through the portals of death's door, we shall realize and perceive the whole beauty of man's spiritual nature. But even now, with a half glance we feel more than satisfied with our wonderful structure, and shall make it our constant study, and in this way evolve a philosophy of life, in our attempts, it may be, to form a philosophy of death. Z. T. G.

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