

# The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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[Reported especially for The Progressive Thinker.]

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

## A Well Merited Testimonial Given— Her Fiftieth Birthday Accompanied With Many Pleading Incidents.

For some weeks past, a few of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's friends in this city have been quietly engaged in preparing a substantial testimonial on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday. On the evening of the 21st of April, her birthday, a large number of them assembled at Martine's Hall. The rostrum was well supplied with flowers, and at the appointed hour, 8 o'clock, Dr. Bushnell, president of the First Society of Spiritualists, came forward, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. George P. McIntyre, and Messrs. W. W. Chandler and Collins Eaton, and ascended the platform. Having the orchestra opened the exercises by sweetly rendering "Home From Camp," and an overture, "The Silver Bells."

Dr. Bushnell, the chairman, then announced that this meeting was called to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the advent of one of the best women on earth, noted as being the most perfect instrument for the Spirit-world; one who had always been faithful to her trust, and to the bidding of her controls. He was glad that she had been born into the world fifty years ago, and still more glad that he had known her so well and so many years. For fourteen years she had occupied the platform with him, and during all that period she had never been behind time, to exceed five minutes at the regular services. This was an example of promptness worthy of imitation. All who had had an opportunity to know Mrs. Richmond loved her, and those who do not know her have only to know her to love her. He could say but little, but he thanked God that he had had the honor of living in the same age that she lived, and had the pleasure of listening to the teachings of her instructive guides through her lips.

Mrs. George P. McIntyre then read the following:

### THE GIFT OF THE PSALTER.

Bring us our gifts to the altar;  
The altar of Infinite Light—  
Crown us our Queen with a Psalter  
On her Fiftieth Natal Night—  
Blessing of tenderest yearnings,  
Bring us the gift of our hearts,  
Trusting in Love's sure discerning,  
To be of her soul-light a part.

Temples of Light bath she builded;  
Fashioned from commonest clay,  
Furnished completely and guided  
Each dome with a visional ray—  
Rough angles are softened by shadow;  
But the Light from the "Open Court,"  
Trembles along the whole dado,  
Bidding the shadows depart.

Rarest and fairest of flowers,  
Hath she culled from the Eden of Shade  
Dressed them and blessed them with showers  
Of Light, whence the shadows are made;  
Pruned them and trained them in duty—  
Gladly they turned to the Light,  
Renewed in perfume and beauty  
By the Guides whom our souls delight.

The earth is abloom with rare flowers;  
Sweet as the blood of the altar;  
But there's naught in all earth's Eden bowers  
To compare with the plant that we sing—  
The orchids rare bloom is apparent;  
The Callas are stately and white,  
And the violets are modest and fragrant,  
Though the Rose, blushing, turns to the light.

But of all the rare gems of the prairie,  
Or the bloom of the vernal wood,  
What the Indian maiden, Oulga,  
The gentle, the pure, and the good—  
Her voice was as sweet as the music  
Of the rippling lip of the rill,  
And the birds' e'en strove for the mystic  
Enchantment of her notes in their trill.

Poor birdies, they wot not the secret  
Of the soul in human speech,  
And though gifted with song of rare merit,  
They could not the Spirit's utterance—  
But one day they nestled together  
In silence and loneliness long—  
For Oulga had crossed the "dark river,"  
And hushed was the wild wood of song.

The seasons swung round and vanished,  
Tide-moons have arisen and set,  
And the lakes have receded and languished—  
But Oulga comes back to us yet;  
The same gentle maid as the old-time  
So artless, and winning, and mild,  
We can almost catch the sigh of the pine  
In the breath of this forest child.

And the songs which she brings have grown sweeter,  
And are fraught with a joy so complete,  
That our hearts and our souls rush to greet her—  
For the Theme of the soul we entreat—  
Does she weary of dull comprehension,  
When we fall in with her in the theme?  
Ah! no. Her soul is compassed!  
So we hail her in crowning her queen.

Dear teacher—our guide and our friend—  
Accept these tokens of love;  
And we pray added strength may descend  
With Infinite Light from above,  
To the end that the world may perceive  
The truth, so explicitly given  
That "the dead" may turn and receive  
The Infinite blessings of heaven.

Mr. Bliss, of Chicago, was then invited to the platform, and made a very eloquent congratulatory address to Mrs. Richmond. Mr. Wellington, a young member of the society, then made a few remarks and read a poem written for the occasion.

Mrs. Heath, a lady who had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Richmond in her younger days being present, was invited to come forward and make a few remarks. On taking the platform, the audience anxiously strained every ear to catch what she should say. Mrs. Heath began:

"This is so unexpected that if I was not going to tell the truth I should not know what to say. [Laughter.] Having had the honor of listening, in the State of New York, to Mrs. Richmond, when she was only twelve years old, I feel it an honor and a privilege to express the delight I have in being here to-night, on her fiftieth birthday. I have watched her career since that time. She came upon the rostrum at an old-

fashioned dance hall, way down in New York. She could hardly be induced to go upon the rostrum, she was so timid; but she came out finally with her eyes closed, and told such grand truths that everybody was astonished, and I must say that my husband and I were about the only Spiritualists present. But a cousin of mine, a great skeptic, was present. He had attended college in Berlin. Mrs. Richmond began speaking in German. My husband and I said to my cousin: 'What is that?' He replied that it was German, and that that little girl could not speak like that!"

Prof. Gleason, under control, then addressed the audience in the Indian language, much to the amusement of some of those present.

Dr. Bushnell assured them that Oulga, Mrs. Richmond's familiar Indian guide, could probably translate "Mountain Star's" discourse through the Professor.

W. W. Chandler, of the committee of arrangements, then addressed in an exceedingly happy manner the assembled friends, and explained how this "affair" had been brought about. Mr. Chandler, although reading from manuscript, kept the audience in a roar of laughter by his comments on his own composition. He read several responses to the circular sent out by him, which showed the high estimation Mrs. Richmond is held by her many friends throughout the country. He concluded by saying that the offering from Mrs. Richmond's friends in Chicago amounted to \$366.60; but that since coming into the hall, \$22 more had been given, making \$388.60 as the total from Chicago. He then read the various names of those who lived outside of the city, and the amounts contributed, which amounted to \$596, and said it was within almost \$18 of a thousand, when a financially responsible friend in the audience said he would make it up to a \$1,000, and the package was then presented to Mrs. Richmond.

REMARKS THROUGH MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

After a few moments silence, Mrs. Richmond was entranced, and came forward to the front of the rostrum, and spoke as follows:

"Beloved Friends, members of this committee, members of the congregation, and all: Our medium, wholly unable at any time to speak of herself before an audience, would to-night by your loving presence and testimony be more unfit, if possible, than usual. If all the love that she bears to you could be written as it is felt in your hearts, then would her speech in response to what you have done and said fill the universe. As it is, we who are her controls, and your ministrants who have always been accustomed to speak for her as well as ourselves, will say, that both our medium and her companion can but give in return for your love, all the love of their hearts, and that in these words which but feebly express what they feel, there is still the appreciation of such gratitude, of such thanksgiving that it might form the theme of a thousand songs, and many thousands of tongues of praise. This is a surprise to our medium! To be sure, she knew it was her birthday when she was invited to take tea to-night with the President of this Society, and supposed a few friends would drop in in the evening; but was surprised when she was invited to come over to this hall. While she appreciates the loving thought which prompted this token, and the liberality of the committee, while every name recorded and every token given will be a priceless treasure, and while the outward burdens of life will be much easier to bear, and the carrying forward of the spiritual ministrations will be greatly helped; and to be sure you have her utmost thanksgiving for this, and that also of her companion; but a million times the amount of this magnificent token would be as nothing compared to the priceless treasure of your love, and the words and thoughts of loving appreciation that have prompted this offering, and that are her eternal possessions. She has been uplifted by your love fourteen years. The ministrations here have united your hearts with hers, into an indissoluble bond. In this golden year of her life she accepts most gratefully every tribute of your love. While it is true that as spirits we have found in her a most willing and fitting instrument for voicing the thought of spiritual truth to the world, yet the work of Spiritualism would not have been less had she never lived; for truth is truth, and it will, of course, seek fitting instruments for its expression; it will, of course, find its way into the world; but the little child that was born fifty years ago, cradled among the hills of Western New York, is not Spiritualism; there would have been other voices, other instruments reared up. At any time in that labor of fifty years, had she ceased to labor from passing from mortal life or any other cause, still would the work of Spiritualism go on. Nevertheless, it is none the less valuable to have a fitting instrument, and to know that our medium is loved and appreciated by you. Because of this, and her trust in the powers that guides and governs, no doubt the presentation of these truths to your minds and hearts and to many others has seemed to be such as could not be found in another. But whatever gives the truth of immortality to the world, whatever speaks of the light that is here, or is to come, whatever helps to banish the clouds of gloom that the old time theology or materialism have shed over the world,—that must be forever prized in your sight. Through the love that you bear to our medium, and

through the love that she bears to you, the evidence of spiritual truth is made the more complete and valuable by the thought which extends beyond her. There are myriad voices yet waiting to speak. Ten thousand tongues will be raised up to declare the truth of love divine. In this brief moment of existence—for after all a half century is but a moment—there may have been given such comfort to many lives, such words of strength and encouragement as will add to the great blossoming out of spiritual truth that is now in the world, which comes on apace, a divine dispensation of light, and which, if it were in a moment blotted out to-day in the world and all mention of Spiritualism should cease, would still in twenty-five or fifty years rear up as many more instruments to declare its presence.

"Mr. Bliss has remarked that Spiritualism has had no martyrs. This is true, if life physically only is taken into account; but every one who has served as a medium has been persecuted, and has felt their friends alienated because of their adoration of the New Truth. Even in the ranks of Spiritualism, there may have been those who have risen up to criticize and persecute! Well, no, the days of martyrdom have not passed. Our medium's path has been through pleasant places, and she has been surrounded with friends who have loved and appreciated, elsewhere there might have been days of martyrdom and hours like Gethsemane, and periods dark and hard to bear; but truth brings its own and its highest reward, and the compensation is found in the crown of such love as that which is experienced here to-night. Shall we say more? You have given this testimonial to our medium, and as her spirit guides and friends, we thank you."

Mr. Richmond then arose and joined in thanking the friends for the gift; he knew truly how worthy Mrs. Richmond was of such a testimonial. He wished to state that although great secrecy had been observed in getting up such a benefit and celebration, that he had an impression all along that some such thing was going to happen. He even saw in his mind beforehand the whole programme carried out. For the past week he had known a great deal more than he had ought to know of this pleasant affair.

The exercises were closed with a poem from Oulga, which was given as a translation of the Indian spirits address through Prof. Gleason.

Thus ended one of the most notable gatherings that ever took place in Chicago. It illustrates in a most forcible manner the great hold that Mrs. Richmond has on the hearts of the people, and shows how powerful is the rabid-paper that has assailed her from time to time, to permanently injure her.

Z. T. GRIFFEN.

For The Progressive Thinker.

## FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Abstract of Lecture Delivered by J. H. Randall, at Colfax, Iowa.

Subject: Some of the Evidences of Progress Since the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

As this large audience has come together in response to a call made by those identified with a school of thought that has neither a church nor other organization in this community, it is presumed that it represents all the diversity of beliefs and opinion that is ordinarily to be found in every village of equal population to this in the United States. We shall infer that you represent Catholicism, the several different denominations of Protestantism, Agnosticism, Spiritualism, and that it is barely possible that there may be present a pagan or two. What if there is? We hope there is. In fact, we rejoice that we live in an age in which men and women who see, think and reason from different standpoints can be got together in the same audience and be made to realize that notwithstanding the great diversity of thought that divides mankind, it is the same sun, showers, coming and going of seasons, that makes the conditions which have called us all into existence.

I believe in the principle that every person has a right to his own convictions, or in other words, "a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." I do not think that it necessarily follows because a person does not believe as I accept my opinions, that he is a fool or a lunatic; and when I listen to his views I do not want to be regarded as a fool, lunatic or a sinner, either by him or his friends and the believers of his doctrines, simply because I disagree with, and cannot with my experience believe in them. I am not here to accuse any person because my ideas of life, its wonderful and varied phenomena as it appears to me, its individual and collective duties, as I understand them, and the grand destiny of the human race, may be different from those he has been accustomed to hearing. I am here to present the Spiritualist's side of the case as much as I can in the brief time allotted to me; and to do it in such a way that when this audience shall have separated, each person, however much or little he may believe, will accord to our class of people and school of thinkers what he claims for himself, viz.: "The right of private judgment—of drawing his own conclusions in relation to his own experience and his observations of the affairs of life, and of all human institutions. If you will take this position, and grant us the same privilege, the great mountains of anti-

mosity and prejudice will shrink into molehills, and we can 'reason together.'"

You came here voluntarily. You came expecting to hear spiritualistic doctrine, or out of curiosity, and in expectation of seeing some kind of spiritual manifestation of a phenomenal character. You shall not be disappointed in the matter of hearing something about Spiritualism; and as there are some mediums here, and as 'the wall between this world and the Spirit-world is very thin,' you may see something in line with your expectations.

Spiritualism is a vindicator and a conservator of the higher qualities of human character. Under the inspiration that may come to us in connection with the experiences of a half century of life, we will point out a few of the very marked changes in human affairs—the present trend of ideas—modification of creeds and growth toward the brotherhood of humanity, which have taken place since the advent of modern Spiritualism. It is forty-two years since the theory of a continued life after death, and of inter-communication between those in this life and those who have passed through the change called death, received the emphasis of being a demonstrated fact, which millions of persons pronounced thoroughly rational and well-balanced could testify to. Just in proportion as fear of God, devil, ghosts, spectres and hobgoblins has been outgrown, this testimony has multiplied. Men and women have come to realize that all invisible intelligences, beings that talk, inhabitants of the world of spirits, are only men, women and children. Channels and facilities for inter-communication have been constantly increasing just in proportion as we have come to realize how perfectly natural a thing it is that people on earth and in the Spirit-land should feel the need of each other. It is the divine law of association that draws them together. And what more consistent and natural than that the experienced ones gone before, and who left us here, should be interested in our lives and seek to help us to all the happiness attainable of which they have any knowledge?

In this audience I see many whose silvery hair and beard indicates that they have passed the meridian of life. Let me ask these to go back in memory forty-two years. Do you remember what the conservators of religion and morals taught then? Do you remember the most prominent characteristics which they portrayed as belonging to God—the All-loving Infinite, the All-Wise and Eternal? Don't you remember the God of anger, jealousy and wrath that they used to talk so much about? Don't you remember how wicked, worthless and useless humanity was considered? Don't you remember the ever-present and ever-tempting devil and the yawning hell that he would surely drag you into? Don't you remember how they talked of death as the result of God's cursing man because Eve ate of the forbidden fruit? Don't you remember how they taught that death was the only way through which God's presence could be reached, and that the chances were that out of 999,999,999 only one could ever hope to remain near God's throne and live in his smiles forever?

Funerals then were great occasions for the clergymen to expound the Bible, mystify religion, life and death, and vindicate the ways of God to his sin and death-cursed creature, man. One in particular I remember, away back in New England, a tall, sharp-featured man, with black hair and eyes; he dressed in black, and wore a black stock around his neck that was as stiff and rigid as his theology; to see his smile would make you feel as if some person behind you had dropped an icicle down your back between your garments and your spinal column. He was a revivalist; his business was saving souls, and on funeral occasions he took particular pains to harrow up and horrify his hearers; he would tell all about God and his intentions toward the human race from the foundation of the world. Every man, woman or child that died outside of the membership list of the church was consigned to a region where everything burns but never burns up; his chief delight was in picturing the fate of the sinner and unbeliever. His sermons and prayers were always long and tiresome; so long that no doubt there was often among his hearers some persons who would willingly have changed places with the dead to have been freed from listening to him; his every effort was to conquer his audience by exhausting it. When addressing mourners, from the time his words, well selected to harrow up the feelings, caused the first sigh and groan, until fainting from sorrow and anguish, women had to be carried out, he was a holy terror. Such doctrines and such preaching as we used to hear from such representatives of religion and divinity are not in fashion now. The communities of people are scarcer now that will turn out an audience Sundays and on funeral occasions that will listen and pay for such religious oratory.

The old doctrines have been outgrown. The views of life and death entertained by the preachers of forty-two years ago, the people do not tie to as they once did. The preachers have fossilized. The process of thinking among the people that has been going on steadily, increasing with each generation, has nullified the influence of doctrines and preachers to a great extent. We have long been taught politically that "he who would be free himself must strike the blow," and at the present time the plan of

salvation is, "he who would be saved must save himself," or in other words, from the Emersonian school of thought, every quality of mind which you cultivate deserving of immortality is immortal.

The old teachings divided humanity, separated it from God, and separated it into parts which have been at war with each other. They upheld, approved and sanctified the cunning schemes and devices of theology and law invented by priestcraft and statecraft, and founded on superstition and enforced through the ignorance of the people in relation to their own powers. These have said to the millions: "We are the elect of God. Ye must believe, have faith, endure all manner of contumely and suffering and be contented in this world for years of tribulation and woe. What if you are poverty stricken? What if want does constantly beset your path? What if you do suffer for food and clothing, and have no place where to lay your head? If you believe and endure ye shall have your reward in heaven." At the same time, the priests, preachers, law-givers and teachers have cajoled and persuaded the people to pay tithes and taxes and they have demonstrated faithfulness in their own teachings, by gathering all the productions of nature, art and labor into palaces, store-houses, libraries and cellars, so as to enable them to revel while in this world in a life of animal ease and luxury.

What has been operating to make the old teachings appear so inconsistent and un-fathomable? I will tell you, the great lever which has been in use prying unnatural, inconsistent superstitious bigotry and dogmatic theology out of the thoughts of the human family. It is Spiritualism. Forty-two years ago, in a family that was in the fold of the Christian faith, came strange noises produced by unseen and unaccountable methods. A child of Christian parents asked whatever it was that produced the noises to rap one, two, three, it did so. Educated to believe that everything that disturbed or annoyed ignorance was the devil, and that he had hoof and horns, she called the noisy power old Splitfoot. She was only a child, but how appropriate the name she gave to the unknown power when we consider what splitting of creeds and falsehoods once believed in has taken place since that time through its instrumentality; she discovered and demonstrated to her parents that it was a power that saw, heard, could count, calculate and spell; that it expressed itself just like we all know that human intelligence expresses itself. Spiritual manifestations and phenomena had occurred in many ages, and some among all generations of men had undoubtedly seen them all along the pathway of human history, but none of them got the special attention nor excited the same interest, nor induced the same spirit of investigation that was aroused by the modern spiritual phenomena that commenced in the Fox family at Hydesville, N. Y. For a time the place was a veritable holy land. Pilgrims on the journey of life who had long asked "Does death end all?" Christians who loved Jesus, and who through his death on the cross believed, or professed to, that they were heirs of salvation, and destined to inherit immortal life, traveled to this Mecca unsatisfied with the old beliefs, and sought even at the risk of getting into the company of the devil and other fallen angels some additional proof that there is another life, a world of spirits of men, women and children who have lived on earth as we do; who had ambitions, who sought to accomplish some great object for the race; or who lived in the lives of those whom they sought to make happy. Men and women of all faiths, and no faith, considered rational on all the ordinary affairs of life, testified that they talked with the so-called dead—that fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, husbands and the dear little children that are the heart idols of all true parents, those whom they thought were without influence and silent to all living things, had talked with them of the new and holy life that they had entered through the door called death; poor people and rich people have testified to it; clergymen, statesmen, great scientists, philosophers and scholars, have added their testimony confirming it. Spiritualism is here; it has come to stay; it is here in response to human nature's call; it is here to free humanity from religious ceremonies and wrong ideas long expressed that originated in superstition.

Talmage, the great crystallized fossil of the old school of theology in referring to Spiritualism, said: "The entire system as I conceive it, is founded on the insufficiency of the word of God as a revelation." The Bible did not make clear, did not satisfy. The preachers could not and cannot interpret it so that it will satisfy intelligent thinking people. Spiritual works must accompany words of spiritual life to satisfy the longings that have been put into the force in man that thinks. They are here. If you have not witnessed them, then seek and you shall find. There never was a time when a very large part of mankind did not believe in a future life. The very qualities essential to being in the future are on the march to higher forms of expression in the human race as it now is. Spiritualism has distinctly pointed out the evidences of progress, has lifted us out of the gloom and made it impossible for us to listen, or in any manner approve of the fear-inspiring and terrorizing teachings of the past. Fifty years ago the books read, the sermons and prayers heard, the habits of thought cultivated by the predominating religious influences were

all directed on death, the grave, heaven and hell. Nearly everybody was under the gloomy clouds of fear and doubt. A few bright men and women had intuitive knowledge of the law of evolution and progress, and their utterances, lives and hopes were prophetic of what we are realizing.

We were taught that we were born to die. This has been reversed. Death is only a natural event leading to a higher life. We are not to dwell on life in doubt and fear of its purposes or destiny, but to work on in the assurance that the faithful performance of the duties immediately before us will fit us for higher duties in the state of being that is to come to all our useful powers and faculties. Franklin said: "Life is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life, a man is not completely born until he has passed through death." All spirit communications well corroborated and the philosophy of Spiritualism confirm this.

The other grand idea confirmed by this modern movement called Spiritualism is the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man." This signifies that it is possible for the people on this earth to make it a better world for the human family than it now is. It signifies that men and women of great knowledge of the resources of the world and the necessities of mankind have a class of duties which have not been attended to as they ought to have been; that the strong, fortunate and powerful, must take care of the ignorant, weak and unfortunate; that the highest motive in life is to make others happy. To learn how we may do this on the grandest scale possible this Association has been organized, and all who want to know more about it are invited to read our journals and come and hear our speakers, and investigate all phases of mediumship. And if you want an exceptional opportunity in this part of the country to do this next August, come up to Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, our Mount Zion, and join with us in the educational work that shall prepare a way for others as well as unfold our own characters so that we can live in the light and be inspired by God's ministering angels, men, women and children, like unto ourselves.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## VOICES FROM THE MYSTIC SHORE.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

Mankind has ever yearned to hear some sound From out the mystic depths of life beyond,  
Where all his loved and lost have gone before—  
Some sound of hope and sweet assurance dear—  
Some voice to lift the burden of his heart—  
Some lips to speak the love of long ago.  
Far back along the misty course of time,  
Where man did dwell within those ancient days,  
His feeble mind with doubts and fears oppressed,  
He faintly heard the whispered voice of hope,  
That bridged the river dark that rolled between  
And gave him peace within that darkened age;  
And then he knew that death could ne'er destroy  
The life and love that once had warmed his heart,  
And knew that somewhere on that mystic shore  
Again he'd meet those dear ones loved and lost,  
And heart-strings severed once, unite again;  
And thus his burdens ever lighter grew.  
And death and doubt no longer weighed him down,  
But light and hope beamed on his pathway clear.  
And then again, in later years, the voice  
That speaks the words of hope to all mankind,  
Is clearer heard upon the sunny heights,  
And many listen to its tones of joy.  
While love and wisdom spread around the world,  
And light sprang up in many a desert place,  
And shrines were built where multitudes were bowed  
To catch the heavenly strains of love's sweet song,  
That told of goodness poured on all the race;  
And life's dark page of future days was read,  
And Wisdom's light poured on that all might see  
And shun the pitfalls in the darkness hid;  
And men grew stronger in their love of right,  
And then the edge of woe and strife was dulled,  
And soon an age passed by on fleeting winds  
And man had grown in stature day by day;  
For now the light poured down from mountain heights.

And all the valleys glowed with love and light—  
All heard the voices from the other shore—  
Not voices only came, but forms appeared,  
Wrought from the aura of their waiting friends,  
And by this weird, strange chemistry of life  
Is given back once more the prating babe,  
Whose mother long in grief had mourned it dead;  
But now enjoyed to find it in her arms!  
And know its life is happy, pure and good.  
The father too by deathless love inspired—  
With proper speech in proper form arrayed  
To bless his children left in mortal life,  
And prove himself by many a token sweet:  
And tender mothers from the realms of light,  
With hearts overflowing from the fountains of bliss  
And from the warm abyssal depths of love,  
Pour forth angelic strains of music sweet  
To cheer and bless their loved ones left behind,  
And lighten all the dark abodes of time.  
And thus the voices from eternal heights  
Leap down to cheer the souls of men and maid,  
No longer now does death's dark phantom rule,  
And blight the souls of poor misguided men—  
Where fear and dread hung o'er them like a pall,  
And life one long unblighted o'erflow of love;  
While from the realm of terror, wild and dark  
With scorpion stings filled all their gloomy days—  
Where Hope was dead, and life in darkness set,  
And Love afraid to speak, for fear of fate,  
Whose foul decree let none escape its doom.  
But now instead, love's warm redemptive beam  
Has pierced the darkest depths of doubt and fear,  
And hope's bright star is radiant in the sky;  
And life assumes a brighter, sweeter caste;  
And earth itself more smooth and fertile grown,  
And all the air a gentler manner bears.  
The sun's soft rays are richer than before,  
And more the moon with beauty lights the skies—  
The blades of grass display a deeper green,  
And flowers the sweetest fragrance of life,  
Spring up rejoicing, in the paths we tread—  
The frosts that fill the bitter air with cold,  
Are milder than in days that erst were wont—  
Disease and pain seem lessened in their force,  
And want and famine less severe to bear—  
And all the ill that darkens human life,  
Forever now a burden lighter seems.  
For from the valleys dark of pain and woe  
We now behold the golden light beyond  
That bathes in glory all the mountain heights,  
And bears the balm of peace to every weary soul  
That mourns within the valleys dark below.  
And thus fruition from our Father's hand  
Sometime, somewhere's bestowed on all the race.

Manteno, Ill.

J. G. Jackson, of Hockessin, Del., has put in pamphlet form a narrative that appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER some time ago, with reference to the experience of John Clark. The statements Mr. Clark makes are truly remarkable, and should be read by everybody. The price of the pamphlet is only five cents, and considering the information imparted, it is worth its weight in gold.



## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

An Unprecedented Movement Against the Lapses of Error.  
In compliance with a plan long maturing, and believing we can be instrumental in doing a grand work for Spiritualism, Liberalism and Free Thought, and also having faith that within one year we can obtain 50,000 circulation, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be offered until further notice, at the following terms liberally in advance:

One year, \$1.00  
Club of ten (a copy to the one getting up the club), \$7.50  
Fifteen weeks (on trial), 25c  
Single copy, 5c

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter or draft on Chicago or New York. Postage stamps will not be received hereafter in payment of subscription. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, 221 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

## THE AIMS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The permanent design is to publish the ablest lectures, the most profound essays, the most interesting sketches, culminating the reason as well as the emotions, making each subscriber feel that he has partaken of an intellectual banquet that will better fit him for the life here and the one hereafter.

Bear this thought in mind: That while THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the cheapest spiritualistic 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 highest and best paper for the friends 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 most bountiful harvest then 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!

## CLUBS: AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—solicit others to add in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only a trifle over one cent per week.

## A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Without soliciting the wealthy to take "stock," or importing any one for gifts, and without any anticipation of any benefit, we propose to establish in this city the largest Spiritualistic 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 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, MAY 3, 1890.

## Carefully Examine the Little Tag.

From time to time examine the figures on the little tag at the end of your name on the wrapper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. They have a significant meaning. They tell in plain language the number of the paper at which your subscription expires. If the figures are 26, then at No. 26 of the paper, the time for which you have paid for expires, and you will get only three more numbers of the paper, unless you renew. If the figures are 27, then you will get four more copies; if 28, five more copies.

Although our terms are \$1 per year for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, each one who so desires, can renew on the trial terms, and the subscription will be thankfully received. The trial terms will extend throughout the year, 1890. It would be better, however, for each one to send a dollar, as it will save the trouble of renewing so often; but the subscriber must consult his own convenience as to that. While we shall most cheerfully welcome all trial subscriptions, the dollar subscriptions are more strengthening to us in our efforts to present a first-class Spiritualistic paper.

Quarters will come safely if placed in a hole in a card, and paper pasted on each side. Not one so fixed and properly directed, has failed to reach this office. Can you not, when renewing, induce your neighbor to join with you, and thus enlarge our list, and strengthen our hands to carry forward a work in which we are engaged? No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as it costs only 14 cents per week, bringing each one in contact with the leading minds of the country. By renewing now, you will not miss a single number.

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Why do we attach so much importance to "25 cents"? Why do we advertise so liberally for trial subscribers? Why do we make 16 weeks the superstructure on which to rear a magnificent publishing house? Simply because the whole spiritual pathway is filled with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises, and the Spiritualists, always liberal, always generous, will not, as a general rule, advance more than that sum until they see some legitimate fruits. Commencing with the *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House*, of this city, *The Progressive Age*, and *The Universe*, all started with the most honorable intentions, and so conducted, the loss to some Spiritualists who invested therein almost beggared them! We have started on an entirely different basis. No stockholders to lose anything, and no bequests to be squandered.

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James Cassteel, of Boonsboro, Iowa, would like to correspond with a good materializing medium, with a view of engaging the services of one.

## CONVERTING THE HEATHENS.

The Heartless Methods Adopted By Christianity.

The Christian nations are now busily engaged in Christianizing Africa. It is a laudable effort, and better results may flow from it than the earlier attempt, whereby Christian slave traders brought the poor creatures to Christian lands, to be converted into Christians and slaves at the same time. Now the vast Congo country is opened, and there are a multitude of preachers streaming in to extend the gospel to every creature. Civilization and Christianity are forced on these poor people. The made native will be induced, at the point of the bayonet, to wear pantaloons and a stove pipe hat, and the bells of the tropic jungle who has found most comfort in being adorned the least will no longer clothe herself with a copper bracelet, but wear crinolines, pin-back dresses, and high-heeled shoes. With the traders thirsting for ivory, gold and the palm products, go the missionaries to teach endless punishment, in a climate that will discount hades!

The German line has nine steamships in the business of trade and civilization; one of them left her European port the other day for the Congo country, now exciting such unmeasured sympathy on account of its paganism and want of modesty in dress, with a cargo of 60,000 gallons of rum, 720 gallons of gin, 460 tons of gunpowder and twelve missionaries! We can but think this ship carried more than the usual proportion of missionaries. The number of Bibles and tracts that went with the missionaries is not stated. If a true Congo negro should attempt to understand an orthodox tract on "Predestination and Original Sin," it would not require the run to make him crazy!

The missionaries are a necessity of the trader. The Congo dode is satisfied with palm oil and elephant fat for a dressing, and so is the fair beauty of the jungle, until taught by the men of God the first idea of original sin, whereby calico and a silk hat are atonement.

Herbert Ward gives some interesting pictures of how the civilizing invasion is going on. The European traders want ivory, and the Arabs set to work to procure it. A band of three or four hundred organized, and armed with Christian Enfield rifles march into the interior. They enter a country which is a paradise of fruits, orchards of plantains, palm fruits and nuts, and all the luxuriant growths nature in that wantonly bounteous country provides. There are villages with teeming populations, and a happy people fully supplied with all their wants. These emissaries of Christian civilization at once and without warning open fire, shooting down every one they meet. Wild consternation seizes the people, their village is surrounded, and the flames swiftly spread over its thatched dwellings. They attempt to escape. The women are captured, the men shot down unless they make good their flight to the jungle. Having thus wrought desolation, the victors settle down with their spoils, and send word to the fugitive fathers and husbands that they can have their women back for an elephant's task each. Then the poor savage goes out hunting the mighty beast armed only with his arrow, for all that is dear in the world to him can be regained only by his success in this unequal chase. When the tasks are secured, the exchange made, the advance guard of European civilization returns loaded with booty, leaving a desert waste in place of the peaceful village reposing in its fruitful garden!

How thankful these benighted savages ought to be for the enterprise of Stanley in opening their country to Christian civilization! When the sleek missionary comes among them, after the raid which has brought death to every thatched dwelling, how thankful they ought to be when that missionary explains that every one of those murdered relatives have gone to perdition, and the only escape of the living is to believe in the religion which has brought rum, rifles, gun-powder and the blessed Bible to the dark continent!

HUDSON TUTTLE.

## Scientific Men.

As an illustration of the manner scientific men hoodwink the public and themselves with the pretense of vast knowledge concealed in obscure verbiage, the attempt of Francis Jerry Fairchild to explain the cause why animals may be frozen solid and when thawed retain life, is one of the best.

He says: "The fact that fishes, frogs and many other animals of less complex organization can be frozen to death in water, and upon the water being very gradually thawed, are resuscitated by the increasing temperature, has long been familiar to experimental physiologists. If, on the other hand, the temperature is elevated too rapidly, or if more rapidly in one part of the animal than in another, *rigor mortis* may supervene in one portion, while another recovers its vitality as a living tissue."

This may be "long familiar," but it certainly is quite new that an animal "frozen to death" can recover! A frog or fish that is dead can never be resuscitated. How beautifully Mr. Fairchild explains it all: "Death by freezing consists simply in the congelation of the crystalline elements in the tissues, and is thus to be distinguished from colloid or albuminous death, in which the colloid elements become rigid."

This is a happy explanation; at least, it would be if it explained anything. It has a learned sound, but what everybody knows, that in a frozen animal's body the liquids are converted to ice, or crystallized. You have your choice between "crystallized" and "colloid" death. "Colloid" means "rigid," according to Mr. Fairchild, a distinction not quite clear, for a frozen body is as rigid as it is possible to make it.

## A Most Remarkable Book.

Camille Flammarion, the government astronomer of France, has written a most remarkable book entitled "Uranie," which the reader infers was composed in an inspired state, or to be a series of spirit communications. According to Flammarion, the stellar universe will be opened to the freed spirit. It will through all eternity enjoy the supreme happiness from the acquisition of knowledge. All that will remain of the human attributes will be the tenderness to others, and the ignorance which will create insatiable thirst for knowledge. The book has a scientific basis, but is a poem. If received by inspiration, it is one of the best examples of its kind.

## The Sabbath Question.

The most able and exhaustive treatise on this question is a 36-page pamphlet by Alfred E. Giles, of Hyde Park, Mass. The author is a man of profound erudition, careful, painstaking and unwearied in research, and is a valuable and safe authority. In the brief space allotted he shows the origin of the Jewish Sabbath, how Jesus observed it, the origin of the pagan Sunday, how it became Christianized, and the origin of the Puritan Sunday. Mr. Giles has written like a true Harmonist Philosopher that he is, and Liberalism has no more valuable document for awakening thought or answering questions which arise on this subject.

## Serpent Symbols in Religion.

Next week we shall publish a most remarkable lecture by Prof. Alexander Wilder, on "Serpent Symbols in Religion." It is replete with valuable data and suggestions. Spiritualists, see to it, that our paper, working as it does for the enlightenment of humanity, shall circulate in every nook and corner of the United States.

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran worker, now lecturing in Washington, has an opinion of his own, and expresses it freely. His good cheer and hopeful recognition comes to our soul in a wave of spiritual light. He says: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is splendid, and the generous spirit and tender sweetness that pervade it, are rare attractions, aside from its intellectual vigor. The lecture by G. W. Brown, M. D., 'What did Christianity borrow from Egypt?' is worth a year's subscription."

## SPIRITUALISM AS A POTENCY.

To THE EDITOR.—H. S. Butts' paper on "Spiritualism, as a Potency" is worth careful study, though his cautious non-committalism, and implied doubt of the only explanation that meets, or even approaches the admitted facts, is hardly creditable to his logical genius. Since there is no other "potency" known in nature that represents the human ego, what is the consistency of assuming an unknown possibility (or impossibility), as usurping the sphere and stealing the character and personating the ego, which is the only known competent "potency" in the spiritual problem? Mr. Butts does not affirm this; but his hesitancy in acknowledging the straight, clean-cut, logical necessity of the admitted facts, as the only tenable conclusion, while it exhibits becoming modesty, implies a link loose in his logical deductions, or a shadow haunting him from the grave of suffocated materialism.

Mr. Butts is a thinker. He reasons on his own line and in his own way; and his thought trends toward truth and spiritual progress. His confusion on the pivotal problem is doubtless due to long training in the metaphysical shadows of religious assumptions and philosophical negations; yet his reasoning on the credulity of the imagination and the witnesses of sense shows logical ability and painstaking observation, from which all may take lessons. I have known Mr. Butts for many years, and this one lame foot of his is all that hinders us from walking together. He always limps when he strikes spiritual territory; and yet he cannot keep off from it. If he can adapt his "Imperial Ointment," which cures nearly all fleshly ills, to his spiritual rheumatism and "dissolve the coagulated lymph that settles in the joints" of his psychic philosophy, he will easily accept without apology the full glory of Spiritualism without hunting for "some sublimated force or agency or organic structure" to mystify and substitute the only rational explanation which the facts in this case admit of. We may concede all that is claimed for "latent potencies, the manifest of whose energies are ever transcending and beyond our comprehension;" but there is nothing known in the behavior of those "potencies" that ever puts on the individuality of man, and thinks, remembers, loves and reasons, reads and writes and calls itself man, except the one individualized ego. No abstract "potency" was ever known to speak an English sentence without the impelling agency of the human mind. A parrot may imitate speech in a limited way, but no one finds it difficult to distinguish the mental characteristics of the bird from those of man; and the bird is not simply a "potency"; nor are we left to infer from "Pretty Polly" calls, that the voice proceeds from "some sublimated force or agency of organic structure." But friend Butts is growing. He reasons cautiously, but on a broad gauge, and with fine discriminations and some subtlety and negative force. When he reaches the positive side of the question, and brings all his caution and research and cosmopolitan logic to bear in the grand and irresistible affirmation, he will be a spiritual bonanza, all the more useful for having hatched slowly and made his advances secure from any forced retreat. I hope we shall hear from him often. Many sanguine Spiritualists may profit by a study of his critical caution and breadth of thought. He knows some of the phenomena are genuine, and consistently rebukes the shallow objections of dogmatic negationists, who, finding one fraud, assume that all mediumship is fraud. We may count Mr. Butts with us for the "healing of the nations," and if this "sublimated force" will not do in his hands, he knows that "Butts Imperial Ointment" will!

Yours for the "Potency."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Washington, D. C.

## THE VOICES.

They Come With No Uncertain Sound.

Mrs. E. B. George, of Greenwald, Mass., writes: "Your paper is rightly named; it is an educator upon all subjects of the present time. We consider you a benefactor in placing such a paper before the public."

"We appreciate your paper very highly," says Mrs. G. W. Clapp.

Duncan M. Keller, of Fort Grant, Mich., sends a subscription for Mr. Edison, the father of the great electrician.

Holmes Hammond, of Clinton Junction, Wis., writes: "One of my spiritual friends, Mr. Cowley, of Geneva, Ill., sent me one of your papers to read, and I liked it well enough to try it one year at least."

R. C. Hall, of Providence, R. I., writes: "I like your paper very much indeed. I cannot get along without it."

Mrs. E. P. Husey, of Orem, Wis., has our thanks for the interest she takes in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

A. Cantrick, of Harvard, Ill., writes: "I think this article by Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., just grand."

Mrs. Bradley Tuttle, of Clyde, Ohio, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is true to its name. I cannot do without it."

J. C. Cantrick, of Northumberland, Pa., writes: "You undoubtedly have a very able staff of contributors. Some of the finest thoughts I have ever read. The paper is worth its weight in gold."

W. I. Robinson, of Carlin, Nevada, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a far-reaching exponent of the scientific and philosophical of our spiritual progress, and as such, it is a mastery organ. I feel an inspiration, which is that the paper in course of time will reach the shores of millions and comfort them as it does me. I have read every number since I have taken the paper, and there has not been one of them but that has contained articles that are worth double the price of yearly subscription. I do not believe that there is anything on earth to excel in the beautiful gems of thought, reason and intelligence, there are contained in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

D. Linsner, of Xenia, Ohio, writes: "I am not a Spiritualist, but am a seeker for truth in all that pertains to life, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is to me a source of assistance."

M. R. Todd, of Waukegan, Conn., writes: "We are well pleased with your paper, and may it long live to our earnest wish, and all we can do to help it along will be done gladly. Our papers are read, and then we send them to different ones."

W. Butcher, of Center City, South Dakota, writes: "May I say to you, that I have seen the eyes of the masses, the wish of your friend."

Geo. M. Scott, of this city, writes: "I am thoroughly well pleased with your paper, and think if Spiritualists and free thinkers can appreciate splendid ability and concentrated energy, they will certainly give THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER abundant patronage, and thereby make it a power for good that will be felt throughout the continent."

S. B. Esdaile, of London, Mass., writes: "I am much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you have been publishing for some time. I like it very much."

G. M. Whitney, of Lakesburg, Mich., writes: "I shall renew for the paper before my time expires, for I will not do without it. It is the very best spiritual paper I ever read."

Mrs. Trenton Andrews, of San Luis Obispo, Cal., writes: "I am well pleased with the sample copy you kindly sent me."

I. F. Mason, of North Bend, Neb., writes: "I have received two numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it much. It is full of the best thoughts, and I cannot help but feel that I am taking more papers than I am able to read."

H. H. Blair, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "Continue THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to my address. We can't keep house without it."

J. F. Clark, of New York, writes: "I sincerely hope success may crown your efforts to put THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in a position to furnish before another twelve months goes by."

Wm. Griffiths, of Downers Grove, Ill., writes: "The renewals I send will speak louder than I can in writing as to our appreciation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mar. A. Lathrop, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I like the paper very much."

H. M. Grant, of Milton, Vt., has our thanks for the interest he takes in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

B. F. Enos, attorney of Defiance, Ohio, speaks in commendatory terms of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

E. Bell Helm, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "A copy of your valuable paper has been placed in my hands, and I must say I am more than pleased at its arrival. I am sure it will be a great help to me in my work, and I am sure it will be a great help to the cause of truth, but a financial helper to the extreme limit of my ability. My mission is the field of labor before the priest-ridden people, and my object the lecture field, where I am seeking to bring to the people the truth, and to the people the truth of the cause of the 'Nine Gales of the Bible'."

T. J. Preston, of Stanberry, Mo., writes: "We like your paper. Keep it up the way you have started, and you will come out on top."

Wm. Williams, of Vicksburg, Mich., writes: "I enclose you will find one dollar to continue my paper. My good, Bro. Francis, if Spiritualism be false, what a fearful responsibility rests upon you for sowing its seed so profusely; but I am willing to take my share of the responsibility on the if."

J. R. Jewett, of Lyons, Mich., writes: "The few words I have sent to tell you that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER speaks highly of it, commending it for its clear, large and neat print; the beautiful mental food it furnishes, and for its not least recommendation in their opinion—its cheapness."

Moses Weber, of Delta, Iowa, writes: "I am well pleased with this paper, and I will send a long list of names to the homes of many Spiritualists."

James Williamson, of Watsonville, Cal., writes: "I have had four months trial of your paper, and like it greatly."

Miss Eugene DeWitt, of Leona, Wis., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER an excellent paper, and we prize it above all others."

## A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

B. F. Lee, of Mantua Station, Ohio, writes: "We have meetings here every Sunday. April 26 we had Dr. Ferris, of Cleveland, Ohio, with us, who entertained and edified us morning and evening. We also had Mrs. Ketchum, of Toledo, Ohio, with us, who gave at both sessions some very remarkable tests of the personal presence of many dear ones who have departed this life. Mrs. Ketchum also gave several wonderful psychometric readings."

Thomas Woodliff writes: "I have read Hudson Tuttle's article concerning the spirit life of animals. Do they exist after death in the spirit condition as well as man? I do not see any reason for believing that they do not. Both are gifted with intelligence in different degrees, both have memory and affection; but the great question to my mind is: Do all forms of life, living in the spirit world, retain, gain or lose any or all of their life? Perhaps our friend Tuttle could elucidate the subject. It is something I have not read anything about."

Anton Neidermeier writes: "Thinking that an incident which happened in our very good and very Christian city, Trenton, N. J., might be of interest to the readers of your paper, I give it here: A reverend gentleman of the Baptist fraternity had been called to the bedside of a dying young lady. She was a member of his congregation, in good standing, and therefore entitled to all the solace which a minister of the gospel may be able to give her. The minister had come, prayed with, and tried to reconcile the young lady to the inevitable; he had come to turn her mind heavenward and impart strength and confidence to her departing soul. But as the young lady lay there, quietly awaiting the moment of dissolution, the remembrance of a daughter who had departed this life some years ago, and who had loved—ah, loved still with all a father's heart, rushed in upon him, who had come to bring peace and comfort, and his heart was filled with a longing to be able to fold his departed child in his arms once more; but deeming such a thing impossible, he bethought himself to send a message to her by the young lady about to depart, whom he begged to deliver it to his ever beloved daughter; but she, the young lady, her face lit up by a smile, told her pastor that there would be no need for her to carry or deliver the message, as his daughter stood beside him then and there, and seemed much pleased at the words of her father, aye, that she had put her arms about him and fondly caressed him. Who can wonder that our reverend friend was much surprised and agitated, yet who can tell all he felt, and how this incident, this revelation, may change his course of thought in years to come?"

J. Gifford writes as follows to Mrs. E. Cutler: "As the President of the First Progressive Spiritual Society, of Watertown, N. Y., to which you have ministered for two months, I cannot permit you to depart without expressing to you the thanks of the society, not only for the able services rendered, but for the spirit with which they were manifested. You have taken a deep interest in the welfare of our youthful organization, and have done all that lay in your power to build it up, and have succeeded beyond our expectations. I assure you that you will take with you not only our respect, but all our hearers will ever after take an affectionate interest in your welfare and prosperity."

In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, we will say that the erection of a crematory in Chicago is held in abeyance. One will be built here eventually. Our graveyards, with their putrefying mass of flesh, have become an actual nuisance. There are crematoriums at Pittsburg, Pa.; Long Island, N. Y.; Detroit, Mich.; Lancaster, Pa., and Buffalo, N. Y.

The People's Spiritual Society held its regular meeting at Bricklayers' Banner Hall, 83 South Peoria street. Mrs. S. C. W. Bishop gave an excellent address on the "Superiority of Revelation over Authority Assumption." The subject was very ably handled. Then followed Mrs. DeWolf in a few remarks. Then came Dr. J. H. Randall, in a stirring appeal to Spiritualists to stand and fight for their rights. Dr. J. E. Phillips made a few remarks, and the meeting closed with the best of feeling to all. Friday evening, May 2, this society will be entertained by a grand musical and literary entertainment, under the direction of our organist, Mr. H. A. Tolman. Admission, 15 cents; children, 10 cents.

Dr. J. H. Randall having received in response to announcing his proposed lecturing trip west many applications, has decided that he will pass over the Milwaukee & St. Paul, Northwestern & Union Pacific, Chicago & Rock Island, C. B. & Q., and Ill. Central railroads, and will be glad to hear from other points on any of those lines of travel. He will also go through Northern Montana and Dakota, as far west as Butte. Address 229 Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

The Dedication Anniversary of Pratt's Temple of Science, at Whitewater, Wis., took place April 25, 26, and 27. Speakers in attendance: Mrs. A. H. Luther, of Crown Point, Ind.; Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Ripon, Wis.; and Bishop A. Beals, of St. Paul, Minn.

We have an excellent address by Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham, delivered in New York, which we shall publish soon.

"The Grand Reality, or, Experiences in Spirit-life of a Celebrated Dramatist," will be continued after the conclusion of "The Mystery of the Postern Gate," commenced in this issue. "The Grand Reality" has excited widespread interest among our readers.

Prof. A. J. Swartz has returned to Chicago. He is an active agent in the field of reform.

Mrs. Patie D. Hall of Lockport, N. Y., writes: "I am now deeply interested and engaged in this work, and am developing an inspirational and impressive medium. I also see clairvoyantly. We have a fine medium here, Mrs. Huna L. Robinson. She is a good test medium, and is lecturing to us now. She possesses every phase of mediumship. One evening we obtained a

picture of her control, 'Alice.' Our society is quite flourishing, and it had some interesting anniversary exercises."

Speaking of a materialized form, "M. A. (Oxon)," says: "What would happen, I asked many years ago, if one of these psychic forms thus mysteriously evolved from the body of the medium were secluded and kept in confinement? Would it then rejoin the medium, dissolve and melt into the circumambient air? Would the medium be any the worse? Would he die, as we used to be threatened that he would, if we meddled in any unlicensed way with the psychic form? There is one case on record where one of these temporary creations was shot at by permission. There was no murder committed. I do not desire to advocate any such act, but it would have been very interesting to have had an autopsy in such a case. For these beings are, as far as my experience goes, organized in all respects as man is. I have listened with my ear over the heart to its rhythmic beats. I have felt the pulse, and found it as regular as my own. I have put my finger into a mouth that had in it a tongue moist with saliva, and a set of teeth which bit me in a way that left on me no doubt of the reality of the sensation. The marks of those teeth remained, and the pain was by no means faint. Yet that psychic form was manufactured over a table round which four or five people sat in a position where it was absolutely impossible that any human being could stand. The head and bust alone floated over the table. No one could possibly have stood there. How did that head and bust come there? Whence the saliva, the tongue, the teeth? How did the voice come forth from that truncated form? How did the heart manage its functions? How was it done?"

Ellen Russell Emerson in "Indi Myths," gives the following prayer by the Indians. It is beautiful: "Great Spirit! Master of our lives! Master of things visible and invisible, and who daily makes them visible and invisible. Great Spirit! Master of every other spirit, good or bad; command the good to be favorable to us, and deter the bad from the commission of evil. O Great Spirit! when hidden in the west protect us from our enemies, who violate the right and do evil when thou art not present. Good Spirit! make known to us your pleasure by sending to us the Spirit of Dreams. Let the Spirit of Dreams proclaim thy will in the night, and we will perform it in the day; and if it say the time of some be closed, send them, Master of Life, to the great country of souls, where they may meet their friends, and where thou art pleased to shine upon them with a bright, warm and perpetual blaze."

J. Gifford, president of the First Progressive Spiritual Society, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "Societies wishing a first-class test medium and psychometric reader from the rostrum can do no better than to engage Mrs. E. Cutler, of Philadelphia, Pa. As an organizer and peace-maker she can't be excelled."

L. D. Nickerson writes: "The articles in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER termed 'Danger Signals,' and kindred subjects, reminds me of the vision of one Joseph Hoag, a Quaker, which was presented to him in 1802. The fulfillment of the first part, viz., division of the Quakers, Presbyterians and others, the abolition of American slavery, were so remarkably impressive that the last may come true, viz., 'the setting up of a monarchical government.' It would be very timely at the present time to have it republished."

During May, Lyman C. Howe will lecture at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The 25th, 26th and 27th of April, Bishop Beals lectured at Whitewater, Wis. He is engaged at St. Paul, Minn., for the month of May.

Dr. Chas. W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., has received additional statements of psychic phenomena from Mrs. S. C. Gunn, North Amherst, Ohio; Thomas Dane, Yarmouth, N. S., and P. C. Mills, Fairmount, Ark. The Doctor would be pleased to receive statements of such phenomena from others. The results of his investigation will be published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. Stoddard Gray and son have been giving seances at Yonkers, N. Y.

Mr. George W. Walrond, trance speaker, lecturer and clairvoyant, from East Britain, has arrived in Chicago, and is stopping at No. 272 East Indiana street, North side. Mr. Walrond has been lecturing in Montreal, Canada, during the past seven months to good audiences.

H. W. Henderson, of Lawrence, Kansas, writes: "We have a good society here, and a regular speaker. This society has been organized over four years. Mrs. A. L. Lull is our regular speaker. We have had many others of note."

Dr. D. P. Kaynor arrived in the city last week from Arizona, where he has been tending to mining interests. The Doctor has remarkable clairvoyant powers.

Every paper is discontinued at the expiration of time paid for. We cannot in the future comply with requests to continue the paper indefinitely. It would involve too much trouble and expense. The credit system, so far as a prominent newspaper is concerned, is pernicious, unbusiness-like, and without a medium of common sense to sustain it. It is an evidence of weakness on the part of the publisher, and shows a lack of appreciation on the part of his subscribers. The subscription price of such papers must be necessarily high, so that those who do pay promptly may compensate for those who never pay. The city paper that adopts the credit system, and sticks to it, is in its dotage.

## PSYCHOPATHY;

—OR—

## SPIRIT HEALING.

A series of lessons on the relations of the spirit to its own organism, and the inter-relation of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing, accompanied by plates illustrating the lectures, by the spirit of Dr. BENJAMIN BRAD, through the mediumship of Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND. Price \$1.50. Published by William Richmond, and for sale by him at Rogers Park, Ill. May 3



Notes for The Progressive Thinker.

## DAFFODILS.

BY EMMA HOOD TUTTLE.

Again the daffodils laugh up,  
And send our sad thoughts winging;  
We know time of year has come  
For blooming and bird-singing!  
They look as if they'd rather leave  
A solid week of sleeping,  
Than not be out of bed to give  
Young Spring a hearty greeting!

Grandma, now close on ninety years,  
Flunked two this very morning,  
And fumbled them like early friends,  
—A hot house tea rose scolding!  
The baby saw one in the grass  
And cried until he got it.  
The business hustlers all blurt out,  
"Ho! Daffies! who'd have thought it!"

Yes, daffodils! facing the sun,  
The very way you should be,  
Thinking the world you're planted in  
Not half as bad as 't could be,  
And growing better every day,  
No matter who denies it.  
If you're a plan to better it,  
Why, live it, and advise it!

John Hight, Ohio.

Notes for The Progressive Thinker.

## A VISIT TO THE CELESTIAL REGIONS.

I am postmaster of this town and am also engaged in general mercantile business. I have been a firm believer in Spiritualism for many years, and during the past few years I have had remarkable visions or views of the Spirit-world. At the suggestion of some of my friends I will endeavor to describe a few which I recently had of that land to which I am now fast hastening. On the night of February 13, after my bodily faculties had been composed in slumber, I was carried irresistibly yet gently by some imperceptible force to a country of exquisite beauty. The landscape or plateau which seemed to spread out before me was dotted with flowers of the rarest delicacy of tint, and the air was filled with the richness of their perfume. I cannot describe fully with tongue or pen, the grandeur and beauty which surrounded me as I stood in silent wonderment and admiration. At first I was content to commune with the flowers and trees, and breathe the balmy, fragrant air—indeed for a time I seemed to be enveloped in a vapor laden with the perfume of roses. Silently perhaps, I was content for a while to enjoy these beauties alone, but it was not long that the silent glen, the golden night, the winding ravine with its mossy rocks, the silvery brooklet leaping over pebbles of amber and gold were too much for me. I was alone, too sacred for the eyes of a hermit, and thus instinctively my soul yearned for companionship, for a kindred mind.

Seemingly in obedience to my wishes, I saw seated some little distance from me, a man whose features were familiar, notwithstanding his present youthful appearance. I could see in his eyes and smile such that reminded me of my old-time friend, J. C. I approached him and he extended his hand in mutual recognition, saying: "David, I am glad indeed to meet you, how are you pleased with our surroundings?" He chatted awhile upon topics familiar to us both, having reference to earth-life, and he interested me very much in describing and explaining much that pertained to his present existence. Whilst we were talking, another familiar face and form approached me from a different direction. In this individuality I recognized my old friend and former neighbor, H. Y. He also extended the hand of welcome, and his voice and manner of expression soon carried me back in memory to the years of the past.

My friend, when on earth, had a peculiar style of expression, and although he was never considered a profane man, yet his conversation was frequently interspersed with what might be regarded as an abbreviation of profanity. Whenever he wished to be regarded as emphatic or particularly earnest he would say "Dang it," and I was somewhat surprised and considerably amused when he used the same expression to me as we stood amidst the flowers on the green landscape of the Spirit-world. In the midst of our conversation I was delighted to hear strains of music which came apparently from the distant hill, and oh, such music! It was approaching it had ever before inspired my ears. At first I was unable to distinguish articulation, and I was at a loss to know whether it was vocal or instrumental, but as it drew nearer I could not help distinguish the words, but I could not identify the singers who composed this celestial band. On they came until they had approached within a few yards of us.

When they halted, and I was in a position to observe them closely. They were perhaps twenty in number, dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms, bespangled with shimmering silver, diamonds and gold. Resting on each shoulder and reaching out in front of their faces was a peculiar, box-like instrument, made of some light material and so adjusted to be readily adjusted to any angle. From each was a circular telephonic mouthpiece, or sounding board, and in the sides of the mouthpiece were small silver bells. These bells seemed to be so graded in sound as to be in exact accord with the voice of the singer; that is, the bells in the various instruments were in harmony with individual voices, and also attuned to the different parts of the music, the soprano, and tenor, and bass voices were aided both individually and collectively by the sound of the bells. Several pieces of music, or rather songs were thus executed or sung, and the band of singers was near us. To my delight, electrified or enchanted, I could not but freely express my feelings on this celestial scene.

There in the vales of the future I had met my old congenial friends, and the event was celebrated by strains of the sweetest music, nor was this all—the band ceased playing, and when the echo of their voices had faded away on the air which was permeated with the perfume of pansies, haberbells, and roses, one member of the band left the group and smiling, took me by the hand. I was overjoyed to find in this personage a departed friend and kinsman. My old friend had been accorded a very sweet and melodious voice when on earth, but this voice was now augmented many fold since he had become a dweller over there.

At the time these scenes were being enacted I was fully cognizant of the fact of my celestial surroundings.

grasses, the sunshine, and the balmy fragrant air which I then enjoyed belonged to the realms of the hereafter.

I knew then, as I know now, that the friends with whom I conversed and whose society I so much enjoyed were the friends whom I had known on earth; that the music which charmed my soul was the music of the spheres; and I left these friends and these surroundings with feelings of regret. And now, since I have again assumed the conditions and burdens of earth-life, I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall be released from the pains and the sorrows incident to earth, and join my friends in the beautiful land beyond the river of death.

Kimball, Mich.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## INTELLIGENCE AND ORGANIZATION.

A correspondent in No. 17 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER asks several metaphysical questions, among which is the following: "Is not thought, will and intelligence, the effect, and not the cause of organization?"

That such is the fact has always been the contention of the materialist—put not as a query, however, but assumed as an undeniable fact, which to question was to show no appreciation of science or of good logic. First, say these Epicurean philosophers, we see organization, and following it, we see intelligence, thought and will; hence the necessary deduction is that intelligence, thought and will are the result, effect or product of organization. Under this view—which measured by the analogies of nature and of art, to say the least, seems far-fetched—the human mind, with its wondrous power of thought, of feeling and imagination, is purely a creation of a skillfully devised material mechanism, carefully adjusted, part to part, in one harmonious whole, whose body—to introduce a travesty of the poet—wheels and cogs is, and wind the soul. Man, according to this conception, is not very different from a certain talking machine of Nuremberg, a mechanism fashioned, it was said, so skillfully that it, or he, could preach as well as most country parsons, it only needing that his wheels and cogs be liberally lubricated, that he be wound up and set in the pulpit face about to the "intelligent audience."

But your correspondent evidently does not belong to this class of minds. He earnestly questions and seeks for light, which is a necessary subjective condition to all advancement in knowledge.

Seeing organization first, may we not conclude that intelligence is a result or effect of it? Taking, for example, a newborn infant, we first cognize the fact of its existence from the report of our senses to our mind. This report at first brings to us little or no evidence of active mind. By-and-by, as the body grows, we notice a gradual development of mind, until finally the child becomes an adult, and then in properly developed cases, the predominating power in the individual is readily and universally recognized as the power of mind. Thus far this is our data for concluding that mind results or springs from matter in the organized form, which is a conclusion in substantial effect that mind is but another form of matter. But in all this we forget that there is necessarily no natural or real identity between the two modes of manifestation because of their identity in time. The mind, for aught physiological or psychological science now teaches, may be something added from an unseen realm, little by little, to the physical organization, as substances from the atmosphere are said to be added to the flower, the plant and the tree.

On the other hand, let us apply a rule which certainly seems reasonable. Whether two forms of objective being be in reality, or essentially, the same, is to be determined by the function or office which they severally perform or are capable of performing. Now, judged by this principle, are not the capabilities of the organic structure of man, conceived at its best, and the capabilities or powers of the mind, so radically different as to quality and so wide apart as to scope that the conception of their essential oneness becomes rationally impossible?

Looking at the analogies of nature and of art, one could as well imagine that the mechanical structure of a device of motion produced or created the law or principle of motion in nature, and that each particular device created its own law or principle, which law or principle should be as varying and different in quality as were the different devices or mechanical organisms. We know, however, that such is not the constitution of nature; that, as Humboldt declared, the universe is governed by law, and the subsequent discovery of the principle of conservation and correlation of force has taught us that all manifestations of material force in nature are but forms of one universal and interchangeable force. Also, if we consider the science of mathematics, the doctrine here criticised would hold that there is and could be no such thing as what is known as pure mathematics, and that when men profess to deal by means of symbols with mathematical quantity and relation, unapplied to material objects, they are dealing with pure fiction.

The proposition that intelligence, thought and will, are the effect of organization, is, I think, fully illustrated by the common-place simile of a man trying to lift himself by his bootstraps. It is impossible, at least for me, to conceive of an organism composed of matter, starting upon its career from "monad up to man," with no other impulsion than that which may be supposed to abide within the material atom, singly or in aggregation; but the climax of the impossible in thought is reached when we attempt to conceive of the controlling principle of an organic being of the power and perfection of man, as a resultant or effect—whatever effect may mean—of the aggregation in bodily or organic form of atomic matter. This form, unless we attribute to matter itself a something not material but spiritual, is merely a mechanical structure, and necessarily endowed with no other or greater powers and capacities than is possessed by its primary element.

There is evidently given a something over and above the organism, whether we consider the organism first or last in time, and until science shall have discovered how

"the brain secretes thought as the liver bile," we shall feel justified on common-sense grounds, if on no other, in holding that the greater in creative and effective power is not the effect, result or creation of the lesser in such power.

To believe in a world of matter, or material substance merely, from which springs the myriad and diversified forms of nature, as well as the mental, moral and religious nature of man, is to endow that world, or the simple elements of which it is composed, with a tendency or aptitude to "make for" order, symmetry, beauty and harmony, in more or less degree of perfection, both in the particular and in general, and this virtually is positing an intelligent principle or power in the universe which works for the accomplishment of ends.

A. M. GRIFFIN.

## SPIRITUALISM IN SWEDEN.

## MARVELOUS PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Mathews Fidler gives, in the *Medium and Daybreak*, a narrative of seances held at Villa O. P., Gothenberg, which is of deep interest. The value of the facts depends on the character of the author, and this is vouched for by the editor.

Mr. Fidler says that after fifteen years' effort he had almost given up the endeavor to popularize Spiritualism in Sweden. It was like casting pearls before swine. But now there is a wonderful revival.

We hired a public room, and the audiences were allowed to ask any questions in writing, to which I gave answers to the best of my ability. These meetings have been continued with unabated interest up to the present time. From these audiences we selected a few persons that we considered likely to be of use at a seance, and the medium, who had labored so many years for such unworthy people, now undertook to work for a circle of what we regarded as more suitable sitters, and the results I think will prove the correctness of our anticipations.

Our first five seances were all remarkably successful, and we were glad to find that we had been fortunate enough to gather such good material together for the spirits to work with, because without good sitters, it is a well-known fact that spirits and mediums are powerless. We were usually from fifteen to twenty persons, and the spirits, especially that of "Iolande," grew up outside the cabinet, in sight of all present. From a mere speck on the floor she built up slowly until she reached the height of about five feet, and moved about amongst us quite as naturally as though the body she wore had always belonged to her. After being with us for some time she took up her place close to the cabinet and gradually melted away again.

Our little spirit friend, "Nina," came and amused herself as usual, and on one occasion the mother of one of the sitters appeared so natural and like what she used to be when living on the earth that her daughter had no difficulty in recognizing her.

At the sixth seance, a spirit, having clothed itself with material, was evidently so well pleased with his new body that he made a determined effort to show himself outside the cabinet, but the substance melting away, he had to recede nearer to the medium. After doing so he leaned over, and by accident touched the medium's forehead, and startled her so much that she tried to jump up and leave the cabinet. She, however, alarmed, pulled the curtains aside to draw our attention to the figure that had evidently so unintentionally alarmed her. "Look at this man standing here," she excitedly remarked; and as she did so, "the man" looked out, and two of the sitters, affected by the medium's nervousness, left their seats next to the cabinet, whereupon I took one of their places, and saw the face quite distinctly. He smiled and nodded in a friendly way. His moustache was thick and heavy, and the face was of snowy whiteness, but of normal size. After I had carefully examined his features he withdrew, and closed the curtains to the cabinet for a few seconds, when the medium again opened them, so that we saw both "the man" and the medium at the same time; but, strange to say, whilst I was gazing into his face, I observed that it grew less and less, and in fact, the whole form seemed to be very gradually shrinking together.

The seventh seance was still more remarkable. "Iolande," who had been a constant attendant for ten years, materialized, walked about amongst us so very naturally, that H. remarked that it would be very satisfactory to see the medium; when the spirit, evidently annoyed at the suspicion thus reflected on her, at once drew the curtain aside, so that we saw them both at the same time.

After thus satisfying every one present that the medium and spirit were two separate and distinct individualities, "Iolande" asked for a glass of water, which was at once handed to her, and on receiving it, she beckoned to Mr. Sg. to come up to the cabinet and sit down on a chair; whereupon she gave him the glass about three-parts full of water. Mr. S. was quite satisfied that there was only water in the glass when he took it in his hands. "Iolande" took part of her veil, and covered over the glass for about half-a-minute, and when she removed the covering, there was a beautiful tea-rose floating in the glass, but about one-half of the water had vanished. The rose had all the aroma of a rose freshly pulled, and not a petal or a leaf was injured.

Mr. S. returned to his seat, and Mr. H. took the seat in front of the cabinet, which Mr. S. had just occupied. The glass which Mr. S. had held was emptied on the floor by "Iolande," and my second son filled the glass more than half full. "Iolande" handed the glass to Mr. H., who held it up between his eyes and the light, so that it was clearly seen that there was nothing but water in the glass. The veil was covered over the glass again, with the result that after the lapse of about half-a-minute another tea-rose was found floating in the water.

Next came Mr. W., who held the glass after it had been replenished with fresh water. "Iolande" again covered it with her veil, and on taking it off, there was a tulip, a hyacinth, and a lily of the valley.

After this, "Iolande" took the jug jug

is the English name for pitcher.—Ed.], in which was about a gallon of water, but this being rather too heavy for her, she requested one of my boys to empty out about half, which was immediately done, and the jug was again handed to her. She covered it up with her veil, and then left it for about five minutes, whereupon she threw off the covering, and the jug was seen to be quite full of flowers, ferns and small twigs, in all some seventy to eighty in number, which she distributed amongst the sitters, giving on an average three or four to each.

The flowers being distributed, we at once prepared for photographing the spirit by the aid of the magnesium light.

At a given signal a light was struck, and kept in readiness for igniting the magnesium. In this preliminary light the spirit drew the curtains aside several times, as though trying her ability to stand it, when at last up went the curtains, and the magnesium light flashed in all its intensity on the beautiful figure that stood before us. The light was so intense that it was some time before the impression faded from the eye, and I presume it will be years before it fades from the memory. The medium at one side of the cabinet and "Iolande" at the other, was a sight that we had scarcely ventured to think possible, but there they were, the medium and spirit, in the presence of twenty people, and in a light the most intense that could be produced.

After "Iolande" had been photographed, another plate was put in the camera, and the signal given for lighting up preliminary to that of the magnesium light being flashed. The anxiety of preparing all satisfactorily being over, we awaited the signal of knocks inside the cabinet, when the curtains were drawn aside by two of the sitters, and the magnesium light was flashed again on the spirit-form and that of the medium, who were clearly and distinctly seen by the sitters.

"Iolande" had paid her last act of kindness to her medium by handing her a drink of water, and then she came out into the circle, and in the presence of the sitters, gradually and silently melted away. Inch by inch she sank down and down, until nothing but a little bit of drapery was left of the form that had stood before us. Whilst we looked at the drapery it dissolved and disappeared.

In place of "Iolande" came her young Turkish friend, "Leila," a girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age. The plates were developed, and although "Iolande's" features were visible, they were not so clear as was desirable, in consequence of her not taking up her position at that distance for which the camera was focussed. In the other photo the medium is more distinctly seen than the form of "Leila." However, the photos not being so thoroughly satisfactory as the medium wished, it was decided to hold another seance for photographing spirits with the magnesium light.

He who had to do the photographing went through all details with the greatest care and exactitude. Every cupboard and room was scrutinized, and the attic was carefully surveyed, after which he looked after the fitting-up of the cabinet, which consisted of four folding screens, fastened together by iron hinges, and when placed in position they formed three sides of a rectangle, fifty-two by thirty inches. The top, seven feet from the floor, was covered by a thick black cloth, and the front of this small room or cabinet was hung with dark curtains.

All was in readiness before the medium or myself had reached home, and on her arrival she was accompanied by Mrs. H., who was deputed to look after her whilst dressing. All was arranged as to the signals for the preliminary light, and for the burning of the magnesium light. Mr. H. lighted up as he was directed, and awaited the signal agreed upon, which was to be certain knocks inside the cabinet. The preliminary light being very injurious to the material of which "Leila" was composed, "Walter" gave some knocks for us to sing, but these I mistook for signal arranged for, so that I drew up the curtain at one side, and Mrs. S. did so with the other, when instantly the full blaze of the magnesium light was flared up, and the spirit-form was seen sitting quite at her ease, whilst the medium screamed with pain, and grasped the region of the heart, as though suffering intensely from the shock.

The camera being arranged, we were told by "Walter" that he would try for his portrait, without that of the medium on the same plate, as he dared not expose the medium again; he also intimated that he himself would hold up the curtain. On the curtain going up, we distinctly saw a military-looking man, with curly hair and heavy moustache, slightly smiling, as though he were quite enjoying the experiment.

After showing himself a few times in the light, he threw up the curtain, and steadily maintained his position whilst the light was thrown fully upon his whole form, except that of the left eyebrow, which was slightly shaded by the curtain. After photographing "Leila" sitting with the medium, we obtained her standing, and both photos are very beautiful. The face is fine and delicate in outline as could be conceived; indeed it would be difficult to imagine a face more fair. Her complexion too, was of the most delicate hue.

## SEEING VISIONS.

Lydia Maria Childs article on "Spirits" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, contains the following interesting paragraph:

When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had an interview with her during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions. "I had some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa, was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother on account of confirmed ill health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary excursion on horseback I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left with the expecta-

tion of calling to see her many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in my studio, and do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted with her. I retired to rest in good health, and in a quiet frame of mind. But I awoke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation, for it was entirely new to me, but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtains of my bed, but could distinguish no object in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon reflected that the door was locked, and that I put the key under my bolster. I felt for it and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and waked with a vague impression of it on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap. I am habitually a good sleeper, a stranger to fear; but do what I would, the idea still haunted me that some one was in my room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not long before I was able to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after, I heard, in the apartments below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock proclaimed the hour. I could one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to arise immediately. My bed was partially screened by a long curtain, looped up at the side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain and smiled at me. The idea of anything supernatural did not occur to me. Simply surprised, I exclaimed, "Why Rosa, how came you here when you are so ill?" "I am well, now." With no other thought than that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtains, thinking she might, perhaps, have playfully hidden behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced that there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that fact, and thought I must have seen a vision.

At the breakfast table I said to the old lady with whom I boarded, "Rosa is dead." "What do you mean by that?" she inquired. "You told me that she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday." I related the occurrences of the morning and told her that I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the accustomed household noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five.

She replied, "All that is very possible my dear. The clock struck in your dream. Real sounds often mix with the illusions of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady as free from superstition as you are."

She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it to be a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger, and sent him to inquire how Rosa did. He returned with the answer that "She died this morning at five o'clock."

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her, I asked her if she had any objection to its being published without the suppression of names. She replied: "You have reported the story correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more strange or more unaccountable than I do myself."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## SUSPICIOUS SPIRITUALISTS.

## DRUGS AND PSYCHIC HEALING.

Ignorance begets suspicion. Fear is the outgrowth of ignorance. The presence of a disembodied spirit in a circle will cause a shudder to pass over those who do not understand the laws of matter or spirit. A horse will fear a railroad engine until educated to know that the engine is not liable to harm him. The sick fear death until they are assured by their physician that their malady is not necessarily fatal. People who are unacquainted with the laws of mediumship are always afraid that they are being swindled by the medium. The complaints of fraud in mediumship arise more from ignorance than fraud. Ignorance of the laws of mediumship cause people to raise the cry of fraud. Editors will cry fraud when they do not understand the laws governing the phenomena they witness; then they will assume to be very critical and scientific, and propose that conditions to prove the reliability of the manifestations, and at the same time they are as ignorant of the laws of matter as a blind mule is of the colors of the rainbow. It is getting to be quite the fashion among the ignorant to cry fraud when they want to divert the attention of the public from the facts that they cannot grasp or understand: the laws that govern the manifestations that are presented every day to Spiritualists. If we are to advance we must cease to be critical until we have learned the laws governing the manifestations that we witness. Clay cannot dictate the shape it will assume in the hands of the potter, and a medium cannot control the spirit who has control of her, therefore a medium is like clay in the hands of the potter. Until people have learned the laws of mediumship they have no authority to set themselves up as dictators, and their assumption of authority is the strongest evidence of their inability to harm what others are trying to solve. Spiritualists all over the country are realizing that the self-appointed critics are the worst enemies of Spiritualism, because an ignorant man is always a dangerous man. Sit down on the self-appointed critics and the danger will be removed.

## DRUGS AND PSYCHIC HEALING.

Spiritualists vary in their opinions about drugs as they vary in their opinions about Spiritualism. Some claim that drugs assist nature; others claim that drugs retard nature. The human system is often relieved by the use of drugs; the relief is apparent to the sick; the future effects are not apparent at the time, but if the blood is acted upon by a foreign agent, such as quinine, mercury, soda, lime or potash, the effect cannot be determined by what is apparent at the surface, because quinine may remove malaria and at the same time prevent a complete assimilation of the nutritive fluids at some part of the organism which will not show itself for some time after all symptoms of the malaria have disappeared. Quinine has a specific action, which means direct action; it prevents vegetable matter assimilating with the blood, and malaria is the result of foreign matter assimilating with the blood, therefore quinine will act on the nutritive fluids and cause a coagulation of the vegetable matter held in suspension in the nutritive fluids. The coagulated fluids will clog up the ducts or cells through which the fluids pass; as a result, while quinine cured the malaria it caused another disease. Other drugs act in the same manner. In psychic or spirit healing no such effect is produced; the nutritive fluids are not coagulated. The cells or ducts of the organism that have been clogged up by disease are all opened, which gives the blood free action, and assimilation is renewed again. When the nutritive fluids assimilate with the organism at all parts, it is free from disease. Death is the result of lack of assimilation. When the nutritive fluids cease to assimilate with the human organism, the spirit and physical body will separate, which is a condition termed death. Every Spiritualist should become acquainted with psychic healing.

J. W. CURTIS.

## NATURE'S THEOLOGY.

If logic is our anchor and consistency our light,  
With reason clear for guiding star to steer our way  
Who should hesitate to follow when they graciously  
deceit  
That for all the good of creature life some future  
there must be!

Can record clearer lesson give than that of Eden's  
bowers!  
That not for man alone the gifts of grove and stream  
and flowers,  
For there His creatures all received their Maker's  
gracious smile,  
Is recompense denied to all save one alone that's  
vile!

To those of kindly instincts born wise counsels choose  
to give  
A faith that somewhere all the good may yet forever  
live.  
That "pastures fair," of verdure green, have plenti-  
ful domain  
To accommodate the lonely whom the mansions do not  
claim.

The hand that marks the sparrow's fall, be sure such  
hand has found,  
For such signets of his love and skill, torn, bruised  
upon the ground,  
Another setting, no less fair than azure depths  
above,  
The Judge Supreme, who marked the fall, may thus  
His justice prove.

The plumage torn, the morn-lit eye, guide of its  
pinions sweep,  
Thus dulled and mute, appeals to One whose vigils  
never sleep.  
Can spoiler's hand prevail with Him that promise ever  
keeps,  
Whose sure decree eternal is, "As sow ye shall ye  
reap!"

Few eyes through whom the light of ripened years  
has passed  
Recall not scenes whose deep imprint on memory's  
page shall last,  
Of flesh and blood, if mute yet pure, as from the  
Maker's hand,  
Man's fleshly torture meekly bears though by his  
passion fanned.

Behold the eye of proudest gleam, when action gives  
command,  
Or meek, obedient, kind and true, led by an infant's  
hand,  
Through storm and blast and darkest night, true  
pilot of our way,  
Shall out of lash, or brutal stroke, devotion thus re-  
pay!

—X. Z., in Chicago Evening Journal.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## WITCHCRAFT.

## The Witch of Endor and Saul.

For many years the writer, like many other thinkers, has held the Bible only as a historical book of reference where it can be separated from the controlling influence of the dominant priesthood of that day. As such, many interesting passages may be noted. It will be observed in reading from I. Samuel, that the Jews were under a priestly government, and so remained until the Israelites insisted on having a king to go before them like other nations to do battle. Samuel, the leading Jewish priest of the day, candidly told them what kind of a thing a king would be; but all would not do, and Saul became their king, and here became that mischievous unity of Church and State. It is apparent that witchcraft (Spiritualism) was held as a disturbing element, and was readily denounced, as no doubt its messages and dictations were at times at variance with earthly doings. It was, therefore, denounced as a wickedness or sin, and the penalty of its practice was death, similar to our persecutions by the priesthood of the present day.

Saul as king was noted for his hostility to the practice of this particular wickedness or sin, and strongly enforced the death penalty against all those having a familiar spirit. In turning to I. Samuel, chapter 28, commencing at the eighth verse, we find a minute and lengthy interview between Saul, the disguised king, and the Witch of Endor. Witches were scarce, but by inquiry he sought out her habitation and went to see her personally, but disguised, and with much persuasion induced her to manifest her peculiar gift.

The Bible narrates the incidents far better than it could be done by any modern penman, to which we would refer any sincere searcher for truth. So far from being a fraud it reads truthfully correct, and is quite understandable to any one but slightly acquainted with modern clairvoyance. Neither does the witch show up as a vicious, bad-hearted woman, as she sympathizes with the king in his troubles and even kills a calf for him to eat and get strength; but he and his two sons were killed the next day as predicted in her clairvoyant state.

Another fact of Spiritualism should be borne in mind: The spirit of Samuel in his prediction did not speak of death as a penalty, but only as a change of condition from an earthly to a spiritual. None but a Talmage could pervert the truthfulness of this Endor narrative.

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