



### FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

er the Remains of W. W. Swick of  
Fon du Lac, Wis., March 29th.

An Address by J. R. Talmadge.

ER DEATH IN ARABIA, BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:  
Faithful friend! it lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow,  
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this—  
"I am not the thing ye kiss;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women leave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,  
The weaver, not the garb,—the plume  
By the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry  
Straightway, every weeping eye—  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.

"Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there,  
The pearl, the soul, the all is here,  
"Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury.  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now thy world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends;  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
But in light ye cannot see,  
Of unfulfilled felicity—  
In enlarging Paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye too are well;  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space,  
When ye come where I have stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Now I know, ye who love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Not at death,—for, death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw, when we enter  
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and some  
Bravely onward to your home!  
La Allah ille Allah! yes!  
Thou love divin! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

ave yet to pay a tribute in a brief  
to our friend and neighbor in the  
of his tenanted body. If we stand  
temple of wisdom we will not make  
son of gloom, but rather of sweet  
ion with the Infinite Good, improv-  
occasion to approach nearer the di-  
fection, that overarches us like the  
ecked heavens, its glittering gems  
forth the glory and splendor of his  
d power and universal presence, to  
inner recesses of our spirits, where  
rust, and faith and hope—the good  
el within. Scarcely any of us but  
hat it is in peculiar moments of  
hen all the passions are still and  
ambitions have for the time down  
hear the voice that is soundless,  
is that reach us through some fi-  
um than the atmosphere and more  
organ than the external ear. We  
ow something of the satisfaction,  
of this inner life through these brief  
when we catch its foretastes.

ng out from this peaceful realm yet  
; so near this said-to-be enemy of  
ath, we find we are not in the  
of ill, but man's most considerate,  
dead: not in the presence of gloom,  
the dear one that walked with us  
adow, but is now in the full orb'd  
Where he stood with us viewing life  
the limitations of external form,  
with clasped hands in the attitude  
p, with face illuminated gazes upon  
panorama of the inner life.

a thwarted light" is flashed rain-  
s; its inner life. Through the prism  
e, the soul regains its inner glory,  
ew-born colors do not go far off,  
be inner life of the ray of light, so  
may be in its inner life, though  
by the side of its deserted body,  
re think of the marvelous beauty  
ders of use genius has drawn from  
t elod of matter, having penetrated  
t and wrested from it its secret of  
ansforming the earth from barren  
wastes, into a world of beauty, we  
with wonder and admiration, but  
siration becomes a peaceful glow of  
ow that spiritual science has kept  
f material progress and caps the  
f its splendid attainments by a  
ge of this infinite realm of spirit,  
sion, of which matter is the outer-  
s, the farthest removed from ex-  
istence, the terminus in the jour-  
sistence, the wilderness of explora-  
n which we return to home and the  
ative surroundings.

ignorant savage shrinks from the  
h of one of the great civilizing agen-  
s locomotive speeding upon its  
iron track as a monster of evil; but  
n sun of intelligence never tires of  
g its grandeur that seems almost hu-  
So we in our ignorance shrink from  
s all manner of horrors when the  
essenger approached upon its noise-  
cack and halted at our station for a  
end to take passage from out the  
shadow-land into the realm of un-  
g substance.

With our widened spiritual perception, looking through the open window of the soul—its religious nature—we stand around this lifeless body with a peaceful, trusting awe, as we know he has taken passage upon God's chariot,—the unceasing current of change,—through which worlds and systems, and suns are born, die and reappear again,—"A power which builds, unbuilds and builds again," it having simply removed the life—that never dies—for life cannot die, from its relation to, or control of, its temporary mechanism of matter, as loving a process as when his spirit gathered from material substance a body and through it presented itself in this life to loving hands and endearing hearts.

Forms great and small alike disappear. But life is ever renewed, ever steps to higher glory. Goes down in night to awaken with the rosy dawn. Strengthened in the vigor of use through each change.

Even as the sun in its returning solstice each night disappears beyond the western hills. To rise with lengthened day and added power to re-new the earth, with the magic of its chemistry.

Science has shown the grandeur and security of this law of unceasing change, when it tells us how worlds are born in Nebulae, grow through tremendous commotion to be covered with forms of beauty that commend and command the soul to worship, then decay, having filled a use in the up-building of nature, to again reappear after ages of time, without an atom lost or a molecule destroyed throughout this mighty change in God's chemical laboratory whose domain covers universes still untold. We think of our dear friend, whose mantle, whose covering only lies before us, as still vitalized in sympathetic, loving tenderness, charitableness, good-will only to all, nothing lovely having departed from him, or he departed from us. The cord of sympathy that binds, forever binds; union of spirit is God's chemistry expressed in human souls as kindred atom holds to kindred atom. We are in the presence of no dark monster, but only one of the myriad, countless changes of this loving energy called by us God. This can be but one of his happy methods; for, remove from over us the cloud of ignorance that casts a shadow of gray night or inky darkness and we see it touches no form with ruthless hand, blots out the bloom of no life, only that it may blossom with richer shading, and sweeter fragrance.

Scarcely a spiritual teacher of whatever name or faith, but on such occasions as this refer to the nearness to us of the departed. As our civilization advances we add to faith knowledge, and the inquiring spirit of the age wonders how life detached from the body can be so real, while beyond the sense of recognition. Electricians can charge a metallic plate constructed for that purpose, with a sufficient amount of electricity to supply light for an ocean steamer while crossing the ocean. This electric potency, a mighty force, resides in the plate unperceived by outer sense, and known only by its effects, so the body becomes a receptacle of God's motor, the human soul, for its journey across the ocean of material life. The existence of this electric force does not depend upon the metallic plate, but serves only as the instrument for its material expression. In this experiment is illustrated the necessity of the spirit, building a body that it may use to come in contact with matter, though its existence is in no way dependent upon matter.

The Angel of Death had approached this dear one, made himself known and for months walked by his side. He became so familiar with him that the message he gave him was of joyous import. He sweetly resigned his spirit to his tender embrace, and awoke upon the shores of immortality, stood in the light of this divine glory and the soft atmosphere of its love, while loving souls that had passed through earth's discipline, its pains and afflictions, its loves and sunny hours, and gone on before, reached out loving hands, leaned over him with smiling faces so tender that the sadness of lonely hearts left behind might well turn to joy as they think of the great blessing that has come to him. In abiding trust he stepped across into the borderland of souls with as much freshness of spirit as a delighted rambler would step across a rivulet with its murmuring music, as it ripples on overshadowed by rich foliage of forest shade.

PERSONAL.

Based upon an acquaintance of a number of years, I can speak knowingly of some of the many characteristics in nobility and worth of our dear departed friend and brother. Some kind of a message has every human soul to the world. While moral cowardice, like a mildew, is a blight upon the fair face of humanity, he delivered his message without equivocation, which was always for a broader, larger, grander life, to throw open the avenues for thought in politics, in religious belief, in science, that the currents from a limitless ocean of truth may have free flow into the minds of men. That no truth is limited to a belief, but beliefs should ever change to admit a higher truth.

This integrity to his own soul—to its individualization—which is the crowning glory in human character,—caused him to stand somewhat alone, open to criticism: It thought in the company of all great minds that move the world in ideas, still his blameless life as a citizen and neighbor gave him universal respect among them. He was one that swelled in a marked degree the volume of human worth. Though a solid, substantial citizen, interested in the material prosperity of the community, still

his thought was not limited to that alone. He was a standard bearer of the incoming thoughts of this, the most marvelous age known to history.

As no one could pass or enter his home in its perfection of neatness and order without profiting by it as an example, so his breadth of thought, his cosmopolitan nature inoculated all who came in contact with him, with aspirations for growth, for culture, for more manliness. This man would not ask to be forgiven for his sins. He would say: "If by injustice to anyone, I have earned ten stripes, let me have them; then I can stand before the bar of my own soul and feel the pulsation of manhood, while to ask for forgiveness would be cringing sycophancy, forever haunting like a shadow, before the sunlight of eternal, unremitting justice." Generous, moral thought is the potency that leavens humanity, without which no soul can progress or nations blossom into the products of God's power and purpose. His altitude of mentality and balance was such that he received inspirations flowing toward the world that is just above the strata of conflict where disorder is seen to ultimate in harmony. He saw great possibilities for man, and would remove all obstructions to their expression. He belonged to the advance guard of humanity, who open up the highways for its progress. He listened to the voice of the mountains that invites man to come up higher, using his influence for the spread of all reforms that tended to make mankind more temperate, more moral and to exemplify all its virtues. He worshiped upon the sunny slopes where the beauty and divinity of all nature is seen; with the potency of an infinite will within its manifestation.

Bound by no creed, he was free to live in the inexhaustible store of spirituality and religious thought, that he believed must be above all finite statements. It permitted him to know how persistently the angels had worked through psychologic laws, to make themselves known to mortals, to thus clear away for us the last mists of doubt of a future life. This demonstration of spirit return was life's crowning blessing, as he passed its zenith—where more than material aspiration bud for blossoming, and man in the journey of existence begins to look over toward the terminus of this narrow island of material life that is but a dot upon the shoreless ocean of existence, to know that this loving pulsating life, is not in the dark hopeless philosophy of materialism, dissolved; but only drops its mantle, its covering, its implement of temporary use, to go forth in broader range of use, to cover wider spaces in human endeavor, even as the zinc and copper plate as it dissolves in the acid is quickened, going forth like throbbing life to traverse the earth in the form of electric force. With this conviction of the security of the human soul, that death only changes its state of being, to the dear ones left he says not good-by, but good-night, and like Mohammed as he breathed his last, lying upon the bosom of his loving wife, looking upward "Fellow citizens, I come among you."

REMARKS AT THE GRAVE.

The tomb is not a blind alley but a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn," and the last kind act left for us to extend to our dear friend and neighbor, is to tenderly deposit his body where its Mother Earth can enfold it, lovingly embrace it, receiving back again the elements she so gladly furnished for the use of the spirit while crossing this narrow island of material life—a dot on the limitless line of existence, where we but touch one shore and quickly bid adieu as we embark from the other. As the white sails of his light boat fills with the breeze and sets toward the shores of heaven; family, kindred and life-long friends waft adieu as he recedes from view, of deep regard, of love pure as gems of light and enduring as eternity. As his eyes close upon the dear ones left behind we breathe a prayer of gratitude that they open to the thrilling touch of loving ones gone before, while his ear catches the sweet words of their congratulations.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

ONE HOUR.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"  
Asked Jesus in regretful tone;  
"How ye to sleep's seductive power!"  
I hear my agony alone.

With all the love and sympathy  
They felt for him, they could not wait;  
What'er his mental woe might be,  
They slept—and left him to his fate.

Companion, teacher, faithful friend,  
Foreseeing that his end was nigh,  
He only asked that they would spend  
One hour with him before he die!

"Would soften the approach of doom—  
Subdue the thoughts of torturing death;  
But in the shadow of the tomb,  
The twelve disciples slumbereth!

"Tis ever thus. The yielding flesh  
Forever bows to drowsy ease,  
And leaves in sin's and sorrow's mesh  
The suffering Christ upon his knees.  
Men know the right and see the wrong,  
And yet are so indifferent still  
That they go sauntering along  
And let their fellows suffer ill.

And so the martyrs, one by one—  
Sometimes in groups—are crucified,  
Because the watchers have not done  
Their duty, and the flesh denied;

They slumber while their fellows weep;  
When trials come, they do not dare;  
The world would much prefer to sleep  
Than watch with Christ while bowed in prayer.

The Church a soulless prayer lifts up,  
But nods and yawns as it begins;  
Then leaves to Christ the bitter cup,  
And goes to sleep in all its sins.  
The state is full of selfish schemes,  
Unmindful of all things beside;  
While Church and State are wrapt in dreams,  
The Saviors all are crucified.

SOME SOLID SPIRITUAL SPECULATIONS.

BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.

Life is continuous. The flowers spring up each year, blossoms produce seed, and return to the soil. A child is born, and its spirit at once commences to develop its possibilities. Its body undergoes, as the scientists say, a complete transformation every seven years. The particles composing its physical body are renewed completely in that time. Nothing can be absolutely lost. The old particles which have been removed are yet in existence somewhere in a different form or forms. There is, and can be no more matter in the world to-day, than there was a hundred or a thousand years ago. It has simply undergone a change. By the term "world" is included the whole material universe. We are living upon dead men's bodies and environments, or dead animal's bodies. The air we breathe has passed through other lung-cells hundreds, yea, thousands of times, and as we emit it from our lungs it will be purified and pass through millions of beings yet unborn. The sunlight, too, is used over and over many times. Each fixed star as it twinkles in the vault of heaven, has impinged its slender light upon us, and been absorbed into our physical body. We move in a sphere of action mainly controlled by outside influences, and we are truly a part of the universe; for, there is nothing external to the universe, since whatever exists is contained in the universe, according to Ocellus Lucanus, an old Greek philosopher. The universe has always existed, and will always exist. Progression is the law of the celestial bodies, as well as this earthly body. The planets revolve in their orbits with slight variations. Even the fixed stars are moving and changing their positions. The asteroids, too, are continually breaking into pieces, and falling into space; and we are lost in admiration as we observe flashing meteors pursuing their short and swift course, and disappearing in the sky at night.

But let us now change our speculations, and turn our attention to man, the microcosm, and read what history has recorded as to his beliefs and teachings of divine men in the past. The bible squarely says, "God made man in his own image and breathed the breath of life into him, and he became a living soul." Paul says there was a terrestrial body and a celestial body. We have now seen that man has a twofold nature.

Next, we find the barbarians teaching strange doctrines and worshiping many gods, even animals, birds and vegetables. Others erect images representing their ideas of Divinity.

Looking back through the door of history—Egypt—we find these ancient people believing and teaching the transmigration of the soul through animals, and preserving their earthly body for future habitation. Pythagoras taught re-incarnation in the earliest ages. Then Socrates, Aristotle and Plato elaborated the system, and Greece became a powerful and intelligent nation, excelling all others in sculpture, the fine arts, oratory and literature. Christianity came afterwards and soon developed a religion which is still flourishing. It is not founded on reason, fact, or philosophy. Its touchstone is, "Believe," and be saved, or "disbelieve" in Christ, and be eternally lost. Mahomet came five hundred years later, teaching Unitarianism, and Mahomet as a prophet. With the sword, his followers almost overcame the whole world. Christianity was only saved by the valor of Charles Martel and his Christian army.

Now we turn to the nineteenth century. Materialism and atheism is and has been making great headway. The Christian church had lost its power and reputation by its persecutions. It is eternally damned by reason of its horrible inquisitions in the past. The spawn of the inquisitors is yet endeavoring to capture the world through the instrumentality of the Roman Pontiff, only lately shorn of temporal power, claiming that he is in verity the real vicegerent of Christ upon earth. These Jesuits argue that if Christ was ever required to live upon earth, he is always necessary or a vicegerent to represent him, else the world cannot be saved. But happily the last victims of this vicegerent's inquisitors perished in 1826, a Jew and a Quaker schoolmaster in Spain.

Nearly forty years ago a new truth burst into the world. Spiritualism was born, and has now arrived at ripe manhood. While in many sections of the world it is not popular, yet it has steadily gained adherents and advocates. Its truth crushes the hardest headed materialist, and assuages the meekest church member in his anxiety for his departed friends, loosening the hold of priestcraft and superstition upon his beclouded soul. The church answers that man is immortal, if he believe in its teachings, and blindly trusts the priest to intercede with Christ for him. Spiritualism unmasks this fallacy, and shows to man that there is no redemption from sin through Christ or any other prophet.

But after so many years of light, new truths are evolved to the honest seekers after them. I mean soul embodiment, and the continuity of life previous to birth, as after death. "Thus we lead them through cycles of time, until their experiences on earth are complete," says a guardian spirit through a noted medium. Is this life all? Can we obtain an equal experience in one life? Must

some individuals only have misery here and no corresponding happiness? God is just. You need the exact experience you are undergoing to prepare you for the next stage of existence. Life is like unto a chain. Each link is an embodiment in the physical form on this earth, until the soul is fitted for higher and holier experiences. Do not let the idea of annihilation frighten you from investigating this keystone of the structure of all philosophy, religion or experience. Every night when we close our eyes in sleep, we are annihilated! Sleep is the image of death. Death unlocks the door that leads us into fields for higher experiences. The ancient Greeks taught that women were not immortal. Why? Because a woman is only the fragment, or half of a perfect soul, struggling to find the other semi-sphere of a soul. Let us fearlessly approach this subject, laying aside all prejudices, and reason together. The soul is immortal, has no beginning or ending, and cannot be annihilated. Then we must have lived in some state before birth. This idea is not repulsive. It is acceptable to our reason, and so far we can agree in harmony; but when we come to the question of whether after death we can again re-enter the flesh, then a repugnance is exhibited. We want to live in a spiritual world along with our earthly friends, as we lived with them here, only that our miseries shall be turned into happiness. The Christians want to stand around a throne with tin or brass horns in their hands, praising Christ, and associating with their old elders, priests, etc.

What is the difference then? We are creating a spiritual world by our desires, not from what comes from the Spirit-world, or has been taught by the greatest philosophers and thinkers like Plato. No, my spiritual friends, we have as yet but got to the letter "A" in the alphabet of Spiritualism. Re-incarnation, dual existences, fraternity of souls, embodiments on other planets, and spirit control are subjects yet to be studied and accepted before we are ready for new and higher truth. We, who have so long been in spiritual darkness, are not strong enough to stand the clearer rays of divine truth scintillating from the spiritual spheres. The Presbyterians are re-forming their creed, because a bright missionary came back from Asia, and said he could not convert the heathens with such a creed, and a new one must be found. These heathens asked this missionary if all men who disbelieved in Christ would be eternally damned, and remain in hell. "Yes," said the missionary. Then they inquired where their millions of forefathers were? He dare not say in hell, but said those that had an opportunity to accept Christ, and did not do so, were damned.

Now let us form a new creed in Spiritualism. Adopt this theory of soul-embodiment, and then apply it to the great problem of life. Will it not solve all the present problems, and make God Almighty a just God? All can have an opportunity of being rich, of being great, of being learned, and of enjoying life in this world and progressing to future life in the spheres. Let us all have another chance to win in this great game of life on this planet. A man that dies on the gallows, then will have an opportunity to return and be re-incarnated as a doctor of divinity or a philanthropist.

This theory is not new. It is as old as the Egyptian pyramids, or the very mountains. More people to-day on this earth believe it than disbelieve it. It certainly is not the vaporings of an addled-brain. Socrates died proclaiming this truth. The divine Plato elaborated it, and many of the public mediums teach it.

For The Progressive Thinker.

DAMNED, DAMNED, ETERNALLY DAMNED.

PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

The Rev. Father McCanna, a Roman Catholic priest, preached in Joliet lately, to the following effect:

He warned parents against sending their children to the American public schools, saying that if they did they would be lost, and when asked on the judgment day, "What have you done with the little ones I gave you?" the awful reply would come, "Damned, damned, all eternally damned."

He said that the American public-school system was immoral, unjust, and unconstitutional, that the result of education in the public schools was paupers, lunatics, and criminals. Communists, Socialists, and Anarchists, and parents might as well send their children to the jails and penitentiaries at once, as education in the public schools ended there.

This papal priest was a little more intemperate in his language than his superiors may like, and he may get a gentle hint to curb his vituperative zeal. Nevertheless, there are many clergy of his church who think in private what he says in public. It is worth while therefore to ask this reverend railer two questions.

First, where does he get his information as to this dialogue which is to be held on the judgment day? Has he, like Moses, been communing with the Lord of Hosts? Or did the Superior of his order, or some bishop tell him about this "awful reply?" Or has he been putting words into the mouth of the Great Jehovah, for which little performance he may have to give an account at the judgment day? Where, even in the formal deliverances of the teachers of his own sect does he find it stated that hopeless damnation befalls all children who go to public schools? There are a large number

of Roman Catholics in this city and elsewhere, apparently devout church members, who were educated in the public schools. Is hell gaped for them? How does he know it?

Secondly, will the reverend gentleman favor the public with statistics on this point? Parochial schools have been open in this country for about a hundred years. How have their pupils compared with those of the American public schools for morality, honesty, truth, and good citizenship? What percentage of criminals and boddlers has been turned out by the Catholic parochial and what by the American free schools? Of the prisoners in Joliet sent from cities like Chicago, where there are parochial schools, how many were educated in them, and how many in the public schools?

Of the Aldermen of the City of Chicago, how many owe their instruction in morality to the parochial schools, and how do those there educated compare as to boddling with those who were trained in the public schools? In Philadelphia there are comparatively few parochial schools. In New York there are a great many. How many of the Tammany crowd were educated in them? While the Aldermen of Philadelphia are not saints, how do they compare with those of New York? Which set has done the most boddling?

What statesmen, what philanthropists, what exampers of virtue or morality have come from the parochial schools? For what great men is America indebted to them? What Lincolns, or Garfields, or Edisons, or Peabodys have they turned out? They have taught hundreds of thousands of children. Who among them has climbed high the ladder of fame? What have been the fruits of this parochial school which the Rev. Father McCanna praises so highly and who consigns all children to hell if they eat of the fruit of the American public school tree?

The above, from the Chicago Tribune, illustrates what is going on in the Catholic Church. Always intolerant, vicious, aggressive, and relentlessly determined, from time to time its voice is raised, startling those of a liberal turn of mind, and awakening them to a sense of the danger that seems to be at their very threshold. Patriotic Americans, Spiritualists, Liberalists, and Free Thinkers, awaken, or you will eventually realize that the Romish snake will so arrange its coils that you will have serious trouble in breaking them. Danger Signals should be raised in every voting precinct of the United States.

F. D.

ORIGIN OF DEATH.

It is to the Advantage of the Species that Individuals Should Die.

From the dawn of life, "says a writer in Longman's Magazine, the structures best adapted to surrounding conditions have been victors; whatever features have proved useful have been seized upon by natural selection and secured dominance. The enormous mass of the lower forms have persisted to this day, because the balance established between them and their surroundings has remained unaltered. But whenever the balance between living things and their surroundings has been disturbed, new demands have been made upon them, to which they responded, or, failing that response, perished. Hence it is in the first complexity of structure, the first departure from simplicity, that the seeds of death were sown. For that death becomes a necessity. So far as its occurrence by natural causes is concerned, we know that as organisms get older (although this applies more to animals than to plants, in which the cells as they become liquefied or converted into wood, are overlaid with new cells) their power of work and of renewal is lessened. The cells which form the vital fabric of tissues are worn by continual use; the waste exceeds the repair, and death ultimately ensues, "because a worn-out tissue can not forever renew itself and because a capacity for increase by means of cell division is not everlasting, but finite." Why there should be this limit to cell division we can not say, but it is clear that with the modifications of organs according to the work which they discharge there results a subtler structure which is less easy to repair and is shorter of duration. The one-celled organisms have found salvation in simplicity. We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that since there is, *prima facie*, no reason why growth should be limited or why function should come to an end, death must have been brought about by natural selection, which determines survival or extinction from the standpoint of utility alone. There needs no showing that it is to the advantage of the species that individuals should die. Their immortality would be harmful all around, nay, impossible, unless vigor remain unimpaired, and the multiplication of offspring does not overtake the means of subsistence. "For it is evident," as Mr. Russel Wallace remarks in a note which he has contributed to Dr. Weismann's essay, "that when one or more individuals have provided a sufficient number of successors, they themselves, as consumers of nourishment in a constantly increasing degree, are an injury to those successors. Natural selection, therefore, weeds them out, and in many cases favor such races as die almost immediately after they have left successors," as, e. g., among the male bees, the drone perishing while pairing, death being due to sudden nervous shock."



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An Address by J. R. Talmadge.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA, BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:  
Faithful friend; it lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow,  
And you say, "Alas! the dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this—  
"I am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women leave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a test which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,  
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry  
Straightway, every weeping eye—  
What ye lift upon the bier,  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
"Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the soul, the all is here,  
"Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store!"

Allah glories! Allah good!  
Now this world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends;  
Ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you;  
But in light ye cannot see,  
Of unalloyed felicity,  
In enlarging Paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farwell friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye too shall dwell;  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space,  
When ye come where I have stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That there is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Only not at death,—for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw, when we enter  
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems loved  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home!  
La Allah illa Allah! yes!  
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!  
He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

We have yet to pay a tribute in a brief  
service to our friend and neighbor in the  
presence of his tenacious body. If we stand  
in God's temple of wisdom we will not make  
a season of gloom, but rather of sweet  
communion with the Infinite Good, improv-  
ing the occasion to approach nearer the di-  
vine perfection, that overarches us like the  
star-becked heavens, its glittering gems  
flashing forth the glory and splendor of its  
unlimited power and universal presence, to  
find the inner recesses of our spirits, where  
abides trust, and faith and hope—the good  
—the God within. Scarcely any of us but  
know what it is in peculiar moments of  
quiet, when all the passions are still and  
widdly ambitions have for the time flown  
away, to hear the voice that is soundless,  
vibrations that reach us through some finer  
medium than the atmosphere and more  
subtle organ than the external ear. We  
may know something of the satisfaction,  
the joy of this inner life through these brief  
seasons when we catch its foretastes.

Looking out from this peaceful realm yet  
standing so near this said-to-be enemy of  
man—death, we find we are not in the  
presence of ill, but man's most considerate,  
loving friend: not in the presence of gloom,  
but near the dear one that walked with us  
in the shadow, but is now in the full orb of  
light. Where he stood with us viewing life  
through the limitations of external form,  
he now with clasped hands in the attitude  
of worship, with face illuminated gazes upon  
the open panorama of the inner life.

"From thwarted light" is flashed rain-  
bow hues; its inner life. Through the prism  
of death, the soul regains its inner glory.  
As the new-born colors do not go far off,  
yet are the inner life of the ray of light, so  
a soul may be in its inner life, though  
standing by the side of its deserted body.  
When we think of the marvelous beauty  
and wonders of our genius has drawn from  
this dark clod of matter, having penetrated  
its density and wrested from it its secret of  
forces transforming the earth from barren  
primitive wastes, into a world of beauty, we  
are filled with wonder and admiration, but  
that admiration becomes a peaceful glow of  
ecstasy now that spiritual science has kept  
pace with material progress and caps the  
dome of its splendid attainments by a  
knowledge of this infinite realm of spirit,  
of causation, of which matter is the outer-  
most rim, the farthest removed from un-  
ending existence, the terminus in the jour-  
ney of existence, the wilderness of explora-  
tion from which we return to home and the  
soul's native surroundings.

The ignorant savage shrinks from the  
approach of one of the great civilizing agen-  
cies—the locomotive speeding upon its  
smooth iron track as a monster of evil; but  
the arisen son of intelligence never tires of  
admiring its grandeur that seems almost hu-  
man. So we in our ignorance shrink from  
and saw all manner of horrors when the  
death messenger approached upon its noise-  
less track and halted at our station for a  
brief moment to take passage from out the  
world's shadow-land into the realm of un-  
changing substance.

With our widened spiritual perception,  
looking through the open window of the  
soul—its religious nature—we stand around  
this lifeless body with a peaceful, trusting  
awe, as we know he has taken passage upon  
God's chariot,—the unceasing current of  
change,—through which worlds and sys-  
tems, and suns are born, die and reappear  
again. "A power which builds, unbills  
and builds again," it having simply re-  
moved the life—that never dies—for life  
cannot die, from its relation to, or control  
of, its temporary mechanism of matter, as  
loving a process as when his spirit gathered  
from material substance a body and through  
it presented itself in this life to loving  
hands and endearing hearts.

Forms great and small alike disappear.  
But life is ever renewed, ever steps to higher glory.  
Goes down in night to awaken with the rosy dawn.  
Strengthened in the vigor of use through each  
change.  
Even as the sun in its returning solstice each night  
disappears beyond the western hills,  
To rise with lengthened day and added power to re-  
new the earth, with the magic of its chemistry.

Science has shown the grandeur and se-  
curity of this law of unceasing change,  
when it tells us how worlds are born in  
Nebula, grow through tremendous commo-  
tion to be covered with forms of beauty that  
commend and command the soul to worship,  
then decay, having filled a use in the up-  
building of nature, to again reappear after  
ages of time, without an atom lost or a  
molecule destroyed throughout this mighty  
change in God's chemical laboratory whose  
domain covers universes still untold. We  
think of our dear friend, whose mantle,  
whose covering only lies before us, as still  
vitalized in sympathetic, loving tenderness,  
charitableness, good-will only to all, noth-  
ing lovely having departed from him, or he  
departed from us. The cord of sympathy  
that binds, forever binds; union of spirit  
is God's chemistry expressed in human  
souls as kindred atom holds to kindred  
atom. We are in the presence of no dark  
monster, but only one of the myriad, count-  
less changes of this loving energy called by  
us God. This can be but one of his happy  
methods; for, remove from over us the  
cloud of ignorance that casts a shadow of  
gray night or inky darkness and we see it  
touches no form with ruthless hand, blots  
out the bloom of no life, only that it may  
blossom with richer shading, and sweeter  
fragrance.

Scarcely a spiritual teacher of whatever  
name or faith, but on such occasions as this  
refer to the nearness to us of the departed.  
As our civilization advances we add to faith  
knowledge, and the inquiring spirit of the  
age wonders how life detached from the  
body can be so real, while beyond the sense  
of recognition. Electricians can charge a  
metallic plate constructed for that purpose,  
with a sufficient amount of electricity to  
supply light for an ocean steamer while  
crossing the ocean. This electric potency,  
a mighty force, resides in the plate unper-  
ceived by outer sense, and known only by  
its effects, so the body becomes a receptacle  
of God's motor, the human soul, for its  
journey across the ocean of material life.  
The existence of this electric force does not  
depend upon the metallic plate, but serves  
only as the instrument for its material ex-  
pression. In this experiment is illustrated  
the necessity of the spirit, building a body  
that it may use to come in contact with  
matter, though its existence is in no  
way dependent upon matter.

The Angel of Death had approached this  
dear one, made himself known and for  
months walked by his side. He became so  
familiar with him that the message he gave  
him was of joyous import. He sweetly re-  
signed his spirit to his tender embrace, and  
awoke upon the shores of immortality,  
stood in the light of this divine glory and  
the soft atmosphere of its love, while loving  
souls that had passed through earth's dis-  
cipline, its pains and afflictions, its loves  
and sunny hours, and gone on before, reached  
out loving hands, leaned over him with  
smiling faces so tender that the sadness of  
lonely hearts left behind might well turn to  
joy as they think of the great blessing that  
has come to him. In abiding trust he  
stepped across into the borderland of souls  
with as much freshness of spirit as a de-  
lightful rambler would step across a rivulet  
with its murmuring music, as it ripples on  
overshadowed by rich foliage of forest  
shade.

PERSONAL.  
Based upon an acquaintance of a number  
of years, I can speak knowingly of some  
of the many characteristics in nobility and  
worth of our dear departed friend and  
brother. Some kind of a message has every  
human soul to the world. While moral  
cowardice, like a mildew, is a blight upon  
the fair face of humanity, he delivered his  
message without equivocation, which was  
always for a broader, larger, grander life,  
to throw open the avenues for thought in  
politics, in religious belief, in science, that  
the currents from a limitless ocean of truth  
may have free flow into the minds of men.  
That no truth is limited to a belief, but be-  
liefs should ever change to admit a higher  
truth.

This integrity to his own soul—to its  
individualization—which is the crowning  
glory in human character,—caused him to  
stand somewhat alone, open to criticism:  
It thought in the company of all great  
minds that move the world in ideas, still his  
blameless life as a citizen and neighbor  
gave him universal respect among them.  
He was one that swelled in a marked de-  
gree the volume of human worth. Though  
a solid, substantial citizen, interested in the  
material prosperity of the community, still

his thought was not limited to that alone.  
He was a standard bearer of the incoming  
thoughts of this, the most marvelous age  
known to history.

As no one could pass or enter his home  
in its perfection of neatness and order with-  
out profiting by it as an example, so his  
breadth of thought, his cosmopolitan na-  
ture inculcated all who came in contact  
with him, with aspirations for growth, for  
culture, for more manliness. This man  
would not ask to be forgiven for his sins.  
He would say: "If by injustice to any-  
one, I have earned ten stripes, let me have  
them; then I can stand before the bar of my  
own soul and feel the pulsation of manhood,  
while to ask for forgiveness would be  
cringing sycophancy, forever haunting like  
a shadow, before the sunlight of eternal,  
unremitting justice." Generous, moral  
thought is the potency that leavens human-  
ity, without which no soul can progress or  
nations blossom into the products of God's  
power and purpose. His attitude of men-  
tality and balance was such that he received  
inspirations flowing toward the world that  
is just above the strata of conflict where dis-  
order is seen to ultimate in harmony. He  
saw great possibilities for man, and would  
remove all obstructions to their expression.  
He belonged to the advance guard of hu-  
manity, who open up the highways for its  
progress. He listened to the voice of the  
mountains that invites man to come up high-  
er, using his influence for the spread of all  
reforms that tended to make mankind more  
temperate, more moral and to exemplify all  
its virtues. He worshipped upon the sunny  
slopes where the beauty and divinity of all  
nature is seen; with the potency of an in-  
finite will within its manifestation.

Bound by no creed, he was free to live in  
the inexhaustible store of spirituality and  
religious thought, that he believed must be  
above all finite statements. It permitted  
him to know how persistently the angels  
had worked through psychologic laws, to  
make themselves known to mortals, to thus  
clear away for us the last mists of doubt of  
a future life. This demonstration of spirit  
return was life's crowning blessing, as he  
passed its zenith—where more than man  
material aspiration bud for blossoming, and  
man in the journey of existence begins to  
look over toward the terminus of this nar-  
row island of material life that is but a  
dot upon the shoreless ocean of existence,  
to know that this loving pulsating life, is  
not in the dark hopeless philosophy of  
materialism, dissolved; but only drops its  
mantle, its covering, its implement of tem-  
porary use, to go forth in broader range  
of use, to cover wider spaces in human en-  
deavor, even as the zinc and copper plate  
as it dissolves in the acid is quickened,  
going forth like throbbing life to traverse  
the earth in the form of electric force. With  
this conviction of the security of the human  
soul, that death only changes its state of  
being, to the dear ones left he says not  
good-by, but good-night, and like *Mohamed*  
—as he breathed his last, lying upon the  
bosom of his loving wife, looking upward  
"Fellow citizens, I come among you."

REMARKS AT THE GRAVE.  
The tomb is not a blind alley but a  
thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to  
open in the dawn, and the last kind act  
left for us to extend to our dear friend and  
neighbor, is to tenderly deposit his body  
where its Mother Earth can enfold it, lov-  
ingly embrace it, receiving back again the  
elements she so gladly furnished for the use  
of the spirit while crossing this narrow  
island of material life—a dot on the limit-  
less line of existence, where we but touch  
one shore and quickly bid adieu as we em-  
bark from the other. As the white sails of  
his light boat fills with the breeze and sets  
toward the shores of heaven; family, kindred  
and life-long friends waft adieu as he re-  
cedes from view, of deep regard, of love  
pure as gems of light and enduring as eter-  
nity. As his eyes close upon the dear ones  
left behind we breathe a prayer of gratitude  
that they open to the thrilling touch of  
loving ones gone before, while his ear catches  
the sweet words of their congratulations.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

ONE HOUR.

By T. D. CURTIS.

"Could ye not watch with me one hour!"  
Asked Jesus in regretful tone;  
"I leave ye to sleep's seductive power!"  
I heard my agony alone.  
With all the love and sympathy  
They felt for him, they could not wait;  
What'er his mental we might be,  
They slept—and left him to his fate.

Companion, teacher, faithful friend,  
Foreseeing that his end was nigh,  
He only asked that they would spend  
One hour with him before he died;  
"Would soften the approach of doom—  
Subdue the thoughts of torturing death;  
But in the shadow of the tomb,  
The twelve disciples slumbered!"

"Tis ever thus. The yielding flesh  
Forever bows to drowsy ease,  
And leaves in sin's and sorrow's mesh  
The suffering Christ upon his knees.  
Men know the right and see the wrong,  
And yet are so indifferent still  
That they go slumbering along  
And let their fellows suffer ill."

And so the martyrs, one by one—  
Sometimes in groups—are crucified,  
Because the watchers have not done  
Their duty, and the flesh denied;  
They slumber while their fellows weep;  
When trials come, they do not dare;  
The world would much prefer to sleep  
Than watch with Christ while bowed in prayer.

The Church a soulless prayer lifts up,  
But nods and yawns as it begins;  
Then leaves to Christ the bitter cup,  
And goes to sleep in all its sins.  
The state is full of selfish schemes,  
Unmindful of all things beside;  
While Church and State are wrapt in dreams,  
The Saviors all are crucified.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

SOME SOLID SPIRITUAL SPECU-  
LATIONS.

BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.

Life is continuous. The flowers spring  
up each year, blossoms produce seed, and  
return to the soil. A child is born, and its  
spirit at once commences to develop its pos-  
sibilities. Its body undergoes, as the sci-  
entists say, a complete transformation every  
seven years. The particles composing its  
physical body are renewed completely in  
that time. Nothing can be absolutely lost.  
The old particles which have been removed  
are yet in existence somewhere in a different  
form or forms. There is, and can be no  
more matter in the world to-day, than there  
was a hundred or a thousand years ago. It  
has simply undergone a change. By the term  
"world" is included the whole material uni-  
verse. We are living upon dead men's bod-  
ies, and environments, or dead animal's bod-  
ies. The air we breathe has passed through  
other lung-cells hundreds, yea, thousands of  
times, and as we emit it from our lungs it  
will be purified and pass through millions of  
beings yet unborn. The sunlight, too, is  
used over and over many times. Each fixed  
star as it twinkles in the vault of heaven,  
has impinged its slender light upon us, and  
been absorbed into our physical body. We  
move in a sphere of action mainly controlled  
by outside influences, and we are truly a  
part of the universe; for, there is nothing  
external to the universe, since whatever ex-  
ists is contained in the universe, accord-  
ing to Ocellus Lucanus, an old Greek phi-  
losopher. The universe has always existed,  
and will always exist. Progression is the  
law of the celestial bodies, as well as this  
earthly body. The planets revolve in their  
orbits with slight variations. Even the fixed  
stars are moving and changing their posi-  
tions. The asteroids, too, are continually  
breaking into pieces, and falling into space;  
and we are lost in admiration as we observe  
flashing meteors pursuing their short and  
swift course, and disappearing in the sky at  
night.

But let us now change our speculations,  
and turn our attention to man, the micro-  
cosm, and read what history has recorded as  
to the beliefs and teachings of divine men in  
the past. The bible squarely says, "God  
made man in his own image and breathed  
the breath of life into him, and he became a  
living soul." Paul says there was a terres-  
trial body and a celestial body. We have  
now seen that man has a twofold nature.

Next, we find the barbarians teaching  
strange doctrines and worshiping many gods,  
even animals, birds and vegetables. Others  
erect images representing their ideas of Di-  
vinity.  
Looking back through the door of his-  
tory—Egypt—we find these ancient people  
believing and teaching the transmigration of  
the soul through animals, and preserving their  
earthly body for future habitation. Pytha-  
goras taught re-incarnation in the ear-  
liest ages. Then Socrates, Aristotle and  
Plato elaborated the system, and Greece be-  
came a powerful and intelligent nation, ex-  
celling all others in sculpture, the fine arts,  
oratory and literature. Christianity came  
afterwards and soon developed a religion  
which is still flourishing. It is not founded  
on reason, fact, or philosophy. Its touch-  
stone is, "Believe," and be saved, or "dis-  
believe" in Christ, and be eternally lost.  
Mahomet came five hundred years later,  
teaching Unitarianism, and Mahomet as a  
prophet. With the sword, his followers almost  
overcame the whole world. Christianity was  
only saved by the valor of Charles Martel  
and his Christian army.

Now we turn to the nineteenth century.  
Materialism and atheism is and has been  
making great headway. The Christian  
church had lost its power and reputation by  
its persecutions. It is eternally damned by  
reason of its horrible inquisitions in the  
past. The spawn of the inquisitors is yet  
endeavoring to capture the world through  
the instrumentality of the Roman Pontiff,  
only lately shorn of temporal power, claim-  
ing that he is in verity the real vicegerent  
of Christ upon earth. These Jesuits argue  
that if Christ was ever required to live upon  
earth, he is always necessary or a viceger-  
ent to represent him, else the world cannot  
be saved. But happily the last victims of  
this vicegerent's inquisitions perished in  
1826, a Jew and a Quaker schoolmaster in  
Spain.

Nearly forty years ago a new truth burst  
into the world. Spiritualism was born, and  
has now arrived at ripe manhood. While in  
many sections of the world it is not popular,  
yet it has steadily gained adherents and ad-  
vocates. Its truth crushes the hardest  
headed materialist, and assuages the mock-  
ed church member in his anxiety for his de-  
parted friends, loosening the hold of priest-  
craft and superstition upon his beclouded  
soul. The church answers that man is im-  
mortal, if he believe in its teachings, and  
blindly trusts the priest to intercede with  
Christ for him. Spiritualism unmasks this  
fallacy, and shows to man that there is no  
redemption from sin through Christ or any  
other prophet.

But after so many years of light, new  
truths are evolved to the honest seekers after  
them. I mean soul embodiment, and the  
continuity of life previous to birth, as after  
death. "Thus we lead them through cycles  
of time, until their experiences on earth are  
complete," says a guardian spirit through a  
noted medium. Is this life all? Can we  
obtain an equal experience in one life? Must

some individuals only have misery here and  
no corresponding happiness? God is just.  
You need the exact experience you are un-  
dergoing to prepare you for the next stage  
of existence. Life is like unto a chain.  
Each link is an embodiment in the physical  
form on this earth, until the soul is fitted for  
higher and holier experiences. Do not let  
the idea of annihilation frighten you from  
investigating this keystone of the structure  
of all philosophy, religion or experience.  
Every night when we close our eyes in sleep,  
we are annihilated! Sleep is the image of  
death. Death unlocks the door that leads  
us into fields for higher experiences. The  
ancient Greeks taught that women were not  
immortal. Why? Because a woman is only  
the fragment, or half of a perfect soul,  
struggling to find the other semi-sphere of a  
soul. Let us fearlessly approach this sub-  
ject, laying aside all prejudices, and reason  
together. The soul is immortal, has no be-  
ginning or ending, and cannot be annihila-  
ted. Then we must have lived in some  
state before birth. This idea is not repul-  
sive. It is acceptable to our reason, and  
so far we can agree in harmony; but when  
we come to the question of whether after  
death we can again re-enter the flesh, then a  
repugnance is exhibited. We want to live  
in a spiritual world along with our earthly  
friends, as we lived with them here, only  
that our miseries shall be turned into hap-  
piness. The Christians want to stand around  
a throne with tin or brass horns in their  
hands, praising Christ, and associating with  
their old elders, priests, etc.

What is the difference then? We are cre-  
ating a spiritual world by our desires, not  
from what comes from the Spirit-world, or  
has been taught by the greatest philosophers  
and thinkers like Plato. No, my spiritual  
friends, we have as yet but got to the letter  
"A" in the alphabet of Spiritualism. Re-  
incarnation, dual existences, fraternity of  
souls, embodiments on other planets, and  
spirit control are subjects yet to be studied  
and accepted before we are ready for new  
and higher truth. We, who have so long  
been in spiritual darkness, are not strong  
enough to stand the clearer rays of divine  
truth scintillating from the spiritual spheres.  
The Presbyterians are re-forming their creed,  
because a bright missionary came back from  
Asia, and said he could not convert the  
heathens with such a creed, and a new one  
must be found. These heathens asked this  
missionary if all men who disbelieved in  
Christ would be eternally damned, and re-  
main in hell. "Yes," said the missionary.  
Then they inquired where their millions of  
forefathers were? He dare not say in hell,  
but said those that had an opportunity to ac-  
cept Christ, and did not do so, were damned.

Now let us form a new creed in Spiritual-  
ism. Adopt this theory of soul-embodi-  
ment, and then apply it to the great prob-  
lem of life. Will it not solve all the pres-  
ent problems, and make God Almighty a  
just God? All can have an opportunity of  
being rich, of being great, of being learned,  
and of enjoying life in this world and pro-  
gressing to future life in the spheres. Let  
us all have another chance to win in this  
great game of life on this planet. A man  
that dies on the gallows, then will have an  
opportunity to return and be re-incarnated  
as a doctor of divinity or a philanthropist.  
This theory is not new. It is as old as  
the Egyptian pyramids, or the very moun-  
tains. More people to-day on this earth be-  
lieve it than disbelieve it. It certainly is  
not the vapors of an addled-brain. Socrates  
died proclaiming this truth. The divine  
Plato elaborated it, and many of the public  
mediums teach it.

For The Progressive Thinker.

DAMNED, DAMNED, ETERNALLY  
DAMNED.

PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

The Rev. Father McCanna, a Roman  
Catholic priest, preached in Joliet lately,  
to the following effect:

He warned parents against sending their  
children to the American public schools,  
saying that if they did they would be lost,  
and when asked on the judgment day,  
"What have you done with the little ones  
I gave you?" the awful reply would come,  
"Damned, damned, all eternally damned."  
He said that the American public-school  
system was immoral, unjust, and uncon-  
stitutional, that the result of education in  
the public schools was paupers, lunatics, and  
criminals, Communists, Socialists, and  
Anarchists, and parents might as well send  
their children to the jails and penitentiaries  
at once, as education in the public schools  
ended there.

This papal priest was a little more intem-  
perate in his language than his superiors  
may like, and he may get a gentle hint to  
curb his vituperative zeal. Nevertheless,  
there are many clergy of his church who  
think in private what he says in public. It  
is worth while therefore to ask this reverend  
railer two questions.

First, where does he get his information  
as to this dialogue which is to be held on  
the judgment day? Has he, like Moses,  
been communing with the Lord of Hosts?  
Or did the Superior of his order, or some  
bishop tell him about this "awful reply?"  
Or has he been putting words into the  
mouth of the Great Jehovah, for which little  
performance he may have to give an account  
at the judgment day? Where, even in the  
formal deliverances of the teachers of his  
own sect does he find it stated that hope-  
less damnation befalls all children who go to  
public schools? There are a large number

of Roman Catholics in this city and else-  
where, apparently devout church members,  
who were educated in the public schools.  
Is hell gaping for them? How does he  
know it?

Secondly, will the reverend gentleman  
favor the public with statistics on this point?  
Parochial schools have been open in this  
country for about a hundred years. How  
have their pupils compared with those of  
the American public schools for morality,  
honesty, truth, and good citizenship?  
What percentage of criminals and hoodlars  
has been turned out by the Catholic paro-  
chial and what by the American free schools?  
Of the prisoners in Joliet sent from cities  
like Chicago, where there are parochial  
schools, how many were educated in them,  
and how many in the public schools?

Of the Aldermen of the City of Chicago,  
how many owe their instruction in morality  
to the parochial schools, and how do those  
there educated compare as to hoodlarding  
those who were trained in the public schools?  
In Philadelphia there are comparatively few  
parochial schools. In New York there are  
a great many. How many of the Tammany  
crowd were educated in them? While the  
Aldermen of Philadelphia are not saints,  
how do they compare with those of New  
York? Which set has done the most  
hoodlarding?

What statesmen, what philanthropists,  
what exampers of virtue or morality have  
come from the parochial schools? For  
what great men is America indebted to  
them? What Lincolns, or Garfields, or  
Edisons, or Peabodys have they turned out?  
They have taught hundreds of thousands of  
children. Who among them has climbed  
high the ladder of fame? What have been  
the fruits of this parochial school which  
the Rev. Father McCanna praises so highly  
and who consigns all children to hell if  
they eat of the fruit of the American public  
school tree?

The above, from the *Chicago Tribune*,  
illustrates what is going on in the Catholic  
Church. Always intolerant, vicious,  
aggressive, and relentlessly determined,  
from time to time its voice is raised, startling  
those of a liberal turn of mind, and awaken-  
ing them to a sense of the danger that seems  
to be at their very threshold. Patriotic  
Americans, Spiritualists, Liberalists, and  
Free Thinkers, awaken, or you will eventu-  
ally realize that the Romish snake will so  
arrange its coils that you will have serious  
trouble in breaking them. Danger Signals  
should be raised in every voting precinct of  
the United States. F. D.

## ORIGIN OF DEATH.

It is to the Advantage of the Species  
that Individuals Should Die.

From the dawn of life, "says a writer in  
Longman's Magazine, the structures best  
adapted to surrounding conditions have been  
victors; whatever features have proved use-  
ful have been seized upon by natural selec-  
tion and secured dominance. The enorm-  
ous mass of the lower forms have persisted  
to this day, because the balance established  
between them and their surroundings has  
remained unaltered. But whenever the bal-  
ance between living things and their sur-  
roundings has been disturbed, new demands  
have been made upon them, to which they  
responded, or, failing that response, per-  
ished. Hence it is in the first complexity of  
structure, the first departure from simplicity,  
that the seeds of death were sown. For  
that death becomes a necessity. So far as  
its occurrence by natural causes is concerned,  
we know that as organisms get older (al-  
though this applies more to animals than to  
plants, in which the cells as they become  
liquefied or converted into wood, are over-  
laid with new cells) their power of work and  
of renewal is lessened. The cells which  
form the vital fabric of tissues are worn by  
continual use; the waste exceeds the repair,  
and death ultimately ensues, "because a  
worn-out tissue can not forever renew itself  
and because a capacity for increase by means  
of cell division is not everlasting, but fi-  
nite." Why there should be this limit to  
cell division we can not say, but it is clear  
that with the modifications of organs ac-  
cording to the work which they discharge  
there results a subtler structure which is less  
easy to repair and is shorter of duration. The  
one-celled organisms have found salvation  
in simplicity. We are, therefore, driven to  
the conclusion that since there is, *prima facie*,  
no reason why growth should be  
limited or why function should come to an  
end, death must have been brought about  
by natural selection, which determines sur-  
vival or extinction from the standpoint of  
utility alone. There needs no showing that  
it is to the advantage of the species that in-  
dividuals should die. Their immortality  
would be harmful all around, nay, impossi-  
ble, unless vigor remain unimpaired, and the  
multiplication of offspring does not overtake  
the means of subsistence. "For it is evi-  
dent," as Mr. Russel Wallace remarks in a  
note which he has contributed to Dr. Weis-  
man's essay, "that when one or more in-  
dividuals have provided a sufficient number of  
successors, they themselves, as consumers  
of nourishment in a constantly increasing de-  
gree, are an injury to those successors.  
Natural selection, therefore, weeds them out,  
and in many cases favor such races as die  
almost immediately after they have left suc-  
cessors," as, e. g., among the male bees,  
the drone perishing while pairing, death  
being due to sudden nervous shock."



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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

## PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

## Strange Revelations Through Dreams.

Such stuff as dreams are made of may at times be of most substantial quality. In fact, the mind appears more active and capable when asleep than while awake, of receiving the strength from a superior source. The symbolism which sometimes accompanies dreams, is beautifully illustrated in the following:

A bunch of white crape hung on the door at 18 Winter street, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8. Inside the house a young Polish woman, Susan Molafsky, was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. Her four months' old baby had died. To the neighbors Mrs. Molafsky said that a short time before the birth of the child she dreamed that she and some friends were looking at the sky, when she saw a white thing in the air fly around like a charmed bird, that could not get away from his charmer. It gradually came downward until she made it out to be a white dove. It came on down gradually making its graceful rounds shorter and shorter, until it fluttered to her face and lit upon her shoulder. In a few days her child was born. About a week ago Mrs. Molafsky had another remarkable dream, but this time the snowy white dove took its departure from her shoulder, and, fluttering around and around, it ascended higher and higher into the azure blue, until it was lost to sight. She thought nothing more of the occurrence until Friday, when the death of the child recalled the two dreams.

Had this lady dreamed that her child would be born and die, the shock would have been so great before the communication was half received that she would have awakened, and it would have been impossible to have finished. The emblem of a dove engaged her fancy, and while conveying no meaning to her passive mind, was easily translated when the waking powers were active.

In further illustration is a dream related by Mary H. Watkins, of Ypsilanti, Mich. "I dreamed that I was standing on the shore of a large lake or sea, with a wall extending for some distance along the bank between myself and the edge of the water. Suddenly I became conscious that people were hurrying around the nearest end of the wall, and I knew that something had happened. But when I attempted to follow the crowd, I could not move. I was powerless under the terrible realization that some one dear to me, I knew not who, lay drowned on the other side.

"Just then I awoke, weeping bitterly. All that morning I was oppressed by a feeling of impending evil, a feeling that I struggled unsuccessfully to throw off, as having its source in the unreal experience of a few hours previous.

"On my return from school that noon I found the household in a state of great agitation, caused by the receipt of a dispatch from a friend in Chicago, saying that the Sea Bird had burned on Lake Michigan that morning; that Steve, my brother, was among the passengers, and was supposed to have perished. As my mother broke the sad tidings to me she hastened to add: 'But we do not think that Steve is lost, for he is a splendid swimmer; always self-possessed.'

"Oh, but he is lost, he is drowned, I know it, and that is why I had that terrible dream. And I could receive no consolation.

"I then related my dream, and the intensity of my belief in the truth of it so affected the rest of the family that I think their loss of hope dated upon the telling of my tale. A few sorrowful days, and the uncertainty was ended, my dream was a reality.

"My brother cared more for me than for any one else in the world."

Those who exalt telepathy or thought-transference may see in this instance the intense thought of a brother in mortal peril transferred to the sister's mind; but how much more rational that the spirit of that brother, finding itself freed from bodily restraint, came to the sister he loved best in the world, and while unable to make his thoughts or presence fully known to her, yet prepared her for the terrible news she was soon to hear.

In contrast to this, as an instance when thought-transference is the most probable explanation, we give the following dream, as related by Mrs. Chase, Topeka, Kansas. The old adage, so often verified, of "the devil is near when you are talking about him." There is no doubt but our thoughts go far from us, and may be received by those prepared by sensitiveness. All spirit-communication, whether occurring in or out of the physical body, depends on impressibility, and consequently no one theory will embrace all the facts. It is unwise to enlarge any one field at the expense of another. If we refer facts of thought-transference to spirit-agency, we weaken instead of strengthen that explanation. It is better to take what may be called the lesser explanation, rather than the greater, arising to that when all others fail. In this manner, the facts retained for that quarter are unimpeachable, and if they are few in number, they have exceedingly greater value. Besides, the facts of spirit-communication are so voluminous, it may readily span all that in any wise are questionable, and yet retain vastly more than is required for demonstration.

"I dreamed it was morning, and that I had gone down stairs and was near my stove, in front of it, and that I heard some one coming down the stairs with a heavy step. Turning my head, there stood in the doorway my sister's husband, and he told me that she had just been confined, and wanted me immediately. I awoke my husband and told him my dream. On discovering that it was morning, and very late, we forgot the dream in our hurry, and I told my husband I would run down to the kitchen and make the fire while he was dressing, and gain a little time thereby. I went down without any thought of my dream, and was starting the fire when I heard heavy steps on the stairs. I turned my head just as I dreamed, and there in the doorway stood my brother-in-law, who said, 'Nannie has been confined, and wants you to come immediately.' If my dream had been photographed, there would not have been a shadow of difference; the two would have made perfect twin pictures."

The finding of lost articles and solution of business difficulties is often the subject of dreams, though not as often as would be anticipated when the preoccupation of the minds of most people in worldly affairs is considered. There are friends on the other side who have yet no aspiration above the old ways of life, who take interest in human affairs, and assist in these dreams. The following illustrates what small things they may notice and consider worthy of attention:

Mrs. James Burr, on one occasion visited a store at Stepey Depot, Ct., to do some trading. She had a \$10 gold-piece, but she did not use it, having other money. On arriving home the gold-piece was missing. That night she had a dream, in which she saw the interior of the grocery store pictured plainly. In one corner stood an open box of oranges, and this seemed to attract her gaze especially. She harnessed her horse after breakfast and drove to the store. There she told of the loss of her money. She repeated her dream to the storekeeper, and asked him to look in the orange-box. He very kindly took out the fruit and there, down in the corner, lay the missing coin. Mrs. Burr then remembered that she had examined the oranges and probably had the open purse in her hand at the time.

Yet here the spiritual explanation may not be assured, although by far the most reasonable. It may be said that the lady when the coin dropped from her purse unconsciously observed it. Her eyes saw it, and the brain recorded the impression, although the consciousness was not aroused. During sleep, the mind excited by the anxiety of the loss, revived or completed the process. The brain was like a photographic plate on which an image is taken, but not developed. The image cannot be seen until brought out by the later process.

Perhaps it will be urged by zealous Spiritualists that I admit too much; that I open so many wide breaches in the wall that I might as well give the citadel over to the enemy at once. I have only to say that it is the truth we desire, not the simple defense of any theory or belief, and if we trust ourselves behind a rampart constructed of alternate blocks of truth and error, the whole will have the weakness of the most unreliable part.

In contrast, here is another dream, which introduces not only the interference of spirit-intelligence, but of prophecy of an event, given symbolically, which would appear difficult to foreknow.

"A gentleman, carrying on business in Glasgow, and not in any sense a betting man or given to horse-racing, dreamed that he had been able to build a nice house at Blair Athol by means of a sum of money won on the turf. The dream for him needed an interpreter, and as he dreamt it again, and yet again, he took courage to tell a neighbor of his what had occurred, and to ask if he could read it. 'That is easy enough,' said

his friend, who was well versed in all horse matters; 'it means that Blair Athol will win the Derby, and that if you back that horse you will win your money; and if I were you I should do so; at all events, I shall at once accept the hint and tempt fortune to do me a favor.' The gentleman who was most interested tried his fortune also, and had the satisfaction of winning his money."

The following dream is an illustration of that strange power exercised at times when the spirit becomes clairvoyant in sleep, and as it were, is transported to the scenes it witnesses. It is taken from the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and the actors are no less than "Yellowstone Kelley," and W. W. Irwin, "The Tall Pine Tree of the North."

Mr. Irwin's brother was an intimate friend of Kelly, the noted Indian scout, and introduced them at Bismark, and the two became warm friends. After a few weeks Mr. Irwin came home to St. Paul, and Kelly went West on an Indian expedition. On the night of the 9th of September Irwin dreamed of Kelly.

He arose from the bed while still asleep, and threw himself on the floor, excitedly crying out: "Kelly is in danger. The Indians are in ambush for him in the canon. There is but one way of escape. He must ride straight forward, then turn to the right and put spurs to his horse for dear life. If he does that he will escape."

A gentleman who occupied the same room was awakened.

"What is the matter?" he asked.  
"I have had a dream" was the reply.  
"Yellowstone Kelly has been in danger from the Indians. They laid in ambush for him. I can draw a map showing the only way of escape," and he took a piece of paper and drew a diagram showing where the Indians were and the only path by which escape could be made, as it had appeared in his dream. It made so vivid an impression that he was anxious for days for the fate of his friend and scout.

A few weeks later Kelly came to St. Paul and the two friends met.

"Where were you on the night of September 7?" asked Mr. Irwin.

"I had a close call on that night," was the reply, "and the saddle I sat in has a bullet in it from the redskin's gun. I was caught in the canon and almost surrounded," and then he described the lay of the land and how he had escaped by riding straight towards the Indians until he found a passage to the right through which he had ridden and escaped. The situation was exactly as dreamed by Mr. Irwin.

Parallel with this is a well-confirmed story, published in the Argus (Eng.) On the evening of the 8th of February, 1840, Mr. Nevell Norway, a Cornish gentleman, was cruelly murdered by two brothers named Lightfoot, while on his way from Bodwin to Wadebridge, the place of his residence.

His brother at that time was in command of a merchant vessel, the "Orient," on her way from Manila to Cadiz. The dream he had is thus related by him:

"Ship 'Orient,' from Manila to Cadiz. FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

"About 7:30 p. m., the island of St. Helena, N. N. W., distant about seven miles; shortened sail and rounded to with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight, set the watch and went below; wrote a letter to my brother, Nevell Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock, went to bed; fell asleep, and dreamed I saw two men attack my brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle, and snapped a pistol twice, but I heard no report; he then struck him a blow, and he fell off the horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream, there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At four o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer, Mr. Henry Wrenn, that I had had a dreadful dream—namely, that my brother Nevell was murdered by two men on the road from St. Columb to Wadebridge, but that I felt sure it could not be there, as the house there would have been on the right-hand side of the road; so that it must have been somewhere else. He replied, 'Don't think anything about it; you west-country people are so superstitious! You will make yourself miserable the remainder of the voyage.' He then left the general orders and went below. It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, at four o'clock in the morning."

"EDMUND NORWAY,  
"Chief officer ship 'Orient.'"

The murderers were captured, and confessed to every particular, as described in the dream. The only divergence was placing the house on the wrong side of the road. On strictly psychic lines this dream admits of two explanations. The first is that of the double presence, as well attested as any occurrence in this field of research; the spirit while in the body being able to go far away, and see and be seen.

The thoughts of Capt. Norway being, as he says, turned to his brother strongly by writing the letter, he might in the state he regards as sleep been actually present and seen with spiritual perception the scene of the murder. Trivial as the discrepancy of the position of the house on the right-hand side of the road instead of the left, as in the dream, may appear, it lends its evidence to this explanation, for this would depend on the direction in which his view was taken. Had he been gazing toward Colum, it would be on the right, but if in the other direction, it would be on the left.

The other theory is that the murdered man, as soon as free from his physical body, at once was attracted by the strong sympathetic thoughts sent out by his brother, and came to him and transmitted the impressions of his terrible experience with such vividness as to be taken as reality. In such discussions we must free our minds from the ideas of space, as taught by physical experience, one mile or a thousand miles, are the same for the transmission of spiritual thought.

In this culminating evidence of spirit interposition, a story is related by a correspondent of the Philadelphia press, which is fully corroborated. In 1866 a company of Federal soldiers was stationed in Cuthbert, Ga., as regulators; among them was Lieutenant Murphy, a young man remarkable for his courteousness. He had a brother in command of a similar company in Blakely.

This brother at Blakely received orders to come to Cuthbert in citizen's clothes and receive the money to pay the company for the quarter. He came, and spent the night in his brother's tent, and in the morning departed with the money. About six miles out he stopped at a neighboring farm to rest, when a farm-hand, Jim Brown, offered to show him a nearer way. The offer was accepted, and a by-path was taken to a secluded place, where the false guide at an opportune moment shot and robbed him.

The night after the murder, the dead man's brother, who was not aware that he had not reached his destination in safety, while peacefully sleeping in his tent was awakened by the fluttering of its cloth sides. He aroused himself, but could hear no other noise, and the night was clear, with a bright moonlight, and perfectly calm. He arose and walked outside, but seeing nothing, returned to his tent, and fell asleep, after an hour the same noise was repeated, and again he awoke and went outside.

Standing in the shadow of a large tree was the figure of a man beckoning him that way. When he drew nearer he discovered that it was his brother returned. He told him that he was in trouble a few miles from town and he desired him to return immediately with him to the spot. The tone and gesture were sufficient guarantee of earnestness, and the two set out at once. Silently they walked the highway together. Then they turned off through fields and woods. Now slowly they walked down the hill into the swamp when the man who was in trouble suddenly vanished and at the feet of Lieutenant Charles Murphy lay the cold stiff body of his brother.

Unable to comprehend the terrible mystery, weak and terrified, he returned to town. The young officer told his experience as best he could. A party was sent out to ascertain its truthfulness. Acting upon what had been told, it was not long before they brought in the body, and secured evidence which convicted Jim Brown of the crime. HUDSON TUTTLE.

## Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

The following are the list of speakers and conferences for July and August:

July 25, Jennie B. Hagan; 26, Hon. Sidney Dean; 27, Jennie B. Hagan and Hon. Sidney Dean; 28, Conference; 29, Lyman C. Howe.

August 1, William J. Hull; 2, Hon. Sidney Dean; 3, Lyman C. Howe and Walter Howell; 4, Conference; 5, Mrs. F. O. Hyser; 6, J. Frank Baxter; 7, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 8, J. Frank Baxter; 9, Mrs. F. O. Hyser and W. J. Colville; 10, R. S. Lillie and J. Frank Baxter; 11, Conference; 12, W. J. Colville; 13, Jennie B. Hagan; 14, Walter Howell; 15, W. J. Hull and Jennie Leys; 16, Cora L. V. Richmond and W. J. Colville; 18, Conference; 19, W. C. Warner; 20, Rev. Henry Frank; 21, Cora L. V. Richmond; 22, W. J. Colville; 23, W. C. Warner and Jennie Leys; 24, Cora L. V. Richmond and Hon. A. B. Richmond; 25, Conference; 26, Cora L. V. Richmond; 27, Hon. A. B. Richmond; 28, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 29, Walter Howell; 30, Elizabeth L. Watson; 31, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and E. L. Watson; 30, Hon. Sidney Dean; 31, Lyman C. Howe.

## Meetings in Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR:—Perhaps your readers would be interested to hear of the plans in the near future of the Spiritualists of Southwest Michigan: June 15, a local Grove Meeting will be held in Texas Township, Kalamazoo County; Hon. L. V. Moulton is the main speaker engaged.

June 22, a Quarterly Convention will be held at Lake Cora, near Paw Paw. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, formerly of the West, will gladden the hearts of her many admirers on that occasion.

August 8, a ten days' Camp Meeting will open at South Haven. Moses and Mattie Hull, and Hon. L. V. Moulton are among the speakers engaged.

Everything reasonable will be done to make these meetings interesting and profitable to those in attendance. Reduced rates on all railroads and steamboat lines, and hotels will be applied for. Friends in Chicago, can take a boat Saturday evening, enjoy the meeting on Sunday, and return home on Monday morning. A special train will leave South Haven Sunday morning in time to reach the Lake Cora meeting. More particulars later.

L. S. BURDICK,  
President of the South-West Michigan Spiritualists Association.

## ORION LAKE CAMP MEETING.

The First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan will hold their Eighth annual Camp Meeting at Orion Lake, Mich., commencing Saturday, June 14th and ending June 23d. Good speakers will be in attendance. Efficient management and ample accommodations will, as heretofore, mark the beautiful spot at Island Park, and all are cordially invited to attend. Grounds and tent room free.

S. H. EWELL, President.  
MRS. F. E. ODELL, Secretary.

## VALUABLE MINING PROPERTY.

MR. O. J. JOHNSON, lately from Redding, Cal., called at our office last week, and exhibited some specimens from the various mines there in which he is interested. Mr. Johnson is a philanthropic gentleman, and is working in the interest of humanity. The various mines which he represents are controlled exclusively by Spiritualists, and the plans which they have developed, if successfully carried out, will result in great good to the world. For particulars, address Mr. Johnson at 910 15th Ave., East Minneapolis, Minn., who will forward circulars descriptive of the mines, and give such information as is desired. G. L. S. Jennifer will represent these mining companies in Chicago. He can be addressed at 220 W. Monroe St. Alluding to these mines, the Pacific Investigator says: "The old saying that 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good' is truly exemplified by our late storms, as many small nuggets of gold have been found since the rain subsided, some of which were valued at \$250; small as compared with those that set the tide of immigration towards these shores in 1849, but still sufficiently large to make one desire to seek more of them."

## A General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

A new Spiritualist paper is to be started at Sumnerland, Cal., to be called *The Reconstructionist*, Prof. J. S. Loveland, editor. We hope it will meet with abundant success.

John William Fletcher lectures during July in Brooklyn, N. J.; in Saratoga Springs during August. All letters for next season should be addressed 142 West Sixteenth St., N. Y. city.

F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Mass., has recently been meeting with fine success in New York.

A. W. Fletcher, M. D., formerly prominent on the spiritual platform, will have a sanitarium at 26 Clinton street, Saratoga Springs; it will be open for patients June 1.

The Spiritual Society in Providence, R. I., is flourishing, and large audiences are constantly on the increase. Among the speakers have been Mr. J. W. Fletcher, Kate Stiles, Rev. E. B. Straight, and others.

Arrangements are being made for a camp-meeting at Sumnerland, Cal., to extend through October next. The leading speakers are already engaged.

*The Better Way* says: "It is a healthy sign of the times when church congregations present mediums with silver cake-baskets for telling them about Spiritualism in an inspirational address. This was done in Los Angeles, Cal., where the minister himself was present and opened service with a prayer. Mrs. Maud Lord was the fortunate medium in this instance."

Prof. D. Allen has been speaking in San Bernardino, Cal., with good results.

C. A. Reed, of Portland, Oregon, says: "When your feet have been led into temptation's flowery path, and you felt you were about to yield to its subtle influence, but ere it was too late, you have extricated yourself by your better nature and strong will-power, and you can look back and feel thankful for the escape, then you will find indeed a spiritual growth."

Edwin Lawrence, of Vineland, N. J., well says: "There are many good and pure spirits who have lived and loved things of earth, who to-day, in obedience to the great commands, are returning from the golden shore to the bright summerland, and are diligently laboring to elevate, instruct and lift up those whom they have left behind; and they not only benefit others, but they, themselves, are expanded in the grandest lessons that can engage the attention of the world's people."

W. Lacroix claims that Allan Kardec is not the founder of Modern Spiritualism, but Andrew Jackson Davis, who published "Nature's Divine Revelations," dictated to him by spirits, at the beginning of 1848.

A Missionary number of the *Two Worlds* is soon to be issued.

Great importance is attached to the Annual Lyceum Conference, which met at Oldham, Eng., May 16.

There is an Anti-Murder Community in England, composed of those who don't believe in capital punishment.

By the use of the phonograph it is now possible for a person to preach his own funeral sermon.

Moses Hull's lectures in California created widespread interest. He is well versed in the ways of old theology.

G. H. Brooks is in California. A writer says: "We have been well entertained by him while he was in San Francisco."

Victor Hugo was right when he said: "I feel myself in the future life."

The rap was the first letter in the alphabet of spiritual phenomena.

Mrs. Beasant, in a lecture lately delivered in London, Eng., endeavored to prove that Theosophy and Spiritualism are one and the same thing. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten differs with her therein.

H. Junor Browne, an Australian gentleman of note, and a Spiritualist, is at present in London.

J. E. Crossfield, of Muncie, Ind., writes: "On the 13th of June next the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists will commence its second Quarterly Meeting, to be held at Crown Point, Ind., and continue over the following Sunday. There will be present as speakers Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago; Mrs. A. H. Luther, of Crown Point, and Prof. Wm. Lockwood, of Ripon, Wis. Other speakers and mediums are expected. Crown Point is located on the Panhandle R. R., southeast of Chicago forty miles. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Luther have pledged themselves to entertain all who are from a distance, free of charge, while in attendance at the meeting. All are cordially invited."

At a seance with Mrs. Everitt, of London, a small table was seen to "walk" across the room without aid of mortal hands.

Spirits have been known to point out valuable deposits of ore.

J. J. Morse says: "As things stand it seems as if virtue and villainy are each roads by which souls can reach the arms of Jesus."

Spurgeon's sermon wherein he alludes to "A fountain filled with blood, which cleanses from all sin," is so far behind the lectures delivered by Spiritualist speakers generally, that it is lost in the dark ages of superstition and ignorance.

W. J. Colville, had been lecturing in Sacramento and Stockton, Cal.

Charles Dawbarn has been lecturing for some time in San Francisco, Cal., for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. He would now like to hear from Societies or individuals who would appreciate scientific lectures on Spiritualism. His address is San Leandro, Cal.

Twelve numbers of *Psychic Studies* by Albert Morton, have been made into one volume. Price, \$1.25. It will prove valuable for reference.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of California, is now temporarily located at Portland, Or. She held her meetings in the Tabernacle, a building capable of seating 2,500 people. She is an excellent medium.

*The Golden Gate* declares that the word Theosophy is to the front. "Well, well, where is Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast?"

D. W. Hull, of Colfax, Iowa, issues a circular, and we take therefore the following: "After seventeen years of silence, I desire again to take the field as a lecturer on reformatory subjects, including particularly, Spiritualism, Liberalism and Nationalism. The lectures on Spiritualism embrace a variety of topics on the philosophy and science of Spiritualism, and in truth is sustained from biblical evidence, showing that the manifestations of Spiritualism cannot be discarded without discarding the Bible. Liberalism will also include an unlimited number of discourses, including discussions of Vicarious Attonement, Revelation, Progression, and scientific subjects. Lectures on Nationalism, 'The Duty of our Country—What will it be? 'Wastes in Commerce and Production,' 'Crime, its Cause and Cure.' Where only one lecture is delivered in a place, no program is given. Each lecture will be complete in itself. Terms reasonable. Opportunity always given, when desired for criticism. Discussions on Spiritualism, or the Divine Inspiration of the Bible, desired."

*The Two Worlds*, of Manchester, Eng., speaks as follows of G. W. Walrond, now of this city: "Of late months Mr. Walrond has developed into a very valuable trance medium, and has been the means of giving some very convincing proofs of spirit identity; this power is most likely to grow, and so his work in this direction increases. A man of earnest soul, full of fire and yet of the gentlest nature, he has never seemed to consider his own physical condition while ministering to the wants of others. Devotion to truth may not butter bread, but it must be a splendid investment in the kingdom of the real. Not in Glasgow only Mr. Walrond be missed, but in many parts of Scotland and the North of England, where his business periodically called him, and where he drew around him all who were in love with our subject. A great number of circles for investigation have been set agoing through his labors. In Dundee and Aberdeen, and elsewhere, he has been the first real missionary for Spiritualism. The Children's Lyceums are indebted to him for taking charge of the physical instruction. Mr. Walrond, being a retired officer of the British Army, has been able to convey instruction and drill of a most useful kind. Wherever he may wander in the future years, one thing is certain—he will not let sleep the knowledge he has of Spiritualism, but will attract to the subject and bring within its borders many who at present do not see in it a thing of beauty."

*The Golden Gate* says: "Let us not lose sight of principles and becoming absorbed in our pursuit of phenomena—especially that of a physical nature, which is so notoriously mixed with fraudulent manifestations,—overlook the grand mission of Spiritualism, which is to elevate the human family above the level of animal sensuality to the lofty heights of spirituality, where the lower nature is held in subjection to the higher, and is a useful servant, not a dominating master."

The annual picnic and Sunday Assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association will be held at Lily Dale, Chautauque Co., N. Y., June 6th, 7th and 8th, 1890. Speakers, Willard J. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Jennie B. Hagan, of South Framingham, Mass. The Northwestern Orchestra, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish music Saturday and Sunday, and for dancing on Saturday evening.



Krishna Upon the Head of the Serpent. The above cut has a deep significance. It stood forth at the head of that admirable lecture by Alex. Wilder on "Serpent Symbols in Religion." That lecture alone is invaluable to every student or thoughtful person, and is itself worth the price of the subscription of the paper. Subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for 16 weeks, costing you only 25 cents, and you will receive among the number, this most excellent lecture.

## A NEW VENTURE.

*The Anthropologist*, a Journal for Thinkers, is an emanation from the fertile brains of one of the leading minds of the present age, Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan. It is under the auspices of the Buchanan Anthropological Society, which includes many leading minds, among whom are Andrew Jackson Davis, M. D., Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. James K. Applebee. We give this journal a hearty welcome to our exchange list. It will be published monthly at 60 cents a year. All donations, subscriptions, and correspondence should be addressed to the Buchanan Anthropological Society, 30 E. Brookline St., Boston, Mass.

## Spiritualists Sunday Meetings in Chicago.

A mediums' meeting at 8 o'clock at Lodge Hall, 11 Ada street, near Randolph street. Seate free.  
The Spiritualist Mediums' Society in Apollo Hall, 2730 State street, at 2:45 p. m.  
Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond lectures in Martine's Ada street hall, near Madison street, morning and evening.  
The People's Progressive Society of Spiritualists meet at 116 Fifth avenue at 2:30 p. m.  
The People's Spiritual Society meets at Brickley's Banner Hall, 93 South Peoria street, at 3:30 and 7:30 p. m.  
The Spiritualists' South Side Society meets at 18 p. m. in Patriotic Order Sons of America Hall, 12



## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.  
Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.  
Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

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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 invariably in advance:

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

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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 aid 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 Spiritualist Publishing House in the world. If One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists will subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on trial, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, and continue to make small contributions, 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 24, 1890.

## PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

## Strange Revelations Through Dreams.

Such stuff as dreams are made of may at times be of most substantial quality. In fact, the mind appears more active and capable when asleep than while awake, of receiving the strength from a superior source. The symbolism which sometimes accompanies dreams, is beautifully illustrated in the following:

A bunch of white crape hung on the door at 18 Winter street, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8. Inside the house a young Polish woman, Susan Molafsky, was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. Her four months' old baby had died. To the neighbors Mrs. Molafsky said that a short time before the birth of the child she dreamed that she and some friends were looking at the sky, when she saw a white thing in the air fly around like a charmed bird, that could not get away from its charmer. It gradually came downward until she made it out to be a white dove. It came on down gradually making its graceful rounds shorter and shorter, until it fluttered to her face and lit upon her shoulder. In a few days her child was born. About a week ago Mrs. Molafsky had another remarkable dream, but this time the snowy white dove took its departure from her shoulder, and, fluttering around and around, it ascended higher and higher into the azure blue, until it was lost to sight. She thought nothing more of the occurrence until Friday, when the death of the child recalled the two dreams.

Had this lady dreamed that her child would have been so great before the communication was half received that she would have awakened, and it would have been impossible to have finished. The emblem of a dove engaged her fancy, and while conveying no meaning to her passive mind, was easily translated when the waking powers were active.

In further illustration is a dream related by Mary H. Watkins, of Ypsilanti, Mich. "I dreamed that I was standing on the shore of a large lake or sea, with a wall extending for some distance along the bank between myself and the edge of the water. Suddenly I became conscious that people were hurrying around the nearest end of the wall, and I knew that something had happened. But when I attempted to follow the crowd, I could not move. I was powerless under the terrible realization that some one dear to me, I knew not who, lay drowned on the other side.

"Just then I awoke, weeping bitterly. All that morning I was oppressed by a feeling of impending evil, a feeling that I struggled unsuccessfully to throw off, as having its source in the unreal experience of a few hours previous.

"On my return from school that noon I found the household in a state of great agitation, caused by the receipt of a dispatch from a friend in Chicago, saying that the Sea Bird had burned on Lake Michigan that morning; that Steve, my brother, was among the passengers, and was supposed to have perished. As my mother broke the sad tidings to me she hastened to add: 'But we do not think that Steve is lost, for he is a splendid swimmer; always self-possessed.'

"Oh, but he is lost, he is drowned, I know it, and that is why I had that terrible dream. And I could receive no consolation. I then related my dream, and the intensity of my belief in the truth of it so affected the rest of the family that I think their loss of hope dated upon the telling of my tale. A few sorrowful days, and the uncertainty was ended, my dream was a reality.

"My brother cared more for me than for any one else in the world."

Those who exalt telepathy or thought-transference may see in this instance the intense thought of a brother in mortal peril transferred to the sister's mind; but how much more rational that the spirit of that brother, finding itself freed from bodily restraint, came to the sister he loved best in the world, and while unable to make his thoughts or presence fully known to her, yet prepared her for the terrible news she was soon to hear.

In contrast to this, as an instance when thought-transference is the most probable explanation, we give the following dream, as related by Mrs. Chase, Topeka, Kansas. The old adage, so often verified, of "the devil is near when you are talking about him." There is no doubt but our thoughts go far from us, and may be received by those prepared by sensitiveness. All spirit-communication, whether occurring in or out of the physical body, depends on impressibility, and consequently no one theory will embrace all the facts. It is unwise to enlarge any one field at the expense of another. If we refer facts of thought-transference to spirit-agency, we weaken instead of strengthen that explanation. It is better to take what may be called the lesser explanation, rather than the greater, hinging to that when all others fail. In this manner, the facts retained for that quarter are unimpeachable, and if they are few in number, they have exceedingly greater value. Besides, the facts of spirit-communication are so voluminous, it may readily span all that in any wise are questionable, and yet retain vastly more than is required for demonstration.

"I dreamed it was morning, and that I had gone down stairs and was near my stove, in front of it, and that I heard some one coming down the stairs with a heavy step. Turning my head, there stood in the doorway my sister's husband, and he told me that she had just been confined, and wanted me immediately. I awoke my husband and told him my dream. On discovering that it was morning, and very late, we forgot the dream in our hurry, and I told my husband I would run down to the kitchen and make the fire while he was dressing, and gain a little time thereby. I went down without any thought of my dream, and was starting the fire when I heard heavy steps on the stairs. I turned my head just as I dreamed, and there in the doorway stood my brother-in-law, who said, 'Nannie has been confined, and wants you to come immediately.' If my dream had been photographed, there would not have been a shadow of difference; the two would have made perfect twin pictures."

The finding of old articles and solution of business difficulties is often the subject of dreams, though not as often as would be anticipated when the preoccupation of the minds of most people in worldly affairs is considered. There are friends on the other side who have yet no aspiration above the old ways of life, who take interest in human affairs, and assist in these dreams. The following illustrates what small things they may notice and consider worthy of attention:

Mrs. James Burr, on one occasion visited a store at Stepien Depot, Ct., to do some trading. She had a \$10 gold-piece, but she did not use it, having other money. On arriving home the gold-piece was missing. That night she had a dream, in which she saw the interior of the grocery store pictured plainly. In one corner stood an open box of oranges, and this seemed to attract her gaze especially. She harnessed her horse after breakfast and drove to the store. There she told of the loss of her money. She repeated her dream to the storekeeper, and asked him to look in the orange-box. He very kindly took out the fruit and there, down in the corner, lay the missing coin. Mrs. Burr then remembered that she had examined the oranges and probably had the open purse in her hand at the time.

Yet here the spiritual explanation may not be assured, however by far the most reasonable. It may be said that the lady when the coin dropped from her purse unconsciously observed it. Her eyes saw it, and the brain recorded the impression, although the consciousness was not aroused. During sleep, the mind excited by the anxiety of the loss, revived or completed the process. The brain was like a photographic plate on which an image is taken, but not developed. The image cannot be seen until brought out by the later process.

Perhaps it will be urged by zealous Spiritualists that I admit too much; that I open so many wide breaches in the wall that I might as well give the citadel over to the enemy at once. I have only to say that it is the truth we desire, not the simple defense of any theory or belief, and if we trust ourselves behind a rampart constructed of alternate blocks of truth and error, the whole will have the weakness of the most unreliable part.

In contrast, here is another dream, which introduces not only the interference of spirit-intelligence, but of prophecy of an event, given symbolically, which would appear difficult to foreknow.

"A gentleman, carrying on business in Glasgow, and not in any sense a betting man or given to horse-racing, dreamed that he had been able to build a nice house at Blair Athol by means of a sum of money won on the turf. The dream for him needed an interpreter, and as he dreamt it again, and yet again, he took courage to tell a neighbor of his what had occurred, and to ask if he could read it. 'That is easy enough,' said

his friend, who was well versed in all horse matters; 'it means that Blair Athol will win the Derby, and that if you back that horse you will win your money; and if I were you I should do so; at all events, I shall at once accept the hint and tempt fortune to do me a favor.' The gentleman who was most interested tried his fortune also, and had the satisfaction of winning his money."

The following dream is an illustration of that strange power exercised at times when the spirit becomes clairvoyant in sleep, and as it were, is transported to the scenes it witnesses. It is taken from the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and the actors are no less than "Yellowstone Kelley," and W. W. Irwin, "The Tall Pine Tree of the North."

Mr. Irwin's brother was an intimate friend of Kelly, the noted Indian scout, and introduced them at Bismark, and the two became warm friends. After a few weeks Mr. Irwin came home to St. Paul, and Kelly went West on an Indian expedition. On the night of the 9th of September Irwin dreamed of Kelly.

He arose from the bed while still asleep, and threw himself on the floor, excitedly crying out: 'Kelly is in danger. The Indians are in ambush for him in the canon. There is but one way of escape. He must ride straight forward, then turn to the right and put spurs to his horse for dear life. If he does that he will escape.'

A gentleman who occupied the same room was awakened.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I have had a dream" was the reply. "Yellowstone Kelly has been in danger from the Indians. They laid in ambush for him. I can draw a map showing the only way of escape," and he took a piece of paper and drew a diagram showing where the Indians were and the only path by which escape could be made, as it had appeared in his dream. It made so vivid an impression that he was anxious for days for the fate of his friend and scout.

A few weeks later Kelly came to St. Paul and the two friends met.

"Where were you on the night of September 7?" asked Mr. Irwin.

"I had a close call on that night," was the reply, "and the saddle I sat in has a bullet in it from the redskin's gun. I was caught in the canon and almost surrounded," and then he described the lay of the land and how he had escaped by riding straight towards the Indians until he found a passage to the right through which he had ridden and escaped. The situation was exactly as dreamed by Mr. Irwin.

Parallel with this is a well-confirmed story, published in the Argus (Eng.). On the evening of the 8th of February, 1840, Mr. Nevell Norway, a Cornish gentleman, was cruelly murdered by two brothers named Lightfoot, while on his way from Bodwin to Wadebridge, the place of his residence.

His brother at that time was in command of a merchant vessel, the 'Orient,' on her way from Manilla to Cadiz. The dream he had is thus related by him:

"Ship 'Orient,' from Manilla to Cadiz.

FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

"About 7:30 P. M., the island of St. Helena, N. P., distant about seven miles; shortened sail and rounded to with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight, set the watch and went below; wrote a letter to my brother, Nevell Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock, went to bed; fell asleep, and dreamed I saw two men attack my brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle, and snapped a pistol twice, but I heard no report; he then struck him a blow, and he fell off the horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream, there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At four o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer, Mr. Henry Wrenn, that I had had a dreadful dream—namely, that my brother Nevell was murdered by two men on the road from St. Columb to Wadebridge, but that I felt sure it could not be there, as the house there would have been on the right-hand side of the road; so that it must have been somewhere else. He replied, 'Don't think anything about it; you west-country people are so superstitious! You will make yourself miserable the remainder of the voyage.' He then left the general orders and went below. It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, at four o'clock in the morning."

EDMUND NORWAY.

"Chief officer ship 'Orient.'"

The murderers were captured, and confessed to every particular, as described in the dream. The only divergence was placing the house on the wrong side of the road. On strictly psychic lines this dream admits of two explanations. The first is that of the double presence, as well attested as any occurrence in this field of research; the spirit while in the body being able to go far away, and see and be seen.

The thoughts of Capt. Norway being, as he says, turned to his brother strongly by writing the letter, he might in the state he regards as sleep been actually present and seen with spiritual perception the scene of the murder. Trivial as the discrepancy of the position of the house on the right-hand side of the road instead of the left, as in the dream, may appear, it lends its evidence to this explanation, for this would depend on the direction in which his view was taken. Had he been gazing toward Columb, it would be on the right, but if in the other direction, it would be on the left.

The other theory is that the murdered man, as soon as free from his physical body, at once was attracted by the strong sympathetic thoughts sent out by his brother, and came to him and transmitted the impressions of his terrible experience with such vividness as to be taken as reality.

In such discussions we must free our minds from the ideas of space, as taught by physical experience, one mile or a thousand miles, are the same for the transmission of spiritual thought.

In this culminating evidence of spirit-interposition, a story is related by a correspondent of the Philadelphia press, which is fully corroborated. In 1866 a company of Federal soldiers was stationed in Cuthbert, Ga., as regulators; among them was Lieutenant Murphy, a young man remarkable for his courteseness. He had a brother in command of a similar company in Blakely.

This brother at Blakely received orders to come to Cuthbert in citizen's clothes and receive the money to pay the company for the quarter. He came, and spent the night in his brother's tent, and in the morning departed with the money. About six miles out he stopped at a neighboring farm to rest, when a farm-hand, Jim Brown, offered to show him a nearer way. The offer was accepted, and a by-path was taken to a secluded place, where the false guide at an opportune moment shot and robbed him.

The night after the murder, the dead man's brother, who was not aware that he had not reached his destination in safety, while peacefully sleeping in his tent was awakened by the fluttering of its cloth sides. He aroused himself, but could hear no other noise, and the night was clear, with a bright moonlight, and perfectly calm. He arose and walked outside, but seeing nothing, returned to his tent, and fell asleep, after an hour the same noise was repeated, and again he awoke and went outside.

Standing in the shadow of a large tree was the figure of a man beckoning him that way. When he drew nearer he discovered that it was his brother returned. He told him that he was in trouble a few miles from town and he desired him to return immediately with him to the spot. The tone and gesture were sufficient guarantee of earnestness, and the two set out at once. Silently they walked the highway together. Then they turned off through fields and woods. Now slowly they walked down the hill into the swamp when the man who was in trouble suddenly vanished and at the feet of Lieutenant Charles Murphy lay the cold stiff body of his brother.

Unable to comprehend the terrible mystery, weak and terrified, he returned to town. The young officer told his experience as best he could. A party was sent out to ascertain its truthfulness. Acting upon what had been told, it was not long before they brought in the body, and secured evidence which convicted Jim Brown of the crime.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

## Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

The following are the list of speakers and conferences for July and August:

July 25, Jennie B. Hagan; 26, Hon. Sidney Dean; 27, Jennie B. Hagan and Hon. Sidney Dean; 28, Conference; 29, Lyman C. Howe.

August 1, Willard J. Hull; 2, Hon. Sidney Dean; 3, Lyman C. Howe and Walter Howell; 4, Conference; 5, Mrs. F. O. Hyser; 6, J. Frank Baxter; 7, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 8, J. Frank Baxter; 9, Mrs. F. O. Hyser and W. J. Colville; 10, R. S. Lillie and J. Frank Baxter; 11, Conference; 12, W. J. Colville; 13, Jennie B. Hagan; 14, Walter Howell; 16, W. J. Hull and Jennie Leys; 17, Cora L. V. Richmond and W. J. Colville; 18, Conference; 19, W. C. Warner; 20, Rev. Henry Frank; 21, Cora L. V. Richmond; 22, W. J. Colville; 23, W. C. Warner and Jennie Leys; 24, Cora L. V. Richmond and Hon. A. B. Richmond; 25, Conference; 26, Cora L. V. Richmond; 27, Hon. A. B. Richmond; 28, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 29, Walter Howell; 30, Elizabeth L. Watson; 31, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and E. L. Watson; 30, Hon. Sidney Dean; 31, Lyman C. Howe.

## Meetings in Michigan.

To THE EDITOR:—Perhaps your readers would be interested to hear of the plans in the near future of the Spiritualists of Southwest Michigan: June 15, a local Grove Meeting will be held in Texas Township, Kalamazoo County; Hon. L. V. Moulton is the main speaker engaged.

June 22, a Quarterly Convention will be held at Lake Cora, near Paw Paw. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, formerly of the West, will gladden the hearts of her many admirers on that occasion.

August 8, a ten days' Camp Meeting will open at South Haven. Moses and Mattie Hull, and Hon. L. V. Moulton are among the speakers engaged.

Everything reasonable will be done to make these meetings interesting and profitable to those in attendance. Reduced rates on all railroads and steamboat lines, and hotels will be applied for. Friends in Chicago, can take a boat Saturday evening, enjoy the meeting on Sunday, and return home on Monday morning. A special train will leave South Haven Sunday morning in time to reach the Lake Cora meeting. More particulars later.

L. S. BURDICK, President of the South-West Michigan Spiritualists Association.

## ORION LAKE CAMP MEETING.

The First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan will hold their Eighth annual Camp Meeting at Orion Lake, Mich., commencing Saturday, June 14th and ending June 23d. Good speakers will be in attendance. Efficient management and ample accommodations will, as heretofore, mark the beautiful spot at Island Park, and all are cordially invited to attend. Grounds and tent room free.

S. H. EWELE, President.

MRS. F. E. ODELL, Secretary.

## VALUABLE MINING PROPERTY.

Mr. O. J. Johnson, lately from Redding, Cal., called at our office last week, and exhibited some specimens from the various mines there in which he is interested. Mr. Johnson is a philanthropic gentleman, and is working in the interest of humanity. The various mines which he represents are controlled exclusively by Spiritualists, and the plans which they have developed, if successfully carried out, will result in great good to the world. For particulars, address Mr. Johnson at 910 15th Ave., East Minneapolis, Minn., who will forward circulars descriptive of the mines, and give such information as is desired. G. L. S. Jennifer will represent these mining companies in Chicago. He can be addressed at 220 W. Monroe St. Alluding to these mines, the Pacific Investigator says: "The old saying that 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good' is truly exemplified by our late storms, as many small nuggets of gold have been found since the rain subsided, some of which were valued at \$250; small as compared with those that set the tide of immigration towards these shores in 1849, but still sufficiently large to make one desire to seek more of them."

## A General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

A new Spiritualist paper is to be started at Sumnerland, Cal., to be called *The Reconstructionist*, Prof. J. S. Loveland, editor. We hope it will meet with abundant success.

John William Fletcher lectures during July in Brooklyn, N. J.; in Saratoga Springs during August. All letters for next season should be addressed 142 West Sixteenth St., N. Y. city.

F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Mass., has recently been meeting with fine success in New York.

A. W. Fletcher, M. D., formerly prominent on the spiritual platform, will have a sanitarium at 26 Clinton street, Saratoga Springs; it will be open for patients June 1.

The Spiritual Society in Providence, R. I., is flourishing, and large audiences are constantly on the increase. Among the speakers have been Mr. J. W. Fletcher, Kate Stiles, Rev. E. B. Straight, and others.

Arrangements are being made for a camp-meeting at Sumnerland, Cal., to extend through October next. The leading speakers are already engaged.

*The Better Way* says: "It is a healthy sign of the times when church congregations present mediums with silver cake-baskets for telling them about Spiritualism in an inspirational address. This was done in Los Angeles, Cal., where the minister himself was present and opened service with a prayer. Mrs. Maud Lord was the fortunate medium in this instance."

Prof. D. Allen has been speaking in San Bernardino, Cal., with good results.

C. A. Reed, of Portland, Oregon, says: "When your feet have been led into temptation's flowery path, and you felt you were about to yield to its subtle influence, but ere it was too late, you have extricated yourself by your better nature and strong will-power, and you can look back and feel thankful for the escape, then you will feel indeed a spiritual growth."

Edwin Lawrence, of Vineland, N. J., well says: "There are many good and pure spirits who have lived and loved things of earth, who to-day, in obedience to the great commands, are returning from the golden shore to the bright summerland, and are diligently laboring to elevate, instruct and lift up those whom they have left behind; and they not only benefit others, but they, themselves, are expanded in the grandest lessons that can engage the attention of the world's people."

W. Lacroix claims that Allan Kardec is not the founder of Modern Spiritualism, but Andrew Jackson Davis, who published "Nature's Divine Revelations," dictated to him by spirits, at the beginning of 1848.

A missionary number of the *Two Worlds* is soon to be issued.

Great importance is attached to the Annual Lyceum Conference, which met at Oldham, Eng., May 16.

There is an Anti-Murder Community in England, composed of those who don't believe in capital punishment.

By the use of the phonograph it is now possible for a person to preach his own funeral sermon.

Moses Hull's lectures in California created widespread interest. He is well versed in the ways of old theology.

G. H. Brooks is in California. A writer says: "We have been well entertained by him while he was in San Francisco."

Victor Hugo was right when he said: "I feel myself in the future life."

The rap was the first letter in the alphabet of spiritual phenomena.

Mrs. Besant, in a lecture lately delivered in London, Eng., endeavored to prove that Theosophy and Spiritualism are one and the same thing. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten differs with her therein.

H. Junor Browne, an Australian gentleman of note, and a Spiritualist, is at present in London.

J. E. Crossfield, of Muncie, Ind., writes: "On the 13th of June next the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists will commence its second Quarterly Meeting, to be held at Crown Point, Ind., and continue over the following Sunday. There will be present as speakers Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago; Mrs. A. H. Luther, of Crown Point, and Prof. Wm. Lookwood, of Ripon, Wis. Other speakers and mediums are expected. Crown Point is located on the Panhandle R. R., southeast of Chicago forty miles. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Luther have pledged themselves to entertain all who are from a distance, free of charge, while in attendance at the meeting. All are cordially invited."

At a seance with Mrs. Everitt, of London, a small table was seen to "walk" across the room without aid of mortal hands.

Spirits have been known to point out valuable deposits of ore.

J. J. Morse says: "As things stand it seems as if virtue and villainy are each roads by which souls can reach the arms of Jesus."

Spurgeon's sermon wherein he alludes to "A fountain filled with blood, which cleanses from all sin," is so far behind the lectures delivered by Spiritualist speakers generally, that it is lost in the dark ages of superstition and ignorance.

W. J. Colville, had been lecturing in Sacramento and Stockton, Cal.

Charles Dawbarn has been lecturing for some time in San Francisco, Cal., for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. He would now like to hear from Societies or individuals who would appreciate scientific lectures on Spiritualism. His address is San Leandro, Cal.

Twelve numbers of *Psychic Studies* by Albert Morton, have been made into one volume. Price, \$1.25. It will prove valuable for reference.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of California, is now temporarily located at Portland, Ore. She held her meetings in the Tabernacle, a building capable of seating 2,500 people. She is an excellent medium.

*The Golden Gate* declares that the word Theosophy is to the front. "Well, well, where is Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast?"

D. W. Hull, of Colfax, Iowa, issues a circular, and we take therefrom the following: "After seventeen years of silence, I desire again to take the field as a lecturer on reformatory subjects, including, particularly, Spiritualism, Liberalism and Nationalism. The lectures on Spiritualism embrace a variety of topics on the philosophy and science of Spiritualism, and its truth is sustained from biblical evidence, showing that the manifestations of Spiritualism cannot be discarded without discarding the Bible. Liberalism will also include an unlimited number of discourses, including discussions of Vicarious Attonement, Revelation, Progression, and scientific subjects. Lectures on Nationalism, 'The Destiny of our Country—What will it be? Wastes in Commerce and Production, Crime, its Cause and Cure.' Where only one lecture is delivered in a place, no program is given. Each lecture will be complete in itself. Terms reasonable. Opportunity always given, when desired for criticism. Discussions on Spiritualism, or the Divine Inspiration of the Bible, desired."

*The Two Worlds*, of Manchester, Eng., speaks as follows of G. W. Walrond, now of this city: "Of late months Mr. Walrond has developed into a very valuable trance medium, and has been the means of giving some very convincing proofs of spirit identity; this power is most likely to grow, and so his work in this direction increases. A man of earnest soul, full of fire and yet of the gentlest nature, he has never seemed to consider his own physical condition while ministering to the wants of others. Devotion to truth may not butter bread, but it must be a splendid investment in the kingdom of the real. Not in Glasgow only will Mr. Walrond be missed, but in many parts of Scotland and the North of England, where his business periodically called him, and where he drew around him all who were in love with our subject. A great number of circles for investigation have been set a-going through his labors. In Dundee and Aberdeen, and elsewhere, he has been the first real missionary for Spiritualism. The Children's Lyceums are indebted to him for taking charge of the physical instruction. Mr. Walrond, being a retired officer of the British Army, has been able to convey instruction and drill of a most useful kind. Wherever he may wander in the future years, one thing is certain—he will not let sleep the knowledge he has of Spiritualism, but will attract to the subject and bring within its borders many who at present do not see in it a thing of beauty."

*The Golden Gate* says: "Let us not lose sight of principles and becoming absorbed in our pursuit of phenomena,—especially that of a physical nature, which is so notoriously mixed with fraudulent manifestations,—overlook the grand mission of Spiritualism, which is to elevate the human family above the level of animal sensuality to the lofty heights of spirituality, where the lower nature is held in subjection to the higher, and is a useful servant, not a domineering master."

The annual picnic and Sunday Assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association will be held at Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., June 6th, 7th and 8th, 1890. Speakers, Willard J. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Jennie B. Hagan, of South Framingham, Mass. The Northwestern Orchestra, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish music Saturday and Sunday, and for dancing on Saturday evening.



Krishna Upon the Head of the Serpent. The above cut has a deep significance. It stood forth at the head of that admirable lecture by Alex. Wilder on "Serpent Symbols in Religion." That lecture alone is invaluable to every student or thoughtful person, and is itself worth the price of the subscription of the paper. Subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for 16 weeks, costing you only 25 cents, and you will receive among the number, this most excellent lecture.

## A NEW VENTURE.

*The Anthropologist*, a Journal for Thinkers, is an emanation from the fertile brains of one of the leading minds of the present age, Prof. J. Rodas Buchanan. It is under the auspices of the Buchanan Anthropological Society, which includes many leading minds, among whom are Andrew Jackson Davis, M. D., Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. James K. Applebee. We give this journal a hearty welcome to our exchange list. It will be published monthly at 60 cents a year. All donations, subscriptions, and correspondence should be addressed to the Buchanan Anthropological Society, 30 E. Brookline St., Boston, Mass.

## Spiritualists Sunday Meetings in Chicago.

A mediums' meeting at 3 o'clock at Lodge Hall, 11 Ada street, near Randolph street. Seats free.

The Spiritualist Mediums' Society in Apollo Hall, 2730 State street, at 2:45 p. m.



Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### "The Phenomena of Feeling the Clasp of a Spirit-Hand."

I take pleasure in replying to the query expressed in the above heading, by R. B. Dicky, of Bay City, Mich.

In order that Brother Dicky may understand my interpretation, he must keep in mind that I deny the doctrine of the materialistic friends, who claim that when reduced to the last analysis, there is but one substance in the universe, and that substance is matter. My doctrine is that there are two substances, after the sort that has exhausted its last resources—*spirit and matter*. But I fear I may not be understood by a reader who reasons from the standpoint of the materialistic, and hence the request that the reader shall judge my reasoning from my standpoint, even if he does not believe my doctrine the true one.

Furthermore, I hope no one will mistake me and confound the spirit of a mortal with the thousands of spirit forces invisible to the natural eye, the manifestations of which are seen throughout the universe, such as heat, cold, and so forth. Gas is an entity, is matter; but heat is a force.

I find general intelligence, corresponding with the instinct of man, in the manifestations of all the spirit forces, but only in the spirit of man that has been released from the body, do I find a special intelligence, endowed with power to reason. Plant a bone, rich with marrow, several feet from the roots of a tree, where the soil is poor, and instinctively the tree will send a root to it, and draw out the nutrition which it knew was there. Here is intelligence, but of no higher order than the instinct which prompts the new-born infant to nurse.

Thirty years ago, aided by a medium in Boston, the spirit of my departed wife held a dialogue with me, substantially as follows, the medium being an entire stranger:

"If you are the spirit of Ann Jane, tell me where we lived."

"That would not convince you, because you would think the medium knew; but I will tell you something you once said to me when we were alone. You said that probably at some time in the past the upper Mississippi river was a broad, shallow stream, extending from bluff to bluff, and that the action of the running water had worn down the bed, thus forming its present banks, at low stages of water, and that the bluffs now remained as secondary banks to protect the surrounding country in times of flood. Do you remember saying this?"

"I remember that I often had that thought, but have no recollection that I ever made the remark to you, although I probably did."

"It was one Sunday, before we were married, when we went to ride on the plank road."

"We went several Sundays."

"Wait; I mean the Sunday you had a severe headache, and I persuaded you to turn back. When we got home you lay down on the sofa, and I bathed your head till you went to sleep. When you waked up mother made tea and tea for you, and you were so much better we went out for a walk. We went up on the bluff, north of Burlington, and while we were looking down on the river and across to Illinois, you made that remark. Now you do remember it?"

Yes, I remembered it, and it was one of the most remarkable tests I have ever had. Here was manifested a high order of intelligence, where thought, memory and reason were employed, far beyond the intelligence of a spirit force, that controls the passion-vine to send out tendrils and climb a wall, even to the top of a house.

My premises now show (to my satisfaction, at least, although probably not to the satisfaction of one who denies spirit communion), that the spirit, after its separation from the body, possesses a high order of intelligence, because capable of reasoning. Now for the deductions.

Mortals are able to employ electricity as a force to light their houses, cook their food, talk with neighbors in another city, send their dispatches across the Atlantic, give a man a sensation as though a mule had kicked him, and even free the spirit from his body. It is not electricity, acting *per se*, that does all these things, for behind it is an intelligent, reasoning being, who directs all, just as much as the pilot at the wheel directs the steam ship in her voyage across the broad Pacific.

When two currents of air drive, one a positive and the other a negative cloud, within the sphere of attraction, the electricity darts so swiftly from the positive to the negative that the atmosphere is heated to a whitish heat, producing a momentary vacuum; then the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere causes a rush to fill the vacuum, and when the walls meet there is a detonation. We call these phenomena lightning and thunder, and materialists attribute the cause to "blind force." In it I perceive a low type of instinctive intelligence, for, as I read Nature's great volume, I look in vain for an idiotic act. The trouble with man is he does not look behind the throne for a power greater than the throne.

A man who knows nothing of the mechanism of a steamboat, after carefully observing the movements of the rudder, coincident with the changing course of the steamer, and knowing nothing of the pilot house or pilot, would be likely to declare most positively that the rudder, guided by "blind force," had directed the vessel safely to harbor. He would have no suspicion, provided he was of feeble intellect, that there was "a power behind the throne."

One witnesses a flowing river and discovers nothing in the phenomenon but the "blind force" of gravity, whereby water seeks its level. He fails to look beyond the material fact for the Infinite Spirit Intelligence that designed, for a wise purpose, that gravitation should forever cause the water to seek its level. Had this provision not been made, our planet would be but a barren desert. But now the waters are evaporated, form clouds that the winds waft back to the mountains, when the cold condenses the vapor and gravitations brings it to the earth, again to flow into the river. Under this wise provision of spirit intelligence, how green are our fields, how blue our violets, how fragrant our roses, our magnolias and our Prides-of-India.

I pity any one who claims to be a student of the Book of Nature, and yet so blind

that in all these sublime phenomena, sees nothing but "blind force."

It is evident that there are degrees of intelligence in the world of spirit forces, as much as there are among physical beings, each perfect to its adaptation and conditions, for an ounce vial can be as full as a gallon jar.

As full, as perfect in a hair as heart.

Matter is the great agent which man employs in the construction of all that contributes to his physical necessities and enjoyments, but I insist that it cannot be logically deduced from this fact that when his immortal part passes to spirit-life, that it passes over all the spirit forces and still employs matter as the agent for accomplishing his purposes. There may be exceptions to the rule that spirits employ only spirit forces, but I have never found any evidence of the fact. Still, as in some Catholic countries, the tillers of the soil still drag a sharpened log instead of an American plow, I can fancy that undeveloped and idiotic spirits, "banking for the flesh pots of Egypt," may for a time wrestle with matter as their agent.

Electricity seems to be a sort of connecting link as an agent for both the mortals and immortals to employ. At any rate, I have learned from spirits like Dr. Franklin that by the employment of electricity in a manner not known to mortals, weights may be raised and transported through the air, tables lifted, pianos made to rock, etc. If we admit the immortality of the spirit, as an individual entity, we cannot consistently deny these assurances.

Sever the sensory nerves which connect the hand with the brain, and instantly all power of sensation by the hand ceases. This proves that we do not feel with the hand, but with the brain.

I said I had felt the clasp of a spirit hand in mine. My language was conventional, the same as when we say "the sun rises," yet know it does not; or that "ice feels cold," when we know the ice has no brain or nerves of sensation, and therefore incapable of feeling.

With this explanation I repeat: "I have felt the clasp of a spirit-hand in mine." I do not know, as surely as I know that I have a hand, the agent employed by the spirit to convey to me that sensation, but I feel quite confident it was either a spirit force, to me unknown, or it was electricity.

I know it was not matter, for it would yield to the pressure of my hand when I pressed it, like a cushion, and expand again, as I relaxed the pressure. Finally, when I exerted all my strength in the pressure, the sensation of anything in my hand ceased entirely. Then, with my hand shut tight, I asked for a return of the spirit-hand, and instantly I felt a pressure that, in spite of my resistance, opened my hand, as though I was holding the hand of another. The room was well lighted, yet all this time I could see nothing till I asked for the hand to be made visible. For an instant I had a glimpse of a hand in mine, but the next moment all manifestations ceased.

This occurred thirty years ago, long before there was any talk about "spirit materialization." The medium was Mrs. Peabody, of Boston, and the same who aided in my interview with the spirit of my first wife. I was taken to see her, the first time, in 1857, by Dr. A. C. Stiles, himself an excellent medium. He was then residing in Bridgeport, Ct., and Mrs. Peabody at 3 Avon place. I have not been East since my return from the Pacific Coast, whither I went in 1869, and do not know as either is now in the form. If so, and this should chance to meet the eye of either, I hope I may receive a communication in response, for I hold both in the highest esteem.

W. H. CHANEY.

2128 Clark Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### KIND WORDS AND CHARITY.

How few people realize the power there is in kind words, or the bad effects that unkind words have upon those to whom they are spoken. Acts not approved in others are supposed to merit our censure, and unkind words are used. This is the method by which a reform of the ways of others is attempted by people generally; but is not this a false conception of reform? Censure, with unkind words, hardens the mind and confirms the condition of wrong sought to be corrected; whereas, kind words, with an appeal to the feelings of right, awaken a higher consciousness; the better way is seen, and the wrong conditions overcome; that is if there really exists a wrong. But in nine cases out of ten there is no wrong, only a difference of opinions and characteristics. Those who are accustomed to the use of unkind, harsh and condemnatory words, when others do not do as they think best, should pause and consider that what they are censuring in others they would do themselves, were they in the same condition. This would throw a light upon the scene that would often reveal the greatest wrong existing in the accusing parties, and should admonish them that the exercise of charity is commendable in all circumstances, but coarse censure, never!

Those who censure and condemn every thing they see in others not conforming to their ideas, assume to judge them, and has one man or woman a right to judge another?

When the light from the Spirit-world dawned upon humanity the soul judge was given its real abiding place in the individual soul. There is the Judgment Seat of the Spirit. No person outside—god, angel or human, have any rights with that function. It belongs to the soul within; therefore all assumed outside judgments are false and wrong. Hence the injunction: "Judge not lest ye be judged; for with the same measure of kindness and unkindness that you measure to others, it will be measured to you again. This is one of the laws of soul-life; and for our own sakes, if for no other reason, the law of kindness should be obeyed. But for the sake of others, those with whom we associate, it is far more important that it be obeyed.

Harsh judgments, censure, unkind and uncharitable words, strain even to separation the cords of sympathy and affection, and ruin the happiness of very sensitive minds. The mind that is not at all affected by such words is as incapable of fine feelings as the user of them, and is as ineligible to the Kingdom of Heaven.

If there is a sentiment, the exercise of

which raises one nearer the Infinite Good than the exercise of any or all others, that one is charity; and it should be sought for by all aspirants to higher conditions. It is only through the door of charity that the temple of soul-worth can be entered. Charity and her twin sister Humility, are close handmaids of the soul's salvation.

Once in the history of our world there lived one who did not endorse the popular religious views of his time; and although he was considered by the authorities unfit to live, after the elapse of more than eighteen hundred years, the law of the spiritual and of ethics by him promulgated must be acknowledged the highest yet discovered by man. He brought a new law to the understanding of the haughty church people who sought derision of his views by bringing before him an adulteress for his judgment. It was the custom of those days to stone the offenders of law and public opinion to death. The judges in this case pausing deliberately, at length said to the multitude pressing around him: "He that is without sin among you, cast the first stone at her."

What reproof in words of kindness. It is needless to say that no stones were thrown. The accuser saw his own guilt and left. Then the judge said to the trembling woman: "Where are thine accusers, doth no man accuse thee?" she said unto him: "No man, Lord." And he said unto her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." The exercise of a spirit of charity like this by fashionable women in the high walks of society towards their fallen sisters, would be far more commendable than the spirit, "I am holier than thou," generally manifested. That law which discovers the guilt of the accuser, which says, "judge not," "first pluck the beam out of thine own eye," "be not hasty to condemn others, need to be understood. The spiritual law deals more with the hidden impulse of thought than with the external act. We need first to know that our thoughts are right; and that to cherish unkind thoughts is always wrong. Our thoughts being right as regards the motive, and towards others, to others and ourselves, our acts cannot be wrong.

Saint Paul said: "Happy is the man who condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth." I think Paul is not quite right. To always approve and extol self, there would be no improvement. We need self-search, and if there is anything found that is wrong, condemnation and banishment is essential to reformation and progress. When the criticism is turned within on self, and each one seeing his wrong, corrects it, and is made better, presently all will be better.

H. A. BRADBURY.

Norway, Me.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### WARNING TO UNBELIEVERS.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson preached last night a sermon whose orthodoxy none might call into question. The doctrine that "he that believeth not shall be damned," was insisted upon, and the text was 1 Thessalonians, second chapter, verse 12: "All might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

"This is an age of delusions," said the preacher, "and in this city there are more of them to the square mile than in any other place on earth. Yet every man thinks all the rest of the notions about Christian Science, Spiritualism, Romanism, and all the other isms, are delusions, except the one he holds. I sometimes think we pastors waste our breath talking against those delusions.

We ought to do as Gideon did, take our army and show our lights, and blow the Gospel trumpets and let these Medianites of false delusions fight it out between themselves."—Chicago Tribune.

That is right and fair, Brother Henson, and we are willing to take you on your own terms. Take your army, blow your trumpets, break your pitchers, and let your light shine, and we will let the light that we have shine beside it, and abide by the result. But remember that you are as liable as any other to fall into the dilemma supposed by Jesus when he said: "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." Again, if you break your pitchers, and blow your "ram's horns" simultaneously, and flash your light on the people of the nineteenth century, do you think they will be as easily scared as those primitive Medianites? Your proposition, believe or be damned, is rather antiquated for an age in which blind faith is superseded by demonstrated facts, and many a child knows more about immortality and its conditions than the D. D's. The Chicago people will not feel flattered by the statement that in this city there are more delusions to the square mile than in any other place on earth. But we have more charity for you than you have for us, for you believe that we will be damned for our unbelief, but we know that when you pass to the next world and fully atone for your shortcomings and obstinacy while here, you will be advanced to higher spheres of activity and usefulness. Then you will look back with wonder and amazement at those whom you looked upon as poor, deluded wretches, because they could not say your "Shibboleth," and you will recognize the justice which rewarded them for their unselfish and independent search for truth, though they despised your dogmas and would have none of your ecclesiastical authority. It is well that you do not waste your breath talking against those so-called delusions. The good people will judge for themselves, and every "craze" not founded on truth will die out, for:

"Ever the truth comes uppermost, And ever is justice done."

And eternal progress, which is the law of the human soul, will dispel the darkness, and bring every soul into the light of God's eternal love.

N. NERLY.

Chicago, Ill.

### PSYCHOPATHY:

—OR—

### SPIRIT HEALING.

A series of lessons on the relations of the human body to the soul, and the inter-relationship of the body with reference to health, disease and healing, accompanied by plates illustrating the lectures, by the spirit of DR. BENJAMIN RUSH, 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 8

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### FRAUDS.

The bank clerk who is employed to handle the funds of the bank, is taught to distinguish the difference between counterfeit and genuine money. A sign, Beware of counterfeit money, is not considered sufficiently the patrons of the bank, and when a Spiritualist paper hangs out a sign, "Beware of fraudulent materializations," and fails to give the rule for producing genuine materializations, the public become convinced that the editor is not acquainted with the laws of matter that have to be complied with when the materialization of a disembodied spirit is produced.

To call the attention of Spiritualists to the fraudulent mediums, and fail to give Spiritualists the rule by which genuine mediums can be identified, is about as consistent as condemning a bank clerk for accepting counterfeit money because a sign hung up in the bank, "Beware of bogus bank notes."

When the readers of spiritual papers are taught the laws of mediumship, they will be capable of separating the genuine from the fraudulent. The laws of matter that are to be complied with when spiritual phenomena are to be produced, is what the public must learn. To merely run an intelligence office for the benefit of a few favorite mediums, is not considered the most useful work for a paper that aspires to be spiritual. People who are acquainted with the laws of mediumship are not liable to be swindled by fraudulent mediums.

J. W. CURTIS.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### MIND READING.

TO THE EDITOR:—On Saturday afternoon, May 3d, I witnessed one of the most remarkable tests of mind reading, by Mr. Seymour, of Rockford, Ill. He gave an exhibition of his powers before an expert committee selected from a class of citizens who are posted in any business of that kind, and in a statement in a city paper issued May 4th, declared that no fraud or trickery could be connected with it in any way.

Mr. Seymour acknowledges that a power back of him does the work. On Sunday evening, May 4th, at Redmond's Opera House he again exhibited his wonderful powers in finding things hidden among the audience. He was introduced to the audience by Dr. W. O. Knowles, with the following remarks: "We live in the most important age in the history of this planet. No age preceding it was marked with such agitation as this. All civilizations are stirred from center to circumference with the great questions of to-day,—the action of mind over mind, or mind over matter. Over eighteen hundred years ago there were prophets and seers, men who were wonder-workers, producing what was called 'miracles.' Many were put to death. Yea, the greatest wonder-worker of that age was nailed to a cross, tortured and suffered until death gave him a kind release. He was put to death for no other cause, than for practicing what will be demonstrated in your midst to-night, wonder-working, or the action of mind over mind. Many have come and gone who have startled the world with their powers; many are yet to come, and I venture to say that no one person upon the public platform is attracting the attention of the masses, more than this gentleman whom I am here to introduce; therefore I take great pleasure in announcing to this audience the greatest of wonder-workers of this age, the world renowned mind reader of Rockford, Ill."

The committee of investigation consisted of J. B. Hughes, W. C. Gunn, Dr. W. O. Knowles, L. H. Austin and N. C. Johnson. Grand Rapids, Mich. C. J. SMITH.

For The Progressive Thinker.

### UNDER THE POPES THUMB.

That's what we are surely coming to at no distant day, if no determined effort be made; but a determined effort will be made, and the country be finally redeemed from the thralldom of the Romish hierarchy. "Before long" said Bishop Vincent, of Buffalo, N. Y., in an interview in this city, "the Catholics and German Lutherans will condemn the compulsory education law in Illinois and other States. I've watched the progress of this issue in Wisconsin since Mr. Bennett framed the law which has become famous, and I believe the issue of compulsory education will supersede all tariff and other political interests at the next Presidential election. The great question as to whether Americans or Roman Catholics shall control this country has reached a point where an open fight is inevitable. While the Americans have been sleeping the Roman Catholics have been laboring with untiring energy, and their efforts have not been futile. They are building up a power in this country which threatens to prove disastrous to the United States. Not only do most of the Roman Catholics put their children in parochial schools, but they place Catholic teachers in the public schools to exercise an influence over the children of other denominations.

"A movement is being started in Buffalo to require every Catholic teacher in the public schools to swear unqualified allegiance that they will not allow religion to control their public services. The situation in Buffalo is worse than in Wisconsin or even in this State. Our public schools there are absolutely in the power of the Romish priesthood. The Americans in my city practically have nothing to say about the management of their schools.

"Such a state of affairs is bound to reach a crisis, and that, too, before long. It will simply be the experience of other countries.

"When the Liberals went into power in Belgium in 1878 they established an excellent system of public schools. No expense was spared in making the institution efficient and modern. A Catholic priest was forbidden to cross the threshold of any of the schools. But this Cabinet fell in 1884, when, through the Pope's influence, the Clericals attained absolute power. The first thing done was to overthrow all the schools established by the Liberals. Unless we make a National issue of this question we will likewise be defeated, and all of our schools will be under the Pope's thumb.

"The fight is inevitable, and the sooner

it comes the better. Delay will only strengthen the other side."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has begun a persistent fight against the Romish influence, and proposes to continue it until the country is redeemed from its thralldom. Spiritualists everywhere should respond to its support and thus become substantial aids in the conflict that will surely come.

H.

### THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, And whether I read or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not. It said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swung, And man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that rings.

If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all the passions, pain and strife, Heartache and weary longing that throbs in the pulses of life—

He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings. And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see, Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and to me. Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure thoughts enter in? To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin!

So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see. If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us— you and me.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### CARLOS FLORENTINE.

On Wednesday, the 7th of May, in the City of New York, this beloved brother was called upon to surrender up what appeared to be an unfinished life, for it seemed to us that the beauty of that life was just beginning to unfold. The genius and child of the divinest song, the soul of melody and music was this gentle brother. No one who ever heard the voice of Carlos Florentine can forget that marvelous something in the music of song, which penetrates and thrills the innermost fibers of all human hearts. Mechanical, technical singers there are by the thousand, but the spiritual harmonies of nature issue not from all human lips. There must be a soul behind the song to make it self felt in other souls, and this was what made Carlos Florentine a power in the world of music. Strong men were moved by the pathos of his voice, and gentle women wept in the presence of a soul akin to theirs.

I do not praise him for the magic of his numbers, for he could not help singing. His soul was all music. Like an Aeolian harp upon which the winds play their fine fantasies, his nature was attuned to the harmonies of the Spirit-world and made the means of bringing these down into human hearts. "Passing Hence," "The Last Milestone," "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," and other songs of like nature, were favorites of his, and always rendered with great power and effect.

Mr. Florentine often sang for our Spiritual Society, and was ever more than welcome when he appeared upon the platform. A most gentle, loving brother has been called unto the other country; a generous heart, an affectionate nature, a kind and loving disposition, added to a manly, noble honesty of character combined to make a man who will be welcomed even by the glorified angels. This poor tribute, my brother, is from the hand and heart of one who will be glad to greet you on the other side of the River of Life.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

New York, May 8, 1890.

### DISTINCTIVE SPIRITUALISM.

Modern Spiritualism properly studied is the leader to a true philosophy of all life and being. They make a miserable mistake who go back to a mythical and empirical age after exact truth, instead of availing themselves of an age wherein knowledge is more evidently positive instead of fanciful and theoretical only. Positive facts do not show that the Divine, controlling spiritual power of the Universe is a Father in the special, limited personal sense, implied by human or animal parentage. These latter are in a greater or less degree passionate or instinctive. The instinct of protection of a parent to a child is scarcely limited to propriety or morality of condition, but is, specially with the mother, swift, prompt and active. Where, for instance, was the boasted "Father of God" to the infant children of "Johnstown," when turned adrift upon the surging waters, with the voice of prayer upon their lips to God whom they had been taught was so loving and so omnipotent to save. Did he save them? Not as an earthly personal father or mother would have saved them, if they had the power—swiftly, instantly, regardless of all personal risks, or outside of lawful considerations. The laws of Nature's God—the all-controlling ceaseless power of gravity urging forward the resistless floods, paused not,—regarded not the life of either man or animal. I am satisfied there is no "Father God in the special, limited personal sense implied by the word Father in its every day meaning. The Infinite Spirit is a Father only in the sense that we hold our existence as offspring from and partaking in finite degree of the Divine essence, always subject to the lawful ordering of the Great Spirit, in ways ordained, we know not how or whence. The prayers of the Johnstown children found no escape from the great disaster, except through the grand provision of a higher lawful life, to which all may escape sooner or later, in which the laws and means of existence are more amply provided than in this rough and imperfect world. Special providences, it would seem, are only experienced at times from finite aids, and here we must mainly depend for our welfare upon our own manful efforts, under laws that it becomes us well to study and understand. Accumulated knowledge of facts and laws united with a courageous and patient working for our own well being and that of our fellow creatures, aided and inspired as we may be by our fellows of the past, of the present, and of the "gone before," must and will ever lead to our salvation and true growth.

J. G. JACKSON.

Hockessin, Del.

### THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

A tract for the times. By HUDSON TUTTLE. Third edition just published. Price, post-paid, 5 cents; to those ordering for distribution, ten copies 25 cents; \$2 per 100. Address, HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

For The Progressive Thinker.

### A TRUMPET MEDIUM.

I feel that you will gladly give space in your most excellent journal to a few brief expressions regarding several seances given in our city during the 7th 8th and 9th of present month, by the celebrated medium, Mrs. Sadie Seary, of Cincinnati, O. She is known (I believe) as the trumpet medium; and I hesitate not to say, that if the Christian's "Gabriel" will do as good work when he sounds his trumpet as did Sister Seary while here with her trumpet-speaking angels, he will, at the very least, deserve much praise for the well performance of the good mission assigned him. Sister Seary holds what is known as dark circles, and remains in her normal state during the seances, i. e., she is not entranced; but her kind womanly and honest voice is frequently heard with that of the audience, while the words of cheer, affection and wisdom are distinctly spoken through the trumpet by the acting spirit; and this continues about three hours, or until the entire audience receives the glad tidings, respectively, from their loved ones "Over there." At each seance I attended, some of the spirits spoke quite audibly, loud as any of the audience; all the rest in clear, distinct whispers; and several sang most beautifully and sweetly through the trumpet, both separately and in concert with the audience. Words seem to fail me in expressing my high appreciation of Sister Seary's mediumistic powers in her special gifts; so I will close by this one expression. Sensible people, to attend her circles, means conversion to Spiritualism. We have the promise of Sister Seary returning to our city soon, when she will make her stay with us a more protracted one. O, yes; her private readings, I am told, are simply superb.

Muncie, Ind. J. H. MENDENHALL.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### ITEMS FROM NEW YORK.

A SLIGHT ERROR—CARLOS FLORENTINE—MRS. BRIGHAM, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please correct a slight error in the statement from me in No. 25.

It was at the seance of Mrs. Stoddard Gray and son, 323 West 34th st., that Gen. Hamilton and Ponce DeLeon materialized, and called Mr. John F. Whitney, of St. Augustine, Fla., to the cabinet, and held quite a long conversation, and not at Mrs. M. E. Williams. Mr. Whitney started a Spiritualist paper at 553 Broadway, in 1853, called *The Spiritual Messenger*. Soon after he sold out and the paper was called *The Christian Spiritualist*. Then Mr. W. moved to St. Augustine. He owns a large tract of land and a hotel near the celebrated Palace Hotel, named after the founder of Florida, Ponce DeLeon. Mr. W. has seances almost daily, and receives astounding manifestations from his spirit wife and others, too marvelous to mention in a Spiritualist paper at this day even. I am in hopes I can induce him to write out some of his late experiences for your valuable paper.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York have lost an earnest, active and useful member since I last addressed you. Mr. Carlos Florentine was translated to spirit spheres on the 7th inst. Funeral on the 9th, ably presided over by Mrs. N. T. Brigham. Mr. F. was a popular vocalist; his voice a baritone, partaking of the quality and sweetness of tenor, and he used both registers with great tact and effect. He was of the most generous and genial nature, always ready to respond to the call of suffering humanity, and his departure is mourned by a large circle of friends.

An entertainment was given for the First Society, April 25th, in which he took an active part; one of the pieces sang by him was entitled, "The Last Mile Stone." In this he was truly and wonderfully inspired; his whole soul entered into it. Soon after singing this piece, he had a congestive chill, resulting in typhoid pneumonia, and death ensued twelve days after the attack.

In the fall of 1887, he formed a weekly seance at his residence, and it was my good fortune to form a part of the small but interesting circle. We soon obtained evidence that our spirit friends could return, as his mother and brother both gave him unmistakable proof of their identity; he also very quickly accepted the Philosophy of Spiritualism as rational and beautiful; it enabled him to explain many things in the Bible that were always mysteries before; and after hearing a few lectures from Mrs. N. T. Brigham, he was not ashamed to call himself a Spiritualist. His devoted and loving wife, accomplished and beautiful in every sense, accepted the facts and philosophy at the same time, and now she realizes the consolation that a knowledge of Spiritualism affords in the sudden bereavement.

Many members of Evangelical churches were present, owing to the fact that he had an engagement to sing at a Presbyterian church on 12th street, between 6th and 7th avenues, every Sunday morning and afternoon; and Adelphi Hall in the evening when Mrs. Brigham was presiding.

Mrs. Brigham's discourses are always interesting, but on funeral occasions she excels, and in this instance there were many present that had not attended a meeting of Spiritualists before, who were surprised at her timely remarks and the beautiful improvisations which they supposed had been committed to memory; but when informed that it was inspiration of the moment, they remarked very emphatically, "I cannot believe it." I then invited them to come to Adelphi Hall the first Sunday in June, and they could have the opportunity to test the matter by giving her a subject for a poem when on the platform ready to speak. And thus the grand work goes on.

TITUS MERRITT.

### Bear in Mind.

Bear in mind, Spiritualists, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is sent out on trial 16 weeks for 25 cents, costing only about 1 1/2 cents per week. Aid us, please, in this great work. Renew your own subscriptions at an early date, and at the same time send in one or more trial subscriptions. By aiding us in the philanthropic work in which we are engaged, you will aid yourselves and please those in the Spirit-world who are interested in this movement.



Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### "The Phenomena of Feeling the Clasp of a Spirit-Hand."

I take pleasure in replying to the query expressed in the above heading, by R. B. Dicky, of Bay City, Mich.

In order that Brother Dicky may understand my interpretation, he must keep in mind that I deny the doctrine of our materialistic friends, who claim that when reduced to the last analysis, there is but one substance in the universe, and that substance is matter. My doctrine is that there are two substances, after the retort has exhausted its last resources—*spirit and matter*. But I fear I may not be understood by a reader who reasons from the standpoint of the materialistic, and hence the request that the reader shall judge my reasoning from my standpoint, even if he does not believe my doctrine the true one.

Furthermore, I hope no one will mistake me and confound the spirit of a mortal with the thousands of spirit forces invisible to the natural eye, the manifestations of which are seen throughout the universe, such as heat, cold, and so forth. Gas is an entity, is matter; but heat is a force.

I find general intelligence, corresponding with the instinct of man, in the manifestations of all the spirit forces, but only in the spirit of man that has been released from the body, do I find a special intelligence, endowed with power to reason. Plant a bone, rich with marrow, several feet from the roots of a tree, where the soil is poor, and instinctively the tree will send a root to it, and draw out the nutrition which it *needs* there. Here is intelligence, but of no higher order than the instinct which prompts the new-born infant to nurse.

Thirty years ago, aided by a medium in Boston, the spirit of my departed wife held a dialogue with me, substantially as follows, the medium being an entire stranger:

"If you are the spirit of Ann Jane, tell me where we lived."

"That would not convince you, because you would think the medium knew; but I will tell you something you once said to me when we were alone. You said that probably at some time in the past the upper Mississippi river was a broad, shallow stream, extending from bluff to bluff, and that the action of the running water had worn down the bed, thus forming its present banks, at low stages of water, and that the bluffs now remained as secondary banks to protect the surrounding country in times of flood. Do you remember saying this?"

"I remember that I often had that thought, but have no recollection that I ever made the remark to you, although I probably did."

"It was one Sunday, before we were married, when we went to ride on the plank road."

"We went several Sundays."

"Wait, I mean the Sunday you had a severe headache, and I persuaded you to turn back. When we got home you lay down on the sofa, and I bathed your head till you went to sleep. When you waked up mother made tea and tea for you, and you were so much better we went out for a walk. We went up on the bluff, north of Burlington, and while we were looking down on the river and across to Illinois, you made that remark. Now you do remember it?"

Yes, I remembered it, and it was one of the most remarkable tests I have ever had. Here was manifested a high order of intelligence, where thought, memory and reason were employed, far beyond the intelligence of a spirit force, that controls the passion-vine to send out tendrils and climb a wall, even to the top of a house.

My premises now show (to my satisfaction, at least, although probably not to the satisfaction of one who denies spirit communion), that the spirit, after its separation from the body, possesses a high order of intelligence, because capable of reasoning. Now for the deductions.

Mortals are able to employ electricity as a force to light their houses, cook their food, talk with neighbors in another city, send their dispatches across the Atlantic, give a man a sensation as though a mule had kicked him, and even free the spirit from his body. It is not electricity, acting *per se*, that does all these things, for behind it is an intelligent, reasoning being, who directs all, just as much as the pilot at the wheel directs the steam ship in her voyage across the broad Pacific.

When two currents of air drive, one a positive and the other a negative cloud, within the sphere of attraction, the electricity darts so swiftly from the positive to the negative that the atmosphere is heated to a whitish heat, producing a momentary vacuum; then the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere causes a rush to fill the vacuum, and when the walls meet there is a detonation. We call these phenomena lightning and thunder, and materialists attribute the cause to "blind force." In it I perceive a low type of instinctive intelligence, for, as I read Nature's great volume, I look in vain for an idiotic act. The trouble with man is he does not look behind the throne for a power greater than the throne.

A man who knows nothing of the mechanism of a steamboat, after carefully observing the movements of the rudder, coincident with the changed course of the steamer, and knowing nothing of the pilot house or pilot, would be likely to declare most positively that the rudder, guided by "blind force," had directed the vessel safely to harbor. He would have no suspicion, provided he was of feeble intellect, that there was "a power behind the throne."

One witnesses a flowing river and discovers nothing in the phenomenon but the "blind force" of gravity, whereby water seeks its level. He fails to look beyond the material fact for the Infinite Spirit Intelligence that designed, for a wise purpose, that gravitation should forever cause the water to seek its level. Had this provision not been made, our planet would be but a barren desert. But now the waters are evaporated, form clouds that the winds waft back to the mountains, when the cold condenses the vapor and gravitations brings it to the earth, again to flow into the river. Under this wise provision of spirit intelligence, how green are our fields, how blue our violets, how fragrant our roses, our magnolias and our Prides-of-India.

I pity any one who claims to be a student of the Book of Nature, and yet so blind

that in all these sublime phenomena, sees nothing but "blind force."

It is evident that there are degrees of intelligence in the world of spirit forces, as much as there are among physical beings, each perfect to its adaptation and conditions, for an ounce vial can be as full as a gallon jar.

"Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, As full, as perfect in a hair as heart."

Matter is the great agent which man employs in the construction of all that contributes to his physical necessities and enjoyments, but I insist that it cannot be logically deduced from this fact that when his immortal part passes to spirit-life, that it passes over all the spirit forces and still employs matter as the agent for accomplishing his purposes. There may be exceptions to the rule that spirits employ only spirit forces, but I have never found any evidence of the fact. Still, as in some Catholic countries, the tillers of the soil still drag a sharpened log instead of an American plow, I can fancy that undeveloped and idiotic spirits, "hankering for the flesh pots of Egypt," may for a time wrestle with matter as their agent.

Electricity seems to be a sort of connecting link as an agent for both the mortals and immortals to employ. At any rate, I have learned from spirits like Dr. Franklin that by the employment of electricity in a manner not known to mortals, weights may be raised and transported through the air, tables lifted, pianos made to rock, etc. If we admit the immortality of the spirit, as an individual entity, we cannot consistently deny these assurances.

Sever the sensory nerves which connect the hand with the brain, and instantly all power of sensation by the hand ceases. This proves that we do not *feel* with the hand, but with the brain.

I said I had felt the clasp of a spirit hand in mine. My language was conventional, the same as when we say "the sun rises," yet you know it does not; or that "ice feels cold," when we know the ice has no brain or nerves of sensation, and therefore incapable of feeling.

With this explanation I repeat: "I have felt the clasp of a spirit-hand in mine." I do not know, as surely as I know that I have a hand, the agent employed by the spirit to convey to me that sensation, but I feel quite confident it was either a spirit force, to me unknown, or it was electricity.

I know it was not matter, for it would yield to the pressure of my hand when I pressed it, like a cushion, and expand again, as I relaxed the pressure. Finally, when I exerted all my strength in the pressure, the sensation of anything in my hand ceased entirely. Then, with my hand shut tight, I asked for a return of the spirit-hand, and instantly I felt a pressure that, in spite of my resistance, opened my hand, as though I was holding the hand of another. The room was well lighted, yet all this time I could see nothing till I asked for the hand to be made visible. For an instant I had a glimpse of a hand in mine, but the next moment all manifestations ceased.

This occurred thirty years ago, long before there was any talk about "spirit materialization." The medium was Mrs. Peabody, of Boston, and the same who aided in my interview with the spirit of my first wife. I was taken to see her, the first time, in 1857, by Dr. A. C. Stiles, himself an excellent medium. He was then residing in Bridgeport, Ct., and Mrs. Peabody at 3 Avon place. I have not been East since my return from the Pacific Coast, whither I went in 1869, and do not know as either is now in the form. If so, and this should chance to meet the eye of either, I hope I may receive a communication in response, for I hold both in the highest esteem.

W. H. CHANEY.  
2128 Clark Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### KIND WORDS AND CHARITY.

How few people realize the power there is in kind words, or the bad effects that unkind words have upon those to whom they are spoken. Acts not approved in others are supposed to merit our censure, and unkind words are used. This is the method by which a reform of the ways of others is attempted by people generally; but is not this a false conception of reform? Censure, with unkind words, hardens the mind and confirms the condition of wrong sought to be corrected; whereas, kind words, with an appeal to the feelings of right, awaken a higher consciousness; the better way is seen, and the wrong conditions overcome; that is if there really exists a wrong. But in nine cases out of ten there is no wrong, only a difference of opinions and characteristics. Those who are accustomed to the use of unkind, harsh and condemnatory words, when others do not do as they think best, should pause and consider that what they are censuring in others they would do themselves, were they in the same condition. This would throw a light upon the scene that would often reveal the greatest wrong existing in the accusing parties, and should admonish them that the exercise of charity is commendable in all circumstances, but coarse censure, never!

Those who censure and condemn every thing they see in others not conforming to their ideas, assume to judge them, and has one man or woman a right to judge another?

When the light from the Spirit-world dawned upon humanity the soul judge was given its real abiding place in the individual soul. There is the Judgment Seat of the Spirit. No person outside—god, angel or human, have any rights with that function. It belongs to the soul within; therefore all assumed outside judgments are false and wrong. Hence the injunction: "Judge not lest ye be judged; for with the same measure of kindness and unkindness that you measure to others, it will be measured to you again. This is one of the laws of soul-life; and for our own sakes, if for no other reason, the law of kindness should be obeyed. But for the sake of others, those with whom we associate, it is far more important that it be obeyed.

Harsh judgments, censure, unkind and uncharitable words, strain even to separation the cords of sympathy and affection, and ruin the happiness of very sensitive minds. The mind that is not at all affected by such words is as incapable of fine feelings as the user of them, and is as ineligible to the Kingdom of Heaven.

If there is a sentiment, the exercise of

which raises one nearer the Infinite Good than the exercise of any or all others, that one is charity; and it should be sought for by all aspirants to higher conditions. It is only through the door of charity that the temple of soul-worth can be entered. Charity and her twin sister Humility, are close handmaids of the soul's salvation.

Once in the history of our world there lived one who did not endorse the popular religious views of his time; and although he was considered by the authorities unfit to live, after the elapse of more than eighteen hundred years, the law of the spiritual and of ethics by him promulgated must be acknowledged the highest yet discovered by man. He brought a new law to the understanding of the haughty church people who sought derision of his views by bringing before him an adulteress for his judgment. It was the custom of those days to stone the offenders of law and public opinion to death. The judges in this case pausing deliberately, at length said to the multitude pressing around him: "He that is without sin among you, cast the first stone at her."

What reproof in words of kindness. It is needless to say that no stones were thrown. The accuser saw his own guilt and left. Then the judge said to the trembling woman: "Where are thine accusers, doth no man accuse thee?" she said unto him: "No man, Lord." And he said unto her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." The Exercise of a spirit of charity like this by fashionable women in the high walks of society towards their fallen sisters, would be far more commendable than the spirit, "I am holier than thou," generally manifested. That law which discovers the guilt of the accuser, which says, "Judge not," "first pluck the beam out of thine own eye," "be not hasty to condemn others, need to be understood. The spiritual law deals more with the hidden impulse of thought than with the external act. We need first to know that our thoughts are right; and that to cherish unkind thoughts is always wrong. Our thoughts being right as regards the motive, and towards others, to others and ourselves, our acts cannot be wrong.

Saint Paul said: "Happy is the man who condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth." I think Paul is not quite right. To always approve and extol self, there would be no improvement. We need self-search, and if there is any thing found that is wrong, condemnation and banishment is essential to reformation and progress. When the criticism is turned within on self, and each one seeing his wrong, corrects it and is made better, presently all will be better.

H. A. BRADBURY.  
Norway, Me.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### WARNING TO UNBELIEVERS.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson preached last night a sermon whose orthodoxy none might call into question. The doctrine that "he that believeth not shall be damned," was insisted upon, and the text was 1 Thessalonians, second chapter, verse 12: "All might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

"This is an age of delusions," said the preacher, "and in this city there are more of them to the square mile than in any other place on earth. Yet every man thinks all the rest of the notions about Christian Science, Spiritualism, Romanism, and all the other isms, are delusions, except the one he holds. I sometimes think we pastors waste our breath talking against those delusions. We ought to do as Gideon did, take our army and show our lights, and blow the Gospel trumpets and let these Midianites of false delusions fight it out between themselves."

—Chicago Tribune.

That is right and fair, Brother Henson, and we are willing to take you on your own terms. Take your army, blow your trumpets, break your pitchers, and let your light shine, and we will let the light that we have shine beside it, and abide by the result. But remember that you are as liable as any other to fall into the dilemma supposed by Jesus when he said: "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." Again, if you break your pitchers, and blow your "ram's horns" simultaneously, and flash your light on the people of the nineteenth century, do you think they will be as easily scared as those primitive Midianites? Your proposition, believe or be damned, is rather antiquated for an age in which blind faith is superseded by demonstrated facts, and many a child knows more about immortality and its conditions than the D. D's. The Chicago people will not feel flattered by the statement that in this city there are more delusions to the square mile than in any other place on earth. But we have more charity for you than you have for us, for you believe that we will be damned for our unbelief, but we know that when you pass to the next world and fully atone for your shortcomings and obstinacy while here, you will be advanced to higher spheres of activity and usefulness. Then you will look back with wonder and amazement at those whom you looked upon as poor, deluded wretches, because they could not say your "Shibboleth," and you will recognize the justice which rewarded them for their unselfish and independent search for truth, though they despised your dogmas and would have none of your ecclesiastical authority. It is well that you do not waste your breath talking against those so-called delusions. The good people will judge for themselves, and every "craze" not founded on truth will die out, for:

"Ever the truth comes uppermost, And ever is justice done."

and eternal progress, which is the law of the human soul, will dispel the darkness, and bring every soul into the light of God's eternal love.

N. NEELY.  
Chicago, Ill.

### 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 RYAN, 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 8.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### FRAUDS.

The bank clerk who is employed to handle the funds of the bank, is taught to distinguish the difference between counterfeit and genuine money. A sign, Beware of counterfeit money, is not considered sufficiently the patrons of the bank, and when a Spiritualist paper hangs out a sign, "Beware of fraudulent materializations," and fails to give the rule for producing genuine materializations, the public become convinced that the editor is not acquainted with the laws of matter that have to be complied with when the materialization of a disembodied spirit is produced.

To call the attention of Spiritualists to the fraudulent mediums, and fail to give Spiritualists the rule by which genuine mediums can be identified, is about as consistent as condemning a bank clerk for accepting counterfeit money because a sign hung up in the bank, "Beware of bogus bank notes."

When the readers of spiritual papers are taught the laws of mediumship, they will be capable of separating the genuine from the fraudulent. The laws of matter that are to be complied with when spiritual phenomena are to be produced, is what the public must learn. To merely run an intelligence office for the benefit of a few favorite mediums, is not considered the most useful work for a paper that aspires to be spiritual. People who are acquainted with the laws of mediumship are not liable to be swayed by fraudulent mediums. J. W. CURRIS.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### MIND READING.

TO THE EDITOR:—On Saturday afternoon, May 3d, I witnessed one of the most remarkable tests of mind reading, by Mr. Seymour, of Rockford, Ill. He gave an exhibition of his powers before an expert committee selected from a class of citizens who are posted in any business of that kind, and in a statement in a city paper issued May 4th, declared that no fraud or trickery could be connected with it in any way.

Mr. Seymour acknowledges that a power back of him does the work. On Sunday evening, May 4th, at Redmond's Opera House he again exhibited his wonderful powers in finding things hidden among the audience. He was introduced to the audience by Dr. W. O. Knowles, with the following remarks: "We live in the most important age in the history of this planet. No age preceding it was marked with such agitation as this. All civilizations are stirred from center to circumference with the great questions of to-day—the action of mind over mind, or mind over matter. Over eighteen hundred years ago there were prophets and seers, men who were wonder-workers, producing what was called 'miracles.' Many were put to death. Yea, the greatest wonder-worker of that age was nailed to a cross, tortured and suffered until death gave him a kind release. He was put to death for no other cause, than for practicing what will be demonstrated in your midst to-night, wonder-working, or the action of mind over mind. Many have come and gone who have startled the world with their powers; many are yet to come, and I venture to say that no one person upon the public platform is attracting the attention of the masses, more than this gentleman whom I am here to introduce; therefore I take great pleasure in announcing to this audience the greatest of wonder-workers of this age, the world renowned mind reader of Rockford, Ill."

The committee of investigation consisted of J. B. Hughes, W. C. Gunn, Dr. W. O. Knowles, L. H. Austin and N. C. Johnson. Grand Rapids, Mich. C. J. SMITH.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### UNDER THE POPE'S THUMB.

That's what we are surely coming to at no distant day, if no determined effort be made; but a determined effort will be made, and the country be finally redeemed from the thralldom of the Romish hierarchy. "Before long" said Bishop Vincent, of Buffalo, N. Y., in an interview in this city, "the Catholics and German Lutherans will condemn the compulsory education law in Illinois and other States. I've watched the progress of this issue in Wisconsin since Mr. Bennett framed the law which has become famous, and I believe the issue of compulsory education will supersede all tariff and other political interests at the next Presidential election. The great question as to whether Americans or Roman Catholics shall control this country has reached a point where an open fight is inevitable. While the Americans have been sleeping the Roman Catholics have been laboring with untiring energy, and their efforts have not been futile. They are building up a power in this country which threatens to prove disastrous to the United States. Not only do most of the Roman Catholics put their children in parochial schools, but they place Catholic teachers in the public schools to exercise an influence over the children of other denominations.

"A movement is being started in Buffalo to require every Catholic teacher in the public schools to swear unqualified allegiance that they will not allow religion to control their public services. The situation in Buffalo is worse than in Wisconsin or even in this State. Our public schools there are absolutely in the power of the Romish priesthood. The Americans in my city practically have nothing to say about the management of their schools.

"Such a state of affairs is bound to reach a crisis, and that, too, before long. It will simply be the experience of other countries.

"When the Liberals went into power in Belgium in 1878 they established an excellent system of public schools. No expense was spared in making the institution efficient and modern. A Catholic priest was forbidden to cross the threshold of any of the schools. But this Cabinet fell in 1884, when, through the Pope's influence, the Clericals attained absolute power. The first thing done was to overthrow all the schools established by the Liberals. Unless we make a National issue of this question we will likewise be defeated, and all of our schools will be under the Pope's thumb.

"The fight is inevitable, and the sooner

it comes the better. Delay will only strengthen the other side."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has begun a persistent fight against the Romish influence, and proposes to continue it until the country is redeemed from its thralldom. Spiritualists everywhere should respond to its support and thus become substantial aids in the conflict that will surely come.

H.

### THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, And whether I read or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.

It said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly twangs, And man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that rings.

If he put from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife, Heartache and weary longing that throbs in the pulses of life—

If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things, He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.

And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see, Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you.

Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure thoughts enter in To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin!

So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us— you and me.

—Atlanta Constitution.

It comes the better. Delay will only strengthen the other side."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has begun a persistent fight against the Romish influence, and proposes to continue it until the country is redeemed from its thralldom. Spiritualists everywhere should respond to its support and thus become substantial aids in the conflict that will surely come.

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—Atlanta Constitution.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### CARLOS FLORENTINE.

On Wednesday, the 7th of May, in the City of New York, this beloved brother was called upon to surrender up what appeared to be an unfinished life, for it seemed to us that the beauty of that life was just beginning to unfold. The genius and child of the divinest song, the soul of melody and music was this gentle brother. No one who ever heard the voice of Carlos Florentine can forget that marvelous something in the music of song, which penetrates and thrills the innermost fibers of all human hearts. Mechanical, technical singers there are by the thousand, but the spiritual harmonies of nature issue not from all human lips. There must be a soul behind the song to make it self felt in other souls, and this was what made Carlos Florentine a power in the world of music. Strong men were moved by the pathos of his voice, and gentle women wept in the presence of a soul akin to theirs.

I do not praise him for the magic of his numbers, for he could not help singing. His soul was all music. Like an Aeolian harp upon which the winds play their fine fantasies, his nature was attuned to the harmonies of the Spirit-world and made the means of bringing these down into human hearts. "Passing Hence," "The Last Milestone," "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," and other songs of like nature, were favorites of his, and always rendered with great power and effect.

Mr. Florentine often sang for our Spiritual Society, and was ever more than welcome when he appeared upon the platform. A most gentle, loving brother has been called unto the other country; a generous heart, an affectionate nature, a kind and loving disposition, added to a manly, noble honesty of character combined to make a man who will be welcomed even by the glorified angels. This poor tribute, my brother, is from the hand and heart of one who will be glad to greet you on the other side of the River of Life.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT  
New York, May 8, 1890.

### DISTINCTIVE SPIRITUALISM.

Modern Spiritualism properly studied is the leader to a true philosophy of all life and being. They make a miserable mistake who go back to a mythical and empirical age after exact truth, instead of availing themselves of an age wherein knowledge is more evidently positive instead of fanciful and theoretical only. Positive facts do not show that the Divine, controlling spiritual power of the Universe is a Father in the special, limited personal sense, implied by human or animal parentage. These latter are in a greater or less degree passionate or instinctive. The instinct of protection of a parent to a child is scarcely limited to propriety or morality of condition, but is, specially with the mother, swift, prompt and active. Where, for instance, was the boasted "Father of God" to the infant children of "Johnstown," when turned adrift upon the surging waters, with the voice of prayer upon their lips to God whom they had been taught was so loving and so omnipotent to save. Did he save them? Not as an earthly personal father or mother would have saved them, if they had the power—swiftly, instantly, regardless of all personal risks, or outside of lawful considerations. The laws of Nature's God—the all-controlling ceaseless power of gravity urging forward the resistless floods, paused not—regarded not the life of either man or animal. I am satisfied there is no "Father God in the special, limited personal sense implied by the word Father in its every day meaning. The Infinite Spirit is a Father only in the sense that we hold our existence as offspring from and partaking in finite degree of the Divine essence, always subject to the lawful ordering of the Great Spirit, in ways ordained, we know not how or whence. The prayers of the Johnstown children found no escape from the great disaster, except through the grand provision of a higher lawful life, to which all may escape sooner or later, in which the laws and means of existence are more amply provided than in this rough and imperfect world. Special providences, it would seem, are only experienced at times from finite aids, and here we must mainly depend for our welfare upon our own manful efforts, under laws that it becomes us well to study and understand. Accumulated knowledge of facts and laws united with a courageous and patient working for our own well being and that of our fellow creatures, aided and inspired as we may be by our fellows of the past, of the present, and of the "gone before," must and will ever lead to our salvation and true growth.

J. G. JACKSON.  
Hockessin, Del.

### THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

A tract for the times. By HENSON TUTTLE. Third edition just published. Price, post-paid, 5 cents; to those ordering for distribution, ten copies 35 cents; 25 per 100. Address, HENSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### A TRUMPET MEDIUM.

I feel that you will gladly give space in your most excellent journal to a few brief expressions regarding several seances given in our city during the 7th 8th and 9th of present month, by the celebrated medium, Mrs. Sadie Seary, of Cincinnati, O. She is known (I believe) as the trumpet medium; and I hesitate not to say, that if the Christian's "Gabriel" will do as good work when he sounds his trumpet as did Sister Seary while here with her trumpet-speaking angels, he will, at the very least, deserve much praise for the well performance of the good mission assigned him. Sister Seary holds what is known as dark circles, and remains in her normal state during the seances, i. e., she is not entranced; but her kind womanly and honest voice is frequently heard with that of the audience, while the words of cheer, affection and wisdom are distinctly spoken through the trumpet by the acting spirit; and this continues about three hours, or until the entire audience receives the glad tidings, respectively, from their loved ones "Over there." At each seance I attended, some of the spirits spoke quite audibly, loud as any of the audience; all the rest in clear, distinct whispers; and several sang most beautifully and sweetly through the trumpet, both separately and in concert with the audience. Words seem to fall me in expressing my high appreciation of Sister Seary's mediumistic powers in her special gifts; so I will close by this one expression. Sensible people, to attend her circles, means conversion to Spiritualism. We have the promise of Sister Seary returning to our city soon, when she will make her stay with us a more protracted one. O, yes; her private readings, I am told, are simply superb.

Muncie, Ind. J. H. MENDESHALL.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### ITEMS FROM NEW YORK.

A SLIGHT ERROR.—CARLOS FLORENTINE.—MRS. BRIGHAM, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please correct a slight error in the statement from me in No. 25.

It was at the seance of Mrs. Stoddard Gray and son, 323 West 34th st., that Gen. Hamilton and Ponce DeLeon materialized, and called Mr. John F. Whitney, of St. Augustine, Fla., to the cabinet, and held quite a long conversation, and not at Mrs. M. E. Williams. Mr. Whitney started a Spiritualist paper at 553 Broadway, in 1853, called *The Spiritual Messenger*. Soon after he sold out and the paper was called *The Christian Spiritualist*. Then Mr. W. moved to St. Augustine. He owns a large tract of land and a hotel near the celebrated Palace Hotel, named after the founder of Florida, Ponce DeLeon. Mr. W. has seances almost daily, and receives astounding manifestations from his spirit wife and others, too marvelous to mention in a Spiritualist paper at this day even. I am in hopes I can induce him to write out some of his late experiences for your valuable paper.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York have lost an earnest, active and useful member since I last addressed you. Mr. Carlos Florentine was translated to spirit spheres on the 7th inst. Funeral on the 9th, ably presided over by Mrs. N. T. Brigham. Mr. F. was a popular vocalist; his voice a baritone, partaking of the quality and sweetness of tenor, and he used both registers with great tact and effect. He was of the most generous and genial nature, always ready to respond to the call of suffering humanity, and his departure is mourned by a large circle of friends.

An entertainment was given for the First Society, April 25th, in which he took an active part; one of the pieces sang by him was entitled, "The Last Mile Stone." In this he was truly and wonderfully inspired; his whole soul entered into it. Soon after singing this piece, he had a congestive chill, resulting in typhoid pneumonia, and death ensued twelve days after the attack.

In the fall of 1887, he formed a weekly seance at his residence, and it was my good fortune to form a part of the small but interesting circle. We soon obtained evidence that our spirit friends could return, as his mother and brother both gave him unmistakable proof of their identity; he also very quickly accepted the Philosophy of Spiritualism as rational and beautiful; it enabled him to explain many things in the Bible that were always mysteries before; and after hearing a few lectures from Mrs. N. T. Brigham, he was not ashamed to call himself a Spiritualist. His devoted and loving wife, accomplished and



## THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

A Remarkable Narrative Illustrating Spirit Power.

Marvelous Occurrences, as Given by Emma Hardinge Britten.

[NOTE.—This most wonderful narrative is taken from *The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England, an excellent paper devoted to the dissemination of Spiritualism, occult science, ethics, religion and reform. Its editor, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, stands pre-eminent as an orator, author, medium and seer, and the weird narrative which she publishes under the head of "The Mystery of the Postern Gate," would never have been given to the world had she not felt deeply impressed that every word of it is true. The circumstances of the narrative were communicated to Mrs. Britten by a descendant of the family whose fortunes they detail, and the curious episode connected with them was only permitted to be repeated on condition that the real names of the actors should be concealed, as well as the scene of the occurrence, under fictitious titles. Emanating from so high a source as Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, we shall follow her by publishing the narrative in *The Progressive Thinker*.]

## CHAPTER IV.

"You all tell a very extraordinary, not to say an incredible story, good people," said a shrewd, intelligent-looking gentleman, who was acting as coroner on the inquest held over the body of the unfortunate Johan Kalozy, the clock-maker of D—, after he had been found, as described in the last chapter, stone dead, and cold, in the cellar work-room of his little dwelling. "You testify," (addressing a crowd of witnesses, amongst whom were the widow and family of the deceased), "that twenty years ago, in the parlor of this same house, on New Year's Day, a flash of lightning killed the housekeeper, put out her husband's eyes, and crushed young Fritz Kalozy into his present crippled state. You testify that four years ago, four of Kalozy's young children—playing in the forest—again on New Year's Day, were struck by lightning, and killed. And now comes the mysterious death of the father, Kalozy himself, who is found, after a thunderstorm, dead, with no marks of violence to show the manner of his death, and nothing but the faint outline of a tree on the chest to indicate that he perished again by a stroke of lightning, and again on New Year's Day. To me it seems, good people, as if six deaths, and two life-long injuries, all inflicted by what we must suppose to be the vengeance of heaven, cannot be regarded in any other light than as a judgment from the Lord for some sins committed by this doomed and hapless family."

Loud sobs from the afflicted widow were the only answer made to this speech, inhuman as it may now sound, but—a hundred years ago—in thorough keeping with the superstitions of the time.

At this point, a gentleman in the black, official dress of a notary, stepped up to the coroner and held a short whispered conversation with him. At its conclusion the coroner said aloud:

"Did not some one testify that there was a visitor went into Herr Kalozy's workshop during the storm?"

"I did, Meinherr," said Fritz, stepping forward.

"Your uncle, you said, Baron Paul Kalozy, was it not?"

"Yes, Meinherr."

"The same that was present at the other deaths by lightning, as I hear?" said the official, looking suspiciously at a knot of legal men standing near.

"Even so," said Fritz, simply.

"Where is this mysterious lightning-bearer, pray?" said the coroner, addressing the chief-constable present. "Where is Baron Kalozy?"

"We do not know, Meinherr, we have searched for him everywhere in vain."

"Is he not in his castle up there in the woods?"

"We cannot tell. We have been there and can gain no entrance. We have watched for him one whole day and night, and can neither see any one or hear any one within the castle. We think the place is deserted."

"Then there is nothing for it but to accept your view of the case, Dr. Praeger," said the coroner, turning to a medical gentleman, who had helped to conduct the post-mortem examination of the body; "and we can but conclude that the deceased came by his death through a stroke of lightning; but it's a very mysterious affair."

And now the weeping widow and mourning children return to the desolate house, rendered still more desolate by the complete desertion of all the superstitious people of that superstitious age and district, to whom the coroner's words had been repeated—repeated, too, with so many wild and weird exaggerations that the very street in which the little shop stood became tabooed, and those who had occasion to pass through it actually crossed over to the other side, fearing to pass the doomed house, lest the wrath of offended heaven, which had fallen so heavily on the Kalozy household, should also visit them. Meantime, bitter indeed was the struggle for very life and subsistence maintained by the unhappy elder brother and sister of the devoted family. The poor widow moaned around like one broken-hearted, and in the absence both of health and spirits, her temper, grown peevish by years of care and suffering, was now a source of continual unhappiness to all around her.

If they smiled, she reproached them for their heartlessness and want of sympathy. If they were sad and downcast, she chided because they did not try to raise her drooping spirits. The poor little twins followed themselves such marked objects of aversion amongst the school children that they brought their mother, whilst she, who had now to become both mother and father to the entire family, yielded to their entreaties, on the pretense that little Ella was required to run errands, whilst Fritz could earn something by attending the markets and carrying home parcels and baskets for purchasers.

As to Fritz, he stood all day in the now deserted shop, in the hope that somebody would come to buy the stock of articles that still remained there. Day by day he dusted down the counter, the window and shelves; polished up the goods and arranged and re-arranged them, so as to look tempting and attractive. In summer he gathered at early dawn little bouquets of wild flowers and stuck them in among the clocks and

timepieces. In the winter he went far and near to get berries and evergreens for the same purpose. All would not do. Nobody wanted his skill in repairs; nobody would enter the doomed shop to buy his wares. A spell was on the place, and the unhappy hunchback attributed his ill-luck and desertion to his ungainly appearance, rather than to the real cause—the pitiful superstitions that had cast their glamour over the place.

As to Constance, she was now, as ever in her brief span of life, the soul and spirit, the life and bread-winner of the poor family. One friend they still had left, and that was Herr Manheim, the good old neighbor who had been present at the last sad scene of the father's death, and whose fidelity to the widow and fatherless children was unflinching.

Father Manheim, as they called him, was a small farmer, and besides giving little Franz many a job to hold his farm wagon horse, and carry little baskets to and from the market, he performed a yet more essential service for Constance, whom he looked up to as a little short of an angel. The poor girl had taken her neat sewing, beautifully made and embroidered baby linen, and other specimens of exquisite work, to different houses and shops in the small town, but none would buy, none would order, and in not a few places, directly her beautiful face appeared beneath her shabby hat, and she presented herself in her patched and threadbare garments, the doors were closed in her face, and the hasty retreat of those she called upon spoke in bitter but unmistakable accents of the fear and aversion inspired by one of the Kalozy household. It was in this strait that good old Father Manheim came to the rescue. There was another larger and more flourishing town between D— and Prague, he said, and if Constance could only drive herself in his little half-blind mare, she was quite welcome to do so once or twice a week. Thither accordingly she went, and disposed of her work, generally bringing home sufficient means to furnish forth their humble table for the few days that intervened before her busy fingers (employed both night and day), could accomplish sufficient work for another sale. Sometimes her customers were out, or already provided with what she had to sell, and then there might have been seen about twilight, or during the long dark winter evenings, a tall slight form, with a dark gypsy face, peering out from a slouched hat, tied down over the head with a coarse handkerchief, a head gear which entirely concealed the hair and upper part of the gypsy's face, of which only the dazzling white teeth and bronzed chin and cheeks were visible. Unprepossessing as was this forlorn-looking being, when she stopped before the few great houses or well-to-do cottage residences, there came from beneath that slouched hat such a flood of melody—*Volklieder* dear to the people's hearts, attuned in such a wonderfully sweet, powerful and flexible voice, that many coppers, and not unfrequently silver coins were poured into her small brown hand in perfect profusion. On several occasions the gypsy was invited to come and sing at the neighboring inns and public-houses and then she slipped away from her admirers and was lost to sight before they were aware of her intention to fly. More than once her wonderful voice and delightful method of execution caught the ear of some professional musician, and then it became a still harder task for her to slip away from those who were determined to capture her, and train her, as they expressed it, "for the operatic boards." It was these *contretemps*, which would have delighted the breast of a real street musician, that often deterred the wanderer from pursuing her evening pilgrimages; in fact, it was only after a thoroughly unsuccessful day, and when there was nothing left in the house but a little bread and a cup of thin goat's milk for mother's supper, that the fair and beautiful golden-haired Constance darkened her face and hands with walnut-juice, and donning her now too-familiar rags, and her dead father's old slouched hat, went singing about the streets with the voice of an angel, and the appearance of a gypsy beggar.

As she never had any secrets from her darling Fritz, this desperate work was confided to him, and though it nearly broke his heart to see his "Fairy" reduced to such a pass, the empty larder, the hungry faces of the children, and the murmurs of the cross mother prevailed, and though never without dropping tears on the brown hands that wrung his own as she departed, he let her secretly out and in again through the shop, and sat listening now, with unrestrained showers of tears, to the echoes of her lovely voice singing in some far-off street the songs she had learned at home, and so often delighted her father and him with, when seated at her harp in their little parlor. This harp, by-the-by, was now, alas! turned into bread for the family's behoof. There had been one alternative thrown in Constance Kalozy's way, by which these desperate straits of poverty might have been avoided. The burgomaster of D—, a very wealthy and very proud man, some two years ago, had seen the fair Constance, and become desperately enamored of her. Although a widower, with two grown-up daughters, as old as herself, this proud gentleman had deigned to offer her his hand and fortune. Constance had gently but firmly declined this honor, alleging her betrothal to her sailor-lover, Rudolph Muller, rather than the intense dislike she felt for the haughty burgomaster and his imperious daughters. After the father's death, and when the family's desertion and extreme poverty became the town talk, the great man had again called on the fair Constance, again offered her *wealth and independence*, but this time *without the hand*, the name or station that would alone have made that wealth honorable. The indignant words of shame and scorn that broke from the lips of the noble Constance reached the ears of her brother, who was close by, in the empty shop. Then, for the first and only time in his life, did the hunchback exhibit himself in the character of a very angry, not to say dangerous man. Advancing towards the base profligate, he bid him

sternly and fiercely to begone, and as he valued his life, never again to dare cross that threshold.

And this is how it was that Constance Kalozy first lost her chance of becoming a burgomaster's wife, and next of being promoted to the post of his mistress, preferring to both positions the still more honorable one of disguising herself as a gypsy, and singing about the streets for bread.

It was in the midst of these bitter experiences that one year had passed since the father died, and New Year's Eve had come again.

Constance had not long been gone on her sad and perilous bread-winning errand when her brother was startled by her sudden return. The color on the poor girl's face was stained and blurred with tears, and her hands trembled so violently as she placed them in those of her anxious brother, that it was some time before he could calm her sufficiently to induce her to tell him what had happened.

"Oh Fritz!" cried the poor singer, throwing off her hat and suffering a shower of golden curls to fall around her shoulders, "I'm afraid I can never go out singing again in this town—no, not if we are all starving!"

"What is it, dear? What has happened?"

"Alas, brother! as I was singing beneath Madame Schomberg's window, who should come along but the burgomaster, that dreadful Herr Marx. He put a silver coin into my hand and told me to sing that song over again. Oh, brother! I felt so outraged to receive money from him, that would you believe it, I actually threw it down at his feet into the street. He picked it up, and putting his odious face under my hat, his serpent eyes met mine. Then he laughed, and muttered my name. What else said I don't know, for I ran away up one street and down another, until I got home—and now—"

"Oh Fritz! I am so very, very miserable. What do you think will come of it?"

"Nothing but good, darling," returned the brother, tenderly wiping the tears from his sister's stained cheek. "You did right, my own Constance, quite right; and the good God has done better for us than we could ask, for He in His providence has forever put a stop to an unholy and dangerous employment, one that I, love—your only natural guardian—should never have sanctioned. Now my own Fairy, cheer up, I have good news for you. Here is a whole bag full of money which good Father Manheim has brought me in to-day for the sale of two clocks, one musical box, and three silver watches. Think of it, Constance! Why, here is provision, quite enough to live finely and have meat every day for six weeks, and before that time is ended, Fairy—oh, but there's something good coming. Last night three several times I fell asleep, and dreamed that a great big beautiful golden eagle came and perched right upon your shoulder, Fairy, and dropped in your lap a package all covered with golden bands."

"Do you think it might be the long, long expected letter from Rudolph, Fritz?"

"No," returned her brother, softly and sorrowfully; "Rudolph's letter will come by-and-by, dear, and with it good reason for his silence. No, Fairy, the eagle that is coming is a golden one, and brings golden tidings—but hark! there's some one knocking at the shop door now. Go and dress yourself and come down soon, Fairy, I may want you." And then as his sister left him he went into the shop, murmuring to himself, as he undid the door, "Who knows but that this is the golden eagle, come at last?"

(To be continued.)

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

## AN EPISODE AT LORRAINE, OHIO.

A REPORTER MISREPRESENTS THE SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR: I do not wish to trespass on your valuable space in the good paper you are giving people all over the country; but in justice to my many friends whom I know take your paper, I would like to state a few facts in a matter that has come before the people in our own town of late.

The Church in this town is like that in all towns, fighting Spiritualism, and every one that has anything to do with it. We have been having meetings here, more or less, for over a year, and have had some fine tests, but have not taken pains to ask in strangers, for very good reasons. The church people, some of the very elite, have been very bitter to think one would do such a thing in a civilized community as to hold a seance; the very idea set them almost crazy; but we have had our meetings just the same. Now, to put a stop to such doings in town, they had a reporter for the *News and Herald*, a Cleveland paper, come over here and expose us, as they call it.

The reporter came and represented himself as a friend of the cause, and said he had a mother living, and that she was a strong Spiritualist, and as she had heard about our meetings we were having here through a friend, she requested him to call and sit in one of our circles, and see if he could not get a communication from his father. We allowed him to sit with us, but he got no communication, although he asked several times for one; but every time he asked they answered him "No," very emphatically.

The reporter went away, and in a few days the *News and Herald* came out with very sensational headlines, saying that they were in the business of exposing Spiritualism, and that the last exposure was in Lorraine, and the medium, although a man much respected in the community for his honesty, etc., was by name E. C. Bartlett. There were eight honest and respectable citizens in the room with the reporter, besides the medium, and every one unites in saying that the man made up his whole article out of truth in his whole statement, but that same article did the church people whole worlds of good. Some of them said they never were so pleased in all their lives; others said: "Good, they ought to be served like Bruno," and so on down through their category of slang for such wicked people. I would earnestly request them all to read Matt. 5: 11.

E. C. BARTLETT.

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Lorraine, Ohio.

For *The Progressive Thinker*.

## THOUGHTS ARE THINGS.

Prentice Mulford, the one-time journalist, sailor, sea-cook, gold-digger, rancher, school-teacher, juror, office-seeker, and philosopher in a Jersey swamp, turns up at last in Boston with an ism, says the *Chicago Tribune*:

A few years ago, the *Tribune* goes on to say, he was writing paragraphs for the *New York Graphic*, under the heading of "The History of the Day." The fact that he was compelled to be in New York a certain number of hours a day led him to build himself a retreat in the swamps of New Jersey, where after the day's work he could hermitage. It was here that he conceived the notion that "Thoughts Are Things,"—a principle that he is now setting forth in a monthly publication issued in Boston, called "The White Cross Library." He calls his teachings by no name, does not attempt to classify them into any school or sect. His essays are a delightful mixture of Christian Science, Spiritualism, Buddhism, and Theosophy. In fact, it is aimed to take the best of all creeds and suits everybody, the principal aim being to prove the result of the force of thought applied and the silent power of mind over material things. It is all the difference between success and failure, health and disease, happiness and misery.

As a proof of the doctrine the preachers of it cite their own success in the present enterprise. There are readers in every part of the world for "The White Cross Library." Yet none of the old business methods have been used to secure them. There is no publisher back of them; they do not advertise and had no subscribers. They simply issued their books, sat down in their offices, willing to sell the books, and sold them.

The books, of which some thirty volumes have now been issued, are of two classes—practical and theoretical. The first number bore the title "You Travel While You Sleep," and proves the reality of dreams as the spirit, the real self, is but a bundle of thoughts. "The spirit, being an organization distinct from the body, has eyes, ears, touch, taste, and smell. Your body, with its coarser senses, is for use in this the coarser level of life; but you can with your spirit go to a higher and finer order of life. Having being taught all your life to deny the existence of the senses through lack of exercise they are not in 'working condition.'"

"When Paul said, 'I die daily,' he meant that some thought of yesterday was dead to-day and cast off like an old garment. In its place is a new one."

"All rooms are filled with the thought element most put out by those who live in them, and this element left there acts on people more or less strongly in proportion to their capacity to feel the thoughts of others. For such reason you feel the devotional thought of a church, even when empty."

"If you think or keep most in mind the mere thought of determination, hope, cheerfulness, strength, you will attract more and more of such thought elements. If you think you cannot do a thing and continually say to yourself 'I can't,' you are working your power for non-success. You must stop worrying. It is very difficult to overcome this habit, because our ancestors for generations have worried before us, but that makes no difference as to the destructive results of taking thought for the morrow. The law involved goes on working, and is as certain to run over and crush you if you get in its way, as the locomotive if you step before it on the track. Think hopeful things instead of hopeless things. Think success instead of failure. People who think badly of themselves are pretty sure to do badly. The Scripture remarks: 'As a man or woman thinketh, so is he or she.' When a man thinks poorly of himself he goes off and gets drunk or does some mean thing. The pride that makes a man value himself is the pride that keeps him from mean and degraded acts."

But the best of all this new philosophy is: "Think riches, and you shall have them." "If you think poverty, you put out an actual force to attract poverty. If in mind you are always seeing yourself growing poorer and poorer; if at every venture you fear and teach yourself to expect to lose money; if your heart quakes every time you pull out your purse, you are by an inevitable force in nature, or spiritual law, attracting poverty. On the other hand, to think success brings success. Theology calls this desire for better things prayer, and prayer is the great elevating force in the universe. When you desire or demand anything you pray for that thing, or, in other words, you set at work to force the attaching to that thing. You can so pray unconsciously for poor things as good; and if you do you attract poor things. If in mind you see ever disaster, misfortune and the poorhouse, it is the same as praying for disaster, loss and the poorhouse, and by this law disaster, misfortune and the poorhouse will come to you."

"It is a law of riches that use brings gain; hoarding brings loss. If the tree held stingly on to last year's fruit and leaves and refused to drop them, the vents for next year's fruit would be choked up. It is a spiritual law that the old must be cast off ere the new can come. If you hold on to half-worn trumpery of any sort, through the mere love of keeping, you are barring out the better thing coming to you. If you will keep company with people who after all, only tire you and bore you, who ridicule your ideas if you express them, and are utterly profitless to you, you keep the better people from you."

"Everything about us influences us and becomes saturated with us. Clothing absorbs thought; it can be rested as much as our bodies. When you put on the garment you have laid aside for a period of weeks or months, although it may not feel as one entirely new, still, in a sense, it does not seem quite as stale as when last worn. If hung accessible to sunshine and fresh air, it will cast off more or less of your old thought. The robes worn by priests of any religion—Buddhism, Judaism or Catholicism, are consecrated to their peculiar use, and wisely so. If worn by the priest at all times, it would be permeated by all of his peculiar moods. The costume of the actor becomes saturated with the part he plays. There is profit in putting on a change of apparel for dinner or

the theatre, for if you wear your business suit you are bringing in that clothing, a part of your business self to a place where all business thought should be temporarily laid aside and forgotten, in order that business shall be the better done next morning."

Mr. Mulford himself was a hard drinker, and was cured, so he says, by the thought of his friends who believed in him, and so strengthened him against temptation.

The people who believe in this new idea that "Thoughts are Things," talk of a church that should be a place of silent demand or prayer. They request free-will offerings of money to erect the edifice, but what it distinctly understood that they rely more on the spiritual power of their thoughts; the material means will surely follow. It is to be called "The Church of Silent Prayer." Within, on the walls, these sentences shall be placed:

"Demand first wisdom, so as to know what to ask for."

"Ask, and ye shall receive. Ask imperiously, but ask in a willing mood for what the Supreme Power sees best for you."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself, but demand good first for yourself, that you may be the better fitted to do good to all."

That Prentice Mulford has struck the keynote of a grand truth, all will admit. Pure thoughts no doubt add to the aggregate of purity, while evil thoughts as surely increase the aggregate licentiousness and dishonesty of the world. JUS TICE.

## A THOUGHT.

(To John A. and Kate F. Miller on their Marriage Anniversary.)

For twenty-five years has love's shining tether linked your two hearts and two lives together; The duties and labors to which then were begun, Untiring forever as if they were one.

No trials reached one by the other unshared, And neither had joys by the other unshared; You have trustfully, tenderly wended through life A true noble husband, and dear loving wife.

It has been the human experience of all That into most lives must come dark shadow fall, That the very happiest homes ever made Can't always have sunshine, there must be some shade.

But—'t would seem you have been unusually blest In family ties and in all we love best; No kingdom is richer or fairer to see Than the home where all is in sweet harmony.

You try to be just in whatever you do, Standing firmly by what you believe to be true, Neither bowing to custom nor cringing to state, Nor harboring envy, ill-will, fear or hate.

Your religion, though void of popular creeds, Justifies you to justice and nobler deeds; You give to the poor and cheer the depressed, The widow, the fatherless and the distressed.

Just twenty-five years; may it be as much more Ere you pass from this life to the immortal shore; Ere either arrives at that heart-breaking place Where you take your last look at the other's dead face.

May time glide peacefully over your lives And bring you contentment till old age arrives; And as you grow older, your value known, May the home-lore about you but strengthen and grow.

AMARILLA MARTIN.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

THE GREAT WORK THIS NOBLE MAN IS DOING.

TO THE EDITOR:—I desire to state through your columns, that Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan, M. D., of Boston, (at 6 James street), delivered a scientific, instructive and able lecture, at the opening of the Therapeutic College of which he is President and Chief, the 5th inst.

The writer had previously attended a course of the Doctor's lectures, but he availed himself of this opportunity to meet former class mates, and also to see and hear the Doctor demonstrate the advanced sciences, Psychometry, Sarcognomy, Electro-Psychology, Electro Magnetism, and the Pneumatic methods of curing diseases of mind and body, which are not taught by the so-called "Regulars," or the colleges from which they have been members.

The Doctor has passed his seventy-fifth birthday, with a sound mind in a sound body, and from his enthusiasm, energy and vigor of mind and body, one would scarcely think him past forty. The advanced sciences and methods above referred to have demonstrated their great usefulness in his own life he having lived, taught and practiced and proved them for over fifty years, and there can be no doubt but what he will live to pass his hundredth birthday, and then he will still live in history, he having left his impress upon mankind as a man of ability, of large research and a hundred years in advance of his day in discoveries in anthropology, the science of the living man, proving that there is no need of dissecting the dead to know man's soul.

Prof. Gall, the phrenologist, discovered nearly thirty organs in the brain, but Dr. Buchanan has discovered and located some 268 organs therein, and he went further still, and discovered that each organ in the brain has a corresponding region in the body, and that a diseased region in the body, and does, show its unbalanced and inharmonious condition in the corresponding organ of the brain; therefore, to solve the problem how to keep well, and when sick, how to get well, is to disperse disease. The mind, nerves and body must be taken together as a whole. By Dr. B's. advanced system, man is known and seen by all, through the science of Sarcognomy, more accurately than a map of earth can be to the traveler on land and sea.

Lovell, Mass. L. A. HULSE.

GOOD THINGS GROWING.

O, the green things growing, the green things growing! The faint sweet smell of the green things growing! I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve, Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

O, the fluttering and the patter of those green things growing! How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing!

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight Or the dim dreamy dawn, when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so; my green things growing; And I think they love me, without false showing; For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much.

With the soft, moist comfort of green things growing. And in the rich store of their blossoms growing, Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing!

O, I should like to see, if I could, I think, I think, Many, many a summer of my green things growing! But if I must be gathered for the angel's sowing, Sleep out of sight awhile, like green things growing, Though dust to dust return, I think I'll scarcely mourn.

If I may change into green things growing, DINEAR MCGLOE CRAIK.

PSYCHOMETRY. CONSULT WITH PROFESSOR A. B. SURVANCE in all matters pertaining to practical life, and your spiritual friends. Send lock of hair, or handwriting, and one dollar. Will answer three questions free of charge. Send for circulars. Address, 105 4th street, Milwaukee, Wis. May 3

## THE PSYCHOGRAPH

## DIAL PLANCHETTE!

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gifts, have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many of my friends, even from the old settlers whose grave-stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, writes as follows:

"I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the *Washington (Min.) Advertiser*, says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very little 'pose work' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

Just what investigators want. Home circles want. Price, by mail, five dollars. Send for full directions for use \$1.00. For sale at this office.