

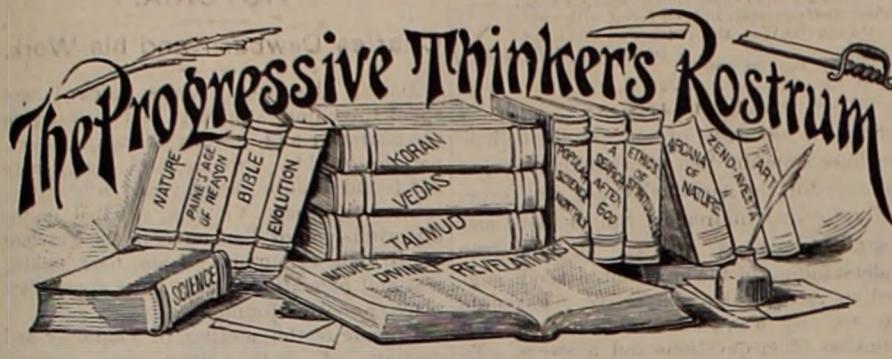
The Progressive Thinker

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

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MAN'S CONQUEST OVER NATURE.

The Views of an Eminent Theosophist.

Life and Death the Two Poles of Visible Nature.

Ceaseless Change; Man's Wonderful Conquests; Man's Debt to Nature; Religion and Theology; Agnosticism and Materialism; The Study of Human Nature; Mechanism of Thought.

Some few there be
By meditation find the Soul in Self
Self-schooled; and some by long philosophy
And holy life reach thither; some by works.
Some, never so attaining, hear of light
From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it
Worshipping; yea! and those to teaching true—
Overpass death!

—Song Celestial.

"Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past,
For the steepest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last."

Life and death are the two poles of visible nature. Decay and rejuvenescence are the wheels of time that keep the panorama of creation in motion. But for these no movement of life would be possible, and the change called death would be inconceivable without motion. Death is not destruction, nor is it in any sense a finality, neither can their be found in any created form a permanent life endowment. The whole visible universe exists only by virtue of ceaseless change. Nowhere can stability and permanence be found. The ivy that fattens upon the past must in its turn yield to the builder's axe and give place to the habitations of a new generation of men. Civilization in its onward march continually encroaches upon the wilderness and makes the waste places blossom for the benefit of man; and again the desert hangs upon the heels of decrepit civilization waiting for its sun to set and for the night of time. The mighty billows yield reluctantly to the advancing prow of man, yet they hang close upon his track and obliterate all traces where his sails have passed. It is thus that man wages eternal combat with the forces of nature. Civilization advances and recedes; unconquered nature recedes and again advances. No sooner does humanity apparently reach the crest of the billows of time, than it is borne down into the trough of its all-devouring embrace. No matter how high the in-coming tide of time may bear the civilization of any age, the outgoing tide is sure to bear it back to oblivion. Civilization is itself as nomadic as any wandering child of the desert. From east to west it wanders on, following the star of empire till at last the star sets in a trackless ocean and a new civilization is cradled in the East of time. Phoenix-like, the new civilization rises from the ashes of the past. Nothing is lost. Humanity is continually being reborn, and as the ashes of lost empires are blown by the wind of fate or fortune from the alembic of time, the true gold of progress is found in the bottom.

The number of the years of man are indeed few, and the fate of empires is predetermined. Westward the Star of Empire, and upward moves the progress of man. It is for man to discover the meaning of life and to wrench from the on-flowing centuries his own destiny.

The conquests of man have indeed been great. Sphinx and pyramid crumbles at last, but the power to conquer and rebuild not only remain but forever increase. Over pathless oceans and through trackless forests man roams at will, and step by step pursues his way in every clime. Beaten back at one point by determined nature, he assails her again and again, and to her relentless force opposes his unconquerable will. At last man discovers the secret of nature's power; he harnesses her subtle forces and arrays them against herself. He studies her methods, conforms to her laws, and while he thus stoops to conquer she smiles a willing servant at his feet. So runs the tide of time. From the lamp of obedience man gains the light of knowledge and the feet that walk by this certain light are led on to power and to conquest.

Man has indeed made most wonderful conquests over physical nature, and coupled with these his intellectual progress has been very great. In thus subduing physical nature and cultivating his intellectual faculties man has made great material progress. The advancing tide of civilization pertains to material things and the luxury of living is the reward of the more advanced individuals of the present human race. But no stream can rise higher than its source, and

the source of all individual life is the life wave of the present human race. Over against the luxury of the favored few stands the misery of the unfortunate many, so that it may fairly be questioned whether the well-being and happiness of humanity as a whole are really advanced with all our boasted progress. The prince and the pauper jostle each other in the crowded street, and the glitter and glare of the palace of the rich is continually challenged by the hunger and discontent of the hovel of the poor; the sound of revelry is mingled with the cry for bread. The favored children of blind fortune thank the Lord that they are not like other men, and the envious children of poverty resent the injustice that makes such unequal distribution of the good things of earth. Matters are not mended by the fact, that in the present age, and especially in all republican countries, the rich and favored are continually being reduced to poverty and dependence, and the poor elevated to wealth and prosperity. The partition wall, though often crossed, is by no means broken down, and none are more anxious to maintain the distinction between rich and poor than those suddenly elevated from poverty to wealth. None suffer more from the stings and imagined disgrace of poverty than those who have once enjoyed the advantages of wealth. The idol of society is the golden calf. Character is thus continually at a discount and a premium is thus placed upon any rascality that succeeds in accumulating wealth and avoiding the penitentiary. It may thus be seen that with all our boasted progress, with all our conquests over physical nature and in intellectual life, society is rotten to the core. If now to this condition of things at large, we add the inmates of our prisons, insane asylums, and all classes sequestered for their own protection or the protection of society and so obtain a correct estimate of the real condition of humanity in this boasted nineteenth century of Christian civilization man's apparent conquest over nature will be dwarfed into insignificance by the real triumph of evil and the undisguised misery of the human race. Not only is man's conquest over nature incomplete, but his apparent conquest is altogether delusive.

Coming now to individual life on whatever plane it may be viewed, and it will be found to be in the end no more satisfactory. The objects of man's ambition proves in the end a delusion and a snare, and fail entirely to satisfy the soul. It is true that the favored few are loth to change places with the unfortunate many, and are thankful that it is no worse with them than it is; but when these take honest counsel with their own souls they are compelled to admit that at best life falls far short of their ideals, and that even their own souls, dragged into lethargy by ignoble pursuits, still long for something more and better. The most optimistic can only sing with the old song:

"But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day."

It may thus readily be seen without pursuing these illustrations further, that with all our boasted progress and with the best possible view of man's conquests over nature, something is still needed to round up the sphere of the life of man.

If our view of life be thus unsatisfactory, most persons contemplate death with undisguised dismay, or with assumed indifference which is speedily dissipated at the near approach of the great destroyer. Whatever the most sanguine may claim in the way of conquest over life and the things of sense and time, these conquests end at the grave. Man stands helpless and aghast in the presence of the great destroyer and the undiscovered country. Man pays his debt to nature and acknowledges her conquest at the grave. It may in all truth be said of the grave as the poet Byron sings of the ocean's power:

"Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He stinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkenned, uncollared, and unknown."

Man's conquests over physical nature and in the intellectual realm have but little benefited the social status of humanity as a whole, and in the face of all his boasted discoveries his own spiritual nature is still a terra incognita filled only with forebodings and with fear. Savagery rules in the life of the race at large, and in all that concerns man's spiritual kingdom he is yet an ignorant barbarian. The conditions of conquest and the terms of nature's capitulation have already been stated, viz.: the discovery of and conformity to nature's laws. Nature is everywhere a willing servant but a hard master. Nature must indeed change front in facing all spiritual problems in the life of man, but she does not change natures. A spiritual law cannot be imagined antagonistic

to a law on the physical plane. In the spiritual realm of his being man has yet almost everything to learn. Even civilized and intellectual man views most spiritual problems to-day as the rude savage views the phenomena of nature, with fear and trembling, with awe and with bated breath, while for the rude savage the spiritual problem has hardly reached his plane of apprehension. He is stolid and indifferent in the presence of death, and when the time comes for him to relinquish the present life, the traditions of his tribe continue the episodes of the present existence into the happy hunting-ground beyond. The life of the rude savage is thus more rounded and complete, less distorted and one-sided than that of civilized man.

It has hardly yet dawned on the average intelligence of the present humanity, that man has a spiritual nature that transcends mere physical existence; and the drift of the race toward materialism is fast crushing out that instinct that is prophetic of the higher life of the soul. The most earnest and thoughtful individuals are often oppressed and bewildered; feeling most keenly the miseries of their race and discovering no adequate means of relief; hedged about by many difficulties, and beset by many trials and many sorrows, life full of trouble and the future altogether unknown—these earnest souls often stand with shaded eyes and bated breath, asking of fate and of futurity: *what does it all mean?* and no satisfactory answer comes. Many who are thus beaten back and bewildered settle down into outward conformity to the forms of a religion to which their highest reason gives no real assent. Others again repudiate all religions as a delusion and a snare, designed by and for the sole benefit of cunning priests, as an espionage upon ignorance and credulity for the purpose of reverence; and these become rank materialists, and scoffers at everything beyond the present hour and its material advantages. For ages it has been the practical, if not the formulated maxim of the church, that intellectual pursuits lead to irreligion and finally to destruction, and unable to suppress the wave of intellectual advancement the Catholic church even to-day seeks to mould it to its creeds, and to subdue to its authority the restless intellect of man. If the church had been wise enough to see that instead of beating back the intellectual forces of man, her highest mission is to advance his spiritual interests, she might have advanced the real progress of the race to a point almost beyond our present conception. This is indeed just what all religions claim to do; but alas! what have they accomplished? Instead of converting the world to Christianity, they have secularized religion. Religion is supposed to exist for the benefit of man, as the source of all inspiration, the friend of the poor and the outcast. But it has come to pass that man exists for the benefit of religion and the people are taxed for the support of the churches till only the rich and the favored few can conform to their requirements. In pagan Rome the temple of Janus, the double-faced, was never closed except in time of peace, and for seven hundred years the fires on its altars were allowed to grow dim but three times. The face that sacerdotalism presents to the world to-day show no marks of the crown of thorns, but on the contrary is well housed and well fed, and the highest dignitaries of the church can boast of princely reveues. If these establishments were classed with others of a purely secular character they might appear as neither better nor worse than many others, but to call them in any sense Christian is not only a misuse of words, but it tends to blot out and render null and void the real spirit of Christ. The churches are involved in that intellectual progress of the race which has entirely lost sight of the spiritual nature and destiny of man. Theology bears the same relation to humanity at large that intellectual attainment bears to individual life, and these have little to do with the spiritual faculties and highest interests of man. For centuries the history of the church was written in blood, a history of conflict waged for temporal power and personal aggrandizement. For other centuries the history of the church consists of an equally bitter record of intellectual conflict, a war of words. In later times the old lines of conflict are merged into mammon worship and proselytism. Magnificent edifices, the gathering of tithes from rich and poor, and missionary enterprises wherein the religious duty of imposing our intellectual beliefs upon all people in every land is enforced. These are the monuments of Christendom to-day. Again it may be remarked that these enterprises are purely secular, and they are selfish to the last degree. In the mean time destitution, prostitution, insanity and crime are on the increase in our own land, and the great hungry desolate and hopeless masses of humanity in Christian lands never enter the palaces called Christian churches, and they scout and scorn the very name of religion! The churches may be likened to the young man who had great possessions and who had kept all the commandments, but they will hardly listen to the command of the "Son of God," "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." They will rather turn away, for they too have great possessions.

It may thus be seen that intellectual acquisitions and material progress alone fail entirely in securing the best interests of man, and that the conquests of man in these directions are inadequate to meet the needs of humanity. It is also evident that religion in its present secular and degenerate form is powerless to solve the problem and help the world. Man must push his conquests in other directions if he is to solve the riddle of existence, and learn the meaning of life.

Is then religion necessarily a failure? By the highest hopes and the best interests of humanity a thousand times, no. Our interpretations of religious truths are, however, false, and our religion is therefore powerless to uplift and inspire humanity. The world is not being converted to religion. The spiritual nature of man is often either ignored or denied, and even where the existence of the higher nature is recognized such recognition gives rise to no lasting and adequate results. Our failure, therefore, in this direction is not without a remedy.

In the bloom of intellectual life and at high tide of his conquests over nature, man's career is cut short by death. No matter whether at a given point in his career man has achieved fame or infamy, success or poverty, concord or discord, all at once the eye glazes, the wheels run down, the breath comes thick and short, and silence reigns. Nature thus lays a heavy hand on the conquests of man. It is the hand of death with which she forecloses her mortgage and reclaims her own. Back into her all-enfolded bosom she draws the elements of man's visible being. No matter whether the play has been comedy or tragedy, the curtain drops, and even in the midst of an act the face of the actor suddenly pales, he retires behind the scenes, and the auditors silently depart with downcast fearful eyes repeating the sad refrain: *What does it all mean?* It means, first, that nothing in the way of physical well being or intellectual attainment can solve the problem of human existence, or rescue either individual man or humanity at large from the final conquest of nature. Nothing but a knowledge of the spiritual nature of man can solve the problem. All efforts to force the gates of death and to pry into the future beyond the veil have practically proved failures. Man's utter ignorance of his spiritual nature and consequent disregard of the higher laws of his being give rise to the confusion of society, the degradation of man, the despair of humanity, and the conquest of nature over her most perfect handiwork.

This is the problem that presents itself for solution, and which no amount of physical progress or intellectual acquirement will ever be able to solve. Neither mind nor matter, neither sensuous life nor physical endowment can touch the problem. The recognition of this fact is the very beginning of wisdom, but by no means the end thereof. To close our investigations of this point is to silence our souls with the despair of materialism. There is no escape from this conclusion, ignore or deny it as we may. Agnosticism is at best but disguised or tentative materialism; judgment deferred with no visible way of escape; judgment confessed, and execution only suspended. Hope is deferred, the soul bankrupt; life a failure, and the conquest of nature complete. This is a doleful picture, but is it not true of humanity to-day? Neither the solace of faith or the consolations of religion are powerful enough to materially alter this condition of things, or to save their votaries from life-long despair, insanity, or suicide. Something is evidently wrong; else life is at best a failure and a cheat, a horrid joke of what Heine calls: "that ancient Aristophanes" the maker of man.

Can the problem of life be solved? Can man's conquest over nature in the spiritual realm equal his conquests in the physical and intellectual departments of his being, and so round up his knowledge and his life? I answer unhesitatingly, the problem is solved already, and a knowledge of the solution awaits every earnest soul who has energy enough to get rid of his own apathy, or faith enough in his own soul to throw off his nihilism. Among the really thoughtful and intelligent to-day there are few true agnostics. Most of these so-called agnostics are unconscious materialists. To the audible slogan, "we do not know," they consciously or unconsciously add the unspoken refrain, "no one else knows or can know, it is unknowable." The subject is by no means left in abeyance and without prejudice, it is not really an open question, and therefore such evidence as might lead to experience and real knowledge, is either quietly ignored, or argued away. The conscious, out and out materialist is nearer conviction than these; for unable to progress any further in that direction, and unable to stand still for any great length of time, the materialist often doubles in his tracks, and these have for many years constituted a large part of the recruits of modern Spiritualism, and it is the presence of these in the spiritualist camp that has given to that strange medley, a materialistic garb, and a phenomenal existence.

I am perfectly well aware that the statement that this important problem is already solved, will be met in many quarters with a good-natured shrug of the shoulders, and be viewed as a sort of mild and harmless lunacy, and its author who dares to make such a statement will be recommended to charity and treatment with ice-bags and anodynes. Sometimes these charitably inclined individuals may learn how completely the laugh is on the other side, and they will not then care for good-natured ridicule in the face of real knowledge. To such a nihilistic pass has our Janus-faced religion brought many intelligent and well-meaning individuals, and their mantle of indifference conceals the sting of despair. There is, however, in every community another class of individuals

in whom the higher intuitions of the soul still live, and upon whom the mildew of materialism does not rest as a blighting incubus. These are agnostics in the truest sense, but they believe a solution possible if only they could get upon the right track, and thousands of these are coming into light and knowledge. They question fate and demand a knowledge of their own destiny. These tremble not in the presence of the sphynx, but by indomitable will and dauntless courage wrest from her strong grasp the secret of life and the way to knowledge. The wild mountain stream that over-turns the canoe of the savage and sweeps away his rude habitation is turned into smooth dykes by civilized man, and made to turn spindles in busy looms, and to serve in every way his higher uses. The principles of mechanics and the laws of matter and force obey the will of man, and he conquers the earth and maps out the heavens. In all of these man stoops to conquer, and triumphs over nature through knowledge of her laws and obedience to her ways. He extracts the poisoned tooth of danger from the gaping jaws of fate, and turns the dragon into a willing beast of burden. But when man stands upon the shores of time and looks to the beyond, nature puts out his eyes and cuts off his tongue. He is blind and silent. He cannot see beyond the veil; no voice comes back from that echoless shore; and why? I answer because man is ignorant of his spiritual nature here and now, and because he fails entirely to apprehend the meaning of the present life. He must conquer this realm as he conquers elsewhere, by knowledge and obedience. He will never triumph over death except through a knowledge of life, and this knowledge of life cannot ignore one third of man's entire being, and that the very portion that concerns the silent and the unseen, viz. his spiritual faculties. It is knowledge for which I contend; not blind faith, bare assertion, or self-delusion, and this knowledge exists and awaits the earnest investigator. This knowledge has existed in all ages, and is found in the sacred books of all great religions, though veiled in parable and allegory, as in all mythologies, which now being interpreted, are leading other sects back into the night of time whence is gleaned the harbinger of a new day for man. In the physical and intellectual realm where real progress is made man does not invent, he discovers and applies. In the spiritual realm man has invented fables and then represented these as final truths, and he is seldom able after the lapse of time to distinguish between these foolish fables of his own invention, and the parables and allegories in which the true seer has veiled the most sublime spiritual truths. No fact in physics, no law in metaphysics, no rule in mathematics has ever really been invented by man, he may devise many ways of applying a discovery, but all such appliances as well as others that remain unknown to him inhere with the law or principle from which they proceed.

The study of human nature has been pursued empirically. We have been so in the habit of applying arbitrary and contradictory meanings to words that they have ceased to convey any definite idea. A systematic study of the nature and powers of man has thus been rendered exceedingly difficult. The first step in the pursuit of real knowledge consists in getting rid of false knowledge, and this is often the most difficult part of the whole process. If one is in pursuit of truth which he feels satisfied exists, but which he is sure he does not possess, it is necessary that he should be able to view the truth sought without passion or prejudice whenever it is presented to him. It generally happens, however, that the mind of man is not only preoccupied with fables and traditions, but that it is prejudiced against the very truth sought. He therefore not only fails to recognize it when presented, but at once proceeds to oppose it, and to argue it away. If, in place of preconceived notions, the individual were possessed of real knowledge on the subject under consideration, the case would be very different indeed, but that he should recognize and frankly admit his ignorance, and at the same time attempt to argue away every suggested solution of the problem, would seem to argue a determination to remain in ignorance. The only solution that under such conditions would be accepted would be one that was found impossible to get rid of. In other words, the individual is to be convinced against his will, and yield only his assent to truth when he can oppose it no longer. Strange as it may seem, many persons are in just this condition of mind without knowing it. Their motto is, "Convince me if you can, but you will have a hard time to do it," and none who possess real and valuable knowledge will attempt it. The proselyting spirit in religion has, however, for centuries run amuck with this contentious spirit of Nihilism, and the result is that form of intellectual gymnastics known as theology.

I was therefore said of old, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." The real truth-seeker has, therefore, test to face about, and from this spirit of hostility or nihilism become a seeker indeed. It is thus, and thus only, that any great conquests over nature have been achieved in the physical or the intellectual realm, and conquests in the spiritual realm are not to be more easily won.

To those who are thus either indifferent or unconsciously hostile to truth, it will at once be suggested that the spirit of child-like

simplicity here recommended is peculiarly gullible, and liable to be imposed upon; but to this objection there is a ready and sufficient answer. With the removal of the contentious spirit there comes a great calm, and with the removal of nihilism and apathy there comes great clearness of vision. In this condition the intuitions of the soul have a force and a breadth of comprehension but little understood by any one who has given the subject only a passing thought, and who has never really tried the experiment. Credulity is as far removed from this condition of the soul as contention. Such an one may listen without denial, but silence by no means gives assent, and with such an one, hostility to error is manifest rather in avoiding than in fighting it. Strife and self-interest darken the higher faculties of the soul, while the child-like simplicity of soul not only removes obscuring clouds, but opens the higher consciousness of man. So that truth meets with consonant rhythm in the human understanding.

It may thus be seen that in approaching the higher problems in the life of man, traditional authority, prejudice and indifference bar the way, and that only as these are removed can real progress be made. There must first be the desire to possess, and the determination to acquire, precisely as in the realm of physics and metaphysics.

If now we examine the elements involved and the conditions concerned in all intellectual progress, a knowledge of these will greatly assist us in our investigations of the spiritual nature of man. Man's intellectual kingdom has indeed a physical foundation, and a metaphysical crown. The science of mathematics is perhaps more directly involved and more definitely related to man's intellectual progress than any other, as there are few, if any, problems concerning man's intellectual life, and his conquests over nature, that do not employ either pure or applied mathematics. Here three factors are always involved, viz.: the conscious ego, the intellectual powers, and the principles discerned or to be discovered. It is not generally apprehended that a very definite relation exists between the last two terms named. As a matter of fact, man's intellectual kingdom at any stage of progress is thus a reflection or duplication of the powers of outer nature. Intellectual acquisition is thus a repetition of creation. The basis of intellectual knowledge is intellectual experience. Whenever man has adequately thought over the ground of nature's process he has re-created nature in miniature, and so presented his own handiwork to his own consciousness. Thus is erected the intellectual kingdom of man. So far as the mechanism of thought is concerned, the structure and function of the human brain involves every principle of nature that can be compassed or comprehended by man. Intellectual progress—in the strictest and highest sense an education—consists in a gradual conformity of the brain and its functions to the harmonious laws of nature and to the underlying principles of creation. More plainly still, the brain that is the agent of the conscious ego for the comprehension of nature is an epitome of nature itself, and this principle holds in chaos or cosmos, in imbecility and insanity, no less than in the intellectual giants of the human race. The brain that is able to present to the conscious ego, the real self, a mathematical equation or a cosmic law, does so by embodying that principle and expressing that law in its own structure and function. This is the basis of experience. If this principle be underestimated or denied, its force and truthfulness may become apparent by assuming the opposite proposition. The brain is the instrument of thought, through the agency of which the laws of nature are presented to the consciousness of man. The highest thought is logical, hence mathematical, proceeding with order and regularity from premise to sequence, according to the laws of harmony. The brain that thus represents cosmos to consciousness is itself chaos, constructed in total disregard of every law of proportion and every principle of harmony! The absurdity of such a conception is quite apparent. On the physical plane, in the realm of applied mathematics, all mechanical progress may be equally shown to be but the application of principles everywhere at work in nature. The so-called inventions of man are but bungling caricatures of nature's cosmic display. In the alembic of nature, her magical displays continually elude us; compared to these, the witches' cauldron of man's inventions simmers while it sings—"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." The moving winds propel our ships, the falling waters turn our wheels, the rising tides demand our conformity and obedience, while the conquests of steam and the possibilities of electricity reveal only yet the fact that nature yields her priceless secrets to man only as he yields obedience to her laws and conforms to her commands.

Whatever man may have accomplished in these two directions, viz., in physical and intellectual progress, certain it is that he possesses scarcely the germ of spiritual knowledge, and it is for this reason that the social life of humanity as a whole is barbarous, that the conquests of man end at the grave, where the conquests and final triumphs of nature are complete. Man may believe or deny, hope or despair, 'tis all one to conquering nature, no answering voice comes back. The challenge of nature is defiant and perpetual. She gathers them in, generation after generation, as she reaps

(Continued on third page.)

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SATURDAY, SEP. 13, 1890.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

An Eastern Gentleman Investigates the Magi at Grand Rapids' Michigan.

Astralism and Psychometry.

Their Correlation With the Science of Anthropology, Man.

Having business in Washington, D. C., and in Grand Rapids, and having seen reports published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and extracts from periodicals, of Prof. O. H. Richmond's discoveries in Astralism, I availed myself of the opportunity, pleasure and profit of seeing him; and I say that after investigation and personal examination of Astral Laws, Rules and Logarithms, and comprehending somewhat of their correlation, scope and harmony, with the Science of Psychometry and also Anthropology, I was greatly surprised, for I found that they were basic and fundamental and far reaching, and grander than I had been led to believe from all I had read about his discoveries and wonderful predictions in astronomy and human life.

After being introduced to him, he invited me to spend an evening with him and his beautiful family at The Brunswick, and I was given an extraordinary and wonderful experience before three witnesses, in full gas light. I examined his valuable books and charts of the geography of the heavens, illustrated under the heliocentric or Copernican system of astronomy. Two of the books cost above one thousand dollars, they being the result of over eight years' study, calculations and labor by Prof. Richmond, together with the aid of a stenographer. They could not be purchased for money, as they are above all price and such equivalents.

The writer being a student in the science of Psychometry and Anthropology, and finding that I possessed the psychic or psychometric gift, I could comprehend and understand much of the philosophy and the beautiful and scientific system displayed in his works, which are based upon the heliocentric system, the only true system and science of astronomy.

In addition to three hundred and seventy tables of planetary motion and over two hundred rules for performing the Egyptian mysteries, there are above twenty tables of logarithms for finding the various culminations of time and of polar angles of all the planets of the solar system, together with our earth's, for any given period of time. These rules are based upon the science of mathematics, and fortell the eclipses of sun and moon and also of events in the near or remote future; yet all are based upon natural laws and prove themselves; and further, they prove the mysteries true, which many have heretofore regarded as chance, and to be the results of certain laws as natural and as true as truth itself, and also the fact that man can comprehend, understand and possess the Keys to the knowledge which foretells the future at any given date desired.

I weigh my words well.

I am not mesmerized, or psychologized, or influenced in any manner whatever—never was; but fully comprehend these sublime facts and results. I will not be deceived myself nor deceive the materialist, atheist, orthodox, or catholic, but seek for truth and facts which tower above the writers' belief or disbelief, and also above all creeds and *isms* extant.

By means of common playing cards, used as emblems of planetary motions only, together with cubes or dice, and a watch set exactly meridian time, Prof. Richmond exhibited to me and a friend the philosophy of this occult planetary force, and demonstrated upon us exactly at 8 P. M. seven problems in occultism:

1. He showed us under full handbell light that our own hands were naturally

controlled by occult law while handling and cutting the cards.

2. That the cubes fell upon the chart and gave their true number upward, under said exact law, every time.

3. That even our minds and dispositions to lay the cards and cubes unseen upon the chart, were acting under and by the same law.

When all this was done upon exact time, by our own hand, in the presence of the above witnesses, we were invited to open two sealed letters, written and calculated and prepared by Prof. Richmond the day previous, without our giving him any other information or date but the month and the day of the month in which we were born; and lo! and behold! there was written in each letter a statement of what we had drawn and done, signed by Prof. Richmond. We have the solved problems in our possession to-day to prove those very facts, yet these letters had never been seen by Prof. Richmond, nor by ourselves, or handled, but were in a locked book-case and taken from the same and handed to us by Mrs. Richmond herself, and were the results of his scientific calculations, made out the day previous to our meeting.

I must admit of and state the facts—belief or disbelief in the matter is set aside and is out of the question; for I know there was no deception; could have been none, for five persons were present, and the answers in every particular in seven problems were solved mathematically, and if Prof. Richmond will consent to make a prognosis for you, if you give him the correct date of birth, he will astonish and amply you, even as he did me! I told him then and there that I would have wagered a thousand dollars (if I was a betting man) that such calculations could not be foretold of my shaking dice and laying off cards at random unseen; could not have been done by man or by God himself, and man still is a free moral agent as he is, or is supposed to be.

I did not sleep that night "for thinking," and I turned and thought over the work of the evening, and how the seven problems were wrought by Prof. Richmond; and before I settled the matter, or could sleep at all, I placed said letter and its contents upon my forehead and tested the case by and through the science of Psychometry: First, a light around my head, then the Sun of Truth illumined my soul, and the worry of the night was brighter than the sunrise; and above all I heard a voice say, "It is true," in answer to my inquiring soul; and then there was shown me the Correlation and perfect juxtaposition of the science of Psychometry and Sarcognomy with Astralism, whereupon I called upon Prof. Richmond and showed him Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan's Psycho-Chart of Brain and Body, Anthropology, for the purpose of comparing it with the Astral System. We were surprised to find upon comparing and full investigation, that the 125 or more organs in the brain, as shown upon said chart in Sarcognomy, that Prof. Buchanan's entire system of Anthropology agreed with Prof. Richmond's entire discovery of polarity—positive and negative poles—and of the convolutions of the brain and their corresponding regions in the body. That each power of the soul is represented by a special organ in the brain; that each organ in the brain has a corresponding region in the body; that the soul and brain are in a triune correspondence; that each organ in the brain of the corresponding region of the body has a star set thereon and therein, and that all correlate and unite with the planetary polarities and the zodiacal poles. We also discovered that the sciences were and are in harmony with medical botany, and that the reciprocal action of mind and medicine jointly came under psychical and planetary laws.

Not satisfied with the above, I made several practical experiments and actual tests, with some two astral-magnetic remedies. First, I tested them myself psychometrically, and then gave them to two patients who were born in the same month, and noted their almost immediate results. One was a lady who was suffering from a relapse from the La Grippe, with lung tendency. Marked improvement in sleep and appetite. The other case was immediate relief from overwork and debility, resulting from loss of sleep and a tired-out brain.

Thus it follows that the correlation and perfect harmony of these truths open up a new field of research, and medical practice will be improved wonderfully. The people in time will learn to follow the laws of health, for the oneness of all nature is proved from the Science of Systematic Anthropology, Sarcognomy, and Psychology, as exemplified by the writings and teachings of Prof. J. R. Buchanan, as discovered by him in 1842, and the late Wm. Denton's work on the Soul of Things is fully understood; and now comes Prof. Richmond's wonderful astronomical works, teaching us that God rules the heavens and the earth through His intelligence and divine wisdom, by the medium of the positive and negative polarity and attraction; for in His right hand He holds electricity itself under subjection, and in His left hand He holds the laws which govern the universe, for even the erratic comet is subject to law, and the time of its cycles is known to man even.

The Temple of the Magi at Grand Rapids was closed for the hot season previous to my trip there, or I should have submitted my name, and, if found worthy, would have joined the order. In case a Temple is ever located near me, I shall endeavor to become a member thereof.

The writer was the first President of the Buchanan Anthropological Society, founded in Boston in 1879, and is now one of its directors, and I shall make known my doings at its next meeting.

Knowing that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is fully abreast in this progressive and inquiring age, and in all that leads to growth in advanced thought and useful knowledge, I have penned you a correct account of my doings. I have met your bright paper in many places, on my trip, and hope to see its influence marked upon the characters of men for good.

L. A. HISE.

Lowell, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe writes: "At Cassadaga Mrs. Lillie acquitted herself admirably, and added to her already abundant laurels. The meeting, in spite of the exceptionally cold wet season, was a success in every way."

THE DEATH MARK.

It is Evolved by Pre-existing Causes.

General de Trobriand in his "Army Reminiscences," says that a small number of men carry the unmistakable mark of the near approach of the death awaiting them. They are not themselves conscious of it, and the number of those who can read these mysterious signs is very limited. Sometimes, in camp, he has tried to describe the mark to officers around him, but he does not remember of ever having convinced any one of the truth of his theory.

One rainy day he was conversing in his tent with Captain Wilson, Assistant Adjutant General of his brigade. They were then marching on Fredericksburg. Lieutenant Colonel Gilluly, commanding the Fifth Michigan, entered. He came simply on some detail of service, which was arranged in five minutes. When he had gone out, "Now," said General de Trobriand to his incredulous Captain, "Here's a chance to make a trial of my theory—Colonel Gilluly is marked." The Captain evidently thought nothing of it. But in the first battle Colonel Gilluly was killed before Fredericksburg while bravely leading his regiment in a charge.

Of all those on whom the General recognized the mark—and they are many—one only may have escaped death he says. "If you ask me in what consists this mark," says the General, "I would find it difficult to reply. This fatal seal is imprinted rather on the general manner than on the features. It appears sometimes in the looks, at the bottom of which one divines the trembling of the soul soon about to depart; sometimes in the smile, in which appear the fleeting shadows of a cloud which does not belong to the earth; sometimes in certain languid acts in which is betrayed the systems of a task which reaches its end. Sometimes, on the contrary, the finger of death is shown by a feverish energy without reason, forced laughter, jerky movements."

We don't believe it possible for a death to occur without the one who is to pass through the change experiencing some peculiar feeling that, if rightly interpreted, would prove the harbinger of the event. Death may arise from a stroke of lightning, an inundation, a railroad accident, a conflagration, the collapse of a building, an epidemic, or from the hands of an assassin, occurring to-day, to-morrow or next week. A concatenation of causes invariably precede the demise of any person, whether high or low, rich or poor. There never was any development in nature—of sunshine or storm; of summer or winter; of blooming flowers and scented fields, or the frosts of autumn,—that did not arise from a combination of well defined impulses. Death is no exception to the rule. Whenever it occurs, it is the ultimate in all cases of pre-existing causes, and they may in some manner focalize a subtle force or vibration in the organization that foretells the coming disaster. If an accident is to happen to you next week, whereby you will be killed the causes are to work to-day which will bring it about, and they may produce on the organism what Gen. Trobriand chooses to call the "Death Mark." If you are to be burned in a hotel, the agents are at work which will not only call you to the dangerous place, but produce the conflagration also. If you are to be assassinated, the incidents are evolving which will ultimately in the horrible deed, and the "Death Mark" will rest upon you.

The evolution of death is no less remarkable than the evolution of a child, and no less in accordance with well defined laws, even if it is unexpected or accidental. One can't rise outside of the domain of law. There never was an effect without pre-existing causes. A "Death Mark" is no exception to the general rule, and there is excellent reason to believe that it invariably accompanies those who will be soon called to the spirit realm.

A Musical Prodigy.

A Dayton, Ohio, Herald reporter lately the pleasure of attending a parlor concert recently given by Miss Cora Denny, to a few of her friends, at her home in Dayton View, where she astonished her listeners with her wonderful playing on the piano, as well as singing. She had acquired only a limited knowledge of music. Sixteen months ago she seemed to receive wonderful gifts from inspiration, and they have improved steadily ever since. For three months past her singing has been equally as fine as her playing. She does not play by note or ear, but it comes to her instantaneously by inspiration. She plays for hours without wearying. She performs and sings the most difficult music—classical, operatic, hymns, etc., composing it all as she plays and sings; and the music is but seldom heard or recognized as familiar to any one. She has a delicate touch, and her performance on the piano is that of a cultured musician.

LIKES THE NAME.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER: The more I see of your excellent sheet, the more I am in love with the title of it. I think you must have had an inspiration when you selected the name PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The paper is "progressive" in every sense of the word. It represents the thoughts of the advanced minds of the United States to-day, and I believe this country is not far behind any other in scientific advancement.

Those that prefer "think-as-your-grand-father-did," or "think-as-the-preacher-does," or "think-as-the-authorities-teach," or anything of that kind, are welcome to them; but as for me, I choose PROGRESS and INVESTIGATION as represented by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I hear many thinking men and women of Grand Rapids, and many visitors to the city, speak in high terms of your paper and the way it is conducted.

O. H. RICHMOND.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. E. L. Watson and her daughter Lulu, have been the guests of Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y. She is to occupy the rostrum at the North Collins meeting.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Send us, please, each one of you, at least one trial subscription, to commence with the beautiful narrative of the Summer-Land, by Hudson Tuttle. By so doing, you will not only benefit yourself, but the one to whom the paper is sent, and yourself also, 25 cents for 16 weeks.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

The permanent address of Mrs. S. E. W. Bishop, an active worker in the field of reform, is 53 Campbell Park, Chicago.

M. J. Howard, of Palms, Cal., writes: "I am highly entertained with the contents of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and regard it as one of the best, if not the best promulgator of spiritual truths ever offered to the public."

A. J. Van Duzee, of Geneva, Ohio, writes: "My wife, Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, and your humble servant have just returned from Onset Bay camp meeting, where we spent two weeks to our perfect satisfaction. We attended Mrs. Bliss's materializing seances, and were delighted with the manifestations. We also had two sittings with Mr. W. R. Colby, the wonderful slate-writing medium, also Dr. Stansbury, with his occult telegraph. All, as far as I can learn, are pleased with your paper."

W. S. Rowley, M. D., 89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, who was the discoverer of Occult Telegraphy, and to whom Hon. A. B. Richmond refers in his masterly article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on Aug. 16, informs us that he continues to have a very large and remarkably successful medical practice with the aid of his wonderful telegraphic instrument.

The Spiritualist Mediums' Society will meet in Douglas Hall, 35th street, near Indiana Ave., on Sunday, at 2:30 P. M. Mediums and others interested in the cause are cordially invited to attend; all are welcome. Seats free.

J. H. Randall, as the result of a course of lectures delivered by him during the Sundays of June and July last, for the Progressive Spiritualists' Society at Fort Dodge, Iowa, has been engaged to continue in the service of that Society two Sundays a month for the present. He will be glad to make engagements for the other Sundays, week-days, evenings, or to officiate at funerals, or weddings, anywhere desired.

The People's Spiritual Society held its regular meeting at Bricklayers Hall, 93 South Peoria St., Aug. 3. L. H. Sawyer gave a lecture on "The Issue of Spiritualism" to a full house. Then followed Dr. Bishop, in a few remarks. Mrs. Moran gave some very fine tests to strangers. Mrs. Holton sang two beautiful songs. It brought forth great applause. Dr. Benton made some remarks. Mrs. Dr. Breston closed the meeting, creating the best of feeling.

A private gathering for spiritual unfoldment will be held at the residence of Mrs. E. Marion, 1804 Indiana Ave., every Thursday evening at eight o'clock. All who are desirous of cultivating their highest faculties and wish to be led by the spirit, are invited to attend.

The address for the fall, of Miss Ella M. Dole, the remarkable test and prophetic medium, will be Ravenswood, Ill., box 32. Letters from strangers must contain postage stamp to insure reply.

Mrs. L. J. Oviatt is open for engagements for Sundays, near Chicago. Address her at 346 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Sarah Graves, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "The meetings of the Spiritual Union at Kenaday Hall are well sustained. Our good Brother Moulton gave us a fine address. They keep him quite busy speaking at camp and quarterly meetings and funerals."

A. J. Sammonz, of Kensington, Ill., writes: "I have been a believer of this beautiful philosophy for a good many years. Now I have a couple of friends, husband and wife, who have lately developed as mediums. One gives sermons through the psychobrett, and the other, the lady, lectures while entranced."

George A. Eastman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I am personally acquainted with Mr. Olney H. Richmond, and he has favored me with several practical illustrations of his wonderful science. I am no crank Spiritualist, enthusiast, or fool, to be persuaded to believe impossibilities; but when I saw Mr. Richmond's work, it at once manifests itself as convincing facts; something one does not have to believe, but know to be facts unimpeachable; that is, if figures are facts, or if man's five senses are competent to judge facts."

Henry C. Strong, of this city writes: "Prof. O. H. Richmond is correct in regard to there being no current in electricity. To prove it will take a few moments. Close the circuit to a pair of telephones, and there is no current to vibrate, and no molecules to agitate. The wires only give the right direction to thought—to the conscious being at the remote end of the closed circuit. Human thought can be likewise transmitted and received without the directive aid of wires, and for commercial purposes. We are not yet able to comprehend what thought is. It is, in fact, a highly refined substance—a base-ball in progress from one person to another, and only requires a good transmitter-mind to a good receiving mind, just as the electric telephone is operated by a highly refined transmitting mind and conscious, sensitive, receiving mind."

Alice Andrews, of St. Lawrence, S. D., writes: "You have lost a personal friend and your dear paper one of its staunchest defenders. My father, from whom you have received several lists of names, was a life-long Spiritualist. He passed peacefully to spirit life on Aug. 28. The funeral services were conducted by two resident ministers. The prayer, by Rev. Horning, was beautiful, and the remarks, by Rev. Bowman, very appropriate. The poem in the last number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 'The Old Pioneer,' it could not have been more appropriate if it had been written in memory of father. I shall try to take up his work for you, and send as many subscribers as I can."

SPIRITUALISM.

With profound respect, the following lines are affectionately dedicated to the exalted presence of that most worthy and indefatigable exponent of MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

I am a tree! O, wondrous deep,
My roots are plowing in the soil of love,
Whilst reaching out beyond the stars I see
My branches waving in that realm above.
My hallowed roots cling close the yielding soil,
My branches cling to seraphs as they pass.
My trunk is vibrant with its current's toll
And all my forces yearning to encompass,
Must make the ages to my glad career;
I am the "Tree of Life!" Humanity is near.

I am the Light! Lo, angels bear me on their
Snowy pinions to the quick'ning earth,
Whilst far beyond those earth-bound spirits flight
I soar aloft to meet the crowning birth.
My scintillating centers cleave the ether blue,
My quivering tentacles reach out through all the
sky.
My radiant sheen atomic actions view,
And I am chief of all those blessings nigh,
Poor weary mortals hedged about with strife;
"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

Chicago, Aug. 30, 1890.

GEORGE P. MCINTYRE.

LYCEUM LESSONS.

Such is the title of an excellent little brochure from the pen of a zealous worker not only for the spiritual cause but especially for the children of Spiritualists and liberalists. It is written in the true understanding of the spiritual method, suggestive rather than exhaustive. It points the way by a question and answer, for countless other questions and answers. To ask questions is the first step toward knowledge, and what a train of thoughts are awakened by such question-subjects as the following taken at random from the book:

"State your ideas of religion."
"Is there infallible truth?"
"From what source emanated ancient inspiration?"
"What threatens religious liberty in America?"

"What is Matter?"
"What liberty can anybody claim?"
"What is the possible ultimate good of Spiritualism?"

It is to be hoped Mr. Kates may be encouraged to go on with his series. Every member of the children's lyceum will appreciate the service he has done and will desire the completion of the series.

—Lyceum Lessons arranged for the use of children's Progressive Lyceums and for the benefit of all willing to search for the truth, by G. W. Kates. No. 1. 145 pages.

A Peculiar Test.

At Cassadaga, a week ago, Mrs. R. Fralick of Waverly, N. Y., was standing or sitting near the aisle leading to the platform, when R. E. Emerson passed her. As he was going by he suddenly stopped and said: "I see a peculiar man standing by you; he is very tall and slim, and looks somewhat stooping. He seems to know you, and I hear the name of 'Peter.' He holds his hands towards you. How strange they look. They hardly look like hands, but claws; more like birds' claws than human hands. He seems to hold them for you to see. I don't know what it means, but the more he shows them the more they appear like claws." At this he passed on and said no more. Now Mr. Emerson could hardly have known that Mrs. Fralick was acquainted with O. H. P. Kinney—if he even knew to whom he was giving this description. But he accurately described the late O. H. P. Kinney (with whom Mrs. Fralick was well acquainted), except his hands, which in earth life were natural as other hands. But he was for several years a prominent contributor to the Elmira Sunday Telegram under the nom de plume of "Peter Klaus." Why he took this way to express the name is a question for psychic students. But it is quite common and likely because a symbol is easier to present than the arbitrary sounds of a name. Hence "Peter," and then the hands personating Claws.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

THE CLINTON CAMP MEETING.

Having just returned to this city from Mt. Pleasant Park Camp Meeting, Clinton, Iowa, I wish to inform my many friends that I am in good condition for my mediumistic work.

I found many public speakers and mediums there who had met with unbounded success in their special line of work, namely: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Amelia Colby Luther, Mrs. Lillie, Jennie B. Hagan, also Mrs. S. E. W. Bishop, each of whom in their logical discourses as best suited for the occasion, also satisfied the cravings of the large audiences that had greeted each speaker during the progress of this spiritualistic camp. As public medium none did grander work in the phenomenal line than did Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer, materializing medium, who fully vindicated herself under strict test conditions, thus making many friends who had welcomed her. Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, another physical and materializing medium, demonstrated by spirit-telegraphy, materialization, etc., and the skeptic gave way to his various proofs of spirit return, as given by this noted medium. C. N. Foster, the spirit photographic medium, gave unmistakable recognitions (by scores of sitters), of pictures of their so-called deceased friends, upon test conditions. Also Edgar W. Emerson, renowned test medium. Many other mediums along with the writer, left lasting and favorable impressions upon the minds of individuals from the opening to the closing of this memorable camp of season of August 3 to 31, inclusive of 1890. Success was assured by the denizens of the celestial spheres. G. G. W. VAN HORN, 220 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Hypnotism.

According to Emily Kempin, LL. D., in the August Arena, "Hypnotism (from the word *hypnos*—sleep) is applied to all the phenomena and their accompanying circumstances which are connected with conscious or unconscious suggestion. Hypnosis means the changed state of mind of the hypnotized. Hypnotism is the person who exerts the hypnosis. Suggestion is the creating of a dynamic change in the nervous system of a person (or in such functions as are incident to that system) or by another person, thereby imparting to the other (the conscious or unconscious) conviction that such a change

does take place, has taken place or will take place. Taken as phenomena and tendencies, hypnotism and suggestion are as old as humanity. New are only two factors: 1. The acknowledgement of these phenomena as scientific verities. 2. The facility with which almost every human being can be hypnotized by the method of Liebrecht. These two factors, especially the latter, give to Hypnotism a new and great importance in criminal and civil law."

Man's Conquest Over Nature.

Dr. J. D. Buck, one of the leading Theosophists in the United States, discourses this week on "Man's Conquest Over Nature." The Doctor is eminent as an author, his work, "A Study of Man," having excited wide-spread attention. We are glad to welcome such a mind to our Rostrum.

VICTORIA.

Charles Dawbarn and his Work.

During the twenty years which I have spent travelling, studying, and lecturing on the character and destiny of towns, cities, nations, worlds, animals, and men, I have not found a more pleasant and attractively located city than Victoria, situated on the historic island of Vancouver in the Province of British Columbia. I am here seeking rest and recreation, and a more appropriate place cannot be found.

Climate is the mother of character and destiny of both cities and individuals. Victoria is blessed with a climate in some respects unequalled on this continent. The leading characteristics which this climate will produce are intellectually, domesticity, love of art, recreation, moderation, and longevity, with an absence of crime. The destiny of this city is to become the centre of learning, the residences of men of wealth and leisure, and the Mecca of the coast for tourists and invalids, as this climate possesses no superior in its power or recuperation for prostrated nerves and overtaxed brains.

Victoria is not behind the age in religious progress, and amongst her many religious bodies she has a flourishing society of Spiritualists. The members of this society are intelligent, temperate, charitable, and faithful to the cause of morality and progress; in fact, they are Spiritualists. The society is highly favored with a president who is energetic, vigilant, scholarly, and always aggressively progressive. As Gladstone is the "grand old man" of statesmanship in England, so is ex-Mayor Fell the "grand old man" of liberal thought and progressive ideas of the province of British Columbia. It is often truthfully and pertinently remarked by prominent citizens of this city that Mr. Fell would long ere this have been at the head of this government if it had not been for his Spiritualism; but citizen Fell, the kind-hearted Spiritualist, is a far greater man than Premier Fell could by any possibility have been.

The people have been blessed as never before from the lecture platform by a course of lectures by the scholarly and aggressive Charles Dawbarn. As a speaker he is rapid, critical, sarcastic, positive, yet attractive and entertaining. As an educator he is definite, persistent, assuring, and a presenter of facts and not of fancies.

As a logician he is careful, subtle definite, and conclusive. As a man he is temperate, consistent to his convictions, studious, urbane, and a pleasing convincing conversationalist, and he is that which so few are, an attractive, accomplished and enthusiastic listener. Mr. Dawbarn is a very superior Psychometrist, although through native modesty he uses this gift hesitatingly. He is doing a great work for humanity and is destined to do a much greater. There are but few great natural teachers—there are but few who are both great thinkers and imparters of knowledge on the platform—there are but few men born with power to produce great changes—divergencies of eternal duration in the lives of others, still fewer are capacitated to teach great spiritual truths enthusiastically, intuitively, and practically. One of these men is Charles Dawbarn.

DR. T. CUMMINGS.

Japanese Contradictions.

It is said that the Japanese books begin where ours end, the word *finis* coming where we put the title-page; the foot-notes are printed at the top of the page, and the reader puts in his marker at the bottom. In Japan, men make themselves merry with wine before dinner, not after; the sweets precede the roasts. A Japanese mounts his horse on the right side instead of on the left. The mane of the animal hangs on the left side instead of on the right; the horse stands in the stable with his head where his tail ought to be. Boats are hauled upon the beaches stern first. The Japanese saw and plane toward them instead of away from them. Keys turn in instead of out. The best rooms of a Japanese house are always at the back, and architects, when building, begin with the roof.

The above only illustrates the great diversity of unfoldment, from whatever direction it may emanate. Unity in diversity seems to constitute the operation of all forces, on whatever plane acting. Spiritual unfoldment is no exception to the general rule. The views in reference to the all-pervading principle in nature are as multifarious almost as there are individuals on the face of the earth. With no two blades of grass exactly alike, with no two individuals exactly resembling each other in all respects, and with no two days alike in the calendar of time, no one will have occasion to claim that there is not a sufficient variety in the universe. Law underlies all things, and man's power depends on the extent of his knowledge in their comprehension.

PASSED TO A HIGHER LIFE.

Mrs. Hannah Rudes, August 29, 1891, at Genoa, O., in the 88th year of her age. She was the only daughter of Linus and Sarah Hudson, and was born July 16, 1803, in Columbia Co., N. Y. She had nine brothers, only one surviving her—Richard B. Hudson, of Elmira, N. Y. She, when quite young, moved to Canada where she lived until after the war of 1812, when she removed to Cayuga Co., N. Y. In 1821 she was married to Ephraim S. Rudes, and in 1829 removed to Genesee Co. In 1834 they moved to Medina Co., O., where her husband died in 1846. In 1850 she moved with her son to Huron Co., O., and in 1854 to Genoa, where she has resided since her death. She belonged in earth life to the Baptist church, but in her mature years became skeptical, and inclined to liberal thought and Spiritualism. There was a large attendance at the Methodist church at Genoa. Mr. Hudson Tuttle gave the discourse.

MAN'S CONQUEST OVER NATURE.

down the civilizations and silently walks through the centuries. And yet man may wrest this secret from nature if he will, yea, if he will! and upon precisely the same terms prescribed in other departments, viz., obedience to law.

In the upward march of humanity in the present age there has been an increased development of nervous structure, and in the more advanced individuals of the race the cerebral lobes have been largely increased in size, and so rendered capable of a very high degree of functional activity. Coincident with this higher development there has been an increase in nervous and mental diseases, as more highly organized structures are subject to greater strain and more liable to disorder. Normal exercise of the brain tends to develop and strengthen its structure, while vicious habits and irrational thought tend to weaken and derange the nervous mechanism. A brain of small size and low development is incapable of reproducing the cosmic form, or of representing to the conscious ego the principles of nature. Intellectual advancement and development of brain structure, therefore, may be seen to accompany each other in the individual and in the race. Intellectual advancement however, is no sign of spiritual knowledge. It is by no means uncommon for great intellectual power to accompany great spiritual depravity and personal degradation. The spiritual nature of man is as distinct from his intellectual life as that is from his physical existence. After many centuries of spiritual darkness there has come in later years glimpses of spiritual power, pressing an awakening of man's higher nature. The unfolding of man's higher nature depends on the correct interpretation and normal exercise of these powers. If the brain and intellect of man reproduces cosmic law and order to man's intelligence, thus securing his intellectual conquest over nature, so must man's spiritual faculties reproduce the spiritual world to consciousness, for spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned. In other words, man's spiritual nature must unfold, in order that he may discover spiritual laws and discern spiritual things.

It may thus be seen that man's conquests over nature everywhere proceed on a uniform law, and that whether in physics, metaphysics, or spiritual life and knowledge, the process is the same. Man must discover and apply, and at every step and in all directions he must reproduce nature in himself. The meaning of man as the microcosm related to the macrocosm is thus made apparent.

I trust that I have made it clear that a certain mental condition or attitude of mind, toward spiritual truths is necessary, before any advancement can be made in the way of comprehending spiritual things. I have also endeavored to show that in all departments of knowledge, experience is the only method of knowing, and that therefore man must become that which he seeks to know. Mere intellectual speculation concerning spiritual things may give rise to credulity or incredulity; to the invention of fables, or to nihilism, but can never even approach that higher knowledge that comprehends both life and death, and grasps the meaning of human existence and the destiny of man. Man can grasp and comprehend his destiny only as it unfolds in the life of the soul; only as he experiences the vicissitudes of time, and the processes of eternity and reduces all his varied experiences to terms of conscious understanding.

This is likely to appear as an herculean task, and at first glance to prove discouraging. If however, we take account of all our intellectual or spiritual possessions up to the present time we shall discover that only in this way have we reached our present status, whatever it may be, and we have no reason to suppose that the whole process is somehow, somewhere to change, and that the entire relations of individual consciousness to the laws and processes of nature are to be reversed or annulled. The faith of the average individual presupposes just this miraculous change as occurring beyond the grave, though he seldom realizes the absurdity of his conception. On the other hand, the materialist imagines these processes that we call life, as suddenly coming to an end at the grave; while the agnostic takes his chances, ostensibly without forecast or prejudice. Man may conceive of a measureless past and an endless future, even though his present consciousness begins with birth, and so far as he knows, ends at death. The conclusion is obvious. All that really concerns man is the present time and the passing opportunity. Let him employ these wisely and well, day by day, hour by hour, and the future need concern him no more than the past. Let him but realize that the past is dead, and that the future is not, and so learn to appreciate the everlasting now.

As both knowledge and experience depend upon being, every soul has a sufficient reason for preferring the things of the spirit. Whenever the need of this higher knowledge takes possession of the soul it carries all before it. All other things sink into insignificance beside this hunger of the soul for more certain knowledge and divine life. This desire seizes us in hours of disappointment, when the world seems slipping from our grasp, and we realize how hollow and unsatisfying are all earthly ambitions. This hunger comes when we stand with streaming eyes and heaving hearts looking into open graves, or when hedged about and beaten back, our souls are shattered in our grasp, and we find ourselves clutching empty space, as a forest of the boundless, the fathomless. With the great majority of mankind this experience is disregarded and soon forgotten. While we are drunk with life, as with the fumes of wine, we disregard the demon of the threshold, but the great awakening comes at last, and at the lucid interval that precedes death the weary soul realizes what it all means. The eternal verities are no longer clouded by sense, and would not now be bartered for the things that perish, but it is too late. Pride, ambition, lust and greed now appear in their true light in the presence of the soul's highest interests and greatest needs. Man's defeat is thus nature's conquest, yet man realizes at last that he has lost his birthright and frittered away

his opportunity. Only the presence of death can bring the majority of men to their senses. But there have in all times been those who in the midst of life realized its meaning and prized its opportunities. With these, the great awakening came while time and opportunity yet remained. These have been earnest souls, determined to work while yet the day lasts. These have endeavored to formulate truths drawn from deep spiritual experience, and while these formulations may serve as guides to point out the way, they could never take the place of experience in another.

These formulated experiences have often given rise to intellectual belief, and the effort to reconcile them with the things of sense and time has resulted in creed and dogma, in ritual, litany and genuflection, till the truth once formalized has become secularized, and at last lost.

It may thus be seen that no real knowledge of man's spiritual nature can be acquired by any mere intellectual process, but that such knowledge must be wrought out through the spiritual experiences of the soul. Man must first feel the need of such knowledge; he must believe that it exists or is possible to man, else he will not pursue it with determination. He must hold his mind open to the truth, that shall justify its own existence to his reason and his understanding, otherwise he will darken his understanding, and the truth will escape him, and he must begin to cultivate those spiritual faculties by constant exercise, and so through experience become himself the thing he seeks. These are the unalterable conditions, the beginning of wisdom, and fortunately, there is a large and increasing number of men and women who realize these facts, and who have begun in earnest to acquire spiritual knowledge. These do not seek to proselyte, well knowing how useless it would be before the necessary conditions are present, and after these are present, to proselyte is unnecessary. These earnest souls may be found in every walk in life, among people of every creed and color, and though they are often subject to ridicule and misrepresentation, and though they may excite contempt and even pity, they have the advantage of knowing in what and in whom they have trusted, and to which party the pity really belongs.

The truth regarding the nature and the destiny of man exists for those who really desire it, and who are ready and willing to serve it. It stands upon no outward authority, though it is often attested and confirmed. It does not appeal to man's credulity, but rather justifies itself to his highest reason and his understanding, as it is incorporated in his life, and in the face of man's conscious experience and certain knowledge, neither the incredulity, the denials, nor yet the ridicule and denunciations of men who have no such experiences, and who do not know, have the slightest weight. This truth is not the property of the chosen few, though the masses of mankind may be ignorant even that it exists. It is open to all, and upon equal terms. Man cannot buy it with the mines of Golconda, or secure its favor with hetcombs of oxen. He must give himself, soul and body, to its service, and having surrendered his last stronghold, divine nature lays her scepter at his feet and acknowledges his conquest.

Neither intellectual knowledge nor empirical knowledge in any form can solve this all-important problem for man. It must be with every one a matter of individual experience. Very few persons seem to be able to distinguish between belief and real knowledge; between the facts of consciousness constituting a valid experience and the evidence of the senses, subject to varied and diverse interpretation, and always more or less mingled with illusions. The entranced medium who retains no conscious recollection of the mediumistic experience has, after all, only empirical evidence. The things attested may be, and no doubt often are true, but if we remember that every genuine medium is a possible seer and embryo adept, and may reach, not only the point of perfect lucidity, but preserve perfect consciousness and develop powers generally regarded as well-nigh miraculous, the meaning of the distinction becomes apparent.

A certain mode of life; a certain frame of mind; a certain code of ethics, is absolutely necessary to such a result. When such powers are attained by such means, all so-called "mediumistic phenomena" are interpreted very differently, and the part that the "medium" play in producing such phenomena are very differently interpreted. In other words, admitting, the facts, and letting them stand as they are, they are always capable of different interpretations. The true interpretation depends on neither the certainty or contingency of a future life, but upon our knowledge of the essential nature of the soul, and this knowledge can only be derived by individual experience. Not of another, but each for himself. All else is belief, or faith; even admitting such beliefs and such faith to be true; for a true belief is, after all, belief and not knowledge.

This is the knowledge gained by actual experience, that can "over-pass death," even during the present life.

It is the purpose of Theosophy to teach this knowledge; first, ethically; second, philosophically; third, scientifically; to aid every one in attaining it experimentally and practically. All the ridicule, abuse and misrepresentation that has been or can be heaped upon the heads of individuals, does not and cannot change this purpose one iota. The purpose is changeless and resistless when once it has been intelligently and loyally conceived. It is not born of enthusiasm or blind zeal. It is the child of knowledge sired by love of truth.

The time approaches when, instead of misrepresenting Theosophy, and blackguarding Theosophists, people will examine and carefully weigh the real problems presented by Theosophy. Then truth will be its own interpreter; personalities will disappear before principles, and those who have, like lepers, exhibited their own sores to excite the populace to either ridicule or pity, will cover their leprosy, from an awakened sense of decency or shame, or to escape the tide of popular indignation.

He is an unfaithful lover and an unworthy champion of truth who is moved by ridicule, discouraged by opposition, or disheartened by blackguarding. If the cham-

pion be true, Truth will fight his battles and Time adjust all things. His soul will rest serene and secure in the Everlasting Verities. He who seeks not the applause of man, will not run before the weapons of folly.

"They are slaves, who dare not speak for the fallen and the weak; They are slaves, who will not choose Hatred, scolding and abuse. Rather than in silence, shrink From the truth they needs must think; They are slaves, who dare not be In the right with two or three."

J. D. BUCK, M. D.

A GHOST ON HORSEBACK.

Singular Control of a Lady by a Supernatural Horseman.

The Spell is Rudely Broken.

A CLAIRVOYANT FLIGHT INTO SPACE IS CUT SHORT BY THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GUIDING SPIRIT—BODY AND MIND REUNITED WITH A PAINFUL SHOCK.

A published request by Professor James, of the Society of Experimental Psychology, for experiences with ghosts has called forth a large number of replies. From among the stories one from a St. Louis lady was selected for publication by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, whose editor vouches for the good faith of the writer. The lady writes: When a child I fancied I saw shadowy forms, but was too young to speculate upon or analyze them. As I grew older they came less frequent, until at the age of ten they ceased altogether. My parents and all my associates were church-attending people, as strict as the Methodists were at that time, from 1836 to 1850. In due course I became a member of the Methodist Church, and remained a constant Christian, subscribing to all the creeds and dogmas. This continued up to 1882 in unbroken routine, during which time I had been a wife and widow. Then, after seven years of widowhood, I married a physician, a kind and considerate man, who understood me better than I did myself.

Up to the time I am now writing of, viz. 1883, I had never associated with so-called Spiritualists, heard none of their lectures, read no literature on the subject, never attended a circle, in short knew nothing of their phenomena, and held them in contempt as co-workers with the evil one.

The man I married, the doctor, was a materialist, if anything, certainly a profound skeptic who particularly prided himself upon being able to duplicate anything that a so-called medium could do without the aid of spirits. He certainly was an expert as a "mind-reader" of the J. R. Brown and Washington Irving Bishop type, doing all that they have done, which he terms "muscle reading." I make this statement in the interest of science, in order that the investigators may know by what influences I was surrounded when I was ushered into my psychological experiences, of which I now proceed to relate a few. The first occurred in August, 1884. One afternoon a lecture was being given in a grove and my husband and self attended.

The speaker was an elderly lady, and as she proceeded I noticed a misty appearance around her head, which I attributed to some peculiarity of the atmosphere, or probably to the sun's slanting rays through the foliage. It got more and more pronounced, until a divinely spiritual being, with fleecy, cloudlike robes, placed a beautiful crown of pure white roses upon the speaker's head. I called my husband's attention to it, but he could not see it and gave me the credit of being ill. On the contrary I was particularly well and saw and heard everything else that others did, and this phenomena additionally. This occurred in Iowa.

Soon after this we went to Portland, Oreg., to spend the winter. We had got settled in very comfortable quarters. My husband and I were sitting quietly chatting of the country and its climate, when an unlooked for shadowy visitor made his appearance on horseback. The rider was in full blue uniform, fatigue cap, and sword in scabbard, with full equipment of a cavalry officer with the rank of captain, for I could see the two bars upon his shoulder strap, all of which I noted with great composure, giving a full description to my husband, who I could also see, for it was in the full glare of two brightly burning gas jets.

The doctor disclaimed being able to see anything, but suggested that the ghostly visitor should be questioned and requested his name. He simply gave the name of "Captain" which I heard distinctly, and then faded out. In a few evenings after he came again and gave information that was a consolation and a service to us. From this time on he and his horse were nightly visitors, talking and advising the doctor through me. He warned us of impending danger, and had the power to take me away with him, that is my thinking, hearing, and seeing faculties. I may say that I heard and saw double, being fully conscious of all that occurred around me while the visionary programme was being enacted. Day by day we became more and more familiar with the "Captain" and his peculiarities, for he had his moods, likes, and dislikes the same as mortals, all of which were in contradistinction to my own, until he would go on long journeys of thousands of miles in a few moments, bring back information which was put to tests by mail and found accurate in detail.

The doctor would bring his mail home, and before he opened his letters I would take them, and through this same agency read them, give the characters of the writers, and describe them, as well as their motives, not revealed by the text. Then the doctor would break the seals and find so far as the subject matter written I was correct, and the speculative part in time proved correct also.

The doctor used this intelligence also in diagnosing obscure cases. It seemed to me that the subjects, deceased living people, became as glass, or rather transparent. I had no difficulty in locating the exact spot in a nerve or cell. My vision was microscopic. I not only could tell the disease, but decide what medicine would alter or cure; if it was to be fatal I could tell to the day when dissolution would take place.

When persons were afflicted with internal tumors I could tell their weight and contents, fibrous, fatty, or fluids; if carcinoma or cancer, could draw a diagram of locality,

color, character, or progress, all of which would be verified by autopsy. The reader in all probability would think this gift would be invaluable to the practitioner of medicine, but as a matter of fact the doctor would set his judgment in opposition to this oracle, or whatever you choose to term it, yet would consult it. It would seem as if he could not school himself to abide by what he could not see and hear, knowing the information I gave was beyond my caliber and education, repeated tests to verify notwithstanding. He converses with the spirit of his mother and other friends through me, accurate description and name of which I give, together with scraps of history that fastens their identity (none of whom I knew in life) many of which had passed from the memory of the doctor.

The spirits of my own parents and sisters come to me and converse about the past, and their present condition on the other side of life, and show me their conditions. I can visit, or, rather, am taken to other planets, have seen the inhabitants, heard their voices, but could not understand their language. Different planets have different people, flora, and fauna from the people on this earth. While off on these journeys I have described all before my vision to the doctor, who sat beside my body, which was being used by me the same as a telephone, for the earth to me was the same as any other star, equally if not farther off than a host of others, except the planet on which I seemed to be visiting. When going to or returning from these excursions through space the sensation would be similar to that experienced by a passenger by a rapid elevator.

All of my actions seemed to be controlled by a guide, who accompanied me. Usually it was the "Captain," but occasionally others, but always by his sanction, for I have known him to argue before me, or rather in my presence, with spirits who desired to use me as a vehicle, explaining to them why they could not, and if they persisted, he would drive them away. To me it seemed as real as any earthly transaction. In all of these experiences, or whatever you may choose to term them, my own corporeal body had to be in the light. Daylight was best, electric next, and darkness was always a positively bad condition.

Last August the captain made his appearance and informed me that he was going to absent himself, giving as a reason that he was "going higher." Two weeks to a day passed without a vision or control of any kind, leaving us in spiritual darkness, nothing to cling to but the memories which now had become dear to us. In two weeks we were in a beautiful grove when the "captain" and his horse appeared, both so ethereal and mist-like I could hardly recognize them at first. His voice, however, was very distinct. He briefly informed me that he had advanced to another sphere, and would control me no more, but that I would be taken charge of by other spirits that in all probability would make me see more clearly and profoundly than he had.

Two days after that I was ushered into the presence (clairvoyantly) of an Episcopalian minister in full robes. There was also a person of apparently eighty years of age, long white beard, dressed in Roman toga, very patriarchal in appearance, together with a secretary or clerk, who was modern in appearance. These parties seemed to be discussing me, although I could not hear what they said in the conference. After an interval, the minister gave a beautiful and pathetic prayer; asking God to assist in opening the vision and tolerance of blinded humanity, and to make me the instrument for good.

Then followed a series of visits in space, going to different planets, running into two months, during which time we returned to our home in St. Louis. Our house was fitted up for the comfort of ourselves and lighted with electric lights, with a view to facilitate a series of experiments in the way of investigation by the doctor. Among other things he had a pendant light or drop to come between the easy chairs we were in the habit of occupying. On the night of October 27, when I was under control, and on another planet, giving him a description of what I was passing through, it occurred to him to place an envelope between me and the electric light. At once all became darkness to me, and I realized that I was falling through space and fell into my body with an indirectly painful shock. The doctor tried to restore me but failed. I took to my bed, and swung between life and death for two months, and did not recover for four.

During all this time I seemed to be deserted by all spiritual attendance except those of my own family that had passed over. At intervals they would come and give me to understand that I would recover, although the best medical men in St. Louis pronounced my case hopeless. I weighed less than seventy-five pounds, my normal weight being 117. My recovery was slow, but I am now about well, although I had to leave the city to facilitate my recovery.

The control that had me in charge that eventful night came no more. I have now an intelligent control that can command me more satisfaction than any heretofore, not excepting the "captain." He calls to his assistance doctors, lawyers, mechanics, etc., etc., and the conditions do not weary me; on the contrary, I am stronger after their experiments with me.

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Whenever sending in your subscriptions please send in as many names of Spiritualists as you can bring to mind, to whom we can send sample copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We want only the names of Spiritualists, or those carefully investigating, and who desire to learn the truth.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FRENCH.

Montaut—Missiles Thrown by Unseen Hands—Interesting Particulars.

Madame Lucie Grange, editor of *La Lumiere*, has just returned from the Ile d'Orleron, off the coast of France, where she visited the celebrated "Guerisseur" (healer), Leopold Montaut, and she fully confirms the wonderful accounts of his remarkable cures contained in the correspondents of the secular journals of Paris. After considerable difficulty Madame Grange was enabled to obtain audience with the healer, and then she was received at first coldly. He had an honest, although ignorant appearance. He is eighteen years of age, large, dark complexion, with light gray or blue eyes, and was dressed in blue. He is a powerful healer, and hundreds go away cured. When Madame Grange assured him that she wished to encourage him in his good work, he scornfully laughed, and said, "I neither want your counsel nor encouragement."

Notwithstanding his discourteous treatment Madame Grange was pleased to have met with this great healer, and recommends him to the afflicted.

MISSILE THROWING BY UNSEEN HANDS.

V. Flamen, a correspondent of *La Lumiere*, quotes the following from the *Journal de Nimes*, under the heading of "Une Maison Mystérieuse": "Mme Hilaire, Laitiere, who lives in rue Turenne (Nimes), was surprised last Saturday evening about six o'clock to hear a noise as if a stone were thrown against her house. She was, however, more alarmed soon after at hearing a veritable shower of missiles strike against the outside of the house, and made such an outcry that a large number of the neighbors assembled around the building. All was quiet then for a short time. However, in the course of ten minutes more missiles were thrown by invisible hands, which continued at intervals of ten minutes until midnight. Then the police left without discovering the cause of the stone-throwing. At seven o'clock the missile-throwing recommenced. Large bricks, stones, and two or three broken bottles struck the house."

TABLE TIPPING IN COCHIN CHINA.

Capt. Boule, of the French army, relates an interesting experience in *La Revue Spirite* for August. He states that while serving in Cochin China française, he and a brother marine officer sat regularly at a table for manifestations, and after a time the following communication was spelled out by the table:

"I am named Mata, and I died in this place during the time your preceding commanding officer was in charge here. If you are not afraid, take the light and go to the old desk in the other room, and in it you will find some old papers with my name in them."

On searching, the paper was found with the name therein written.

"I was from the village of Benca," continued the table. "Ask the old people there and they will recollect me."

On due inquiry the message was verified as correct.

At a sitting some time afterwards, the table played a tattoo with its legs and the following was spelled out:

"Ran tan plan tan plan r-r-r-r-r, tan plan plan. You both appear to me to be good boys. I will communicate with you in passing. I was born in Paris, Faubourg Saint Antoine. I was a fashionable dyer, and a soldier in 1792 when the country was in danger. I was good looking, was a Drum Major in the Consular Guards, and was killed at Marengo, ran tan plan tan plan tan plan," the legs of the table imitating the rolling of a drum.

DISINCARNATIONS.

La Revue Spirite contains the following: M. Emile Mallet, late Professor in the Military School of Artillery, and an officer of the Legion Honor has lately been disincarnated at Paris, aged 75 years. His wife, now deceased, was one of the first mediums in France, and highly esteemed by Allen Kardec. M. Mallet was an ardent Spiritualist, and he and his wife published *Les Vies Mystérieuses*, a remarkable book, dictated by the spirits through Madame Mallet.

Chevallier Jules-Pascal, the first president of the Société Spirite, of Rouen, died at Paris, June 24, 1890. M. P. G. Leymarie, editor of *La Revue Spirite*, of Paris, officiated at the tomb.

F. E. S. Alexis-Jacques-Roussel, deceased at Paris, aged 58. He was wounded in 1848, in a conflict in the Place du Palais-Royal. He was an inventor and a hard worker in the cause of humanity, and a firm believer in Spiritualism in its most advanced form.

A writer in the *Revue Spirite* quotes from an author who has investigated the subject, that there are 40,000 Spiritualists in France, and 15,000,000 in the world.

SPIRITUALIST PAPERS IN SPAIN AND HER PROVINCES.

There are published in Spain and her Provinces 16 Journals devoted to Spiritualism as follows:

"El Criterio Espiritista," Madrid; "Revista de Estudios Psicológicos," Barcelona; "La Luz del Porvenir," Gracia; "La Revelación," Alicante; "El Buen Sentido," Lerida; "La Solidaridad," Saragossa; "La Luz del Cristianismo," Alca; "La Real," Andalousie; "La Caridad," Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Canary Islands; "Revista Espiritista de la Habana," Cuba; "La Evolución," Havana; "Atorada" (gratis); "Sagua la Grande," Cuba; "La Buena Nueva" (gratis); "Santi-Esperanza," Porto Rico; "El Progreso," Mayaguez, Porto Rico; "La Luz," Villa de La Vega, Porto Rico; "La Luz Camagueyana," and "La Paz del Alma," Porto Principe.

Spiritualism is permeating the whole civilized world. Here is a partial list of the spiritual journals published in the following countries:

Belgium—"La Messager," at Liege; "Le Monteur Spirite et Magnétique," at Brussels, and "Les Sciences Mystérieuses," at Brussels.

Holland—"Op de Grenzen," at the Hague.

Italy—"Luz," at Rome, and "Annali dello Spirismo" in Italia.

Russia—"Le Rebus," at St. Petersburg.

Portugal—"A Luz and O Psychismo," at Lisbon.

Germany—"Psychische Studien Monat-

liche Zeitschrift," at Leipzig, and "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter," at Berlin.

Mexico—"La Ilustración Espirita," at the city of Mexico.

San Salvador—"El Spiritismo," and "El Espiritismo," at Chalchupha.

Brazil—"Los Reformadores," at Rio Janeiro.

Argentine Republic—"Revista Espirita," Luz de l'Alma, Contancia; "La Fraternidad," and "La Verite," in Buenos Ayres.

There are 16 spiritual periodicals published in Spain, nine in France, and three or four in England. Australia has two, and the United States six or seven.

Z. T. GRIFFIN.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

FATHER KING.

He Has Been in Spirit-Life 20,000 Years.

THE TRUMPET—EZRA TIPPIE—THE ROUND HOUSE—MR. AND MRS. ABER, SPRING HILL, KANSAS.

I have read with interest the article by N. M. Thomas in a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. My experiences with trumpet phenomena date back to 1873. Nearly all the manifestations of this kind have been under the immediate supervision of an ancient known as Father King. Some forty years ago, near Cincinnati, Ohio, this spirit controlled a man named Tippie. Ezra Tippie, a mere lad in the family, became developed as a trumpet medium. About the year 1858, Ezra Tippie came to Kansas, and settled in Linn Co., and engaged in farming. For twenty years circles were held at his own house, or at the "Round House" on the farm of John Morrison. In these circles I have often sat and enjoyed a scientific lecture of one hour, delivered by Father King, speaking in a loud whisper through a tin trumpet. These lectures revealed a depth of intelligence far above any mind among the sitters in the circles. After my second sitting I came to recognize as a fact the presence of an intelligent power above us ordinary mortals; and for seventeen years have recognized that power, and called him familiarly Father King. About the year 1880 Ezra Tippie moved west, and I am informed quit his mediumship altogether.

A gentleman who became familiar with the circles at Tippie's, sat for development and finally became a trumpet medium. I have sat several times in the circle (which is private) with this man and his wife, and each time have enjoyed a conversation with their daughter in spirit life. Sometimes Father King is present and gives us a talk. These circles are to me very interesting.

I was invited by letter to attend this circle on the third of this month, and was informed that Father King would be present.

In the course of the conversation, I asked if he had not been to Aber's circles at Spring Hill. He answered, "Yes," I asked, "Have you materialized in those circles?" he said, "No. I have not tried to; but if you will go up I will see what I can do, and if possible you shall see me full-formed."

Among the many forms that stood before us in Aber's circle on the night of Aug. 6, I failed to recognize Father King. Many forms came out of the cabinet, and nearly all were recognized and greeted by some one of the sitters. One little girl spoke my name and her own. I identified her most clearly, and three or four others were surely those I had known and loved in earth life. One commanding presence, dimly outlined, stood before us and vanished from sight, without recognition. Two of the forms wrote on tablets in our presence, and the writing is kept by Mr. J. H. Pratt, at whose home these seances are held. A chum of my boyhood days, Marion Tuttle, showed me an anchor that I tattooed on his left wrist in 1851.

On the night of Aug. 14 I again sat in Aber's circle. Some thirty different forms appeared; the most of them were greeted by name by some of the sitters. The above mentioned commanding presence came out, stood a moment, then picked up a large tin trumpet that stood on the floor by the cabinet door and spoke the words, "Good evening," to each one in the circle, then set the trumpet down and disappeared by settling down (seemingly) through the door.

At the next meeting of our Literary Circle, held on the 20th of August, there were forty-one full forms appeared; only three or four were recognized. One personage, while we were singing a Methodist revival chorus, joined in the bass, and repeating the words in clear accent, sang so loud as to drown all other voices. Then came that same "commanding presence," his features clearly outlined to us all. He placed the trumpet to his mouth, and in a deep coarse voice said: *Good evening, friends.* I at once spoke the name "Father King." He bowed in recognition, and seemed pleased to be identified, and disappeared from sight. Father King claims a residence in spirit life of twenty thousand years, and that he lived in Central Asia in earth-life. He told me once, some years ago, that he had a medium in Cincinnati, Ohio, a Mrs. Seery, or Seely.

In the Aber intellectual circles at Spring Hill, Kansas, we are promised glorious things in the near future. Mrs. Aber has lately developed as a very fine slate-writing medium. She is holding circles every day for this phase of phenomenon.

Paola, Kans. J. H. HAUGHNEY.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, France. Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street. Mrs. H. S. Slomce, 434 W. Randolph street. Mrs. Kate Blade, slate writer, 55 33d street. Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Third-street. Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 369 Fulton street. Mrs. L. De Koevert, 87 S. Morgan street. Mrs. Hansen, 34 Bishop court. Mrs. S. De Wolf, 108 S. Center Avenue. Mrs. M. Ohi Williams, 18 North Ashland ave. Mrs. Gracie Wolf, 615 Fulton street. Mrs. Lois Hudson, 704 W. Madison street. Lizzie Bangs, slate writing, 47 Campbell Park. Prof. G. W. VanHorn, 230 W. Monroe street. Mrs. F. M. Eddy, 38 S. Green street. Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 3436 Cottage Grove Avenue. Mrs. M. D. Gage, 47 N. Ashland Avenue. Mrs. F. J. J. 971 W. Madison street. Mrs. C. Richmond, 11 Walnut street. Mrs. L. J. Orvitt, test, psychometric, 346 W. Lake.

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



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Author of *Arcaea of Nature; Origin and Development of Man; Career of Religious Ideas and Ethics of Science; Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science*, etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME OF THE SAGE.

Before us rolled an ocean's boundless blue,
A mirror of the ether's dazzling hue;
Green as hills rolled from the sea like swelling breasts,
With willows clothed, off by the wind caressed;
And palms above their feathery foliage flung,
And round the orange stems the grapevine clung.

The zephyr, drunk with fragrance, fanned our brows,
Or playing on the sea, coy dipsies ploughs.
High on a rolling hill a palace stood,
On either side embowered in fruitful wood,
From pyramid of steps glass pillars sprang,
And high above the grove their cop'ial flung;
Above, a crystal dome like azure hung.

They paused in a grove of beautiful trees and shrubbery which gave forth the most refreshing fragrance. Near by stood an exquisitely chaste and beautiful structure. The graceful palm, the pine, the elm, vied with the orange, fig, date and vine to give the most lovely forms. It was the home of The Sage who sat beneath the shade, and at their approach extended wide his arms, exclaiming: "Welcome, sister! welcome, brother! welcome, my children, for I regard you as such; yet are you my equals, deficient only in the centuries of life which have taught me wisdom. I understand your wishes, and will at once instruct you into the elementary science of our lives. Look below. Behold earth with her myriad forms. See those clouds of electrical matter continually arising from every plant and animal, every living, moving thing; even from the mineral masses of the earth itself.

"The spheres were not created until matter became ripened by the processes of world formation. With the death of the first living form began the agglomeration into spheres.

"To illustrate: Your earthly bodies were pervaded by a spiritual element. Your death was like the death of the animal, whose external body in the same manner as yours contains a spiritual element. When death severed the ties which united your spirits with your physical bodies, the component parts of your spirits had sufficient affinity to retain them together without the intervention of the gross elements of your bodies. Not so the animal. The death struggle breaks the connection between its material and spiritual; and its ethereal atoms not retaining sufficient attraction for each other, they, as vapor, diffuse themselves into space until drawn to their appropriate spheres."

"But does this account for the non-existence of animals after death?"

"Assuredly, for you observe that identity is like a complete arch. In man the key-stone of that arch is supplied, and the structure is eternal, while it is wanting in animals, and consequently at death the incipient spiritual entity perishes.

"The process of ascension of ultimate particles commenced while the earth was in its morning days, and has gone on increasing ever since. The soil which supports these trees differs from earth only in the degree of its refinement, and consequently its productions are similar to those of earth; and as the exhalations from the earth differ as its development varies, so this soil changes continually in its character. Hence this world, in the variety of its forms, has imitated earth, copying in minutiae all its types from age to age. Thus says a spirit from a world breathed into existence long before ours, and his knowledge is from direct observation. Soon after the Saurian Age, our sphere was inhabited by those reptile forms whose remains are buried in the perianth and oolite rocks. The uncouth mammalia of the tertiary, alike, were all represented here. So has it been with all ages; their peculiar types and forms were all represented in this world until the present period dawned, when the refinement of atoms was so accelerated, that spirits with highest intelligence alone can occupy this abode."

"Here is a shadow of that correspondence which has ever existed, between the Spirit-world and earth: Matter is prone to take the form of its previous state; hence this grove, these beautiful plants, reveling in the light of their own spirituality. They have all lived on earth, and though the atoms which compose this orange tree never before united in this particular tree, yet all have existed in various orange trees before. Atoms thus modified have affinities to unite in this peculiar form of tree."

"Then there are no animals here?" asked Leon.

"No; if you would visit them you must visit some other globe, or as you journey from one world to another, you may behold all the innumerable types assumed by creative life. They existed here before the human spirit took up its abode in this sphere. They have passed away, as they ultimately will from the earth. This will take place when they have fulfilled their destiny and can no longer subserv a useful purpose in its economy. There are none here now, not even the highest forms, the atmosphere here being too refined for their sustenance."

"I always rejoice at the song of the birds carolling amid the branches, and the busy activity of animal life; under this consideration, shall I not weary with the uninterrupted stillness which prevails? Will not my spirit cloy with the solitude of its home?"

"Men are fond of the notes of the birds, and become attached to animals and places, because they find nothing better to love. Give them congenial companions and they will not miss the loss of lower forms. If this were your abiding place, the weariness you fear would never come."

"And yet," said Hero, "in the Earth-life well do I remember when my dear sister was taken from us, she who now is with us so bright in angel loveliness, how when the birds sang in the spring, it seemed like a sin for them to be happy while she could not hear their glad songs; and then it came to me like a beam of light, that if they could come, why not she? and I went down in the orchard that April day and answered song for song."

Again, dear bird, I hear your joyful note
Through all the orchard and the meadows float;
Again my heart is gladdened by your lays
As in the well-remembered Summer days.
You went away in clouds and coming gloom,
When waiting winds sighed over Autumn's tomb,
And on the forehead of the dying year
The damp was changed to snow; the brilliant scene
To funeral robes; and over all the plain
The Winter-King came down and held his reign.

You left us for a clime where never blow
The harsh north blasts with blinding clouds of snow;
Where all the air is fragrant as in June;
Where roses and lilies shed their rich perfume,
And rarest fruitage tempts the finest taste,
Profusely scattered through the endless waste.
And with you went away another one
Whose life ebbed with the south-receding sun.
Beside her grave, mounded with many a tear,
We stood, and as her casket on its bier
Bested the time, a snow-fall, like a star,
A tear of angel bending o'er heaven's bar,
Fell on the calla, in the wreath which pressed,
By loving hands, above her gentle breast;
And soon the snow on all the desert field
Spread an unbroken and protecting shield!

On that dear mound the storms of rain and sleet
Have, like relentless spirits, ceaseless beat;
And in our hearts no bud of joy will bloom
Draped, as they are, with the cypress of the tomb.
Oh, bird that sings so sweetly, tell us why
If you remember still our leader's cry
To come again and from your swelling throat
Repeat the old-time love in every note
Our child may not remember, and return
To her home altar, where loves deathless burn!

She did not die! I know the thickening cloud
Our vision blinding is an earthly shroud.
I know her timid feet trod not alone
The pathway upward to the spirit's throne;
That those we loved who walked the way before,
With tender hands ope'd wide the pearly door
And bade her welcome to their home of bliss
With deep affection's all-enslaving kiss.
Oh, if you, little bird, can come again
Across the trackless forest and the plain,
I know our darling finds not Heaven so sweet
As not to wish with us again to meet.

Across the dark abyss, however wide,
Her eager spirit on light wings will glide;
And if we listen we shall hear once more
Her voice of song in accents as of yore.

"Nature continually speaks to her children," replied the Sage, "let them roam where they will. Here are the changes of vegetation, the glassy ocean, the murmur of the brook, the roar of the cascade. No storms terrify or destroy, yet there are pleasant changes and constant variety. This is the home of the spirit. I stay here but a small portion of my time, the other portion I am visiting other groups. You will do likewise; but when weary with activity, it is pleasant to return to this retreat."

"I am then to choose a locality and call it home!" exclaimed Leon in astonishment that his future life was to become such a simile of his past.

"That is as you please. When on earth you did so. Then you might have been a rover without a fixed habitation. The same applies here. You have a choice. This spot is my selection, and it is home to me. How strange you think of this! You still have a body; you have lungs, and must breathe; you have a stomach, and require nourishment. Here, above and around us, is our food. We toil and delve not to bring it forth, but these are all spontaneous productions of a fertile soil. Partake. Is not the flavor unsurpassed? Who ever tasted an orange more juicy, a fig sweeter, or grapes of such choice flavor?"

"Your speech is strange, but true. My taste is quickened, and these are splendid fruits, and as I stand here partaking of them with Hero, I seem transported to our quiet garden. I once believed the spirit lost all animal propensities at death, but I see more plainly now."

"Your former belief has been a favorite dogma, without a shadow of proof," replied the Sage. The existence of the spirit depends upon these; without them, it could not exist. Without a due degree of selfishness, all energy would be lost. Intellect, however superior, and coupled with the morality of a god, bereft of the stamina imparted by the animalities, is like the engine without steam. Like it, too, it must have its continual sustenance to urge it and keep it in motion. But, waiving philosophy, how do you regard my Portico?—how fancy it as a home?"

"Excellent!" said both.

"Then may you find it a home satisfying all your desires, and a haven of rest whenever you return to it. After you have become accustomed to the new environments, and recovered from the weariness which always attends the transition, we will visit other localities where you will find that all scenes are not as lovely, and man spiritually express the conditions symbolized in the awful imagery of hell and sulphurous fire."

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME OF THE MISER.

The miser tottering and old,
Takes up his eyeglass—old Opinion—
And thinks he sees the paving gold
Has cracks enough for finger hold
Along the streets of heaven's dominion.

A few days after this conversation, the Sage said to them: "I am to take a distant journey, and on the way, if you will go with me, we will call on a selfish, miserly group who will interest you."

On their expressing their delight at their new experience, they at once took their departure, and soon paused before a group of beings clothed in rags. It were better to call them beings, for they merely existed without the high and noble aspirations which elevate man to the angels.

"I say, Morton," spoke one, "'twas no small job when I discovered that rich old mine of silver, from which the Incas derived their wealth. You had better go with me, and gather money that tells, than forever be picking up grains of sand."

The one addressed looked up; his glassy eyes seemed to light with fire; his nervous hand clutched the bag which contained his untold treasures.

"Ah! have you a mine of silver, and I only a bag of gold! Oh! how poor I am; I must work harder—must be up earlier and more diligent. Oh! poor me! and the wretch groaned in very agony at the thought of his poverty, which, had his sack contained real gold, he would have had abundance, even could he have used it. But he had no desire or occasion for its use. He was in a sphere where material wealth was of no value. For a moment he paused, then commenced to gather glittering grains, and place them in his sack already heavy beyond his power to carry, and hence obliging him to remain and guard it. The first speaker, intently watched him for a long time, then burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, fool," said he, "you are laboring under an hallucination; that is nothing but sand. Empty out the contents of your sack, and not keep it shut up from its true office of supporting vegetation. It is worthless, and you are a bankrupt, worth more for the rag-mill than anything else."

Then he laughed again, in which the others joined; some proposing to rob him of his mighty treasures; others jeering and scornful him, which made the poor victim of inordinate love of gain creep away, cursing in his bitterness.

"You, Wintle, need not put on such airs," said one, whose gray eye and iron visage proclaimed him an earthly tenant of Wall-street; "I mistrust your intentions, and suspect that you are not the wealthiest one among us."

"Wealthy! Wealthy did you say? Not the wealthiest one among you, with all the untold riches of my newly-discovered mine?"

"Yes, I said wealthy," replied the man from Wall-street, with a cold sneer. "You say you have done nothing but search for this mine for the last ten years. I fancy you would be worth little if it were gone."

"Not a farthing."

"A total bankrupt."

"Yes."

"Well, I used to search a great deal for mines. I spent the first twenty years of my life searching; and after being deluded many times, I came to the conclusion that there were other methods of securing a fortune, sooner and easier, and with far more safety. I said, after being deluded, I have been many times, and almost every one I ever heard speak of thus employing their time, have been disappointed, their mines of precious metal turning out but some worthless mineral."

"Where is this mine of yours located?"

"On the western slope of the Andes."

"Does a large tree grow close by—a pine tree, whose head is reared high above its neighbors?"

"All true."

"What mark is there upon this tree?"

"Long since it appeared to have been hewn on the north side."

"Well, then, it is the mine I discovered long ago."

"Did you? Well, then, it is rich enough for us both, for it contains more ore than you ever dreamed of."

"Why, how generous you are, and so well acquainted with the contents of this wonderful mine!"

"Truly I am acquainted with its contents. Wilder, the mineralogist, after a severe test, pronounced it silver."

"I do not blame you for being deceived. Many a poor fellow has been disappointed by that mine. Wilder, why he knows nothing of his business; he is a pretender, and cannot tell silver from lead. You should have come to me. You saw nothing but the silver-colored mica of the granite!"

"Are you sure of what you say?" asked he with fearful earnestness.

"I am. I once had the substance tested, and it proved valueless."

"Curses on my lot forever! Am I foiled again, and my ten years lost?" Then he wrung his hands in agony fearful to behold.

"You should not take it so hard; you have plenty of time, and you had better give up this search after mines, and take up an honest calling."

"Give up? Never! never! I will search the world over, and will become as rich as any of your lordling crew," saying which he rushed away, fully determined on a new search, and in a far different mood than that in which he joined the group.

"What a fool! I can play high game better than he, yet I don't have to discover mines. I gave that up because fools would do it for me. I guessed a little, and got the remaining description from him, and persuaded him I knew all about it. He foolishly believes Wilder an ignoramus! Now I'll send one of my men to him to make the purchase; and as he thinks it worthless, if he receives anything for it he will think he is making a speculation. Yes, it is all mine, and worth more than New York city! I falsified a little—made him feel bad; but what is that to such treasure?"

An angel looked down from the upper spheres, and as its pure soul saw this moral degradation, whispered in sorrow:

"What! is it nothing that you have lied?—that you defrauded your fellow, and crushed your soul into a dollar?—that you play the hypocrite and deceiver? No; you belong to the church; attend every Sunday, and read your long prayers under the high steeple. The blood of enslaved souls has made you rich. You are called to that church by the tones of a bell cast from the solidified tears of women and children crushed by your avarice! Nothing that you make property of your church, and refuse the poor man whom you have made poor, a seat! All this nothing! But remember the great God enters not under the shadow of that steeple, and will not listen to your fine-tuned bell, but shuts down your prayers within the ceiling. The righteous Judge goes into the attic where you have driven the children of the soil, and patiently hears their prayers, and gives comfort to their souls. He tells them of the bright day coming, when all their wrongs will have ended. Slowly and silently, but surely and irresistibly, it approaches. Ah foolish man! how much better are you with a million, than with a thousand? Every dollar you accumulate more than a sufficiency is so much loss from your soul. You enjoy accumulation. Soon that path shall be closed, and from whence, then, shall come enjoyment to such a dwarfed and contracted being? Are you more of a man for riches? Nay, less and less, dollar by dollar. Turn to the light, for angels weep for their erring brothers on earth."

A dark cloud closed down and concealed them and their errors from the angel's view. False to each other, they delighted in inflicting pain, and to aggrandize themselves on the ruin of others; forever striving, yet ever disappointed and unsatisfied. Will they ever escape the hell of their own selfishness? Is there hope for their emancipation from the bondage of desires? The spirit has the power of self-elevation, and how ever degraded may be redeemed.

A little boy reared in a luxurious home was stolen away by gypsies and was forced to lead their vagabond life. A waif thrown on his own resources to gain his bread, he was sent out as a chimney sweep, and clothed in rags and blackened by soot he was a pitiable object. One day he swept a tall chimney down which he came to a grate, and passed into a room. He gazed around on the beautiful paintings on the wall, the soft carpet, the bed with its lace curtains and to the bewildered child it seemed as though he had entered Paradise. There was a strangely familiar appearance, as though he had once been there in a dream. He could not remember, nor had he quite forgotten. Tears started to his eyes, and worn out with his hard labor, he flung himself on the snow white bed and wept himself to sleep. The lady of the house entered the room after a time, and saw the poor sweep lying in unconscious slumber. She gazed intently at the pinched face, begrimed and furrowed by tears. There was faintly recalled the image of her child who had been lost and mourned as dead. She drew closer, and her mother's heart knew its own. She clasped the boy in her arms and awoke him by calling his own name, and kissed his cheeks while in the eagerness of her recognition. Beneath the rags and grime she saw her darling child returned in answer to her prayers.

Oh! how many are wandering from home like the lost child? They are soiled with the stains of the world; blackened with the soot of selfishness; have forgotten their father's house, and their mother's love is as a dream; yet beneath all these accidents of life, its mistakes and blunders, when they reach their final home, the angels may find that with a baptism of love they may become purified and beautiful.

(To be continued.)

For The Progressive Thinker.

LIFE IN THE STONE AGE.

A little work of rare merit. It tells particularly of the latter part of the Stone Age, about 200,000 years ago—by tradition and spirit knowledge of 500,000 years ago. It tells of the formation of man even before he became a distinct, everlasting, living entity. It tells of the first formation of vegetable and animal life. It tells of the first formation of gross matter, globes and universes. It tells of the great center of life and intelligence in the comprehension of finite man. It tells of man in his infancy, in his savagery, in his lowest animal condition, and his great struggle for life, light and intelligence and spiritual power. It gives epochs in the history of man, never before touched. It gives the basic principles of Science and Religion. It lays down the unalterable law—principles by which man can become a devil and live in a self-made hell, or become a bright, intellectual, happy being, and also to a certain extent live in a self-made heaven. It tells of animals and men of whom the world of this age know nothing, except by a few bones and shells. In short the book is a beautiful gem of wisdom, and whether taken as a work written by spirit dictation or a work from the pen of a fertile brain and gifted scholar, in either case no one can read the book without being interested, pleased, instructed and elevated. The price of this book is 40 cents, and is sold only by the medium through whom it was written, Mr. U. G. Figley, Defiance, Ohio.

Defiance, O., Aug. 30, 1890.

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.

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THE VOICES.

They Come With no Uncertain Sound.

O. R. Babbitt, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much. It is worth more than gold."

Mrs. Laura C. Ansley, of Union City, Mich., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a most interesting and valuable paper. I ever took, and have taken several. Can not do without it."

John A. Hoover, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "We are both pleased with the fresh matter constantly appearing in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and glad that you allowed the Hon. Brother Richmond to vindicate himself and that of truth against the onslaughts of the *Religious-Philosophical Journal*."

W. H. Leitch, of America, Ill., writes: "We have taken several of the papers advocating the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, but none have pleased us so well as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Mary E. Weeks-Wright, once a prominent medium of Chicago, writes: "I am impressed to write a few lines of encouragement for your most excellent paper. It comes to us weekly freighted with the best reading matter. It is called by a most appropriate name, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a good husband and I read and re-read, then circulate your long and tried position as a journalist, gives you strength and spiritual power for your work. We, as well as all who read it, admire it for its broad, open views on all subjects, especially its sweet charity for the most abused psychic and materializing mediums."

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E. D. Blakeman, of Three Rivers, Mich., writes: "We and wife are well pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and sincerely hope and trust that it will enlighten and gladden the hearts of thousands who are still groping their way in old orthodox Christian darkness."

Abbie E. Culver, of Madrid, Iowa, writes: "I have received THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the very first number, read them with pleasure and profit and get others to read them. They will bear reading many times, so am careful to preserve every one. I think it is a great privilege to be a real Spiritualist, and to recognize the truth."

W. W. Mosher, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I find, after a trial subscription, that I can not do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I know of no paper that can begin with it for independence and real truth. You have had the right, the true, the real, and are going into a rich country where you will win."

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O. R. Ballou, of Walla Walla, Wash., writes: "I think you have struck the right note, to these noble Spiritualists and set thoughtful readers to thinking."

O. Olney, of Topeka, Kan., writes: "I ask nothing for obtaining what subscribers I can, for I prefer your paper above any other one I know of."

E. W. Sprague, of North Colby, N. Y., writes: "Your paper is very well liked in this section."

Flora W. Fox, of Rochester, Minn., writes: "The lecture of Charles Dawburn is well worth the price of the paper, together with that of Prof. Richmond. I am thankful to you, Mr. Francis, that you have seen to it that I stand again on a plane of justice, which the *Journal* has been so long inflicting upon its weary readers."

D. A. Baylor, of East Portland, Oregon, writes: "I just received a letter from Dr. H. C. Williams, clairvoyant, and, sincerely hope, and trust that if you want the best spiritual paper, send it to J. R. Francis for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. You can find no better. I shall take the Doctor at his word and send for it upon the impulse of the moment."

O. R. Babbitt, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "I hope to get more subscribers for you, as your paper deserves a great circulation; best paper for spiritual instruction there is published."

Frank T. Nichol, of Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Your paper is much liked by all who read it here."

Libby W. Sisco, of Union City, N. Y., writes: "The next number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER completes the sixteen weeks for which I subscribed. The accompanying order will be sufficient evidence that the paper is most pleasing and acceptable, not only to myself, but to an acquaintance to whom I lent a few numbers, and who gave me one dollar to send with mine for one year's subscription."

W. S. Cheney, M. D., of Lansingburg, Michigan, writes: "I am very much pleased with the paper."

O. B. Reed, M. D., of Richmond, Mich., writes: "In about a month I will be 80 years old. I have been a Spiritualist 33 years. I have taken the *Journal* 27 years. An old friend laid a copy of your paper upon my table a short time since and asked me to read it. I have done so until there is not much left of it. It was a feast of fat things."

Mrs. E. E. Egan, of Astoria, Ore., writes: "No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in this progressive age. I took it sixteen weeks, and now never expect to be without it."

John P. Allen, of Springfield, O., writes: "Your paper is issued from the right locality, the great center. It is the right paper for the dollar. It is full, every page, for thinkers."

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R. Thomas, of Lakeland, Minn., writes: "All that get your paper here seem more than pleased, they are delighted with it. It is health and the weight of more than seventy years hang heavily upon me; still I want to stand again on a plane of justice, which the *Journal* has been so long inflicting upon its weary readers."

Mrs. Susan Gellotte, of Mammoth, Ill., writes: "Your paper is a grand treat, and is looked for as an old and tried friend."

Lucretia F. Tyler, of St. Albans, Me., writes: "I have read your paper ever since its commencement, and can not get along without it. It is food for the mind."

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M. R. Field, of Winnepeg, N. B., writes: "We returned home after two weeks of a most pleasant visit. While there did some missionary work for your paper; found many who were already acquainted with it. All spoke of it in the highest of praise."

Appreciative words come from G. Valentine, Wm. Butler, and many others.

C. H. Toier, of Marietta, Ohio, writes: "Cyrus Pugh sends these subscribers. He is loud in his praise of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Mary G. Schram, of London, Canada, writes: "We like the paper very much. I