

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 2.

CHICAGO AUGUST 9, 1890.

NO. 37.



MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Address by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham.

Delivered at the Sherman Opera House, Newark, N. J., June 24, 1890.

Reported by Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, of the Fox Family, Author of Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism, who was Present.

INVOCATION.

To the Infinite Source of all good, the Fountain of all truth, we lift our thoughts in prayer, seeking for that instruction which shall give light through all the shadows of doubt and the darkness of death, reaching upward to that God of all ages and all nations, who is a spirit and whose blessings are given unto spirits. Oh Thou, who art eternal, we thank Thee for the glory and blessing of existence; we thank Thee that it is progressive; we thank Thee that it is immortal. Though mortals may stumble amid the darkness of ignorance along the pathway of doubt and fear, yet we find truth which delivers us, truth which takes from us the bondage of fear and doubt and superstition. Though we may stand in the valley and shadow of death, yet the light of truth will shine upon us there. And we have learned that death, as it is called, is only an incident, only one link in a long, continuous chain, only an event over which the sky of Thy love and light arches as perfectly as over any place that can be given to us.

Oh, God of truth! we ask for truth from Thee. Let the light shine in upon us to strengthen and educate and deliver us. Let Thy love enfold us until we realize that Thy goodness is perfect and unchangeable, and that Thou art the same yesterday, to-day and forever; and so we may trust in Thee, love Thee, and be guided by Thee now and forever. Amen.

THE ADDRESS.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

There is no more hopeful or beautiful teaching in life than that. Nothing comes from the lips of the past—nothing speaks with the voice of the person with a grander or deeper significance than that.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Free from what? What is the greatest bondage that a human being may know? Is it when he occupies a position of servitude? When he knows an earthly master? When he is bound by the chain and the will of a tyrant? No. The worst master in all the world lies in the ignorance of the individual.

There was once a teacher who was a slave. His very name, and all the name that comes down to us from his history in the past simply speaks of his condition, *Epictetus*. It means one who was bought, one who was sold, one who was owned. It is simply that which expresses his condition. But who is there to-day who ever thinks again the golden thoughts of this deep thinker, who remembers any thing of him but the glory of his understanding, the glory wherewith the truth had set him in the light? Then, if ignorance forms part of the heaviest chain that we can bear, that which we ask for to deliver us is truth. So I thought we ask you to light the torches of your understanding by the flame divine, and to let its light so shine over your spirits that the darkness of fear and of ignorance, the bondage of superstition, shall depart, and forever.

You may wonder in what special direction we would have this light shine. I answer, it is not in the path of politics, it is not in any pathway that the feet of our every-day thought have been wandering and stumbling, but in that direction in which we turn when we are seeking for spiritual understanding. What have men known about the spirit? What have they known about the other world? What have been their sources of inspiration, and where the thoughts and the sublimity of the arguments that have been used? Men can describe the earth. They have maps, they have globes. Men can describe various conditions of climate, and they can describe the human body, the anatomist understands. The physiologist can explain to you its functions. But who has taken the scalpel and laid bare the secrets of the soul? Who is there who has dissected the spirit of man? Who is there who can make a map of the future and tell us what it will be? And yet, friends, there are many more important than that? Touching a subject so fruitful, so significant as this, we feel and appreciate the limitations of time and circumstance, and only wish that you were as ready to follow as we to any direction whereof we know the

way; then we could bring to you that food which hungry human nature demands.

In the first place, what is man? You may say he is a being who can be measured, who can be weighed, who can be photographed, who can be described—that is man. A being that must eat and drink; a being that must wake and sleep, that is necessitated to toil, but a being who rests whenever it is possible for him to do so. Then they can describe to you certain other conditions that mark our personality and identity, and imagine that the question is answered. That definition goes no deeper than the mere surface. Those who give you such an answer as that are no more competent to deal with the question than the English sparrow that balances lightly on the telegraph wire can read to you the message that thrills under his tiny feet, or can tell you the story that men are telling on those electrical ways.

But what is man? we ask; and we answer, man is a Trinity, three in one. First, the external, the body, that can be described, that can be defined, that can be photographed. Second, within this material body an entity that endures when the body is dust, and that is the spiritual body. You may say that you do not understand or you do not accept this. St. Paul did. He says, "There is a natural body and (he does not say there will be after death) a spiritual body." Looking at you seated quietly here to-night, friends, we can say you are spirits to-night as much as you will be a hundred years from to-night. Clothed upon with mortality, covered with this material yet crumbling body, the spiritual body has its time of waiting and experience, and then it is delivered from it; and that which you call death ought to be called birth, for it is the birth of the spirit.

In the olden days the primitive Christians (who were the primitive Spiritualists, by the way), hiding from the light of day and from the most terrible persecution, under the streets of Rome had their dwelling place and their places of burial; and in the labyrinth of the catacombs to-day you may read their history of pain and struggle; and you may find this, that where their bodies were placed in the little excavation in the rocks and the opening sealed over, an inscription placed there, and again and again you will find this repeated: First, the sign of the cross; then the name of the man who died; under that the date of his birth, and under that you will read, "Born again into the higher life," and there is the date of his death, as you call it. Now when we teach you that death is birth, that is, to be born again into a grander and broader existence, we are bringing from the shadows of the past a truth, we are bringing from the sepulchre of time where it has lain so long thoughts of that early Christianity and primitive Spiritualism, and bringing it to your attention to-night.

Now, within this spiritual body of which I speak there is an innermost, a holy of holies, and that is the soul. It is within that that we have the judgment seat and the mercy seat. It is within that that the voice of God speaks to us, the still small voice. It is in that that conscience holds her communings with the soul. Therefore you find man has these strivings to understand, and all through this life there are suggestions and indications of a spiritual life. We have only time to glance for a moment at these things and italicize them for your memory as far as possible.

In the first place, we want you to realize this, that there has always been in tradition and belief a kind of shadowy understanding of the spirit. For instance, in the far away past, before man had gained the light which shines on the world to-day, when all men were savages, there was a time when they felt the stir of this spiritual nature within them, and when some loved one died they went grieving and mourning. The loved one could not die, although the loved one had vanished. And by a natural process of reasoning we might ask if there is an end to existence, ought there not to be an end to love? And if there is an end to love, why, that is annihilation. That is simply the blotting out of the personal identity. Those savages in olden days noticed this: A man might lie down upon his couch of the skins of the beasts that he had slain, might lie upon a couch of dried leaves and mosses that he had gathered together; and right away, when his eyes were closed and his breathing had become regular, he drifted into a world of dreams. He saw mountains and valleys and rivers. He saw friends. He floated out upon the waters. He was in pursuit of game. And when at last he awakened he saw that he had not stirred from the place whereon his body was laid. And so he said, "What is this which I have seen? I have seen a distant moun-

tain, I have seen a distant friend, and yet they say I have not moved. What is this?" They could not unravel the mystery of a dream.

Then again, thinking of these strange mysteries, they said a man may be drowned or nearly so, he may lose his consciousness in the water; he is rescued from the water, friends use their efforts to restore him; and when at last he is restored and regains his consciousness, where has he been? What is that has come back to him? And so they said that it must be in that time of unconsciousness, as he would call it, his spirit had drifted out into this realm of shadows and of dreams, and it simply came back again to the body.

Walking in the bright light they noticed a something that followed them and kept even step with them, sometimes elongated at their side, and sometimes behind them; and they said, "What is this? If we reach out our left hand this reaches out its left hand. If we reach out the right hand it does the same. What is it? They didn't understand that it was a shadow, as we would call it. They said: "It seems that we are double, then. There are two of us wherever we go. Then that which goes out into the realm of dreams is the shadow, that which goes out after death is the shadow; and there is another world, a world of shadows, a world where we shall find hills and valleys and streams and homes and our friends once more." And so, out of love, and out of watching nature as its glory appeared among them, they formed the rudiments, as one might say, of the spirit and of the Spirit-world.

But you may say: "Why talk to us of these things that lie so far back?" Why, friends, you make remarks often that belong to these very thoughts that we have uttered. Suppose here in this place some one were suddenly to faint. You would take this friend, you would do everything you could to restore the person, and when at last the eyelids begin to flutter and the breath begins to come, and the heart wakes up and beats, you would say, "He is coming to himself." "He is coming to," you would probably say. Do you not use that expression when a person has fainted? Do you not use that expression when a person has been almost drowned, and they are restored? "He is coming to." Coming to what? That is an incomplete sentence, but it is a most common one in such cases. What do you mean? Why, just what the savage meant when in the olden days he said, "He is coming to himself. His spirit is coming back from the world of shadows into his body again."

Now, friends, in the olden days they called spirits shadows, and they called the other world the shadowy world. Shades and the realm of shades, that was the old expression. Looking back there we find, as we might say, the first buds that ever grew upon this wonderful bush of faith and knowledge, whose flowers are sweet with you to-night. What meant these growing thoughts and questions and longings, looking at the grave where it was believed that the body was laid for a little time until the spirit came back from this land of shadows, back into it again when there should be the light and glory of the resurrection? From these olden days we pass forward to the time when manifestations began to be given from the unseen world.

We speak of modern Spiritualism. Here in this place, so near the Mecca, as one might say of those who do not say, "We believe that spirits live; we believe that under favorable circumstances they can demonstrate their existence," but who say, "We know these things, for we have had positive assurance, we have had certain evidence of it." So near, I say, to this place, we take up modern Spiritualism, and realize that as from a luminous center it has gone out from your region. There is not an island in the desolate sea that this light has not touched. There is not a land under the wide spread of heaven that this truth has not been given to.

"Modern Spiritualism." The very prefix, "modern," pre-supposes something. What? Why, the modern always pre-supposes the aged. If there were no ancient we should not have the prefix. We should simply say Spiritualism, seeing it had no precedent.

It has been given to us fresh from the mind of the Divine, or from some other source, as some people vainly suppose and imagine. But the word is used, it is in common use. What does it suggest? It leads us back into the past. Away from the paths with which your feet are most familiar let us turn, and we find that Confucius taught his followers that there was a life after death; that the spirits of the ancestors of the people could be reached by their sympathy, that they could witness their deeds on this earth, and that after death there was a reunion in a world of shades or a world of spirits. The thoughts of Plato reached out in this same direction. But among the ancient teachers, who is there who stands so grandly prominent as Socrates? He said that by his side walked ever his attendant spirit. It was the old Greek word *demon*, which did not mean evil spirit, but simply spirit, without any regard to its qualities or its possessions. And this spirit which ever attended him did not command him to do certain things, but simply went with him, guiding him, guarding him; and when he was about to make a mistake or to do a wrong, this guardian angel interfered, stood between him and the wrong then. Strange, was it not, that in Athens men who held to ideas that they be-

lieved to be true, said, "Here is an innovator. Here is a man who is daring to teach new doctrines, a man who is leading the youth of Athens away from the worship of the Gods." And so they said, "This man must die." In those days it was not their custom to execute men as criminals are executed now, but a command was sent to the person and he must open the door of the future for himself; and so for Socrates the hemlock was made ready. Was there ever such a funeral sermon preached as that preached by Socrates himself before he went out from the shadows of the world to the light of the world beyond? He spoke to them of life future; he spoke to them of the certainty of the spirit's existence; and when adherents met there mourning one said, "Oh, Socrates, it is hard that you should have to die, and you so innocent." And he turned to them and said, "Would you have me guilty?" When the time was very near, Crito who dearly loved him, said to Socrates, "Where would you like to be buried?" And the grand philosopher turned to him with wonder and rebuke and said, "Oh, have I then spoken to you so long and you do not understand that the Socrates who speaks to you cannot die, cannot be buried. It does not matter for my body. Bury me anywhere, provided you can catch me." And then assured him of the certainty of life after the change that men call death.

But, one says, this that you are leading us to now is profane history. You are running back to the shadows and paganism. Well, then, we will lead you in another direction. Take up your Bible. How do you happen to have that book, this most remarkable compilation; where did it come from or to? How did it come? It was written by inspiration. Men were inspired to write it. The word "inspiration" is from the word "inspire," which signifies to breathe in. Then it was something spiritual. It was a spiritual outpouring, and it was the force of the spirit which had been given that enabled the men of old to write the book which you call your Bible. It was by a spiritual gift that that book was given; and if you take the book and read it carefully you will find this, that it is, as one might say, most largely construed, a book of Spiritualism. If you were to exclude every text and every passage that has any relation to the Spiritualism that we can appreciate and teach, you will have the smallest of all books left in your possession, and a book that will not be extremely valuable, for the spiritual part of it is the grandest and the brightest of it all. You will read that angels came to Abraham at his tent door; that angels came to Jacob; that wandering in a vision at night there was given to him a wonderful picture of spiritual law: a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Suppose to-day that we were to make this statement, and then to follow the silent objections that run through the minds of some. Friends, we want to speak to you in your criticism and in your objection. You believe that those whose pure and saintly lives fit them for heaven become angels when they die, do you not? Yes. You believe in the ascending angels. Unless you believe that they can return to you, that they do return to you, you take just one-half of this vision of Jacob and ignore the other half. "With the angels of God ascending and descending upon it." So, friends, to-day, as in those olden days, we want you to know that that ladder stands in its place. It was not made of perishable material. It has never been drawn up into the skies because angels saw that mortals did not need it any more. It stands in its old-time place, every round ready, and as of old, the angels ascending and descending upon it. You are told that Jacob wrestled with an angel through the shadows of the night, and that as the day approached the angel gave the blessing he had so long withheld and vanished into the brightness. You are told that angels came to warn Lot to flee from the city of doom. You are told that angels guarded Daniel, cast into the den of lions. The angels came and shut the lions' mouths. I have not time to-night to take you through this long, long winding pathway of the Old Testament; but you may know that spirits and angels have always been friends of mortals. When you come to the New Testament, remember that which is dearest to the heart of Christianity belongs to antique Spiritualism. There is the story that the angels foretold the coming of the Nazarene, and that they came in visions and dreams; and that there was a certain time when shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when suddenly a great light and glory filled all the place above and about them, and they were sore afraid; and out of this glorious light that shone around them there came the voice of an angel, voices blending. "Be not afraid; for behold we bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be for all the nations, for all the people!" Then those voices took up the chorus, and they sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Now that was a spirit communication. That belonged to the ancient Spiritualism that was to prepare the way for what was to be.

We are told that about the pathway of Jesus angels kept their watch and guard, and that in his time of anguish, when earthly friends found faith and hope faint and feeble, the angels came and ministered unto him in his time of trial when he had overcome temptation; they came to the sepulchre and rolled away the stone, and

spoke to those who came grieving and mourning, teaching the blessed truth, "He whom thou lovest is not here; he is risen."

Among the teachings of ancient Spiritualism we find none that shine brighter and fairer than those of St. Paul. He was converted to Christianity by spiritual manifestations, lights, and a voice; and he was guided in the pathway of the right through the power of the most remarkable mediumship. He writes to a certain church and says, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." Some have the gift of healing by the laying-on of hands, some the gift of discerning spirits. We call that clairvoyance. Some have the gift of speaking diverse tongues, and some of interpretation, and some have the gift of prophecy. He speaks of all those gifts and says to the people, "I would not have you ignorant." He wants them to understand, and he teaches them to add to their faith, knowledge.

But, friends, lest you grow weary of these thoughts, and keep like an undercurrent, another thought in your mind, we want to refer to that specially now. One says, "You have been talking about angels. Now angels and spirits are not the same." We ask you how do you know that they are not the same? You cannot prove it. No one could who made such an assertion as this. If you require another word, we can bring to you from the Scriptures the testimony that spirits have returned to mortals.

If you go back to the Old Testament you will find that Saul, seeking for communications which were denied him from the most familiar source, sought out, disguised, the woman of Endor, and there appeared in his presence Samuel clearly described. Now the Bible says that Saul perceived that it was Samuel. He did not guess so or think so, but he perceived that it was. There stands the record. A spirit had returned.

But this is not all. We read He maketh his angels ministers of spirits, sent to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. Then again we find that at a certain time Peter was entranced on the housetop, and a vision which was to prepare him to become more free and earnest, less bound by prejudice. You find that the communicating intelligence went from Peter to Cornelius. Peter was moved by the spirit influence to go forth and preach the gospel.

Cornelius was told that one was coming who would bring the gospel to them. He was to notify friends and neighbors at a given time, and the preacher would be sent to them. Each one obeyed the spirit command implicitly, and the result was that when Peter arrived at the house of Cornelius he found his audience already assembled, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke as the spirit gave him utterance. Now, friends, notice this, that in that story three words are used that apply to the same subject. We are told that it was a *spirit*, that it was an *angel*, and that it was a *man* that went back and forth between Peter and Cornelius. There is no mistake in this. It was a spirit; that spirit was an angel or a messenger, for that is what it means; and that messenger was the spirit of the man. So the words are correctly used.

John, the revelator, on the isle of Patmos, saw an angel, and it was a very bright and very beautiful angel, so bright that John thought it could be no other than Deity himself, and he was about to fall down at its feet and worship it when the angel said to him, "See thou do it not, for I am a fellow servant of thine, of thy brethren, the prophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this book. Worship God." Now, friends, do you see the Spiritualism of the Bible? We have only gone into a sweet, beautiful garden, free to all that are willing to gather. We have found there these few immortelles, these few fadeless asphodels, these roses of memory and affection, to show you that in the olden days there were ascending and descending angels, and that the new and the old are no further apart than the banks of a river.

Have you a river near you, or a stream that flows on its free way, with its old-time musical undertone? Now there is a shore; here are the waters flowing; there is an other shore; and if you could wade in, if in the dry season the water were sufficiently shallow, you could do this easily, you would find that under the water there is no break in the land all the way across. So between ancient Spiritualism and modern Spiritualism flows the tide of years, muddy it may be with human superstition and made bitter and salt with human tears; but it has been flowing and there have been stepping-stones across all the way, and the Spiritualism of to-day is only the hither shore of this stream of which we speak.

But, you may say, when the Bible was written Spiritualism stopped. Oh, no, it did not. It continued in the Christian Church for about three hundred years. It was common in those days. If you read the history of primitive Christianity you will find this is true. If you have any doubt of it take up the history of the Church of Rome, and you will find that they have always taught the guardianship of angels; they have taught that there were patron saints; that angels hovered over little children and kept and guarded them all the way; they have had their all saints' day and all souls' day. They have had their other different beliefs, all pointing in this same direction, because, forsooth, Spiritualism was with the church of Christ, till at last, growing proud and powerful it forgot its early spiritual teachings, or only kept them as we keep flowers pressed in a

Bible. Go to the Protestant church. What is the creed? You know the words of the creed that are repeated, and so devoutly. We ask you who repeat it, what do you mean when you say, "I believe in the communion of saints." Romanist, Protestant, what do you mean by that? "Well," most people will say, "I don't know exactly that I know what it means." Well, the saints commune in heaven probably. That goes without saying. I need not assert that. No one would doubt it. You do not suppose that heaven is a place of silence and close confinement, do you, under any circumstances? That is not what it means. When that sentence was crystallized and took its place in the Apostles' creed it meant just this: "I believe in the communion of saints." "I believe in the communion of saints." It means precisely the same thing. When we listen to those words spoken to-day it often reminds us, when we compare it with the past, of this: we take our grandmother's Bible, it may be, and we open it, and there in its place we find a rose. We take it up; it is pressed flat. It was a red rose, and its leaves about it clustering were bright and fresh and green once. There it is. There is a little faint odor of the dead and gone years about it still. This rose blossomed years and years ago. But, friends, it is June, and there are roses here, sweet, full roses, red and white roses that crown the most beautiful month of all the year. Suppose some one said, "Don't talk to me about that rose. Don't speak to me about a white rose or a red rose. I don't believe in them. I simply hold in my hand and insist that this is the only rose worth holding in my hand, the pressed rose from my grandmother's Bible." Ah, friend, it is dear to us; but at the same time we believe that God's roses bloom right along, day after day, year after year. Sweet are the old and sweet are the new, but God is our God, your God, and forever kind and true.

"Now if we believe these things," you may say, "Where do you find any communicating links between the past and the present?" We will leave you to find those. We will only make the briefest possible reference to them. If you read the story of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, you will read the story of one whose experience in spiritual manifestations has been of the greatest possible value. He saw in the air a radiant cross. He saw a motto, "By this, conquer." It was a spiritual manifestation. It is recorded in history. We tell you it is valuable because of the truth of spiritual things, toward which it points and to which it belongs.

Read the story of the Maid of Orleans, and you will find there one of the most remarkable accounts of modern history. A young woman, brave and earnest and full of the enthusiasm of her faith and of her knowledge, listening to the voices of angels, led by them until she led victorious armies onward. And when at last the tide turned against her, and superstition arose and engulfed her, she, who had been loved and followed, was burned as a witch. Well, friends, but the tide turned again, and those who had scorned and hated took up the memory of that white, sweet, maidenly life, and to-day the name of the Maid of Orleans is honored and respected, and her statue stands in the old place of anguish and yet of liberty. We say this woman was only a medium, not understood.

The life of Swedenborg furnishes us one of the grandest of all illustrations, and shows how a man rose into the unclouded light of the knowledge of which we speak. The man was a clairvoyant, and the spirit and the influence of that man lies vast, as Emerson says, abroad upon the ages. He says a man like that requires to be viewed from a more distant focal point than his own age. And so we behold the grandness of this most wonderful mediumistic life.

When we read the diary of Wesley (now we don't mean the later editions, for we believe that the spiritualistic part had been expunged from the recent editions of that diary, but the original diary of Wesley as it was first published), you will find an extended and minute account of the "disturbances," as they were called, that occurred in the house of Wesley. You will find that these covered over some weeks and months, and then died out as suddenly as they had come. There were raps, there were sounds of footfalls, there was a sound as of silken robes, and there were movements of various substances; and in fact it seems that the manifestations in the house of Wesley were only like the shadow of that which was coming in our land and in your own immediate vicinity.

But some would say, "Well, suppose all this was true that you say was in the diary of Wesley, what good did it do?" That is the old and common question that is often repeated, "What good did it do?" And I readily answer to that, it may seem to you that nothing came of this. If you read carefully the letters that are still extant and that original diary you will find this, that there was a woman in this house, a daughter of a Wesley, a sister of the preacher, of the Wesleys; and in a letter that she wrote long after to her brother she assures her brother of this strange thing, as they sometimes called it, which they hardly knew how to express. They called it Jeffries, because that was the name of a man who had died in that house previous to their occupancy. She says, this strange thing that we call Jeffries still follows us. She says, "It always comes to me before any danger or before

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To the Infinite Source of all good, the Fountain of all truth, we lift our thoughts in prayer, seeking for that instruction which shall give light through all the shadows of doubt and the darkness of death, reaching upward to that God of all ages and all nations, who is a spirit and whose blessings are given unto spirits. Oh Thou, who art eternal, we thank Thee for the glory and blessing of existence; we thank Thee that it is progressive; we thank Thee that it is immortal. Though mortals may stumble amid the darkness of ignorance along the pathway of doubt and fear, yet we find truth which delivers us, truth which takes from us the bondage of fear and doubt and superstition. Though we may stand in the valley and shadow of death, yet the light of truth will shine upon us there. And we have learned that death, as it is called, is only an incident, only one link in a long, continuous chain, only an event over which the sky of Thy love and arches as perfectly as over any place that can be given to us.

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There was once a teacher who was a slave. His very name, and all the name that comes down to us from his history in the past simply speaks of his condition, Epictetus. It means one who was bought, one who was sold, one who was owned. It is simply that which expresses his condition. But who is there to-day who ever thinks again the golden thoughts of this deep thinker, who remembers any thing of him but the glory of his understanding, the liberty wherewith the truth had set him in the light? Then, if ignorance forms part of the heaviest chain that we can bear, that which we ask for to deliver us is truth. So tonight we ask you to light the torches of your understanding by the flame divine, and to let its light so shine over your spirits that the darkness of fear and of ignorance, the bondage of superstition, shall depart, and forever.

You may wonder in what special direction we would have this light shine. I answer, it is not in the path of politics, it is not in any pathway that the feet of our every-day thought have been wandering and stumbling, but in that direction in which we turn when we are seeking for spiritual understanding. What have men known about the spirit? What have they known about the other world? What have been their sources of inspiration, and where the strength and the sublimity of the arguments that have been used? Men can describe the earth. They have maps, they have globes. Men can describe various conditions of climate, and they can describe the human body, the anatomist understands it. The physiologist can explain to you its functions. But who has taken the scalpel and laid bare the secrets of the soul? Who is there who has dissected the spirit of man? Who is there who can make a map of these? Who can point out to us the picture of the future and tell us what it means? And yet, friends, is there any subject you can think of that is more vital and more important than that? Touching upon a subject so fruitful, so significant as this, we feel and appreciate the limitations of time and circumstance, and only wish that you were as ready to follow as we to hide in any direction whereof we know the

way; then we could bring to you that food which hungry human nature demands.

In the first place, what is man? You may say he is a being who can be measured, who can be weighed, who can be photographed, who can be described—that is man. A being that must eat and drink; a being that must wake and sleep, that is necessitated to toil, but a being who rests whenever it is possible for him to do so. Then they can describe to you certain other conditions that mark our personality and identity, and imagine that the question is answered. That definition goes no deeper than the mere surface. Those who give you such an answer as that are no more competent to deal with the question than the English sparrow that balances lightly on the telegraph wire can read to you the message that thrills under his tiny feet, or can tell you the story that men are telling on those electrical ways.

But what is man? we ask; and we answer, man is a Trinity, three in one. First, the external, the body, that can be described, that can be defined, that can be photographed. Second, within this material body an entity that endures when the body is dust, and that is the spiritual body. You may say that you do not understand or you do not accept this. St. Paul did. He says, "There is a natural body and (he does not say there will be after death) a spiritual body." Looking at you seated quietly here to-night, friends, we can say you are spirits to-night as much as you will be a hundred years from to-night. Clothed upon with mortality, covered with this material yet crumbling body, the spiritual body has its time of waiting and experience, and then it is delivered from it; and that which you call death ought to be called birth, for it is the birth of the spirit.

In the olden days the primitive Christians (who were the primitive Spiritualists, by the way), hiding from the light of day and from the most terrible persecution, under the streets of Rome had their dwelling place and their places of burial; and in the labyrinth of the catacombs to-day you may read their history of pain and struggle; and you may find this, that where their bodies were placed in the little excavation in the rocks and the opening sealed over an inscription placed there, and again and again you will find this repeated: First, the sign of the cross; then the name of the man who died; under that the date of his birth, and under that you will read, "Born again into the higher life," and there is the date of his death, as you call it. Now when we teach you that death is birth, that is, to be born again into a grander and broader existence, we are bringing from the shadows of the past a truth, we are bringing from the sepulchre of time where it has lain so long thoughts of that early Christianity and primitive Spiritualism, and bringing it to your attention to-night.

Now, within this spiritual body of which I speak there is an innermost, a holy of holies, and that is the soul. It is within that that we have the judgment seat and the mercy seat. It is within that that the voice of God speaks to us, the still small voice. It is in that that conscience holds her communings with the soul. Therefore you find man has these strivings to understand, and all through this life there are suggestions and indications of a spiritual life. We have only time to glance for a moment at these things and italicize them for your memory as far as possible.

In the first place, we want you to realize this, that there has always been in tradition and belief a kind of shadowy understanding of the spirit. For instance, in the far away past, before man had gained the light which shines on the world to-day, when all men were savages, there was a time when they felt the stir of this spiritual nature within them, and when some loved one died they went grieving and mourning. The loved one could not die, although the loved one had vanished. And by a natural process of reasoning we might ask if there is an end to existence, ought there not to be an end to love? And if there is an end to love, why, that is annihilation. That is simply the blotting out of the personal identity. Those savages in olden days noticed this: A man might lie down upon his couch of the skins of the beasts that he had slain, might lie upon a couch of dried leaves and mosses that he had gathered together; and right away, when his eyes were closed and his breathing had become regular, he drifted into a world of dreams. He saw mountains and valleys and rivers. He saw friends. He floated out upon the waters. He was in pursuit of game. And when at last he awakened he saw that he had not stirred from the place whereon his body was laid. And so he said, "What is this which I have seen? I have seen a distant friend, and yet they say I have not moved. What is this?" They could not unravel the mystery of a dream.

Then again, thinking of these strange mysteries, they said a man may be drowned or nearly so, he may lose his consciousness in the water; he is rescued from the water, friends use their efforts to restore him; and when at last he is restored and regains his consciousness, where has he been? What is that has come back to him? And so they said that it must be in that time of unconsciousness, as he would call it, his spirit had drifted out into this realm of shadows and of dreams, and it simply came back again to the body.

Walking in the bright light they noticed a something that followed them and kept even step with them, sometimes elongated at their side, and sometimes behind them; and they said, "What is this? If we reach out our left hand this reaches out its left hand. If we reach out the right hand it does the same. What is it? They didn't understand that it was a shadow, as we would call it. They said: "It seems that we are double, then. There are two of us wherever we go. Then that which goes out into the realm of dreams is the shadow, that which goes out after death is the shadow; and there is another world, a world of shadows, a world where we shall find hills and valleys and streams and homes and our friends once more." And so, out of love, and out of watching nature as its glory appeared among them, they formed the rudiments, as one might say, of the spirit and of the Spirit-world.

But you may say: "Why talk to us of these things that lie so far back?" Why, friends, you make remarks often that belong to these very thoughts that we have uttered. Suppose here in this place some one were suddenly to faint. You would take this friend, you would do everything you could to restore the person, and when at last the eyelids begin to flutter and the breath begins to come, and the heart wakes up and beats, you would say, "He is coming to himself." "He is coming to," you would probably say. Do you not use that expression when a person has fainted? Do you not use that expression when a person has been almost drowned, and they are restored? "He is coming to." Coming to what? That is an incomplete sentence, but it is a most common one in such cases. What do you mean? Why, just what the savage meant when in the olden days he said, "He is coming to himself. His spirit is coming back from the world of shadows into his body again."

Now, friends, in the olden days they called spirits shadows, and they called the other world the shadowy world. Shades and the realm of shades, that was the old expression. Looking back there we find, as we might say, the first buds that ever grew upon this wonderful bush of faith and knowledge, whose flowers are sweet with you to-night. What meant these growing thoughts and questions and longings, looking at the grave where it was believed that the body was laid for a little time until the spirit came back from this land of shadows, back into it again when there should be the light and glory of the resurrection? From these olden days we pass forward to the time when manifestations began to be given from the unseen world.

We speak of modern Spiritualism. Here in this place, so near the Mecca, as one might say of those who do not say, "We believe that spirits live; we believe that under favorable circumstances they can demonstrate their existence," but who say, "We know these things, for we have had positive assurance, we have had certain evidence of it." So near, I say, to this place, we take up modern Spiritualism, and realize that as from a luminous center it has gone out from your region. There is not an island in the desolate sea that this light has not touched. There is not a land under the wide spread of heaven that this truth has not been given to.

"Modern Spiritualism." The very prefix, "modern," pre-supposes something. What? Why, the modern always pre-supposes the aged. If there were no ancient we should not have the prefix. We should simply say Spiritualism, seeing it had no precedent.

It has been given to us fresh from the mind of the Divine, or from some other source, as some people vainly suppose and imagine. But the word is used, it is in common use. What does it suggest? It leads us back into the past. Away from the paths with which your feet are most familiar let us turn, and we find that Confucius taught his followers that there was a life after death; that the spirits of the ancestors of the people could be reached by their sympathy, that they could witness their deeds on this earth, and that after death there was a reunion in a world of shades or a world of spirits. The thoughts of Plato reached out in this same direction. But among the ancient teachers, who is there who stands so grandly prominent as Socrates? He said that by his side walked ever his attendant spirit. It was the old Greek word demon, which did not mean evil spirit, but simply spirit, without any regard to its qualities or its possessions. And this spirit which ever attended him did not command him to do certain things, but simply went with him, guiding him, guarding him; and when he was about to make a mistake or to do a wrong, this guardian angel interferred, stood between him and the wrong then. Strange, was it not, that in Athens men who held to ideas that they be-

lieved to be true, said, "Here is an innovator. Here is a man who is daring to teach new doctrines, a man who is leading the youth of Athens away from the worship of the Gods." And so they said, "This man must die." In those days it was not their custom to execute men as criminals are executed now, but a command was sent to the person and he must open the door of the future for himself; and so for Socrates the hemlock was made ready. Was there ever such a funeral sermon preached as that preached by Socrates himself before he went out from the shadows of the world to the light of the world beyond? He spoke to them of the future; he spoke to them of the certainty of the spirit's existence; and when adherents met there mourning one said, "Oh, Socrates, it is hard that you should have to die, and you so innocent." And he turned to them and said, "Would you have me guilty?" When the time was very near, Crito who dearly loved him, said to Socrates, "Where would you like to be buried?" And the grand philosopher turned to him with wonder and rebuke and said, "Oh, have I then spoken to you so long and you do not understand that the Socrates who speaks to you cannot die, cannot be buried. It does not matter for my body. Bury me anywhere, provided you can catch me." And then assured him of the certainty of life after the change that men call death.

But, one says, this that you are leading us to now is profane history. You are running back to the shadows and paganism. Well, then, we will lead you in another direction. Take up your Bible. How do you happen to have that book, this most remarkable compilation; where did it come from or to? How did it come? It was written by inspiration. Men were inspired to write it. The word "inspiration" is from the word "inspire," which signifies to breathe in. Then it was something spiritual. It was a spiritual outpouring, and it was the force of the spirit which had been given that enabled the men of old to write the book which you call your Bible. It was by a spiritual gift that that book was given; and if you take the book and read it carefully you will find this, that it is, as one might say, most largely construed, a book of Spiritualism. If you were to exclude every text and every passage that has any relation to the Spiritualism that we can appreciate and teach, you will have the smallest of all books left in your possession, and a book that will not be extremely valuable, for the spiritual part of it is the grandest and the brightest of it all. You will read that angels came to Abraham at his tent door; that angels came to Jacob; that wandering in a vision at night there was given to him a wonderful picture of spiritual law: a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Suppose to-day that we were to make this statement, and then to follow the silent objections that run through the minds of some. Friends, we want to speak to you in your criticism and in your objection. You believe that those whose pure and saintly lives fit them for heaven become angels when they die, do you not? Yes. You believe in the ascending angels. Unless you believe that they can return to you, that they do return to you, you take just one-half of this vision of Jacob and ignore the other half. "With the angels of God ascending and descending upon it." So, friends, to-day, as in those olden days, we want you to know that that ladder stands in its place. It was not made of perishable material. It has never been drawn up into the skies because angels saw that mortals did not need it any more. It stands in its old-time place, every round ready, and as of old, the angels ascending and descending upon it. You are told that Jacob wrestled with an angel through the shadows of the night, and that as the day approached the angel gave the blessing he had so long withheld and vanished into the brightness. You are told that angels came to warn Lot to flee from the city of doom. You are told that angels guarded Daniel, cast into the den of lions. The angels came and shut the lions' mouths. I have not time to-night to take you through this long, long winding pathway of the Old Testament; but you may know that spirits and angels have always been friends of mortals. When you come to the New Testament, remember that which is dearest to the heart of Christianity belongs to antique Spiritualism. There is the story that the angels foretold the coming of the Nazarene, and that they came in visions and dreams; and that there was a certain time when shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when suddenly a great light and glory filled all the place above and about them, and they were sore afraid; and out of this glorious light that shone around them there came the voice of an angel, voices blending, "Be not afraid; for behold we bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be for all the nations, for all the people!" Then those voices took up the chorus, and they sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Now that was a spirit communication. That belonged to the ancient Spiritualism that was to prepare the way for what was to be.

We are told that about the pathway of Jesus angels kept their watch and guard, and that in his time of anguish, when earthly friends found faith and hope faint and feeble, the angels came and ministered unto him in his time of trial when he had overcome temptation; they came to the sepulchre and rolled away the stone, and spoke to those who came grieving and mourning, teaching the blessed truth, "He whom thou lovest is not here; he is risen." Among the teachings of ancient Spiritualism we find none that shine brighter and fairer than those of St. Paul. He was converted to Christianity by spiritual manifestations, lights, and a voice; and he was guided in the pathway of the right through the power of the most remarkable mediumship. He writes to a certain church and says, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." Some have the gift of healing by the laying-on of hands, some the gift of discerning spirits. We call that clairvoyance. Some have the gift of speaking diverse tongues, and some of interpretation, and some have the gift of prophecy. He speaks of all those gifts and says to the people, "I would not have you ignorant." He wants them to understand, and he teaches them to add to their faith, knowledge.

But, friends, lest you grow weary of these thoughts, and keep, like an undercurrent, another thought in your mind, we want to refer to that specially now. One says, "You have been talking about angels. Now angels and spirits are not the same." We ask you how do you know that they are not the same? You cannot prove it. No one could who made such an assertion as this. If you require another word, we can bring to you from the Scriptures the testimony that spirits have returned to mortals.

If you go back to the Old Testament you will find that Saul, seeking for communications which were denied him from the most familiar source, sought out, disguised, the woman of Endor, and there appeared in his presence Samuel clearly described. Now the Bible says that Saul perceived that it was Samuel. He did not guess so or think so, but he perceived that it was. There stands the record. A spirit had returned. But this is not all. We read He maketh his angels ministers of spirits, sent to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. Then again we find that at a certain time Peter was entranced on the housetop, and a vision which was to prepare him to become more free and earnest, less bound by prejudice. You find that the communicating intelligence went from Peter to Cornelius. Peter was moved by the spirit influence to go forth and preach the gospel. Cornelius was told that one was coming who would bring the gospel to them. He was to notify friends and neighbors at a given time, and the preacher would be sent to them. Each one obeyed the spirit command implicitly, and the result was that when Peter arrived at the house of Cornelius he found his audience already assembled, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke as the spirit gave him utterance. Now, friends, notice this, that in that story three words are used that apply to the same subject. We are told that it was a spirit, that it was an angel and that it was a man that went back and forth between Peter and Cornelius. There is no mistake in this. It was a spirit; that spirit was an angel or a messenger, for that is what it means; and that messenger was the spirit of the man. So the words are correctly used.

John, the revelator, on the isle of Patmos, saw an angel, and it was a very bright and very beautiful angel, so bright that John thought it could be no other than Deity himself, and he was about to fall down at its feet and worship it when the angel said to him, "See thou do it not, for I am a fellow servant of thine, of thy brethren, the prophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this book. Worship God." Now, friends, do you see the Spiritualism of the Bible? We have only gone into a sweet, beautiful garden, free to all that are willing to gather. We have found there these few immortals, these few fadeless asphodels, these roses of memory and affection, to show you that in the olden days there were ascending and descending angels, and that the new and the old are no further apart than the banks of a river.

Have you a river near you, or a stream that flows on its free way, with its old-time musical undertone? Now there is a shore; here are the waters flowing; there is another shore; and if you could wade in, if in the dry season the water were sufficiently shallow, you could do this easily, you would find that under the water there is no break in the land all the way across. So between ancient Spiritualism and modern Spiritualism flows the tide of years, muddy it may be with human superstition and made bitter and salt with human tears; but it has been flowing and there have been stepping-stones across all the way, and the Spiritualism of to-day is only the hither shore of this stream of which we speak.

But, you may say, when the Bible was written Spiritualism stopped. Oh, no, it did not. It continued in the Christian Church for about three hundred years. It was common in those days. If you read the history of primitive Christianity you will find this is true. If you have any doubt of it take up the history of the Church of Rome, and you will find that they have always taught the guardianship of angels; they have taught that there were patron saints; that angels hovered over little children and kept and guarded them all the way; they have had their all saints' day and all souls' day. They have had their other different beliefs, all pointing in this same direction, because, forsooth, Spiritualism was with the church of Christ, till at last, growing proud and powerful it forgot its early spiritual teachings, or only kept them as we keep flowers pressed in a

Bible. Go to the Protestant church. What is the creed? You know the words of the creed that are repeated, and so devoutly. We ask you who repeat it, what do you mean when you say, "I believe in the communion of saints." Romanist, Protestant, what do you mean by that? "Well," most people will say, "I don't know exactly that I know what it means." Well, the saints commune in heaven probably. That goes without saying. I need not assert that. No one would doubt it. You do not suppose that heaven is a place of silence and close confinement, do you, under any circumstances? That is not what it means. When that sentence was crystallized and took its place in the Apostles' creed it meant just this: "I believe in the communion of saints." "I believe in the communion of saints." It means precisely the same thing. When we listen to those words spoken to-day it often reminds us, when we compare it with the past, of this: we take our grandmother's Bible, it may be, and we open it, and there in its place we find a rose. We take it up; it is pressed flat. It was a red rose, and its leaves about it clustering were bright and fresh and green once. There it is. There is a little faint odor of the dead and gone years about it still. This rose blossomed years and years ago. But, friends, it is June, and there are roses here, sweet, full roses, red and white roses that crown the most beautiful month of all the year. Suppose some one said, "Don't talk to me about that rose. Don't speak to me about a white rose or a red rose. I don't believe in them. I simply hold in my hand and insist that this is the only rose worth holding in my hand, the pressed rose from my grandmother's Bible." Ah, friend, it is dear to us; but at the same time we believe that God's roses bloom right along, day after day, year after year. Sweet are the old and sweet are the new, but God is our God, your God, and forever kind and true.

"Now if we believe these things," you may say, "Where do you find any communicating links between the past and the present?" We will leave you to find those. We will only make the briefest possible reference to them. If you read the story of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, you will read the story of one whose experience in spiritual manifestations has been of the greatest possible value. He saw in the air a radiant cross. He saw a motto, "By this, conquer." It was a spiritual manifestation. It is recorded in history. We tell you it is valuable because of the truth of spiritual things, toward which it points and to which it belongs.

Read the story of the Maid of Orleans, and you will find there one of the most remarkable accounts of modern history. A young woman, brave and earnest and full of the enthusiasm of her faith and of her knowledge, listening to the voices of angels, led by them until she led victorious armies onward. And when at last the tide turned against her, and superstition arose and engulfed her, she, who had been loved and followed, was burned as a witch. Well, friends, but the tide turned again, and those who had scorned and hated took up the memory of that white, sweet, maidenly life, and to-day the name of the Maid of Orleans is honored and respected, and her statue stands in the old place of anguish and yet of liberty. We say this woman was only a medium, not understood.

The life of Swedenborg furnishes us one of the grandest of all illustrations, and shows how a man rose into the unclouded light of the knowledge of which we speak. The man was a clairvoyant, and the spirit and the influence of that man lies vast, as Emerson says, abroad upon the ages. He says a man like that requires to be viewed from a more distant focal point than his own age. And so we behold the grandness of this most wonderful mediumistic life.

When we read the diary of Wesley (now we don't mean the later editions, for we believe that the spiritualistic part had been expurgated from the recent editions of that diary, but the original diary of Wesley as it was first published, you will find an extended and minute account of the "disturbances," as they were called, that occurred in the house of Wesley. You will find that these covered over some weeks and months, and then died out as suddenly as they had come. There were raps, there were sounds of footfalls, there was a sound as of silken robes, and there were movements of various substances; and in fact it seems that the manifestations in the house of Wesley were only like the shadow of that which was coming in our land and in your own immediate vicinity.

But some would say, "Well, suppose all this was true that you say was in the diary of Wesley, what good did it do?" That is the old and common question that is often repeated, "What good did it do?" And I readily answer to that, it may seem to you that nothing came of this. If you read carefully the letters that are still extant and that original diary you will find this, that there was a woman in this house, a daughter of a Wesley, a sister of the preacher, of the Wesleys; and in a letter that she wrote long after to her brother she assures her brother of this strange thing, as they sometimes called it, which they hardly knew how to express. They called it Jeffries, because that was the name of a man who had died in that house previous to their occupancy. She says, this strange thing that we call Jeffries still follows us. She says, "It always comes to me before any danger or before

(Continued on third page.)

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SATURDAY, AUG. 9, 1890.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

Thought Transference or Spirit Communication—Which?

A gentleman who resides at the sea coast, and has been a captain of sea-going ships all his life, until he retired a few years ago, Capt. D. B. Edwards, gave me the following narrative, which may be relied on in every particular. He has become a firm believer in Spiritualism, and is a close and observant student of the phenomena.

"The story I now relate happened to my uncle Robert T. Brown, and was given me by himself. He was a bold, fearless man, who had followed the sea all his life. He was in the whale fishery, and once as he was starting out of harbor, the friends on the wharf noticing that his anchor was bound unusually fast, rallied him. He replied that he should not cast it until he again reached home, and in just one year he would return. At that time it usually occupied two or three years to make a whaling voyage, yet he sailed to the southern seas, secured a full cargo of oil, and just one year from the day of starting, tied his ship to the wharf, never having cast anchor. This prophecy indicated his impressive nature. The story relates to the time he commanded the Barque Isaac Meade, bound to a southern port. When at sea the wind began ahead, and he having been on deck from 8 o'clock till 12 p. m., he called the mate's watch, and tasked ship, giving orders to stand in shore till 4 o'clock. He then went below to sleep. He was awakened by a voice which he said he heard as distinctly as he ever heard any one, saying, 'Go about.' But he thought he must be dreaming and fell asleep again only to hear the same command, 'Go about!' He went to the companionway and told the mate to stand off until daylight and then call him. When called he sent the second mate aloft and told him to scan the horizon and see if he could discover any object. He soon reported that leeward was what appeared to be a boat with a small signal set. Capt. Brown ordered the ship kept off for the object, which proved to be a schooner's yawl boat with five men. The schooner had sprung a leak and went down leaving them on the wide sea. They were without provisions, and would have perished had they not been rescued by Capt. Brown."

When we meet facts like these we may well pause before we, as is now the fashion, refuse them to thought transference. It is possible for one mind to influence another

over wide intervals. It is a pretty theory to suppose that these five perishing seamen sent an impression far over the sea until in Capt. Brown they found a responsive subject. But it is far more rational to suppose the spirit friends of the shipwrecked men came to Capt. Brown and finding him sensitive while asleep impressed him to change the course of his ship.

Capt. Edwards is responsible for the following narration also, which would be placed by the English psychic investigators in the class of facts they have labeled "Appearances Immediately after Death." "Capt. James Smith, a native of Stony Brook, Long Island, was in command of a vessel and made voyages to the West Indies. On a return passage to New York, the night being dark, with a strong breeze, Capt. Smith while walking the deck heard a voice saying, 'Hello!' He went forward but saw nothing to explain the hail. In going aft he again distinctly heard the call, seemingly coming from bow of the vessel, and having a strangely familiar sound. When he arrived in New York he found a letter awaiting him, which stated that his wife had died on the same night that he had heard the voice at sea."

The hearing of voices of persons just at the time of death, by friends at a distance has an overwhelming array of facts in its support, and affords one of the strongest evidences of the continuance of existence. There is a theory advanced by those who rather accept any solution than that of the spiritualist, that there is a prolongation of energy or life for a little time after death, and by that means the manifestations occur. If the spirit-being survives death at all, there can be no reason why it may not continue to exist indefinitely.

The Chico Enterprise, Cal., published the following voucher for three reputable citizens, "Sargent John Allen, the crack shot of the Chico guards, with W. J. Collins and L. W. Brooks: This party were hunting in the Deer Creek country, and at the close of the third day they pursued a buck up a small canyon, until a waterfall penned it in and they shot it."

"There was a drift or indentation in the cliff where they were, probably made by the action of water, and as the rain was coming down in perfect sheets, they concluded to camp there for the night. Brooks and Collins fell to preparing a slice of venison for supper over the fire they had kindled in the cave, while Allen strolled up to the edge of the waterfall and was noting how water gathered in volumes and the tiny stream was fast becoming a raging torrent. While Allen stood gazing on a small pine tree on the brink he suddenly became conscious that he was not alone, for there, in the dim light, stood revealed, in all his finery and feathers, an Indian chief, as John supposed, from his costly trappings."

"He carried a bow and a quiver of arrows, and his attitude and every look was fraught with significance. He gazed on Allen, who felt decidedly out of place, then raised his arm, pointed to the heavens, then to the stream, and waved his hand toward John's companion and pointed down the stream."

"Allen quickly called to the boys when the figure disappeared. A hasty consultation was had, their traps were packed, and the two miles back to the mouth of the canyon were made none too soon, for the stream by which they had encamped was now a raging river, and flowed for ten feet over the spot of their late encampment. Whether presentiment or apparition, the escape was most lucky, and even if John dreamed the Indian part he was fortunate in his choice of dreams."

Premonitions of coming danger, warnings, which, if heeded, is salvation, would form a library of volumes, if recorded; yet it is often asked why spirits do not give this warning. They do at all times when possible. The conditions of the reception of such warnings are essentially as follows: The spirit must have a foreknowledge which few possess, for the future is by no means an open book to all. It must be able to impress its thoughts on the friend whom it wishes to save. The difficulties that environ it cannot be adequately understood. The terrible disaster at Ashtabula filled the country with horror. Amadee Cole, of St. Louis, tells the story how his life was saved by heeding a voice of premonition:

"In December of 1876 I was called to New York City on business, going there over the Pennsylvania road. While in New York City I met an old friend, Capt. Tyler, of St. Louis, and at his suggestion agreed to return to St. Louis in his company by the Northern route. On the day set for my departure I had business requiring my presence in Brooklyn, and I arranged with Capt. Tyler that he should purchase my ticket and sleeping-car berth, and I would meet him at the Grand Central depot. It was dark when I started for the Fulton street ferry, which would have landed me near the Grand Central depot. As I walked along there suddenly came over me a strange and indescribable feeling. I distinctly felt a palpable force seize me by the shoulder and turn me in the direction of the Wall street ferry. I argued with myself that I was treating Capt. Tyler in a most infamous manner, but I could no more have resisted the force that impelled me forward than can the drowning man resist sinking. I felt this firm grasp on my arm as distinctly as if I were walking with a policeman. I was in a sort of daze. I was not responsible for my actions. I walked into the Pennsylvania depot, put down my money and bought a ticket and sleeper for St. Louis. The train was well under way before I came out of the strange and unnatural feeling, but I recalled that I felt no regret for having disappointed Capt. Tyler. In the meantime the Captain was indignant at my failure to meet him. He had bought two berths in the City of Buffalo, but so mad was he that he would not stay on the car, and going into the Palatin, which was the next car, he found an acquaintance, and took a berth there. The Capt. Tyler started for St. Louis, went down at Ashtabula bridge, in Ohio. Every person in the city of Buffalo was killed or fatally injured; none survived. Capt. Tyler was desperately injured with other passengers in the Palatin, but recovered. When I next saw him he was in bed, slowly mending. He looked at me, and feebly said: 'Amadee, you saved my life. I will not attempt to describe my feelings when I first heard of the fate of the train, from taking

passage on which I was so wonderfully prevented."

More specific in appearance was the spirit that came to her son to give him warning. The letter is from A. W. P. and was published in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"Dear ———: I went to Johnstown when I left your house, and expected to stay a week or so, but I was not happy there. Something came to my bed and told me the first night in my hotel to go to Wheeling; that it would save me trouble. You can call it what you like, spirits or ghosts, but I know it was my mother who came to me. I am safe now, but had I stayed in Johnstown I would be a dead Dutchman. I had all my goods there, and had my board engaged for a week at the Merchants' Hotel, but my mother came to my bed and told me to go. How do you account for it? Is it 'Spiritualism, or what?' I know you will all laugh, but I cannot help that, and hereafter I will always follow my spirit's advice."

Of the hundred or more that perished in the Ashtabula catastrophe, and the thousands washed away by the Johnstown flood, it is asked why were so few warned? Had not all spirit friends interested in their welfare, and why were not all explicitly forbidden to stay? How many times we receive premonitions and cast them aside as vagaries of the mind! How many of those thousands of victims received impressions to fly to a place of safety, can never be known."

Mr. W. H. Williams in a communication to the Medium and Daybreak (Eng.), shows how even the plainest warning is too often neglected. He had attended a circle, and while on his way home, in a highly sensitive condition, he received the impression of great danger to two of his work-mates. Although late in the evening he hastened to their dwellings and aroused them from sleep, to tell them of the impending danger. But they scoffed at the very idea; they were in health and strength as far as they knew, and said, what had they to fear? But Wednesday morning brought with it a fearful accident, and the same two men that he had warned two days before were the unfortunate persons that got killed. The accident occurred near Woodhouse Mill, on the Midland Railway.

Again, how many times the warning comes, and being unconsciously heeded, and nothing unusual occurring it is said it was only a nervous foreboding, which we ought to have overcome! Yet we must not overlook the fact that few are sensitive and however anxious their spirit friends may be to influence them they would find it impossible. In the contentions of the world, the still small voice is unheard, or if heard unheeded.

Yet it is with pleasure we may know that this sensitiveness may be cultivated, and the more its voice is heeded, the more readily it may be distinguished, and the more constant will be its premonitions.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

EXPLANATORY.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—My attention has been called to a recent editorial in your columns in which you make complimentary reference to my late expulsion from an orthodox ministerial association, when you inadvertently state that "Mr. Frank is a Spiritualist."

Permit me to correct this, Mr. Editor. I am not a Spiritualist, as technically understood. Indeed, I scarcely profess to be an "ist" of any kind. If being a Spiritualist means interpreting life and all its problems from the highest spiritual rational philosophy, as well as encouraging a willingness to investigate from a firm and rigid scientific point of view, the claims that are made by some to prove the immortality of the soul by ocular, auricular and psychic demonstrations, then possibly I shall be compelled to plead guilty to the charge.

But if being a Spiritualist means a positive profession of faith in psychic or occult phenomena and their interpretation on the basis of supposed personal communication from the Spirit-world, then I must refuse to be so classed. My attitude is simply that of a neutral. I neither affirm nor deny. Willing am I to investigate, not miscellaneous, however, but with careful sifting and judgment; yet unwilling, am I as yet to say that I am convinced or I know.

Yet I honor Spiritualism as a movement, for the great good its agitation and progress have brought to the world in the way of disintegrating and scattering the encrusted creeds and superstitions of by-gone days. If it can succeed in giving the world something positive, reassuring and convincing, of course, all honorable students and reformers will rejoice in its triumph.

Yours ever faithfully in the service of truth,

HENRY FRANK.

Jamestown, N. Y.

A Letter From Mrs. Leah Fox-Underhill.

We take the following from a letter written to that veteran Spiritualist, Henry J. Newton, by that noble woman, Mrs. Leah Fox-Underhill, while stopping at Arcadia, N. Y.:

MR. NEWTON, My dear friend:—There were many reasons why I came here with Mrs. Brigham. This is the birthplace of modern Spiritualism, and yet no one of all the inhabitants have dared to mention the word above a whisper. The owner of the little house in Hydesville (Mr. Artemas Hyde) placed a sign over the door with this inscription: "Here Spiritualism originated in 1848."

Mrs. Brigham was the only one of all inspirational speakers that could have stood before such an audience and held their attention as she did. They admired and venerated her, and though her voice was low and sweet, it fell upon their ears clearly and distinctly. They felt her influence. She stood before them pure and unspotted. She was the right speaker. She laid the cornerstone for The New Church Triumphant. People came from far and near to hear her. The Opera House was filled both nights. I was advised to charge twenty-five cents admission for the second night, but I could not find it in my heart to do so. Mr. Lant announced to the audience that it would be free to all the second night, as the first had been. Many came from Palmyra and Lyons, and met me at the door and on the platform, to thank me for "such an opportunity."

My family live here in this sectarian neighborhood; never met a sympathizer in all their varied changes of life, for more than forty years. Can you not see the necessity of breaking through such icy prejudice, such cold indifference?

LEAH FOX-UNDERHILL.

THE SPHERES OF LIGHT.

A Narrative of the Summer-Land.

This is a beautifully-told story, by Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, O., in which the state and condition of spiritual beings are described, and the philosophy and science of spirit existence unfolded in simple but profoundly interesting manner.

We have secured this wonderful story, which in style and thought presents spiritual inspiration at its highest tide, for the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It will run through ten or twelve numbers, large editions of which will be issued, in anticipation of the great demand that is sure to be awakened.

We shall begin the publication of this startling narration of spirit life about the first of September. Spiritualists everywhere should read it. Our paper is within the reach of all, furnished as it is, 16 weeks on trial for 25 cents. Tell your neighbor of the rich treat in store for them, if they will only subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

GOLDEN WORDS.

Ethical Training at the Fireside.

WORDS THAT SHOULD BE DEEPLY IMPRESSED ON EVERY SPIRITUALIST.

It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the amount of misery, disease, and crime which emphasize the shortcomings of our present civilization, that is directly traceable to the careless but unintentional neglect of parents, comparatively few of whom properly comprehend the infinite possibilities for good or evil, which tremble in the balance of those lives, that through them have come to bless or curse the world, and which are day by day unfolding into fragrant flowers of moral, intellectual and physical beauty, or stunted growths, dwarfed largely by their immediate surroundings, and in many instances transformed into objects at once revolting, poisonous and repulsive.

It is not enough, as many parents imagine, to feed and clothe their offspring, and when they arrive at a proper age to place them in school. There is a duty quite as vital as ministering to their physical sustenance that devolves on the parent, though unrecognized by many,—the duty of developing the moral nature. The indifference of parents in this respect is as inexplicable as it is disastrous to the individual and to society. A child whose ethical training begins at the cradle, and is systematically impressed during early years by parents, who themselves in life emphasize the truths they enunciate, will rarely dishonor their name or prove other than a blessing to society. So serious is this problem, so intimate is its relation to the progress of humanity, so far-reaching and vital its influence, that no thoughtful student of human life can afford to ignore what our widening vision has demonstrated is not impractical or visionary. Much as the ancient Stoics impressed the loftiest ethics on the minds of the young who sought them, would I have the cardinal virtues impressed on the plastic mind of every child, varying the methods to suit the age, condition and mentality of the child, beginning with object lessons, pictures and stories which illustrate important moral truths and lessons in virtue. All children love stories and pictures, and these, in the hands of parents who appreciate the solemn responsibilities of parenthood, can be made wonderfully effective.

As the child grows older, teach him to value above price truth, honor, and integrity. Repress all selfish tendencies. Make him dwell in the radiant and harmonious atmosphere of love. Above all, teach him tolerance. Show him that all laws or religions that would persecute another for honest thought, emanate from other than a Divine source, are not beneficial, nor do they point upward. History is rich in striking illustrations, which, told as stories or in after years read to the children, will emphasize each important lesson to be taught. In this manner the moral perceptions will be quickened, and a broad ethical foundation will be laid that will go far toward insuring a noble life. A leading Roman prelate once said: "Give me the first ten years of a child's life and you may have him afterward."

This thought is worthy the consideration of parents. Nor is it enough to impress virtue; vice must be painted in its true hideousness, pictured without the mask. Show the child the sting that is hidden from view; the end which is filled with bitterness. The wise parent will instruct his child fully, and make him thoroughly acquainted with the dangers that will beset him. He will clothe him with the armor of knowledge, while warning him of the fatal results of yielding even to evil thoughts. He will impress the great truth on his mind, which Christ insisted on, namely, that in the thought not the deed lay the first sin.

He will show him that he who harbors evil thoughts is fostering in his soul poisonous weeds and choking to death the flowers of spiritual growth. In this manner parents should teach their children almost from the cradle. Soul culture must be the keynote of the education of the future, both in home life and in schools, even as intellectual training has been the great end of the imperfect system which has so far fallen short of accomplishing the ideal of a true civilization. Not that intellectual, industrial, or physical training should be ignored; each has its proper place; but the pressing demand of civilization to-day calls for a radical change in our system,—a change which shall recognize the moral elements in man's being as paramount, in order to secure for mankind a reasonable measure of the blessings, which alone can spring from a society in which self is subordinate to unselfish impulses, in which the brotherhood of man is more than a vague dream, and where liberty, justice and fraternity shall be the watch-

word of humanity.—B. O. Flower, in August Arena.

The Dark Ages.

For centuries, says the *Agnostic Journal*, there were no colleges for science and philosophy between Mohammedan Seville and Mohammedan Bagdad. "From the third to the thirteenth century," writes Draper, "Christianity gave to the world no scientific man;" and "for eight centuries," writes Buckle, "there were not in all Christian Europe four men who dared to express an independent opinion." There were only abbey-fuls of designing monks, and some thousands of swash-buckler nobles and devout serfs wallowing in ignorance and filth and bloodshed. Instruments of torture and the diabolical machine of the Inquisition were their great inventions and discoveries; and their efforts were directed with too much success towards converting the cities and fields of earth into a fire-blackened and blood-soaked wilderness.—Saladin, in "God and his Book."

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Mrs. Dr. Alma, finding the rooms at 275 State, inadequate for her business, has taken parlors at 2921 Cottage Grove Avenue.

J. C. Chesney, of Northumberland, Pa., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of A. M. Griffin. He is superbly grand as a reasoner, and has very few equals, and none superior, in my opinion."

Mrs. L. Cloyes, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I am very much interested in Mr. Olney H. Richmond's articles."

Geo. Barney, President of the Sandusky Savings Bank Co., writes: "I like your paper so far better than I do the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. I am not a Spiritualist, but like your philosophy."

That eminent lady, Matilda Joselyn Gage, writes: "It may please you to know that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the first paper read on the day of its arrival." Mrs. Gage is president of the Woman's National Liberal Union, and it really delights us to know that she appreciates our work.

Sylvester Butler, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "J. M. Peebles's reasons for being well preserved are good ones, which I have tested. The article on tobacco by A. S. Hudson is good. More of such progressive talk is needed in this so-called 'enlightened age.' Blessing attend you for doing a good work."

Mrs. Carrie Firth, whom Lyman C. Howe speaks highly of as a medium, has been doing effective work at the Mantua Station (Ohio) meeting.

Hon. A. B. Richmond is creating great enthusiasm at the various camp-meetings by his able lectures. He is now at Cassadaga.

Lyman C. Howe has an engagement to lecture at the Clinton camp meeting. He will be there from Aug. 10 to 17.

A meeting of the Union Spiritualists Fraternity was held at Britten hall, Haverhill, Mass. July 21, to fill a vacancy in the presidential office, by the choice of Mr. W. Sprague.

Luther Paine, M. D., of Edinburg, Ind., writes: "Bro. E. F. Hosford handed me a number, which I read, and like it so well that I concluded to take it. I have taken the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for many years, but I like your paper much better. I hope you will get many subscribers, and make your paper a success, financially and otherwise. It is the best paper I know of at present, and so cheap it is within the reach of all."

E. D. Blakeman, of Three Rivers, Mich., writes: "I will relate a rather peculiar experience in what may be termed spirit telephone communication by personal voice, forty miles distant. About two o'clock in the morning while in bed, wide awake, I distinctly heard my given name called aloud 'Elisha.' I recognized it as the voice of my aged sister, then under extreme suffering at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Frank Rice, ten miles North of Jackson, Mich. Although I had been apprised of her sickness, I was not thinking about it, nor yet of my sister at the time. This was about the 12th ult. I awoke my wife, and told her that my name had been distinctly called by my sick but distant sister, Reconcile, and I knew the sound or tone of her voice. Upon receiving this information my wife said, I must take the morning train and visit her. I went, and found my dear aged sister (82) still alive, but in agony of pain, supposed to be caused by an internal cancer. She seemed to realize that her earthly pilgrimage was about ended. Her daughter, Mrs. Rice, was sitting up on the night I heard my name called and told me that she actually did so, at about the hour I heard it."

B. M., of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Dayton is progressing wonderfully in the cause of Spiritualism, notwithstanding the great opposition from churches. The mediums are busy all the time. At present it seems like a religious revival and we gain converts every day. We have a number of mediums who are sitting for development, and in time we expect to be supplied with plenty of workers. Mrs. Seery, trumpet medium, of Cincinnati, has been here for some time, and is kept busy."

Hugh Moore, of this city, is both a fine trumpet medium and materializer. He is only twenty years of age, but is a remarkable medium, and bids fair to be one of the best in the country. His circles are largely patronized, and he is sought after from all points.

Miss Corn Denny, Dayton's inspirational musical medium, is entirely developed in piano playing and as a vocalist, and is a wonderful performer and singer. She plays, sings and composes inspirationally."

L. A. Fisher, of Morris, Ill., writes: "Your previous issue, containing an account of a most wonderful phenomenon occurring at the present time in the State of Sonora, Mexico, and reported by E. F. Schellhouse, M. D., of the Pacific Colony, La Logia. What gives this narrative its peculiar zest to me is the fact that Dr. S. is an acquaintance and particular friend of mine, and known to be a candid and able

investigator. What is related can be relied on, as he saw and heard it stated. I regret the fact of the healer's transference to a distance from her body, among strangers, and in a strange place, personally operating on the diseased, and effecting a cure as it present, and otherwise making her identity known, as surpassing any similar event recorded in sacred writ."

Mr. G. L. S. Jenifer, president of the People's Spiritualist Society of this city, writes: "Mrs. C. H. Horine, a member of the People's Spiritual Society of this city, fell and broke her thigh bone last Saturday, at Keokuk, Iowa, where she had gone to attend the funeral of her grandchild. She is suffering very much, and will be a long time in recovering from the accident, and would be much benefited by cheering letters from friends, addressed to her at that place, P. O. box 135."

Dr. P. K. Kayner has been entertaining the audience at 93 South Peoria St. the past two Sundays. The doctor has been prominent as a lecturer in days past, and we are glad to again see him to the front.

Mrs. Marion K. La Ransleur, of Independence, Or., writes: "I recently returned from a trip to San Jose and San Francisco. In the former city I met with a few good Spiritualists, some of whom hold circles in their houses, but as yet Spiritualism seems in its infancy there, having only occasionally a public seance or lecture. The Lyceum is both instructive and amusing to the young people, and the adults enjoy rehearsing their experiences, or discussing some intricate subject in a smaller room. In San Francisco I was the honored guest of Captain and Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell, old time friends. This lady has the gift of clairvoyance in a wonderful degree, describes spirits very accurately. She gives names in full, and relates occurrences of by-gone years, which had passed from memory through the flight of time, or were unknown to the sifter; but recognized by others when related to them. Mrs. Bushnell is as fluent a talker as writer; and those domiciled with her 'enjoy a feast of reason and a flow of soul' never to be forgotten. I had the pleasure of meeting many refined Spiritualists while visiting her; among them J. J. Owens and his brilliant wife, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Seymour Clarke, Mrs. R. G. Robinson, Mrs. Parry, of Oakland, and Miss Pollard, who is a fine trance medium. I heard THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER enlarged everywhere, and all feel sure of its success, as it is noble in sentiment and offers what is truthful and spiritual to earnest seekers, which is truly praiseworthy. That your paper may meet with the encouragement it richly deserves is my sincere wish."

The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan will hold a ten day camp meeting on the public park, South Haven Mich., August 8 to 18, '90. Speakers engaged: Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Moses Hall and Mattie E. Hall, of Chicago, Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven. Others are expected: Prof. A. J. Davis, of Hartford, the Harris twin sisters, and others. Among the mediums who have signified their intention to be present are Mrs. Levi Wood, of South Haven, Dr. Virginia Rowe, of Jackson, Mich., Mrs. W. Cook, both test mediums, and Mrs. E. J. Cutler, psychometrist and test medium. Also the well known medium, L. Pet Anderson Bove, of Chicago, Mrs. A. N. Wisner, of Benton Harbor, personal test medium.

Bishop A. Beals, who has been earnestly working for the Cause in the West, may be addressed at North Clarendon, Pa., during the month of August. He can be engaged now for the fall months.

J. Lindsey, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Grand Rapids has an active spiritual element, several good mediums, representing different phases of mediumship, and we hope through the influence of your paper and others, combined with home talent, to be able to build up a solid structure dedicated to truth. Camp-meetings are near at hand, and many of our mediums will be off to the camp, doing their work as the spirits direct. My wife intends going to Haslett Park. She has been endowed by the Spirit-world with several gifts, one of which I will mention; it may be responded to by some one that will give the world some valuable information. She holds in her hand a black tablet, made of a soft texture of cloth; her eyes are closed, and she appears writing on the tablet that she reads as from a book, giving information according to the desire of sitters' spirits. They give their names in full, and identify themselves in various ways."

S. P. Leach, of Ionia, Mich., writes: "People come from miles around to get communications from their loved ones through Mrs. John Dunham, of this place. At Mr. Charles Barnes' seance, held at the Dunham residence three weeks ago, there was trumpet speaking, and also music on a small instrument, played by spirit power."

Mrs. Brigham's Lecture.

This noble lady's lecture, delivered under the auspices of Mrs. Leah Fox-Underhill, will be read with deep interest. Spiritualists, if you don't realize that we are bringing you in contact with the leading minds of the country, and that for only a little over one cent per week, then you lack ordinary comprehension. As Mr. Strong, an eminent artist of this city, remarked to us: "You are throwing a flood of light upon us that is furnished by no other paper." We should have 100,000 subscribers.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN.

It will be inaugurated by commencing the publication of an impressive narrative, rich in spiritual truths, and calculated to interest and instruct. It is the production of the inspiration of Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, and we are sure it will be instrumental in doing great good. Spiritualists, aid us in the grand work in which we are engaged; it is with us a labor of love, our only object being to elevate humanity. Tell your immediate friends what we propose to do; show them THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and ask them to subscribe for at least 16 weeks, and thus aid the good work.

(Continued from first page.)

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

any trouble. It always comes to harm me." Then she says, "One thing it has done for me. Whereas I have had doubts before, it has convinced me that a something that we can not see is capable of being pleased or displeased by what we say, that it understands our conversation."

Now, if you doubt of the existence of a disembodied spirit, if anything could prove to those doubting minds that a spirit could live, that there could be intelligence, that there could be consciousness after death, don't you think that was a point worthy of attainment? Do you think there is no use, no good, no value in that?

There is the early history of the Friends, or the Quakers, as they are called. It is a history of Spiritualism. The early history of the Shakers, as they are called, is also a history of Spiritualism to a certain extent. Inspired and influenced as modern mediums are, they went forth upon their own special mission, doing and teaching what seemed to them to be right.

But we come down to a time that is near to our hearts to-night. It seems that the world was waiting for something. Miller had been disturbing the people with his alarms and most careful mathematical calculations and his peculiar historical combinations. Miller assured them that something was coming. He believed it was the end of the world. People watched and waited and made their preparations. The sun rose and set, the moon gave out its silvery disk just as of old, and the world stood, and Miller was mistaken. People said in derision, "He has made the greatest, the widest possible mistake." But we think he saw something coming and he divined it in his own particular way and he was not altogether mistaken, for events were ripening, they were shaping, for as one might say, a new dispensation. Just about that time in the Christian churches all over the land there was a stir of excited feeling. There was earnest conversation and talk and heartfelt prayers, for they said, "What shall we do? The drift of the times is towards materialism. What can we do to fill our churches? What can we do to attract the people and make them realize the glory and the truth of Christianity? They doubt immortal life. They do not believe that there is another world."

They prayed long and earnestly for some ground of argument with which to answer the atheist, the materialist, the infidel. And it was coming, coming just as the morn is coming when the weary watcher looks eastward and says, "I would that it were day." The day is coming to him even while he is waiting and watching for it. You know the story do you not, or at least you know a part of it? You may have stood by this great sea of human effort and angel effort and gathered some of its sounding shells like children. You may think you know all the depths of the sea, all its sounds and all the story of the deep. What do you know of this movement that is called modern Spiritualism? You are told that it was supposed that a certain house near to you was haunted, that sounds had been heard there; and after a time it was discovered that questions could be asked and answered; and then from this nucleus, as one might say, or from this minute center went out streams that influenced or reached over lands until, as we have said, you cannot measure the immensity, the vastness of this most wonderful ocean of modern Spiritualism.

But you may say, "Did it have such a little beginning? Friends, there was a time when Jesus of Nazareth lay in a manger and slept. There was a time when the grandest event that ever ripened on this earth lay in seed or bud, and the grandest day that ever brought glory to the world has had its fresh gray of morning twilight. And we are talking of this morn of our modern Spiritualism now. You know where the little house stands. You perhaps know that one family after another has occupied it and had been disturbed by strange sounds of footfalls, sounds of muffled robes or of louder tones. And as they could not account for them and the disturbance continued, one after another of these families moved out, and they told the same story.

At last, as you know, while a house was being prepared for a certain family of your acquaintance, just for a little time they occupied this little house where these disturbances had been, and it seems that immediately after this occupancy when the night came these sounds came; raps, footfalls and various other sounds. Now, friends, they didn't jump to a conclusion and say at once, "It is spirits." They didn't say at once, "These are the inhabitants of another world." They tried in every possible way to account for it, taking every possible early hypothesis, and working it through and finding that it would not apply, that it was not sufficient. And the sounds increased until, you know the story, at last one who is near to us to-night asked the first question or put a question that could be answered intelligently by these spirits, and the alphabet was called and the name was spelled out. Think of a communication given in this way. Something invisible responding to questions. Now, what does it mean?" One might say, "Well, it is some occult force. It is electricity." But there is no force in this world that is intelligent and reasoning that does not belong to a man or a spirit. Electricity never understood a question. Electricity never answered a question no more than heat does, or cold or any mode of motion. There must be something back of the force to comprehend the question and answer it. How do you think these manifestations were received? With joy? With eager, vivid curiosity? No, but with grief. They were looked upon as the greatest affliction that could come to them. The fame of these friends spread abroad. They were misrepresented, vilified and in every way persecuted. When we look back to those olden days; when the multitudes came from far and near, eager curiosity hunters with no respect for manhood or womanhood, but simply with a desire to gratify their curiosity, taking down fences, tramping over the cultivated ground, through the grain fields, having not the slightest regard where they went; those were the days when these firm defenders of our faith stood earnestly and bravely, and yet scarcely knew the rock on which they stood. They were days of darkness and days of anguish. To sister present here, who was at that time in a city

not far from you the news came. It was brought to her suddenly and accidentally, and she said, reading the account, "That is my brother. If he says so it is true." And trusting in what he said, she came hastily, with all love and sympathy, to see what all this meant. She found her friends in grief, not understanding these manifestations that were occurring in their presence, that were persecuting and following them night and day. As the sounds seemed most to follow little children, this sister said, "I will separate them. Perhaps then it will die out." This was believed to be the best way, and so she started with her own and one of these sisters; and when on the boat on her journey what was her surprise to find the sounds still following them there! When she reached her own home they were increasing in violence, until it was found that those things insisted on a hearing. They would not be silenced, they would not be put off. Again and again the message would come as they began to explain their purposes. "You have a work to do. Be brave, go forward and do that work." Ah, friends, they did not seek for notoriety, but they shrank from it. They did not long for all the clamorous voices of approval or of condemnation. They only asked that their old-time way might be left in quiet and undisturbed. But this could not be. So time passed on, and the news of this spread abroad, far and wide from distant villages and far-off cities people came to investigate it. Do you want to know who were interested? You will find there the names of law-makers, of statesmen, of physicians, of doctors of divinity, among those who came to investigate and who received and believed this truth. Then it was found that membership began to be developed in other families, it began to spread in distant places, it began to vary its phases of manifestations. Now it is in all lands. In every town you will find these truths or these teachings are proclaimed, that there is a communication between the two worlds, that death is not the end of life, but that it is the opening of a door through which our friends pass to reach a grander and a brighter state of existence. But you say, what is the object of it, why did you commence these remarks with that saying, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Do you not know, friends, that if Spiritualism is true it gives to the world the only unanswered and unanswerable argument in favor of life after death? Everything else that is given is from hearsay, it is from hypothesis, it is from some matter of faith or belief. But if Spiritualism is true, that alone of all things can prove to the questioner that there is consciousness, that there is life, that there is a world that we shall see when our bodies are in the dust. Isn't that something? To know that we shall live to be able to answer the old unanswered question, if a man die shall he live again? Spiritualism has a peculiar way of answering that. It simply says, "No, man shall not live again; he lives once, and that once is forever."

Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Church, said, in the city of Brooklyn, not very long ago, at the funeral of a Mrs. Dr. Crowell, that Spiritualism was the original property of the Christian Church, but the Church grew away from it. It grew into external things, it grew into a certain pride and power and forgot this; and now it comes to its own and its own receives it not. Ah, friends, that is the truth. He who had investigated it spoke from his knowledge. It was not from a mere shadowy supposition that had sprung up in his mind. If, then, we know to a certainty that there is another life, what is the value of that knowledge? You know our dear poet, Whittier, says:

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day,
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

Now this is what Spiritualism teaches. When the suffering mourner comes to investigate Spiritualism, the question may be asked, "Will I ever in the other world know and recognize my lost child, my dead child?" Spiritualism answers, "Your child is living, and not dead, not lost; only lost to your earthly vision, just waiting for you a little time." Oh, how beautiful it is to feel that we can say, "Those who were dead are alive again; those who were lost are found." There are those who say that the tendency of the teachings of Spiritualism is immoral. Now how can that be friends? In the first place to know that there is another life, and then to take these teachings that come to you that consequences of your earthly deeds reach over into that other life. We repeat and we emphasize this olden saying, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The Bible teaches us that the spirits of the prophets and we, following in that same line of thought learn this, that light attracts light; and following that out to its extreme conclusion, we learn this, that to those whose minds reach after truth will come the truth to those whose minds reach after knowledge will come wisdom; to those whose ends are selfish will come the shadows of selfishness. Seek for good and the good will answer you, and from the world you do not see will come those whose influence to strengthen and to bless will be about you continually.

In closing there are those who would say, "Do you not know, have you not heard, and would you keep this thought from your listeners to-night, that there are deceivers, that there are frauds, that there is falsehood intermingled with these teachings of Modern Spiritualism?"

We know these things as you know them. Was there ever a summer that did not bring to us unsightly insects, bringing to our summer nights those that sing and sting? Was there ever a summer that brought us only blossoms and no weeds? Was there ever an orchard that only had mellow, rich, ripe fruit; and none decayed at heart, worm-eaten, and unworthy to be gathered? These things came. When Jesus was among men he chose twelve followers, and of the twelve was Judas Iscariot; and it is said that this man sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. We have always been glad to remember that Judas repented, that he went back and threw down the thirty pieces of silver, and would have none of them. Ah, friends, where is the Christian Church that has not

its Judases multiplied? Where is the society that does not have those gathered under its banner who would sell their Lord for less than thirty pieces of silver, and who, we are sorry to say, do not always repent? It is said in the Bible that it must be that offence cometh, but woe unto that man through whom offence cometh. It is because of the delusions and deceptions and falsehoods that we are necessitated to think; to examine. Why, friends, suppose in this world we were taught to be credulous and accept everything. A man might as well say to us, "God made oysters; you ought to accept all his gifts. Therefore, you ought to try to cultivate a taste for oyster shells as well as oysters." We ask for truth, and we would separate it from these errors and mistakes and delusions, and only accept the good and truthful, and be nourished and strengthened by it.

But wait a moment. In the New Testament we read these words, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God." Now that was said long ago. There are people so much opposed to this teaching that if they were to rewrite the New Testament they would not put in those words just as they are there. They would say, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, and above all things don't try to. Don't have anything to do with them, for every one of them comes straight from the devil." But, friends, that is not scripture. We keep the original text and say to you that we are not to seek and we shall find, ask and we shall receive, to knock and it shall be opened to us, to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, to try the spirits and see whether they are of God, not to be ignorant concerning spiritual gifts, but to remember, seeking for truth and light and understanding, this: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Over the shadows of the darkest night the day is coming. Over graves that have been as fixed as the stationary slabs along roads to guard the way of travel, are blossoming flowers of hope and knowledge. Dim eyes that could not see through the gathering mists of death are lighted by sunbeams from on high, and tears are becoming radiant prisms in which gleam and shine a thousand rainbows of deathless hope.

These truths we leave with you. We are thankful that although the green fields in the olden days in the early history of the Fox family and of Modern Spiritualism were trodden into the mire, that footfalls rested where the green blades had risen, there are golden fields for you yet, friends, a time when slowly out of the shadows of ignorance there is coming the light of recognition and appreciation. It is not every one who has been a martyr in his or her day who finds the glory of a late recognition and appreciation on earth. But here we are in a progressive age. The night has come so darkly over your home and your family is like a summer night, melting into the day where the birds are singing, and smiling faces shine about you with their love, and say welcome to-night. And so again we remember these words that are adapted to us, all, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Now, friends, you will please give your subjects for the poems. These poems will be simply improvised. While we are waiting a moment for the subjects, it may be well to tell you something of this peculiar power of improvising. It is a power that some possess and is always under the influence of inspiration that people have exercised that peculiar gift. If you think it is an easy thing to improvise a poem or to produce rhymes on subjects, ask some of your friends, if you are poetically inclined, to give you a subject and try it for yourself, and see what measure of success awaits you. In a case like this when a subject is given it is preferred from strangers, and anything that seems to you suitable for the time and place we should be glad to receive, and when it is received, written or verbally, inspiration comes to the medium just one line at a time. The first line as it is spoken is alone by itself, that is, the person repeating it does not know what the next line is to be; but at the last word of that first line the second line is given, and in that way the poem is improvised, the speaker having no knowledge at the beginning of that poem what is to be its meter or what illustrations are to be used or how in any way it is to be expressed. Now you have the opportunity of testing this, and if you do not wish to do it to-night, will you please prepare your subjects in writing and bring them to-morrow night, and we shall be very glad to have them. If nothing is given further than this one which is presented we will proceed with it. We shall hope you will do better to-morrow night:

THE OLD HOUSE AT HYDEVILLE.

From a little brown place in the garden low,
There comes in the air of spring-time gay,
Climbing up in the sunbeam's glow,
That down on the earth have exercised their sway.
A lily, full of fresh, sweet life,
That puts forth its leaves so fair to view,
Until after the storms of darkness and strife,
When the sky is serene and blue.
There comes a flower, all pure and white,
A lily fair for your eyes to see,
It unfolds and blooms in golden light,
And it brings a message to you and me.
From the little place and house so small,
Where just for a time our friends did stay,
There came the growth of a blossom tall,
A flower of truth that blooms this day.
With splendid leaves and petals bright,
Of truth and sweetness, through storm and strife,
And tell a story of unclouded light,
It tells the story of endless life.

Out from that little house, bright and old,
There came a light of living truth,
To shine as shines the sunbeam of gold,
To brighten the faces of age and youth.
It was not wonder alone that came,
But the blessed knowledge from heaven on high
That man shall rise from his anguish and shame,
That the soul must progress and never say die.
The beautiful truth, that those we call dead,
Are not sleeping cold in the mould of earth,
But that they are preserved to us forever,
In the beautiful land far from the earth.
To the glorious land of peace and light,
Where angels dwell in the realm of love,
Where night is dawning to cloudless light,
In the endless day of their rest above.
Let the house crumble and let it go,
As the years go by, until the spot
May be made by some noncommittal, fair and high,
Of a truth sublime which is never forgot.
The house at Hydeville! It little shows
Of glory or brightness to you or me,
And yet a lily from it it grows,
The truth of life that death sets free.
Immortal life and reunion there,
Where the friends of the dead never come,
Where the fields and gardens are fresh and fair,
And dear friends unite in that home, sweet home.

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

"HULLO."

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do!"
How's the world a-ushy you?
Slap the fellow on his back;
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Grin an' shake, and say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh! shoo;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll;
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true;
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonely ships upon a sea;
Each one sailin' his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
For a port beyond the fog,
Lift yer speakin' trumpet blow;
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you;
When you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far away,
When you travel through the strange
Country 't'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheer'd will know
Who ye be, an' say "Hullo!"

—Yankee Blade.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

ANIMALS.

Are They Immortal?

INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATING THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

Captain Hall, the Arctic explorer, had a beautiful experience of the spiritual side of animal nature. Three of his Greenland dogs chased a deer. They were gone so long they were supposed to be lost when a dog called Barkberik returned and tried to induce the men to follow him. At last it was thought wise to do so, and after a journey of three miles, the other dogs were found guarding a deer they had killed. They had torn out the windpipe and lapped the blood, but preserved the rest for their masters, who were needing food. If a man makes such a sacrifice of self for his fellows the world rings with the tale. Is it kind to reward the dog by denying him the immortality which a similar act would be taken to prove belonged to the man?

I want to specially note the intense love that many animals, such as dogs, cats, elephants and birds often seem to have for their masters—a love that refuses to live when its object is gone. Not long since I saw the account of a Scotch shepherd who was caught in a snowstorm and perished in the drift. For five days his dog returned home, but leaving again as soon as he was fed. As soon as the storm permitted, the track of the dog was followed. There he lay dead by the side of his master. On the breast of the shepherd were five slices of bread, carried there by that faithful friend. Most assuredly that shepherd would be unhappy if separated from his faithful friend in another life.

In a paper called *The Scotsman* we are told how a poor man died and was buried in the city church yard. His dog refused to leave his grave except for needed food for over twelve years, and at last died there. The whole country heard of the case, because the tax collector tried to collect tax of a kind-hearted restaurant-keeper who gave the dog a dinner every day. They claimed that he boarded the dog, and therefore must pay the tax. Think of the love there as he waited for his master to return. Can it be he waited in vain? It would make this article too long, or I could give many more instances, all showing that life below man has its weakness and its strength, as we have. But I want to mark that everything we call noble in man is found in other life too. See true generosity in those Greenland dogs who caught the deer for Captain Hall. Watch affection and sympathy in the dog who brought up the kids; and in the robin that fed the young starling. See that devil fish dying because his mate was gone, for there you have true conjugal affection, never found in our divorce courts. Sticklebats, spiders, and innumerable other animals show parental love. And what can be grander than the love which leads many animals to death when their human friend dies?

Surely Mr. Tuttle will not claim it is the mere human form which compels immortality. But if it be in consequence of emotions we call spiritual that man lives after death, then we have seen the same emotions manifested in animal life below man. Think of that dog living in a church yard twelve long years because his loved master was there. If modern Spiritualism be true, such love must very often have drawn back that master to his dog friend. Most probably the dog was clairvoyant, for only the sight of his master from time to time could have kept that dog's love alive so long. And when at last he was free, too, could such friends be happy apart, say in the orthodox heaven, where horses and wonderful beasts live with saints, but dogs are never admitted?

There is much in the animal, as in the man, that must be left behind before a higher life could become possible. The noble dog has many an animal habit that we have to overlook in earth-life. For the most part cruelty, pleasure in destroying life, belongs to every race. It is born of the necessity that kills to live. There are animals and insects which elaborate poisons, and probably by so much purify our atmosphere; but we know they must leave such necessity behind if they pass to a higher life. Sir John Lubbock had for years a pet wasp which fed from his hand. If that friendship lives on, we may be sure the sting will be left behind.

A common immortality does not mean that some new little world gives a new home to all life that has been evolved here. The sense organs of animals and insects that are outside our limit tell a tale that contradicts that. Space has room for myriads of life, homes amidst vibrations of matter man could never sense. I know that Mr. Tuttle disputes the vibration of matter, but it is accepted by every leading scientist as equally proved with gravitation. Tyndall, Helmholtz, Haeckel and Clifford are its supporters with experiments that seem conclusive to most uninspired minds. Harmony would forbid compulsory association with the brute kingdom, but where, as we have seen, there are possibilities of spirit growth

into higher expression, why should such lives be deprived of human friendship?

No man would be advantaged who lived only with animals. It would be going back for him. But the animal can climb through love for man, and is often happiest in his presence.

Mr. Tuttle objects to my arguments from analogy and comparison. But to support his position he quotes from spirits who through his own organism have taught the non-immortality of life below man. I also have highly-esteemed spirit friends, but they contradict such teachings. So we have no resource but to either each swear by his own spirit friends, or else, to use Mr. Tuttle's own words, "the solution of the question, if possible, must be gained by other means, and the gate is opened wide for speculation."

I have not claimed either for man or any other race an eternal existence as individualized entities. No intelligence can compass an eternal experience or think an eternal thought. But I do claim that nature has drawn no marked line at any step of her evolutionary process, where on one side stands a being who shall live after death, and on the other side stands another being with almost identical powers, but doomed to summary annihilation. If there be such a line and such a favored child of creation, then I need no other argument to accept at once a theological God, a redeeming Savior, a heaven, a hell, and an arbitrary selection of some for misery and others for eternal happiness. Once break nature's continuity of process and any wild dream becomes a possible reality. Science has been, step by step, establishing "the reign of law," and she interprets the past and reveals the future because of this certainty. She calculates the eclipse of a million years bygone, as easily as that of a million years to come, because intelligence will ever be acting upon matter by force in the same way, if conditions are unchanged.

I should be quite willing to have my last article and Mr. Tuttle's editorial reply side by side for the reader. But so few preserve an article for reference that I will repeat my description of the powers exhibited in ant life, which in my judgment present as clear a title to immortality from Mr. Tuttle's standpoint as man.

"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 experiences 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 shirk 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 pre-historian Bellamy, for each lives and works for the good of the whole."

I then asked on what ground Mr. Tuttle would ask immortality to selfish, mean, degraded manhood, and deny it to the unselfish and intelligent ant? Mr. Tuttle has replied by associating ants with bees, which he says he has closely studied, and finds great limitations. I too have studied bees, perhaps as closely as my friend, and find there is almost as marked a line between the bee and certain races of ants as between the bee and man. The bee is apparently without progress in our era, acting even in emergencies as his ancestors would have acted, whereas, the ant is guided by reason, learning by mistakes, as man does. In his own realm the ant is lord of creation. I am here including the white ant in my classification, though I believe scientists accord him a different Latin name. But Best, the naturalist, tells us that in Brazil villages are deserted by man whenever the little fire ant chooses to take possession.

Mr. Tuttle does not seem to accept the continuity of nature's process, even in the realm of physics, for whilst acknowledging matter as extending from the solid earth to the uppermost strata of atmosphere he says we there reach "the light ether, a substance quite distinct." I cannot but feel that in his "scientific moments" he will yet realize this is an unwarrantable assumption. Air is as much matter as the granite rock. It is matter permeated by force. Continue the process, and what we call atmosphere becomes ether, which is only matter yet further from what we call solid. But the ether itself will admit of degrees, till the ether we now discuss would be as solid rock compared with matter, yet more refined. Spiritualism seems to me to demand this conception of the continuity of matter. My body is adapted to its surroundings of to-day. I am taught that when I die I have a new body of matter, more refined; and continued changes of material bodies mark the advancing growth of spirit humanity. This is continuity, and applying the same conception to all life we may surely assume the immortality of animals.

I know there are men, and women, too, who hate animals, and will kick them to one side at every chance. My heaven will not contain any such men or women, for I should call that hell. But it will assuredly contain all my friends, whether they be human or in the humble form of life that lives and loves me to-day. If flowers and glad insects brighten the fields of the summer land—if nature there blooms into a fuller, happier life, then I rest assured that all I have loved and that has loved me in earth-life will go on loving and living in the years of immortality.

San Leandro, Cal. CHARLES DAWBARN.

Watch The Tag.

Watch the little tag on the wrapper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It will tell you with what number of the paper your subscription expires. By renewing before your time expires you will receive the paper without a single break.

THE BIRD SONG.

(BY HUGH M. MOORE.)

The stinking sun had streaked the West
With flecks of gold and crimson bars,
The wandering wind had sunk to rest
And in the cold East rose the stars.
The evening chimed, like gladome psalm,
Pealed loud from out of the old church tower;
And o'er the valley fell the calm
Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Lead through the eve-wrapt, listening vale,
From humble bower of elegance—
A blackbird trilled his mellow tale,
As if he sang through luscious wine.
By cottage, grange, and hall around,
Enraptured listeners lingered long;
All heard the softest fluttering sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to visions dim
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold,
And singing strains of holy hymn;
In the twilight land, that gleamed and shone,
Than shining shores in emerald seas,
Where glows the lustrous evening star
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well
Beside her pithier lingered long,
Her soul thrilled with the strange spell
Contained within that strange song;
For oh! to hear it ever sing
Of love which all her being fills,
And of the lad the twilight brings
From over the divide of hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair,
That bird made glad the closing day;
But dame and sire with silvered hair
Drew sorrow from its round delay.
All filtered through the years of woe
On their hearts fell the melting strain—
Waking the songs of long ago
And made them sigh for youth again.

JOTTINGS FROM CAMP.

Letter From Lyman C. Howe.

D. M. King and N. S. Wendell have inaugurated an important work in the way of a circulating camp-meeting. This is the first session at Mantua, O. It bids fair to prosper. They have purchased a large new tent that will cover perhaps 800 to 1,000 people, and with the assistance of Mrs. Firth, of Cold Water, Mich., and Mrs. Stewart, of Piqua, Ohio, and some local help they have opened the way for growing years. Bro. King is earnest and active and has high ideals for constructive work, as well as business ability. Mrs. Firth is a fine medium and speaker and a loyal worker worthy the cause she represents. Her poems and tests are much admired and sought after. Mrs. Robinson, of Lockport, N. Y., is a rising star of much promise. Her gifts are in great demand and her personelle is impressive and attractive. She and her husband have joined this camp-meeting association and their influence will inspire others to go and do likewise.

Another brilliant attraction here is the Clair Tuttle Dramatic troupe, which is giving nightly entertainments in the tent, edifying, amusing and instructing. They are popular here. On the 29th-Hudson & Emma Tuttle are expected, and this insures success for the last week of the meeting; for no failure is possible where they are the inspiration and intellectual dependence. Bro. Kings phenological and psychometric readings are very interesting and instructive and his psychic tests remarkable. Cassadaga needs to guard her laurels or Ohio may "steal her thunder."

I hear with deep regrets that Bro. O. P. Kellogg is dangerously sick at his home in Wyoming, and his recovery doubtful. He has done great work for the cause in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and other States, and the map of 30 years is illumined with reflections of his genius, and thousands of admirers will feel the great loss when he goes hence. Let us hope he will survive for many more years to help on the work of spiritual emancipation.

The meetings at Mantua are thus far a success. As in all other places, there are differences of opinion and personal prejudices to mar the work and testify to the undeveloped conditions of the race. No man can lead any public movement without incurring the censorious criticisms of narrow judgments and more or less opposition among those we think ought to co-operate gladly. But such trials are helpful; criticism a tonic, if it is not overdone. People who are closely associated with the class who feel inimical to any enterprise, are likely to magnify the importance of their criticisms and give undue weight to small obstacles. But the tide of events carrying with it the high purposes of loyal endeavor, sweeps onward and buries all minor obstacles. Thus the world moves under the impetus of the larger destiny and progress defies all resistance. My religion is cosmopolitan, my philosophy all-embracing and sweet good will towards all, tempers every judgment, and exalts my estimates of all shades of human life and character.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trances.
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. H. S. Sloan, 434 W. Randolph street.
Mrs. Kate Blad, clair writer, 38 S. 3d street.
Mrs. Corvella, 79 Taylor street.
Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 309 Fulton street.
Mrs. L. De Kuevett, 87 S. Morgan street.
Mrs. Hansen, 34 Bishop court.
Mrs. S. De Vol, 108 S. Central Avenue.
Mrs. M. Ohl Williams, 13 North Ashland ave.
Mrs. Gussie Wolf, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Lois Hudson, 704 W. Madison street.
Lillian Bangs, clair writer, 47 Campbell Park.
Prof. G. W. Van Horn, 233 W. Monroe street.
Mrs. F. M. Eddy, 98 S. Green street.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 2430 Cottage Grove avenue.
Mrs. M. D. Gage, 47 N. Ashland avenue.
Mrs. Pirmle, 971 W. Madison street.
Mrs. C. Richmond, 11 Walnut street.

Holders.
Mrs. Dr. N. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.
Dr. R. Greer, 127 LaSalle street.
Mrs. H. Richardson, 1255 W. Lake.

THE RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE.

By HERBERT TIERCE. Not the religion of the gods, founded on servile trust which has secured mankind, but the divinity of man and knowledge of the laws of the world is the foundation of this treatise. In the absence of any great publishing house, such as all the prominent churches maintain for the diffusion of their literature, publication by subscription is the most available method of circulating reform and spiritual literature. I am induced to issue this work by the cordial manner the friends met the announcement of *Psychic Science*; their generous support at once enabling me to place the MS. in the printer's hands. The *Religion of Man* will contain at least 300 pages, and printed and bound in the best malleable binding. The price to subscribers, mailed free, will be \$1.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

This volume is a selection of poems by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE, whose name and verse are familiar to all readers. It will contain the best of her poems, and a selection of eight of her best songs with the accompanying music by eminent composers. These songs have hitherto been obtainable only in sheet form. The volume will also contain a fine engraving of the author. Two hundred pages, music, print, mailed free to subscribers. \$1; 4 copies in fine binding, \$2. These works will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions have been received as guarantee. Those desiring copies will please send their names, price not desired, at once, and when issued they will be notified. Address, HUDSON & TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

IS SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION?

The Blessed Assurance of Immortality.

A Dead Body Seems to Talk.

Continuing my narration of phenomena touching on the spiritual side of man, my mind is carried back to that ever memorable winter of 1862 and 1863,—memorable in Northern Pennsylvania for the death-damp veil that hung over nearly every household and plucked as with ruthless hand, many of its fairest flowers for its ghoully feast with that dread and death-gathering disease, diphtheria. The events of that time recall to mind the sad scenes we passed through, with visions of once sorrowful faces now hid from mortal sight crowding up on memories past, and furnish us with additional evidence that man is immortal—the real and unseen man—and can never die. We had returned from the last sad rites of consigning dust to dust the mortal remains of the last one of three members of the once happy and united household of my father-in-law's family, with hopes that its destroyer had done its work; for the remainder of the family was convalescent, but only to realize that such hopes were doomed to disappointment. A youth of some fourteen years of age had so far recovered as to be about the house and wait on himself, that we thought him out of danger. Sitting in the arm-chair in the room where we all had assembled, and in his perfectly normal condition so far as any of us could discover, he commenced telling us his brother Charles (whose body we had just placed in the cemetery to sleep the slow rolling years of eternity away) was standing by his side and telling him so—telling him he had been far away, but had returned to accompany him to their eternal home—told him to have no fear of death for they were going to a country where all was happiness, and no more sickness, sorrow and death—told him he would not go until the next morning and he would stay in the interim and go with him. It was useless to try to persuade him this might be a mistake. It was a foregone fact with him.

A short time later the family physician came and on examination of his patient's throat, discovered that mortification was doing its work in a painless manner. Night coming on, he requested us all to retire and leave him with the watchers who were his neighbors, saying "he would have us call in the morning." Being much fatigued with long watching and sorrowing, and to do him pleasure, we did as he requested us.

Morning broke, and with it came the summons calling us to his bedside that we might receive his last blessing, preceding his final farewell to earth. With earnest entreaties that we cease our weeping and bear him witness how easy it was to die, and with a shaking of hands all around, a last good-by, closing his eyes, turning his head on his pillow, and without even a struggle, his spirit wended its way to realms of light. It was the most beautiful death-bed scene I ever witnessed.

This blessed assurance of immortality, and the heroic anxiety to enter upon it, lifted a load of sorrow from all our hearts and made our afflictions more bearable. None of the deceased here referred to, were believers in the Christian system of salvation, or knew ought of Spiritualism; yet Spiritualism steps in with its consolation. The comfort it affords all intelligent believers, is why the renowned Dr. Talmage says he "hates it," hates it because it comes like an angel of morning, and that to comfort; hates it because it is an oasis across the desert plains of this life, lifting the night and letting the light of morning in; hates it, because he can not manipulate, doctor and control it—water it, as he has done with that recorded in the world's early twilight history—the Bible.

The winter of 1864 is none the less memorable throughout the same section of country already referred to; for it, too, left its dark tracery behind from the effects of the black fever. Such was the fatality, it made it unsafe, and almost unwise, to count on life for a single hour. My two sisters did not prove invulnerable to its attack. Apparently in the best of health they were stricken down helplessly in a minute's time. With the best of medical skill and good nursing, they were soon on the way to recovery, until the younger one had a relapse which seemingly baffled all skill to save her. Languishing a day or two in great agony, with spasms so severe it took two or three strong persons to hold her on the bed, she apparently died. All the usual symptoms of a natural death were present in her case;—respiration ceased, and her heart-beats were still as in death. After remaining in this condition for nearly an hour, we having made arrangements for the last obsequies, I returned to the bed-side and smoothing her tresses down, judge of our surprise, for she commenced talking in a most singular manner, the phenomenon of talking without the use of the bodily organs, the tongue. There was not the most minute movement of a single muscle, and no apparent change that we could discover. The air seemed to syllable forth the words directly over her body. The voice was her own, but rather imperfectly accented. She seemed perfectly deaf to all interrogations, for she answered none. She commenced talking by telling us she was a great way off, and of meeting those we had thought long dead, and, perchance, eternally lost, if what we had been taught concerning a future state, was true; talked of meeting those of the family who had passed to spirit spheres long before she was born; met and recognized others whom she never knew, and received messages of cheer for their friends still on earth.

I will not state here what took fully one half hour to relate, all of which she became so enraptured with. It threw a dampness over her spirit when told she must return to earth for a few short years, the veil of which was lifted when told she would come to them again. This is the "sweet by and by" she so lustily sings of in no orthodox metre, but she will arrive there all the same. She said there would be four deaths in the neighborhood within one year, which proved true: A brother, two cousins, and an uncle. On recovering she had no recollection of what she had said—not the remotest impression that she had even as much as dreamed. Naturally enough, if we are in possession of a spirit that can act indepen-

dently of the brain—the brain being the "sensitive plate" when in a normal state upon which the spirit makes its impressions known, but in this case dead to all impressions.

This ignores the doctrine that the brain originates our thoughts. Many may treat this as the narration of an idle dream, but not so. Her soul did wing its way through space to the imperishable world of soul where all was gloriously bright and happy. The magnetic envelope that binds soul and body together, not being severed, still made it possible for her spirit to re-enter and reanimate her body. The spirit, which is the real man—the ego—as a perfected organism can never die, only the mold in which he is formed must perish, in order that the soul may go free. This is in accordance with nature's laws psychically considered. She knows no favored saints and is no respecter of persons, but has given to all alike, as free as the air we breathe, that spirit that can soar triumphant at death, when this lifeless body returns to dust, Selah.

Although this circumstance happened some twenty-six years ago, there are several of the many witnesses to this phenomena now living and can testify to its truthfulness.

It is not in line with my purpose here to enter research into psychical phenomena with a view to master the laws of its production, or dilate upon which physical science affords no clue.

Reader, what think you the ten learned Philadelphia professors of the Seybert commission who put Spiritualism in the tomb of "hatred and contempt," would have done with these facts?

The doctrine of heaven for the few and hell for the many, has always militated against an honest investigation, or even a consideration of this class of phenomena, because it is said it sometime happens in the experience of the so-called wicked people; and they say it can not be true that the wicked and unbelieving will share as well in the future as the pious banker with the assessments on his divine certificate already cashed; or as that of the preacher who can induce his followers to contribute their means to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars to construct tabernacles in which to propagate error and "marry this country to Christ," learning no profitable lesson by a trip across the ocean to those once magnificent temples so graphically described by the renowned Talmage and really reverse the order of their proposition by taking murderers, at the end of the halter, and every known class of criminals into heaven, and that through the merits and sufferings of another; while the naturally and morally good man and woman is left to perish without hope. But what says our philosophy? "In the spiritual kingdom, Death the harvest angel, separated the wheat from the tares, and ranges the specialties which mark human character on earth, or the condition of progress in eternity, each in the place and association to which he belongs," and this by virtue of the laws of natural selection. We find this exemplified in the Christian's legend of Lazarus and poor Dives. Each knew his place—in speaking distance—yet, a gulf separated them.

It is not my purpose here to make the application of Spiritualism to man's religious beliefs, but will do it in what the lawyers call "the summing up the case." It is more to my purpose first to present an array of corroborative evidence that man is in possession of faculties (latent in some), that under certain conditions he can see and hear without the bodily organs, and even take cognizance of events before they actually transpire; which goes to show there is some mysterious agency weaving the woof of human life that justified William Shakespeare in saying there is a destiny that shapes our end, rough hew it as we may; and that coming events sometimes do cast their shadows before.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveler, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effluence of morn."
See Love, Truth, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
Bending.

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Some two years ago I was engaged in constructing a house for the occupancy of an elderly lady of some seventy years of age, that her amiable daughter and son-in-law (a Methodist minister) had in charge, sparing no pains to have it nice and comfortable to make the few remaining years they hoped might be allotted her, happy and without care. Often she talked to me of the sorrow that awaited them, for she said their hopes were sure of disappointment, for she had seen the end and would never occupy the house they were preparing for her. She had the assurance of "a better house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Remaining well, with the exception of a cold as we thought it, up to one week or so previous to her death, and while her friends were away attending Quarterly Meeting, she came into the house to get the measurement of the rooms that she might arrange carpets, but added "she would never live to see them put down." I replied it was less than one week, and her friends would return to settle her in the new house and realize their fondest hopes. She again assured me she had seen the end, and would never move from the old one until she took the last move that awaits us all.

Day again succeeded night, and calling on the good old soul (for such I had come to know her, I discovered a change in her physical condition that filled my mind with forebodings. A day later I telegraphed her relatives and they came on to give her all the care possible; but kind nursing and medical skill only tended to ease her path to the tomb. The morning preceding her departure, she had a sinking spell and they thought her dying; but partially recovering, asked if they saw the corpse? Answering her negatively, asked if she saw one? to which she said yes, and "it is my own."

She said she died precisely at half-past eight o'clock, A. M. I think that was the hour. Be that as it may, her friends assured me that precisely at the hour designated, her spirit took its flight.

Discovering in me an earnest listener to all she chose to tell of what she has experienced, and being "glad," as she expressed it, to have some one to tell it to that could appreciate their truthfulness, she naturally became very communicative and told me much she had never told before.

Her son-in-law and daughter lived some eleven miles distant and their ministerial capacity made it almost impossible to apprise her of their coming. They visited her often as possible, for they were strongly attached to her, and I think those feelings were wholly reciprocal on her part; yet they were just as likely to come one day of the week as on any other except Sunday. During my stay there of nearly six months, they never took her by surprise but once, and as sure as she said they were coming, they came. She said while washing dinner dishes one day, one of her sons came down stairs dressed in his best suit, and walking around the table at which she was standing, passed out of doors. Not saying anything to her before passing out, she stepped to the door to ask him where he was going, and not seeing which way he went, asked his brother and sister who were playing near by, whether he had gone; and they pointed to the field where he had been plowing for the past hour. The boys in the neighborhood had divided into two parties and arranged for a hunt on the fourth of July, the losing party to pay for the dinner. Her son had just got his old gun re-stocked and otherwise improved, and the day having arrived for the hunt, said he would take his gun over to his sisters who was sick and show it to her. On arriving there he left his gun outside the door, and going in asked his sister if she would like to see his gun. Receiving an affirmative answer, he stepped to the door and drawing his gun towards him, the hammer caught against the step and discharged the contents into his head inflicting a mortal wound that rendered him unconscious and terminated his earthly career that afternoon. On one of her anniversaries her friends had arranged to make her a surprise party, and each one contributed a choice gift. Everything had been secretly arranged and so carried out. On surrounding the table she went on to tell them they had not surprised her, for she had seen all their gifts, and proceeded to accurately describe them.

It happened so, did I hear some one say? Belle River, Mich. O. W. TENNANT.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

MEDIUMS AND THEIR RELATIONS.

Their Exact Status Analyzed.

Though much has been said and written in reference to the late movements of the Fox Sisters there is a side to the history of their alleged backsliding that has not been set forth by those who have taken part in discussing the subject so far as I have been able to learn. After the Fox Sisters were captured by the enemy they were unjustly called apostates, and some thought their course cast a blot upon the cause of Spiritualism as well as a reflection upon Spiritualists. This regard as a mistake for the reason that it would be impossible for any medium to injure Spiritualism, as the subject of Spiritualism is the positive and the medium the negative factor in the case.

Spiritualism is not based on the medium as an individual. The medium is the negative subject or channel through which the teachings of Spiritualism is unfolded to the world. Spiritualism itself rests upon the dark fabric of the entire Spirit-world and beyond this the great Universe of Nature. All mediums, to a greater or less extent, are irresponsible agents or subjects, as regards their acts, because they are controlled by minds more positive than themselves, hence they are called mediums. Therefore they cannot properly be regarded as apostates and should not be accused unjustly when they are caused to change their course by a power stronger than themselves. Minds with limited experience with mediumship, and those who have investigated only in a superficial way, overlook the fact that all mediums more or less at the present stage of the movement of Spiritualism occupy a position between two great contending forces in both worlds. On one side are arrayed the bright hosts in spirit life, co-operating with the more spiritually progressed minds of earth in the promulgation of truths pertaining to both worlds as well as the fact that our friends and our enemies do return with full identification whenever surrounding conditions enable them to do so. On the other side we have the force which is opposed to this unfolding of truth. The head and front of this opposing force is the Church power made up of and directed by the powerful magnates of the Churches and those who have taught dogmatic and creedal religions from the remote past to the present, combined with their followers and all other forces these leaders can control. This powerful combination in spirit life, stimulates the Church power in earth life and thus together they work to prevent the light and truth which the good and true of spirit life would teach, from reaching the human mind. Why? Because they know their dogmas, creeds, position, power, all will fall from under them when the truth shall prevail, and they will be compelled to take their places with the rest of humanity, not as saints, but for just what they are worth when weighed in the balance. It will then come to pass that the "first shall be last and the last first"—as recorded.

Well what has all this to do with the Fox Sisters or other mediums, is the question now to be considered. These opposing forces can not prevent the final advance of truth, but they can interfere with the channels which are used to unfold the same to a benighted world. They can by a powerful psychological influence cause sensitive to contradict and deny the truth of the manifestations which occurred through them. I understand this to be the reason for the unexpected turn in events relating to the Fox mediums. They were captured by the power before mentioned, the history of which is known to all. Such experiences do not pertain to the Fox Sisters alone. There is a long list of others who have been similarly effected. It is the policy of the enemy to take advantage of the tendencies of mediums, to magnify their faults and shortcomings as individuals and thus attempt to destroy the effects of what comes through them as channels.

In their desperation these opposing forces stop at nothing that will accomplish their end, which they consider justifies the means. On the other hand the good and beneficent

souls in spirit life do all they can to reflect the glorious light from the bright beyond.

The Fox Sisters in the past have been the instruments through which a great pioneer work was accomplished in arousing a slumbering world to a positive realization of a continued life beyond this. The work was surely and fully accomplished, and nothing that they or any other mediums might say or do could turn back the hand that recorded the events which occurred in the history of their mediumship, the results of which are to be seen on every hand to-day, extending to all countries who represent the highest civilization of our globe, to the end that immortality is not only brought to light but a demonstrated fact.

In reading the articles from correspondents on this subject, I see that some appear to be beating about in the dark because they have not understood the cause for what occurred with the Fox Sisters, and are treading the path of uncertainty, while others are paralyzed and bewildered by reason of what appeared on the surface. Now when the true position of mediums and the forces that control them are understood it will readily be seen that they should not be criticized and misjudged for that which they are not accountable for. Spiritualism is not injured and Spiritualists need not hide themselves or deny the faith once implanted in them on account of this occurrence, and thereby give strength and courage to the enemy. I am of the opinion that we need no hallowed traditions upon which to look back, as we see the effect it has had upon those who have accepted traditions for truth, in following out the religious delusions of the past. The records of the hour pertaining to spiritual phenomena and inspiration, are what should command our most earnest attention. We need not look back thirty or forty years for traditions, since the live coils of spiritual truth are falling from its altars around us thick and fast, day by day, more wonderful and potent than any thing that occurred in the primary condition of modern Spiritualism. When mediums are thus captured, should we receive them when the psychological bonds of opposing influences are broken? Most certainly they should be received as we would receive a faithful soldier who was captured while on duty when he returns to his post. They should also be surrounded so far as possible with all those conditions which would enable them to resume the fulfillment of their mission. The bright and glorious hosts in spirit life who are engaged in the struggle to impart light and knowledge to our world, powerful as they are, find themselves compelled to depend on human agencies largely in carrying out their work. The instruments at hand are not what they would choose through which to gain the best results, but the best channels they can command at present. Co-operation with the spirit army of progress is what is most needed at our hands. Let those of us who have received the light rally around the flag of truth anew and press on to the victorious end.

Philadelphia, Pa. B. B. HILL.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

DENVER, COLORADO.

Spiritualism There Growing in Interest.

It is a pleasure to inform you that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is growing rapidly into favor. It is very noticeable that you are securing much of the best spiritualistic talent, the name of Hudson Tuttle, for instance, quite often appearing, and that of his gifted consort, Emma Tuttle, whose poetry comes direct from the world of inspiration. You have many well wishers for your prosperity throughout the Middle West. Spiritualism is growing in Denver in strength and influence. There are three or more well-attended meetings each Sunday, in the city. Among the recent arrivals in Denver is Dr. Wood, a most excellent slate-writing medium from San Francisco, whose home is Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he enjoys a most excellent reputation, both as a citizen and medium. He has been giving public slate-writing tests in several halls of the city on Sundays, which have proved eminently satisfactory. No pencil is ever used between his slates, and communications received are to the point. He favors strict investigation, but guarantees nothing except phenomena, but nevertheless tests are often received through his mediumship, of a surprising character. He also writes with both hands intelligent communications while the sifter engages him in conversation. He gets direct writing on closed slates in different colors, much the same as does Mrs. Evans, of California. The writer heretofore was favored with a sitting last week. The medium scattered a number of slates under the table, and a pair of slates was placed upon the top of the same, and an answer was expected upon them to a question sealed in an envelope. The answer was given, but was found on two of the slates which were beneath the table. Dr. Wood will be heard from in the East later on.

Mrs. Ada Foye, the incomparable, the marvelous platform medium, continues in prosperity, and draws large audiences, notwithstanding the intensity of the heated season. She has done more for the cause of Spiritualism in Denver than any one who has ever been here, for her ministrations are continuous, her tests unique and startling, and she seems almost never to make a mistake. Her descriptions are to the point, and satisfying. The facility with which she gives whole names is of itself phenomenal, and as a public medium, she still, as ever, must take the first rank. Her converts are numerous, for the evidence she gives of the continuity of life is resistless. She is held in high esteem by the citizens of Denver, who regret to learn that she is soon to leave them for the East, to fill engagements she was obliged to forego last winter on account of her health. She will visit some of the Eastern camp-meetings and cities, and in course of time make her appearance in Chicago, prior to departure for her old home on the Pacific coast. As illustrative of her mediumship, two examples are drawn from her work of Sunday evening, July 6:

"A spirit comes giving the name of Amanda. She passes down through the middle aisle and stops at about the center of the hall. She further gives T. as the initial of her surname—who is this for—

Amanda T.?" At this a gentleman arose and said he recognized the individual described as his wife. The medium continued: "She says that she remained with you but a short time—only eighteen days. Is this correct?" "It is." "Have I any means of knowing this of myself?" "I do not think you have." "She says that for some time after she passed away she regretted that she could not have remained with you longer. We do not see that it was best that it should so be, for she can see ways in which she can be more helpful to you now than she could have been in her earthly form. And your mother comes and says she is often with you. She has lately seen you and with memories of the past, and she bids you not to dwell upon the past, but to look to the future, which has still much in store for you." Much more was said of an interesting nature, the name of the mother being also given. He acknowledged the correctness of all that was given, and showed to the writer a watch that belonged to his wife upon which the name of Amanda Thurman was engraved.

"Here comes another spirit, who gives me the name of Sarah J. Worth; does any one recognize her?" A gentleman on the right of the house arose. "She is not, sir, I think, a relative of yours, at least not a near relative, but rather is connected with you by marriage." "Can you give her middle name?" "I will see; it is Joanna." "That is correct." "Is there any way for me to know this?" "Not that I know of; would you be so kind as to spell the name?" The medium replied: "She has passed this way (to the right) but she returns. Will you spell your name?" The medium looks up toward the ceiling and appears to read in the air, "W-e-r-t—this is the spelling of the name, as given me by the spirit. I should have spelled it with an 'o.'" This was said to be correct by the gentleman.

Mrs. Wells, of New York, made a stop of several weeks in this city, on her way to California. She did not expect to stay more than a few days on her arrival, but an attempt was made to frighten her away, which determined her to stand her ground. Circulars by the hundreds were sent here from Chicago and distributed, giving an account of the trial which took place in New York in the winter. But little attention was paid to them, and Mrs. Wells was kept very busy during her stay, the circulars proving a veritable bonanza to her in the way of free advertising. She made many friends, some of whom gave her a strong testimonial on her departure, declaring that she had vindicated in a most acceptable manner her claims as one of the grand mediums of the age. Your correspondent attended one of her circles, and hereby acknowledges having received a test of a most convincing character.

There is a liberality of sentiment here on the part of the general public towards Spiritualism, that is refreshing. Between churches and clear Spiritualism there is no antagonism. In fact the churches are permeated with it, and church members do not find it necessary to timidly glide in at back doors to consult mediums, but do it fearlessly, and without dread of criticism. The corner-stone of Colorado's magnificent capitol was laid with impressive pomp and ceremony by the masonic fraternity on the 4th of July. Five miles of tables were bounteously spread in Lincoln Park, of which 8,000 strangers partook, and there remained of the fragments hundreds of basketsful, which were turned over to the hospitals and asylums. TREBLA.

Denver, July 7.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

The Orion Camp Meeting.

Owing to illness on my part, combined with other conditions which have been hindrances to me, I come at a late day with a brief report of the Orion Camp Meeting held by the First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan, from June 14 to the 23rd; and but for the knowledge of the true success and benefit felt by all throughout its continuance, I would not feel the necessity, I might almost say, of calling attention to it after so much time has intervened as now has.

Nine years ago this organization was born, or rather torn from the Spiritualists and Liberalists combined, and instituted under the name of spiritual alone. The officers then installed have borne the burdens and in harmony, likewise have enjoyed the blessings occurring from the strong-hold in their desires that they may see inscribed on their banner the true sentiment of immortal existence and life eternal, separate from the idea of material existence alone; and with exceptions only, which have been caused by death they are the same. The progress of this society has been slow perhaps, but sure and certain, and this present year enrolled the largest number of members it has ever known. Forty new names were added. The workers and speakers were from various sections of the State, and to enumerate the proceedings in full would take too much space. Memorial services were held for all who had passed to spirit life since the organization began; and Sunday morning especial memorializing and tributes were given by friends for Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, who was one of the founders of this Association, also one of the grand pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism for many long years. Her name and worth were widely known, and to-day, how very many, if this comes to their attention, will reiterate the heart-felt, loving expressions given out in her behalf on that occasion and silent echoes from mind and soul will bless her name, as in the active days of her earth life. A poem was given in her memory bearing upon her life and character, and now we pause upon the threshold of repetition of the many good words spoken, the tender lines formed and the benedictions which flowed from heart to heart only to say that the Orion Camp Meeting at Island Park, Oakland County, Mich., is a firmly fixed fact in the minds of its sustainers and the future will but add good to better, and better to better until we aim to be only the best.

Mrs. F. E. ODELL.

Metamora, Mich.

ASTRAL REMEDIES.

Mrs. DR. ALMA has located at 2921 Cottage Grove Ave., where she is prepared to treat all chronic diseases successfully. She comes to Chicago highly endorsed by some of the leading minds of the East. She is the only recognized Physician, (M. D.), who has the "Astral Remedies" to treat with under the laws of the State, and they are very wonderful in their effects, building up the system, curing the most chronic and the shortest time. Mrs. Alma makes a specialty of Cancer, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Nervous Prostration. Letters will reach her, and consultation can be had (free), at her parlors, 2921 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Arrangements have been made with the Western States and Central Traffic and Passenger Association and assuring a rate of one and one-third fare. The Rostrum will be occupied on the dates mentioned inclusive by the following gifted and popular speakers: Opening address by President J. S. Lowland, Sunday, August 3rd; Mrs. C. A. L. Richmond, August 3rd to 6th; Mrs. A. H. Colby Luther, August 3rd to 10th; Lyman C. Howe, August 10th to 15th; Edgar W. Emerson, the most noted platform test-medium of the day, will give public tests after each lecture from August 17th to 31st; Mrs. R. S. Little, August 20th to 24th; Miss Jennie B. Hagan, August 24th to 31st; J. H. Randall, will assist in platform and program work.

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