

# The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 2.

CHICAGO SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

NO. 44.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## THRESHING STRAW.

### A Custom Common in This Generation.

Especially by Those Who Prefer the Old to the New.

The long and semi-historic lecture of Dr. Peebles (in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER July 12-90) on the relation of Spiritualism to Christianity looks like a conspicuous example of *Robusticus Rusticus* threshing straw.

Dr. Peebles has been a prominent figure in the Spiritualistic ranks, has labored long in the field and been commended by many admirers. He must have many opponents but no enemies. He is universally beloved and respected.

His early training for and in the ministry has scored deep ecclesiastical grooves in his mental organism, which give a ministerial shape and a religious trend to his lecture. Christianity is like small pox; few can go through a siege of it without being scarred. There is catalysis in the scar and they beget marks in others.

Dr. Peebles mixes the irreverent and the incongruous together, so different from the original unstrained method of Charles Darwin. This strongly logical teacher makes the brave avowal that "morality and religion have nothing to do with each other, and that modern Spiritualism has nothing to do with God or Christianity" (May 12, 1888 *Golden Gate*).

These are words fit to be printed in gold, framed as a gem, and put over the door of every free thinking Spiritualist. For Dr. Peebles, or anybody, to try to yoke the forty-two-year-old Spiritualism with the eight-hundred-year-old Christianity together, is an infatuation void of rational fitness. May and December are not more incongruous. Wings symbolize the one, crutches typify the other. The one soars high on her downy pinions, the other halts and trembles with palsied servility. One dwells in light, love and liberty; the other abides in shackles, fear and stasis. Its race is run.

Christianity lives, not by the grain which the gathered sheaves or bundles are supposed to yield, but by the profits of threshing.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," is the oft repeated and re-repeated phraseology of the devout defenders of the faith.

No one denies it, but it is reiterated. The power of repetition is not confined to the auctioneers and preachers, it is one of Nature's movements in the reign of vitality.

Dr. Peebles speaks of the "essence and purpose of Spiritualism and Christianity as being one." This is a gross assumption, if not offensive. Is the essence and purpose of astronomy the same as that of astrology? Is chemistry one and the same as absolute alchemy? Is ancient sow-gelding—the predecessor—the same as modern surgery? Is it possible that human genius has done nothing in eighteen hundred years but to stand in the same class, rehearse the same lessons, and stammer over the same crude terms that the fetichistic and priest-ridden people did in the year one? That is what the binding together of Spiritualism and Christianity means and asserts. Spiritualism is the outgrowth of expanding civilization and the fruit of human endeavor. It is the crowning glory of human endeavor. Christianity is the stationary specimen in the world's cabinet of religious curiosities, a conglomerate rich in fossils of antique superstition. And all hand-passes and all effort to galvanize new life into it are lost. It is threshing straw. The straw yields nothing, but the threshing does.

The coming of Jesus is the first act in the play of the "Fall of man." The first act is where and when Adam fell and everybody went to hell, or as the catechism has it, "In Adam's fall we sinned all." In the second act "Jesus came, or so it seemed and everybody was redeemed." But how does the question stand to-day? How much fact and how much fiction? Who can tell where one stops and the other begins? Here is to be noted a curious item of discrepancy, an essential vacuity that the church never seems to miss or take note of. It is that Jesus the second Adam—the second part of the programme—and whose business it is to restore in the second what was lost in the first Adam, should never once mention his part or his attitude in the redemption scheme. But the play goes on.

Next observe, everybody knows that the dogma of the atonement is based on the story of the garden of Eden and the fall of Adam, which means the fall of man. Add to this the paralyzing fact that the story is without foundation, without verity, without truth, which, according to Mr. Conway and others, is admitted by the prelate and all enlightened christendom; and nobody seriously defends it, but all let it pass as pure invention; still the other fact remains that people preach, pray and worship just as if nothing had happened. They continue to pour on water after the fire is out. They keep up the alarm of fire when there was no fire to start with. In other words they keep on threshing straw. The straw yields nothing, but the threshing does. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

This is not all. Since the fall of Adam turns out to be a fiction, since it fades from all honest thinking, what must follow but that the second Adam, the redeeming Jesus, must likewise fade and fade as a faded memory? The conclusion is fixed and in-

evitable, there is no escape. But the novelty is the Christian world is oblivious to the great vacuity. They go on with their eyes open but their sense is shut.

This is what J. M. Savage calls "a theological paradox." Yes! It is the threshing straw paradox. The straw yields nothing but the threshing does. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Behold! Dr. Peebles wants to see this Christian bumble—this threshing straw business attached to Spiritualism.

The fact that there is nothing in common between Christianity and Spiritualism, led Theodore Parker to say, "If Spiritualism is true, Christianity is an impertinence."

Father Amiot, a Catholic priest who crisscrossed in Pekin, China, 1794, from his elevated point of view in spirit life, returns and says: "Spiritualism tends to destroy religion."

Dr. Peebles has quoted the names of many men who have expressed the same opinion with his own on the relation of Spiritualism to Christianity. As he thinks this is a proper way to conduct an argument, and believing that names have weight, we may follow his example and give the sentiment of people, many of whom are, or were, eminent and distinguished. Let it be remembered that these quotations present the ripe convictions and state of mind of people in the attitude of second thought fortified by experience; and where all chances of error have been well eliminated. They are therefore wisdom nuggets.

Sincapua was a Grecian philosopher B. C. 450. His ample experience enables him to say: "With the greatest respect for morality, I have none for religion. Religion serves no other purpose than to bind people together against progress," and keeps them threshing straw.

Lydia Sherman says: "I loved the Christian religion. It was a source of pleasure to me. As a sensible woman I feel terribly mortified because I rejected truth—not to accept error—but to accept downright foolishness. As a spirit I will never rest as long as the Christian religion is taught to mislead humanity."

Theodoreus (a Greek Father) says: "I lived in the fourth century. I was known as a Greek father, and I am very sorry that I ever fathered Christianity. No mortal language can ever do justice to tell what I have suffered as a spirit at seeing the devilish conduct of the propagators of Christianity. Far better would it have been, had the world remained pagan, than such an awful soul-crushing religion as Christianity should take its place. . . . It is astonishing to me that in your enlightened age the people will feed these priests to keep them in ignorance of the true laws of God."

Rev. Freeborn Garretson (a Methodist Revivalist) confesses: "The fact is, if the spirit of every one of them (our converts) could return here to-night and would tell the truth, there would be but one cry; and that would be, 'I have been deceived and helped to deceive myself. It is only in spirit that life commences.' . . . In the spirit life there are no creeds, no religion, nothing but good principles to save you. To-night effects my final release from all the doctrines of Christianity. No white cravat (as the Indian guide said) shall ever again disgrace my neck. No Jesus for me, it is a delusion, a snare. He is a myth that can never be realized. Christianity means a hell of monotony to its believers. . . . From a spiritual standpoint I will say, O thou great deceiver of men and women, thou wert founded in blood, fostered and perpetuated in blood. . . . and it will die in a final night of blood."

Saint Basil, (Bishop of Cesarea) says: "Religion makes a man a fanatic. When once he has accepted a particular creed as a pathway to heaven, then commences his moral degradation. As I preached, taught, and helped to found the religion of Jesus, I think it my duty to do all I can to overthrow that religion."

The next witness to testify on this great question of questions, is no priest or pietist, but a dignitary and man of the world. Boniface (Governor of North Africa): "I lived between the fourth and fifth centuries. . . . My mortal life may be stated in one sentence; ambition ungratified. . . . Never strive to be too great. Never sell your honor under any condition. . . . A spirit, if it desire happiness, must work for it. No mortal can fully comprehend what delusions Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Brahmanism are, but we in spirit life can, for we see the billions of their deluded followers. There is no true religion but the voice of reason. . . . There is no God to redeem you. Your redemption lies within yourself. Do all the good you can, take pleasure in making others happy who come within your reach. These are elements of heavenly success."

Having listened to Bishops in former days, why not heed their more mature words at a later day? The temptation to prevaricate that holds at one time, is different when that temptation is broken at a later one.

Hear Janenius, (Bishop of Ypres): "As a bishop I say damn all religions, and bless all morality." This prelate has had enough of threshing straw.

Thomas Birch (English historian) says: "I was a writer of history, and a critical dictionary. The spirit life is not a shadow. It is actually awful in its reality. . . . Retribution is an avenging angel. It purges to purify. Of all the follies that have been perpetrated by man . . . religion is the greatest of all; and the worst of it is

that it is almost impossible to eradicate it. Then out with religion in Spiritualism."

Saint Ireneus (a Christian Father) has this to say after a long season of second thought: "When a man stands up and preaches about a Savior knowing that that Savior is a creation of man in the illogical reading of the stars, he is not only a liar but a wilful one. Sir, there is one regret, a deep lasting regret with me, and that is that I cannot atone for the blood that has been spilt through my efforts either directly or indirectly in formulating this damnable religion."

The next witness is nearer home, J. A. Guberson, of California: "Early in my mortal life I was initiated into the religion of Jesus, and I became a devout follower of Him. Oh! man! Oh! Woman! If you could see that blank, that black despair that will strike your spirit in the life beyond the grave, you would be quick, oh! quick indeed to relinquish that religious belief that curses your earth and spirit life."

John Brinne (a crusader A. D. 1237): "What will not a man do who becomes a fanatic in religion? I lost my life in fighting to recover the holy sepulchre from the infidels. A wise set of men we were! We were greater infidels than those we drove out, for they had a little sense, we had none. I return here to-day out of a desire to help reason to kill religion. . . . The cross is the symbol of mental slavery; it is the symbol of blood. It was raised up in blood, and it will go down in blood."

While these quotations give but a part of the message, we have taken only such part of each which touched upon the question under discussion.

The last witness to testify in our cause is Jack Lyman, a common laborer of Harper's Ferry: After a few introductory remarks over his disappointment at "not having gone to glory," he went on to say: "Now I could tell you a long story if I'd found heaven, but I haven't and I have nothing to say. But I am as mad as mad can be to think there is no God—no Jesus Christ—no nothing. I don't know what the world is coming to. I belonged to the Methodist church. I'll go away and upset everybody that undertakes to sing and pray; for if that don't give us a ticket to glory it aint no use spending time at it." He was mad that so much time, substance and opportunity had been lost in threshing straw.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.  
Stockton, Cal., Sept. 5, 1890.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## JESUS.

### A Critical Review of His Life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—I do not quite like Bro. Wm. T. Noe's method, in his remarks published in your THINKER of Aug. 30th. Neither do I admire the words with which they are headed. They scarcely do justice to the meaning of my review of Dr. Peebles' address; for I neither felt like nor designed to make a special personal attack upon the character of Jesus of Nazareth as the heading of Mr. Noe's criticism would imply.

My object in reviewing the Peebles' address was to illustrate the essential illiberalism of Christianity as to its basic theories, and as shown by the evil fruits it has borne since being organized into a religious system. My attack is against the Christian Hierarchy built upon such false foundations, and the cherishing of idolatrous worship of the man Jesus—of his reputed Virgin Mother and the saints.

In treating intelligently of the Christian system one can hardly avoid reviewing the character of its reputed founder as the same may be gathered from his recorded words and actions; or as it is believed in and upheld by those who regard him to have been the very God himself. But we feel no special desire to needlessly attack or point out his human weaknesses and imperfections.

When I wrote that "Jesus proved to be a false prophet as to his second coming," the expression a *mistaken prophet* would have better expressed the meaning intended. His prophecy was unintentionally, not fraudulently false, like the prophecies reputed to Daniel, which are now shown to have been made many years after the events prophesied (?) had occurred. I therefore solicit the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to accept this emendation, should the imputing of the unqualified term, *false prophet*, seem harsh to their high ideal. That the words accredited to him did convey a lasting and hurtful false impression to that generation, and throughout long ages since, is a truth of history.

In response to the first part of Bro. Noe's criticism, permit me to say, that if Jesus of Nazareth was the very God, or equal with God, according to Christian theory, then he can logically be held responsible for the folly, weakness and wickedness which legitimately resulted from the lack of truth in his teachings, or from his failure to explain to a seeking, yet unlearned and undeveloped race of men, the full completeness of his meanings.

The human world since the inception of Christianity has reaped the natural fruits of the sowing of Christian seed upon the Pagan ground then existing, and those fruits, as history proves, have been

"Bitter as the salt of Sodom."

"Blasting as the Sodom's breath."

I say not where the blame shall lie! Let the Christian Hierarchies settle that, when

the grists come to the "mills of the Gods," wherein the grinding is rated "slow but very sure."

But this I do say: if the people of this age, now approaching even at our doors,—having the needful light—do not use it wisely, but still hug the chains that bind them to a miraculous Christ, they will be held responsible for the purifying fires which righteous law will enkindle.

Let me now attempt a brief answer to a few of my critics queries.

Yes! If Jesus did in his heart condemn the goats "to everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," then he not only went counter to his own precepts, "love your enemies," "judge not that ye be not judged," but the "atrocities of the Inquisitions" were but a carrying out by the inquisitors, of the ideas of their own reputed great and Divine exemplar. Yes! we may find a better code, in some respects, than the "Sermon on the Mount," which however is shown to have been in few if any parts original with Jesus; but to have descended from teachers far back in the dimness of history—formulated in the minds of far older sages.

1. It is a sermon lacking simplicity and clearness of meaning, open to misconception and indeed of many commentaries and much explanation.

2. It is scarcely consistent with itself in every part. In Mat. 5:16 it says: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." In Mat. 6:1 to 4, we find: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them, . . . that thine alms may be secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly."

It seems, moreover, throughout the sermon, that no higher standard or incitement for moral action is proposed than the selfish hope of personal reward; no doing right for the sake of right; no love of truth for truth's own essential beauty. There is a constant repetition of the phrases, "What reward have they?" and "They have their reward," etc., etc.

There are many grounds for the belief that Jesus before commencing his brief ministry, had identified himself with the sect called Essenes corresponding to the Greek Therapeutae or Doctors, and his advice, "Take no thought for your life," or "Take no thought for to-morrow," is well suited to the peculiar habits and thought-drift of such a sect; but would illly suit the amenities of cultured society.

The Sermon on the Mount, also inculcates clearly the hell-fire doctrines in their coarsest sense, which this age tends to fully ignore.

How marvelous it would seem to be, that so many intelligent persons still continue hereditarily and educationally besotted with over-reverence for a character, of whom so little is really known with certainty. Equally strange is it that they can still read the singular collection of aphorisms, the Sermon on the Mount, and regard it as the paragon of all excellence.

Does it not occur to such what an amount of practical unwisdom was thereby thrown out, without explanation or caution, amongst an ignorant people, tending towards many follies, extremisms, misconstructions and contentions?

What a motley crowd of one-eyed and mutilated cripples would have followed the advice contained in Mat. 5, 29:30, construed in a literal sense; and what other than literal construction will they bear?

What does the preacher mean by the unqualified utterance: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil," when the duties and requirements of our human life, require, de facto, a continued combat with evil and imperfect conditions from the cradle to the grave?

Does he mean, if a mad-dog bite you on one limb, we shall reach him the other limb to bite?—that if a murderer slay before your eyes one of your helpless children, you shall pass him another victim?—that if thieves on one dark night steal half the food provided for a dependent family, you should throw open your doors for the stealing of the other half? Such wild ideas might do for half crazy and cranky Essenes, but I were not the methods of civilized and more rational people. Had Jesus said: "Cultivate charitable feelings towards your enemies and strive to treat them kindly" it would have appeared more like a wise and reflecting man; but as sung by poets:

"Love and love only is the loan for love" and is not a feeling to be assumed at will or enforced by a command.

Jesus did not explain to his disciples in a reasonable way, that contentions would naturally follow the promulgation of his ideas, as brother Noe would have us think, but asserted positively: "I came not to bring peace on earth but a sword!" What better claim can we have for calling Christianity what it has practically shown itself to be, the gospel of the sword "at war with the instincts of liberalism?"

It may be argued that it was his way of speech; but I say, as to a brother man, the way was unwise to be employed in teaching an ignorant and simple people.

Perhaps my critic will adopt the explanation given by Jesus himself to the disciples, why he spoke in parables or obscurely to such persons: "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given" (see Matt. 13th 11th and the strange words that follow).

Can it be, Brother Noe, that your wonderful "Sermon on the Mount" could have been

uttered all for buncombe as indicated, in the chapter quoted?

What a sweet-spirited, honest and kindly (?) liberal Christianity is illustrated in passages of Scripture there found.

You, Brother Noe, say you have been a Spiritualist for thirty years, and "trust you have been emancipated from supernatural theology."

This correspondent has been a Spiritualist fully as long, and a scientific enquirer after truth many years longer still.

Not like you, the more I study the character of the man of Nazareth, by all legitimate means attainable, the more am I impressed that his inspirations were greatly modified by his Jewish antecedents and traditions, and by the educational impressions received from the times he lived in.

Another source of weakness to his inspirations may be traced to want of the scientific cosmic knowledge which since his day has been acquired and cultivated. J. G. J.

## OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

### Leading a Little Child.

To-night, as the sun went down, leaving the city of Brooklyn to the embrace of the breeze that came in from the ocean, we were standing in the doorway of the beautiful home of a friend, talking with the lady of the house, when a small, weary, poorly dressed woman slowly ascended the brown stone front door steps, timidly, slowly leading a little girl, about four years of age. The woman had once been handsome, but whatever of beauty she had in the past was now buried under a motley load of care, grief and sorrow, marking a struggling life, as a fair flower in a yard may be buried and have its life pounded out under the pitiless pelting of stuff thrown out as junk and making a pile of dead weight of no worth or use to any one. Books may be told by their binding and title pages. So, too, can women, wives and mothers be told and known by their binding or dress, and by the title pages that all of humanity carries in the face and the lines thereon. Did you ever, when riding along a dirt-laden road, see an eddying, twirling current of air lift dust, dirt and rubbish up and gyrate it, as if to show you something unpleasant? Thus came the woman and her little girl, with an uplifted story of grief, and trying to rise from the dust and dirt of untoward circumstances. We could read in the lines on her face, the timid, scared look in her eyes, the labor-marked form, and the lack-lustre look of a hungry child's eyes, a history of disappointment and neglect—of labor beyond her strength; of hope deferred and loads accumulated to be borne till the heart grew sick. The reading of the book, at a moment's glance, was not pleasant, but depressing.

"Is Mr. — in?" came a timidly put question.

"Not at present. He went out just after dinner."

"Do you know how soon he will return?"

"No. He is from home on a business call and may be here in a few moments and it may be an hour ere he returns. Will you enter and wait or call again?" pleasantly asked the wife of the absent man.

"I will call again, as I wish to see him soon as I can."

Then the poor woman slowly retraced her way down the stairs and along the sidewalk, showing that the woman physical as well as the woman mental, was carrying a heavy load, in token that she would soon again become a mother.

"There goes a woman laden with grief—a life that is heavier than lead."

"Evidently. I believe that she is the wife of a man whom my husband discharged to-day, for good and sufficient reasons. For visiting saloons, and other acts of which he may tell you."

Our little ones go with skips, hops and jumps. They shout and laugh as they run. They nod to each other and to the trees above as do flowers in the field. The woman who went her way, holding a poorly clad, pinched, hungry, saddened child by the hand, went as goes a funeral procession, but not till at least one heart had been made heavier by what it had seen and felt.

When the man of the house came, he told us of the woman who had led the little child. A few years ago she was a bright, happy, beautiful girl, just jumping into the garden of life which revealed to her only flowers and budding vines. She was met by a gay young man. He could gracefully smoke a cigar. His moustache was waxed and petted. He had learned to drink, as the liquor sellers had said, to be manly and popular with the men and girls. He could sing a song and urge something of music out of a piano. He was a young man, brought up in idleness, supported by his hard-working parents, made much of because he was so pretty, but never taught anything useful or directed to any vocation the following of which bring health, strength, and more and more of articles to prove that man is the son of Our Common Father, the Great Creator.

Physically attracted to each other, in time these two were married. The parents of the unfitted young man could not support the young wife. He could not support the one he married. He could hunt around the city for work, but nothing less than a choice position at high salary, would satisfy him, when he had no ability or fitness for any place of usefulness to others.

His wife was of far better stuff. She ac-

cepted the situation, though her heart went down. She sought and found employment. She sewed carpets, and thus earned wages. She did the lion's share of the work, and long ere a year had passed from date of her marriage, a child came to call her mother. Its coming soured the words of the husband and added to her loads. He took to drink. She took to her needle while yet in bed to recover the exhaustion of the ordeal she had passed through. She had two children to care for. One was her husband who was of no account, the other was her babe. It was not long before the second child came. Then she had three persons besides herself to care for. Her husband's brother, lazy as he was fat, came to be cared for and supported. Tears fell into the stitches she took as she forced the needle through stiff carpets, even as life was forcing thorns into her soul.

One day the good angel of Death, who never yet did a human being harm, seeing how heavily the poor woman was loaded, kindly took one of her little children in its arms and bore it on to the beautiful school grounds and the play fields in the Land of the Leal, where little ones are loved, cared for, educated and grow apace as they journey on to the ever-widening fields of the future. Then her husband took more to drink and to laziness. He saw that he owned a slave, from whom children could be forced and whose fingers could earn him food, clothes, and drink-money. He was a man. A husband. A father. A sovereign citizen. Never was a slave lashed to labor more than he lashed his wife by the power given him over her. She could not escape. Daily and hourly were loads piled upon her. Her beauty faded. Her form lost its elasticity. Her life was made darker and heavier. Death would have been relief. Separation from her torture would have been relief, but her husband owned her body and soul. He demanded his marital rights. At times he found a few days employment. Then hope raised in her heart, and she worked the harder. Then he would lose his position and more of load would be thrown on her.

Some weeks ago a kind-hearted, humane, progressive, useful man of push and business, who had known her when she was a child, gave to her husband employment. Then he gave to her an opportunity to earn a few dollars as well. Thus food was obtained for two little children, who often had tasted no food for an entire day, though the husband had his drinks and his lunch from the counter of those who thus lure labor from some and their earnings to the hand that is hellish in the reach for gain.

To-day the husband was found to be so unfaithful and so demoralizing to other employees, and so inclined to pocket what was not his own, that his discharge was necessary. He persisted in frequenting saloons—in drinking until unfitted for labor. In taking what was not his own, and selling the same to pawnbrokers for the means to spend in drink. Then to his wife he again went, nervous, weak, powerless, discharged. The last place closed against him.

The wife, leading one little child, carrying another in addition to her load of grief, and doubly grievous the load, went forth to beg that he might be tried again—just once more, and yet she knew that there was left no honor, no manhood, no support, comfort and protection to her and her little ones to be found in or coaxed out of the owner of a woman.

Divorce? No. The law as made by men who own women and count upon their services in ways not necessary to mention, says that women cannot be freed from a husband, no matter to what degree of brutishness he attains by companionship and igniting of passion, unless he can be proven guilty of adultery. He may beat, bruise, maim, torture, emasculate, terrify, horrify, hold and hound a wife so long as she can be made to increase the heat of his body till she is worn into a coffin, and her body left to be buried at public expense, but cannot be relieved from marital obligations. She may wed a man who, under the pressure of those who despoil homes and happiness, may develop into a being lower and worth less than any brute, yet from him there is no escape.

And, oh, how full the world is of wrecked lives and wives. Of good women who are daily crucified and nightly tortured. Of wives whose daily lives are daily writhings in hell. Of children who are robbed, starved, whipped, neglected, tortured and murdered by inches, under the drift of the drunkard and power of the drunkard-maker. And to plead for humanity is counted as a crime against politics and an interference with the paid-for rights of those who live only to destroy others. How much we have to think of, this waning Saturday Night!—"BRICK POMEROY," in *Advance Thought*.

## SAMPLE COPIES.

If not a subscriber already, and this paper falls into your hands, please read it carefully and observe its numerous attractions, and the low price, combining cheapness and excellence. After reading it, hand it to your neighbor, and request him to subscribe for it. Keep it moving. If already a subscriber, and if an extra number comes to your address, do missionary work with it. Any one can afford to send for the paper 16 weeks, at the cost is only 25 cents.

ON TRIAL, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only 35 cents for sixteen weeks, or \$1 per year. For that amount you get the best thoughts of the ablest writers in the United States and Europe, and also aid us in establishing in Chicago the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world.



## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.  
Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

## An Ongoing Movement Against the Legions of Error.

In compliance with a plan long maturing, and believing we can be instrumental in doing a grand work for Spiritualism, Liberalism and Free Thought, and also having faith that we can ultimately obtain a circulation ranging high into the thousands, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year,	—	—	\$1.00
Clubs of ten (a copy to the one getting up the club),	—	—	\$7.50
Sixteen weeks (on trial),	—	—	25cts
Single copy,	—	—	5cts

Remittances.  
Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. Postage stamps will not be received hereafter in payment of subscription. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, 251 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

## Take Notice.

Subscriptions will begin with number current when subscriptions are received, unless back numbers are desired.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers.

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

In every letter that you write to this office, never fail to give your full address, plainly written.

## A Beneficial Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain sixty-four pages of solid, substantial, non-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

## CLUBS! AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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

SATURDAY, SEP. 27, 1890.

## DEATH.

## IT IS THE GREAT DELIVERER.

It Comes as a Benefactor to the Human Race.

Blessed art Thou, Oh! Death.

When we consider all the circumstances connected with death,—the cortege, the mourning-dress, the long sad sermon, and the graveyard, we do not wonder that erroneous notions have taken deep root within the mind. How cheerless the expression of everything connected therewith, except, perhaps, the beautiful wreath of flowers that embrace the placid bosom, and shed their soft genial influence over the now lifeless features. They smile as they are moved slowly along to the last resting-place, and their aroma encircles the darkened countenance. They are joyous in their mission, and cast a divine radiance over the remains. But, alas! how sombre the scene otherwise. Eyes moistened with tears! Faces overshadowed with deep regrets! Voices tremulous with emotion, while every movement is indicative of sorrow! Then, look at the cemetery! Tread softly there! What a desolate aspect connected with everything. We cherish the memory of our dead, under a cloud of sadness. The ancient Greeks and Romans fostered a recollection of the departed under a silvery halo of joy, and their cemeteries ornamented with groves and flowers, contained their promenade walks, where pleasure was manifested in all the bubbling emotions of the soul, and where happy reunions imparted a lively enchantment to the scene. The Orientals of this age have received into their veins the impulses that characterized the ancients in some respects, and their cemeteries are places where, on festal occasions, the eye becomes more brilliant, the step more elastic, and the laughter more hearty and cheery, and the regrets of the departed are never allowed to throw a drapery of melancholy over the occasion. They recognize the fact that death is only a change of condition, a sublime transformation—far more glorious than that which characterizes the caterpillar, which apparently dies when it encloses itself in its cold shell. But that process is required in order that its inward beauties and latent energies may expand and develop themselves into a gorgeous butterfly! Death might have terrors if it crippled the powers of the soul or dwarfed its capabilities, and then it would be highly proper to make dreary places of our cemeteries! But it is nothing but a glorious transfiguration, or more properly speaking, a liberation of all that constitutes the real man or woman.

The organism of the butterfly is within that of the caterpillar. To-day, a disgusting, slimy worm; to-morrow, sylph-like, floating gracefully on the breeze, and bathing itself in the aroma of nature's sweet-scented jewels. To-day, its home is in a woodshed; to-morrow, the companion of the warblers of the sky. In both of its conditions, it is visible to our eyes. But man is destined to a greater change. To-day, he is pinched with poverty, his intellect and aspirations confined within a narrow circuit; to-morrow, the real man bursts his fetters, blooms into a spiritual personage of rare powers; yea, his senses become so grand and comprehensive in their action, that what was to him a hidden mystery, becomes an unsealed book, and his aspirations find their appropriate field for action. Such being the case, why should funerals be seasons of melancholy, when the breezes sigh a mournful strain, and the noise of footsteps sound sepulchral, and the countenance assumes such a bleak expression? Funerals feasts, transmitted from primitive man, still exist in many countries. Returning from the place where the remains have been carefully deposited, the mourners forget their sorrow, and setting down to a table richly laden

with choice delicacies, at the residence of the deceased, their hearts animated with affection, they wish his spirit a pleasant journey to the evergreen shores. Their sadness is beautifully illuminated with spiritual light, and their cheerful wishes impart exhilarating magnetism to the spirit that has left its earthly tenement.

Louis Figuier, in his To-morrow of Death, says: "Those who have watched the dying have made observations which we will state summarily. First, we must leave out of such observations deaths occasioned by maladies that destroy the consciousness of the dying. Such cases are very many. Think, for instance, of deaths caused by cerebral or pulmonary apoplexy, by rupture of aneurism, or affections of the heart, which entail speedily fatal symptoms. In all these cases, the organs of speech being paralyzed, the dying can express nothing. To learn the thoughts of the dying, we must observe those who, up to their latest breath, preserve their intellectual powers unabated,—who 'have their head,' as the saying is. It is certain that their dying struggles are very tranquil. Consumptives, wounded persons, those dying from disease of the stomach or the intestinal canal, or of those fevers that sap the strength without affecting the mental faculties, the dysenteric and the dropsical, who retain to the last minute full possession of their intelligence, die calmly and almost with delight. M. de—, Captain of Franco-tireurs, in the Vosges, who, in a fight with the Prussians, was struck by a bursting shell in the abdomen, and died a few hours later, said, as he expired, 'What happiness! I am going to see my dear wife again.' There is surely a time that often lasts several hours, and in which, life having wholly withdrawn from the body, it is already a corpse under the eyes of those present, and this corpse still moves and speaks. But the soul that survives in this body already cold and actually dead, is not that of a terrestrial man; it is already a superhuman's. The dying man has consciousness and even perhaps an anticipatory sight of the ineffable bliss that awaits him in the new world whose threshold he is touching; and he manifests his joy in speech, and in the expression of his eyes. His last sigh passes in a flight of supreme joy. This extraordinary state in which the dying are half on earth and half in the new realm to which they are destined,—having, so to speak, one foot on earth and the other in heaven,—accounts for the touching eloquence, the often sublime words, that flow from their failing lips. An ignorant and uncultivated man expresses himself on his death-bed with an eloquence unaccountable to those who hear it. In this way are explained the prophecies of the dying that subsequent events have verified. The dying have an insight into facts of which they would not have had the least notion, if they shared the common condition of human kind. For this reason we should treasure their last words with religious care,—scrupulously regard the wishes they express. In Moldavia, when a peasant has escaped from a severe illness, in which he has seemed to touch the very portal of the tomb, his friends press around his bed to ask what he saw in the other world, and to get news of their relatives gone before; and the poor sick man tells them his visions as well as he can.

"Without going to the furthest limit of the death pang, it is easy to convince ourselves that those who are doomed by Nature to an early death, those who must die young, possess a deep serenity of spirit. This moral appanage is, in our opinion, one proof that they have already a presentiment, or even in the anticipatory enjoyment of the new life that awaits them after death. Why have consumptives such sweetness of temper, such quick sensibility, hearts so expansive and susceptible that everybody notices these peculiarities, characters so marked as to aid the physician in making a diagnosis of their disease? It is, we think, because these sick persons, already half-gone from the Earth, have already partially taken on the moral attributes of superhumans. Consumptives, it is well known, are always confident of recovery; they lay plans for enjoyment and the future, when their last hour is about to strike; they feel hope and joy, while friends are thinking of their funerals. It is commonly said, in explanation of this anomaly, that consumptives do not appreciate the gravity of their disease; for our part, we think that they have, on the contrary, some confused and dim idea of their conditions; we believe that Nature reveals to them the approach of a life of unclouded happiness, and that it is this secret conviction that gives them hope and confidence for the future. The future that they catch a glimpse of is not that of earth but that of heaven.

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, has aptly expressed this truth in a beautiful page of his romance 'Antonie,' which we may be permitted to quote: 'Did you ever know consumptives to be aware that they were such? Have you noticed that for them life has aspects unknown to those who have much longer to live? Their eyes, to which, by the presentiment of death, God partly unveils his eternity, sees beings and objects in a peculiar and poetical light. They see with their spiritual rather than with their physical being. In them sensations are electrically instantaneous,—what moves others only through deduction, moves them at first sight. One would say that their souls, too closely cramped in their breasts, strive constantly to rise; and that, from the heights which they reach, they discern what escapes the common eye. Their souls live higher than their bodies; and that accounts for their easy death; for, when the last hour comes, their immaterial part has been so long separated from its corporeal envelope, that it easily and painlessly detaches itself from and abandons it, as we cast off a garment that is too heavy. Those who are attacked with this disease have, like the sick man of Milleroye, who was no other than Milleroye himself, an incessant longing to draw near Nature, the first source of life. For them the trees have a peculiar shade, the birds sing songs that they only can understand, the sun dispenses a heat that others feel not. Where others are seeing nothing but a natural fact, they see a blessing from God. Their faces at last take on the sad poetry of their spirits. For suffering they feel the very pity that they inspire. They are charitable, and forgiveness is habitual in them because they are near the Lord. If Nature has granted them

the power of reproducing in bodily expression the sensations that life awakens in them, their talent suddenly becomes genius, it wears a pale and transparent hue like a star-ray, and exhales a perfume like the fragrance of a hidden flower. Hear Bellini, read Milleroye; and you will find, in the music of the one and the verses of the other, that indefinable sentiment, plaintive and melodious, which has been their very life.

"Not among consumptives alone may these observations be made. Every man predestined to die young seems marked with that secret sign of the soul which produces sometimes a sweet and charming melancholy, and again vivacity or sensibility that relatives admire, and that is, alas! too often the signal of approaching death. The beautiful qualities that shine in these young people are but the forerunning indices of their dissolution. 'Short lived are children born with such great minds,' says Casimir Delavigne in 'The Children of Edward.' The Greeks said, 'Those who die young are loved by the gods.' Therefore let us not fear death; let us await it not as the end of life, but as its transformation. Let us learn, by the purity of our lives, by our virtues, by the cultivation of our faculties, by knowledge, by practicing the worship of our ancestors, to prepare ourselves for the critical moment of that natural change which will bring us into the blessed mansion of the ethereal spheres, in the regions of spiritual light."

The evidence given by Louis Figuier, demonstrates plainly that death is not attended with those horrors represented by the various orthodox churches. The demons of all imaginary pandemoniums, rendered tangible, and enveloped with an atmosphere of hate, revenge and mischief, could not devise a death that would equal that so vividly pictured by some orthodox divines, when referring to the last moments of an infidel. They are ignorant and bigoted, and over their mind rests a dark cloud of superstition through which spiritual light can not penetrate. Their emotions are not actuated by love, nor is their vision often gladdened by a sight of celestial glories. They would have death terrible, because their nature is not softened or animated with divine qualities. The ideas, thoughts, or sentiments of one's mind, are the intellectual germs thereof; and if not enveloped with the aroma of pure love, it is because the soil from which they spring is devoid of proper nourishment.

## To Contributors.

It is exceedingly difficult to satisfy all; in fact, it is impossible. We have much more manuscript than we can possibly use. We use it as our judgment dictates. We may err sometimes, for imperfection inheres in human nature. We aim to give the best we have regardless of the person, his name and influence. We have on file several splendid articles marked for publication sometime next year. We are glad to receive communications from all; we are sorry that so many really good articles can never see the light through our paper. Changes in contemplation will enable us to publish much more reading matter, but even then we can not publish all that comes to hand.

## Hon. Sidney Dean.

That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is on a tidal wave of success we know, and it is acknowledged by the people generally. We are working diligently for the good opinion of our patrons. Without that we can, of course, do nothing. Especially do we prize what the Hon. Sidney Dean says, who is prominent as a lecturer and editor: "I prize your paper; you are doing through it a grand work. Keep it as sweet as heaven, and as forceful as the thunders of ancient Jove. Keep right at the heart of the world. It is hungry for the living bread of eternal, conscious, natural life. Sorrowing hearts will bless you, and that kind of a monument abides on the Jordan shore of spiritual being."

## Reports of Meetings.

They should always be brief. Meetings generally are of local interest, and have become altogether too numerous for any one paper to make a specialty in reporting their proceedings. It should be the province of local papers to give complete details of the Spiritualists' meetings in their vicinity. We take pleasure in announcing all Camp and Grove meetings, and also in giving condensed reports of proceedings.

## A Curious Vision Fifty-Six Years Ago.

Tryphene C. Pardee, of Ellington, N. Y., writes: "As for myself, I thought when *New Thought* closed, I should be lost for spiritual news; but there is an Omniscience who knew your paper was coming, for when it came I remember well to have seen it in a vision in the spring of 1834 when I read 'The Mystery of the Postern Gate,' just as it has appeared in your paper; also well remember the heading of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Rostrom, and Prof. Olney H. Richmond's sign of astral magnetism; not a star, mark, or figure in that illustration but I well remember to have seen 56 years ago, just as it appears here now. Is every man, woman and child, born for a special purpose, in accordance with Infinite calculation, ages before they make their appearance here? The unfolding fulfillments of those strange visionary experiences which have followed me through a life time, have brought me to so consider it."

## 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.

Everybody should remember that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the cheapest Spiritualist paper now published, furnished as it is for only a little over one cent per week. We believe it possible to publish as much reading matter each week for 14 cents as any of the high-priced spiritual papers, and we are gradually tending to that point. Spiritualists everywhere, aid us in this great undertaking! A contribution from your pockets of 14 cents per week will greatly aid us, for these little amounts aggregate a large sum.

## A General Survey.

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

Geo. P. Rudolph, Ex-Catholic priest, is now lecturing in various parts of Ohio. He is capable of doing a most excellent work.

O. J. Johnson, of Minneapolis, is in this city, looking after his mining interests. He is enthusiastic over the prospects.

Dr. Wm. J. Hill of Petoskey writes: "I am much interested in your very excellent paper, as I am in all efforts of reform looking to a more liberal, more promising, more healthful and better religion, well salted with reason and common sense, and abundantly sweetened with universal love. Let us have a religion of progress, such as shall meet the wants of the present and advancing civilization; free as the air of heaven, powerful as the inherent forces of the universe, and as lasting as time; and with an all-sufficient and unchanging fountain head. As the Roman gods vanished before the rising sun of a better age, so behold! now, the dawn of another era with increased light; and so the years shall grow brighter forever. God speed the liberalizing of religion, and the freedom of thought and speech, until the shackles of mental slavery shall follow Noah's curse and remain forever with the past. The signs of the times are, indeed propitious and full of promises. The clouds of superstition are parting, and the light of heaven is shining through and into the open windows of the human soul, to enlighten, warm, bless and make happier, freer and better!"

E. C. Galusha, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Thanks for A. B. Richmond's hard knocks."

Jas. Cowley of Liberal, Mo., writes: "We feel that we cannot do without your paper. We think it the best we ever read."

Geo. W. Carpenter M. D. writes: "I have been a Spiritualist for twenty-five years. And long before, even back to 1843 and '48 had very strange phenomena accompanying my life under the occult forces every where surrounding me. In that early day I formed classes and taught Mesmerism and developed clairvoyants, and at times had what I now know to be spirit manifestations. I did you God speed in the glorious work of spreading the gospel of life and peace."

J. K. Flint of Quechee, Vt. writes: "Mrs. Nellie Brigham's inspiration gives me food. My soul grows on such. How blessed is she in her guides. There is a potent power accompanying her clear but beautiful utterances. A savior, indeed, is she. My prophetic eye can see the angels crowning her at last with the benediction, Well done good and faithful servant."

Dr. T. J. Gile of North Denver, Col., writes: "I notice that Brother A. B. Richmond has supplied a long felt demand in his article of Aug. 16. Mr. Grabendykes meetings in St. Charles, now closed, are a grand success. Two weeks ago last Sabbath we were instrumental in opening the spiritual eyes of a blind man who gave the public the benefit of his experience."

Henry W. Sinclair, the blind medium, writes: "I am going East as far as Boston, taking in various towns, and cities, intending to be about two years making my trip, lecturing wherever the field is open for a speaker. I shall introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, in both public and private, wherever I go."

D. H. Bradt, of North Hannibal, N. Y., writes: "The longer I take your paper the better I like it, and that is not my opinion alone but of many others. I heard Brother Peck say, who lives in Oswego, that it is the best Spiritualist paper published."

G. W. Kates and his estimable wife, are now located in Philadelphia, Pa., where they will open meetings. They will answer calls to lecture in places near by. Their permanent address is 2234 Frankford Ave.

Dr. John C. Wymann, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Many other Spiritualist journals need praising and need it badly too, but yours needs no praise, though it truly deserves and receives the highest appreciation of all candid and spiritually-minded thinkers, and has rapidly raised itself to a prominent and honorable position among the many spiritual journals of the world. Like pure gold each issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is its own recommendation; and like good wine, its increasing age only adds strength and beauty of flavor to its truly spiritualized 'bouquet.' Wish you increased prosperity and happiness."

Mrs. R. A. Pettit, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "The truth came to me in the manner of a voice, the source of which was invisible, but at the same time, three distinct sentences were given, proving the direct spirit agency of human affairs. Though not heeded at the time, I have since realized the great truth that our spirit friends and relatives are with us and interested, and would guide us in a happy path, when they see us blindly making a crooked one."

As an illustration of what a single copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will accomplish, we publish the following from Emma S. Weed, of Stratford: "My brother brought home from camp-meeting two copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I was so well pleased with the writings of Charles Dawbarn and Olney Richmond that I inclose \$1 for a year's subscription. 'Thought-Pictures' is a most wonderful lecture."

W. D. Sleeper well says: "In viewing the field of labor to which we seem to be allotted, we cannot but come to the conclusion that when life's work here in the physical body is over, we must still have a work to do in the beyond. We do not have to think the second time to know what life's work here consists of, for all around about us we see those who need aid in many different ways; even our influence for good has its effect sometimes ten or even an hundred fold. If we are schooled here in doing good to others, and find that it has an elevating effect on us, it is very evident that must be our calling there as well as here."

O. B. Fisher, of Los Gatos, Cal., writes: "Allow me to compliment and sincerely thank that able and fearless defender of the truth, A. B. Richmond, for the too well merited castigation he gives his opponent in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Aug. 16."

What would Spiritualism be, except for its phenomena? At best but a creed, or a tradition. Truth trodden under foot, and falsehood and authority enthroned on high!"

Lewis J. Kohn of 213 Detroit St., Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "A friend of mine handed me a copy of your paper Aug. 16, containing the spicy article of Hon. A. B. Richmond, versus Col. Bundy. Please send me ten copies of said number. The experience my wife and friend had with the Bangs sisters while here during last March were more astonishing than anything yet produced through spirit agency. A friend, a thorough skeptic, ignorant of the law governing mediumship, went to the sisters upon my recommendation and advice, brought his own slates, never leaving his hand. He tied the two slates in a handkerchief, hung them himself to a gas chandelier. The slates when taken down had received a message in the German tongue, but written with Chaldaic letters. I venture to say that ninety out of one hundred Jewish scholars in this country could not read it. He brought the slate to me and I read the message for him."

Herman Burose of Detroit, Mich., writes: "The La Grippe in the case of my partner, Dr. James A. Bliss, has terminated in a very severe and critical case of dropsy. He was tapped last Monday with some beneficial effects, passing at least ten gallons of water. He is obliged to pass through the same ordeal again this p. m. Angels know the result. His state is very critical. He holds up with good grit and hopes to pull through safely. Subscribers to *The Sower* must be patient and wait for the next issue, which should be issued Oct. 1st. The best that can be done will be done."

E. W. Baldwin of Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "Dr. Henry S. Bowen, of 527 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis., passed to a higher life Sept. 5th. He was eighty years old. He had only been home four days from attending a Spiritualist camp-meeting at Clinton, Iowa. With the exception of some of his earlier years, which were devoted to the practice of the medical profession, his life was given to helping reform movements. Spiritualism, woman's rights and labor problems, were his foremost thoughts. There was a Spiritualist funeral at his residence."

The Commercial, of Bangor, Me., says: "Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass., delivered two very able and interesting lectures Sunday afternoon and evening at City Hall. He is a young man of strict integrity, and his lectures, embracing the highest order of sentiment, are both instructive and elevating."

J. C. Chesney, of Northumberland, Pa., writes: "Mrs. E. Bower, of 1512 Bailey St., Philadelphia, is one of the finest and best mediums I ever had the pleasure to meet. At a seance held at Col. S. Chase's, 1601 North 15th St., Philadelphia, she gave me two tests of her great mediumistic powers, which were verified on my return home. One was a small theft which was being committed on my premises at the time we were holding the circle, which was really the case."

Mrs. W. C. Warner writes as follows from Yorkshire, N. Y.: "Sunday, Sept. 7, closed the seventh annual engagement of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond with the Society of this place, and it was universally pronounced the 'red-letter' day in the history of our association. Mrs. Richmond, accompanied by her husband, reached Yorkshire Aug. 28, and remained until Sept. 3, speaking for us two Sundays. We have been addressed at different times by various speakers, but, with no wish to disparage any one, Mrs. Richmond, Ouida and the guides, are the stars in the heaven of our trust and hope. This season the work seemed to blossom in lines not dreamed of before, and all pronounce the discourses, four in number, the most wonderful ever given here. The time during the week is always spent in reunions from house to house, and at these gatherings Ouida, the only Ouida, is the mistress of ceremonies, and we are the recipients of such feasts of wisdom as only Ouida can give. We can not think of a summer at Yorkshire without Mrs. Richmond, for like the birds, the flowers, the perfume of meadows and the shimmer of sunshine, she is a part of the season to us."

Lyman C. Howe writes: "Lewis B. Webb, of Sparta, N. Y., after a long and painful illness, joined the host immortal Sept. 9, 1890. He was a natural seer, and in daily companionship with the Spirit-world for many years, and a faithful and consistent representative of the spiritual philosophy. His companion of fifty-three years survives him, and her vision is opened, and she sees him in his new life. He was a man of large nature and usefulness, honored and loved by all who knew him. The writer served at his funeral rites, Sept. 12, and a large assemblage of friends and neighbors were present. The spiritual gospel made the day light and sweet with love's promises. Mr. Webb had reached his seventy-third year, and the love that united him with the choice of his life shone to the last, and now she waits with reverent faith and sacred trust for the hour that shall reunite them in the land of sweetest and light, where no cruel partings are forced between loving souls. Of twelve children, one sister only survives. Spiritualism is the only gospel that can bring comfort in such trials, and it meets every need. We look toward the opening heavens for the treasures death embraced and covered with painful silence."

Geo. B. Denny, of 233 Holt St., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "My daughter is an elegant medium, and controlled by a high class of spirits. She has been promised the trumpet and other phases, but has only sat a few months, for most of her time is spent in music. Her controls are Hans List, for the piano, and Jenny Lind for the vocal, and Horace Mann, who promises the trumpet, and is her adviser. Her music is wonderful, and praised by all. She has been invited to go to Cleveland, and will play at the Lyceum there on Friday the 26th inst. From Cleveland we desire to come west, stopping at Toledo and Detroit."

Rev. Dr. Martin, clairvoyant and magnetic healer, late of Boston, Mass., is now located in this city, at 561 West Indiana st.

G. G. W. Van Horn writes: "On Sunday, 14th inst., the Peoples' Spiritual Society 3 p. m. service (G. L. S. Jenifer, President), at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 South Peoria St., was of an unusual and interesting character. The hall was filled with an intelligent and delighted audience. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf delivered a fine lecture. Subject: 'Spirituality is the Hope of the World,' which was appropriate. She also gave many marvelous independent slate-writing messages under strict test conditions, all of which were readily recognized by the recipients of the same. Skeptics were dumfounded on the platform at the power of spirits, as all of the communications were written without a material pencil. G. G. W. Van Horn, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Moran, and other test mediums, gave undisputed evidence in a manner that carried the audience to the border of the spirit spheres. The scores of messages given were fully recognized. Dr. A. G. Larson demonstrated his power in healing the afflicted by removing pain, etc. The meeting closed under the most favorable conditions, amidst congratulations long to be remembered."

An investigator writes: "G. G. W. Van Horn, the noted test medium, held two Progressive Spiritual Services at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St., on 7th and 14th inst., at 8 p. m. Fine audiences have greeted him on each occasion. His short and direct to the point discourses meet with the demands of the people. His spirit tests, which in nearly every instance are fully recognized by scores of individuals, each bring consolation and positive evidence of spirit return. Persons desiring to learn more of spiritual truths should not fail to hear him and be convinced of his very remarkable mediumship. He will hold two more services at above Hall during September only. Be sure to attend, and be enlightened and pleased at the intelligence of the Spirit-world."

## A SONG OF THE ATOM.

Swinging slowly to and fro,  
Backward, forward, high or low,  
Moving fast or moving slow,  
Sing the atoms as they go,  
Come in line, my brothers all,  
Let us make the earth a ball!

So they cross each others path,  
Backward, forward, all in line,  
Then they change to straight rows,  
Meeting squarely as they pass,  
Then they settle into place,  
As they build a world in space.  
Moving fast or moving slow,  
Sing the atoms as they go,  
When they form the crystal flower,  
In the great world's natal hour.

Change the measure swift, my brothers,  
We must now give room for others;  
So they face each other about,  
Moving in and marching out,  
Weaving measures fast or slow,  
Sing the atoms as they go;  
Waiting each its time and motion  
As it reaches forth its hand,  
Little hands that touch the treasure,  
That the water without measure  
Holds within its strong embrace,  
Of each element a trace,  
Which the crystal once had known,  
When on that celestial morn,  
The great universe was born.  
Weaving in and weaving out,  
Changing, moving all about,  
Up and down across the screen,  
Moves the atoms in between  
All the lines that one can think,  
When the crystal once did shrink  
Into form, in time more brief,  
Thus the atoms make the leaf.

Now we have another sight,  
Atoms dance from left to right,  
Backward, forward, as before,  
When they built the world of yore.  
But they dance in rapid measure,  
As they seize the floating treasure,  
That the air holds in its grasp,  
Not so firm as ocean's clasp,  
And the atoms now so free  
Move and glide in liberty:  
Backward, forward, up and down,  
Lengthwise, crosswise, round and round,  
Moving every way as they will,  
Swiftly rushing, slowly flowing,  
Swinging, dancing, leaping, glowing,  
Till the measure is complete,  
And we stand upon our feet.  
Thus the atoms make the man,  
Thus they fill creation's plan.

Rolling on and drawing out,  
From the form that eye doth see,  
Rising, swaying, cloud-like motion,  
In the vast eternity;  
Weaving, swaying, rising, floating,  
Without haste and without resting,  
Rolling onward through elysium,  
Thus the atoms to my vision,  
Move in triumph as they go,  
Soaring high or sinking low,  
When the paths of life are trod,  
And the spirit goes to God.

Thus the atom tells the story,  
How it travels worlds of glory,  
How in crystal, leaf or soul,  
Always moving to its goal,  
Never resting, never halting,  
Till the worlds are changed to soul.  
Then in glow of life eternal,  
Moving on in forms supernal,  
Dwelling in the spirit ever,  
Rising upward, moving onward,  
Thus the atom goes for ever  
In the vast eternity.

From "Sideral Evolution."

## MRS. ABBIE N. BURNHAM.

She is Appreciated at Watertown, N. Y.

The Spiritualists and Liberals of Watertown, N. Y., are most fortunate in having the services during the time usually considered vacation, of one of the very best speakers in the ranks, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, of No. 530 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. This lady has a most excellent voice, sweet and harmonious, and so perfect in its intonation that speaking in an ordinary key, she can easily be heard all over the Temple. Her invocations are the embodiment of beautiful thoughts. Her audiences are constantly increasing, so that it is with difficulty that all are accommodated within the Temple, which was supposed to be of more than ample dimensions when erected through the munificence of those veteran Spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. Abel Davis, and every one listens with eagerness until the last word is spoken.

Her tests are always recognized, and are of a character to carry conviction with them, facts being given, and incidents set forth. Only last evening she told a lady, casually present, and whom she had never seen before, that she had lost a husband and child, and repeated the identical words last spoken by the husband before closing his bodily eyes forever. The lady, an orthodox Christian, could not refrain from making a public acknowledgment of the test, which to her was wonderful beyond expression. The people of Watertown regret that Mrs. Burnham's engagements will permit her to remain but a short time, and when she visits us again she will find loving hands and hearts to greet her, and homes which will be happy to be graced with her presence.

Sept. 9, 1890.

F. N. Frown.



## THE VOICES.

## They Come With no Uncertain Sound.

We can only publish a few of the many kind letters that reach us. To publish all would require the whole paper. The following are selected at random:

O. Diney, of Topeka, Kan., writes: "Your paper is much thought of here by every one who reads it and has sufficient ability to appreciate it."

Mr. E. L. Dodge, of Rochester, Minn., writes: "I can not do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, as I think it the very best spiritual paper in existence. It is doing a grand work."

Mr. H. T. Holden, of Geneva, Ohio, writes: "I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER since you first commenced publishing it, and I like it the best of any paper we take."

J. W. Iggersoll, of Bowie, Md., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much. I can't find and find in it. Freedom, progression, manhood character every line of it."

Mr. S. A. Morgan, of Webster, Iowa, writes: "I have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER since weeks and like it very much."

Wm. H. Malne, of Ashaway, R. I., writes: "I look for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER patiently, yes, anxiously; it fills a long felt want."

Matilda Mitchell, of Monroe Center, Ohio, writes: "All that read your paper think it is one of the best of papers."

L. F. Weaver, of Copenhagen, N. Y., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best paper for good sense of any that is printed."

N. Everett, of Kingston, N. Y., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best spiritual paper I have seen."

John Slagle, of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "As a spiritual paper THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best I have read. It suits me exactly."

R. O. Sanborn, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I was at Lake Pleasant this summer. I saw your paper on the grounds. I saw that you took up for Mr. A. B. Richmond. That pleased me. I took home several of your papers to see if I could get you subscribers; I see the result."

Ed. A. Sharp, of Minneapolis, Kan., writes: "Your paper is a regular weekly visitor at our home. I eagerly wait its coming, freighted with soul food, rich with thoughts of angels expressed to men. It feels the avenues to the souls of all with whom it comes in contact."

J. A. Chapin, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes: "I cannot do without your excellent paper, and hope it will continue to progress for a hundred years to come."

B. F. Hayden, of Colfax, Ind., writes: "I am in receipt of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and am more than delighted with it."

S. C. Perham, of Athol Centre, Mass., writes: "I prize THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very highly and visit all success."

M. H. Slossom, of Appleton, Minn., writes: "I must say that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the most interesting paper I ever read, and gives me the most satisfaction."

Eleta Dold, of Blair, Neb., writes: "The 'Home Circle Fraternity.' An always glad when I see that leading read them with interest, and always feel benefited."

J. A. Severance, of East Middlebury, Vt., writes: "Thousands will rejoice because of the stand you are bold enough to take."

J. A. Crump, of Calamus, Kan., writes: "I wish to speak in terms of praise as to your paper THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

V. C. Taylor, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "I am greatly interested in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, both for its advocacy of Spiritualism and Liberalism."

B. B. Bellent, of Strawberry Point, Iowa, writes: "I send six more new names and wish I could make \$500,000. Every one that reads your paper likes it very much; it seems to have the right ring."

Larisa Patne, of Deerfield, Mich., writes: "I do think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best liberal paper I have ever read."

Mary S. Gooding, of Riverton, Neb., writes: "I will do all I can to help you, for I think you are doing so much for the good of humanity."

Mr. Ida Wilder, of Otranto, Iowa, writes: "My father, W. L. Barnes, has been taking your paper a while, and we are so well pleased with it that we concluded to subscribe for it."

Lydia A. Priest, of Perry Depot, N. H., writes: "I feel that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is doing a work no other paper has done so extensively for the good of humanity."

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, of Liberal, Mo., writes: "All who take your paper here like it very much."

R. F. Baldwin, of Granville, N. Y., writes: "I find the best way to help Spiritualism is to get all you can to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; this I have done and shall continue to do."

S. B. Archer, of Quaker, Mich., writes: "I shall continue to interest myself in your behalf, for your paper is the first spiritual paper that has been published at a fair price and on business principles."

Mrs. S. A. Jenness, of East Pembroke, N. H., writes: "I am very much pleased with the paper. I am P. Marm, of Orono, Mich., writes: 'THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best spiritual paper published.'"

H. J. Kilborn, of Lafarquette, N. Y., writes: "I appreciate and enjoy reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much."

Robert Simpson, of Hooper, Utah, writes: "There ought to be quite a number of your papers come to this office. It is all you claim for it. I like it very much."

Frank Cott, of Red Cedar, Wis., writes: "I like the paper very much indeed."

A. L. Foreman, of Stockton, Cal., writes: "I shall have to become a permanent subscriber. I am for A. B. Richmond, first, last, and all the time."

H. M. Gant, of Milton, Vt., writes: "Set me down for one year. I am well pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; it fills the bill, only every last one of the best."

C. H. Foler, of Marietta, Ohio, writes: "Let your bright paper go, with its glad tidings and sparkling spiritual gems, into two families, where it might not otherwise find its way."

D. Leach, of Aberdeen, S. D., writes: "I could not get along without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Ambrose Dennis, of Middleport, Ohio, writes: "I can not think of doing without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I think it is the best paper I ever read."

J. B. Bryant, of Fredonia, Me., writes: "I find your paper to be a good thing, therefore I like it."

W. Hicks, M. D., of Rockford, Mich., writes: "I will do all I can to increase the circulation of your (or our) paper, as I think it is the paper for the time."

Mr. J. W. Henderson, of Eagle River, Wisconsin, writes: "My husband and myself have become very much interested in Spiritualism during the past few years. A gentleman came from the city, brought with him a copy of your paper. We like it very much."

J. H. Egle, of Louisiana, Mo., writes: "Have taken THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for a short time and find it an invaluable companion. I am much pleased with your paper. We like it very much."

Mr. Dr. C. B. Scott, of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I have been a medium all my life, so I have a great many friends. My home was in Chicago 24 years, but I have been away for the last two years, and when I read your paper and see the names of so many of my friends and the good you are doing for our cause in Spiritualism."

H. C. Bethel, of Gipson, Ark., writes: "I like your paper better than any spiritual paper I have seen. I see to separate the chaff from the grain."

Harriet Randall, of Bressport, N. Y., writes: "I have sent your paper to friends in different parts of the state; they all write back that they like it better than they do the Journal and are going to send for it."

J. A. Fletcher, of W. Sumner, Maine, writes: "I am much pleased with your paper and hope for its success, both financially and as a missionary worker."

Mr. C. L. Keith, of Galesburg, Mich., writes: "I cannot do without your valuable paper. I look anxiously for it every week."

Mrs. W. Miller, of Chesaning, Mich., writes: "You certainly struck the right keynote when you conceded and carried into execution the publication of the first class progressive paper at a cheap price. It is precisely what was needed. We want to get people read, study and think for themselves, and in order to do so literature must be brought down within the limits of every man's pocket book, for alas! too many will not pay for reading. Your paper is having an immense run in popularity here, and it is with pleasure that I send you four more subscribers, which makes no less than a dozen within a few weeks from our little town."

Mrs. P. A. Keese, a venerable Quaker lady, writes a follows from Ladrange, Ill.: "I have delayed from time to time from sending you subscription money for your paper. Very sorry I have not sent it sooner as I know I have lost a great deal of interest in reading. I do not like the Journal since it has been changed, as it does not have the same magnetic report passing through it as it used to. I am greatly pleased with your paper."

Mr. Jane Wynegar, of Morengo, O., writes: "We have taken your paper because of the frank and manly way you have of dealing with men and the truths you teach."

H. H. Hunt, of Amboy, O., writes: "We all read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and at the same time are doubtless saving the foundation from —"

C. B. Rice, of East Oakland, Cal., writes: "A friend handed me a copy of your paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, last evening, and I liked it so much that I sent it to my friend this morning, and he liked it."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## CREATION.

## The Three Theories Illustrated.

THEORY NO. THREE.

In contradistinction to materialism is the doctrine of immaterialism. Mr. Webster defines the word immaterialism thus: "The doctrine that immaterial substances or spiritual beings do exist, or are possible." Immaterialism, then, while it means not materialism, asserts a substantial existence, and not nothingness. If it can be shown that immaterial substances or spiritual beings do exist—and it can—then it is proof positive that materialism as taught cannot possibly be true. All is not matter, as the monist proclaims; nor is spirit, soul or mind, mere 'modes of physical motion,' as Tyndall, Haeckel, and other monists declare. For substance, even though it be spiritual, must from philosophical necessity possess entity, real existence. Though spirit is actually substance, eternal in duration, it cannot with propriety be called matter, any more than light can properly be called darkness; because the construction of our language will not admit it. I do not propose in this paper to show the difference between matter and spirit, nor shall I attempt here, to prove that the latter exists at all; nevertheless, it has been demonstrated to me ten thousand times. What I aim at is, to present in brief the principal tenets of the immaterialistic theory, as now held and taught by its modern advocates.

It is claimed that this theory has culminated into science, and is known under the twofold title of "Christian Science," "Mental Science," and sometimes "Spiritual Science." The theory assumes as its fundamental principle, that "all is spirit," and that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as matter. To heighten the significance of the so-called "Science," it is claimed that "Spirit is God," and that "God is all in all." You see it is a religious science, or rather, an hypothesis. Now, while credit is given a certain Mrs. Mary Eddy, as being the actual founder of the "all-spirit" theory, it is plain to the historically educated, that the theory is as old as the history of man. For, in all ages, in all countries, and with all peoples, the idea that God is spirit, and that he is the "all in all" has been a prominent one. And further, said spirit has ever been recognized as the "Creator," the source and origin of our being; but instead of making us or the world out of nothing, as Jehovah is said to have done, His early worshippers tell us in their sacred books that He simply threw us off, as it were, from Himself, perhaps not unlike our solar sun throws off his rays into distant space, and that we are, therefore, emanations from His own personage—parts and parcels of Him.

Well, I like this idea better than that of being made of nothing, or even of having descended from Darwin's "hairy quadruped." But yet, while I am a Spiritualist in the common acceptance of the term, I confess the theory that "all is spirit," and "all is God," is too spiritual and too godly for my mental caliber; but whether Mrs. Eddy is in fact the late reviver of the "all-spirit" and "all-God" theory or not, she says some things that have called my attention, not so much, however, for their scientific value as their nonsensicalness. In promulgating the claim that "all is spirit," that it constitutes the mud-sills, the framework, roof and all to the temple of "Christian Science," Mrs. E., as shown by quotation through the pen of Mrs. Wilmans, in the *Mental Science Magazine*, Vol. IV., No. 7, page 147, instructs her students thus: Says she, "There is no matter."

"What is that which composes my body?" asks the student.

"Nothing," answers Mrs. E. "You have no body."

"What is it that is laid in the grave at death?" asks the student.

"You lay nothing away at death," replies teacher E. "There is no death."

"What is it that is born into the world at birth?"

"Nothing. There is no birth; you only imagine it," is the reply.

Again, in *Science of Health*: Mrs. E. is shown to have remarked to her students these words: "It makes no difference whether you eat or not." Such are the arguments, so-called, of the said-to-be founder of the "all-spirit" hypothesis. This is one way of showing that all "is spirit, and there is no matter." It needs no comment of mine to show its all-weakness. I do not speak thus to reflect upon the character of Mrs. E., for she lives better than she teaches; but it will require stronger logic than her arguments offer to prove that "all is spirit."

Dr. Charles W. Close, P. H. D., and a fine exponent of the "all-spirit" theory, expresses his views on the subject more feasibly, and no doubt, far more acceptably to the more thoughtful in the "Science." In *Mental Science Magazine*, Vol. IV., No. 8, p. 177, Mr. C. remarks:

"All is spirit." In making the assertion that "all is spirit," it is not intended to deny the existence of visible things, but to assert the fact that visible objects come out from the invisible spirit, and therefore in their primary substance they are spirit. Nor is it a contradiction of the fundamental principle to speak of these various manifestations of spirit as matter, if it be understood that matter is but an expression or form of spirit; or in other words, it is unconscious visible mind, as opposed to conscious invisible mind. Matter, or unconscious visible mind is something, and it is untrue to call it nothing."

It will be seen that Mr. C. has made quite an improvement on Mrs. E.'s idea of the immaterial hypothesis, called "Christian Science." For, while she emphatically denies to visible things any existence whatever, and declares such to be nothing; he, with equal emphasis declares such to be something, though a quaint something it is.

Mr. C. further expresses his views in *Mental Science Magazine*, Vol. IV., No. 4, p. 77, wherein he remarks: "The eternal law of progress is at work in man to-day, and he is led to see that if he would find God, he must look for him, not in some distant place called heaven, but in the depths of his own divine nature." The Doctor has dropped a logical thought touching the point

of Deific existence, to which I shall make further reference in proper time and place. But he continues: "Paul's oration in the midst of Mar's hill is beginning to be understood in all its beauty, and mankind is realizing as never before that 'in Him (God) we live, move and have our being.' This is the next step in spiritual progress, and as it is more fully developed, it will be marked by a newer and higher civilization. Thus we trace the law of progress from the natural world to the spiritual world, which was first, and of which the natural world is but the material expression."

"All matter being but the reflection or expression of spirit, which is the substance of all things, from this advance thought we are able to see and receive the fundamental truth of spiritual science that 'all is spirit.' The Doctor talks fluently; but how he can understand that spiritual substance was before natural substance, when he admits and declares the two to be one and the same substance, I don't just comprehend. Yet further, Dr. C., in *Mental Science Magazine*, Vol. IV., No. 5, p. 99, remarks, in the first and great fundamental principles of the science, viz: "There is but one substance; there is practical agreement among all the various schools of thought." The only difference in this point is in their mode of expression. While one school says "All is spirit," and another says, "All is mind," they both mean the same thing, viz: the intelligent creative principle that is the substance of all things. It would seem that the statement that "all is spirit" could be accepted as the expression of the fundamental principle of our science, even by those among us that hold and teach that there is a personal God, for such, while believing in God as a person, maintain that he is not a material, but a spiritual person, and all things emanate from him. This being so, all these emanations must be spirit, consequently "all is spirit." I have quoted Dr. Close at length because he is regarded as an able expounder of the science, whether viewed under the head of Christian, Mental or Spiritual Science; but in all his fluent language, I do not see that he has offered any proof that all substance is one, or that "all is spirit," other than what can be inferred from the argument that "Spirit is God," and that "God is all in all," and until this point "God is all in all" can be logically settled, demonstrated through and by the manifestations of nature, including man's highest reasoning, all subsequent conclusions are vague and uncertain. I repeat it, I do not see how or by what known law of nature the learned gentleman expects to be able to demonstrate his claim that there is but one substance only, and it a spiritual one, when nature, at every point of her explored realm, manifests to his very eyes a duality of existence. I reserve further comment, however, until after I shall have presented more fully the "all-spirit" theory, as set forth by yet others of its ablest advocates.

J. H. MENDENHALL.

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

Echoes From the Spirit Side of Life.

It is sometimes well when those who have done heavy work in our cause return for the first time from spirit-life, to make note of it. Though Mrs. Booser's presence has been frequently alluded to by the guides of several mediums, her first communication with the subscriber came on the evening of Sept. 10, at a circle of Chas. J. Barnes in this city. There were twelve present—nine of these were men. It is well to state that Mrs. Booser did not have with any cause an enemy in the world; yet this circle chanced to contain one whose past action to her had been that of a pursuing fiend, without a shadow of a cause. When she came, the voice seemed to come out the air, about three or four feet or more from the medium, saying, "Henry!" I responded. Then came a little nervous cry or wail of sorrow, something peculiarly her own, and which she sometimes indulged in. This was a part of her own individuality—a hereditary trait from her father, a man of very sympathetic nature, who habitually gave way to it in his declining years—its tone and utterance alone perfectly identifying her. She expressed great satisfaction in being able to come, though crippled by the weakness incident to the first effort; said she wished to give me a message, naming a certain medium of her favorite phase, to whom she wished me to go. A lady present, desirous of having evidence of Mrs. Booser's recent presence in a certain place, asked her if she was not there. I shall have to say here that during her late sickness, if she said it once, she said it twenty or more times, that when she came back she would come in such a way as to leave no doubt in the skeptical mind, as she very strongly deprecated the deluded utterance of a condition of undevelopment, where the medium is not able to draw the line of demarcation between the action of his or her own mind and that of the spirit influence. Now, in this case, to have told the exact truth to this lady, which would doubtless have caused a negative answer, she well knew would from the disturbing of the conditions, have ended her opportunity for further communication; and also desiring to not place the speaker, who was a friend, in a wrong position, she answered with a general assent, by saying she was "present in many places—went all around."

J. H. MENDENHALL.

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

ECHOES FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

It is sometimes well when those who have done heavy work in our cause return for the first time from spirit-life, to make note of it. Though Mrs. Booser's presence has been frequently alluded to by the guides of several mediums, her first communication with the subscriber came on the evening of Sept. 10, at a circle of Chas. J. Barnes in this city. There were twelve present—nine of these were men. It is well to state that Mrs. Booser did not have with any cause an enemy in the world; yet this circle chanced to contain one whose past action to her had been that of a pursuing fiend, without a shadow of a cause. When she came, the voice seemed to come out the air, about three or four feet or more from the medium, saying, "Henry!" I responded. Then came a little nervous cry or wail of sorrow, something peculiarly her own, and which she sometimes indulged in. This was a part of her own individuality—a hereditary trait from her father, a man of very sympathetic nature, who habitually gave way to it in his declining years—its tone and utterance alone perfectly identifying her. She expressed great satisfaction in being able to come, though crippled by the weakness incident to the first effort; said she wished to give me a message, naming a certain medium of her favorite phase, to whom she wished me to go. A lady present, desirous of having evidence of Mrs. Booser's recent presence in a certain place, asked her if she was not there. I shall have to say here that during her late sickness, if she said it once, she said it twenty or more times, that when she came back she would come in such a way as to leave no doubt in the skeptical mind, as she very strongly deprecated the deluded utterance of a condition of undevelopment, where the medium is not able to draw the line of demarcation between the action of his or her own mind and that of the spirit influence. Now, in this case, to have told the exact truth to this lady, which would doubtless have caused a negative answer, she well knew would from the disturbing of the conditions, have ended her opportunity for further communication; and also desiring to not place the speaker, who was a friend, in a wrong position, she answered with a general assent, by saying she was "present in many places—went all around."

J. H. MENDENHALL.

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

ECHOES FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

It is sometimes well when those who have done heavy work in our cause return for the first time from spirit-life, to make note of it. Though Mrs. Booser's presence has been frequently alluded to by the guides of several mediums, her first communication with the subscriber came on the evening of Sept. 10, at a circle of Chas. J. Barnes in this city. There were twelve present—nine of these were men. It is well to state that Mrs. Booser did not have with any cause an enemy in the world; yet this circle chanced to contain one whose past action to her had been that of a pursuing fiend, without a shadow of a cause. When she came, the voice seemed to come out the air, about three or four feet or more from the medium, saying, "Henry!" I responded. Then came a little nervous cry or wail of sorrow, something peculiarly her own, and which she sometimes indulged in. This was a part of her own individuality—a hereditary trait from her father, a man of very sympathetic nature, who habitually gave way to it in his declining years—its tone and utterance alone perfectly identifying her. She expressed great satisfaction in being able to come, though crippled by the weakness incident to the first effort; said she wished to give me a message, naming a certain medium of her favorite phase, to whom she wished me to go. A lady present, desirous of having evidence of Mrs. Booser's recent presence in a certain place, asked her if she was not there. I shall have to say here that during her late sickness, if she said it once, she said it twenty or more times, that when she came back she would come in such a way as to leave no doubt in the skeptical mind, as she very strongly deprecated the deluded utterance of a condition of undevelopment, where the medium is not able to draw the line of demarcation between the action of his or her own mind and that of the spirit influence. Now, in this case, to have told the exact truth to this lady, which would doubtless have caused a negative answer, she well knew would from the disturbing of the conditions, have ended her opportunity for further communication; and also desiring to not place the speaker, who was a friend, in a wrong position, she answered with a general assent, by saying she was "present in many places—went all around."

J. H. MENDENHALL.

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

ECHOES FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

It is sometimes well when those who have done heavy work in our cause return for the first time from spirit-life, to make note of it. Though Mrs. Booser's presence has been frequently alluded to by the guides of several mediums, her first communication with the subscriber came on the evening of Sept. 10, at a circle of Chas. J. Barnes in this city. There were twelve present—nine of these were men. It is well to state that Mrs. Booser did not have with any cause an enemy in the world; yet this circle chanced to contain one whose past action to her had been that of a pursuing fiend, without a shadow of a cause. When she came, the voice seemed to come out the air, about three or four feet or more from the medium, saying, "Henry!" I responded. Then came a little nervous cry or wail of sorrow, something peculiarly her own, and which she sometimes indulged in. This was a part of her own individuality—a hereditary trait from her father, a man of very sympathetic nature, who habitually gave way to it in his declining years—its tone and utterance alone perfectly identifying her. She expressed great satisfaction in being able to come, though crippled by the weakness incident to the first effort; said she wished to give me a message, naming a certain medium of her favorite phase, to whom she wished me to go. A lady present, desirous of having evidence of Mrs. Booser's recent presence in a certain place, asked her if she was not there. I shall have to say here that during her late sickness, if she said it once, she said it twenty or more times, that when she came back she would come in such a way as to leave no doubt in the skeptical mind, as she very strongly deprecated the deluded utterance of a condition of undevelopment, where the medium is not able to draw the line of demarcation between the action of his or her own mind and that of the spirit influence. Now, in this case, to have told the exact truth to this lady, which would doubtless have caused a negative answer, she well knew would from the disturbing of the conditions, have ended her opportunity for further communication; and also desiring to not place the speaker, who was a friend, in a wrong position, she answered with a general assent, by saying she was "present in many places—went all around."

J. H. MENDENHALL.

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

ECHOES FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

It is sometimes well when those who have done heavy work in our cause return for the first time from spirit-life, to make note of it. Though Mrs. Booser's presence has been frequently alluded to by the guides of several mediums, her first communication with the subscriber came on the evening of Sept. 10, at a circle of Chas. J. Barnes in this city. There were twelve present—nine of these were men. It is well to state that Mrs. Booser did not have with any cause an enemy in the world; yet this circle chanced to contain one whose past action to her had been that of a pursuing fiend, without a shadow of a cause. When she came, the voice seemed to come out the air, about three or four feet or more from the medium, saying, "Henry!" I responded. Then came a little nervous cry or wail of sorrow, something peculiarly her own, and which she sometimes indulged in. This was a part of her own individuality—a hereditary trait from her father, a man of very sympathetic nature, who habitually gave way to it in his declining years—its tone and utterance alone perfectly identifying her. She expressed great satisfaction in being able to come, though crippled by the weakness incident to the first effort; said she wished to give me a message, naming a certain medium of her favorite phase, to whom she wished me to go. A lady present, desirous of having evidence of Mrs. Booser's recent presence in a certain place, asked her if she was not there. I shall have to say here that during her late sickness, if she said it once, she said it twenty or more times, that when she came back she would come in such a way as to leave no doubt in the skeptical mind, as she very strongly deprecated the deluded utterance of a condition of undevelopment, where the medium is not able to draw the line of demarcation between the action of his or her own mind and that of the spirit influence. Now, in this case, to have told the exact truth to this lady, which would doubtless have caused a negative answer, she well knew would from the disturbing of the conditions, have ended her opportunity for further communication; and also desiring to not place the speaker, who was a friend, in a wrong position, she answered with a general assent, by saying she was "present in many places—went all around."

J. H. MENDENHALL.

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

ECHOES FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

For Season of 1890.

The Mount Pleasant Park Camp Meeting of Spiritualists this year was an exceptional success in many particulars. The early part of the meeting was well attended, but owing to the report of a prospective tie up of the railroads, the latter part of the season the attendance from abroad was slim, but on the whole the financial returns are exceptionally encouraging. A statement of receipts and disbursements is herewith submitted for the benefit of the friends of the Association:

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Lecturers and mediums	\$572.44
Labor	278.88
Music	247.00
Lumber	136.07
Sundry goods	73.69
Police	90.95
Gate keeper	69.00
Five Year Certificate	30.00
Printing and advertising	72.16
Insurance	23.00
Paint	17.30
Lodging cottages expenses	34.89
Lodging	52.12
Copying records	15.00
Due Secretary from 1889	5.47
Secretary office expenses	35.37
Travelling expenses	33.16
Salary	71.00
	\$1,860.00

## RECEIPTS.

Gate	\$808.00
Sale of tents	38.00
Dances	201.45
Seances	177.70
Entertainments	48.60
Annual Dues	127.00
Gifts	30.00
Sales of Stock	70.00
Tent rent	304.75
Furniture rent	35.25
Ground and hall rent	159.50
Cottage rents	50.00
Lodgings	92.44
	\$2,082.69

## Disbursements

1,860.00

Surplus

\$222.69

J. H. RANDALL, Secy.

## A LETTER FROM J. W. FLETCHER.

Each week THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, freighted with all that is encouraging as regards spiritual matters, and of a character that must win respect from all, comes duly to hand; and through its genial columns, the various workers in the spiritual vineyard can become more thoroughly acquainted with each other. Here in Saratoga, the centre of fashion and folly, Spiritualism has been able to make its voice heard, and speak a word of encouragement to those who, weary with the jangle of this coarse external life, long for the consolations of the spirit. It is more than passing strange, that while this is by far one of the most materialistic eras since the world began, it is also one of the most spiritual; the two opposites seem to meet, each with a distinct class of followers. One would scarcely expect that with dancing and racing, gossiping and gambling, all of which abound to an enormous degree, there ever would be the least time or desire even, to think about or study upon the nature and character of another life; but I find a flourishing little society here, occupying the Court of Appeal rooms every Sunday, presided over by Dr. W. B. Mills, and very generally attended. The audiences are peculiar in the season, since then there are representatives from nearly every State in the Union, while few of the towns people attend, it being a busy season. The interest is great, and a speaker receives every encouragement. The trouble is, however, that no definite line of thought can be carried, since new faces appear at every lecture, the advanced student and the beginner, which makes it difficult for the speaker. Of those who have appeared here with great success, are Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Ida Whitlock, Mrs. Yeaw, Mrs. Field and others, each doing exceedingly good work, of which the *Union*, the leading daily paper has not failed to make most favorable notice.

The workers, prominent Spiritualists, who have been here are very numerous, notable among whom was Isabella Beecher Hooker, the sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She is a prominent Spiritualist; she sees in this glorious truth the light that shall one day conquer the darkness of ignorance. She gathered a large number of prominent people about her, and spoke before a large audience one Sunday evening, choosing for her subject, "The Ministering Spirits." Many who looked at that stately figure crowned with snow white hair, and clothed with dignity and power, recognized at once the mysterious charm that has made every member of the Beecher family a power in the communities in which they have been placed.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake and his charming wife have been at the Springs for some weeks, and have been very busily employed.</





Intelligence  
from the  
Sphere  
of  
Light.



## A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Author of *Arcana 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 VI.

#### CHRISTMAS TIDE IN THE SPHERE OF LIGHT.

"Thou glorious Spirit-land! Oh that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life and light and love, and the dwelling place of those whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of eternity!"—*Longfellow.*

Again it is Christmas tide! So soon! So long! To some the years are hours; to others, centuries long. What a prophecy of the future life when time is measured not by waning moons or oft-recurring suns, but by accomplishments! Not by the years; for they may nothing mean; the actions done, the thoughts woven into life, the works of nobility, these count while the breath fades into pulseless air.

Nineteen centuries have almost passed since shepherds pasturing their flocks on the plains of Palestine, saw the flash of angelic light, and enraptured listened to the sweet voices from the heavens. Nineteen centuries since the wise men followed the star which led them to the mother of the divine babe. Is this a myth? It is too beautiful to be dispelled. Let us linger as in a dream, and do not awaken us. Nay, it is a symbol which is realized in the human heart. Was the babe of Nazareth divine? Yes, and all babes are divine. Artists with colors of light, inspired with heavenly vision, have painted countless dreams of the beatitude of Mary, celestial mother. They have represented all womanly excellence and beauty, and over these have thrown the aureole of inexpressible sweetness and joy, yet never have they equaled the radiant glory of the mother's face when she folds the new-born to her bosom.

Dispel not the dream, for it has taught us not only the divinity of Jesus, but the divinity of every human soul. The wise men bowed before the symbol of what all mankind must reverence in the future—the Infinite Godhead concentered and expressed in man.

Let us adorn our homes, and weave the wreaths of evergreen. Let us spread the generous board, in family groups assemble, and for one day at least have perfect rest and peace. For these occasions will soon pass, and the family circle be broken. Nothing is certain in mortal life but uncertainty; the most pleasing picture has a background of clouds, and to wait for happiness is to lose it. How fresh in memory these Christmas hours remain, and how closely they weave the web of friendship around our hearts.

We remember these unions in the by-gone days, and the dear ones who sat with us, who now are robed in light. Memory! blessed preserver of the past, fans the ashes of the years, and love and friendship blaze again, illumining all the void. Not dead ashes is that past, but a treasure house garnering even the fleeting shadows.

They who sat with us! And may they not sit again? Mortal eyes may not see, mortal ears may not hear, but mortal hearts can feel, and spiritual sensitiveness recognize the presence of the guests who are not announced. We open wide our doors for these invisible ones, and bid them heart-felt welcome.

They who went at the close of the autumn day, when the world was ripe for the harvest, and the reaper came like a messenger to bear the matured fruitage to the heavens; and they who were in the budding spring torn from our bleeding hearts, early blossoms gathered amid frosts, of a world too chill and cold; transplanted where the angels might give them loving care under warmer skies, let them all come in and be with us this day, and cast over us the influence of their loving spirits.

We will forget the pain, the agony, the unutterable sorrow that was ours the last time we parted, in tears calling their dear names, answered only by the rattling clay; we will forget the clouds, and have only the sunshine of their spirit-presence. This day mortal guests shall not sit in these chairs consecrated to the departed who have never left us. We will talk of our dear ones who have tasted of the waters of death and life, if we cannot talk with them, that they may know that green as the holly which adorns our walls, is their blessed memory.

A Christmas soon to come, will find the earthly circle, so rudely broken, united and complete where there are no broken ties, no pain, no partings forever and forever.

The gray mists which conceal that land, already are purple with the coming of morning, and we hear the voices in the dawning of those who have put on the robes of immortality, calling us to come up through the gateway of devoted lives, to the mansions where activity is rest.

There are gathered on the Portico a group of choice and sympathetic friends at Christmas tide, for the ways of earth are lovingly preserved for memories sake in heaven. As on earth so in the spheres. The old year closes, the new year dawns, as young, as bright, as beautiful as countless years have dawned before. Our hearts may throb and break, or overflow with joy, yet the resistless march of the years go by. We look back into the mists slowly gathering over the yesterdays, regretful of the full measure of happiness they pressed to our eager lips, or with gladness that they are past, and no more the bitter cup of affliction they forced us to quaff to the dregs is ours. What is gone, is gone forever; but oh, what a delicate perfume lingers in the sunny valleys, and what golden light is reflected from the mountain summits of the past!

The year has gone. Many gather at Christmas-tide, and the family circle has no break. There is happiness in the golden ties which weave the hearts of all into one great heart of love.

There are many who, when the day of peace and gladness comes, will miss the dearest face of all. At the hearth will be a vacant chair; at the table no merry voice of laughter sweeter than music. The wind bearing the fleecy snow will tell how cold it is out under the cypress and trailing willow, where a headstone gleaming among the dark foliage bears the name of her who went away to dwell with the angels, taking all the light out of the world.

Other families gather, and the broken links will be filled with memories of the absent. A few years ago, all the merry children were together, and the fate the years had in store was unthought of. Now father and mother sit on Christmas Day with only one, or perhaps none, and in low voices of restrained feeling speak of the nestlings who have sought homes beyond wide seas and continents. With them life seems doubled in itself, and often thirty or forty years, they sit by their hearth alone, as they did in the first year of their marriage. As they did, but now it is on the shore of a flood of memories.

The hands pointing the years cannot be turned back nor life be restored to the ashes of the past. The future is ours to do and dare, and gain higher grounds and breathe a purer atmosphere. In the olden time the angels came with glad tidings; so do they come to-day, but instead of pointing us to a child in manger lowly born, they appeal to mankind as possessed of divine heritage and equals of the angels.

For those who sit alone at their tables on Christmas Day, there are heavenly guests who fill the vacant circle. Why care for gleaming headstones? The cypress may sob in grief to the winter winds, the dead are not there. Nothing is there but the shard, the worn garment, the broken bars which confined the freed spirit. And no suffering hearts, no bowers of paradise are as sweet as the sacred hearth of the old home!

One of the Fraternal Circle was noticeable for the assiduous attention given her by her companions, as they sat under an arbor formed of trailing vines laden with blossoms. The bright waters came up to their feet, and swept away to the remote sky line of purple mists. Over the waters rested a dreamy sky, flecked with soft clouds and redolent with perfume. The breeze fanned them with refreshing coolness, and mingled their sweet voices with the low whispers of the wavelets on the shore of amethyst. Above

them towered the beautiful palace, fashioned as of all precious stones, polished in facets and angels, or rounded into domes, as though plastic beneath the touch of a master.

She sat, happy and joyous, her face radiant, yet with eyes dreamy and retrospective. A more charming group could not be imagined, for the divine radiance of perfected lives shone from every face. Had they ever been wrinkled by care, pinched by suffering, soiled by contact with sordid things, unselfish love had washed all away and left the shiny metal of spiritual excellence. They called her Mona, a name by which she was baptized into her new life at her second birth. Mona, whose heart was full of happiness, so full that the old life on earth seemed like a dream, and unsubstantial were those who had been nearest and dearest to her.

"You say," she said in soft accents, "that a year has passed since I came to you! A year, and I am scarcely awake yet? I expect every moment to arouse and find that this beauty and joy has vanished."

Then one of the sisters replied: "Your experience is like to ours. We pass through the gateway of death, and arise weak and helpless from the ruin of the physical body. The change is so great we are dazed by the transformation, and months and years must go by before we become accustomed to our surroundings."

"I remember well," replied Mona, "the days before my coming here. That means death, does it not? I remember how much I suffered, the nights and days of pain, but I do not remember in the least the departing moments. I must have slept, for when I awoke you were around me; and we floated away, away, until we came to this delightful abode."

"It is merciful, in the ordering of events, that pain places the cup of forgetfulness to the lips, and anaesthetizes the mind, that the great transition may take place in the calmness of unthinking rest. When the celestial body emerges, from the terrestrial when the terrestrial eyes are closed on earthly things forever, and the terrestrial ear is deaf to earthly sounds, then the celestial vision becomes clear; the celestial ear becomes acute to the sweet harmony of the spheres, and the spirit is fully awake to the new world around him."

"Ah, I know only too well! And as we talk of the old earth-life my thoughts go back, and I remember clearer the scenes of that stage of my existence. My heart yearns for those I have left. You know that I have a husband there and a little boy. He was such a sweet child of six Summers. Say, my sisters, do you know that he thinks of me? Does he think of his mamma in the heavens?"

"He thinks of you," one replied, "he loves his mamma, and his voice ascends in every prayer that she may watch over him."

"And I have not heard!" she said self-reproachfully. "I have not heard his prayers. Have any of you seen him? Has he grown large and strong? Does he miss and grieve for me?"

"It would be natural for him to grieve," responded a brother who stood outside the circle; "but you must remember that in childhood happily new impressions efface the old, and the friendships of to-day are stronger than those of yesterday."

"Can I not return to them? Can I not, dear sisters, go to my old home? It was a pleasant home. The river stretched away over the plain, and our cottage, shaded with magnolia, was lovelier than our palace to me!"

"You can return now, because you are thinking so strongly of that home. Your thoughts produce the magnetic stream which will bear you thither. That you have not been there before was simply because you did not think with sufficient intensity."

"Can I go? Can I go?" cried Mona, with childish enthusiasm. Then thoughtfully: "Alone? Will not some one go with me?"

"I will accompany you, sweet sister," replied Albreda, placing her arm around her waste and drawing her close; "I will attend, but before we go, I wish to prepare you, so should we not find all things as you left them, you may not be disappointed. Remember when you enter the earth sphere you will become subject to earthly influences, and grief and regret will take the place of the joy that now fills your soul."

"And will the grief remain? Can I not cast it aside?"

"When you arise out of its sphere it will depart, but it will wring your heart sorely while you remain."

"Then we will go, and I thank you, sisters, all; and Albreda, how can I ever express my gratitude to you for your kindness?"

With the thought they arose, their arms still entwined, and glided as a beam of light, swift moving past the headlands which overlooked the earth. No arrow from a bow ever sped with truer aim than they on the shaft of love, impelled by the attraction of its ardent desire. They reached the cottage overlooking the winding river, which, in the low October sun, reflected the rocky cliffs and woody shore of its further banks, and the fleecy clouds in the misty sky. There was a hush over the world as though the Winter's coming was felt with instinctive dread, as the sun circled lower in the Autumn days. Gorgeous beyond expression was the forest in crimson and gold, and the frosts had not yet cut the stems of the rustling leaves for the gusty winds to whirl in fantastic play. Beautiful world, asleep in a veil of purple mist, intoxicated with the rich nectar of ripened orchards, and purple vine, forgetful that death comes amain, and the tremulous music of the full-throated birds of song in groves aflame with the tints of carmine, will yield to the harsh caw of the crow flitting over the chilling fields of glittering snow.

There were children at play on the steps, and a sweet voice floated out of the open door singing an old song—an old song which comes from the heart and goes to the heart, as no new song may do, or can. Sweet old words, which once were heard falling in simple melody from lips curved with sweetness; they can never be displaced by the new which have no one so loved to sing them into our souls.

Children at play, talking of the goblins of the wood, or the wonder tales of fairy land, as children have talked and wondered since time began, but her child was not there! Mona and Albreda passed through the doorway into the familiar parlor, which remained unchanged. The former threw herself in the armed chair, in which she had rested during the early stages of her last illness, and the flood of memories came pouring in upon her. She was no longer a spirit, but bound to earth by its countless ties. She was seized through her affections, her emotions, feelings and intellectual desires. Her bosom was torn with poignant regrets; her heart was bursting with the love which had been so long dormant. Here was her old home, fashioned and decorated with her own hands, and replete with attractions which heaven, now dim and blotted out, could not furnish. She gave full sway to her bitter grief, which her attendant did not seek to assuage, for she well knew that it were best for tears to fall on the blazing embers of earthly emotions, and thus bring to pass more surely their final extinguishment. She came and gently laid her hand on Mona's forehead with soft magnetic touch which spoke more eloquently than words of deep sympathy, and appreciative feeling.

"Oh, Albreda, I can not bear it! You told me, you told me, but I did not, I could not believe or understand! I saw that you all shrank from entering the earth sphere; I did not know that it brought you pain."

"Ah, dearest, none of us escaped the burdens imposed by earth-life, and to re-enter its sphere is to take on again its conditions and feel the influence of old environments. If we come to earth, it is in fulfillment of some duty, on some errand of mercy, and not from choice."

"My husband and my child! I ought to find them here, had I not? They ought to come to meet me with kisses and smiles!"

Then the lady whose voice had been heard entered and busied herself arranging the room, singing in a low, dreamy tone the time, and unheeding the guests, whom she entertained unawares.

"Will she not think us rude, to have thus unannounced entered her room?" whispered Mona.

"Nay, she can not see us; she does not know that we are here. I read from her mind—sweet sister, your husband is not here."

"Not here, then where is he, and how shall I find him?"

"Be calm; it is not bad news; he has passed to our side."

"Is he dead? I mean has he, too, been born a spirit?" she cried in joy, springing from the chair.

"Aye, he is now a spirit this half year past."

"For six months, and I have not known it? Why has he not come to us, to the palace by the sea?"

"You know it not, because you have not been able to approach this sphere, and he has not come to us because, as I understand him, he was not of our sphere of thought."

"And shall I never behold him?"

"That depends on his attainments. If he is baptized in the light and truth as you are, he will reach us; but if he is stained with earth-life, then he will not leave the scenes to which he is attracted, and here will remain."

"Forever!"

"Nay, forever is an endless time, and he may be led to the light in a year, a score, a century, sometime, and then it will be blessed for you to meet."

It would not be now, for he would fill your soul with the burdens of that life from which you have escaped, and hold you on the torturing wheel of regret."

"But, my child! He lives, or if he is a spirit, will he also be kept from me by this iron wall of repulsion?"

"A child can have no such repulsion for its mother. Your child lives in earth-life, but not here."

"Then I am not to see him! All this pain for nothing, and not see Lars, my own and only child!"

"You shall see him; and I will say to you, poor sufferer, that you must bind tight your heart, for it will ache, and be sorely pressed. The sad story is not told in its saddest part."

They glided out into the day. The sunlight fell in long lines over the hills, from the low reclining orb, folded in crimson clouds and fleecy mists. They passed out, and the lady of sweet voice, singing the old songs, knew not that angel guests had been with her, and listened to music which had brought back floods of earthly memories.

They passed to a city, where greed crushed the children of toil beneath the wheels of his chariot, as the wheels of Juggernaut the suppliant devotee, and they heard a child's voice utter a plaintive cry above the turmoil of the jostling crowd. They saw a little boy in rags, with thin, pinched face, and great dark eyes, sad as death, crying a bundle of papers for sale. How few purchased, how many went by in silence, or glanced with scorn on the begrimed face and hands. No one saw through the outer appearance the soul of the boy, or thought of him other than a street gamin, to be jostled the day, and at night to sleep in the street, or under the shelter of an empty box.

Not one? Nay, there was just one. His mother! She rushed to him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she called his name over and over and kissed him a thousand times. He felt her embrace less than the bending corn feels the softest south wind's breath. He called his papers, and received his pay; nor knew that the mother, to whom he had called in the one little prayer she had taught him was so near.

To Mona the shock was terrible. She could not endure the thought that her child did not know that she was with him, and this all-absorbing thought prevented her from realizing his forlorn condition. Weary of her unavailing efforts she threw herself into the arms of her companion, the only one who could respond, and passionately wept. Partially restored to self-possession, she gazed on her boy, and then perceived the marks of poverty and suffering one short year had stamped on his face.

"Lars, Lars!" she cried, "how came you here? Have you nothing to eat? Nothing to wear? Are you without home or shelter?"

Then Albreda spoke soothingly, explained to the stricken mother, and gently drawing her away, by the force of her will, for she knew that no good could come from prolonging this painful experience. She moved toward the headlands beyond which the palace was situated, and they soon found themselves in the delightful circle of their friends. Having passed out of the earth spheres, Mona no longer suffered the torture of her wounded affections, but as she sat in the midst of those loving hearts, her face reflected the emotions she had experienced. She remembered her boy in the streets, pale, hungry and friendless; remembered as in a dream, and she turned with a sad smile to her nearest, and said:

"Would it be wrong for me to pray?"

"Wrong? To pray is to express the heart's desires, and we all pray to each other, and to the higher courts of light, for guidance, for counsel, for assistance. Pray, O sister, if thy heart is of prayer, for it is the expressed perfume of homage the finite pays the infinite."

"I may pray. It is not wrong, but if my prayer is selfish—if it be the cry of a selfish soul, for a selfish object?"

"Then it will receive no answer, or defeat itself."

"It may appear selfish to you, and not appear in that light to the angels."

"I know it is selfish," replied Mona.

"My boy! He is suffering. The earth-life for him is dark and starless. I would pray that he might come to me."

"The Father only can judge. Perhaps it may be for the best, for his life might be stained with crime, and his years blackened with a record of misdeeds."

Thus encouraged, Mona voiced her soul in prayer:

"Lars! Lars! from the shadow of earth, from the life of blasting sorrows, my own boy, dear Lars, come up to me! Infinite Father, grant my request, as thou hast given me life in heaven bring him to me!"

A sweet peace filled her soul with un-speakable gladness, and she knew some how, sometime her prayer would be answered.

Every fibre of her heart tense and thrilling with strange vibration! She turned, and by her side stood her boy, as a beautiful spirit. Her eyes were filled with the remembered love light; his flaxen hair fell over his white forehead, and stretching out his hands, he rushed into her arms with the glad cry of "mamma" uttered in the tones she well remembered.

Her prayer had been answered. One who had foreseen and watched the child, received its emancipated spirit, and brought him safely to his mother's arms.

After this reunion, the thoughts of the circle turned on the tasks at which they were engaged. "Our poet Brother," said the Sage, "has set his muse to express the higher truths of philosophy. In this he has the advantage, for true poetry is the crystallization of thought."

Soft and low the poet recited the following lines:

Into the wild the savage man was born,  
Against the world to fight like knight forlorn.  
His spear and arrow tipped with pointed bone;  
He spread the net, and laid the skillful snare,  
With craft with cunning no instinct can compare.  
He fought the bear within his cavern hold,  
Pursued the mastodon across the wild,  
The Mammoth slew with stones or barbed spear  
And through the marsh-lands chased the giant deer.

He caught the lightning as it smote his way  
From heaven to earth, and held its power at bay.  
Piled high the fagots that this spirit fed  
Might warm his cavern with its flashing red.  
He feared the spirit he had thus evoked,  
And trembled lest his house-fire be provoked.  
The finest fruits, the flesh of choicest game,  
He threw as offering to the living flame.  
And round the blaze that gave him day for night,  
Danced in the fragrant smoke in wild delight.  
And when the clans engaged in constant fight,  
Were forced in banded nations to unite,  
The chief who had most scalp-locks at his belt;  
Who swung the heaviest club the foe had felt;  
Whose bravery arm the strongest bow had bent;  
Who drank the blood from quivering bosoms spent,  
Became the priest and ruler of the horde,  
Who feared his power, and trembled at his word.

Most terrible event to man is death.  
The cry of mortal pain, the gasping breath,  
When suddenly the gates of silence close,  
The body falls into that deep repose,  
So soon to feel the touch of swift decay,  
Which bears dissolving elements away,  
Gone like the deer his arrow overtook,  
Gone as the sun from out the heavenly blue,  
And yet man solved this problem of all time,  
Against his senses awfully sublime.  
Because immortal thus he came to know,  
That at the dusk he with the gods would go.  
Immortal life, not by belief bestowed,  
Not by a form of faith or creedal mode,  
But as the birthright of the human soul,  
With endless progress for its shining goal.

Immortal life—the balm which heals the sting  
Of death itself; that gives the flowers of Spring  
For Winter's chilling frosts, on which are based  
Religious sunlit towers; and trusting placed  
Sustaining faith that in a home above  
The wrongs of time will be effaced by love—  
Was made a curse, an engine to destroy  
And rob mankind of hope, of peace and joy.  
For quick the priesthood seized the mystic power,  
Which gave the future to their selfish power;  
Who ruled the spirit realm beyond the grave,  
Might hold the mortal as a cringing slave.

Religion thus of craven fear was born;  
Cradled by ignorance from its natal morn,  
And nursed by priests more wise in subtle art,  
To hold the gods and common men apart,  
Till they might dare to viegerous with throne  
Divine, and make the trembling world their own.  
Worship the gods! they cry on bended knee;  
Bow in the dust in prone servility!  
The gods may be appeased and half relent,  
And take the sacrifice from mortal sent.  
What give! The best, and that thou lovest most,  
The choicest, dearest, sweetest of thy boast.

Give of your game, the firstlings of your flocks,  
A finger, or a tooth, or flowing locks;  
Or if by these gods, wroth be beguiled,  
Place on the altar wife, or first-born child.  
Or bring your captives from the battle spared,  
And let them know with none our gods are shared!

Thus spake the priest, and spoken it was done;  
Bound on the altar was the first-born son;  
With knife of stone the high and holy priest  
Plucked out the quivering heart, the soul re-leased,  
And called the gods to witness as he spoke  
The sacrifice beneath the curling smoke.

The gods grew jealous, and their plotting priests  
Saw gain in plunder, and from sin released  
Those who of pillage laid the greatest store  
Of wealth and captives on their temple's floor.

Go forth, the god unto his chosen said,  
Seize on the lands with plenty overspread;  
Slaughter the meek, the woman take as thine,  
But spare no child to desecrate my shrine.  
Fear not, for I go with you to the fight,  
And if need be will stay the solar light!  
Will hold the moon and guide the flying darts  
Swift in their courses to my foe-man's hearts.  
I am the god of battles and alone  
Have trod the grapes from which the blood has flown;

I smite the people in my wanton wrath,  
And guide the earthquake to its murthering path;  
And pestilence that rots the melting flesh,  
I on my foes can slip the holding leash.  
Go then, I say, but if your hearts relent,  
And ere 'tis done your taste of blood be spent,  
Woe be to you when from the field returned  
My wrath has kindled and my hatred burned.

The earth became a hunting field, where men  
Pursued each other to the death, and then  
Instead of scalp-locks, brought the captives bound  
In triumph to the sacrificial mound.

And wailing gods were with the crimson tide  
From smoking altars poured, well satisfied.  
O poor humanity, fearful has been thy loss,  
O poor humanity, blind to the cross!

Pressed to the rack by priests who in God's name  
Gave to thy lips the gall, thy flesh to flame!  
The day of thy revenge has come at last!  
The age of priestly rule with ignorance, past.  
The gods are dead! From mighty Bel, whose tower  
Mocked at the flood, and time's destroying power;  
Ormuzd, who sat upon the dazzling throne  
Of highest heaven, and called mankind his own;  
Ostris, Isis, Horus, Thoth, and Ra;  
Rulers of earth and heaven, of night and day;  
With her who wrote above her temple's door,  
"I'm all that is, will be, or was before."

And him who trod the reeking path alone,  
And smiled to hear the nation's stifled moan.  
All dead! All dead! And on the blasted plain  
A vestige of their shrines alone remain.  
[To be Continued]

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*  
**AMONG THE LOWLY.**  
Funeral Services by Cornelia Gardner.

Shall I give you an item from the experience of a medium, of no uncommon occurrence, but possessing some points of interest a little out of the ordinary routine of missionary work among the spiritually hungry of a large city. A messenger at my door asked if I would "please say a few words and a prayer for a poor man, a stranger in a strange land, o'er his dead child. He had no money to pay a priest, and had heard of a woman who would do it, and would I go? Feeling physically as if it were an impossibility, I shrank from it with dread for a moment, but a voice from the beyond said, "Go! Can you refuse?"

I said: "No! I will go and do the best I can."

Following the messenger (for they were too poor to send a carriage) I entered a poor man's house in the distant outskirts of the city, where the inevitable summons to "come up higher" had called a beautiful girl of five summers with that fatal disease diphtheria. She had left her suffering body in transit to this family, who were friends in the mother country. The father, on greeting me, said: "We be poor folk, but we never asked charity before." I said: "This is no charity, but a pleasant duty I am glad to perform for you and yours."

"We never were much at making friends," said he. "I allus thowt poor folks better be friends to theirselves; but I found them when the need come, tho' far from home." (I am not good at writing dialect.)

The neighbors of the family came in cleanly and decently clad, and listened for the first time to a woman bearing a message of tenderness and love to the stricken father who had left his companion on the distant prairie, and was going back to his "ain countree" when his one pet lamb was stricken with a fatal disease, and exposure hastened its culmination, only to leave him desolate, and her body laid afar from her mother, and the father left to return desolate and alone to the home of his youth.

His sad face will be long a memory with me; and his expressions of gratitude will ever be cherished as a reward for duty performed. I found him a sincere Spiritualist. He had heard our philosophy in England, and was thankful that a few words could be said over his darling that gave him assurance of meeting his loved ones in the better land.

The family he was visiting I found after the services were Catholics, and of course, this was all new; but death makes the

whole world kindred, and trouble finds sympathy among the poor, I find, as well as with the rich.

CORNELIA GARDNER.  
Rochester, N. Y.

### 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.

#### Sample Copies.

If you receive a sample copy of *The Progressive Thinker*, it is intended o do missionary work. Read it carefully and critically, and then pass it to your nearest Spiritualist friend, and when he reads it, he will pass it on. Passed from one to another, it will do most effective work. Each sample copy, if judiciously used, will secure from one to ten trial subscribers. Try it. Who so poor that they can not aid the good work by subscribing at least for 16 weeks, costing only 25 cents, only about 14 cents per copy.

### Researches in Oriental History.

BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

One Vol. 12mo, 407 Pages, Cloth, \$1.50, Postage 10c.

#### GENERAL DIVISION:

1. RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY.
2. RESEARCHES IN ZOROASTRIANISM.
3. DERIVATION OF CHRISTIANITY.
4. WHENCE OUR ARYAN ANCESTORS?

The whole comprises an earnest but fruitless search for a Historical Jesus.

In this volume the Jews are clearly shown not to have been the only and favored people all claim to have been. The Messianic Idea is traced to the Bactrian Philosopher, 250 years B. C., and its history is outlined, following the waves of emigration, until it is fully developed into Christianity, with a mythical hero, at Alexandria, in Egypt, soon after the commencement of the Christian era.

The book demonstrates that Christianity and its central hero are mythical; that the whole system is based on fraud, falsehood, forgery, fear and force; and that its rites, ceremonies, dogmas and superstitions are but survivals of so-called paganism. It shows vast research among the records of the past; its facts are mostly gleaned from Christian authority; and no person can read it without conviction and proof, whether he reaches the same conclusion with the author or otherwise.