

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 2.

CHICAGO, MAY 31, 1890.

NO. 27.

A MYSTIC TEMPLE. OUR REPORTER VISITS GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

He Interviews Prof. Richmond, The
Able Exponent of Astral
Magnetism.

A visit to the Temple—Startling Revelation
on the Ancient Magi and order of Masonry,
the Heavens and Planetary Phenomena
reproduced in the Temple with a gorgeous-
ness almost indescribable—His theories
and books a source of great wonderment
and profuse comment.

In the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, resides a gentleman whose learning, comprehension, ideas and advanced thoughts on matters appertaining to physical and occult Astronomy have forced him into prominence, not only in the immediate vicinity of his residence, but also in the State of his nativity and this nation. He is a man of slight build and modest appearance, but imperious in his dealings with subjects of which he is master. In the issue of April 5th, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER republished an article from the *Daily Democrat*, the leading paper of Grand Rapids, setting forth the religious views entertained by Prof. Richmond, together with a cursory description of "The Mystic Temple" over which he presides, and discourses to a large number of the most intellectual and influential citizens of the Valley City. Through the interest awakened, and large amount of inquiry fostered by the publication of this article upon the astrological researches of Prof. Richmond, and his revelations from the standpoint of a student of Occult Astronomy, we deemed it advisable to send a reporter to interview the gentleman. Having learned at his place of business that he was to be found at the Temple and that no meeting was being held on this evening, the reporter proceeded to the Brunswick Hotel, where the Temple is situated and the Master Mystic and his family reside. Mr. Richmond was in his Temple, surrounded with Mystic charts of all kinds and at work upon complicated mathematical formula appertaining to Astronomy. What strikes a visitor most upon entering this Temple of wonders, is the fact he sees before him the *Solar System*, in a more comprehensive and tangible shape than he has ever before seen. The entire hall, from end to end, is filled with heavenly bodies, tilted at various angles to the plane of the ecliptic, thus illustrating their polarities, while at the same time various satellites revolve about their primaries, with their orbits inclined, as in Nature's realm of wonders. On the reporter introducing himself and business, Mr. Richmond laid aside his work and willingly gave all the information that he lawfully could divulge, relating to the order. "This large red planet with four moons or satellites, is Jupiter," said he pointing to a globe about seven inches in diameter. "You will notice that the satellites move in orbits, in a plane with their primary, while those of some other planets are widely divergent. For instance, you notice that this planet, Uranus, has four satellites revolving in orbits at nearly right angles to the ecliptic. This has been brought about through the gradual change of their plane during untold millions of years. This change has proceeded in the case of Uranus, until the tilt is more than at right angles, so that the motion of the moons is actually retrograde."

"Is this the only case of the kind in our Solar System?" was asked.

"No! Here you see the planet Neptune, the far off sentinel of our System, has only one moon. But this planet is so much older than Uranus, that the tilting of the system has gone on until it has actually turned completely over, so it is nearly in the plane of the ecliptic again; but, of course, the motion is retrograde."

"I hardly understand that."

"Then, let me explain. Take your hat and revolve it in the direction of the hands of a watch; there, now gradually tilt it over until it is bottom up, still keeping up the revolution. Now you notice that the rim revolves precisely retrograde to what it did before."

"Exactly! I understand it now as I never could before."

"Here you see the great planet Saturn, with its rings and eight satellites," said Mr. Richmond, pointing to a glistening globe, suspended in midair by invisible wires and surrounded by several polished globes at various distances.

As the large electric sun in the center of the room lighted them, the globes glistened in the artificial sunlight. The reporter noticed an eclipse of two of Saturn's moons while one satellite made an eclipse on its primary at the same time. The reporter never realized before so completely how these phenomena occurred.

These small moons revolving so rapidly about Mars, are the little bodies *Dread* and *Terror*. This inner one enjoys the distinction of having the shortest year of any body in our system. Its year is seven hours, while its day is about twenty minutes long, as near as can be found. Think of an afternoon only five minutes in duration.

"It would hardly pay a fellow to go and see his girl there, would it? If the lovers sat up till midnight they would only have about five minutes," said the reporter.

"That is true, but I think the worst part would come when the old man lifts the fellow on his boot toward daylight."

"Why so?" Asked the reporter.

"Because the gravity is so small there, that a good kick would lift an ordinary man to an altitude of about two miles, and perhaps land him in another State."

"I am glad I do not live there." Mr. Richmond then showed the reporter several magnificent books bound in Russia, with gilt edges and sides. These books contained several hundred colored charts of the heavens, for all sorts of times and culminations. The explanations given of them were too long for a newspaper report, but they were most interesting.

"What are the fundamental laws that govern your occult works?" asked the reporter.

"The laws are few and simple, replied the Professor. Here they are: For the want of a better name, we call this force that exists in the universe, Astral Magnetism. Some call it the soul in nature. It matters not whether it is called Magnetism, The Infinite, The Great I Am, God, Allah, or Mumbo Jumbo, it is the same great intelligent force, recognized by nearly all mankind. Now, the theory of our order is, that this great infinite force acts through regular laws, mathematically accurate, and unchangeable. In short, that everything in the universe is governed by Law. Not even a crystal can form within a chemical combination, or anything however small, except under exact mathematical laws. The same laws that govern a grain of sand, govern that giant *Jupiter*, eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter."

"Are any of these laws formulated?" "Hundreds of them are recorded in these books. Here we have a few which you may copy:

LAW OF ASTRAL MAGNETISM:

"1. Every particle of matter in the universe acts upon every other particle with a magnetic force directly proportional to its mass, and inversely to the square of its distance."

"2. The Astral Magnetism of all bodies, or aggregation of matter, varies according to the chemical constitution of the bodies."

"3. The intensity of the Astral force, and its lines of effect, vary according to the angles of polarity of the various bodies."

"These are the three first laws, and lay the foundation, so to speak, of all the other laws contained in these four books. Law No. 1 explains itself. No. 2 means that a globe of chloride of sodium, and, by the way, there are such in the Universe, has a magnetic effect on other matter differing in quality from a globe composed of iron principally, granite, or any mixture of elements. No. 3 is more difficult to explain, but still very important, in fact, the importance of polarity is everything in this Heliocentric Astrology. It is calculated by the hundreds of tables of logarithms you see in this book No. 1, which gives angles and change of polar force for all the planets, and the Earth, in all parts of these orbits."

"Is this astrology then different from that usually known and practiced?" asked the reporter.

"Most certainly it is vastly different from the Geocentric Astrology of the middle ages. There is as much difference as between modern chemistry and the alchemy of the middle ages. Heliocentric Astrology is based upon the true motion of the planets. Geocentric Astrology upon the false theory sustained by Ptolemy and his followers. This theory was the only one allowed during the dark ages, every one being put to death or thrown into a dungeon who ventured to dispute it. This is what caused the Magi to promulgate their true knowledge in a secret manner."

"What connection has your order with Masonry?"

"Simply this: Three Masters of the outer circle duly raised to the sublime degree, where they could be entrusted with the *Word*, were educated in all the arts of the Magi, and after taking a solemn oath, departed to a far country to found a Temple. The *Word* was divided into three parts, each one of the three receiving one of these parts, and they could not be put together except under certain astronomical laws; and that could only be done in the Holy of Holies, behind the three veils, and upon the Altar. By the by, let me remark that even to this day the *Word* can not be given, so that it will be of any use to the person receiving it, except under the same conditions. It may seem strange to you, but it is a cold fact."

"How then did it benefit you, when given under the circumstances you have heretofore related?"

"It did not. I could not use it until the time arrived when an Altar could be formed and dedicated by placing thereon certain things that I can not mention. But hold on, I have lost the thread of my story. The three wise men I spoke of went to the country whence they came and began a Temple. But now came trouble. In those days book-keeping was not understood as at present. How were one hundred and fifty-three thousand workmen of different grades drawing different wages, to be handled and paid their weekly stipends? By a happy thought these officers resolved to use the organization plan, and make the workmen members of their secret order. But all those fit to cut stone and work on the Temple were not suitable persons to become members of the order that had in its keeping the learning and lore of past ages. To obviate this trouble, the three officers changed the initiative ceremonies and the minor pass words to conform to their religion of the Nation where the Temple was built. They intended how-

ever, when the Temple was finished, to then pick out the ones most worthy, and regularly initiate them into the original and seemingly incomprehensible mysteries of Egypt and Chaldea. But alas, before the Temple was completed one of the three, Hiram Abiff, was murdered by some of the workmen, who in vain tried to extort from him the secret of the *Word*. Over his grave the other officers gave up all attempts to recover the lost *Word*, and adopted a substitute. Thus Modern Masonry was born. When I say modern, I mean it is modern compared with the great antiquity of what preceded it as an order. Why, the time the emblem of this order was adopted from the stars that glistened in the great Bear, which then was in the form of this silver trident, was so long ago that the building of Solomon's Temple was as yesterday in comparison."

"Why did the officers not return or send to Egypt and obtain the missing part of the sacred *Word*?"

"They did try to procure it, after time had elapsed and the Temple was completed. But in the meantime the Magi had learned that the new order was so thoroughly changed that it had but few of the astronomical features remaining, whereupon they refused to impart the secret."

"I have understood that the Masonic order afterwards found the *Word*."

"Yes, a great many have understood that in modern times, but every advanced student of the history of the order knows that the Chapter and Temple degrees have all been invented and engrafted upon the original Blue-ledge degrees in modern times. The alleged *Word*, found amid the ruins of the Temple, has no occult meaning, and cannot be fitted to the great truths of astronomy and time, as can the true *Word*."

"Do you then consider that your order militates against Masonry?"

"Not in the least. Masonry still stands on its own merits as an institution. The change made by King Solomon was no doubt a wise one, under all the circumstances existing at the time, and the Masonic institution has fulfilled its allotted place in the world. As a proof of this, we have in this order ardent Masons of 32 degrees, and many Blue-ledge and Chapter Masons."

MASONS THE MOST INTERESTED.

"Look at this pile of letters received from all parts of the country. You will notice that nine out of ten of them make some symbol such as that slipper, rope, tent, key-stone, square and compass, or else sign their communications, 'Yours Frat.' All such are Masons. By the way, I will say, that no doubt many of these correspondents have been disappointed at not receiving answers. But I cannot spare the time to write so many letters, being busy with my regular business as a druggist. All I can do is to preserve the address of my inquiring friends, and send them the information they seek as soon as I am able to get it printed."

"I would like to witness some of your occult work Professor, if not against your rules."

"Oh! that would be all right. But it is quite late now for any demonstrations. If you will give me your exact date of birth, however, I will show you something at some future time."

The reporter gave his birth-date, and promised to call again, when he hopes to lay before the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER something of great interest to students of Occultism.

Before leaving the Temple, Mr. Richmond allowed the reporter to copy the following:

TRIBUTE TO THE WORD.
Oh wondrous Word, now lost to man.
Existing since the world began.
Thy power, Poets, Sages, Priests,
Hath chanted at Olympian feasts,
At Heliopolis shrines,
Arched o'er with Astrological signs,
Beneath proud Karnak's wondrous halls,
Within great Balbe's lofty walls.
Embossed in thy Triple Light
Thou flashed on Priest and Neophyte.
But now, where art thou, mighty soul—
Where hidest thou as Centuries roll,
Art thou engraved in hidden rock,
Secure from storm and Earth-quake shock?
Canst thou look down where thou art hid
From top of some tall Pyramid?
Or dost some Monolithic shaft
Withhold thee from Masonic Craft?
Mayhap some tomb of Egypt's Race
Enfolds thee in its cold embrace.
Thy syllables, those Mystic links
May be engraved upon some Sphinx
Or shining ever from on high,
Enscrolled in the Southern sky.
A great Philosopher of old
Said thou wert massive, strong and bold;
That thou wert neither round nor square,
Yet beauty had, exceeding rare,
A beauty that delights all eyes:
So mayhap thou art in the skies.
Perhaps thou circumscrib'st at the pole
Within the Dipper's mighty bowl,
Or in Cassiopea's chair,
Or Berenice's flowing hair.
Where ever thou art in Earth or Sky,
Beneath the ground, or set on high,
Above the frozen Polar Seas,
Or shining in the Pleiades,
Or nailed unto the Southern Cross;
Where ever thou art, we feel thy loss.

Bear in Mind.

Bear in mind, Spiritualists, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is sent out on trial 16 weeks for 25 cents, costing only about 14 cents per week. Aid us, please, in this great work. Renew your own subscriptions at an early date, and at the same time send in one or more trial subscriptions. By aiding us in the philanthropic work in which we are engaged, you will aid yourselves and please those in the Spirit-world who are interested in this movement.

Miss Mary Garrett is taking the lead in a movement to promote the higher medical education of women.

THE MAGI.

MORE WONDERFUL REVEAL-
MENTS.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE TEMPLE
AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

Explanation of Cards—Their Ancient
Origin and Uses—A Mystery.

Prognostications Fulfilled on the Spot.

OUR REPORTER NEARLY PARALYZED—A SNAKE
PRODUCED FROM A CANE IN BROAD LIGHT
—SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF THE "JIM
JAMS"—SIX CENTURIES BACK BROUGHT
TO OUR DOORS.

On the reporter's second visit to the Temple of Oriental Mystics at Grand Rapids, made a few days subsequent to the one narrated heretofore, he was met at the inner door by Mr. Richmond, who evidently was expecting him.

"Now, what investigations do you wish to make this evening?" inquired the professor.

"What I want most," replied the reporter, "is to witness some of the occult phenomena that I have seen accounts of in the Grand Rapids Democrat and other papers; the Egyptian card mysteries and other exhibitions, such as you have given in public on several occasions."

"Before showing you these mysteries," said the Professor, "allow me to give you an insight into the history of cards. Generally, the very name of 'playing cards' brings out a sneer on the face of most people, who have visions come before their eyes of gambling rooms, drinking and late hours, or thoughts of tricksters and legerdemain. Now, this is not to be wondered at, considering how cards have been used for hundreds of years past. But, on the other hand, ask those who have had most to do with cards, and you will find that, without knowing a single thing about the philosophy of it, every such person is a firm believer in 'lucky suits,' his 'lucky card' or his luck running good and poor at different times."

"Now, at first sight, this looks like bosh to a thinking person, and I used to think so myself; but facts are stubborn things and will upset any number of fine-spun theories. For instance, take the theories of Ptolemy and his followers relating to the motion of the heavenly bodies. How quickly they had to fall before the facts discovered by Copernicus. I should say re-discovered, though, for the same facts were well known thousands of years before Copernicus."

"But I started to explain about cards. It has been claimed by many historians that the French invented them in about the fourteenth century or later, and that they were made to play games with, and to amuse the French court and people. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this account of their origin and purposes. If they were so invented, why is it that the court cards bear upon their faces even to this day, not only the likenesses of ancient kings, queens and courtiers of Egypt, but also secret symbols of the Magi and priests of Isis?"

"These symbols have been handed down and reproduced by each generation of engravers and printers, as it were, unconsciously."

"The wandering tribes of Gypsies have preserved the secrets of cards as emblems of planetary motion, time, etc., without having preserved the higher knowledge that enables us to explain why and how it is that they have these properties."

"I am myself of the opinion that playing cards had their origin even further back than Egypt. Even upon the Island of Atlantis, a remnant of what was once an immense continent, where the ocean now rolls."

"But, let this be as it may, they were used by the Egyptian priests in their sacred astronomical mysteries, as abundant evidences shows. They regarded them as sacred emblems of astronomical time, and combinations of the solar system. Says Ammon, in *Antiquity of Playing Cards*:

"The religion of the Egyptians was wholly based on astronomy, and these cards were constructed with perfect mathematical and symbolical reference to time, planetary motion, and the occult calculations and mysteries of the Magi. Thus the fifty-two cards correspond to the weeks in a year. The court cards to the months and signs of the zodiac. The three court cards symbolize in each suit the three houses of one-quarter of the zodiac. Hearts in the first quarter symbolize spring, also love and friendship. Clubs in the second quarter, summer; also knowledge, learning, religion, heat, temper, quarrels, law suits, etc."

"Diamonds in the third quarter symbolize fall, when the crops are gathered and sold, and therefore represent wealth, power and trade. Spades rule in the fourth quarter, and stand for winter, cold, darkness, death, hardship, labor, etc."

"Every aspect has its ruling or emblematic card, and every day and year its ruling card. Even the minutes have each a card called the 'minute card of time.'"

"In ancient times they only recognized three hundred and sixty-four days to the year, the odd day being regarded as waste time, and used up in pleasure and amusement. Now, as each card rules a day under each of the seven planets during a year, you can see that they exactly fill out the year, seven times fifty-two making 364."

"Even to this day we have no ruling

card for the 31st of December, and I cannot perform many of the mysteries in these books on that day in consequence. The ancients, it is true, knew not the existence of Neptune and Uranus, but they counted the sun and moon as planets, which made up the seven."

"You know seven has always been a sacred sort of number among all nations and in all religions, the center, so to speak, of all symbolic numbers."

"The seven is also the center of each of the four suits of cards, whether counting from the king or from the ace. The thirteen cards of each suit is also astronomical and indicates among other things, knowledge of good and evil."

"That is why, I suppose, that thirteen has been assigned to the 'Old Boy,' in the same category with the printing press and other wicked things, and regarded as unlucky."

"The Magi of ancient times knew that the time would come when their sacred emblems would be prostituted to base uses. They predicted that the time would come when 'these sacred emblems will be trampled under the feet of the ungodly, and become a reproach in high places among nations yet unborn.'"

"This has all come to pass, besides the other predictions mentioned by Ammon, Le Rouché, Lillie and others, that 'no matter what changes shall take place in future generations of man, through all coming time, amid downfalls of empires and kings, these emblems shall go on unchanged in value and effect.'"

"It is singular," continued Mr. R., "but it is a fact that many and many a time inventors and manufacturers have endeavored to introduce packs of cards containing more or less in number, or with a change in the emblems used. But in every case they have met with a flat failure; fifty-two they were, and fifty-two they remain to this day."

"The card called a Joker, introduced in late years, amounts to nothing. Its value is a cypher astronomically, and although placed in every pack made lately, it is thrown away by the purchaser as soon as he sees it. Still it rules on that odd day I mentioned to you, as you can prove by rule No. 1 in this book for 'finding day-card of day.'"

A GREAT MYSTERY.

"But we will now come to some practical work, which will illustrate the occult powers of cards better than a hundred pages of argument would do," said the Professor, looking at his watch. "Have the goodness to place this letter in your pocket, and examine this pair of dice and this pack of cards. You will find them nothing but the most ordinary kinds sold in stores. But I am going to show you that everything that happens comes under strict mathematical law; and not a sparrow falls, or even one of these little cubes of bone, except under the cognizance of these divine laws."

"Now, please shuffle these cards well for a minute, and when that second hand gets to the even minute again, cut the pack. There, now take four cards from the top, and deal them into any one of the houses of the zodiac here upon the altar, and keep on with the deal haphazard whenever you feel like dealing them until you have placed four in each sign of the zodiac, and one pile in the center, or sun."

The reporter performed this entire operation as requested, without Mr. Richmond's touching a card.

"Now, when I give the signal from my time, you will throw these dice after shaking them well, and whatever the number you throw, take the cards from the house or sign indicated by the throw."

The reporter placed the dice in a glass tumbler, and after shaking them about fifteen seconds threw them out upon the altar cloth. They came up a three and a two, which made five, whereupon he took the four cards found in Leo, the fifth house of the zodiac. They proved to be the five of hearts, five of clubs, seven of spades, and queen of diamonds.

"Here is the rule by which I found what cards you would draw this evening, and you may copy it, if you choose. You can, by using the time at which this was done, find exactly what cards you have drawn; but to prevent all chance of fraud, I will ask you to read the letter I gave you awhile ago, which I wrote yesterday."

The reporter with great surprise broke the seal of the letter, and read the following:

"GRAND RAPIDS, April 23, 1890.
"I find from my study of the planets ruling the person whose time of birth I have before me, that he will come to this Temple to-morrow night between the hours of 7 and 8."

"I find that if I have him perform the Egyptian Mystery of the twelfth house at exactly 9:15 for the cut and 9:19 for the throw, he will draw the following emblems: Queen of diamonds, five of hearts, five of clubs and seven of spades, as indicated on page 84 of the astral charts in quadratus."

"OLNEY H. RICHMOND,
"G. M. of O. M."

The reporter was perfectly thunderstruck. Although he had in a measure been prepared for some wonderful manifestations, he had not really at heart believed it possible.

Two other mysteries were then performed, the reporter performing the mathematical work himself, but full details are too long to insert in this article.

"Now, Professor," said the reporter,

"as what I have seen, illustrating the laws of planetary effect upon luck and chance, so-called, has been so satisfactory, I would be pleased to see some other manifestation illustrating the occult powers of the Magi."

"Well, what shall it be?" asked the Professor.

"We read of such miracles as turning rods into snakes, etc. Could you show me anything of the kind?"

"Perhaps I might, but to tell you the truth, I do not like to show these things to any one. In fact, I am not allowed to do so; but in this case I will give you a slight illustration."

The reporter had a common black ebony cane, with gold-plated head, with him. The Professor took this in his hand, and holding it above the altar, made an invocation in an unknown language, ending with three short words, spoken in a firm, commanding tone.

He then threw the cane on the floor, and said to the reporter, "Look out for the snake!" This is the reporter's own account of the transaction:

"I can safely swear that I am not a drinking man, and have not had even a drink of beer in a week, otherwise this description would be open to suspicion; but if I ever saw anything plainly in my life, I saw that cane turn to a snake, about a yard long. Its body was spotted in white, and black along the back and sides, while its belly looked of a copper color. Its head had a bright golden look, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds."

"All this I noticed while I was climbing into a chair, where, I must admit, I felt safer than on the floor, for his snakeship had that peculiar look associated naturally in one's mind with deadly poison."

"The snake now wriggled towards the chair I stood upon and looked as if about to ascend one of the legs. I was just going to make a break for the altar, with a view to climbing upon it, out of harm's way, when the Professor cried, 'Halt!' and told me to jump upon the snake and grab him by the body."

"At first I feared to do this, but on further persuasion and assurance that he would not harm me, I made a jump onto the snake's body, and recklessly grabbed it by the tail (the safest-looking end), and held up—my innocent cane to view."

"I could now understand how the ancients must have felt when Moses had his celebrated contest with the Magi, to decide which had the most power."

"If I remember rightly, the Magi produced snake for snake, until the Prophet could only win the match by having his snake swallow those of the wise men, which of course placed their snakes *hors de combat*."

The reporter then asked the Professor to explain how a snake could be manufactured from a cane.

"The explanation is simply this. Perhaps I cannot make it plain to your understanding, but the fact is, there was no snake, and has been none in this room, any more than there is in the boots of a person suffering with delirium tremens. To such a person the low elements, among which are snakes in profusion, become visible to the eye, apparently, although there is strong evidence that they are in all such cases seen by the inner sight or astral eye."

"But no matter how that may be, the fact is that this imitation snake was set up in the astral plane by the powers called upon by me, so that for the time being it bore all the appearance of a genuine reptile."

"In the case of an inebriate, I believe that the drunken and debauched life led by the sufferer has drawn around him certain elements, and the physical body has become so warped and debilitated that the astral man is sufficiently liberated to allow him to cognize the astral elements."

"In this style of Oriental mystery, much practiced in ancient times, you are deceived by an appearance set up in the mind."

"Many persons fall naturally into these conditions, and set up false figures in the astral plane and become greatly deceived thereby. Jesus had this power, but he belonged, from the age of twelve, to what was known as the Essene branch of the Magi, who believed more in elevation of the soul at the expense of the body, than in cultivating the intellectual forces."

"His phenomenal powers took directions accordingly. Some of the Magi naturally developed one way, and others another, and all cannot be alike."

"Jesus the wise—had his elders or twelve disciples of the outer circle, all with him during his travels, but not one developed into the same power as the master."

"Perhaps if he had lived to found a temple at Jerusalem, as he wished to do, they would have become more fully developed."

"We have a branch now of the Essenes, same as the lodge in Palestine, that is, 'healers.' It is a distinct branch by itself, and to become an adept in it, one must mortify the flesh or practice asceticism."

"But this is too deep a subject to go into now, and is doubtless more or less familiar to most of the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

"By the way, what a circulation that paper must have. Since that article came out in that paper, I have been just literally bombarded with letters."

"I hope what you will write up will answer many of their questions, for I cannot find time to answer one in fifty by letter."

"With many thanks for kindness extended, the reporter left, with a promise to call again."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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

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

A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

A Prayer Answered—Is God Guilty of Arson?

The members of a church in New Jersey were widely scattered, and as their church building was located in an inconvenient place at Samptown, some went to Stelten and some to Plainfield. The congregation was being absorbed by other churches, and was in consequence in sore straits. There was no remedy but to remove the church building to a more central position; but to this the majority of the congregation would not consent. The pastor after wearying himself with persuasion, "just knelt down and prayed"—to use his own words. "I knew that the only way we could get that church site moved was through the burning of the old edifice, and I just knelt down and prayed God that he would destroy our church by fire."

A few nights afterwards the church was burned to the ground! A new church was then built where the pastor desired. If we accept this occurrence as evidence of direct answer to prayer, then God is guilty of a deed which would send a man to the penitentiary. To regard it in that light is simply blasphemous! If that minister had prayed for the burning of his neighbors' barn, and it had burned, he could have been held responsible, and justly too. Some one applied the torch; perhaps a zealous member, influenced and justified by the prayer. Ah! the inexpressible egotism and absurdity of a preacher in a back town of New Jersey advising the Almighty Ruler of worlds to burn a little church building on the four corners so that they would be obliged to build a better one in order to advance his glory!

There is nothing in the world that for the time gives a minister so much consequence, and holds the church by the tension of the demand, as building. As an illustration, witness Talmage, whose church always burns at the right time, and is rebuilt larger and better! The last burning gave him a chance to sell his old sermons and stale essays, delivered to vast audiences, consisting of Mr. Talmage, the Arab guide and the Boswell who followed his footsteps. It also gave him a chance to appropriate corner-stones from the holy mines, and outdo Mark Twain, in weeping and wailing amid the places where the Arab told him Christ had been!

We may belong to the ranks of the infidels, but we are not infidel enough to charge God with crime, or to believe he can be turned in his purpose by a Jersey preacher's prayer, or the lachrymose wailings and gymnastic contortions of a Talmage. We admit that the evidence is in favor of his loving a joke, for if he did not, why did he make a Talmage or a donkey?

There was a grand old church in a village in Northern Ohio belonging to the most staid and conservative Congregationalists. It had a steeple so high it was the pride of every child in the Church, and a bell of wonderful tone. On the spire was a golden ball which glittered in the sunlight. This ball was like a great many sacred things, wood within, and only the thinnest gilding

without. It had glittered for half a century, and became decayed, a bird pecked a hole into its side, and built its nest. The villagers often watched it in its flights, without a thought as to the mischief that bird would bring. There was a great fire in the town; a long business block melted to ashes. The wind was fierce, and at one time it seemed certain the whole town must go; but the flames were subdued just at the skirts of a lot of rickety buildings, lively stables, saloons, etc., and the villagers paused for breath after the terrible fight they had made. The church was away beyond all the old ungodly buildings, standing by itself; no one thought its solid brick walls in danger, but suddenly they saw a spark glow on the side of the gilt ball. A cinder had found lodgment in the bird's nest. Pride had placed that ball fifty feet above the reach of the most urgent strength of the engine, and it was inaccessible. The whole village stood and saw the flames kindle in the ball, and the red coals fall on the dome of the steeple. That, too, was beyond reach, and soon involved the venerable old church in the flames.

A question was propounded to the church members which they never answered: Who sent the bird to build its nest—God or the Devil? The members having the building had all they could do to give a minister a beggarly support, though probably the pay was as good as the theology. It had stood for fifty years without a single shelter for the horses driven in from the country, and these might be seen on bleak and stormy Sundays standing for hours shivering with cold, while their owners were endeavoring to escape the consequences of original sin, which would consign them to a place where palm-leaf fans would be the only thing desirable. Original sin may be something horrible, but I have often thought when I have seen the long row of horses protected by the picket fence, against a wind that would not allow a blanket to stay on their backs, that natural sin ought to be looked after, and the most heinous form of that second-class sin, is abuse of the animals dependent on man for protection, so subdued that they silently bear the abuse heaped upon them, and dumb except in the pleading eyes which appeal for mercy and kindness in vain.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Felix L. Oswald as a Prophet.

In a series of articles entitled "American Auguries" in the *Open Court*, Dr. Oswald attempts to give a forecast of events. He is always readable, but at times his enthusiasm leads him to commit most ludicrous blunders. He says that Boston and Chicago will remain in the twentieth century the "headquarters of speculative free thought; but the chief pontiff of an American hierarchy will probably establish his court at New Orleans." At that time Spiritualism will leave the cool-headed North for the South.

"The Later Day Gnostics," as Karl Vogt calls Spiritualists, will transfer their dark cabinets to the Magnolia States, and rely on the perennial summer of the South to attract the spirits of Summer-land and a Southern chivalry to overlook the impersonations of an occasional Katy King."

To the scientific mind of Dr. Oswald, the "impersonation of a Katy King" is all there is of Spiritualism, and he makes his prophecy in the face of the facts potent to all who care to know, that it is in the North, especially in Boston and Chicago, which he designates the great centers of speculative free-thought, that Spiritualism has its stronghold, and that it has never been well received in the South. Its reception, in direct antagonism to Dr. Oswald's statement, is in direct proportion to the intelligence of the people. His sneering introduction of cabinets and Katy King is unworthy his subject and a dishonor to himself.

Religion and Science.

While the Congregationalists and Presbyterians are busy with their creed, attempting to lop off a few of its dead, worm-eaten branches, the Western Unitarian Conference, which has progressed beyond all creeds, turns serious attention to the work of reconciling religion and science. They meet with the difficulty which has baffled all their predecessors in this effort. The two will not stay reconciled. Science advances, religion remains still, and it is an arduous effort to bring the latter up with the former; the concessions also must be made entirely on one side. The Conference has made a mighty step forward. It has recognized that the "Fatherhood of God" may be dropped out, and only the brotherhood of man retained. This is a step toward the recognition of man as the central fact instead of God. Man we may know; his wants, desires, aims and purposes we may understand; those of God we may not know, and his designs may be incomprehensible to us.

The Mystic Temple.

On the first page of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER there appears a remarkable communication from our reporter, which will excite widespread interest. That he has given a correct report, from his own plane of observation, we have no doubt; that he is honest we know, and would not intentionally deceive any one. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is ever on the alert, and proposes to take the lead in the investigation of occult psychic phenomena as well as the phenomena of Spiritualism.

A Curious Will.

Mr. William Salter, the London millionaire, made one of the most remarkable provisions in his will. He directed that his favorite horses, "Jim, Jack, Charlie, Bobby and Cherrie pie, as soon after his death as possible, be humanely killed. Did he believe in the primitive notion that they would have a continued existence, and he would take them with him, or did he fear they would fall into the hands of cruel masters and be abused?"

Organization in England.

A circular has been widely scattered in England, calling on the friends of organic action to assemble at Manchester and hold a preliminary conference for the purpose of perfecting a permanent organization for the "World-wide propagandism of modern Spiritualism." The call is signed by three of the most active and representative Spiritu-

alists of England: Emma H. Britten, E. W. Wallis and J. J. Morse.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

The People's Spiritual Society held its regular meeting at 2:30 p. m., G. L. S. Jenifer in the chair. Mrs. DeWolf opened with a poem, after which she delivered an eloquent address on the "Soul, its relation to Spirit and Matter," to a full house. Then Dr. Phillips followed in a beautiful song, "I am going to my Home." Then Prof. Severance, of Milwaukee, made a few remarks. Dr. Phillips gave some remarkable readings. All were appreciated by the audience. Prof. Tolman and sister sang "O Morning Land." Then Mrs. Dr. Morell made a few remarks, which struck the heart-strings of every one; Mrs. DeWolf gave independent state writing, which was satisfactory to all.

Miss Fay Bowers, of Delphos, Kansas, writes: "We like your paper better than any other we ever saw, and think you who can publish so good a one, would be just the person to publish one for the children. I, for one, wish you would think seriously of it."

Dr. A. B. Spinney has been lecturing in Detroit, Mich. May 11, his subject was: "True Manhood—Christ's Life, Character and Teachings the Ideal." Feb. 19, his subject was: "Is the Human Race Immortal?"

The Sunday-school of the First Society of Spiritualists of this city held a social on the evening of the 19th of May, in Martine's hall, on Ada street. The children were treated to a banquet, dancing, and a May-pole dance arranged by Mr. Orvis. It was a joyous occasion for the little ones, who assembled early, and later on the older children occupied the time tripping the light fantastic toe until the wee small hours. About a hundred and fifty children participated, and a like number of older people.

A note from San Bernardino, signed by H. N. Barton, and H. H. Buddington, officers of the Society there, speaks in high terms of the lectures of Prof. D. Allen, of Chicago. He delivered five lectures following the anniversary of modern Spiritualism, and answered questions submitted by the audience. We are glad to learn that he is doing an appreciative work.

G. H. Brooks is now at San Diego, Cal. Prof. A. B. Severance, the psychometrist of Milwaukee, Wis., has been paying our city a professional visit.

The First Spiritual Association of Pittsburgh, Kansas, meets every Sunday evening at the corner of Sixth and Pine streets. Dr. E. B. Wheelock, speaker for the month of May; Mrs. Geo. Howland, President, Mrs. M. Rogers, Secretary.

The prospectus of the Christo-Philosophical Society of London, sets forth: "Recognizing the universal Fatherhood of God, and the common brotherhood of all men, and the possibility of here and now attaining to a fuller power of living in the Divine Light, and being centers of Divine Force, tending to universal peace and good will." That is not bad.

C. Cressler writes: "The Harmonial Society of Sturgis, Mich., will hold its thirty-second anniversary June 27, 28 and 29. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, has been engaged as one of the speakers. Other good speakers will be in attendance."

Mrs. Eliza Gilbert speaks in high terms of Mrs. Mayer, 100 East 78th street, N. Y. She pronounces her slate-writing tests remarkable. Mrs. Mayer is also clairvoyant.

F. J. Abel, of Mantua Station, Ohio, writes: "There is a circumstance connected with this 'trial subscription' that I think is worth mentioning. I have been deeply interested in Spiritualism for some time, but was quite dissatisfied with my slow progress. Only a few nights ago, whilst alone in my office I received a communication from an uncle in the spirit-land, which in substance told me that I would meet with some one who would be of assistance to me in gaining more light. Yesterday afternoon I called on a gentleman in this town, on a strictly business transaction, and on one of his library shelves saw a work on Spiritualism. Of course I at once broached the subject to him, and the interview ended by his loaning me two pamphlets on the subject of Spiritualism, and also Nos. 24 and 25 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which, from an examination I think is just the sort of paper I have wanted to read for months past. As the communication to me has been verified very quickly, and much to my benefit, for I believe your paper will prove of inestimable value to me."

G. D. Parsons, of Copenhagen, N. Y., writes: "During the past week we have had the pleasure of listening to two lectures by that grand medium and noble woman, Mrs. Mary C. Knight-Lyman. As a speaker I think she has no superior on the rostrum. Last Sunday I went to Watertown, fourteen miles distant, to hear her again. She will probably be retained many months by the Watertown Society. Next Sunday, Mrs. E. Cutter is to be with them, to organize a lyceum. The Progressive Union was organized some weeks ago by Mrs. Cutter. She is a grand worker in the cause. All this has been accomplished since the first day of January, 1890. Where is the Society that can make a better report?"

"An impressive incident occurred years ago here," says the Hartford, Ct., *Times*. The man who related it was so profoundly impressed with the reality of a supernatural meeting and recognition that he never forgot it. He is still living in a Western State. On this occasion he was a watcher at the bedside of a dying man—a printer. He is a "practical," hard-headed man, and one of the last to be given to fancies. For half an hour, he said, the dying man had been sinking. The breathing, growing more labored, became slower and fainter. The watcher thought the man was dead, when suddenly his eyes opened with a glad look of wonder and joyful recognition; he threw up his arms as in an embrace, and his whole face was illuminated as he rapturously exclaimed: "Why, mother!" The same instant he fell back dead. "Nothing will ever convince me," said the watcher, re-

lating the occurrence, years afterward, "that that man didn't actually see his mother then and there."

Next week we shall publish an excellent article from Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond on this subject: "Some Mistakes about Mediumship Corrected."

"Did Jesus Die on the Cross, or Rise from the Dead?" This is a 20-page pamphlet, written and published by E. W. Wallis, the noted English writer and lecturer, which contains as much real pith and point as many large volumes. It is a fearless, radical arraignment of the evidences of the Bible, with conclusions skillfully drawn without fear or favor. For directness and incisiveness, the ranks of reform have few writers to equal Mr. Wallis.

Dr. J. H. Randall is at present lecturing in Iowa. See communication from him in another column.

J. Frank Baxter has closed a successful lecture season in Cleveland, Ohio.

The *Homestead*, of Springfield, Mass., says that Algerton will not be tried on the confidence-game charge until the September term of the Court.

W. J. Colville is now lecturing in Boston. Mrs. Clara Field-Conant will be in Boston for a short time at 31 Common St. She will spend the summer in New England, filling various engagements.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond says: "The blood of the world, the heart-beats of the millions of people throbbing in agony, the great unanswerable questions about death and immortality, which the Church has not fully answered, all the pangs of human misery that wait on this Easter morning to be solved, cry out against the literal interpretation of the Resurrection and ask for the living Christ who is to save the world. That living Christ is no longer on Calvary, nor yet in the far off heaven to which Christian theology has consigned Him, but his light and power are in the world. His presence is palpable everywhere; appears in the rebirth of truth every day and hour; and every vast cycle in which truth is again introduced into human hearts that divine and perfect love breathes upon the earth the image of its divinity."

Hypnotized his Patient.

The evidence given lately in the Circuit Court of Brooklyn, N. Y., before Justice Pratt and a jury during the trial of a suit that Ludlow V. Valentine brought against Dr. Herman T. Richardt to set aside a deed made by his deceased mother proved entertaining to the crowd in court. Dr. Richardt is accused of having exercised his power of hypnotism on the mother of Mr. Valentine, Mrs. Catherine A. Valentine, for years prior to her death. It is charged that while he had her in his power he induced her to convey to him a house on Cranberry street, Brooklyn, which the latter sold to a Mrs. Austin. It is this property that plaintiff seeks to recover, and also some railroad bonds the doctor succeeded in getting from his mother.



Krishna Upon the Head of the Serpent.

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

In Re the Case of the Medium Reid

As is well known to our readers the case of Walter E. Reid, publisher and medium, who was recently convicted at Grand Rapids, Mich., of fraudulently using the United States mails, is of peculiar interest to Spiritualists, as the trial and conviction of the defendant rested upon his claims to furnish spirit-messages by letter from departed friends to applicants. Since his conviction Mr. Reid has appeared before Judge Jackson, of Grand Rapids, and asked for a new trial, very properly offering to have his medial powers tested in open court by the judge himself. Which offer the judge refused to accept, and the trial asked for was not granted.

In view of these facts, the case becomes one of interest to every fair-minded and justice-loving person, whether Spiritualist or not. To refuse the appearance of the very strongest evidence in open court upon any case, is, of all things, a most unheard-of movement on the part of the judicial bench.

Could Mr. Reid have met the test in public, and have shown, then and there, that his mediumship is reliable and sound, that action would have been the strongest possible witness in his behalf; but, owing to the intolerance of the judge, no such evidence was allowed to arise.

The *Boston Daily Globe*, of May 15th, has the following editorial upon the subject, "SPIRIT POSTMASTER."—Mr. Walter E. Reid, a 'spirit postmaster,' recently convicted in Grand Rapids, Mich., of using the United States mails for purposes of fraud, came before Judge Jackson of that city last Tuesday morning, and asked for a new trial.

"Mr. Reid says that he is clairvoyant and 'psychometric' to an extent that he is able to read a sealed letter without opening it, and to describe the condition and surroundings of the sender. He offered then and there in open court to read any letter and the judge might take from his pocket, without opening it, and to describe the sender."

"Judge Jackson turned upon him rudely, and said his court was no place for exhibitions of mountebanks and jugglers, whose tricks he would not believe if sworn to on a pile of bibles, and he therefore confirmed the judgment of the trial court."

"We believe there are few judges in these parts who would not accept, on the spot, such a challenge as Mr. Reid's. Such conduct as that of Judge Jackson savors plainly of bigotry and unfairness. The Spiritualists, like all others, have the right to a fair show in court whatever may happen to be the judge's private opinion of their honesty."

LATER.—Mr. Reid was sentenced to the Detroit House of Correction at hard labor for one year by the United States Court, May 16th. He received his sentence very calmly, maintaining that all he did in the way of answering sealed letters was based on rock foundation of truth and reality.—*Banner of Light*.

DR. HENRY SLADE.

He Has Settled in Washington, D. C.

The well-known Dr. Henry Slade, of New York, having traveled in nearly every nation during the past thirty years, and astonished the rulers of the world by bringing immortality to light, has at length concluded to locate permanently at Washington, and may be found at his parlors, 216 Four-and-a-half street.

Last Sunday afternoon the doctor was invited to give his remarkable experience in the Fourth Baptist Church.

He explained to a very attentive audience how our spirit friends can demonstrate their presence to mortals by writing loving messages on slates and signing their names in their own hand writing as in earth life, and thus proving that there is no death, nothing but change.

The doctor gave a detailed account of the opposition of the church many years ago to the increase of this gospel taught by Jesus and the apostles, but was glad to know that at length the world was civilized enough to perceive its great moral tendency, and rejoiced to know that many far-seeing clergymen were encouraging its progress in their various congregations. He said he could understand why the priests persecuted the founders of christianity in the ignorant apostolic age, and why the destruction of witches or mediums was allowed in New England, as they had authority from the teachings of Moses, which they supposed was the command of God, but he could not understand why professing christians should ignore the teachings of the Bible, which says, "add to your faith knowledge" and thus hasten co-operation between the two worlds.

The doctor said he knew the spirit friends were now and had been, for ages, waiting and longing for the required condition of harmony, so that they could influence us to profit by their dearly bought experience, and succeed at length in securing each one of us a most delightful journey over the stormy ocean of life by giving suggestions as we pursue our weary way.

He closed by hoping that soon this blessed pure and undefiled religion would permeate all the churches, of every name, and cause a revival of the old pentecostal seasons, to hasten on earth peace and good will to men, and thus answer the prayers of the best people in all ages.—S. M. B. in *National View*.

Mantua Station, Ohio, Items.

Yesterday our association listened to two addresses from Prof. J. W. Kenyon, of Worcester, Mass. In the morning he spoke to us from the text, "Religion as it was, as it is, and as it should be." In the evening the subject was the "Philosophy of 'Mediumship.'" Both of these addresses were pronounced very interesting, and contained new thoughts, new illustrations, and were presented in such a manner as to hold the listeners patiently and interestedly for ninety minutes. The orchestra, extemporized for the occasion, furnished music that met the approval of the audience. Mrs. Bertha Wilson sang a solo at each of the exercises that would have given satisfaction to an audience of cultivated musicians. Mantua Station has quite a number of fine musicians, and if an organization were formed embodying all of the musical talent in this little country village, many entertainments of a pleasing and interesting nature could be given to our people.

Prof. Kenyon will remain with us for two months.

Mr. Noah Merrell and his lady, who were Spiritualists "when I tried men's souls" to be Spiritualists, drove from Kent, a distance of twelve miles, to attend our meeting.

A little lady by the name of Daisy Brown is visiting here. After a long and serious illness of a very complicated character, wherein Daisy was abandoned by the medical fraternity in which she lived, she has been restored to health almost, through the magnetic treatment of Dr. Ferris, of Cleveland, and what is remarkable about the whole matter is this, that along with her restoration to health comes the very pleasing phase of clairvoyance.

Mr. D. M. King is vigorously at work making arrangements to hold a Northern Ohio Spiritualist camp-meeting at Mantua Station.

Your paper is making friends among the progressive thinkers of this section.
May 18, 1890. BENJ. F. LEE.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

Passed to spirit life, April 17th, '90, from Kingsville, Ohio, Mrs. Helen Marr Rogers, wife of R. B. Rogers and daughter of Col. Stephen Minger. She was born April 30, 1816, on the North Ridge road, near where stands the residence of Bela May, and has been a resident of this vicinity all her life. She was one of the most affectionate of mothers; being a victim of paralysis, she was obliged to keep within the walks of her humble home, where she received strength through the love of her small family and near neighbors. We feel that her work was well done. She will be greatly missed by her invalid son, Stuart L. Rogers, who had for her the most tender and affectionate regard. Through many sad hours of confinement, consequent on an accident which occurred to him two years ago, she has been his companion and comfort. May the bond of sympathy be still unbroken and the ministrations of angelic love be still as needed. E. R. T.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., CORRESPONDENCE.

Matters spiritually are progressing finely here. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, formerly Knight, has been the speaker for some six weeks, and the interest has been constantly increasing. Last Sunday evening the crowd could not all obtain seats, and quite a good many had to go away, notwithstanding as many extra seats were extemporized as space would admit. At the present time there are also in the city Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, who is widely known for his many and wonderful gifts. With him materializations occur in the light, and he has a faculty of locating oil, gas and water. He performed a remarkable feat on a hill in this vicinity, locating a never-falling well, the excavation having to go only about twelve feet in the rock, when the water came up so it could be dipped up by a person kneeling on the margin. Two attempts had been made to obtain water near the same spot, going down in one instance ninety feet and the other three hundred. His seances are held under positively test conditions, so there can be no possibility of fraud. He also uses the occult telegraph, there being as I understand it only two other mediums in the world having that phase of mediumship.

Mrs. E. J. Cuttler, the famous psychometric test medium and lyceum organizer, is also here for a few days. Her gift in the direction of psychometry is simply wonderful, no instance having been known of her failing to succeed.

Last but by no means least, Mrs. E. J. Ulrich, known all over the continent as a wonderful materializing medium, is here. She is better known as Mrs. Markee, her name prior to her intermarriage with Dr. Ulrich. She is the lady of whom Col. Olcott wrote such wonderful things in connection with the seances in the Eddy Mansion in Vermont. At that time she was known as Mrs. Compton.

Watertown being so highly favored by the invisibles in sending their messengers here, it is no wonder that spiritual matters are having a boom. F. N. FITCH.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

OBJECTIONS TO CHANGE OF CREED.

The great Presbyterian Assembly is making Saratoga lively.

Creed revision is not considered the most vital question among them. It matters less what becomes of the heathen and non-elect infants, than what the church discipline shall be, and how they can most effectually supply all the barren wastes with churches and Sabbath schools. It is urged by some speakers that the lack of ministerial supplies is no fault of the creed, but of distribution. They report hundreds of unemployed ministers, and a still greater number of unsupplied churches!

Go slow lest you unsettle the faith and lose the well earned reputation of steadfastness and unchangeability, seems to be a ruling motto. There is too much change in this age; too much tendency to be "carried away with every wind of doctrine," and the Presbyterian church has ever been regarded as the bulwark of faith, unshaken by modern innovations and unmoved by the philosophic criticisms or doubts. Shall she lose her influence in holding the world to the "Rock of Ages" by abandoning the conservative faith and yielding to the demands of a fickle fancy and Deistic Naturalism? In all the changes of the times and all the modifications of church government and discipline, the original creed has remained unaltered. Go slow. That is, don't go at all! Cling to the dogmas adopted by the Westminster divines, with unyielding devotion.

"It is a serious thing to change the formularies of a church that have been hallowed by long use." Dr. Patten's pamphlet just out hits hard and holds fast to the old. "When we consider the danger of unsettling opinion, of disturbing old anchorages and being obliged, when the work begins, of going farther than we intended, it is better to act upon the maxim *quies non movet*." "There is nothing in the conditions under which we are living that calls for a new creed or a revision of the old one. We are living through a period of theological unrest; but there is nothing epoch-making in the books men are writing or the events that are happening." Patten's Pamphlet Page 5. "Calvinism teaches that God elects individuals to eternal life out of his own good pleasure." "Now if men are saved because they are elected, and God elects some, certainly some must be left." Page 8.

These quotations show the drift. Some day I may indulge in a more extended review of this and other works evoked by this "tidal wave" that is dashing Presbyterianism on to the rocks of reason and the shores of naturalism in spite of its boasted fixture in the iron vestment of John Calvin and the Westminster divines. *Mirabile dictu!* Out of this August Assembly I had several auditors last Sunday evening.

Saratoga is a beautiful village, with from 12 to 15 thousand inhabitants, and I am told that there are many hundreds of Spiritualists here; but nine-tenths of them are *sub rosa*, and might as well be Presbyterians.

Here resides Susan G. Horn, the medi-unistic author of that original and attractive book, "Stranger Visitors," and the later one, "The Next World Interviewed." I had the honor and pleasure of an introduction to her and her husband last Sunday at the Hall.

Dr. W. B. Mills, President of the Spiritualist Society, has the confidence and good will of the people, and is a man of sterling qualities and a remarkable medium. He has had many wonderful experiences, some of which I hope to chronicle by and by. Nellie T. J. Brigham did much good work here years ago, and later they have had Clara Field Conant, O. Fannie Allyn, Geo. H. Brooks, J. Clegg Wright, Oscar Edgerly, Mr. Presbo, J. W. Fletcher, Mrs. Morse Baker, Mrs. Reynolds of Troy, and others. Saratoga, N. Y. LYMAN C. HOWE.

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

THE VOICES.

They Come With no Uncertain Sound.

A. N. Arpenwall likes "the tone, energy and push of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

D. Green, says: "Your paper is just admirable." Dr. Wm. M. Hammond of Kansas City, was so well pleased with the paper that he did some missionary work, sending us several subscribers.

Appreciative words come with their inspiring influx from E. Gregory, J. M. Green, W. J. M. McGarry, Mrs. E. W. Boulton, D. M. Covey, Mrs. L. J. Lohr, Mrs. Mary E. Van Horn, C. F. Cowan, A. G. Calkins, J. J. Hollett, M. J. Larkin, Mrs. Jennie Garrison, C. H. Boulton, Cyrus Norwood, G. W. Scott, H. C. Williams and hundreds of others.

Encouraging words come from Terisa Sears, Arthur C. Andrus, says: "The whole grand idea of your paper suits the people." O. A. Hughes, says: "The light of your paper must radiate great good." Mrs. Fannie Ogden, of Peoria, Ill., writes: "I thank you and the good angels for the many blessings that come to humanity through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I can not begin to express my admiration for the bright and inspiring light that your paper has shed upon me, and I am glad to get it; but I intend to do all I can to get you subscribers and spread the circulation. I wish I could aid you more. May the silver cord of truth and brotherhood bind your paper to the people, and nothing will be left but one glorious day of truth."

W. H. Blair, brother of Ex-Gov. Blair, of Michigan, and distinguished as an effective speaker on the spiritual as well as political rostrum writes: "The light of your paper must radiate great good. God bless your enterprise and God bless you."

Geo. C. Armstrong, editor of the Moline, Kansas, Argonaut, writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much. It is a bright new paper that ought to be read by all the honest of every belief. The spiritual Philosophy. The subscription price is within the reach of everybody; your trial subscription price is especially a good one. It will enable people to become more generally acquainted with Spiritualism."

A. M. Bartholmes, of Denver, Col., writes: "I will say that in my opinion THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best paper on Spiritualism that has ever been put before the public, and is being read with more interest than any paper to-day in circulation."

E. F. Curtis, of Farmington, Ohio, writes: "Editor THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I am pleased—delighted with your paper, so clear, so spiritual and so inspiring. It quickens faith and makes hope assuring. It will put 'the way of life' to many. The angels and people of earth are all waiting for the money bag, but full of assurance of a rich inheritance when the labor and trials of this life are over. Mammion rules now and the people mourn—immortality is denied, and the love of the angels is denied. The selfish hearts of a mistle and priest-befooled people, are the only instrumentalities by which a true brotherhood and sisterhood can be established on our earth. May THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER count for something in securing this desirable inheritance for all."

S. L. Rogers, of Kenosha, O., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER still contains some of the best articles I have ever read. I don't know how any spiritualist can keep house without it. The price doesn't make it get-at-able to every person. Those spiritualists are large enough to be immortal. I think there are some souls too small to have any saving power."

S. P. Merrifield, of Colorado, Mich., writes: "For the last few months or more I have read with deep interest and profit the pages of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and would consider it a heavy sacrifice to be obliged to give it up. You are giving to the spiritualists a most excellent paper for the cost, and you are doing it in a way that is most commendable. I am sure that the people who read your paper will find it a great blessing to their souls."

A. F. Page, of Berlin Heights, O., writes: "We like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much. All that I have talked with who take it here do the same."

G. W. Macatee, of Farmington, Ill., writes: "I received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and was very much pleased with it. I am glad that such a paper has been started in Chicago; it has been for a long time looked for."

E. H. Clark, of Garden Place, Kan., writes: "I am filled with joy and thanksgiving, and prayers for the success of your valuable paper."

E. B. Webster, of Benton Harbor, Mich., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is well thought of by those who read it here."

Wm. J. Lindsey, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I have been reading your paper for some time and find it most interesting and instructive. I am truly glad to know that there is a spiritual paper among us, one that is worthy of being in every home and family."

A. A. Bramby, of Danby, Vt., writes: "I have read your paper for the last twelve weeks, and of all the papers I have read, I never found so much of the same right to the point before."

A. J. Van Duzee, of Geneva, O., writes: "I am well with your valuable paper."

J. B. Duntun, of Vineland, N. J., writes: "I have sent you a dollar for the continuation of the paper. I am not without it. I like it very much. It is just what I need."

A. McPherson, of Memphis, Mo., writes: "I have before me a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and have perused its contents find it to be just what I want."

G. S. Wood, of Birmingham, O., writes: "I would rather give you a quarter of a dollar than not have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to read Sunday."

The only way to increase the usefulness of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is to make it known. Here is a case in point. Mrs. Ben Coleman, of Cedar Key, Fla., writes: "Some one was kind enough to send me two or three copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Am much pleased with it. I enclosed you will find money order for one year's subscription."

A. W. Tinkham, of Topeka, Kan., writes: "I take pleasure in your spiritual papers. Everthing considered, I prefer yours to either of the others."

F. T. Griffith, of National City, Cal., writes: "Your paper is giving better satisfaction than any other in this land of sunshine and ocean breezes."

Dr. C. D. Grimes, of Lyons, Kan., writes: "Your paper is clean and clear paper fills it is a great help to a PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Each number it comes, seems in advance of the former in its subject matter; and from the columns of report, it seems to have worried itself to every corner of the earth. I am, and yet, only a few minutes! If you can publish it, independent of advertisements, on the present terms, you have made the greatest discovery in journalism of the age; and every poor man at last has a paper to read, about as good as the others. Very, change and progress is the order, and inertia the exception."

E. A. Pierson, of Greenville, Mich., writes: "I do not see how any one who has had a trial trip of your paper could do any other than to subscribe to it. It is a paper that is perfect in every way—man in type, sound in its reasoning, and without saying a word against any other spiritual paper. It is the best one I have ever seen. You are doing a great work. Keep your paper up to its present excellence. I am sure it will not only succeed but will crown your noble effort to fight error."

J. J. Kilborn, of Lafargueville, N. Y., writes: "We are much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and hope it will live and prosper. It is rich with wisdom."

E. A. Bangs, of Chatsworth, Ill., writes: "I am very pleased with your paper; I cannot say that it is the best paper ever published, but the paper will enjoy a grand niche in the growth of Spiritualism. It is being read by only one who is within the reach of all and must fill a long felt want, placing it in the line of every Spiritualist; or at least it should be read by its able corps of lecturers and writers."

A. Montgomery, of Goodland, Kan., writes: "I am glad you have started THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, especially so with such an able corps of contributors, and at the low price. You certainly should be encouraged in your noble effort."

J. B. Brooks, of Leadville, Col., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has started with a bright countenance and pleasing tone. May success crown its efforts."

M. E. Taylor, of Fort Calhoun, Neb., writes: "For the best soul-fool that the dear angel would possibly afford; and as we believe there is no ready supply for meeting every legitimate demand, let our demands prove worthy, harmonizing with our highest aspirations, for in that way we are fully assured of getting the best of it."

Chas. Miller, of North Newburgh, N. Y., writes: "I feel that I cannot do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Its tone is so elevating that it often wish I was able to send it to every family that is not able to take it. For I want every Spiritualist in the land to read its lectures; they are just grand."

Mrs. L. E. Spalding, of Brooklyn, Ct., writes: "Your paper is certainly cheap, and full of good reading."

A. S. Hudson, M. D., of Stockton, Cal., writes: "We are all interested in the success of your enterprise. The merits of the journal are so pronounced, and your plan so practical, we should not fear a fall-out."

A subscriber from Tulsa, Ill., who encloses a trial subscription, but fails to give his name, writes: "I have been a Spiritualist for the last fifteen years, have taken several spiritual papers during that time, and must say that for cheapness, good sound spiritual literature, and able contributors, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER excels all others. One grand feature about it, is that you have placed the subscription so low that it comes within reach of all."

Jerry Valentine, of Hammon, N. J., writes: "I like the paper very much."

L. W. Harris, writes: "We cannot afford to be without your beautiful paper."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

NEWSPAPERS AND SPIRITUALISM.

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes of a Great City Daily.

Spiritualism in the Privacy of Their Offices.

A MARVELOUS MATERIALIZATION UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I may be condemned as being inconsistent to the profession, may even be looked upon as being too breezy in my unveiling of the sanctity of the editorial room, or that my little knowledge of the ins and outs of the journalistic profession should be sufficient reason to remain in obscurity, and crouch, trembling, under the shadow of secular opinion; but there are certain things which, to seven-eighths of the people seem unreal and too bigoted to understand, and I choose to allow the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to be enlightened as to the real thoughts, the aspirations, the nobler sentiments, in fact, the inner self of those who stand at the helm of a hurly-burly city daily, and steer it calmly and carefully through the intricacies of human life from day to day.

To look into the face of an editor as he calmly surveys the fruits of his labors in an article against Spiritualism, no one would believe that behind those steel grey eyes and placid countenance there struggled turbulent thoughts of treachery to his own convictions, hypocrisy, and his utter insignificance in the land of truth and honor.

No one would believe that immediately after writing this rebellious article, he would seek out his favorite medium for a few moments' pleasure in the company of friends long since passed to that shadowy shore, and faint would know his prospects for the future, mental and physical.

But yet, dear reader, this is done, not in one, three or five newspaper offices in this and other cities, but scores. A love for the vague, supernatural and mysterious is born within us, and newspaper men are no exception to the general rule.

I remember, one day a few months ago, I in company with a friend, strolled into the office of an esteemed contemporary on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, for a little chat.

We were seated near the telegraph editor, and had conversed on different topics for a few moments, when, from a pile of dispatches he selected one giving a detailed account of an alleged exposure of Spiritualism in New York, and asked our opinion on it.

My friend glanced at the dispatch and instantly recognized the whole thing as a "fake," and informed our brother editor of the fact in terms, it must be confessed, far more forcible than polite.

He had, a few hours previous, returned from New York, and had found the lady mentioned in the dispatch on a bed of sickness,—had been there for one week, and was likely to remain another.

The fact, that the author of the dispatch should so lower himself in the eyes of those who revere truth, honor and justice, as to implicate a defenseless medium in a meanly contrived exposure, incensed my friend to such a degree, that he offered then and there to expose him to the world as a most unmitigated liar and scoundrel, rendered forever despicable to all truth-loving men, and unworthy the responsible position as correspondent for that or any other newspaper.

The editor regarded his hot-headed colleague with a calm look of surprise and despair for a moment, and then said:

"So you have been dabbling in this thing, have you? I didn't expect that of you anyway. My young friend, you're clean gone. I know of many foolish beliefs, but Spiritualism—rank nonsense!"

My friend was about to make some reply, when a messenger hurried into the room and handed the editor a slip of paper. It was from the editor-in-chief, and ran as follows:

"Pick out salient points from the W— exposure in New York, and tell George when he reports, to run in a clean faced scorching."

"George" was a special writer of great ability and as we concluded, he sauntered in. Joining the group, he listened attentively for some moments to our conversation, and then added his mite to the pile of evidence:

"I called on one of those spiritual mediums last night, boys, and bless me if she didn't describe my mother (who passed away in 1884), as if she had been personally acquainted with her on earth. She spoke to me of private matters, known only to myself, and I told you it was astonishing! But then," he added, with a smile, "private opinion doesn't count on a newspaper anyway."

Just here the telegraph editor handed him the dispatch and message from the chief. The former he read without a sign; the latter, however, drew a prolonged whistle from him.

"What does he want me to tackle her for?" he asked of the editor.

"I cannot tell. If you value your position you had better get it done. Smith will be up in a few moments," he answered ironically.

Without one murmur of dissent, he seated himself at a desk, and with a faint smile of superb contempt playing round the corners of his mouth, he dashed off a "two inch scorching" with an ease that was perfectly amazing, and which has since been extensively copied by the newspapers of the metropolis.

Two or three reporters now joined the group and added their share to the gist of occult phenomena. The editor-in-chief noticing the circle of friends, and upon being told of the theme of conversation, laughed and said:

"Boys, its just here. You shouldn't meddle with something you don't understand. This Spiritualism is weird, mysterious, but with a certain truth about it which makes it fascinating, but the masses won't have it, so we must side with them. For myself, I have received conclusive and indisputable proof of its genuineness, and am prepared to back up my statements with hard facts, if necessary."

"I remember, while running a paper out West some ten or twelve years ago, a man walked into my den and placing a package in my hands, asked me if I would keep it for him until he returned from a visit to a neighboring city."

"I promised to keep it for him, and put it into a recess in my desk. He gave me his card and left. Weeks passed on, and gradually the strange man and the package faded from my mind."

"Two or three months afterwards, on a bright sunny day, I was seated at my desk, as usual, when suddenly I felt the presence of some one in the room beside myself."

"My eyes were drawn irresistibly to one corner of the room, and sure enough, there stood the man, who, weeks before, had confided the package to my care."

"I recollect wondering vaguely at the time how he could have got in, but I at once set to work to find the package. It was found at last. I drew out the card, and glancing at him asked, interrogatively:

"Mr. G. Harvey Graham?"

"He bowed in answer. I handed him the package, and grasping my hand as if in thanks, he looked long and earnestly into my face, and then to my horror, he commenced to slowly dwindle away."

"I remember how distinct was the reflection of my horror-struck face in his large dark eyes as he continued to gaze at me. I still clung to his hand, however, until finally with a convulsive shudder he vanished into thin air!"

"For some moments I stood perfectly stupefied; speechless with astonishment, until the whole thing explaining itself, a sickening sensation of horror and fright crept over me, and with one piercing shriek, I fell, unconscious to the floor."

"When I regained consciousness, I found myself in my room at the hotel. The doctor with several others was holding a consultation in the hallway. I heard him say it was a touch of heart-failure, but I soon convinced him it was neither heart-failure nor anything in that line, by jumping out of bed at one bound."

"Of course I explained matters as well as I could, and when I told him the name of the man, he stared at me blankly for a full minute."

"Why, man, I've only just come from writing his death certificate! He was fatally injured in a collision on the C. B. & Q., near this town a few hours ago!"

"It was my turn to be surprised. Could I have been dreaming all this? I went to my office; the package was laid on the floor, the card on the desk. No, it could not have been a dream. As if to prove this, I picked up a piece of tightly twisted paper from the floor. It read:

"I belong to the order of Magi. This enabled me to show myself to you so quick. You will yet see more. G. HARVEY GRAHAM."

"I picked up the package. It contained some old receipts, bills, \$165 in greenbacks and some worsted cutting samples. I endeavored to find his relatives, but failed. I have the package yet."

"You're very good at telling ghost-stories. Suppose you tell us how that paper was written?" suggested George.

"The message, you mean? Oh, I cannot explain that; suffice to say I saw a small piece of paper in the man's hand as he stood before me, and remember wondering at the time what it meant. I suppose, however, that it was a case of materialization."

"You believe in materialization, then?" inquired one of the company.

"Most assuredly. It could have been nothing less. But now, boys," he concluded, "Don't allow your private opinion to over-balance your judgment in these matters. Watch, wait and learn, is my motto."

George looked at him quizzically for a moment and said:

"You're a fine one to ask a fellow to give a medium the dickens, aren't you?"

"Pooh, pooh: That doesn't matter, man. Watch the masses—what they want, give them,—what they won't have, rail against it unmercifully."

Just here he spied the article written by George. After perusing it he gave a grunt of satisfaction, and murmured:

"That'll suit 'em, blank idiots!"

Nictown, Pa. ELLIOT RAWSON.

For The Progressive Thinker.

A SOMNAMBULIST.

A Brooklyn Music Teacher Blinds, Gags, and Robs Himself.

There is really something very mysterious in connection with somnambulism. In that state murders have been committed; daring robberies perpetrated; dangerous places passed over in safety; grand literary work performed, and domestic duties nicely done. A case comes from Brooklyn, N. Y., that is very remarkable; it had engaged the attention of the Brooklyn police for several days, involving a tale of the gagging, chloroforming, and robbery of Frank D. Echemendia, a young Cuban professor of music. It was finally solved on the theory of Somnambulism. The case was first brought to the attention of Capt. Early of the Bergen street police by an excited citizen. The informant told the sergeant on duty that the musician had been found at half-past 5 o'clock lying in a helpless condition on his bed in the back parlor of his residence and that he had been robbed. Echemendia retired to his bed, which was in the back parlor. His brother Albert, aged 14 years, slept in a cot in the same apartment. Cries of "Mother, mother," from Albert in the parlor alarmed Mrs. Echemendia at 5:30 one Wednesday morning. Running down she found her eldest son lying face downward on his bed. A silk handkerchief—one of his own—was bandaged over his mouth, while his hands were tied loosely behind his back and his feet were likewise tethered. His gold watch, valued at \$70, and a revolver which he had put under his pillow before he got into bed, were gone. From his pocketbook on the bureau \$4.50 was missing. Mrs. Echemendia solved the problem of the stolen property after awhile. On the top shelf of a closet in the rear parlor in which the musician slept, she discovered his watch and revolver, where, no doubt, he unconsciously placed them while in a state of somnambulism. He is satisfied that he must have put the things where they were recovered and that he also tied himself, although the operation must have been a peculiarly difficult one.

"I promised to keep it for him, and put it into a recess in my desk. He gave me his card and left. Weeks passed on, and gradually the strange man and the package faded from my mind."

"Two or three months afterwards, on a bright sunny day, I was seated at my desk, as usual, when suddenly I felt the presence of some one in the room beside myself."

"My eyes were drawn irresistibly to one corner of the room, and sure enough, there stood the man, who, weeks before, had confided the package to my care."

"I recollect wondering vaguely at the time how he could have got in, but I at once set to work to find the package. It was found at last. I drew out the card, and glancing at him asked, interrogatively:

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"I remember how distinct was the reflection of my horror-struck face in his large dark eyes as he continued to gaze at me. I still clung to his hand, however, until finally with a convulsive shudder he vanished into thin air!"

"For some moments I stood perfectly stupefied; speechless with astonishment, until the whole thing explaining itself, a sickening sensation of horror and fright crept over me, and with one piercing shriek, I fell, unconscious to the floor."

"When I regained consciousness, I found myself in my room at the hotel. The doctor with several others was holding a consultation in the hallway. I heard him say it was a touch of heart-failure, but I soon convinced him it was neither heart-failure nor anything in that line, by jumping out of bed at one bound."

"Of course I explained matters as well as I could, and when I told him the name of the man, he stared at me blankly for a full minute."

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"It was my turn to be surprised. Could I have been dreaming all this? I went to my office; the package was laid on the floor, the card on the desk. No, it could not have been a dream. As if to prove this, I picked up a piece of tightly twisted paper from the floor. It read:

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"You're very good at telling ghost-stories. Suppose you tell us how that paper was written?" suggested George.

"The message, you mean? Oh, I cannot explain that; suffice to say I saw a small piece of paper in the man's hand as he stood before me, and remember wondering at the time what it meant. I suppose, however, that it was a case of materialization."

"You believe in materialization, then?" inquired one of the company.

"Most assuredly. It could have been nothing less. But now, boys," he concluded, "Don't allow your private opinion to over-balance your judgment in these matters. Watch, wait and learn, is my motto."

George looked at him quizzically for a moment and said:

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

TO SPIRITUALISTIC FRIENDS.

BY MARY M. HAIRE.

(Written after paying them a visit.)
O my soul, it was faint with longing
For the feast at your table spread;
And I saw a beckoning finger
And followed where it led.

The wine as it flowed was sparkling,
And his hue was a thing divine,
And never so pure as this spirit
Was quaffed by these lips of mine.

Concerning this vintage, I wot not;
For never a spirit told
Its name, its age, or its maker,
And it was not bought with gold;
But whenever we sit at the table
With loved ones from above,
We feel in our souls it's proffered
By the being whose name is Love.

The viands, so many and varied,
I never can name them all;
The guests there assembled were many
And needed never a call.
A hush was upon my spirit,
And never a word I spoke
Lest I from my dream should awaken
And the charm forever break.

In your fair sweet home, which nestles
The tall green trees among,
Sure many a song birds echo
By mortal lips ne'er sung.
The water from hidden fountains,
Comes joyously flowing along
And adds its glad notes to the music
Of the wonderful heavenly throng.

O spot so favored by nature!
Sure mortal could never dare
To catch of your features the outline,
The tints of your face so fair,
No words can describe the picture
I saw, as I roamed at will
O'er meadow, in woodland and forest,
And by the flowing mill.

Did you wonder that I was so silent?
My heart was too full for speech.
I was simply there as a learner,
And many were come to teach:
The lessons I garnered while with you,
Away from life's care and strife,
I bear in my memory ever,
And by them I will rule my life.

Parkside, Ill.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

I witnessed at Paola, Kansas, in October and December, 1888, the following phenomena: W. W. Aber, medium; the first two weeks in the parlor of W. T. Shively Esq., and the third in the parlor of Mr. Hutchins. Col. McCaslin, Col. Sims and Dr. Lykins, then dead, were all prominent men in their day in Paola and Miami county. Dr. Lykins, in the days of violent faction, stood identified with the proslavery junta. Dr. H., the only one left of that faction and confederate of Dr. Lykins, attended several seances at Shively's and from his seat in the circle, he recognized Dr. Lykins. He then stated the fact of their harmony of sentiment in the days of sanguinary strife, and he was the only one left of all that faction here; that the times were so dangerous then that they invented signals against surprises; that he alone knew the manual of that signal; that Dr. Lykins, since deceased, knew it also; and could Dr. L. now give it, his identity would be complete. Dr. L. responded, and I saw him go through the manual, as did others, Dr. H. confirming its accuracy of rendering to the whole circle.

Judge E. W. R. attended several seances; among others he recognized a foster son who died of hydrophobia. After materialization he wanted this son, through the spirit Smith, to answer certain questions, one of which was to tell him what he brought him (Arthur) when he came home from the army. Smith requested him to come up to the cabinet, put his ear to the wall, and Arthur would tell him himself. This judge R. did, repeating the question, to which Arthur responded: "A horse, a little pony."

"Right," said the judge. He then asked Arthur to tell him what he (A.) named the pony?

Arthur replied, "Pepper," which the judge said was correct.

Other questions were asked him by R., all of which were accurately and intelligently answered.

Mr. W. T. Shively's sight is dim, but while having seances at his house, he thought he recognized Col. McCaslin. To make sure of it he asked the Colonel, through Mr. Aber's control, to state an incident in their mutual lives known to no one but themselves. The answer came that they were together at Monogon Springs, Missouri. On leaving, they mentioned in the presence of Col. Sims that they were nearly out of whisky (that was long before Kansas was a dry State). Sims told them that he should have a jug in on the stage that day, which they would meet on their return to Paola; that they could stop the stage and replenish from his package. They had some difficulty to get the driver to do this, but finally succeeded.

Mrs. K., a lady whom I had known twenty years, bright in intellect, and for a long time a teacher in the public school at Paola, pleasing in her personal appearance, esthetic, and the mother of grown up children, attended two seances at Mr. Hutchins. On both occasions I stood before the aperture with her. She had known Col. McCaslin many years before his death; had business interviews with him, and had visited him in his last sickness. Her bright mind made her a critical investigator. McCaslin materialized at the aperture and gracefully bowed at her recognition of him, and then an interview followed. Mrs. K. asked, if he could tell her what occurred the last time she met him?

"Yes," was signified, and placing his hand on his forehead he stroked his head to the crown several times, following which she burst into an exclamation: "Yes," Colonel, I know it is you; that is just what I did the last time I saw you. You were in your last sickness then, and that is just what I did. Much more developed in that interview in regard to business between them in years past, alike demonstrative of identity. One other case in this lady's experience was that of a pupil of hers, Frank Miller, who recently died at Lawrence, while attending college there. He bowed at this lady's recognition, but to make the identity absolute, she asked him to tell her what occurred at their last meeting? In answer to this he passed his hand to his mouth, in the act of removing something obnoxious from it, and with shamed-facedness of manner, passed the offender out of sight behind him. Upon this she exclaimed: "Oh! that is you Frank; that is just what you did the last time I met you," explaining to the circle that the last time she met him was when he was standing in front of the Miami County National Bank, smoking a cigar, for which she remarked to him: "O Frank, I would not dirty that pretty mouth with a cigar,"

upon which he made the movements he had just then made at the aperture.

The foregoing is a statement of as real and living facts as ever passed before the mind's attention. J. H. PRATT.

Spring Hill, Ka.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

VOICES OF SPRING.

BY BISHOP A. BEALS.

Springs baby's eyes are brimming with dew,
And fresh from the dreams of the night;
She bathes her sweet face in heavens own blue
And smiles from her cradle of light.

Over her face the south winds are playing,
Lifting the curls of her soft golden hair,
And fairy hands paint while the moments are plying
The glow on her tender cheeks fair.

THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

A Remarkable Narrative Illustrating Spirit Power.

Marvelous Occurrences, as Given by Emma Hardinge Britten.

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

CHAPTER V.

The strangers who sought admission to Fritz's shop on New Year's Eve, as described in our last chapter, were a well-known city notary, Herr Wagner by name, and two men of respectable appearance. When Fritz had invited them courteously to be seated, the notary inquired if they could not be accommodated with more private quarters than the shop; also, he wished Fraulein Constance to be present at their interview.

After poor Constance had transformed the street vagrant once more to her own fair self, the party assembled in the little back parlor, when the notary, spreading out a number of documents on the table, proceeded to relate to the astonished brother and sister the following extraordinary story:

On the morning of December 31st, 17—, the day on which Johan Kalozy was found dead, Baron Paul had called on Herr Wagner, and desired him to prepare the draft of a will which he purposed making before journeying to a far country, from which, as he said, it was unlikely that he should ever return. As the notary intimated that it would be necessary for him in making that will to look up certificates of births, deaths and marriages, he desired to have a few days for this purpose. An appointment, however, was made for the 2nd of January, as the baron declared he must proceed on his voyage immediately. He desired the notary on that very New Year's Eve, to stamp, and legalize by witnesses, another document, which he, the baron himself, had prepared. It was to this effect, He, Baron Paul Kalozy, had determined to go to a far country, from which he might never return. If at the end of six months his nephew Frederick should receive no tidings from him, he might conclude his uncle was dead; and he desired, then and there, that the said Frederick Kalozy should at once claim the barony, and enter into possession of the castle and all its domains; but it was added, as he, Baron Paul, had conceived a singular affection for his newly-found niece Constance, so he desired that any and every article of property that might be found within or without the castle that did not actually appertain to the baronial estate, should be given to the aforesaid niece Constance Kalozy, as would be further intimated in his last will and testament.

"Now," added the good old notary, "I at once had this document put in legal shape, and signed by the baron, in the presence of these my two clerks as witnesses. You see, my friends," he continued, "the baron herein intimates that this deed may come into force in case he does not write, and is not heard of for six months. I must tell you, however, that I have here another document, in which the baron pledges to me his solemn word that he will communicate with me, if he is still alive, before the end of that six months. As I determined not to hurry such a matter, and my firm impression at the time of that interview was that Baron Paul was even then on the eve of committing suicide, so I resolved to wait for one whole twelve months, and this I have not only done, but I have caused every search to be made that I could think of, and the result of all is my firm conviction that your uncle, Paul Kalozy, is no longer an inhabitant of this earth. I may, therefore, unhesitatingly greet you, Baron Frederick, as the rightful lord of the old Kalozy castle and estate; and you, fair lady, as heiress, if there is indeed anything to inherit, of any other property your uncle may have left."

"Herr Wagner," said the hunchback, rising and speaking with a calm dignity that wonderfully ennobled his uncouth appearance, "I can neither accept this title or estate until full and conclusive evidence can be rendered that my uncle is no longer alive. His singular life and habits may render his disappearance merely a freak of his erratic nature; or, heaven forgive me for the supposition, but we know he owed our poor father a life-long grudge for winning the affections of the dear lady (our mother) whom the Baron Paul considered as his betrothed. How can we say but that there is some purpose to lure to the possession of this estate; and then—well, I hardly like to say what is in my thought, except this, Baron Paul has taken no long journey, and either is now, or will be again, within yonder grim old castle."

For a few moments the strange earnestness, the changed tone in which the last words were spoken, and the singular fire that shone in the young man's large, dark eyes, cast such a spell over all present, that a deep and almost awe-struck silence ensued. At last the notary, regaining his composure, spoke as follows:—

"Whether Paul Kalozy ever appears in that castle again or not, it will never more be as its owner. Paul Kalozy, I find by these documents, was not born in wedlock, and his father and mother, and your grandparents, Baron Frederick, were not actually married until three years after their eldest son Paul was born."

The notary then displayed and explained to the brother and sister the certificates he had deemed it necessary to procure, all of which verified this extraordinary disclosure, and showed by the date of Paul's birth and that of his parents' marriage—a ceremony which took place in a distant town—that their eldest child was not born in wedlock, although, to avoid casting the brand of illegitimacy on his son, and disgracing the

woman he had made his wife, the grandfathers of Fritz and Constance sedulously concealed the date of the marriage, and dying suddenly without any will, there was no one to dispute the right of Paul to assume his father's heirship and title.

"And did my uncle Paul know all this?" inquired Fritz.

"Not until the second of January, when I went, as per agreement, to make his will," replied the notary. "I then informed him of the facts, and explained to him the impossibility of keeping the matter secret, as my inquiries amongst a number of officials had brought the affair so prominently forward that the whole town would soon be aware of the story."

"Poor Uncle Paul!" murmured the kind-hearted Constance.

"What did he say then, Herr Wagner?"

"Strange words, Fraulein, strange and woeful words. He said, 'It matters not—I am a lost soul, and it matters nothing what becomes of me.' He then tore up the draft of the will I had made, thrust some pieces of gold into my hands—which I could not touch, somehow—and hurrying me off to the gate parted with me, muttering, 'In one hour I shall be gone. After then, induct Baron Frederick Kalozy into his rightful possessions. I shall trouble him no more.'"

"Herr Wagner, why did you not try to keep this matter a secret, for the honor of the family; for the sake of the ancestors, whose good name this story so sadly blurs?" demanded Fritz.

"For the sake of my own honor, Baron," replied the notary, with dignity. "Besides, to tell you the truth, had I not taken these gentlemen with me, and used the precaution to have three to one, I thought I knew enough of Herr Paul to be assured the possessor of such a secret would not long stand in his way."

"It may be so," rejoined Fritz, thoughtfully. "And so I am a baron, then; and we are all to live in a castle!"

Three months had passed away. The bitter Bohemian winter was fast yielding to an early and promising spring.

Herr Wagner's assurance that all the town would learn of the great secret quite as soon as the parties most concerned were speedily verified, and Baron Frederick Kalozy was not long in discovering what a very different person he was from the hunchback clock-maker—so different, indeed, that his deformity was quite forgotten by the complaisant citizens, who all declared that they had long perceived the elements of a great noble in his obscurity, and it was only what they expected when it was discovered that he was the real lord of Kalozy Castle. As to the twins, the emulation as to which educational establishment should be honored by their attendance, amounted to a perfect warfare; and when Constance went, as usual, with her little basket to fetch fruit and vegetables from the market, at least half-a-dozen of the bores that had been accustomed to treat such a poor customer with indifference, doffed their caps to "my lady," and begged for the honor of her future patronage.

The only resident of D— who made no change in his demeanor towards the now ennobled but still miserably impoverished family, was the good notary, Herr Wagner, and it was through his genuine kindness and friendship that Fritz was enabled to dispose of his little cottage, shop and stock, thus furnishing them with a supply of money that the ever-thoughtful Constance calculated might, with strict economy, keep the family in provisions (of course of a very humble kind) for several months. What they should do when their little bank would be exhausted was a continual source of anxious consideration between the brother and sister, and as yet formed a problem for which there appeared no solution. Fritz set to work, and by the aid of an old hired man, began to cultivate and improve the garden, so that they might be supplied with fruit and vegetables. Old orchard trees were trimmed and pruned, and a kitchen garden was planted, but still Constance speculated and devised a thousand schemes for what she might do to add to their means, not one of which she had been able to carry out, owing to her constant attendance upon her invalid mother, and her care for the children—making and mending their clothes—cooking their humble meals—and helping their old forester's wife in cleaning and tidying-up the few habitable rooms the castle afforded. Here she had arranged the worn and scanty furniture that they had saved out of the sale of their little property. As to the castle, its vast but utterly dilapidated proportions only served to make the few rooms that were habitable a perfect mockery of baronial grandeur, whilst all the furniture that they could find to take possession of was a few broken chairs and tables, a mass of cracked crockery, and the wretched trundle-bed on which the late lord of the castle had been accustomed to take his nightly repose. Whether from want or penury they could not tell, but certain it was that the once profuse and rich furnishings of the ancient castle had all been made away with. Constance, from their own present experience, suggested that perhaps Uncle Paul had stripped the castle to raise money to live upon.

Whether this idea was plausible or not, the old ruin was as empty and barren within as without, and, grand as it appeared as a picturesque object in the midst of a splendid range of scenery, each member of that desolate little family reflected sadly but secretly upon the snug little cottage home they had left; missed the scent of the sweet trailing blossoms that crept in at the casements and perfumed every room, and sighed in echo to the mournful winds which moaned through the long corridors and deserted halls, and whistled in weird, wild cadences through broken arches, ruined buttresses, and unglazed openings, where once many-colored pictures of saints and angels had cast their sunlight tints of glory on the mosaic floors and tessellated pavements. And amidst these piles of broken walls and ruined splendors the fair and high-souled Constance wandered, more like the spectre of the dim, sad solitudes, than the light-hearted, joyous creature she had been a

year and a half ago. To add to the ever deepening gloom which her mournful surroundings and anxious cares for others imposed upon her, there was a deep wound rankling in her own heart, the nature of which she never betrayed, even to her idolized brother. This was the mysterious silence of her betrothed, even from the very morning he left her, after her father's death. "I will write once, at least, in each month, beloved one," were his parting words; and yet not one single letter, token, or message had ever reached her since that parting hour. Fritz had made two journeys to Herr Muller, at Prague, to ascertain whether Rudolph's father or aunt had heard tidings of the absent one. His journeys were as fruitless as they were without hope, for, on parting, Rudolph had agreed, to save the chances of separate letters, to send word to his father through Constance, and thus the deep and cheerless silence struck as deeply to the heart of the blind father as to that of the forsaken betrothed.

In some of his strange, dream-like states (states that we should now call trances or somnambulism), Fritz had said more than once that Rudolph was not dead. On one occasion he declared that he had seen him in a very far off and burning hot climate, walking in the midst of palms and other tropical trees, of which he could not give the name. Still it was in vain they said, "Why does he not write if he yet lives?" The answer never came, and Constance looked up the secret of her unutterable grief deep within the recesses of her own bosom.

There were some other and yet more present causes of uneasiness in that castle. Constance, led on by her more courageous brother, had once, and once only, followed him up the winding stairs which led to the high tower chamber, in which it was said the late Baron Paul (as he was still called) used to spend the principal part of his time. From the strange flashes of blue light that were occasionally seen by the peasantry, gleaming from the windows of this dread retreat, it had been named "The Wizard's Tower." Its evil reputation was fully borne out to Constance's apprehension by the crowd of books, skeletons of animals, and odd pieces of machinery, with which the place was lumbered up.

Beyond an occasional visit there with pail, broom and dusters, which old Kate, the cleaner, made in company with her young mistress, no foot ever crossed that dreaded threshold but that of Fritz, and he seemed to have become fairly infatuated with the place. No sooner did the waning daylight put a stop to his garden and orchard work than he ascended the steep stairs, oil lamp in hand, and there would remain, not unfrequently till the small hours of the next morning.

As he always seemed bright and happy after these nocturnal visits, and in fact was vastly improved in health and spirits every day, Constance never remarked upon his tower visitations. It was enough for her, the thought that he was well and contented. "Besides," she would add to herself, "have not I my secret also? One, too, that I am determined to penetrate. Yes, I will not rest, either by day or night, either in thought or purpose, until I have solved the Mystery of that Postern Gate."

(To be continued.)

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

THE SPIRIT OF ANIMALS.

THE WONDERFUL RESULTS FLOWING FROM VIBRATIONS—THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANTS—IMMORTALITY THE BIRTHRIGHT OF EVERY LIVING INTELLIGENCE.

In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of April 12th there is an interesting and suggestive article by Hudson Tuttle, in which he teaches that animals below man have no birth into a higher life. His arguments and illustrations are forcible and ingenious, but appear to me to be one-sided, and therefore not fairly reaching the conclusion. I propose to briefly present the other side of the case, and plead for the rights and privileges of immortality to all life below man.

Mr. Tuttle condenses his arguments into a single paragraph, which I quote: "After we once pass the interval between man and the next highest animal, there is no pause or break until we reach the simple protoplasmic cells. Shall we claim that these have an identified immortality? A single one under proper conditions in a day will increase to millions! Are we to believe that all the insects, mollusks, fishes, birds, reptiles, and mammals, since the first cell was evolved from the primal slime of the Silurian Seas have possessed individualized spirits which now exist? The necessities of such a belief demonstrate its absurdity. It may be like an esthetic dream to believe our favorite horse awaits us in the spirit-land (shall we say saddled and bridled?); that our pet canary will sing in its cage over the door of our house in paradise; but not as esthetic to think that the ghosts of bugs, flies, fleas and vermin are to meet us there!"

Suppose we reverse this illustration, and begin with the "primal slime" instead of the man. If the "insect, mollusk, fish, bird, reptile and mammal," are each without individual immortality, by what right does he draw an arbitrary line and accord it to man? We see that such an argument would be powerful as against all individual immortality, but fails altogether if nature is to have certain favorites amongst her numerous children. It is, of course, a question of fact; but as Mr. Tuttle impeaches clairvoyant vision when applied to animals, though admitting it for humanity, I suggest that we take a few lessons from nature on this subject.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Jan. 4th, is a story entitled "Five pounds of Intelligence," which Brother Tuttle very kindly alludes to as "charmingly written and widely copied without comment." I had hoped that "little dog" history would have aroused discussion as to animal immortality, and the possibility of human control or inspiration of the brain of a dog. I supposed I had entirely failed in my object, for I did not know the story had been copied or had found a reader outside the subscribers to the journal, who apparently deemed it unworthy of notice. Feeling myself among minds too large for my mental calibre; or perhaps too deeply interested at present in questions of organization and churchly dogmas, I have

allowed my pen to remain silent in that direction. But thanks to Mr. Tuttle, I learn that my little story has found a wider field, and is, perhaps, still suggesting thought on a subject which, from my standpoint, embraces and includes the immortality of man. Indeed, since modern science has proved the indestructibility of the atom of matter, is it not a strange limitation for a modern Spiritualist to assume that the atom of intelligence can die out?

Here for a moment, I must clear the ground by a thought or two on the question of form. Individuality and identity are not necessarily the same expression of life, for individuality is always associated with a form recognized by our memory or comparison; whereas identity is altogether independent of shape. Let me try by illustration to make my meaning clear. Imagine a large kaleidoscope, with its colored fragments assuming different forms as it slowly revolves with the precession of the equinoxes; one day those atoms take on the forms of a compass and a square. It seems sudden to the mortal, but the motion of the cylinder had been preparing and insuring just that result. Of course every mason grows proud of such a phenomenon; and many are the learned essays on the Divine approval of Masonry. The instrument moves so slowly that for ten thousand years those emblems stand to masonic eyes as proof that a mason is God's own child; with the Great Father wielding a trowel and calling his apron as he opens his lodge and wears his family labor or refreshment.

But at last comes the day when square and compass disappear. The kaleidoscope has resolved to a point where those atoms must take new form. The individuality seems gone forever, but its essence remains unchanged. Nothing of the identity of that square and compass is lost by the change of form. Every atom of matter and intelligence and spirit is still present. The old form is dead and gone, and a new one is born.

I use this illustration to show that Brother Tuttle is limiting his conception of animal immortality to the square and compass of earth life, which cannot be eternal even for man. Human individuality will slowly but surely be changing, as Nature's kaleidoscope is revolving in eternity; and this same law will apply just as much to "insects, mollusks, fishes, birds, reptiles, and mammals" as to man.

Once again, Mr. Tuttle tells us he cannot conceive of an "identified immortality," because under proper conditions a single one might in a day become millions. I cannot see the force of that argument, for there is no more matter, force, and spirit at sunset than there was at daybreak. It does not need any more space to contain them. The kaleidoscope has turned; that is all. This must apply as much to eternity as to a single day, for unless we believe in the creation of something from nothing, there is no more filling of space now by individualized intelligences than in the day when our atoms began their dance in the sunshine of intelligence. Even if an individual man becomes immortal every second, Nature harvests no more of souls. And she has never given promise of an eternal individuality either for man or lower life.

At this point comes in the further objection of our talented brother Tuttle. Man is heard from as still the individual man in his new life; but what of the monad and the monkey?

The kaleidoscope has turned just far enough to shatter the "square," but leaves the "compass" in its old shape for a while longer. Man may continue to linger in manly form in the new life, long after the animal has changed its shape. But it is not, and should not be to the thinker a question of shape, but of spirit. Not limited by individuality, but broadened into an identity that will remain, no matter how often the kaleidoscope may revolve. Let us here take a lesson from Nature according to the gospel by Tyndall, and others of her pupil teachers.

Manhood is woefully limited by sense. Here is matter with its every atom in perpetual motion. These atoms are just now swinging back and forth at from twenty to eighty thousand beats in a second. Man calls the result "tones." He gives them names, and writes them on a scale. Then comes the silence of a vast Sahara. But intelligence and force are playing with these atoms. Presently the vibrations count by thousands of millions to the second, and man once again recognizes them, but now calls them "color," and plays the artist as he gives life to beauty. Plenty of room in that wide gap where no human sense can roam for hosts of intelligences to evolve experiences of life impossible to man.

Brother Tuttle knows well how our sense of touch is entirely a question of the vibration of atoms of matter. What more solid than iron. An iron clad vessel is man's present conception of safety against his foe. But set those iron atoms into quicker movement by heat, and they fly apart into vapor, till man could walk through that iron unconscious of its existence. The passage of matter through matter is always a simple question of "vibration."

So living human beings may be everywhere around us with a civilization far superior to ours. Their homes and their temples; their entire world of life with its fauna and flora, may be in part where we live and move and have our being; but if they are working amidst vibrations we cannot sense, they have practically no existence for us; and back of such a civilization may be another and another, each perchance unconscious of its fellow.

When we accept this thought we see there is the same privileged possibility for the animal as for the man. If the animal's next existence be amidst vibrations that spirit men and women don't sense, they might truthfully but ignorantly declare that animal had died out of existence.

I claim for all life the same Fatherhood of Deity and Motherhood of Nature that my intelligence may claim for man. Any other conception carries with it when analyzed, a God working by miracle, with a church, a priest, a heaven and a hell for man's private benefit. The great White Throne for a manly God; golden harps for human fingers; and voices that sing hallelujah for eternity, are all born of the conception

(which Brother Tuttle seems to favor) that manhood is something special and distinct from the rest of creation.

Let me close by a brief chapter of animal life. The ant has a brain that Darwin called "the most wonderful atom of matter in the universe." The ant reasons and plans just as man does; never doing anything twice alike, but gathering experience and profiting by mistakes. He keeps other animals for use as cows and horses; and many tribes use slaves to do their kitchen work. But the ant has a pride that is human, for he buries ant masters in one spot and ant slaves in another. He is brave, and always fights to the death. He has so high a conception of patriotism that he kills those who shrink duty. He builds arches that are finished with a keystone; and has in his wonderful cities, domes, stairs, inclined planes and canals with tunneled streets running under them. His sanitary arrangements are far superior to ours, and in his vast populations it seems as if every member must have read the "Looking Backward" of some prehistoric Ant Bellamy, for each lives and works for the good of the whole. At the same time such ants are blind and deaf to human sights and sounds, thus exercising senses of which we can form no conception.

Now in the name of common sense, I would ask Brother Tuttle, how he can accord immortality to selfish, mean, degraded manhood, and deny it to the unselfish and intelligent ant? May not the Summer-land of the ant be outside human sense and yet offer an eternity of progress? If my brother wishes to treat the subject from the standpoint of human experience, I shall be glad to follow him there too. But I place myself squarely on the platform of immortality as the birthright of every living intelligence; and in my humble opinion, a dead intelligence has yet to be discovered.

CHARLES DAWBARN.
San Leandro, Cal.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

IN THE FIELD.

Having been called into the lecture field in the interest of Spiritualism, the thought occurred that perhaps a few notes on the status and prospect of this movement in the communities I visit would interest many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The last week in March the Spiritualists in Colfax, Ia., held a meeting, and it was the first public meeting held by them in a long time and its effect was to awaken new interest. Shortly after, or about the third week in April they called a meeting to talk up the matter of organizing, and it resulted in the formation of a society with the following officers: President, John Cochran; Vice-President, Mrs. S. M. Corselius; Secretary, Dr. A. B. S. Turner; Treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Allen; Executive Committee, W. W. Allen, Mrs. Gerda Pease, Mrs. M. L. Wheat, Mrs. Kittie Eagle and Stuart McCullough.

The society starts off with about 60 members. Last Sunday the first meeting was held under the auspices of the society in Cain's Opera House. President John Cochran, presiding, commenced the exercises with a few appropriate remarks. Dr. Turner and Dan'l Hull, with Mrs. L. Wheat at the organ led the congregation in singing spiritualistic words to the tune of "Hold the Fort." The writer gave an introductory of Emerson's philosophy and metaphysics condensed, after which Mrs. M. L. Wheat sang L. P. Longley's song, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," in a most feeling and inspirational manner, her own soul being full of music, and she gifted with the power to express it. The audience were lifted into the life spiritual by her interpretation of the words and music of the song. The writer followed in a discourse which was attentively listened to by the large audience. He was followed by Daniel Hull, and Mr. M. L. Wheat, who is the Grand Worthy Foreman of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, in some thoroughly practical remarks for building up the society. Daniel Hull, one of the early pioneer lecturers on Spiritualism is editing a paper at Colfax and will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism and kindred topics of reform. The friends composing the society intend holding a meeting once a month and if prosperous after awhile will have meetings more frequently. The writer will not soon forget their kindness, that they are broad and interested in improving the business methods of the world we now occupy was proved by the fact that they turned out well and incurred the expense to have him deliver a lecture on "Nationalism" on Monday evening.

Tuesday, on arrival at Des Moines, I was met by the Rev. Dr. Martin, an old time Spiritualist and test medium, who many years ago did efficient service in building up the cause in Columbus and other cities East. The Doctor and his wife who is his congenial co-worker, both of them being mediums, received and entertained me kindly. By the exertion of these good people and Mr. R. L. Lunt, an old time worker in the line of getting up meetings that mediums and spiritual lecturers might be heard, a fair audience assembled in the evening in the Grant Club rooms. Dr. Martin gave a short talk introducing the writer, who lectured on Spiritualism. Mr. Lunt, who is a fine elocutionist, recited the poem of Lizzie Doten, inspired by Edgar Poe, entitled "The Streets of Baltimore."

Des Moines has many Spiritualists, but no organic method of working together, but they are looking for the condition of unity rather with the expectation that it will come some time.

As my lecture work will be continued, I hope wherever the friends can get up a meeting and raise a few dollars and be ready to use me whenever I can make it convenient and of least expense, that they will write to my home at 229 Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

J. H. RANDALL.

Des Moines, Iowa.

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