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CLOUDS.

THEIR SIGNIFICANCE BEAUTIFULLY PORTRAYED.

We Are Surrounded by a Great Cloud of Witnesses.

An Address Delivered Before the First National Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., BY MRS. NELLIE T. J. BRIGHAM.

[Reported for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by Miss Ruby DeMotte Crowell.]

INVOCATION.

(Oh! Thou who art as near to us as our own thoughts. Thou who dost inspire and dwell within us. Thou who art the Spirit of infinite life, we would think of Thee. We would remember that Thou art everywhere present; that in thy life there is no discord, but that through shadow to light, and through death to life, Thou leadest the way. And thinking of Thee, Oh! Father, praying to Thee in the consciousness that prayer does not bring Thee down, but that it lifts us up toward Thee, we would feel throughout all our spirit the peace that passeth all earthly understanding, the light that shineth through all clouds, the love that endureth forever.

We would thank Thee, Oh! Spirit of good, Oh! Wisdom Divine, that truth—though men may not understand it at first—remains, that humanity is progressing; that men are growing into the light of the truth, away from their errors and superstitions. We would thank Thee for the breadth of thought, for the liberty of opinion that exists to-day; for the growing love that shows itself in human sympathy; for that which answers so quickly when pestilence blights, when floods overwhelm, when fires destroy—for that lovely sympathy which reaches out under cloudy skies and over desolate cities; for that which gives and helps, truly, Father, we thank Thee.

But we pray more earnestly, with our quickened, awakened feelings, for the deeper understanding of truth. Take away from us the narrowness of prejudice that we may have a wider and brighter path in which to walk, in which to think.

We pray, Oh! God, that we may see more clearly that which thou hast revealed to us in Nature, from the crystal ore to the sand, from the flower of the earth—the star of the daisy bloom—to those wonderful blooms of the sky—to those stars that shine through the shadows. From them all we have revelations; in them all there dwelleth inspiration.

Help us, Oh! Father, to understand. Guide us into that peace which quiets and takes from the heart the shadow of its dark afflictions.

Oh! Thou who art love and sympathy, comfort those who mourn to-day. In homes that are silent Oh! Father, help the quickened heart of the spirit to realize and know that there are footsteps of angels there. Oh! Father, may thy angels teach the hearts that are grieving and desolate, that their dear ones are not under summer flowers or winter snows, but that they live, and living, love, and that they can and do return to their loved ones left behind.

Oh! loving, comforting presence, Thou who dost speak through immutable law, and Thou whose speech is love, let us place our hands in thine, and be guided from the darkness; let us feel that, trusting in Thee, and obeying Thee, all will be proven well at last. Amen.

CLOUDS.

Nature this morning is giving you a little address or sermon on the subject of clouds. In fact nature has given you so many sermons on this subject during the past few months that possibly it may seem to you a little monotonous. You might be excused if you wished, at least, for something a little different. We then will listen to what nature has offered us as a suggestion in the sky, and speak to you this morning on the subject of clouds; noticing particularly that saying from the New Testament: "We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." But this will be more especially reserved for the closing part of our address.

You know, of course, how the clouds are formed. You know that they do not come down from the far blueness of the sunny sky, but that they arise from the earth—from the seas and lakes, its rivers and streams, and marshy places—and that when the atmosphere is in the right condition this moisture, which is everywhere outspread, becomes condensed and visible, and is presented to us in the form of clouds. And you know how full these clouds may be of warning to us, and how full of fear and

dread they seem to us sometimes. And yet when we wish to see what they do—when we take up our friend's subject offered for the poem—when we wish to see the compensation, we look at the green earth, and we know that those clouds are benedictions. Of course there are clouds that bring to us disturbance, and spread ruin in their pathway, and men might say, "Behold the wrath of God; it covers the land as the clouds cover the sky." They might show us a flood, the inundation of a river, and say, "Behold this, and then talk to us of the love of God, of his goodness, and the harmony of nature, if you can." While yet the waters spread over the land, while yet the inundation exists, we may not be able to see the good; like the children that weep at the sight, we may only dread and fear the evil. And yet, friends, turn again to this great book whose leaves are green and fair, and see what you can read of God's goodness and his revelations there. Look at the sands of the desert outspread under Africa's skies, and amid these—or near to these—lies a valley like a green ribbon running far out of sight. What makes this valley so green and fertile? This is the valley of the Nile, and to one who has a keen and quick perception of color there is nothing more remarkable than the contrast offered in this peculiar landscape—the yellow of the shining desert sands, and the green of the valley of the Nile. What makes it? Why, do you not know of old, the Egyptians believed in a God of the Nile—believed that the great blessing of their fertile land lay in this deity that rested on—or in the waters of the Nile? You know how the river rises. You know how the land is inundated. You know how they gather into their reservoirs these waters, and when they subside gradually and carefully they let down upon the widespread fields and gardens, these gentle waters, and lo! the land is green! It is by irrigation, but first, by inundation.

Ah! friends, if we knew as well how to take life's floods and inundations of loss, and care, and trouble; if we knew as well as the Egyptians knew how to keep these waters of the Nile, and how to give them to the land afterwards by irrigation, the world would be full of the beauty, light, and gladness of growth and progress, and you would not give us as a subject "Compensation," because you would know all about it already. You would not need any information thereon. And yet all these things come from the clouds, from the melted snows, from the thirsty air that drinks up into itself that which is to come back to us in rains—in the benedictions of nature.

We spoke to you last Sunday morning of the cares and troubles of life, and said to you, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." We said it because we believed it. And again the days dawn, and again the clouds overspread the sky, and nature has given us the subject once more; not just as it was before, but as she reiterates, in order that we may understand. She has given us to-day clouds, and they have suggested this for us.

Friends, do you know that our education comes largely through our losses, through denials? That it comes very largely through that which grieves us, and seems most bitter to us?

It is said that when Buddha, as he was called, was a child, being a prince, those who loved and shielded him, and gave to him every possible pleasure that they felt was right, shut away from him the sight of all the world's pain, and poverty, and anguish. No beggar was allowed to come near him, no person sick and suffering, no one who was deformed, no one who was in trouble. He saw the brightness of the world only; he breathed the fragrance of rare flowers, and heard the music of sweet birds and loving voices; but there was nothing of trouble allowed to come to him—the young prince. But one night he heard about the palace walls the wailing of the winter wind—a sound sad and lonely, a sound which seemed to be like that which some musician makes when he strikes the minor keys,—and then, weeping, he said something had come to him from the great world that he had never seen before; all the pain, and trouble, and suffering of the world seemed to be embodied and expressed in the wail of the night wind.

But, friends, is there any such thing in this wide world as shelter against loss, against disappointment, against grief, against death? No. Where in this wide world can that shelter be found? A poet once wrote of a beautiful city where death never came, and spoke of it as though it were the sweetest and brightest of all places. She says a tide of pilgrims came across broad waters and from far lands to find this blessed abode—the city where never any died.

Without the city walls Death reigned as ever, And graves rose side by side;

Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor, And never any died.

She tells that they did great deeds and laid up stores of treasure, yet,

"Listen, hopeless souls, whom angels pity, Craving a boon like this, Mark how the dwellers of that wondrous city Grew weary of their bliss. Craving with wish that brooked no more denying, So long had it been crossed, The blessed possibility of dying, The treasure they had lost."

And then she says: "One after another who had been concealing The pain of life's long thrall, Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing Outside the city wall."

Few, methinks, would care to find this city where never any died. Never on the earth would one care to find it if they really knew what it was; for the body grows weak and worn, and all things that are born of the dust return to the dust. It is the law of life, it is the law of progress that makes this so; and when this dust that is in the body has fulfilled its highest uses, it is a good and glorious thing that the spirit can cast it off, and find its higher liberty.

And so it is that death, as it is called, is the fate of every one. It is right, it is good, it is beautiful, if we only understood it. But mortals know so little of it. They grieve and mourn, and wear their garments of deepest hues, and the world looks so hard and sad to them that sometimes when a child is born they say, "Poor little thing! How sad is birth!" But, friends, we want to teach you a different lesson. We want to tell you that birth is grand and glorious; that life is wonderful, and beautiful and divine. Yes, you may say, "For those who are rich, for those who are fortunate, for those who have friends, for those who have no weakness and no pain." No, we do not mean for them alone. We mean it is a grand and glorious gift for every one. "But," you say, "for the deformed, for the insane, for the idiotic, for those whose friends have died, and who stand alone in the world, for those whose every breath is drawn in physical weariness and pain?" Yes, for them. "For those whose moral natures are weak? For those who stumble and fall, and sin? For lost souls?" Yes, for them. Now, do you think this very strange? Here seems to be a very dark cloud of questioning. Do you think we can find any bright light to shine on this cloud? Let us see. It is only for a little time. Do you remember what we said to you not long ago about the slips of plants, heliotrope and roses, heartsease and hyacinth. You know how the florist takes them and first places them in great boxes of damp sand—just sand; there is no richness in it. He places these tiny slips; they are very close together. One in looking at them might say, "How can he expect them to live? There is nothing to nourish them. How can they grow? There is no room for them." He does not expect them to grow there only for a little time. He placed them there to take root, and as soon as they are rooted he will have everything in readiness for them—whatever they may be—and transplant them; then they will have room, and they can be themselves.

So when the Angel of Death tenderly takes up a little child and transplants it into the immortal gardens, you say, "How sad it is," only because you are under the cloud. When loved ones go from your side how natural it is for you to speak of them in tones of pity. Why do you do it? Do you pity the rose that was transplanted into deeper and richer soil—that was taken from the damp sand where it was cramped and crowded, and transplanted into rich and mellow soil where it could progress, and develop, and unfold? Then, with a broader understanding you should not pity those who enter into immortal life. All that was crooked in them here is straightened there; all that was narrow here is broadened there. The sad questions of error are answered in the light of the immortal day. Knowing these things, can you not be content?

You ask us about lost souls. We are glad to touch upon that point; to show you that even under the cloud of sin and wrongdoing and seemingly the greatest losses, there is hope. The clouds melt; they cannot, of any of them endure forever. One says, "Do you, as a Spiritualist, believe that there is such a thing as a lost soul?" Certainly we do. Then some friend says, "I thought you did not believe in such a thing." That was your mistake, friend. After we have explained it you may not be willing to accept it, yet it seems perfectly clear to us.

You will admit that God is infinite. Then, if this is true, there are no surprises for him, there are no disappointments for him, there is nothing concealed from him, there is nothing that he doesn't know. The infinite! It embraces all wisdom and all knowledge. There is nothing beyond. Then, if this is true, we ask you how can any soul be lost to God? His love and his knowledge are like the sea.

You know we have been told by an early writer that we are the mariners and God's love is the sea, and though we may make false reckonings, outside the deep of that eternal love no human soul can stray. God does not lose us. If he did, don't you think he would become impoverished after a time, losing so many souls? It has always seemed to us as though it were a crown that Deity holds in life, and human souls are the jewels for that crown. Now, if any soul is lost forever, then in that beautiful crown there is only a hollow place where the jewel is out of its setting, and we do not think the Divine King would admire a crown like that. But these jewels have to be polished

and set again in their places, to shine in glorious light, in deathless radiance.

"But," you say, "If you do not believe that God can lose a soul, or that we can be lost to God, since he is infinite, omnipresent, and infinitely loving, and would be impoverished if we were his, and were lost, how do you explain it?"

Friends, do you not know that a person may be lost to himself? But when people think they are lost to God they make a mistake.

A little child was crying in the crowded streets of a city, and a lady went to the little fellow and said, "Are you lost?" He dried his tears a moment and said, "No, but my mamma is." So it is that people feel as though God was lost to them when they are only lost to themselves. When a person wanders in selfishness, in wrong, in hatred, in any of the discords of life, he is lost; not lost to the infinite love, to the infinite light and law, but lost to his own sense of harmony, lost to the interior light in his own spirit. "He that was lost is found." This is what the father said when the prodigal son returned. We have said it is like this: In the western lands, where the grain grows, acre on acre of shining beauty, a house is standing. A man and his little boy stand in the door of this house. The child slips away from the father's clasping hand, and goes out into the corn. It grows above his head, and the little fellow, after wandering to and fro among the tall stalks, becomes tired and wishes to return, but he does not know where to go. He begins to cry. The father, standing in the door, sees where the grain is waving and moving with the motions of the little child, hears his voice, goes to him, takes him by the hand and leads him out. The child says, "I was lost;" the father replies, "Not to me, dear, only lost to yourself."

Friends, just in this way, when from the marshes and swamps of your natures the darkness gathers over your head, you become lost to yourselves; men may say "this is a lost soul," but you are not lost to God, only to yourselves; that is all. Some time, sooner or later, you will be led back by that father-love, that sense of harmony which is glorious and imperishable. It is a wonderful thing to think of.

You know in the days of imperial Rome, when her armies, with banners flying, went forth to dare and to conquer, when the country was conquered the first thing that those old Romans did was to make a road that should connect this conquered land with Rome. Those magnificent roads are among the wonders of the world to-day. You can judge of the civilization of any land by its roads. They said then, "All roads lead to Rome." It seems as though Rome was the center of a great circle, the hub of a great wheel, and all the spokes led straight to Rome. Now, we have said all roads lead to heaven. Does this seem strange to you? You may say, "If that is true, the road to evil, to selfishness, to sin, leads to heaven. How can that be possible?" Friends, don't you know the world is round? Suppose you wanted to reach a point just east of you and you started directly west. Would you reach that point? Yes, you would; because the world is round, and if you traveled far enough, granting you the time and power, you would come due east at last.

And so a man goes into wrong and finds the pain that follows his wrong doing. He goes west to find his eastern point. And what follows pain? Rest and peace, and heaven lies in this. So he finds his way out at last.

Do you remember one little point in the parable of the prodigal son, which is exceedingly interesting in relation to those who were so widely separated? It is where they went to meet this wanderer, whose life had been in wrong and evil. There was rejoicing, because there was something to rejoice over. One who had done wrong, had resolved to do right. He had reached the limit, and then his life had rounded to this circle of penitence at last, and he found peace. Joy and gladness were felt by those who went out to meet him.

There is another story: that of Dives and Lazarus. You remember it is said that when Lazarus died he went to Abraham's bosom, and when Dives died you were told that he went to hell. It is only a parable—only a picture. There was that lake of fire, and from the flames the rich man lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham afar off, with Lazarus in his bosom, and he cried and said: "Father Abraham, have mercy on me and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame," and the answer was that it could not be done. Abraham said: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." He showed him that now the cases were reversed. Then he said, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." Then Dives said, "I pray thee, therefore, father, that thou wouldst send Lazarus to my father's house, for I have five brethren that he may testify to them lest they also come into this place of torment." Then Abraham said unto him, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them," whereupon Lazarus said, "Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." Abraham answered, "If they hear

not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Now, did you ever notice what a beautiful thing that parable is. Our orthodox friends believe that there is an impassable gulf between heaven and hell. They point down to hell and up to heaven, and say, "It's beyond the stars where the angels stand." But according to this parable, heaven and hell were so near together that they could distinctly hear what was said on the two shores. That was in the days before telephones, and there is no way of explaining it, except that they were very near together.

Let us read that story and think of it again. One says, "What do you think the fire was?" We answer, it is only typical of regret—regret over wasted opportunities, penitence over wrongs that have been done. Fire is purifying; fire is destructive, but it destroys the evil, not the soul. It purifies the soul, by destroying the evil. When the weeds are burned in your gardens, before the seeds are planted in the sunny hours of spring, it is not the garden that is destroyed. It is only the weeds that grow there; that is all that is destroyed in this fire of penitence. What is the gulf between the two? Ah, friends, do you not know what that is? Let a good man—let a selfish and an unselfish man, stand side by side—here is the unselfish, there is the selfish; they stand where their garments touch; they shake hands in greeting, but there is a gulf between them as wide and deep as that which separated Lazarus from Dives. Let two persons meet, one with impure thoughts, with debasing fancies, with language stained and soiled by countless evil illusions, and the other whose heart heart is pure, to whom manhood and womanhood mean something divine, to whom childhood is the sweetest, the divinest thing from heaven; they stand side by side, they may occupy the same seat in a car, but we tell you there is a gulf between them like that between the rich man and Lazarus.

And so it always is, friends. People have been married with their hands reaching across such a gulf as that. It is only a difference in moral development; a difference in spiritual unfoldment, but there it is. One may say, "That man has done wrong. That man is selfish. Oh! how gladly would I make his life bright and happy." Can you do it? No, you cannot. Why not? Because it is not transferable; because there is no receptivity to that nature. Do you not know that people in the other world are just as happy as they can be? This is true. They are happy to the very fullness of their capacity, and that capacity is always deepening. Here is a comparison. Here, for instance, is a pitcher of water and a glass. The glass is empty and we hold it before you and say, Friends, heaven is as free as water to any soul that knows how to receive it. Your capacity is like this glass. Here flows a fountain in the light—pure and clear. You are thirsty, your lips are fever-parched. Go and drink at this fountain.

You take your glass and go. You invert it and hold it where the water flows on, and you hold it a long time and say to us, "I don't see why it is, but I can't get a drop from this fountain." Why is it? Because your glass is not right side up. Simply hold it right side up and it will fill. If you hold it tipped, that will not do; you cannot fill it full. You must hold it level, and where the water flows it will fill to the brim. And so it is with level lives, with harmonious lives; they are filled to the very brim with heaven. But lives that are tinted in sin, lives that are inverted by wrong doing, need not complain and say, "We cannot interpret the meaning of happiness; we do not know what heaven means." Your natures are not receptive. It is not transferable. It cannot be taken like drops of water to cool your parching tongue. It must enter into lives that are ready for it, and then, sooner or later, it will surely come. There is no cloud that can quite shut it from your sight. It is said that in hades there is nothing good. Now see what the parable says. Here was a man in torment and yet he says: "Send Lazarus back—send some one back to my father's house to my five brothers who are living as I lived. Let him warn them, that they may not come here." Was that not unselfish? Was it not the pure sweet spirit of kindness and helpfulness and love? Why, friends it was a little bit of the Golden Rule down there in the darkness of hell. "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." He was doing as he would be done by; he was thinking of others. That prayer has always seem to us like a ladder whose bottom round is in the lowest depths of hell that we can conceive of, and whose top is in the light of the highest heaven that we can conceive of, and there are souls climbing on that ladder all the way up.

So where the light is, there is hope. Wherever the human soul is, there is nothing that can crush it, there is nothing that can make it lost, only, to its own sense of harmony. Through pain and grief and loss, it will be brought sometime and somewhere into the light of peace.

Clouds? Why, you are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. That is the Spiritualism of the New Testament. Surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. Now, who are these witnesses? You perhaps have seen pictures where, about some face uplifted in beauty, there are angels gathered about in the misty air. If your spiritual

eyes were only opened you would find the innumerable hosts of those who care for you, watching about you. There are a great cloud of angelic faces about every one. Oh! if we possessed the magic of opening your spiritual eyes; if we could pray as did the prophet of old when in the night his enemies had gathered about him, "My father, God, open thou his eyes, that he may see," for the servant who was with him could only see the enemies, nothing else, and when his eyes were opened spiritually he saw that the whole mountain was full of chariots and horsemen, and he knew that those who were with him were greater and more powerful than those against him. If we could so pray to-day, and feel that your eyes would be opened, what would you see? What do the dying see? Sometimes they tell you, and sometimes they cannot speak. How many instances when human life has been drifting nearer and nearer to the immortal shore, those who are dying say: "I hear music—such strains of sweet music." Then some cold hard scientist says: "They don't hear music; that's one of the hallucinations of the dying. It is the blood leaving the brain, and in its downward rush produces this sound which the dying person is sensitive to, and he thinks it's music." This might do for some people who do not know what music is. There are some people who, if left to define music according to their understanding, would say, "Music is noise." But there are others to whom music is a revelation of heaven. They would tell you it is something divine. If those who love music—who know what music is, in dying say, "I hear music," they are not likely to be mistaken.

We have known little children to see the light of angel's faces ere the shadows of the earth had quite faded away. There was once a medium—one of the greatest and best-known of our lecturers—whose little child lay dying. The father of this child had died only a short time before, and now this little thing lay dying in its mother's arms—drifting as one drifts into a quiet sleep. The little child was too young to know what death is. It had only learned to speak two or three words of this earth's language. When the father died the little one missed him sadly, and as it lay weak and fading in its mother's arms when any one entered the room it would lift its head and look with such longing eyes for its papa, and when he did not come, with a sob, it would lie down again. But it was dying—when all at once it opened its eyes, and with a look which this earth never gives, making its face radiant as with the light of heaven, cried out in utter joy, "papa, papa," and died. Now, friends, what did that little one see? Was it warped by the common teachings of immortal life? Not at all. The little thing was so near heaven that it saw in. It was so near to the eternal light, that a little of the brightness shone around it. It saw in that great cloud of witnesses, its father's face. What can be more natural than that the little child, coming home, should be received by the one who loved it best, by its father in heaven.

Hannah Moore when dying, after being quiet for a time, suddenly lifted up her arms and, with her face bright and radiant, calling the name of a dead sister, cried out, "Joy, joy," and so went home to that sister. Oh! how beautiful it is when at sunset, after a cloudy day, we often have the glory shining out from the western gates of paradise—crimson and gold, the tints of the amethyst, the light and beauty of the sapphire are all mingled into one opalescent glow shining out amid the rare and wonderful tints of the western sky at sunset; and so, when life is near its sunset how often it is that the glory of heaven shines in.

You are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. If you could see them to-day you would find the lovely light that made your old home bright; you will see the faces of your dear ones; grown they may be, but you would know them in a moment, could you see them there. Fathers and mothers with all the traces of pain and old age worn away from their beautiful bright faces; brave brothers, dear sisters, who have gone home before you—all are there in the great cloud of witnesses. In trials, in griefs, and loss they are close to you; they say: "We cannot bear your burdens for you; it would not be best, because these burdens ripen and educate you; but we will help you to bear them. That is best." And so day by day they are with you. When the clouds gather, remember that as truly as they are up there over your heads, just so truly your friends are with you, teaching you the road to heaven that runs straight, not winding; helping to raise your cloud of grief; helping the spirit to come out from its burden of sorrow; trying to comfort and console you, and whispering "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end."

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An Old Spiritualist Gives His Experiences.

Prophecy fills a large space in history. It is a natural and scientific process, based chiefly upon the correspondence and interaction of the spiritual and physical world. Everything physical has its spiritual counterpart, and the spirit of man has its correspondences and sympathies with both spiritual and material worlds. Hence men (having widely different capacities) are adapted to different spheres and pursuits. Those in whose nature there is something corresponding to gold are adapted to its pursuit, and those whose spiritual nature corresponds with iron are adapted to pursuits in which it is prominent. In the sphere of prediction which is natural to man, each will be found to have a special capacity for success in a certain direction.

These principles are wonderfully illustrated in certain predictions which have already led to great wealth and are about to develop a great deal more, the history of which should interest every Spiritualist, and should bring conviction to those who have never learned the great value as well as truth of spiritual science.

Long before the Rochester rappings there lived in Wisconsin, the Rev. Mr. Folsom, who was noted for his piety, spirituality and power, whose spiritual power was transmitted to his three daughters, each of whom has gained a wide reputation for spiritual gifts and prophecies. One of these, Lodema Folsom, had a strange and peculiar life, and after marriage, notwithstanding the opposition and persecution of her husband, she became an extraordinary medium. One evening she was seized by what seemed to be superhuman power, and cast upon a lounge. While under this influence, she was told that she would be born into a new state, and that she must rise and look into the glass without vanity. She did so and saw herself wonderfully transformed,—one-half of her face radiantly brilliant. She was inspired to speak, and gave a remarkable lecture, at the close of which she heard the command, "Thou shalt be entranced for ten days." She begged not to be entranced for fear her folks might bury her alive, and was permitted to go merely into a semi-entranced condition. She sent for her sister, Mrs. Hayes, to come and stay with her and see to it that she should not be buried until death was made evident by decomposition.

During this ten days' trance, Mrs. Hayes was present protecting her, and the medium's father in spirit-life came to her and took her spirit through the spiritual spheres for instruction, giving her this assurance: "Lodema, you have been robbed of your just dues, and while I was in earth life I taught you to despise holdings in personal right, but before you leave the body you will have more gold than you will know how to handle." She was too skeptical to believe this, and said: "It will surely be in spirit life, not earth life that I am to come into possession of this gold," but her father insisted that it would come to her in her natural earth life.

Exploring the spirit-world with her father, they entered its mineral domain, the sphere that corresponds to mineral in earth life, and the medium was overwhelmed with the great quantities of precious metals to be seen all around her, which she supposed to be her portion in spirit-life, but which her father assured her was the indication that great gold treasure would come to her before leaving this life—but the gold would come out of the earth, but that she must wait over twenty years for it.

She was also shown that there was a great mineral field of iron nearer than the gold,

and that her sister, now Mrs. Hayes, was associated with this iron on account of certain qualities in her nature—that in future years Mrs. Hayes would obtain great wealth through successful mining of iron ore. In vision she saw and heard them loading great boats with this ore, and shipping it to reduction works.

In this spiritual state the word "Eden" was strongly impressed on her mind, in connection with California, leaving the impression that California was to be the Eden of the world, and that she and her sister were associated with it.

In this wonderful trance she lay for eleven days without food, and her people thought her dead and mourned her departure. As her trance was not absolute, she would hear their lamentations and expressions, but was utterly unable to give any token of life. In this condition she was shown the spiral column of life descending to the natural, and ascending to the great source of life, light and power.

During this long trance she was told that certain members of the family would die at certain ages, for all of which she must be prepared. Many years after this marvelous experience, she married a worthy, well-to-do Spiritualist, Dr. Isaac Atwood, and thought that perhaps this was the promised riches, but she was spiritually told that her gold was to come not from marriage but from the earth. It is a remarkable fact that after all this marvelous experience, Mrs. Atwood has lived over twenty-five years without paying much attention to the great prophecies that were given her, giving her time to clairvoyant diagnosis of disease and making uniformly successful prescriptions under the guidance of her spiritual control. These prophecies are now beginning to be realized, but those concerning her sister Mrs. Hayes have already been splendidly fulfilled.

Mrs. Hayes early developed into a superior medium, and has spent most of her later life on the rostrum, expounding the philosophy of spirit-life as revealed by her control. The Spirit-world has as much variety in its inhabitants as this, and each spirit has its own mode of expression.

The prophecy as to her great success in iron has been amply fulfilled, and having been published, is widely known among Spiritualists. It was about six years ago that Mrs. Hayes's control directed her attention to the great iron fields near Hurley, Wisconsin, and gave instructions at variance with the opinions of the very best engineering talent in the country. Her sons, following the mother's guidance, struggled through many obstacles and discouragements, and in due time, before their means were entirely exhausted, they reached great beds of iron ore, and to-day they are shipping it by car and boat loads to the iron mills. Thus was the prophecy literally fulfilled, and Mrs. Hayes is more than a millionaire.

Mrs. Atwood has had a peculiar spiritual experience in this connection. While Dr. and Mrs. Atwood lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the planchette was introduced, and the first message they received through it purported to be from Baron Rothschild. He told them there was great wealth for them in California, and they must meet him on a certain occasion, for more and better instructions. The message was unwisely neglected. Their next communication came from the famous financier, Jim Fisk, who told them that they had made a great mistake in not complying with Rothschild's invitation, and that they must and should go, regardless of expense.

After Mrs. Hayes had secured her fortune in iron, she removed to California, and now lives near San Jose, in one of the most beautiful spots on earth, called Edendale. This is the California Eden predicted over twenty-five years ago. In its progressive fulfillment Dr. and Mrs. Atwood have removed to California and enjoyed the pleasures of Edendale with Mrs. Hayes. After a month's stay at Edendale, the impression came as a command to push on. "Go and prepare a suite of nice, new, clean rooms, with everything new in them, to form a battery, by daily, silent sittings, to generate the force with which to complete the life-work." This was implicitly obeyed. They went to San Francisco, and their silent sittings were carried on nearly two years, during which time the mental forces were generated which were to aid them in the fulfillment of the old prophecies. These mental forces impregnated the minds of mining men in various parts of the country, who soon put themselves in communication with the Atwoods, and began to submit plans and methods of plausible undertakings in the different mining belts of the great west. The first two propositions they were instructed to reject, and they were singularly led to their present result.

Through a singular chain of circumstances a lady of Redding, California, who had suffered for years with what the physicians of the place pronounced an ovarian tumor, was sent to San Francisco, to be operated on with the knife. She was advised by her friends when she got there to consult Dr. and Mrs. Atwood before she went on the table for the surgical operation. She was told by them that she had no tumor, and under their treatment she was cured. During her visit she brought samples of ore from her mines near the town of Redding. These samples gave psychometric relations with the mining belt near Redding. The Atwoods were directed to leave San Francisco for Redding, and during the past year they have spotted some thirty-five mines and formed four companies, which are now developing nearly all of these mines. These companies control much ore that is now accessible in sight, that is known as rebellious ores. There are many mining belts in the tract, which abound in rich deposits of these rebellious ores—no process being known to the mining world by which to treat these ores and obtain the precious metal.

During the progress of the spiritual power leading to the fulfillment of the prophecy of a quarter of a century, a friend, of Elgin, Ill., a Mr. Preston, had been taught from the spiritual side a process by which he can extract the precious metals from these rebellious ores. He was put in communication with Dr. Atwood, who was delighted to hear of this process, and a sample of the ore from one of Dr. Atwood's mines was sent to Mr. Preston, who assayed it, and whose analysis proves it one of the richest

ores in the world. The exact figures will be given after further investigation.

Mr. Preston has been engaged to put up reduction works at Redding, in which to treat this ore, which are to be in running order before the coming winter.

There is nothing uncertain about these mines. The ore, which is abundant, is being taken out, and samples have been in the hands of many mediums, every one of whom says "there are millions in it." Mrs. Buchanan, of Boston, than whom no better psychometrist can be found, has handled many samples of the rock, and in each case her reply has been: "I see piles of gold all around me—rich indeed." The whole story from the first—the marvelous trance and prophecy—the deaths at the appointed time as predicted—the iron mine success and wealth of Mrs. Hayes—the progressive revelations and guidance and the success now consummating at Redding, makes a remarkable combination of spiritual romance and solid financial realities as the world has ever known.

And the finale of the whole is equally romantic and peculiar, as the whole affair is beyond the common course of human life. As a good melodrama ends in the rewards of virtue and prosperity of the good, so are these good and faithful Spiritualists about to crown their lives and fortunes with a consummation of benevolence.

It is the desire of the Atwoods to work in harmony with the upper world, and to make the wealth thus developed by spiritual power a blessing to society by founding a benevolent institution, for there will be vastly more than their personal wants and wishes require. Dr. Atwood desires that the stock of the companies with which he is connected should be in the hands of those who believe in inspiration and the Spirit-world, and has for this purpose the establishment of a grand and beautiful home for the aged, where their declining years may be exempt from poverty and all the cares of life. He regards it as a disgrace to civilization that many whom the struggles and accidents of competitive life and exhausting labor have left in their declining years without resources should be left to suffer.

Dr. Atwood, the treasurer, with these objects in view, would hasten their fulfillment in his advanced life, by offering the stock of the companies at very low rates, and is now receiving drafts from his spiritual friends, from one hundred to three thousand dollars. He wishes his associates in this great enterprise to be Spiritualists, and therefore, instead of using the financial and political papers, he resorts to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as the best channel for his purpose. Those who are interested in this matter can learn all they wish to know of it by addressing Dr. Isaac Atwood, at Redding, California, whose integrity and benevolence command universal respect.

AN OLD SPIRITUALIST.
P. S. The local California papers give glowing accounts of the prospects of these mines.

Notes From Waverly N. Y.

As Waverly, N. Y., in the long ago was the Mecca of Spiritualism in this part of the world, I will pen you a few lines to let you know how the cause is progressing here at the present time. Like many other places Spiritualism prospered for a time, and then after the novelty had worn off there came a lull. For the last ten years the cause has been kept alive by the exertions of a few faithful ones, assisted by an occasional lecture from some speaker passing through the place. Death and the various changes incident to the lapse of time have removed many of the pioneers in the work, and the outward manifestations of interest seemed to wane, yet I think the cause, numerically, is as strong to-day as at any former time. Some of the faithful ones attended camp meeting at Cassadaga, and returned full of new life and zeal. Sunday, the 7th of Sept., Prof. A. J. Swartz dropped in among us and gave us a fine lecture on the subject, "Science and Spiritual Philosophy proved by the Bible." His talk seemed to have awakened a renewed interest in the subject. He has just closed his second class in Mental Science in this place. Notwithstanding I can not fully endorse all his teachings in Mental Science, yet I feel that he is doing a good work and is well worthy of patronage.

Last Sunday, the 14th inst. Mr. Jay Chappel, of Philadelphia, gave us a very interesting talk on "Materialization, its Facts and Philosophy." I feel that the clouds are lifting and the sky is brightening. We have a small society, which holds meetings once a week. For local speakers we have Mrs. D. L. F. Snyder and Mrs. R. Fralick, who speak under control and are developing finely. If I am not deceived, the indications point to a more lively time here the coming winter than for some time past.

C. T. LYONS,
President of Spiritualist Society,
Waverly, N. Y.

Danger Signals.

TO THE EDITOR: I have read with the deepest interest the articles in your paper by Willis F. Whitehead, under the head of "Danger Signals," also able articles from the pen of Hudson Tuttle setting forth the danger to our Nation by reason of the encroachments of Roman Catholicism, in its efforts to supplant our National emblems with the emblems of authority of the Roman Catholic Church. The writer has also been engaged to a considerable extent in this important work, and in years past written a number of articles for the liberal press bearing upon this subject.

In the issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Sept. 20, I observe a paragraph stating that, "Mr. W. F. Whitehead in some future number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will give the evidence showing that the Jesuites played an active part in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln." This information will be of the greatest importance to the public welfare; let it come.

In closing I will simply add that I received recently a statement from Mr. Lincoln, our late President, referring to this same matter, and will at such time as he may direct make it public through the columns of your valuable and interesting paper.

Philadelphia, Pa. B. B. HILL.

OUR BABY.

It is the Liveliest Baby of its Kind.

Cæsar was once a baby; so was Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Gen. Cornwallis, and Bill Nye were also compelled to pass through that trying period of life. Babyhood has been common to all mortals, except possibly, Adam and Eve. Even the Editor himself was a spanking baby on one occasion if reports be true concerning him. He is exceedingly thankful for not remembering that period of his life. All great men have been babies, so far as history records, and so far as on a level with baby elephants, baby monkeys, baby kittens and doves. All babies are tyrants, and some continue in that babyish capacity indefinitely. Some squall a good deal, and never get out of a squall during their natural life. Some are born kickers, and that is their principal business in their mature years. Babies are of great importance, for from them alone must our future presidents be selected. What a loss to our Nation would have occurred if Susan B. Anthony or Elizabeth Cady Stanton had never had the pleasure of being a baby. Where would our literature have been without Baby Emerson, Baby Nye, Baby Longfellow, and Baby Ella Wheeler Wilcox? To be a baby once, is an inherited external, internal, and eternal right. The superstructure of our world is babyhood. The ordinances of Nature are no respecter of persons, hence all, from the Egyptian Kings and Magi of ancient days down to the Indians on our Western prairies, must pass through that interesting phase of existence. As to our baby we feel proud of it. It was ushered into this mundane sphere amidst much rejoicing! From the day of its birth it exhibited an extraordinary healthy growth, and gained in weight rapidly. It did not cause us any trouble whatever. It grew naturally, gracefully, and symmetrically, and we were passionately fond of it. It never has kept us awake a single night; on the contrary its exceedingly healthy condition has actually made us feel ten years younger. We have taken great pleasure in exhibiting it to our patrons, and have even allowed them to examine it carefully, and for its age all pronounce it the most remarkable baby that ever lived.

This baby is not of the usual kind—hence intensely interesting. Each day since its birth, it has augmented in weight, influence, and respectability, and never once cried for nourishment! It is a bold baby, an influential baby, a baby that is calculated to make one feel particularly proud, happy, serene and joyous! This baby will bear investigation; its extreme satisfaction with itself, and its self-complacency and untroubled temper, make it the marvel of the age. There are several other babies in the United States, but none that resemble this one on free exhibition. One that we know of is carefully kept from the gaze of the scrutinizing public, and a request to take a square look at it, would result in a rebuff that would resound throughout every street of this city, and echo clear across the lake into the wilds of Michigan. Perhaps that is well, for if you did see it with both eyes open, and with pencil in hand to take notes, if you didn't actually sob at its forlorn condition, its vacant stare, its lack of strength, and particularly its extremely limited frame, there is no pity in your soul, no love of heaven in your heart, no philanthropy in your nature, no sympathy anywhere about you, and you wouldn't even shed a tear at a funeral, or give a moaning beggar a penny; in fact such a person would be past redemption. We have invited the owner of that baby to visit our office; he can come with a baby carriage, or a wheelbarrow, or any conveyance to suit his convenience, and we will have a committee of distinguished ladies and gentlemen present, headed, if possible, by Dr. Thomas, Prof. Swing, and Prof. B. Underwood, and the two babies will be submitted to them, and they shall be allowed to report to the world the result. Our baby, be it understood is only 45 weeks old. That other baby, however, is about 25 years of age. Well, well, what is this baby of which we are so proud! Indeed, dear readers, it is our List of Subscribers.

Come to our office and inspect it. Examine it when one week old, and see its phenomenal growth. Then if you dare (we would not recommend you to risk the great danger), you can visit that "other office," located in another part of the city, and inspect its List of Subscribers. Then, if you desire to cry, do so in an orderly manner, in a room excluded from the vulgar gaze, and like the ancient Egyptians, bottle your tears, and keep them as a memento of a sorrowful occasion when you observed the great discrepancy between two Chicago babies; one being fat, the other extremely lean, constantly crying for help, and living because it is kept continually from the public gaze;—especially advertisers are never allowed to see it. Their cold, calculating gaze, it is feared, would take its breath away.

God's Poor.

Some of the poor are among the best of people, beaming with spirituality, and full of grand and beautiful thoughts. A lady residing in Vermont writes:

"I had a sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I am so well pleased with it I would like to take it very much, but I am poor and sick—no one to assist me, and no money only what little I can earn knitting lace. I would try to get up a club but am not able to go out much, and can walk but a little ways from the house. I have a tumor, and am called incurable. I wish it might be possible for you to send it to me free. I hope angels will impress you to send me that paper. I want to learn all I can. I live with my mother but she is poor. God bless you and may angels assist you always."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was inaugurated in order to meet the demands of the poorer classes as well as the wealthy. This poor woman shall have the paper free for one year, and if alive at the expiration of that time we will continue to send it to her. We ask the co-operation of every Spiritualist in the United States to extend our circulation, and thus strengthen our finan-

cially so that we will be able to meet the demands of the many poor upon us. The well-to-do Spiritualist, who from any cause will not aid us in this grand work to illuminate the homes of those who are in indigent circumstances, by continuing his subscription and extending our circulation, has not a very exalted opinion of human life and its duties.

Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham.

This most estimable lady talks beautifully in this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Her lecture will be read with great interest. We are given a great variety of subjects under the head of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S ROSTRUM; in fact, none of the high-priced papers can excel ours in this respect; probably they do not equal it.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

S. K., of this city, writes: "The Peoples' Society held Sunday 2:30 P. M., 21st inst., an interesting service at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St. President G. L. S. Jenifer made encouraging remarks. G. W. Carpenter M. D., spoke eloquently. Spirit tests were given by Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Moran, Mrs. K. DeKnevit, G. G. W. Van Horn, mediums, all of which were meritoriously appreciated. Harry Tolman, Will Le Seuer and Miss Alice Jenifer sang sweetly and melodiously fine selections, best suited to the entire audience, who had enjoyed the meeting to its close."

Capt. D. B. Edwards, of Orient, N. Y., writes: "Your readers may rest assured that Brother Tuttle's narrative will be interesting and instructive. I have had the pleasure of reading nearly all the literary productions emanating from his fertile brain the past twenty years, and know whereof I speak when I say that he has been and is to-day one of the best-informed men in matters spiritual, and a medium of communication from a high order of spirit intelligences. Read his story and purchase his books, and you will be good and do good."

"THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best spiritual paper I have ever taken," says George L. Shafer. That verdict is becoming common among leading minds.

Miss Cora Denny, of Dayton, Ohio, the phenomenal musical medium, and improvisateur, give one of her musical seances under the auspices of the Cleveland, Ohio, Lyceum in Memorial Hall, Sunday evening Sept. 28. The Dayton Herald, in speaking of this musical prodigy, says: "Miss Denny does not play by note or ear, but it comes to her instantaneously. She performs and sings the most difficult music, classic, sacred, and operatic, the music seldom being recognized by any one. She has a very delicate touch, and her performance on the piano is that of a cultured musician."

Dr. A. G. Larson, a splendid magnetic healer, is now located at 319 2nd Ave. south, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Spiritual Science Association (incorporated) of Liberal, Mo., will hold a three day's Harvest Meeting, commencing on Saturday Sept. 27. The following speakers are engaged: Prof. J. Madison Allen, Mrs. M. T. Allen, (if able to leave Atlanta), Dr. Arnou, of Cali., Dr. E. B. Wheelock, G. H. Walser, James W. Adams. "Inspiration, and operatic, the music seldom being recognized by any one. She has a very delicate touch, and her performance on the piano is that of a cultured musician."

Dr. George B. Nichols, formerly of this city, now resides at Barre, Vt., where he has an extensive practice. The Doctor is a good fellow all round, hence has time to do a little missionary work for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He writes: "I have an elderly lady stopping with us; she is 94 years old, and she wants you to send her THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for a year. She says, tell Mr. Francis that his paper is the best one she ever read, and she wants it so that she can send it to her friends."

A subscriber of this city writes, "Miss Emma J. Nickerson will commence her work for Spiritualism in Chicago, on Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 P. M., sharp, at the beautiful Kimball Hall, 245-7 State St. Subject, 'What is the Trinity of Power?' or, How to Grow Great." Poems and tests at the close of the lecture. Miss Nickerson (formerly of Boston, Mass.) has taken her permanent residence in Chicago, at 661 La Salle Ave. (opposite Lincoln Park), where quiet elegance and an atmosphere of rest greets the seekers after truth. Miss Nickerson comes to us from the labors of Haslett Park Camp, refreshed in body and strong in resolve to do the bidding of her Spirit Guides. We bespeak for her a warm welcome to Chicago hearts and homes."

Rev. Dr. Martin has arrived in this city from Des Moines, Iowa. He is located at 561 W. Madison St. He is said to be an excellent medium. His card appears in another column.

Miss A. A. Judson, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "Since returning from the camp at Clinton, Iowa, a new organization has been formed in this city, called 'The Minneapolis Association of Spiritualists.' Our meetings began last Sunday. We have a substantial pecuniary basis, enabling us to carry on the meetings for twelve months from Sep. 15, 1890. Our lectures Sunday evening are mostly given by members of the association; our plans have commended themselves to the most intelligent Spiritualists of the place. We have about one dozen who are good for one lecture apiece, which they give through love of the cause. Last Sunday morning we had fifty present, and one hundred and fifty in the evening. I gave the address."

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, of Albany, N. Y., writes: "Mr. J. W. Fletcher is filling this month's engagement with our Spiritual Alliance Society. He is logical, and a natural orator. We have reason for encouragement in the outlook for our new spiritual movement here in the capital of the Empire State."

S. K. of this city writes: "A Progressive Spiritual service was held 8 P. M. Sunday, 27th inst. at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St., by G. G. W. Van Horn, Psycho-Mag. netist and test medium, to a large audience. Subject: "Spiritual control in Mediumship." Spiritual test demonstrations concluded the exercises, which met with complete satisfaction. Harry Tolman organist, Miss Tolman and Miss Jenifer sang beautiful selections and the meeting closed with the greatest of harmony."

Mattie E. Hursen, of Chicago, writes: "I have been through Michigan some, and at the Vicksburg camp-meeting, and I find your paper is the best liked of any spiritual paper published. You are doing a good work, building better than you know."

Judge E. S. Holbrook lectured last Sunday at Douglas Hall, South Side. His subject was this: "The Religion of Self-Denial."

"Of all the spiritual papers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER comes up to the highest standard." So says Mrs. Gertrude Merrill.

Elliott Wyman says: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best spiritual paper we have ever read, not excepting the early date and high price of some other paper, with all its financial aid derived from gifts outside its subscribers to the paper."

After eulogizing the Cassadaga camp-meeting, and various speakers who participated therein, G. F. Lewis says: "The Quakers manage much better, and exclude preachers found unsuitable. Spiritualists need their wisdom. Without co-operation and system we are like a field of colts that aid no one; we don't lack for numbers or intelligence, for nowhere do you meet so intelligent, refined and cultured a people. We lack co-operation. How can this be secured? The Methodists, without half our numbers or spiritual power, by system, have made themselves respected, beaten down prejudice, and converted communities that mobbed them. The Quakers, that were formerly burned and treated as outlaws by churchmen, Puritans and Lutherans, now stand for probity the world over. The feeling was strong that we should have a central place in Chicago, where standard spiritual books and publications could be seen and purchased at cheap rates; that excellent spiritual hymns should be compiled and published in cheap form, and congregational singing encouraged. Our numerous books would thus be sold without so much cost. We should be well represented at the Chicago Fair, I pray you to consider these suggestions, and publish your views. I also invite suggestions from other leading minds."

A writer from Atlanta, Ga., speaks in high terms of the labors there of J. M. Allen. He says: "The last two Sundays evenings Bro. A. C. Ladd lectured before the society, and grand lectures they were, pleasing all who heard them. Bro. Wm. Forsyth is about seventy years of age, and at one time was a noted healer. He is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and has had materializations in his own house, seen by himself and his wife at all times of the night, sometimes more than a dozen forms would materialize at one time. The room would be brilliantly lighted up so that a pin could be picked up anywhere in it. Our worthy president is one of the city Sanitary inspection, and he has been notified by the Chief of Police, a bigoted Romanist, that he had better keep quiet on the subject or he might lose his position. Bro. Cane, however, keeps right ahead and acts as an American freeman. We are expecting a Mr. Eldridge from Boston to lecture a month or two. We hear that Judge and Mr. Ivey are going to open a developing home for mediums in Dahlonega, Ga., where all who have mediumistic qualities will be developed without money or price."

Wm. S. Nelson, of Peoria, Ill., writes: "We have no speaker in our city at present. We have a good hall, but no one to lecture and give tests. There is a good chance here for a good speaker. Apply to A. Bradshaw, 617 Hamilton St., Peoria, Ill."

F. S. Wellman, of Mulliken, Mich., speaks in high terms of Mrs. Lena Bible, inspirational speaker and psychometrist, and Charles Barnes, physical and test medium. Mrs. Bible lectured in the school house, giving psychometric readings, etc. Mr. Barnes gave tests. At a seance for physical manifestations held by Mr. Barnes, spirit hands were seen, messages written, and the zither played upon. Mr. Wellman is gratified at the results.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., now Secretary of Lookout Mt. Camp-meeting Association, of Spiritualists, will return east early in January, 1891. He has the following engagements: Feb. 1 and 8, Portland, Me.; Feb. 15, 22, Worcester, Mass.; March 1, Brockton, Mass.; March 15, 22, Norwich, Conn. He has the following camp-meeting engagements: Lookout Mt., from the first Sunday in July to the first in August inclusive, and Niantic, Conn., August 9 to 11, inclusive. Would like to make other engagements. Address for the present Lookout Mt., Tenn.

W. Duncan, of Des Moines, Iowa, though lately a member of an orthodox church, is an active Spiritualist, having sent us a large number of subscribers, for which he has our thanks.

A. D. Hunt, of Bay City, Mich., would like the address of Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake. Madame Morean holds seances every Wednesday evening at 341 W. Harrison St., Chicago.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trance.
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. H. S. Sloan, 434 W. Randolph street.
Mrs. Kate Blade, slide writer, 85 3rd street.
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirty-fifth street.
Mrs. S. J. Cutler, 369 Fulton street.
Mrs. L. De Knevit, 95 S. Green street.
Mrs. Hansen, 34 Fifth court.
Mrs. S. De Wolf, 108 S. Center Avenue.
Mrs. M. Oll Williams, 13 North Ashland Ave.
Mrs. Gusie Wolf, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Lott Hudson, 704 W. Madison street.
Lizzie Bangs, slide writing, 47 Campbell Park.
Prof. G. G. W. VanHorn, 230 W. Monroe street.
Mrs. F. M. Eddy, 95 S. Green street.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 3430 Cottage Grove Avenue.
Mrs. M. D. Gage, 47 N. Ashland Avenue.
Mrs. Frieze, 971 W. Madison street.
Mrs. C. Richmond, 11 Walnut street.
Mrs. L. J. Oviatt, test, psychometric, 346 W. Lake street.
Holders.
Mrs. Dr. N. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.
Dr. R. Greer, 127 LaSalle street.
Mrs. H. Richardson, 1353 W. Lake.

DR. H. W. THOMAS.

He Presents Some Cogent Facts.

Dr. Thomas preached Sunday, Sept. 14, before the Washington Camp No. 30, of the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America. He showed that the true American idea was equal rights for all religions and preference for none; while the Catholic idea was supremacy for Catholicism over all other religions and governments, and that this idea is plainly foreshadowed in the present attack on our public schools. We give below an abstract of the sermon:

"Our land has been peopled from all lands, religions, and governments beyond the sea. Now, there are two distinct and radically different theories of government and of religion, and both these theories have their advocates here. On the one hand, in government there is the theory of divine right of kings to rule. The people were made for the king.

ACCORDING TO THIS BELIEF. Then, there is the democratic idea, the one that prevails with us now. We believe that the power under God belongs to the people. We have answered the doctrine of the divine right of kings by the revolutionary war. So it is in religion. The ecclesiastical idea goes upon the assumption that a church can only originate through the priesthood, that the ecclesiastics have the divine power to administer the sacraments and teach the people what to do and what to believe. Opposed to that we have the democratic idea in the church. We believe that the people can make their own churches and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciousness.

"This idea of a divinely appointed ecclesiasticism carries with it the right to own the property of the people, or rather the people are deprived of any right or ownership in their churches. More than this, the divinely appointed ecclesiasticism assumes to dictate in civil affairs and sets itself up as superior in civil affairs—in all matters, in fact—to the government. Herein is one of the great dangers to our Republic to be found. The government separated the church and state at one blow, and now there steps in a foreign power and would unite them again.

"THIS IS SHOWN IN THE FIGHT the Catholics are making against our public schools. They are setting up the claim of the right of the church to educate the children against our claim of the government's right to educate its future citizens. It is not a question of theology that is being waged now. It is a civil question. The question of whether the church or the state has the better right to educate the children."

Dr. Thomas made no charges of any kind against the Roman authorities, but at this point he read several extracts from Roman Catholic journals of such standing as the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Tablet*, and others, in which the principles of the Roman Church were set forth. In one article it was claimed that it was not the policy of the church to educate all the people in aught but the catechism and the rules of the church. They would make better citizens and be more tractable were they to know less of reading, writing and arithmetic. In another of the articles the statement was made boldly that it was the purpose of the Roman Church to establish state religion in this country and administering all good Catholics to cast their vote to that end. Still another article spoke of the public schools as dens of vice and immorality, and advised that they be allowed to go where they sprang from—the devil.

"I WONDER," SAID DR. THOMAS, as he concluded this, "why so many of their young ladies are allowed to teach in our public schools." And this reflection led a lay brother to remark to his neighbor that fully one-third of all the female teachers in Chicago were Catholics.

"If they hadn't said and written these things," continued the Doctor, "history might have taught us that they were thinking it all the time. Republics are only possible through the intelligence and virtue of their citizens, and we can easily see that with the scheme of Catholic schools goes the ascendancy of the church over the state and the final abolition of the republic. The Catholic Church says the catechism is better for the people than reading, writing, and ciphering. That doctrine has been tried in Spain, in Mexico, and in South America. We have tried the other idea and we mean to maintain the freedom we have secured, come what may. The Catholic religion has as good a right here as any other religion, but not an iota better right. The differences between the ecclesiastical idea it represents, however, and the idea of civil and religious liberty are irreconcilable. One or the other must win and maintain its ground.

"The trouble does not come from the Catholic people, but from the Catholic clergy, whose most of the devilment of history has come from. The Catholic people are good citizens. Thousands gave their lives for the Republic, but they are forced and coerced into their antagonism and dangerous attitude by the priesthood."

SOUL-THOUGHTS.

The following on Soul-Thoughts is from one of the oldest mediums of modern Spiritualism. He passed on to a higher existence twenty years ago, but still takes an intense interest in the work of helping humanity. He says: "God's soul-thoughts are not so far from you, but you can read them from your soul is perfectly attuned to them. Your soul-thoughts should never be so full of selfishness that your God-given thoughts will be drowned out by yours—just like a wave from old ocean's storm-beaten strand, which will drive back the delicate sea weeds which float on to the beach."

"Your soul-thoughts should be so full of love for God's ways, that your desires are of secondary importance. Your thoughts should never conflict with his, for his thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways his ways." So, be truthfulness personified. Do nothing that would even seem untruthful, for only by so doing can you attain your heart-felt desire. Become so truthful that you feel to act an untruth would be faithlessness to your sense of justice. In this way only will you become so purified from sinful desires that your whole body is God's vessel for conveying truth to others."

MR. NOE AND JESUS.

Dr. Brown's Researches in Oriental History.

Mr. Noe mistakes the position of Mr. Jackson, in the latter's notice of Dr. Brown's *Researches in Oriental History*, which I am glad to note, you have for sale. Instead of claiming Jesus was a false prophet, the position taken in Dr. B.'s book is, that he was neither prophet, man nor God, but a myth, the material of which the "late lamented William Tell" was made, of whom the Swiss government has just ordered everything pertaining to him to be eliminated from the school books of that truth-loving country, giving as a reason, "The Tell stories are neither more nor less than fanciful legends of German origin." The day may not be as distant as religionists suppose when other governments will catch the prevailing contagion of honest criticism, and declare: "The story of Jesus of Nazareth is a fanciful legend of Christian origin," and order it eliminated from school books, because it poisons the minds of youth, and gives them false ideas of life.

"Have the teachings of Jesus ever been fully and practically carried out?" inquires Mr. Noe. Unfortunately, many of them have been, as witness the history of the middle ages, with its crimes and blood. Fortunately, others have been passed over, else the race would have ceased to exist long ages ago. See Matt. 19:12, where he advises castration. And it would be a sorrowful world, should all men follow his habits of idleness, mendicancy and vituperation.

"Take his Sermon on the Mount," says the critic; "where find a better code?" Has Mr. N. never learned that wise and tender sayings are frequently put into the mouths of the heroes of novels? The *Lamented Tell* was a patriot of rare endowments, and his words are often quoted; but, unfortunately, there was no William Tell, though all the places where the events were said to have transpired are carefully shown to the traveler, and there stands an enduring monument in stone to his memory. Another generation may be convinced that there was no crucified Jesus.

A few quotations from that ideal "Sermon on the Mount" may be of interest in this connection: See Matt., chapters 5 and 6: "If the salt have lost its savor, where with shall it be salted? Whosoever shall say, 'Thou fool,' shall be in danger of hell fire. * * * If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. * * * Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. * * * If a man sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. * * * Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow from thee turn not thou away. * * * Love your enemies; bless those who curse you; do good to them that hate you. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. * * * Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor for your body, what ye shall put on. Take * * * no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take care of itself."

Such wise sayings, embodied in practice, make the tramps of our day, with which the country abounds, and, like the Master, "If they have not where to lay their heads."

If Mr. Noe is well read in Biblical literature, he is aware the critics are of the opinion that the story of the woman taken in adultery, told in John 8:3, and following, is an interpolation by some one who wished to add to the good sayings of "Our Lord." Even Dr. Adam Clarke, in his *Commentaries*, after stating that none of the other gospels has the story, and that it does not appear in many of the Greek manuscripts, concludes: "I must confess the evidence in its favor does not appear to me very striking." Even Eusebius, the church historian of the fourth century, guilty of so many attempts to bolster up the Gospels, doubted the genuineness of this narration.

Many a novel hero has been "a man of sorrows and quite well acquainted with grief," yet that fact did not make him a genuine character, nor exalt him into a God. A belief in Spiritualism, and in the immortality of the soul is in no way dependant on the reality of the character Jesus. It was taught, and earnestly believed thousands of years before the alleged birth of Jesus, and is just as real without the "Son of God" as with him. We want the facts, without regard to the effect on the heroes of faith. This is what Dr. Brown's book labors to arrive at, and it was apparently with this desire that Mr. Jackson was prompted to write, for which he deserves the applause of the thoughtful.

Those who wish to know the truth, independent of childhood teaching, in regard to Jesus, will do well to read Dr. Brown's book, as the writer has done, and as Mr. Jackson recommends, and perchance he will reach a different conclusion from that inherited from his parents, whose wisdom, on some subjects, it is no longer a crime to call in question. A. B.

Who will Own the Telephone?

The alleged telephone patents procured by Bell having lapsed by the expiration of the term for which they were granted, it is now time to consider to whom the patent for the "specific device" rightfully belongs. Don't all speak at once.

Mrs. Sarah M. Lott writes from Lilly Dale, N. Y.: "At the news stand to-day a copy of 'THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER' was handed to me. I took it to my cottage, sat down to peruse it, and before I had read ten minutes, I said to myself, 'This is the paper for me.' Clean, bright and sparkling with progressive thought in every line."

James Wilson, of Bridgeport, Ct., writes: "It is more than forty-two years, and before the so-called 'knockings,' that my attention was called to the investigation of the Harmonical or Spiritual Philosophy by reading A. J. Davis's grand book, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, which, by the way (in my opinion), stands at the head of all the spiritualistic literature."

ELECTRICITY.

Currents of Force vs. Currents of Matter.

Prof. O. H. Richmond Further Explains His Views in Answer to the Boston Philosopher—Classification of Existing Things a Matter of Convenience in Scientific Research.

In No. 43 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I notice a short article by the veteran scientist, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, upon electricity, its currents, etc. While I do not consider the Professor's views in any way antagonistic to my own, when rightly understood, there are certain expressions used by him that many might consider as reflections upon my theory. For instance, he says: "But it is the fault of superficial thinkers to state only what appears to the senses, and to ignore the essential realities of all phenomena." That is a true expression, and applies to thousands of superficial thinkers, who only look upon the surface of things, and believe in appearances. For instance, the sun appears to revolve about the earth, therefore observers of earlier times believed that it did. In thousands of ways mankind have in all ages taken appearances for realities. But I cannot accuse myself of that fault, nor do I believe that Prof. Buchanan intends such accusation, inasmuch as my entire life has been, and is, devoted to the recognition of these inner and hidden forces that do not appear upon the surface.

He says, "The word current is not properly limited to material things." Very true. We can most certainly use the expressions, "Current of force," or "Current of thought," or current of anything that can be conceived; but in doing this we do not claim that thought is a material substance. When I used the expression in a recent lecture: "We speak of 'current,' positive and negative, and talk as if it were a stream like water; yet had I time I could prove to you that there is no current in the case of electricity. Nothing passes along the wire but an effect." It was well understood by my audience that I spoke from a material standpoint in using the word current, and only wished to convey the idea that it was wrong to suppose that a material stream of substance poured in at one end of the wire and out at the other, as does a stream of water in a pipe.

Prof. Buchanan speaks of "imponderable realities." I admit that imponderables are realities, in the sense that thought is real, or space is real, etc. But I deny that imponderables are realities in the sense that materialistic philosophy regards realities, or matter. I think the Professor agrees with me in this classification, which seems necessary in the consideration of these subjects. Simply for convenience, we classify all things into two grand divisions, to-wit: the material and spiritual, ponderable and imponderable, or, matter and its soul.

If from a matter of taste, any thinker wishes to remove anything from one division and place it in the other class, I have no quarrel with him; it is his privilege.

More words are nothing; facts are what we want. In the real essential meaning of Prof. Buchanan's article, I fully agree. O. H. RICHMOND. Highland Park, Mich., Sept. 18, 1890.

CURRENT OR EFFECT.

EDITOR OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—Although I did not intend to again refer to the subject of electrical currents, but seeing that none of my critics have even once referred to my great argument, in regard to the measurements of the currents, in volts, ohms and amperes, I thought I would again call their attention thereto, as well as to a few other arguments. If there is no electric current in the quivering wire, but simply an effect, what means those well-known losses or leakages of energy due to defective or insufficient insulation, etc., and which greatly reduce the full force of the charge in the wire, causing at times serious retardation and inconvenience in electric service? Or if there is no electrical current in the thrilling, throbbing, agitated wire, what is the object of the "Ground Circuit"? Is it not for the purpose that the tremendous, mighty, surging, imponderable force, might find an outlet or dip, at its terminal points into the earth, and circulate back again to its original fountain source?

But, referring to my former great argument, which has been entirely overlooked, by my critics, if there is no electrical current in the wire, but simply a vibratory effect, what is it which causes the vibration, for behind every vibration, whether in Nature or art, there must be a cause? Or what is there so tangible in the mighty impulses of the palpitating wire, that so readily yields to measurements in volts, ohms and amperes? If there were nothing in the wire, but simply an effect, there would be nothing to measure.

But electricity in harness, like illuminating gas or steam, has also its meters and its measurements, and as illuminating gas is furnished in pipes to dwellings, for so much per thousand feet, so electricity is supplied at so much per thousand amperes. Of course I refer only to that kind of electricity, so cunningly captured and absorbed, by law of affinity or gravity, from the earth's magnetism, by the armature tapwork of the Dynamo, and by law of self-induction, transmitted over the wire, in the form of invisible flame, or scintillating sparks of actual fire.

ROBERT GREER, M. D.

"The Jesuits are a military organization, not a religious order. Their chief is a general of an army, not the mere father abbot of a monastery. And the aim of this organization is: POWER. Power in the most despotic exercise. Absolute power, universal power, power to control the world by the volition of a single man. Jesuitism is the most absolute of despotisms; and at the same time, the greatest and most enormous of abuses."—*Memorial of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena*, by General Montholon, vol. ii., p. 62.

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

MATERIALIZATION.

A Satisfactory Seance at the Clinton Camp.

At Mount Pleasant Park Camp-meeting, Iowa, I met a very interesting lady, Miss Abbie Judson, daughter of Dr. Judson, the noted Indian missionary of years ago. She was born in India, but from her earliest childhood could not believe God to be the terrible being that the orthodox religion asserts. Her loving and gentle nature always revolted at the idea of human beings languishing in an endless hell; yet she grew up in the church, hoping all these years that God was not so bad as represented. Of late years she has had opportunity to investigate Spiritualism through its phenomena and philosophy, and is satisfied in regard to its truth and its adaptation to human wants and demands. She is now happy in the thought that she can communicate with her father, and often feels assured of his presence and direction.

One day at a Fact Meeting she gave an account of her attending at a seance the night before of Carrie Sawyer-Burk. During the seance she was called to the cabinet and there met a French lady, whom she had known in Paris years ago, and to whom she had become very much attached, and with whom she had corresponded a number of years after leaving Paris.

The most remarkable part of the interview was that the lady accosted her in pure Parisian French, which Miss Judson says is very hard to imitate, and none but the native Parisian can acquire it. Miss J. was overjoyed at meeting her friend, and after a short conversation in French, she vanished with a "Good night, and may the blessed Virgin protect you." She was a devout Catholic. I have never paid much attention to materializing seances, and those I have attended have been of an unsatisfactory nature. But my curiosity was aroused after Miss Judson's recital of what had occurred in her presence, and the next evening I decided to attend this wonderful medium's seance, who has received so much gratuitous advertising from the Chicago papers.

At the commencement of the seance I was requested to place quite a large piece of court plaster over the medium's mouth, after the independent voices of little Maud and a heavy male voice had discoursed awhile. I was requested to remove the plaster, which I found intact, and it required considerable sponging to remove it. All seemed satisfied that the medium did not produce the voice through or by the use of her vocal organs. Having again taken our places in the circle, a number of forms appeared, one at a time, and were recognized by their friends. Near the close of the seance, Mrs. DeWolf and myself were requested to come and sit in the cabinet with the medium. We did so, and were requested to take hold of the medium's hands, which we did. Mrs. DeWolf holding one hand and I the other. The medium seemed to be in her normal condition, and spoke to us occasionally, while little Maud seemed to be at her side, talking in her usual child-like manner.

We had scarcely taken our seats when our faces and hands were manipulated by little fingers, and little hands patted us on the face and head; also our hands were patted and clasped. At last a full-sized hand was placed upon my forehead, when I said, "Is this father?" Immediately my right hand was clasped and a vigorous shake given, much to my surprise and satisfaction. By this cordial shake it seemed to say, "I am your father." During the time we were sitting in the cabinet two forms came out of the cabinet into the circle. We examined the cabinet and surroundings carefully, and were quite certain there could be no accomplice. B. A. CLEVELAND.

THE LIGHT OF PERSIA, or the Death of Mammon, and Other Poems of Prophecy, Profit and Peace, together with nearly three hundred citations quoted from the learned of all lands. By George F. McIntyre, Chicago: The Wage Workers' Publishing Co., 1890, pp. 221.

This is a book of poems, set around with brilliant gems from many authors, all uniting with and giving tone to the central brilliant. The author is one with the throng of workers who are earnestly protesting against existing wrongs, and demanding the rights inalienably theirs. The intensity of his nature is thus expressed:

"I had rather be behind prison bars with the consciousness of having raised my voice in defence of downtrodden humanity, than tread the streets a free man with my tongue bridled."

All the poems contained in this volume are on living subjects and express boldly radical thought. There is no extenuation or attempt to captivate by sounding sentences. He writes because he feels earnestly that he must, and poetry furnishes the most perfect forms of expression. In this necessarily brief notice it is impossible to quote at length, and a few examples must suffice:

"God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinion and a will," etc.

Again: "Shame upon thee, craven spirit! Is it manly, just or brave, If a truth have shown within thee, To conceal the light it gave; Captive of the world's opinion—Free to speak, but yet a slave!"

And again: "Want! in this land of plenty, Want! in America, Want! where rivers of golden grains Are freighted far away!"

"Want! and the black diamonds sparkle In heaps a mountain high! And some, perchance, must freeze In the streets, and perish miserably."

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, as the cost is only 25 cents.

H. S. HANSON, of Snohomish, Wash., writes: "Like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much; think it is one of the best educating papers that I have ever read, and I have read a good many. It is also the expression made by several readers in this place."

THE SISTERS' CHURCH.

The Center of Some Ghost-like Operations.

The People of the Neighborhood Turn Up Over the Manifestations--The Story of an Old Home.

The usually quiet country neighborhood of Sisters' church, about six miles from Tennille, Ga., is all torn up. Neighbors greet each other with pale countenances and a quizzical look without a word.

The cause of all this is: Ghosts! Not one of your soon-to-be exploded ghost stories, but sure enough ghosts, which keep the country in a state of holy horror.

The facts in the case are: About three weeks ago there died, in the neighborhood mentioned, a worthy planter by the name of Bryant Watkins, who, by hard, honest toil and frugal habits, had accumulated considerable property and a sufficient amount of hard dollars to insure a comfortable living for many years, had he but lived to enjoy it. As it is, his children and their stepmother will take possession, Mrs. Watkins No. 1 having preceded her husband to the grave.

But here is the story, as it will appear in the next issue of the *Tennille Enterprise*, whose editor made a "scoop" on it over his neighbors in Sandersville. The undershirt spoken of as being in the closet is in the possession of your correspondent, who must admit that it required considerable strategy to secure it.

"Kindred from many sections have visited this old home for the purpose of pleasure and retirement, but the unveiled, mysterious and heart-rending confusion kept up continually by unseen objects caused their immediate flight.

"The more recent developments regarding this haunted domicile are calculated to baffle all human conception.

"Just before the death of the old gentleman, his daughter, who had been faithful and attentive to him in his last hours, was presented with two new and pretty undershirts, which no doubt have a history to be handed down from generation to generation. They were beautifully embroidered, and altogether their make-up was unique and perfect.

"The old man's death soon came on, and the fate of these two garments was then and there sealed.

AT THE BURIAL.

"The day for burial was fixed, and a large concourse of friends and relatives followed the dead man's remains to its last resting place. Among this body was the daughter, who saw fit to wear one of her new garments on the occasion. During the burial proceedings a strange incident occurred, and an incident long to be remembered by the eye-witnesses, who vouch for its truthfulness. While the daughter was bowed in sorrow and grief, sobbing as if her heart would break, suddenly the garment became detached and fell noiselessly to the ground, completely torn into fragments, and there is no cause assigned for the strange actions of this piece of wearing apparel. This caused some confusion among the ladies, but soon everything was quiet, and in a short time the proceedings were concluded. On their return from the burial ground, of course, the topic of every individual was the peculiarity of the skirt.

THE OTHER SKIRT.

"On reaching home the daughter, with others, decided to investigate the condition of the skirt remaining in the closet. They entered the closet, and an examination proved that the remaining article was in a similar condition to the one above described. This again started the spectators, and they shrank back in holy horror as their eyes fell upon the ragged garment which had been concealed in the closet for so short a time. We had the pleasure of carefully examining this garment, and found some parts of it perfectly sound, while other parts, at the slightest move or pinch, would readily crumble to pieces. This is all a problem which will, perhaps, never be solved.

OTHER INCIDENTS.

"There are many other strange incidents which have happened in and around this residence that have never been made public account of it having a tendency to decrease the value of the property. But since the general topic of this community has been centered upon this one subject we feel that we injure no one in giving the matter publicity, and it is not our intention to exaggerate the story; but will try and give the facts to our readers as they were given to us. Among the many incidents connected with the story is that of

A FIRE SCENE.

which occasionally occurs, and beautifully illuminates the entire surroundings. This scene is of a few minutes' duration only, and springs up only in small piles, and vanishes like a vapor. While this is very interesting to the spectators, it has a tendency to make them feel like being somewhere else. On some nights, just about the time the inmates of the structure began to anticipate an off night for the unseen mysteries,

A VOLLEY OF PISTOL SHOTS

breaks the stillness of the night, and again the slumbers of the weary inmates are disturbed, and a night of restlessness is the result. This piece of folly is not on the programme every night, but simply a side issue. The greatest mystery, if one can be greater than another, is the

UNLOCKING OF DOORS.

"This, as everything else, is unaccounted for. It is said that the doors can be securely fastened by lock at night, but on arising the following morning, they are found to be unlocked, and sometimes open. The most baffling incident in the whole story is the

HUMAN VOICES

sometimes heard in and around the dwelling. This is truly puzzling, and in no way agreeable to those who have heard the voices of unseen humans.

"There is no joke about the matter. Some of the staunchest citizens of Washington and adjoining counties have visited there, and vouch for the truthfulness of it. In two instances, white tenants have left

the plantation when their crops were well under way, preferring to live in peace on half rations than to stay there and be scared to death's door by things they could hear but never see."

A lady relative of the dead man told your correspondent to-day that what is herein contained is not half that has occurred there, she having been there on one occasion during the visits of this unexplained and mysterious guest, but she wants no more of it in hers.

While there are many who doubt the existence of "ghosts," yet all who have visited this place are seriously impressed that all is not right, and the more it is investigated, the more serious it becomes.

Parties are being made up here to go out there to-night, and if anything startling occurs, I will wire you.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

They are of an Extraordinary Character.

During the month of August, I had the pleasure of spending a few days for rest and recreation at Onset Bay, and had the good fortune to be present at a seance held at Miss Helen Berry's cottage.—Mrs. Hattie Stafford, the medium. I had heard and read a great deal of the wonderful manifestations that occur in Mrs. Stafford's presence, therefore expected some remarkable developments, but the results far exceeded my anticipations. Mrs. Stafford had hardly entered the cabinet, certainly could not have been fairly seated, before a young lady came out, who was at once recognized by her father who was present. She put her arms about his neck, and held quite a long conversation with him; then returned to the cabinet. Next a lady came and said her daughter Priscilla was present, and gave her own name, and they talked a long time together. Then my own beloved spirit friend, Alice B. Sampson, came to me, and gave me much comfort and cheer with her words of love and hope, and before returning to the cabinet she remarked, "I will come again." Other friends came, sometimes two at once, and they all gave not only their own names, but their earth friends present, which made it very pleasing as well as convincing; but the following demonstration to me was the most wonderful of all: A spirit whispered, "Please lean forward a little." I did so, and in a moment several mortals spoke and said there was a form materializing on my chair back of me. When they first saw it, it looked about the size of an envelope, and gradually increased in size, until a form stood back of me. It was my friend again. She talked with me and called me by a name that no one ever used but her. Then she kissed me and stepped down in front of me, and gradually grew smaller and sunk to the floor and dematerialized, without returning to the cabinet. Then Rosa, one of the medium's guides, materialized in the same way back of me upon the mantel, then stepped on to my chair and to the floor in front of me, and dematerialized as my friend had done before her. I said I attended a seance; I was at two, and a dear friend who passed on from Michigan, Oct., 1889.—Mrs. C. M. Emmons.—materialized back of me, and upon the mantel, same as the other spirits had been able to do upon my first visit. A mortal could not have stood upon that mantel piece, it was not wide—and well covered with vases, clock, and various kinds of bric-a-brac; nothing was disturbed. I simply write the facts as they occurred, believing such remarkable phenomena should be recorded. It may be a pleasure for some persons to read what was a great pleasure for me to witness. I am a medium, and the true mediums friend.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

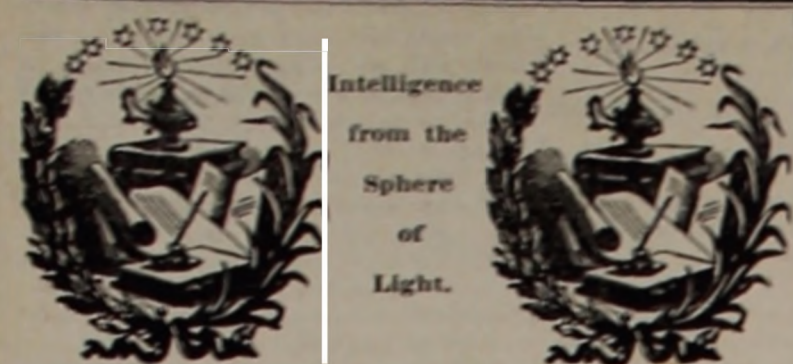
Boston, Mass.

Letter from San Diego, California.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER: The question is asked, Who will begin anew with something fresh from the spirit side of life,—purely original, uncontaminated with individual opinions; something that has not been said before through either mediums or newspapers. It seems that we are born to an inheritance of opinions, right and wrong; right or wrong we cling to them. The seeds of error as well as truth seem bequeathed us, and we are asked if such teaching is formed in the higher life, and who are the instruments of its accomplishment, and who can appreciate the pre-existing intelligence that come from the fields of its operation?—in whose devotedness I have lived seventy-three years, during which time I have been as obedient to its teachings as my surroundings would admit; and I still intend so long as my hands can return the tender clasp or my lips give back response, to be found working in the field with those whose presence is constantly with me, and from whom I get a tender word asking with joyful tears and longings such as no human tongue can express and only angel pen can write, to aid them, and avoid the many questions asked me that are fully set forth in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

I have deposited in the First National Bank of San Diego one hundred dollars for dissatisfied subscribers, should there be any, to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, a newspaper published by J. R. Francis, at 251 South Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., at \$1.00 a year, in which they will find the grandest composition of literature that has appeared in these modern times; and, at the expiration of six months, any one becoming dissatisfied and will return me their papers, unsoiled, I will refund the money it cost them and their six months reading will be gratis. They should commence with No. 41, "A Narrative of the Summer Land," by Hudson Tuttle. San Diego has much to boast of, for of late it has been having a grand spiritual boom in her beautiful city by the sea, but the mediums are now moving on to create revivals in other new fields, leaving hundreds of warm friends to lament their departure; especially is this true with Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Nickless, of whom our worthy friend "Justice" so ably made mention in the *Golden Gate* of 13th inst, of which hundreds bear testimony of its truth. I hope I am not asking too much.

JOHN BROWN, SR.



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE

Author of *Annals 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 VII.

CHRISTMAS TIDE AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Oh, that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing with which thou lookest for an earthly future! This a few days at most will bring thee. Look forward to the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent."—*Longfellow.*

After the poet had finished, a water whose face had been chiseled into expressive beauty by the hand of Duty, and ennobled by adverse experiences bravely met and overcome, said there was one chapter in her own life that might be of interest. The group awaited her story with a silence which more eloquently than words expressed their desire and attention.

My boy, my only child, was an idiot. I strove to believe otherwise; I nurtured fondly the least ray of hope, and flattered myself that his development was tardy, and after awhile he would be as other children. I did not know it at first, for all young infants are nearly the same. They have their instinctive wants, and satisfy them in similar manner. I did not know, but I felt there was something at fault. How it dawned on me! At the time a child should stretch out its arms, and clutch at its mother's tresses, mine threw his aimlessly, and there was no recognition in his eyes, no sparkle of love, or tears of distress. They were blank, soulless eyes that made me shudder to look into. He grew in body, became strong, but walked uncertainly, unsteadily, as though objectless. At three he ought to have been able to talk—other children do—but he could only say, "Mamma," with a pitiful sound like a bird's note.

I knew—I knew from the first, and I also knew that through me a sin had been incarnated, and that I must for life bear and suffer. My boy was an imbecile; the boy I had with a mother's fond dream expected with joy, and proudly traced his future nobleness; imbecile to mantle my cheek with shame, to need my constant attention, to be a thorn in my heart which could not be extracted.

And yet for no sin of mine—no wrong I had committed—was this affliction borne. No sin, unless it be a sin to love one who was my ideal of manliness; a promise of all a woman's heart most earnestly craves. Everything? I knew not that all his excellence of character was conquered by one habit, and at times he gave the rein into the hands of drink. I learned too soon his fatal thirst, but recked not that it would stamp its terrible impress on our child. I thought I should gain in my boy that which I lost in his father. I should have his society, enjoy his pleasures, and be proud of his success in the great world when he entered active life. It was all gone by. I sat down by the ashes of hope. I moaned as for one dead. Worse than dead, a thousand times worse than dead! A body that ate to live, not to think; a mass of flesh without a soul! Oh! God have mercy on me and my child! It was cruel and unjust to afflict him for his father's sake. It made me doubt the existence of God and right.

My boy grew with handsome face, but soulless. He reeled and staggered when he walked, and as he clung to my dress would look up with such a besotted leer—I could not help it—it made me creep and shiver. Men drink and become intoxicated; my poor child was born intoxicated. He knew not what sobriety meant. His brain reeled and was benumbed and clouded. There was only despair and the bitter sadness of regret for me.

At ten years he was a tall lad, and by incessant labor I had taught him other words than mamma. He had begun to receive and express a few ideas, not complex, but of most simple form. He distinguished objects, and went on errands and was pleased to do so. However, unless his other actions, his love for me was most fervent, and through his love I educated his sluggish faculties. As I toiled on, beating into his mind by painful repetition the simplest thoughts, I envied the mothers of the bright urchins who passed on their way to school. No words can express my sorrow, my remorse, my disappointment; the deep pity I felt, which served me to untiring effort for his improvement.

He was ten years old that Autumn. We went one afternoon to the Lake, a long blue expanse of water, reflecting every tint of the surrounding shore, as in a mirror. The frosts had touched the forests, and the trees were clothed in the fantastic glory of gold and carmine. A fine purple haze softened the distance, and fell like a veil over the remote hills and mountains. I talked of the trees and the flowers, and we listened to the songs of the birds yet delaying their flight to sunnier climes.

Time passed, and the sun was low in the west. Magnificent clouds, like vast robings, seemed to grow out of the purple sky, and across the fields of light were crimson bars and streaks of flame, through which the sun sank like a great red globe on which the eye could undazzled rest. The splendid scene touched even the solid nature of my boy. His face glowed with childish delight, and he cried: "Mamma, mamma, see!" "Yes, my dear Archie," I said, "I see. It is indeed beautiful. It will soon, like all bright things, turn to gloom. The night will come only too soon, and we must go home."

"The night," he repeated. "The night! Then it will be dark. Will the night come?"

"Very soon it will come. The Golden Gate of Day will close on the sun, and then it will be dark."

"The Golden Gate," he repeated musingly, "the Golden Gate? I see the bars, but not the gate. Mamma, who shuts the gate?"

My child never before had expressed an inquiry. My heart gave a great bound at this awakening of his intellect. I clasped him to my heart and wept for joy. "At last," I cried, "at last he is awaking from his stupor, and I shall see him day by day grow mentally stronger." Brief was my moment of enjoyment for with this one gleam of thought, like a star momentarily seen through a rift of cloud, he relapsed into stolidity, and when I took his hand to lead him home, he passively yielded, and half supported, walked with the pitiful, uncertain step that made my heart quiver to see.

That night I was awakened by a low moan from the bed where Archie slept. It was like and yet unlike his voice. I hastily arose, and went to his side. He had thrown back the covers, and his face was flushed with fever. He was ill, very ill, and it was useless to relate how rapidly he grew worse. How I watched and wept, and prayed, and the disease advanced, until hope closed her wings, and darkness brooded over me. Sitting by the side of my dying boy, justice and love seemed ruled out of the world, and life given only to bear the sting of pain.

It was midnight. The soft Autumn days had been succeeded by the days of storm, and the winds lashed the trees, and the rain beat against the windows with angry dashes. Midnight, when the great magnetic tides of the earth are in negative ebb, and the life forces are most depressed. I sat listening and thinking, in the half conscious, yet acutely sensitive mood induced by the torture of grief. The clock struck twelve; it seemed to me faster and harder than wont, and as its vibrations died away, I was startled by a call from my boy:

"Mamma!"

"The Golden Gate?" He had raised himself on his arm, and looked above my head with a wrapt and intensely excited gaze. His expression had changed from stolidity to one of refined spiritual intelligence. His eyes were penetrated by a clear, angelic light, and his hair framed his white face like an aureole.

"What will come now?" I involuntarily asked, as my fever-stricken boy was transformed into this vision of loveliness. His lips parted, and he made several efforts to speak without my being

able to hear even a whisper. He threw up his arms; his hands seemed to clasp invisible ones, and then every vestige of the old stolidity vanished from his face. Through every feature, as though crystal, radiated the spiritual light of thought, animations, emotions and affection.

"Oh, mamma," he cried in a voice softly inflected, unlike his old monotone. "Oh, mamma, the beautiful lady will lead me away to the hills overlooking the Lake, where we were at sunset. She says she will show me the golden gate where the sun passes through, and it will open for us, and we shall follow, and the spirits of the air will bring it together noiselessly. We saw the bars, dear mamma; the gate was closed. It will open when the lady leads me through the path from the hills along the edges of the clouds, and down to the place where the sky kisses the sea. Is it not beautiful? And she says there is a group of children waiting for me, and we shall play the day long, and I shall learn from dear teachers who will come there, and no one will laugh at me, for I shall be free from the foolishness of this body."

His hand unclasped, and he fell back on his pillow exhausted. I placed my hand on his forehead, and my heart was so full I could only caress the wet brow.

After a few minutes he opened his eyes, and gazed wistfully at me for a long time.

"Mamma," he at length said, "your eyes are red, and you have been weeping. You must not. I have been a great trouble to you. I have from pity received your lavished love. I gave you hope because I was preparing to die, and the fool body loosened its hold on me. That is what the beautiful lady says. She approaches!" He again reached up his hands. He seemed lifted from the pillow. "I am going now, dear mamma. I do not know when I shall come back; where the lady chooses to lead, I am going, to the sunset, through the Golden Gate, to the happy children.—I love you, mamma.—You must come to me—to the Gate, its bars will open—and we shall—"

He did not finish, but fell on his pillow, leaving the sentenced uncompleted. There was a slight sigh, and the radiance slowly faded from his face, which settled into an expression of sweet repose, as the flush went out of his cheeks, and the whiteness of death stole over the waxen features.

I uttered no cry of grief. I am in doubt if I grieved or rejoiced. If the angels gladly received him I ought not to mourn. He was still my child, refined, purified, spiritualized, with the dreadful taint of hereditary sin washed away. I had prayed for his restoration, and he had been restored; not after the manner of my desires, but perhaps in a better way!

I knew he was an angel with angels, and though I wept, my tears were like the drops the clouds let fall to reflect the rainbow's perfect glory.

Kind hands assisted to prepare the body for its final rest. I combed his wavy hair, and placed a wild aster with mosses, such as he loved, on his breast. Some unknown friend lined the grave with evergreens. It was very thoughtful and kind, and the casket was placed gently in the prepared couch of leaves and flowers.

I heeded not the words of the preacher, "dust to dust," for I knew that here rested only the broken cage; my bird of song had escaped. I wept, for that body was all that was tangible to my senses; wept over the ashes of my earthly castles, but I had seen through the bars of the sunset, and knew that the clouds so black on one side were as white with light on the other.

As time went by, I thought anxiously of my boy. Where was he? Did he return, or remember me; love me? Would I recognize him when we met? Or would we ever meet? Perhaps God's universe is so vast we might never meet! Never find each other, for he would be beguiled into new paths, the brightness and joy of which mortals can not comprehend, and he will not wait for me. He will have traversed a long distance, that to me will be insurmountable, because I shall go in another direction! Thus I distressed myself with doubts and fears, until the end came, and over the world darkness came like a veil. I fell to sleep that was not sleep, more profound, more absorbing. When I awoke a new light illumined the world. It was with spiritual eyes I saw by rays of spiritual light, by spiritual ears I heard sounds in the spiritual atmosphere, and feeling became a refined consciousness, receptive of a thousand waves breaking on my being from the spirit ether.

I perceived a group of radiant beings, in the midst of whom was my boy, my Archie, matured in stature as in mind; as he would have been under the most favorable conditions of earth-life. He came and took my hands, and with a thrill of delight I arose out of the earthly body with a glad bound, and received the congratulations of the attendant angels. There came music from afar, like the sighing of winds among pines, with distant falling water and faint notes of birds, for the ether was tremulous with sweet sounds.

My Archie folded me in his arms and kissed my cheek, and said: "You are by the shadows, dear mother, and we will conduct you along the archway, through the Golden Gate, which allows you to pass, but admits neither care nor sorrow."

"I will supplement your heart story with an episode of yesterday," said a sister who had before kept herself in retiring silence. "I was with my class of beautiful children, and describing to them the scenes of earth-life and how in the coming Christmas day, the broken family circle would be re-united under the old home tree, and around the warm hearth or social board the recollections of childhood would again be revived."

Of that group there were two who had no recollections of Christmas, for they had been transplanted in the earliest hour, and two others who only remembered the gifts of that time. Then spoke one, a slender girl, whose eyes were crystalline in the purity of thought they expressed: "If the family circle is to be reunited in my dear old home, then I ought to be there. Brother Ben will come from the West, and sister from the East, and oh! would it not be sweet to see the welcome they will receive!"

"And I, too, long to go," exclaimed another, "for it has been a whole year since I met the friends I left."

There were others who desired to go, and others who did not, for the earth with its shadow and light had passed from them, and there was nothing to call them from their present uninterrupted delight.

Then the teacher said to the two anxious ones: "You may visit the earth and remain as long as you desire with your friends, but while there you must record the most meritorious action you observe, and report when you return."

"How shall we find the earth and our homes?" asked the gratified angels in one voice.

"I will lead you," replied the teacher, and taking them by the hands the three passed away over the headlands and down the glittering way to the earth, which spread out like a vast map, with its green continents and dark seas beneath. Before they were aware, each one found herself in her old home, and tears wet their glad eyes at the sight of the familiar scenes. They mingled with their friends, but no one knew or recognized them; and they weaned, and went out into the street to observe the good deeds, the records of which they were to bear like a priceless treasure. After long wandering they returned, and bade their homes good-by, and impelled by volition, passed the ether like a flash of thought, and appeared before their teacher. They gave and received a hundred kisses, and the mellow voices of welcome floated out on the ambient air, where the flowers listened in their loveliness.

Then the eldest and tallest, whom they called Azalia, said softly: "In the city were a great number of orphans, who had no one to give them food or care for them, and when all the world were happy on Christmas, they were cold and hungry. A good lady heard of this, and in a large hall, where for once these orphans could be warm and comfortable, she brought them, and gave them a splendid dinner, like the best in the land."

"A noble deed of charity," replied the teacher, "and earth would be the better if there were more like her." Turning to the other who was white as a white rose, she said: "What has our darling Camille to relate?"

"Of little importance to the deed of the great lady," replied Camille. "At the feast was a little boy, pale and ill. He ate not the viands given him, but carried them to his mother, who was prostrated by overwork and famine in a cold and darksome attic, and although himself famishing, tasted not until she had satisfied her hunger."

The teacher threw her arms about her, drew her close, kissed her white forehead, and in a voice of sweetest melody said: "The deed you relate is worth ten thousand such as the great lady performed; for out of her abundance she gave, nor felt the loss or deprived herself of a single pleasure, she gave as a means of enjoy-

ment; but the boy sacrificed himself for the good of another. He gave all he had, and that without expecting return. It is such deeds of love which make the night of earth hopeful of the brighter day."

"If mortals only knew," said Hero sadly, "only knew the future, how much joy would come to their cup of sorrow! Death the complement of life and its extension to fields of vastly broader opportunities, did mortals know, would have no terrors, and the habiliments of woe would be exchanged for the flowers of gladness." She continued:

"I saw a mother sitting by the bedside of her dying child. It was on a dark tempestuous night. The icy garb of winter wrapped the cheerless earth. Nature seemed dead—all but the wild wind that roared through the sounding darkness! Oft there would be a pause, dull and sullen in which the distant booming of the far off forest could be heard like the ocean. Then the next blast came on, gathering strength to dash in one terrific burst, pass on and die in a long, sordid wail. To the young mother, holding the hand of her dying child, it seemed like the revel of legions of troubled spirits. Closely she bent over the little pale face. She wrapped the clothing around the cold form, and clasped it with her arms."

Juline was a fond and devoted mother. So far her life had been one of unalloyed bliss. She, in youth, had been the idol of her parents. She was loved and loved in return the husband now sharing her grief beside her. Their darling boy was the great light of their hearts. He was the first and only representative of their unchanging love, and on him was poured without measure their parental affection. Never had a thought of separation from him occurred to them. They never dreamed of his dying. They lived in the present, and the future was begirt with bows of promise. How can parents otherwise than anticipate when their children bear their united lives to remotest future, and if their children are truly noble, how can they resist an adoring affection?

Diphtheria was abroad. Here it had broken an idol; there torn a beautiful vine ruthlessly from its trellis. But Juline was not alarmed; her boy was too healthy to be in danger. "It is only the frail who are taken," she said, "or those who have not proper care." She was not fearful of its approach. Oh, mortal! how easily allowed by the phantasm of Hope! How duped by a wish which becomes—not a reality!

October's haze had fallen in the month of November. Day after day, soft, mellow, dreamy, visited the earth, beautifully, sadly sweet, with the conscious of age and the winter of death. The frost yet spared the late flowers of autumn, and the hills were still green with late maturing grasses. Suddenly the Snow King rode down from the North, faster than the fleet reindeer can travel. Around him rolled black clouds, and beneath him gathered the white snow. All the lingering souvenirs of Summer were buried in a common grave. Many a bird of passage, beguiled into tarrying by the warm smiles of autumn, was buried with them.

Far more dreadful, the Snow King brought the fearful malady to many hearts, and only manifested his sympathy for the sufferers in wallings. At night, Juline discovered her Albion unwell. His little frame felt the first scorch of fever. The next day he became hoarse and refused to swallow his food. At night the physician pronounced him beyond hope.

Juline spoke not a word when she heard his doom. She only took his little hand in hers. Oh, it was too much for so young a creature to combat with death! Death, old as Time, strong as Omnipotence. The little sufferer threw his hands upwards, and a smile, pure and sweet as the gleam of a star flashed over his before agonized face. He raised his head from the pillow and cried, "Grandma! grandma!" and fell back dead. But the smile remained, as the light of the sun already set, guides the mountain top. Just on the threshold of the Spirit-world all its divine beauty flashed on the spirit, and as it departed from the body it stamped it with its joy.

Juline uttered no wild cry, but with dry eyes she said like one in a dream:—

"I will not yield him to the grave! He shall not die and grow cold!"

"Oh! the darling," she moaned, "why should you be taken from me! I would pray to God, but there can be no God, else in his love and justice this would never have come! My darling, who never thought of wrong, suffering such cruel pain and burned by the fever till his precious life went out! Oh! I would have suffered a thousand fold, I would die so willingly if he would only breathe and speak again."

She bent over the sweet face, cold and still as wax, yet reflecting a smile of angelic sweetness; his little hands over his breast holding flowers, callas and tuberoses, which seemed plucked from some blooming garden in the angel land; the silky hair shaded the forehead; the blue eyes were as in sleep, they opened not at her call, nor would they ever open with glad surprise that warmed her mother's heart. She bent over her babe and kissed the lips which gave no response.

"A year old to-morrow!" she murmured: "a year which has been too full of joy. I ought to have known it could not last. If I thought it was my fault, my neglect, my sin for which my babe suffered, I could not endure it a moment. It is wrong, it is cruel, it is unjust! And to-morrow the sun will shine and the birds sing as though no life had gone out, no heart broken. The sun ought never to shine again, nor the silver moon, nor the birds sing."

She bowed low her head on the pillow by the side of that of the dead child, and her stifled sobs told of a sorrow such as only a mother can know. It was storming without, and the rain drifted against the window panes, and the wind wailed and moaned as it went by; a sad, and night of storm as though nature wept at the great wrong she had wrought.

The sobbing ceased. Did the worn watcher sleep? No, she did not sleep and yet she was not awake. She felt a sweet calm fall over her, and a balm was poured into her lacerated heart. After a time an angel stood by her side. She could see the radiant features of that angel, and the resplendent garments which draped her lovely form.

"Do not weep till you see the end," sweetly spoke the angel. "Do not say there is no love or justice until you know

whereof you speak."

Then there came a series of pictures or a panorama moving before her, and the panorama was the life of her child, had he remained on earth. She saw him as a child, as a youth at school, as grown to manhood. As the scenes unrolled the background grew darker and more obscure, she became impressed with a choking grief, disappointment and despair mingled with her hopelessness. The young man before her was handsome, and in his coarse outline could be traced the features of the babe, but how changed! Desires and appetites and fiery passions had gained unbridled sway. She felt her influence had given way to stronger forces and he had drifted away from her.

She shuddered as she saw him yield to the persuasions of companions and lose his self-respect, his pride, his sense of right, and slowly the shadow of crime darken the scene. Then came the overwhelming sense of remorse and the gnawing of regret, and the resolve for a better life, a resolve scarcely uttered until broken.

The last terrible scene was an interminable stretch of hills over which the fires had swept, leaving ashes, with here and there trunks of trees once green, but now shattered and blackened. On the gnarled roots of one of these sat an old man, with thin white hair, an unkempt beard, his face wrinkled, not so much with age as by the incisive chisel of depraved appetites. His tattered clothing afforded scant protection, and there was no one near to give the water and the food he craved. Night came and death at last, but the mother was spared the increasing sorrow of a view into the beyond. A profounder sleep came, and she saw her child borne in the arms of an angel and its eyes beamed with inquiry and surprise, for it comprehended not the change mortals know as death. A widening vista opened before her, and in the distance she saw an angel radiantly beautiful, wise and pure as the spotless raiment he wore, and like a refrain of sweetest music she heard his voice calling, "Mother."

Juline raised her eyes and saw the angel, her mother whom the child beheld in the last agony of death.

"And thy mission here, oh, mother?"

"To bear thy child to the sphere of purity."

Conscious that all was well, she awoke, smiling, weeping, sighing:—

"It is best—it is best. I resign him without a murmur to the care of those who are better than I."

The neighbors who kindly came to perform the last offices of the living for the dead, were surprised at her cheerfulness, and many cold hearts spoke of her indifference. Ah, they knew not that an angel had been with her, and opened her soul to a knowledge of heavenly things.

(To be Continued.)

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTHER.

BY EMMA BLOOD TUTTLE.

Terrible is the world with people, Myriad souls none so dooming, But my soul is cloaked and hooded And I find not many out. Rarely find we those about us Like the vanished, trusty few, So I sigh, alas! too often Mother, for the like of you. Of the tender heart you gave me Such a burden grows to me, That I almost would exchange it For the stoniest heart there be; One which never justly grieves, Nor a touch of pity knew, For so many, oh, my mother, Are unlike the like of you. In the life which cometh after This, I shall so happy be, I shall never think to grieve, Aught which now may torture me. Buried with the years the conflicts I have valiantly lived through, I shall have my day of rest, Mother, with the like of you.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

DESTINY.

Its Character Analyzed.

BY REV. GEORGE ADAMS.

Some preachers preach that Destiny is only an empty name. But he that doubts and he that believes Both get there just the same. And he that preaches the most as if He bore it a life-long grudge, Is sure to find out soon or late 'Tis a mighty hard thing to dodge; For whether the Destiny be good, Indifferent, or bad; Or whether the Destiny-doubting might Be a danger, a foe, or a friend, Or whether the warp and filling of Life Make cloth, or thread, or thrums, Or a silken robe, or a gummy bag, It is Destiny when it comes. Wherever the Destiny may begin, Or which ever way it tends, Or whoever steers the rickety between, It is Destiny at both ends. We can call it birth, or death, or fate, Or Limbo, or Heaven, or Hell—Still nothing is that has an end, But has a beginning as well.

We begin, (though we don't imagine why 'Till we're quite a good bit ahead) With a fleshy load that by-and-by Gets to be what men call a yoke, and we know where the knot is to come in. And who answers, Where? "Plays out" just then and there. But we should know 'tween a touch of a power That would plan this Destiny-gear, Then leave but—three score years and ten—For all there is in that same. Especially as the span is gauged By the law of "more-or-less." And is oftentimes less, and oftentimes more, And much of it more distress; And not a soul ever does the flesh Without something good and so—Every soldier quits this mortal field With some victory yet to win. Nor a heart grows paleless on the earth, But it leaves some mark on the world. Nor says what we call Nature's debt Without some joy to be bought; And every honest soul shall have Its day wherein to exult; And every pure delight shall find Its grand immortal chance; And so in perils and in fears We shall find the "empty name," For lack of it, and beyond it all Is Destiny just the same. Morris, N. Y., August 25th, 1880.

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