



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

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### THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

BY G. W. BARNARD.

When all the world is weary,  
And darkness reigns around,  
And life is dull and dreary,<—  
No ray of comfort found,  
And clouds shut out the glory  
Of warm and tinted skies,  
Flame winds repeat their story  
And storm of fury rise,  
And all seems lost and buried  
Beneath a mountain's weight,  
And ranks so dense and serried  
Go down to meet their fate;  
And waters rise before us,  
That threaten all with death—  
The billows rolling o'er us,  
And clouds no longer falling  
In anger o'er the deep.

And thus do Hope's angels  
Bring peace and glory down—  
Bright bands of shining angels,  
Who all with goodness crown,  
That makes our lives worth living  
And lights our pathway clear,  
And brings the sweet forgiving  
That fills our souls with cheer.

Memphis, Ill.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

### THE DEATH PENALTY.

Ought Spiritualists to Sanction It?

BY A. M. GRIFFIN.

Punishment as an element *per se* should form no part of the animus, or motive, of the criminal law, and it should be clearly understood that society in resorting to compulsory measures in dealing with its criminals is only acting for the protection of its members; that it aims to secure that protection, first, by isolation of the criminal; and, secondly, by adaptation of its methods and forms of procedure to those educational, moral and religious agencies whose object is the betterment of mankind.

Moral guilt, as such, should be no concern of the criminal statute. The man should be judged solely by the effects of his acts upon society. Punishment of moral guilt is the prerogative of the conscience of the individual. It is, however, as *Vico* maintained:

"Because the edge of conscience becomes blunted, and the pain it inflicts ceases to be sharp enough, the interests of society are compromised in such a manner that external and material pain must be added by human law to the purely internal and spiritual pain which follows wrong-doing. The external law and punishment must, however, be modeled on the internal law and punishment. The voice of the judge without should correspond to what would be the voice of the judge within, were it allowed to be clearly heard. Otherwise penal law must be the expression of arbitrariness or vengeance. But since penal law should thus far as possible be the representative of conscience, it should have the same ends—the amendment of the offender and the protection of society. The amendment of the offender is to be kept in view as long as it can be hoped for, but although this may be hopeless, society is entitled to inflict suffering on criminals as far but not farther than may be required for its self-protection."

Punishment which is visited "for example" is vicarious, unjustifiable in itself and by results, and when carried to an appreciable extent, is simply gratuitous cruelty.

In the States of Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin, where capital punishment has long since been abolished, human life is as secure as in other States of the Union, and much more so than in many of the States where the penalty is still in force.

In Switzerland, that model and most peaceful republic of the old world, capital punishment from 1879 to the present has existed as a legal enactment in but eight of the twenty-five cantons; and in Belgium, Prussia, Bavaria, Denmark and Sweden, though not abolished by law, its enforcement has practically ceased. So, in France, where in one year there were one hundred and twenty-six convictions for murder and but four executions, the same indication of the decadence of this mistaken policy is afforded. The government of Italy has recently abolished the penalty in that country, where for years therefore it had been a dead letter. Likewise in Austria, capital punishments have for many years been exceedingly rare. In the Kingdom of Netherlands the death penalty was abolished in the year 1870, and in 1881, when an effort was made by a minority of the Chamber to reenact the penalty, the Minister of Justice stated that "the convictions for crime which merited death, according to the law in force up to that time, in the ten years immediately following the abolition of capital punishment, were fifty-seven in number, while the number of those condemned to death in the ten years immediately preceding was eighty-two."

Aside from the question of the individual moral responsibility of each assenting member of the community in which the dreadful punishment of death is prescribed by law, for every innocent victim of the law (of which there are numerous instances on record), history conclusively proves that the penalty has no merits as a policy of State; and hence, if not for the moral, it should for the political reason, be at once discontinued in all well-regulated governments.

That punishment in itself is a nega-

tive agent in the civilizing process of humanity is a proposition that will hardly be questioned; but that excessive punishment for any class of crime is a positive agent of demoralization and crime itself is conclusively demonstrated by the events of history. Take, for example, the sanguinary laws of England. Says the *Morning Herald*, published in April, 1830:

"If the dreadful punishment of death could repress a crime, how effectively ought forgery to be repressed! What hordes of human victims have been offered up upon the scaffold to what is called the 'commercial interests,' or rather to the great idol of mammon! \* \* \* And yet all this waste of life—all this work of extermination, does not prevent in any degree the perpetual recurrence of the crime and the perpetual exhibition of similar acts of human sacrifice."

If, then, exemplary punishment, which theoretically is intended solely for the protection of society, is not justified by results, under what conception of justice is such punishment permissible? It will hardly be said that justice in the abstract contemplates that the life of one man who has demonstrated by an overt act that he is bad, shall be destroyed that other men presumably bad at heart may be deterred from crime which it is not certain they ever will commit. If it be the object of the penal law to frighten men into the suppression of their criminal instincts, and when capital punishment is prescribed as a menace, such punishment can be the object, then ought we to turn back the pages of history and inaugurate anew the terrors of the wheel, the rack, the thumb-screw and other instruments of torture, that the example may indeed be a lesson and a warning to all.

"True justice," Rev. Mr. Brayton, of Auburn, N. Y., observes, "has wider sweep than our wisdom or our passions. Its demands are not answered when we have struck the retaliatory blow. It needs not the timidity of our selfish fear, nor the clamor of our revengeful cry. It comprehends the welfare of the criminal as well, and in its quality the clear intermingling of all the holy attributes of God. True justice drives no man to hopeless doom,—it is not satisfied with penalty—it does not smother penitence,—its demand is righteous; and by all its penalties and pains it unbars the way and impels and leads the penitents to return. When our humanity, in its too slow evolution from barbarism, shall attain to this pure ideal of justice it will no longer be satisfied with the brutal clamor of blood for blood."

The fact that executions in many of the States of our Union are had in "private"—that is, with but few persons in witness—is a virtual concession that their effect upon the general public is detrimental to the public good, and that as an example they are of no value in the prevention of crime. If, however, the example were not pernicious, or productive rather than preventive of crime, a full and complete knowledge of details would seem to be the best possible means of impressing the mind with the lesson sought to be conveyed, and certainly those needing the lesson most ought, properly, to be permitted to receive it in its most effective form.

The supposition that capital punishment deters men from homicidal crime is apparently founded upon a misconception of human nature. It falsely assumes that when men are under the influence of strong impulse and passion they are still capable of calmly balancing cause and effect and by logical processes reaching as sound conclusions as when subjected to the milder impulses of human nature. It takes no account of some of the most patent of mental facts, namely, that the undeveloped intellect is of all intellects the most egotistic; that the criminal, when contemplating the commission of crime, deludes himself with the idea that he is too shrewd to be detected, and hence that what may have befallen a comrade in crime would not have happened to himself because of his superior cunning and ability. It also mistakes true premises in assuming that the criminal mind is capable of appreciating the distinction between the moral quality of the motive involved in the killing of a man according to law and that of motives which prompt to murder in the individual. It again falsely assumes that in all men the fear of death is the most powerful of incentives, whereas it is well known that the thought of death has little or no influence upon the mind of a person in robust health unless death itself be immediately expected.

Witness the untold millions who, swayed by the passion of patriotism, of conquest, of revenge, of religion, have braved death on the battlefields of history; and who do not forget those noble souls who have offered themselves up sacrifices on the altar of Scientific discovery and of truth. Again, the burdens and miseries of a vast throng of inhabitants of earth would seem to lead them to prefer death to life. It has been estimated that there are seven suicides to one homicide. "And this fact," observes Mr. Bovee, "attests the truthfulness of the proposition that life is oftentimes a burden." The same writer also quotes Jeremy Bentham as follows: "Such is the situation of a majority of malefactors, that their existence is only a melancholy combination of all kinds of wretchedness." How much of wretchedness is justly due to the moral delinquency of the individual himself, and how much may be attributable to his social and natural environment perhaps may never clearly be known. If, however, the indi-

vidual's environment is to be charged with much of the responsibility, the law of capital punishment is palpably unjust. If, on the other hand, it be true that the responsibility belongs largely to the individual himself, then how solemn the import of the truth uttered by Swedenborg in the words: "Evil punishes itself," or by Emerson when he said that "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem;" and may it not be said that the guardian of the public weal will have performed his whole duty if he but leave the criminal alone with his crime?

But what is the positive lesson which the civil law teaches by its destruction of human life? Is it of the sanctity and inviolability of that life? Certainly not, for the act itself is a direct contradiction of the idea. What would be said of that parent who should tell his child it is wrong to eat of certain forbidden fruit, and then proceed to illustrate the teaching by partaking of the fruit himself? If the law itself sets the example of destruction, albeit for good and sufficient reasons, must that not be the example which individuals, for reasons sufficient unto themselves, will most likely imitate? Rev. Brayton also observes that "A Paris executioner, during his term of office hung twenty murderers, who, as he said, had been constant attendants at his gibbeting matinees. Rev. Mr. Roberts, of England, conversed with one hundred and sixty-seven convicts under sentence of death, all of whom but three had witnessed executions."

Mr. William Tallack, Secretary of the Howard Association, relates that—"It has often been noticed that executions have been immediately followed by an unusual 'crop' of murders. For example, in 1870, shortly after the execution of Troppmann, at Paris, for a peculiarly atrocious murder, several similar cases of wholesale slaughter occurred, including the seven-fold murder at Exbridge. In 1867, the execution of three Fenians at Manchester, \* \* \* was followed within three weeks by the abominable Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell, which sacrificed many lives."

The criminal in intent, witnessing the destruction of human life by society for self-protection, believes that he too may kill his enemies; moreover, the act is one which meets the sanction of his moral nature; it is in perfect accord with his psychic activities, and hence he is unable to appreciate its force as an object lesson instituted in the interest of his moral development. Said Archbishop Whately:

"The spectacle of a public execution strikes terror, I apprehend, into few, except those who are not of a character to commit heinous offenses. It creates, in most minds, a feeling of sympathy with the culprit; \* \* \* and a feeling not merely of pity, but rather of admiration, and emulation is excited in some by that kind of triumphant penitence which is displayed by many; and in some, again, by the unbending hardness exhibited by others. The idea of a public death by the hand of the executioner, is shocking in the way of disgrace, to those chiefly who are of a different description from such as need to be deterred from crime by the apprehension of capital punishment."

The death penalty is, by some, thought to be justified because it fulfills the idea of retributive justice, which again finds its basis in religious dogma. Retribution signifies "to pay back,"—"to return in equal measure"—not good for evil, but evil for evil. But to attempt to carry out this so-called retributive justice by legal enactments, is to attempt the vindication of a metaphysical dogma in which society, as such, can have no possible interest. Society has no concern for the vindication of abstract principles. It has only to busy itself with the moral, intellectual and social welfare of its members.

If such were the constitution of things that the broken law of justice might only be mended or satisfied by the death of the murderer, he would sooner or later fall a victim to the destroying vengeance of his own conscience. But that does not happen. The principle of true justice, playing its part in the economy of spiritual life and being, sets in motion the keen blade of conscience to the end, and the sole end, that the offender may have wrought within him such a change as shall place him upon that higher and truer plane of moral life where he cannot, because he would not, do wrong to any man.

In accordance with the Greek idea of "fate,"

"A crime committed by an individual is to be viewed as an outrage upon himself, and the doom which threatens him in consequence, is not a mere punishment inflicted by a foreign hand, but the counterpart of his own deed. In slaying his victim, the murderer thinks he has removed an enemy, and enlarged his own life; but really it is one life that is in him and his victim, and in striking at one he has struck at himself. What threatens him, therefore, as his fate, is just his own life made by his deed into a stranger and an enemy. This he cannot slay. It is immortal and rises from its grave as an awful spectre—a Clytemnestra which arouses the Eumenides against him; a Banquo's ghost which is not annihilated by death, but the moment after takes its seat at the banquet, not as a sharer of the meal, but as an evil spirit for Macbeth."

"Just this, however, that the penalty is not externally imposed by law, but is simply the fate of the criminal, the recoil of his deed upon himself, makes atonement possible. The guilty conscience of the criminal is his recognition that his own life is in that

which he has tried to destroy, and hence it must pass into a longing regret for that which he has thus lost. The criminal, therefore, feels an awe before the fate that weighs upon him, which is quite different from the fear of punishment; for the fear of punishment is the fear of something foreign to him, and the prayers that would avert it are slavish. His fear of fate, on the other hand, is a terror before himself, a consciousness of the agony of divided life, and his prayers to it are not supplications to a master, but rather the beginning of a return to the estranged self. Hence, in this recognition of that which is lost as life, and as his own life, lies the possibility of the complete recovery of it. It is the beginning of that love in which life is restored to itself, and fate is reconciled—in which the stings of conscience are blunted, and the evil spirit is expelled from the deed."

If a penalty be just, it is an act of justice to enforce it; not only so, but if it be necessary for the protection and safe-keeping of society, its enforcement becomes most honorable, praiseworthy and benevolent, and those engaged therein should receive the grateful recognition and homage of all men. But what of this wretched law of capital punishment? The act of taking human life, even under the sanction of law, is so despicable in itself that the hand that performs the deed instinctively shuns the light of day. Thus has it ever been. Lucky informs us that—

"The notion that there is something impure and defiling even in a just execution, is one which may be traced through many ages; and executioners, as the ministers of the law, have been from very ancient times regarded as unholy. In both Greece and Rome, the law compelled them to live outside the walls, and at Rhodes they were never permitted even to enter the city."

Such a feeling can be but the spontaneous protest of humanity itself against a ruthless invasion of its own sanctity.

Capital punishment is the last vestige of *lex talionis*, whose evil spirit ruled a barbarous past. The doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, flagellation and all forms of torture, has been weighed in the balance of experience and been found wanting. "Blood for blood," "a life for a life," smacks of the same brutal and revolting savagery; it finds its origin and sustenance in the passion of revenge; and the law of civilization having, for politic and humanitarian reasons, discarded the other forms of the barbaric law, this likewise, for the same reasons, should be laid aside for a more just and humane system which shall not despair of the ultimate reclamation of the most depraved and wicked of human beings. But for reasons over and above all considerations of social policy and of governmental expediency, the Spiritualist can in no degree lend sanction to the law of extermination. He knows that for all man, kind there awaits a spiritual life wherein each shall reap as he has sown, and that for the greatest as well as for the least transgressor of the moral law there is surely an adequate corrective, but that however severe the penalty may be, the human spirit in its essential being can never be destroyed, because some overmastering power of divinity to which all are subject, has made it its own forever. He knows that to every human being an eternity of time is given that he may find the broad and glorious path of happiness through obedience to the moral law and to the motions of the spirit; and that to cut off from his full term of earth-life any human being is but to temporarily rob him of his natural opportunity for moral development, without any gain to any one whomsoever.

### THE ABSENCE OF LITTLE WESLEY.

Since little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still;  
W'y I miss his yell o' "Gran' pap!" as I'd miss the  
Whisper of his foot on the stairs,  
And to think I sit to scold him for his everlasting  
noise,  
When I don't recollect him as the best o' little boys  
I wish a hundred times a day 'at he'd come troupin'  
in,  
And all the noise he ever made was twict as loud  
as now,  
It'd seem like some soft music played on some fine  
instrument,  
'Longer o' this loud lonesomeness, since little Wes-  
ley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust  
to do,  
Yit none's time it 'pears like it 'ud 'bu't itself in  
'two!  
And, let a rooster, sudden-like, crow somers' close'  
around,  
And seems 'a ef, mighty nigh it, it 'ud lift me off the  
ground!  
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around  
the bars,  
In the red o' airy mornin', or the dusk and dew and  
stars,  
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but  
set go on  
a-whistle, and o' to their's—since little Wesley's  
gone!

And then, o' nights when Mother's settin' up on com-  
mon late,  
A-blin' 'pears er somepin, and I set and smoke and  
wait,  
Tel the moon out through the window don't look big-  
ger 'n a dime,  
And long's 'ee gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the  
time—  
I've ketcht myselt a wishin' like—as I clumb on the  
ledge  
To wind the clock, as I heve done for more'n fifty  
year—  
A-wishin' 'at the time 'ed come fer us to go bed,  
With our last prayers, and our last tears, since little  
Wesley's dead!  
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.

THOMAS A. EDISON is discussing with capitalists a project of utilizing the water power of Niagara Falls. Mr. Edison's friends say that he has recently thought out a plan which will make that vast power possible to utilize.

Truth is mighty and will finally prevail.

### DR. HIDDEN ON MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Dr. Charles W. Hidden, the youngest practicing physician at Newburyport, Mass., created a good deal of interest at the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, one morning in August last, by a brief address on "Mental Telegraphy." The Doctor is deeply interested in hypnotism and its resultant phenomena, and has had the pleasure of conducting many curious experiments, embracing mind-reading, mental telegraphy, and the higher forms of clairvoyance, trance, etc., besides having accomplished the rare feat of placing a subject in the hypnotic sleep to have teeth extracted. What he has to say will therefore have a peculiar interest for the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, who will gladly welcome to the ranks of *progressive thinkers* an investigator of such an original turn of mind in psychic lore. The Doctor says:

"Much of the phenomena of Spiritualism is so closely related to and interwoven with the facts and phenomena of hypnotism that the thinking mind is called to a halt. The higher phases of clairvoyance, as induced by hypnotic means, prove beyond a doubt that, under certain conditions, men and women rise above the normal—see without the aid of the natural eye, hear without the natural ear, and can give free expression to what is thus seen and heard. In this strange psychic state time and space are annihilated, and we can see, hear and reason accurately concerning events occurring thousands of miles away. The psychic may be trained to follow the movements of generals during war, read their very thoughts, and anticipate official action before utterance has been given to it. The realm of thought is fascinating beyond measure. Thought and thought transference are themes of importance to-day the world over. The thought of man has impressed itself upon every age of the world. The very air is filled with messages of the past and present, there are 'sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks'; there is an atmospheric strata, a thought ether, through which mind communicates with mind, consciously as well as unconsciously. We essay to speak, and our companion anticipates our thought; we speak of an individual, and lo, the individual appears; we write a poem, give expression to beautiful thoughts, deliver an address or write a story, and behold, we find the same thing in print sooner or later, with the authorship accredited to another. True, latent and unconscious memory will account for many odd things, but not for all. True, memory's negative may be suddenly developed and long forgotten thoughts mirrored upon the front brain, producing a seemingly strange mental effect, and making us liable to accidental, nay, unconscious plagiarism; but this will not account for the thousand and one things daily occurring, which prove beyond question that mind can communicate with mind and take cognizance of events occurring even at great distances. As in war, so in peace; we can and will utilize this mysterious force, can and will make use of psychics in the future in ways little dreamed of at present. I have no hesitancy in putting myself on record in the prophecy that time will be when mental telegraphy will have become an accomplished fact—that psychics will send messages to and fro over the land and beyond the seas, and that this method will be made available in every department of social and mercantile life. Do not smile, do not sneer; smiles and sneers never save us argument with the man of thought. Thought is eternal. Thought is freighted with life—thought is a living thing. Thought kills, and thought cures. Thought sent Scotch driver Joe to bed sick in three hours; thought, killed the nobleman with bare neck ere the executioner's ax descended; thought killed the Russian prisoner, who, hearing water dripping from a sponge, believed his life-blood dripping away; thought killed the student who believed the wet sheet to be the keen, cold edge of a sword. Thought is the expression of mind, and mind is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent! Oh, man, with thy wondrous mind, thou epitome of the intellectual wealth of the ages, who can do thee justice—who can can fathom thy resources and capabilities! Oh, thou stupendous mind, before which sages bow, and all the world, savage and civilized alike, stands agape with wonder and amazement! And yet, mind seems but in its very infancy of development, and its magnitude, powers, capabilities, scope, have never as yet been fully tested, comprehended or understood. Mind is that mighty, intangible yet all-potent something, which has led communities across oceans to conquer worlds; leveled forests; peopled cities; encompassed the earth and seas with steam, telegraph and electricity; and wrested from earth, air and the very heavens their innermost and most carefully treasured secrets, to pay tribute to its genius. Do not sneer at its possibilities. Do not think with the mute that all men are deaf and dumb, because you cannot hear or speak; that all men are blind, because you cannot see; that a project can not be successfully carried out, because to you it seems vast, intricate, impossible. To another it may appear simplicity itself, and as easily traced as the astronomer calculates the movements of the heavenly bodies; as readily and as unerringly as the mariner shapes his course across the trackless seas. I have sent clearly understood messages to my hypnotic sub-

jects in sunshine and in storm, in summer's calm and mid-winter's snow and sleet, and I fully believe that this power can be brought under control and made practicable. When this is done we shall have a trained army of receivers, senders and transcribers, with regularly established central stations. Then we shall be able to dispense with telegraph poles and wires, throngs of electricians, linemen and laborers; do away with the unnecessary annual expenditures of millions, and put into execution a system of telegraphy transcending the genius of an Edison, and the crafty planings and longings of the Gouls. It would have been accomplished long ago but for its extreme simplicity. Men and women devote a lifetime to abstruse scheming, when the means of accomplishing what they seek is near at hand, to be had without money and without price. Let us not forget that simplicity is the key-note to every situation, and that it will often illustrate and explain what the brain-weary scientist seeks in vain.

"Just a word on the subject of mediumship. It is time we should learn the true meaning and use of this high and holy gift, so much used, much abused, and so little understood. When we master its meaning we shall treat psychics as beings whose lives should be kept pure, instead of making them the foot-ball and plaything of the seeker after the sensational and abnormal in mediumship. When shall we take to heart its grand lessons, and stop our almost mad seeking for proofs, still further proofs, that spirit, that mind, this eternal, all-pervading essence, is immortal and can never die? And when shall we take the lesson so thoroughly to heart that the gift of the psychic can be made of practical use in the everyday life and affairs of the children of men? Consider well these hurried thoughts, and by-and-bye you may be able to bring psychics to the front in line with my prophecy; and as Franklin tamed the lightning of the heavens, so you may be able to harness this wondrous thing called mind, make it willing captive, and exalt mediumship to the plane it should occupy—a plane it was designed to occupy when the spirit-world tapped at the door of reason in Hydesville, and bade a waiting world gaze within, and make use of inherent, latent forces and powers, to bathe all Christendom in the mellow sunlight of wisdom, knowledge and love, in the twilight hour of the nineteenth century."

### THE COWARD.

Daye was a coward and every one  
Knew it, and Lord! how we wait for him,  
And made him the butt of our brutal fun,  
Till his face would blanch and his blue eyes brim  
Into pools of scorn—but he murmured not—  
He would just skulk off to his tent and sit  
Hour after hour in the selfsame spot,  
With his elbow crook'd and his face in it.

There was something about that same boy Daye—  
Something we never could understand;  
He came to the war on the first wild wave  
That billowed the blueveers over the land.  
He was an orphan, but he never he had  
Brother or sister we never knew,  
Nor whence he came to us—he was a lad  
That was hard to fathom, and talked with few.

Somehow it seemed that he was not brave  
Like the rest of the boys, but he kept his place  
In the long and perilous march, poor Daye,  
With a hushed resolve and a patient face.  
He asked no favors, he made no sign  
Of the pain that pierced his pride like a dart—  
And never a man in the old grand line  
Had a cleaner soul or a kinder heart.

But Daye was a coward! and that was enough,  
In the army, to damn the saltiest snout;  
'Twas a day for the boys, but he stood stiff and stout,  
For steelstrung nerves and for self-control.  
We had small time for sentiment, then—  
Small time to soothe the broken heart of a man  
A man had to stand like a man, with men,  
Full fronting the havoc of those dark years.

I think it is true in the lives of some  
That the tide turns late, and the pluck they boast  
Falters, and those to the front will come  
Who were counted the weak and scorned the most;  
That a braggart even is bound to shun.

Two sentences bled in the breast of youth,  
And one is the silence of a face that  
Is the golden, Godlike silence of truth,  
That a braggart even is bound to shun.

Did I say Daye was a coward?—Well,  
It looked that way for a while, but when  
We saw him in the face of the broken line,  
At Stone River, laughing among the men—  
When we caught the gleam of his yellow hair  
Thro' the battle's smoke, and heard his voice  
Ring out thro' the roar of the carnage there,  
With the troops of Turchin from Illinois!

When we saw, like a star, his pale face shine  
Thro' the leaping flames, as we passed the mouth  
Of the blazing guns, in the broken line,  
Whirling and hurling the graycoats south—  
When we saw, God help us! his boyish form  
Batting apart from the rest, half hid  
By the blinding smoke and the bursting storm,  
Where the dead were piled in a pyramid!

When we saw, in the front of the awful fray,  
The bravest red, and the old flag fall,  
Clutched in the hand of the lad that lay  
Riddled with shot, and the breath of hell—  
When he saw at the close of that fearful fight,  
Two blue eyes and a shock of curly hair,  
Clotted with blood, and a face all white  
And calm, in death, as a sleeping girl's;

We turned away, and we spoke no word;  
We turned, with a feeling of shame or overpower;  
And we noticed that each man's eyes were blurred,  
As they fell on the face of the fallen coward.  
I tell you the army was full of men  
Like Daye, who, timid and half-afraid,  
Patiently bled to the death, and heard his voice  
Died, like Christ's, on the barricade.

—James Newton Matthews, in the Indianapolis Journal.

PRINCE OSCAR BERNADOTTE, the second son of the King of Sweden, who a couple of years ago renounced the rank and privileges of his royal birth to marry Miss Ebba Munck, performed an act of gallantry last week which will go far to increase his popularity throughout his father's dominions. A small boat with three men had capsized near the head of the pier at Karlskrona, where he resides. Without hesitating a moment, the young giant—his stature is six feet three inches—jumped, fully dressed, into the sea and succeeded in rescuing two the drowning men.



## THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

## The Evolution of a New Religion.

## THE OLD BEGGAR.

## He Has a Vision of a Marriage in Heaven.

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

## I.

I once had an interesting experience with an old man; he had passed the exuberant springtime of life when his young soul was full of joyous pranks and schemes; passed the summertime of existence when Nature, arrayed in her richest dress, sends forth her rippling streams, her singing birds, her choicest flowers and creeping vines to crown him with happiness; passed the autumnal years of his earth career, when golden fruitage contributed to render his pathway more pleasant, and finally reached the winter of life—careworn, bent with age, decrepit, friendless! He, poor man, had seen a good time when, in his youth, he attended picnics in the old forest near the rustic cottage where he lived. A kiss then from the girl he loved, and the tender recognition and fond caress, were as precious to him as to Jesus, to Washington, or a Napoleon. Royalty has no patent on a good time, and the boy in a vine-clad cottage, sitting by the side of the girl he loves—he is the peer of the son of the millionaire.

That old man, I saw him crowned with the fruitage of seventy-five years—fruitage consisting of poverty, hunger, sickness, despair, pains, heart-rending memories and a limb injured for life. He was ragged, uncouth, and with a staff in his hand, he was sitting on the sidewalk eating some meat and bread which a kind lady had given him.

"Well, old man," said I, "you are having a good time, are you not? A feast, with the stars and the moon to afford you light, sheltered by the blue vaults of heaven!"

The old man, as if awakening from a dream, said:

"I having a good time? Yes. That meat and bread has been baptized by the hand of charity, and now it is going on its beneficent mission. A good time I am having! Alas! What do you call a good time? I, sir, am a beggar—one of God's poor! I have not smiled for twenty-five years, only in my dreams. I am friendless. I wear the cast-off garments of the wealthy. I eat the food which they reject. I sleep wherever I can. Life to me consists of hunger, cold, pains, heartaches and the pangs of despair."

"What is that string around your neck?" I inquired.

"Ah! to that is attached the brightest picture of my life. There, sir, is the girl I once loved."

In a dilapidated case, tenderly and carefully secured from dirt, was the likeness of a young lady, apparently about twenty. She was very pretty, and presented a strange contrast with the dilapidated figure by my side.

"And you loved her?" I inquired.

"Yes; and was engaged to be married to her fifty years ago."

And the old man cried like a child, Strange scene, Beggary, squalid wretchedness and despair! A wreck—a human wreck—talking of olden times, of the morning of life, of the heyday of existence, gazing at the likeness of a beautiful young lady, one to whom he was betrothed in the springtime of his life.

"Is she alive now," I asked? "No! She is dead, dead, dead," he replied. "Before the appointed time for our marriage she was taken sick and died, and then one misfortune after another came to me until here I am! I had a dream of her the other night; she came to me dressed in pure white. She put her snow-white arms around me, kissed me, caressed me, smiled lovingly and tenderly upon me, and told me that she loved me still. She said that I was not bad, and that the crowning glory of my life was my strict honesty and benevolence. I never stole a penny. I tell no lies. I have divided my crust of bread with the outcast. I have succored the less fortunate than myself. That angel of light came with flowers, with smiles of gladness, and her cheerful presence made my soul leap with joy. She said that I would not remain on earth long, and that when I died she would meet me at the Golden Gate! I have dreamed of her often. At times I see her hovering over me. First there appears a fleecy cloud, then there will emerge therefrom her likeness, her very self, and she holds in her hands a crown of flowers, and she says they are for me. Ah, sir, I cherish the picture of her as a talisman."

"And you, sir, a cripple, a beggar in tattered garments, expect to meet that lady again?"

And then his features became illumined, his eyes beamed with more than earthly luster as he said:

"Why not? Am I not honest? Do I not assist others? Are you, sir, better than I? I have visions of Lulu; a heavenly radiance surrounds her, and she says she still loves me. She says, too, that however ragged my clothes may be, my spiritual nature is cleaner than many who boast of wealth. I know I am a beggar, but I believe my dreams and visions, I shall yet marry Lulu in heaven."

Here was an old man just on the verge of the grave—a pauper—eating the bread of charity, yet reasoning like a philosopher. By and by he will have a good time; it will be after the sunset of his life, when the pearly gates are opened, and the angel Lulu comes to greet him with kisses and caresses. Then this old man, transfigured—no longer a pauper or abject beggar—will find that his good deeds have produced an hundred fold, and that it is better to be an honest beggar than a dishonest millionaire. I left him gazing at the likeness of the one he loved, hoping that his visions might be more than realized in the Celestial City of God.

There is a good time in store for every weary heart, for every overtaxed soul, for every one who strives to do good. Though the sky is dark to-day, though hope is ban-

ished, and nothing but a dreary waste greets the vision, a good time will finally be yours; it may be in the distant future, but come it will.

Some boys once wanted a good time; they were not really bad, nor really good—thoughtless of the wrong they were doing. An old man nearly eighty years of age, whom we well knew, was one winter evening working at his trade. The boys wanted a good time, and with pipes and cigars went into his shop, fastened the doors and then commenced smoking. There sat the aged veteran, ill-able to do the work crowded upon him. He begged the boys to desist—the smoke was offensive to him—but they smoked, smoked, smoked, and the old man became sick, and finally left alone by the frolicsome boys he soon passed to spirit life. His lifeless body was found in the morning.

It is well to have a good time, but never at the expense of an aged man, whose very presence is a benediction, and whose life is bowed down with golden fruitage.

The good time that each one has in youth, if of a right character, sends its rippling influence down to the end of life, and renders serene and happy its closing scenes. It is well sometimes to be joyous; to let nature caper; to permit the waves of emotion to become a little boisterous as they dash against the youthful heart, and let merry peals of laughter sound forth in joyous strains! Don't curb nature to much. All should have a good time. It is the birthright of every human being, the heritage of all. When death comes, the liberated spirit will have a good time if life has been well spent; a joyous happy time. Relieved of a diseased body, it gives free expression to every noble impulse.

There is fun even in heaven. There are smiles and laughter in the higher spheres.

There are joyous sports on the evergreen shores.

There is a good time there for every careworn, weary spirit.

But let all have a good time around the family altar.

Let love—unselfish love—animate each heart.

Let the vesper fires be kept warm.

Let no cross words pollute the atmosphere of home.

Let the wife and mother as she sheds forth the radiance of her queenly presence be cherished by husband and children with that love that is a light in darkness, while the kiss of affection shall be hers,—and hers alone. There can be a good time had at home. The cherished wife is there; the husband is there; the children are there, and there, if anywhere a good time should be had. Let home then be made the center of attraction.

This is our second sermon to the Home Circle Fraternity, and our text, "Have a good time," is taken from no bible, has been briefly considered. The object of this order will be fully set forth from time to time. Each member of this Fraternity recognizes this sublime fact:

"If you've lusted fellow-men  
To better acts and nobler deeds;  
If you have lent a friendly hand  
To help a poor man's many needs;  
If you have Charity's silence kept,  
Nor added blot to tarnished name,  
But helped the weak one on his feet—  
Be sure you have not lived in vain."

"If you have shown to youthful minds  
The difference 'twixt right and wrong,  
Or helped to carry some one's load  
Of care Life's weary road along;  
If through your means some fallen one  
Shall turn back from her life of shame,  
And, with His help, live honestly—  
Be sure you have not lived in vain."

"If you shall point the way to light  
To some dark, sad, discouraged heart;  
If e'er you strive to help the Right,  
As in Life's scenes you take your part—  
Believe, our God, Whose searching eye  
Knows all your motives, acts, and pain,  
Will not condemn His handiwork,  
Nor deem that you have lived in vain."

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MUCH obliged, Mr. Joseph Beals, for your list of subscribers from Greenfield, Mass. We hope to delight you with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

W. O. BARNARD, of Manteno, Ill., delighted us with a call. He is contemplating publishing a volume of his poems.

BISHOP A. BEALS is serving the Spiritualist Society, at St. Paul, with flattering success.

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Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.

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## A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

## SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

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

## Retains Its Interest.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER retains this week the interest commenced in our first number. O. W. Barnard, A. M. Griffen, Dr. Charles W. Hidden, Willis F. Whitehead, Samuel G. Higgins and Mary K. Booser contributing fresh and vigorous thoughts. No one will object to an old beggar having "A Vision of a Marriage in Heaven," in The Home Circle Fraternity. Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair finishes his article on "Cremation," presenting cogent reasons why it should be adopted. Other articles of interest appear, the one under the head of "Glorious!" being especially significant.

Mrs. FLORA A. BROWN, a test medium, psychometrist, lecturer and independent slate writer, lately arrived in this city from Topeka, Kansas. Dr. T. Ormsby, a critical observer, with a clear vision and much native shrewdness, and who resides in that city, pronounces her a most remarkable medium. Her lectures, tests and independent slate writing will make her a valuable instrument to promote the cause of Spiritualism.

G. JENIFER, who is the controlling spirit at the meeting held at 116 Fifth avenue, is now and has been doing an efficient work for the cause of Spiritualism.

Mrs. S. DEWOLF has been lecturing occasionally at 93 S. Peoria street, much to the satisfaction of her audiences.

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

GEORGE G. DEMING, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "On examining THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I find it interesting. Consider me a regular subscriber."

## "The Progressive Thinker" Speaks!

This is my second tour over the Spiritual Vineyard, where so much cultivation and pruning are needed. I have surveyed the field from Maine to Texas, have visited thousands of households and I feel delighted with the cordial reception I received. Everywhere the greeting was kind, generous, spontaneous and beautiful, and I felt a thrill of pleasure thereat. Each one had his special likes. Some praised the Divine Spirit in Mrs. Tuttle's poem; others studied with pleasure Mrs. Richmond's "Unconscious Consciousness"; others admired the beauty of A. B. French's thoughts; others again found the sweet melody of music in Mr. Howe's verses; others discovered food for thought in the editorials; others admired the acrobatic by Mrs. Ames; others found gems in Hudson Tuttle's article; others hurried for Willis F. Whitehead; others studied calmly and thoughtfully the views of Z. T. G.; others were entertained by the "Home Circle Fraternity"; others by the "Journal of Cremation," and others by "The Grand Reality." Some called me a "daisy," others said "immense," others "beautiful." It is delightful to go forth filled with the Divine Spirit, as announced by that grand woman, Mrs. Tuttle. Thousands blessed her for that poem. Its spirit shall ever be my guiding Star and Hope, as I go on with the great work I have inaugurated. Those who have charge of my welfare, will find outlined the spirit that actuates me in the "Home Circle Fraternity." I propose to move on, giving the people the best thoughts of the present age. As my pages are clean, clear and bright, and radiant with thoughts showered down upon me by friends in sympathy with my work, I desire to visit the home of every Spiritualist in the United States. If any are too poor to subscribe, like an evangel of light, I will visit them without cost each week and make their firesides brighter and more beautiful. The strain will not be more than I can bear, for a response will spring up from homes made happy by my presence, and therein shall be my reward. Again I thank the Spiritualists for their most cordial reception, and may the angel-world bless them all is my heartfelt wish.

## Insincerity in the Pulpit.

It is no doubt a fact that there is a great amount of insincerity—almost criminal—in the various orthodox pulpits. The ministers are few and far between who will in their funeral sermons deliberately consign the unrepentant soul to the infernal regions. If their tenets inculcate such an inhuman doctrine they are exceedingly slow to preach it when officiating at the funeral of one who is regarded as a vile sinner, and therein to a certain extent they are insincere. However villainous the life of any deceased person may have been, his relatives and friends prefer the officiating clergyman to say as little as possible about that section of their belief which consigns his soul to hell.

Insincerity is manifested not only among ministers of the gospel, but among their parishioners, and it is brought prominently forth when the final act of consigning a person to the grave is commenced. We really pity the orthodox minister who is called upon so often to preach the funeral sermon of the vile aristocrat; the proud, austere, overbearing woman; the prodigal son; the drunken husband; the gossiping wife; the harlot, or infidel. According to the cardinal principles of his religious belief, their souls have been consigned to hell, and are being tortured by devils, and their fate is irredeemable throughout all eternity. This, however, the minister in a majority of cases carefully conceals, and gives to the life of each person a certain degree of gloss, illy in accord with the doctrine he holds. This insincerity is an evidence of the inherent weakness of the tenets of his sect.

It is, indeed, a curious fact, that if God should advertise for some one to stand on the brink of hell, and with a pitchfork thrust sinners therein as they come along, not a single minister who possesses a modicum of refinement would volunteer to perform such a horrible act. How would the eminent orthodox ministers of Chicago look standing on the verge of hell, engaged each moment in casting every non-church member into the seething cauldron of burning brimstone? It is bad enough to be a hangman or executioner on earth, without being an agent to consign a fellow-being to endless torture. How depraved the taste of that minister who would announce to the world that he was an applicant to assist Deity in maintaining the integrity of his laws by assuming any responsible position in connection with the infernal regions. The insincerity of ministers is manifested particularly in this respect. If they believe in the existence of a genuine orthodox hell they should preach it continually, instead of tempering their sermons to meet the modern demand.

"To preach a funeral sermon over a good man, praising his good life, commending it as an example to the living, and soothing the mourners by a contemplation of the virtues of the departed, is a high and graceful task," says a Cincinnati correspondent. "It is in line with the custom of those classical peoples whom we call pagan because they sub-divided the persons of their gods more than we, to pronounce funeral orations over the great dead. But in our different circumstances the preaching of funeral sermons runs into the abandonment of discrimination. The preacher is not even allowed to limit his funeral preaching to the members of his own church. Even in his own sheep there may be wethers whose lives are not commendable; but he must preach

over their relations who do not belong to his flock; over their scapegrace sons; over their infants, who have not yet had any lives to make an example of; indeed, over anybody that happens to drop there. In the case of his morally inferior sheep he has to be silent on their failings, and to strain at their undeveloped virtues. In the case of their 'impenitent' or wicked sons and other relatives he has to invent some way of slipping them through the judgment which he has preached for all men. Thus his funeral sermons contradict his preached faith, and he preaches judgment to the living only to snatch the dead from it. To argue that this custom of prevarication, because it is called Christian charity, will not have the inevitable effect of falsehood in loosening the character, is to deny that habitual sin is a growing force of moral degeneracy. Does it not bring the preacher to regard this as a lawyer regards the perverting of justice—as a professional function which absolves him from moral principle? And can this be without an effect on character? Who can measure how much this untruthfulness undermines the preacher's truth in all things and makes him look upon all as merely professional?"

Every minister of the gospel is generally supposed to be nearer God than any other class of people, although there is no evidence whatever to sustain that conclusion. In what respect are they nearer? Do all of them preach the truth? No! They only approximate the truth, for on doctrinal points the different sects widely differ. Hence in that respect their insincerity is again manifested, for they must know that ponderous errors are being constantly promulgated—each sect differing diametrically on many cardinal points from all others.

It is to be devoutly hoped that the time will soon come when sectarianism will cease altogether, and the people, then united on a common basis to be good and do good, will draw nearer to God and the angel-world than ever before, and then insincerity will cease in the pulpit and funeral sermons be preached in harmony with the grand truths of Spiritualism.

## GLORIOUS!!

## RESPONSES FROM OUR READERS.

## Success of "The Progressive Thinker" Assured.

Subscriptions Pouring in at the Rate of One Hundred per Day, with Prospects of More than Double that Number.

Dr. W. Paine, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, writes: "Your paper is rich in thought, bold and aggressive, and is just the thing required to break the shackles of religious bigotry, that so effectually retards the onward march of free thought."

A. B. French, the eminent lecturer and author, writes: "The initial number of your paper has been received. It is fresh, clean and full of good things. I cannot tell you how earnestly I pray for your success. The world needs all the good you can give it. You need the free air into which you have at last walked."

G. W. Brown, M. D., of Rockford, Ill., a prominent author, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a model paper in arrangement and mechanical execution. The engraved head pleases me in a high degree. Whilst I am an Agnostic, as regards another life, yet the mass of matter meets my approbation."

I. T. Damon, of Millington, Mich., writes: "Your sample number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is received and read with pleasure. Send me four copies regularly, beginning with No. 1."

A. B. Coman, of Chicago, writes: "Your paper is before me. You will succeed. I know you will. Dr. Rothermel has been holding a few of his seances on the South Side. They are very convincing to skeptics."

Z. T. Griffen, law reporter, of this city, writes: "The first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a 'daisy.'"

A. Shumway, of Lanark, Ill., writes: "The first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is received, and to use a slang phrase to express my sentiments, I say it is a 'dandy!' I like the paper!"

Mr. R. A. Noble thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is just the paper needed now.

Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, Mass., a prominent Spiritualist, writes: "I hope your expectations of 100,000 subscribers will be more than realized, and I believe they will be. I will do all I can towards it."

L. N. Boicourt, of Paola, Kansas, writes: "I am delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I am sure your paper will strike a responsive chord, and that your expectations of securing 50,000 circulation will be realized."

Lyman C. Howe writes: "Emma Rood Tuttle's poem is beautiful and is worth a year's subscription. Your paper is well gotten up, and makes a fine appearance, and its matter, so far as I have looked it over, very interesting and instructive. I am intensely interested in 'Rome vs. Reason.'"

H. W. Booser, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I predict that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be found unusually well adapted to the average Spiritualist, as well as investigator. It has a character of its own, so that the readers of other papers will want it for itself and not in place of that which has been their habitual reading matter. I am glad to see no space for antagonisms save against error and falsehood, which are patent to all who think

"Rome vs. Reason" is worth its weight in gold. Cremation is a subject of much interest to the enterprising, irrespective of opinion or preference."

## Maggie Fox Returns to Her First Love.

Good! Maggie Fox, we extend to you the right hand of fellowship. God and angels bless you! Yes, she has explained the nature of the influences that led her astray, at the house of a prominent Spiritualist, H. J. Newton, 128 W. Forty-third street, New York. "Promises of wealth," "great need of money," "influence of Catholics," and a "treacherous horde who held out promises of happiness," led her away from our fold. She says her belief in Spiritualism has undergone no change."

LYMAN C. HOWE speaks at Willimantic, Conn., December 1, 8 and 15; in Boston (Spiritual Temple) the Sundays of February, Washington, D. C., the Sundays of April. He is free to answer calls for January, March and May, 1890, and for week evening lectures at points accessible from his Sunday work. He is also engaged for July 29, 31, and August 3, at Cassadaga Camp-meeting; and from August 9 to 18 at the Clinton, Iowa, Camp-meeting. He is yet free to engage for the last two weeks of August, 1890. Mr. Howe is always greeted with appreciative audiences.

OUR thanks are due to the many kind friends who have taken a great interest in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; but particularly are they due to Mr. Z. T. Griffen, whose untiring efforts in our behalf have to a great extent lightened our burdens. He has assisted us in a variety of ways.

## Trial Subscriptions.

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

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

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

D. Sipe, of Zimmerman, Ohio, writes: "I am much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Another bright star has appeared in the Spiritual firmament."

## THE SPIRITUAL NEMESIS.

Some Beautiful and Expressive Thoughts by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

For twelve or fifteen years this most estimable lady has spoken regularly for a society here that embraces among its membership some of the leading Spiritualists and thinkers of the city. That she has, since she commenced her remarkable career as medium, lecturer and improvisatrice, accomplished a great deal to promote the Cause of Spiritualism and general reform, is admitted by all who are familiar with her life-work. The fact that she has been sustained so long in this city, not only doing as iconoclastic work, but a reconstructive work also, shows conclusively that she is highly appreciated, and that her mission here is not ended. Her poetical improvisations, her impromptu lectures, and ready answers to perplexing and entangling questions, show that she is highly gifted, and that there is a remarkable power behind her, showering down upon her an influence that raises her for the time being into the sphere of poetry, philosophy and art. We take especial pleasure in calling attention to her versatility as a medium and lecturer, and her many noble qualities as a lady, and the good work she is constantly accomplishing. The following, "The Spiritual Nemesis," can be found among her many valuable utterances. Spiritualists, read it, re-read it, memorize it, if you please, and then put it in a frame in your parlors where visitors can peruse the grand truths therein unfolded:

"Aye! let no one think that Spiritualism offers either a royal road to happiness or a pathway that is strewn with roses and flowers. They are flowers of your own planting, or they are thistles of your own sowing, which you will surely reap. Whatever is in your lives you must gather; you must go into eternity with such sheaves of wheat or grain as your lives have planted. This is an easy pathway? No. There is no sail that is spread on golden seas of light where the water is red from the blood of innocent victims, that will bear you into Paradise. Only the individual life, only the individual conquest and victory, only that Nemesis that bars the door-way to every Paradise, shut you out from the Celestial City until you win it. No one can bestow the Paradise, the Heaven, the condition of the blessed, nor can you sail among the Celestial Islands, nor arrive at the gates, nor enter the Kingdom of Celestial only as you have gained that place by victory over all imperfections. Not only is this not an easy pathway, but it is a path-



## THE GRAND REALITY!

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

LECTURE I.

(Continued from last week.)

Suddenly, striking again on what seemed to be harp, the whole assembly burst forth into harmonious song. I could hear the echoes thereof as they passed away into space, and a thousand voices answering back, imparting and making known to me, in a manner beyond description, unconceived powers of strength. All at once my self-reliance deserted me. I seemed to lose it all in utter nothingness. I felt as if I were unknown, unwanted, and unloved. When this latter feeling came over me I cried, "What can I do? Whose guidance am I under? Have I, indeed, to suffer in a similar manner to those whose mental agony I so lately witnessed?" The old sage, addressing me, said: "This meeting is to bring you together *en rapport* with each other, and to make those, who are not inclined to walk the path of progress, susceptible to the influence of goodness and purity which emanates from others."

When the meeting broke up I passed away from the building among the numbers who emerged from it. On getting outside I again felt the impulse of reliance return to me, and I vowed that I would traverse the whole of these spheres inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard—by your earthly measurement—till I had searched them inside and out, till I had turned their remotest corners, until I had a thorough understanding, a thorough confidence to say, I know them. And I have, for there is not one corner that I have not visited, but I find there are more things in them than I can ever possibly learn.

To return, however, to my subject. Among the crowd of spirits who were passing out I met one whom I had known upon earth, who was kind-hearted and jovial; but there were many in this community who would not boast of him as being a man whose acquaintance they would cultivate. He accosted me in his old jocular manner. Taking me by the hand he said: "Friend, you seem to have an existence here that you do not enjoy. Come with me and I will show you the bright side of things. Some of your friends have been showing you the dark. Come with me to my home, it is among the mountains. There we can talk of nature, there we can hear her sweet strains, there we can see her in her chaste robes and view her in a manner that you have never before conceived." "But, first of all," I said, "begin by taking me over every part of this vast and mighty town." I was taken through it from one house to another. All of them appeared to be substantially constructed. It was here that I first learnt that the mere contact of one spirit with another imparted the faculty of reading each other's thoughts, and that when one spirit becomes *en rapport* this power of thought-reading remains a permanent endowment. As we passed along my friend showed me everything I desired, and explained them with great particularity.

After leaving the town I observed that there were many paths, diverging right and left, and that some of them were broader than others. On coming to one of these my friend said: "This leads to such and such a place. If you wish to go I will take you; but I must first make you acquainted with these paths, so that you may not go astray." In a similar manner to that in which you teach a child to walk was I taught the mystery of, and instructed how to traverse, these diverging roads; as when a boy in my native place I had been taught how to perambulate my then circumscribed sphere of travail, so now, in my spiritual childhood, was I taught how to journey in this my more extended sphere. On looking at the vast expanse of space before me, the many beautiful scenes, and the almost innumerable winding paths leading in all directions, I felt that I was incompetent to either find my way among such a multiplicity of diverging tracks, or bring them in any state into my mind that I could grasp them. Here is the beauty of Spiritualism; here is the benefit of a knowledge of it. You are not launched into the "other world" in darkness or total ignorance regarding it; you have to a certain extent gained information which will give you some idea how to conduct yourself, and which will enable you to anticipate what you will experience on entering spirit-life.

Owing to my ignorance on entrance, I was too eager—too greedy to know everything off-hand. "Steady, my friend," said my old acquaintance; "you wish to grasp at once what will take you as long as you lived upon earth to acquire. You wish to know everything all at once. Do you not see that you are like a child with a new toy? As soon as he gets it he wishes to get at the inside of it to see what moves it,—to discover what stirs it,—or to know what makes the noise in it. It is the same with you, for you desire to gain all at once what you must patiently study to obtain,—that is knowledge. I can only show you the path that leads thereto. Knowledge and education cannot be instilled into you here suddenly, any more than they can be on earth. Here, as on the physical plane, there is no royal road to knowledge."

"Forward," said my friend, and with an overwhelming rush we seemed to pass through the air, and looking up I beheld, for the first time, what appeared to be a sky adorned with planets of greater size and extent than are those which are seen from your standpoint. I asked him: "Is that the same sky we were in the habit of viewing when upon earth?" "No, friend," was his reply. "Then from whence do we get this light, this beautiful soft light which, yet at times seems hard?" "The light, or air, as you would term it," he said, "is soft because you now breathe or inhale it with purity, and do not send off an antagonistic influence against it; but when your body—your spiritual body—is oppressed, it seems hard, owing to your not being, for the time, in harmony with your surroundings."

We traversed, or appeared to sail, in close proximity to a deep precipice, without having any fear of a false step or of falling. We next seemed to glide along over hills and dales, which were dressed in the richest of colors. I observed a stream of more than crystal brilliancy coming down a mountain, and I said: "Friend, what is that?"

"That is what you would call water." And I remarked, "How strange! How wondrous strange." Presently we paused upon what appeared a height of unspeakable dimensions. "Tarry; look here," said my friend; and as I looked I saw, with one sweep, the country or plane we had passed over. "And is all like this?" I inquired. "Oh! no, friend; as we proceed I will give you a glimpse of what lies beyond," he said.

I really felt so comfortable and so delighted then, as I looked at Nature in her pure array, that I thought I could ever have stood and watched the bubbling, sparkling stream, and the beautiful colors that adorned the hills, which seemed to have absolutely no ending. No dark clouds were there to deface the scene. On a higher position being gained the sight of the planets overhead was grand in the extreme. Imagine a universe studded with brilliant gems larger—aye, larger—than your sun! As I gazed in amazement, I could perceive these planets were revolving with an unerring precision and inconceivable rapidity. Whilst I looked I said, "Cannot we get closer?" for I felt a desire to get nearer to learn the mystery which surrounded them. My friend, addressing me, said: "I have brought you to this spot so that you might have a view of that which you think beautiful, but I will take you a little farther on to what seems like a border, and there you will be enabled to get a glimpse of a different but even grander sight."

Forward we went. Before doing so, however, I vowed that I would return to take a note of all I saw, and remember it, so as to see if, at some future day, or when the proper time arrived, I could not convey a description thereof to earth's inhabitants. Onward we went, or rather sailed, for to describe the spiritual movement is difficult. At last we stopped, and I then beheld innumerable paths—thousands of them (to use your words), all leading into one grand center. Suddenly I felt within me a quivering sensation, as if I had come near to something I had no right to approach. "Look," said my friend, "through your spiritual glance as far as you can." I did, and what did I behold? I beheld what is called another sphere. I could just see the border of a far-distant plane. "Can I not walk over to it?" I asked. "No, friend; when you were upon earth you could not walk on water, neither can you walk there—try." I put my foot forward, but found myself drawn back by an irresistible force or attraction, and there I was impelled to stop. Looking intently again I saw gems which exhaled an indescribable brilliancy on thousands of spirits, who almost immediately vanished out of my sight. I had not the power to communicate with them, because the influence of my grade would not permit it.

My friend again reminded me that I was too impetuous—that I was desirous of grasping too much all at once—and was unwilling to adopt the more rational course, namely, patient research. From what I had been taught when upon earth, I thought that I could grasp the reality instantaneously—that I should at once ascend to the throne, and there see Deity seated thereon—that I would in an instant be washed and be made white as snow, and that I could at one sweep behold and comprehend the world I had counted on. Now, however, I can perceive the harmony which runs through everything throughout universal Nature, and see that spiritual things are connected with the things of earth, only they are of a higher order. In the spirit world we have no such thing as a dying plant. They rise up in beauty and throw out an exquisite perfume, far superior to that of the flowers with you, although your flowers and their perfumes are likewise beautiful. Our grass sends up a most delightful odor, of which you have little conception. Our water is sparkling, beautiful, crystallized, and our mountains are decked in a manner inexpressibly superior to those of earth.

Before closing this lecture I may state: I promised myself that upon that pyramid or pinnacle of the mountain from which I could see another world or sphere I would take my stand, and there look upon Nature in her unsullied array. There, then, is where I tarried, and in my next lecture I shall address you upon what I saw from that pyramid.

The following Invocation was then given through the medium: "Spirit of Life—of Love—of Truth! It is needless to ask Thee to send forth Thy beams of Light and Mercy upon us and upon this world, for I have already experienced Thy Kindness and Thy Love; and those that are upon earth as well as those that are here have also felt them. Cheer, O Father! through Thy laws, cheer those who are weak and oppressed in heart. Strengthen their faltering footsteps. Teach them to cleanse themselves of that which is not fit either for their spirits or for their bodies, and with honesty of purpose as their guide, let them study Truth, and cherish it as their motto. Decked with these two priceless jewels, naught on earth—naught in the spiritual world—can rob them of the satisfaction of knowing Thee, for Thou art Truth and perfect Love."

"Oh, Deity! whose reality and whose true visage are not to be found within walls, but whose living, truthful hand marks the stern rock, the bubbling brook, the rippling sea, the rushing wind, and all Nature in its sublime grandeur, feed Thy vast creation with Thy living, loving Truth."

"Then, O Father! may we not only hope for Thy blessings, but also that we may be drawn nearer to Thee in goodness by Thy Divine Love, which Thou impartially extendeth to all Thy children. Then shall be wiped away with one thought the misrepresentations that have been given and accepted of Thee; and then, having learnt and felt Thy loving mercy, shall all know and feel Thy loving justice. Good night."

## LECTURE II.

I shall now open to you the scene I beheld from the cliff or pinnacle of the mountain that I stood upon.

As far as my spiritual vision could perceive I observed landscapes of the most beautifully arrayed order that I ever could possibly have imagined. I also saw vast cities which glistened in the distance with their spires and towers. The hills, the mountains, the vales, all seemed to correspond in beauty and as I thus beheld what was around and about me, I felt, indeed, how far short of the true conception was the dwarfed idea I had

entertained when upon earth, of the Infinite Being termed "God." My spiritual clairvoyant sight—for such I will term it—seemed to penetrate further than my most sanguine hopes could have taken me. I beheld in the distance rivers, lakes, and seas, all sparkling as if they were formed of precious stones. The waters of these rivers seemed to chase down the mountain heights in perfect harmony, emitting in their rapid course, delightful vibrations of music. This, with the waving of the trees which were around me and growing upon the hill on whose summit I stood, seemed to respond in time and music, not one note of discord being apparent. The birds that hopped gently from limb to limb imparted a prettiness and beauty which I could not have thought to have ever beheld. As I was thus standing looking down upon these enchanting scenes I saw what appeared to be a lady spirit—a spirit of beauty—ascending the hill on which I then stood, and which she mounted slowly and with apparent difficulty. I felt an impulse to go down to meet her; and I was drawn towards her by some power then unknown to me, but which I have since learned; a power I will explain in some future lecture. Gently I moved along the path, which I trod with the greatest of ease. I saw her gathering flowers, which she formed into beautiful bouquets and wreaths, and although engaged in such a pleasant occupation, yet a cloud seemed to hang around her face, and there was a something lacking, notwithstanding the joyful scenes around her. Gradually approaching, I felt that I had been in her company before. When close to her I stopped and scanned her countenance. I then beheld one who, when upon earth, wore a crown. I was, as it were, rivetted to the spot, continuing to gaze upon her, scarcely realizing the fact that it was the spirit of one before whom I had stopped while upon earth. I said to her: "Friend, are you the one I knew upon earth?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Do you not perceive the spell that exists between us,—that of the two powers being joined together? We have met before. You were drawn to me, and until I saw you I could not tell why I was attracted to the side of the hill." "But have you not had disappointments since you have been here?" I inquired. "Yes, many," was the answer. "I find that instead of being waited upon I have to do everything here for myself, and learn how to do it. Knowledge can, I perceive, only be gained by searching for it, and deeply inquiring into and learning how to do things." "How is it," I said, "that a cloud still hangs over your face and around your spirit-form in the manner that it does?" "Would," she said, "I could recall the life I spent upon earth! Even amid these lovely scenes, wrought as they are in glory,—uplifting one great and mighty song to the higher spheres—I am not happy. Would that I could undo the greater part of the actions of my earth-life! Would that I could return and live that life over again! I should then attempt to make it return me a thousandfold more the happiness than my past life has done!—a life that I trifled away and did not utilize as I should have done." "But will not your many acquaintances help or assist you?" I asked. "They will merely point me out the road to anything I wish to know or do; they tell me that I must learn and seek for myself," was the reply. Here she dropped a flower, and I felt an inclination to stoop and pick it up, but I was restrained by a power and drawn back, and she, upon whom thousands had waited in the earth-life, had to stoop and pick up the blossom herself. She bade me adieu, saying we should meet again, and passed on.

Now, considering the vast and beautiful scenes I had beheld, I was determined to start at the trunks or roots of them all, and trace them up. I stooped and took the bud of a flower I saw. After taking it it seemed to expand with a rapidity of growth marvelous to behold; it sprang forth from a bud into a noble flower. On an examination of this flower I perceived that it was arranged in double sets of four large blossoms amalgamated in one, the petals forming a sort of shelter to them. From this flower there emanated a bright light, which I ascertained to be a fine magnetic current passing from the stem of the flower, tracing itself in the leaves and then emerging from the center, whence it sent out a glow much the same as phosphorous does with you, and eventuating in glassy, twinkling brightness, like that which the diamond emits.

After passing through these woods and vales I felt a desire for more company. I wished to return to the city I had visited previously, and see if I could not ascertain whether the structures comprising it were as firm and solid as those of earth. I found that—although I knew not the direction—by concentrating my mind upon the locality, and exerting my will-power, I was lifted and launched forth, and once more I arrived at the gates, where I saw thousands of spirits coming from different directions, bringing bouquets of flowers of every description. The leaves of the flowers were pendant, and I was told that while being gathered many of them emitted strains of music. I was then wafted inside the vast and noble city. Here seeing many of my acquaintances, I determined to find out whether the different religious sects which exist upon earth are combined in these spheres. Meeting a sage, whose hair hung down below his shoulders, his eyes glistening with brightness, tranquility reigning in his features, and with the softness of dew in the expression of his countenance, I thus addressed him: "Most reverend sir, can you give me any enlightenment upon what I have seen? I wish to be taken through this great city, and have it explained to me how it was built, and I also wish to know, sage, as to many questions which have arisen in my mind concerning the sects and religions of earth, whether they are all combined, or are they scattered through this vast sphere?" "Come forward," he said, "I will be your guide for the present. I will, in the first place, take you to a community of those who are generally called 'of advanced minds' in these spheres. This city is inhabited by men—spirited men—we will call them such—who, when upon earth, were of a liberal turn of mind, who had the happiness to benefit the human family, and sought to do good in various ways; and when they passed on they formed into what you may term a band, or a strong company. I do not belong to this sphere, but I often visit it with pleasure,

just as a man visits with delight the scenes of his childhood. It is to this city that my sympathies are attracted; it was I who laid the foundation-stone of that vast and mighty pile which you see before you." "How strange, friend; indeed, 'tis strange. You speak to me of things I desire to understand. It is only little that I have as yet formed of a conception of these things, and it seems even now that I am looking through the wrong end of the spy-glass," was my remark. "Ah, friend," he returned, "you need not to look through either end of the glass. The more you dive into what you see, the greater and more expanded will become your power—your spiritual power. This way."

He took me then through various houses, and introduced me to many of the company there present, speaking all the while in such soft and delightful language that it was enchanting to my spiritual sense to listen to him. Here I met one who had passed away from earth when young. I found that he had to tarry and learn that which would have been taught him in the terrestrial sphere. I ascertained that the passing on of little children was attended with disadvantage—that it was preferable to live a healthful and good-aged life on earth; and then, when the form could no longer sustain the spirit, to enter upon its new scene of life. I then asked: "Where are all those, friend, that have passed away from earth in youth?" "I will take you to the locality where many of them sojourn," he replied, "and will explain to you the mode for finding it."

We passed down the streets of the city, from one to another, until we came to a large square, where there was a great combining of spirits, whose demeanour one to another impressed me with the conviction that they were bound together by so strong a tie that

they could sever them. We passed on farther, until we came to a group of a different sort: that is to say, they were all young—all young, and residing in one part of the city. I perceived that they were blended together by a power which drew them sympathetically one to another; and here I found that if you were in perfect harmony with one you were drawn to, you had no need to use vocal speech to communicate; for, by the blending of thoughts, you could read each other just as you can writing through a glass. "Wonderful!" I exclaimed, as I looked upon what I there beheld; "it is truly wonderful." After we had visited other parts of this great city, turning to my guide I asked: "Is this really firm? Are its foundations built of the same material as those of the cities of earth?" "No, friend," was the response, "certainly not; yet to your eye it appears so." "How is that?" I asked. "Your spiritual eye," he replied, "has not yet become *en rapport* with spiritual things. You yet have about you an earthly taint which you have to rid yourself of. You measure what you now see by the same conception that clung to you in the rudimentary sphere. These old thoughts—these old clings—must pass away before you can compute things by the true spiritual measure." "How long will that be?" I sighed. "Sometime," was the response.

He then drew me away to a high or lofty mountain. I seemed to have been borne on a cloud, and I could not see as I passed on. "Here," he said, pointing to a valley, "is the place where many thousands of spirits have joined together. They are of, what you term, the Protestant denomination. Here they commemorate all their anniversaries. They have piles of buildings, as you can see. You can stray over them if you wish. These spirits still believe that they have yet to pass into the existence which, when upon earth, they contemplated attaining when they passed from thence, for they still hold to the old idea of 'heaven.' If you like, we will step down and there behold the signs." I was curious—my curiosity being raised, and spiritual curiosity is far more intense than the earthly, because there is something so grand, so awful, so mystic—there is investing everything something so mysterious to a new-born spirit that he is anxious not to tarry, but to grasp at once the whole of the universe. We seemed to fly down, and there I saw many whom I had known upon earth, all thinking that "Resurrection Day,"—the Judgement Day," was yet to come, and that they were still to pace the paths they did while on the mundane sphere. Addressing the sage, I said: "Spirit, canst thou tell me how it is that these spirits here still cling to that which they were taught when upon earth—when they see the vast and wondrous things before them?" "Yes. Do you not see, friend," said he, "that those who are of that prejudiced and fixed opinion cannot penetrate further than what they have seen upon earth? They have brought their old ideas with them—all their old thoughts, and they cannot change them until their spiritual vision is opened; until the faculties of the spiritual life are further developed they cannot break away from the path they have marked out for themselves. You can hear them harping on the same old tunes—uttering the same shouts of glory and cries for mercy as when upon earth. But we cannot linger."

We departed, and a cloud seemed to pass over my vision. We traveled with rapidity, for I could feel we did so from our passage through the air—the traversing of which I cannot describe—so peculiar is it. We came to vast and mighty plains. They extended further than my spiritual sight could penetrate, and I could see cities in every direction. I turned to my companion and said: "Friend, shall I ever reach the termination of those plains? for they seem to extend to such an incomprehensible distance that my thoughts seem to sink within me, and my heart to tremble whilst I journey on." "Fear not, brother," he rejoined; "you are under my guidance. I will take you and deliver you right through these plains before I leave you."

Presently we came upon a vast Roman Catholic body who had banded together. They appeared to cherish a feeling of too great resentment to allow us admission within their city. I heard convent bells chime and chime and chime, and I exclaimed: "Canst thou here chime with music and melody? Canst thou here ring out the notes of old superstition? Hath thine owners become milder in this sphere? Have not the foundations of their priestly system been shaken? It seems not, for even here they

still have huge buildings with lofty domes towering to the skies of the spiritual universe!" Thought I: Have they not yet received the light which I so craved after in earth-life, and which I did not receive until I entered spirit-life. Is that which I now behold really true; or am I yet sojourning upon the earth? Higher I must have risen,—aye, higher,—for such scenes as I now witness I could not have seen upon the terrestrial sphere. Turning to the sage, I gave expression to my thoughts, thus: "Friend, indeed, I feel yet half a doubt whether I have passed through that change termed 'death.' He made no response, but pressed with his hands my spiritual brow, and I awoke to a vision; after the passing of which, as permission was not granted us to enter the city, we hovered over it, as stars seem to hover over your world. "Wait," said my guide, "and I will open your vision powers, so that your perception will expand, and you will then be enabled to perceive the amount of bigotry and prejudice that are rampant in this body, qualities that are as ripe with them still as when they trod the earth." Here, by coming in contact with a spirit, one becomes endowed with the faculty of reading the feelings that are within that spirit. "But, friend," continued my guide, "I am proud to say that the days are fast coming when such parties as these you now behold will not be banded together to perpetrate superstition; then man shall tread the silvery shore with his conscience free, and will not have his reason led captive, as has been too long the case, but he will come forth in his new birth as the child of innocence, waiting to receive readily the grand truths of spiritual life." Taking a parting glance at the community below us, I could not but reciprocate the repugnance which they apparently entertained towards us.

Again we swept on over hill and dale, and as we passed we saw many towns or villages, the inhabitants of which were far more in harmony than the great body we had recently left behind. Near one of these villages we tarried at the residence of a spirit who seemed to be a friend of the old sage. He took us by the hand, and led us up a pathway to his beautiful house or mansion, but not a mansion of the description pertaining to any of earth. The framework was light, elegant, and yet simple; nothing discordant about it. It seemed to be supported in a manner of law, beauty, and harmony. Being weak with my travels, I was led gently by the hand into a room, which opened out upon a lawn, from whence proceeded the most delightful fragrance of flowers. The beautiful scene around was enhanced by the music of a stream which meandered past the house. Friends came around me saying: "Thou art weak from having traveled far; wilt thou take nourishment?" I then thought, how strange! Doth this frame require nourishment? Doth it require rest like that old earth-frame? Then I was just beginning to realize the spiritual existence, and every hour of time, as you would say, seemed to open up to me a new light. They brought me some liquid, the tasting of which, even in the smallest quantity, imparted wondrous strength to me. I now extended myself for repose, and slept, not as when in the physical body, but its equivalent in spiritual life, and during the slumber my virginal powers were expanded. In my vision I swept over the space that I was destined to traverse. I traveled over spheres and grades that I was subsequently to visit. I saw the countenances of many who had departed from earth long before me, who, I thought, if the religion I had been taught were true, would be writhing in the torments of a fiery furnace. After awakening—being much refreshed by my sleep—I got into conversation with four marked spirits, who appeared to be the rulers of this plane or sphere. I asked them: "Is there, or is there not, friends, a hell in this universe? for it appears to me that I have seen nothing as yet to bring to my mind the teachings I received when young as being true. Is there really a place where they torment in a diabolical manner—in the way I was taught when on earth?" "No, friend," was their answer; "but it will be your duty to pass through these grades, and find, if you can, such a place, now that you have visited some of the brighter parts of the second sphere. There are other planes, but you must be taken back again to the first. We shall lead you forth in the evening, when you will see many of your old companions who have led a restless, useless spirit-life—each taking the path that he was most fond of when upon earth."

I said: "Friends, I want not to learn or know these things that are distressing. I wish to be introduced to the most pleasant scenes." "Ah! tarry," they said; "you must pass through the lower as well as the higher." "Well, I am agreeable," was my reply; "but come, I feel in a hurry. I feel as if the time were short. I am impatient to proceed and penetrate the mysteries surrounding all I have to see."

Onward we started, and we took a path. There are paths, as they explained to me, running towards every point of your compass, varying in breadth—some three feet, some ten feet, some twenty feet, and others forty feet of your earthly measurement; there are none broader than those of the last-named dimensions. These paths run North, South, East and West. They are intersected by paths of more contracted breadths leading to a center. You would find it a very difficult thing if you were placed on one of these roads; you would, when traversing these paths for the first time, without any aid, be in a dilemma as to the direction for proceeding. It was so with me. I was frightened to start on any of these multitudinous tracks, for I had heard that spirits who did not know them, were usually brought to the center, and there remained until some kind and helpful spirit came to hand to release them.

The direction of these paths was then explained to me, and I was informed that by facing the north I would receive a peculiar sensation. I did as directed, when I felt a strong magnetic current striking on the base of my head. I was then told to turn my back to the north, and in doing so a strong current met me on the chest, thus indicating most markedly two of the so-called cardinal points by which to travel. I was counselled and directed to travel wholly and solely for the present by those paths or main roads, and not diverge away into the smaller tracks.

(A lengthened pause here occurred, owing to a loud peal of thunder.)

The electricity which is flying about is too much for me. I will try and impart to you an understanding of those paths which, I stated, varied in width, and which, I was about to observe, are separated by distances approximating to ten of your miles. In those spaces are rendezvous, where spirits who are baffled or misled find a center to which they are drawn, and then placing the spiritual pulse of their spiritual bodies to the north or south, they can judge of the distance yet to traverse ere they arrive at their destination. The smaller paths generally lead into different planes of the sphere; for, let me tell you, each country of earth,—Hindoo, Turks, and all other nations, too numerous to mention,—have planes of their own.

"The Grand Reality," being experiences in spirit life of a celebrated dramatist, received through a trance medium and edited by Hugh Junor Browne, author of "The Holy Truth," "Rational Christianity," "The Conflict Between Authority and Reason," "The Religion of the Future," Etc.

[To be continued.]

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## Thanks! Thanks!!

Many, many thanks for the hundreds of kind responses that come to us from Maine to Texas—in fact, from all parts of the country. We have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the people.

## A Note From an Appreciative Reader.

TO THE EDITOR.  
A copy of the first issue of your PROGRESSIVE THINKER was handed me to-day. I am so pleased with it that I enclose subscription for one year. Please send it to 624 Polk street, San Francisco, California. The world needs more good papers, more avenues for free thought. I have read every word of your paper, and feel as I write this that it will meet the demands of many minds, will meet with favor, and will succeed. The print is large and clear; the face is beautiful; its editorials broad and grand in view. The soul is expressing itself in every new awakening, and the work your PROGRESSIVE THINKER will accomplish in opening the door to let in the sunlight of glorious truths to those who have not seen the brightness of God's great love, will be to you a luxuriant garden of rare blossoms. Go on, brother, and may the angels guide and guard you in this enterprise and help you keep aloft the banner of Free Thought, clothed in the mantle of charity and good will toward all.

"And when the last steps have been taken,  
And the gates of the City appear,  
Shining in crystals unbroken,  
And songs of angels float out on the air,  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
Will be plain and clear as the day;  
The folds of the road will seem nothing  
When you get to the end of the way."

And you will then rejoice in the full fruition of your labors, rejoice with kindred souls and receive baptisms anew at the fount of wisdom in the Celestial Halls above.  
Chicago, Ill.  
ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

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

W. H. Chaney, of St. Louis, writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be a great success."

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