

The Progressive Thinker

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

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THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

PARTING WORDS OF NOTED MEN.

Napoleon Sees an Image of Josephine.

Death a Messenger of Good Will to All.

The Mission of Modern Spiritualism.

Ingersoll (says the *Chicago Tribune*) once remarked: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unrepenting dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

Some of the greatest men the world has ever seen, men who have startled their fellow beings by their power, have been known to melt to tears on the approach of death. Others are pleased and delighted at the memories of their lives, and how much they have to be thankful for. Generals have been known to be fighting their battles over again; statesmen uttering incoherent remarks regarding their last public duties; judges summing up some charge to a jury; lawyers arguing some case. Washington calmly reviewing the past and forecasting the future, with his finger on his pulse awaiting the summons of the "grim messenger," and answered, "'Tis well." Napoleon, the greatest general the world has ever seen, an exile upon the dreary rock of St. Helena, unattended and alone, deprived even of the consolation of his brother exiles, save the friendship of a priest sent there by his enemies, shortly before his death saw a beautiful image of his deserted wife, Josephine, which seemed to forgive him for the many pains he had caused her, but his last thoughts were of the army. A few moments before his death he raised himself in his bed and savagely uttered the words, "Tete d'armee," and then lapsed into unconsciousness, while William Pitt, his greatest enemy, realizing that some of his plans had miscarried, expired with the ominous words, "My country! how I love my country," upon his dying lips.

"They fly! they fly," were the words that Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, heard one of his lieutenants exclaim as he lay mortally wounded upon the field of battle, and bravely replied: "God be praised, I shall die happy," while Montcalm, the unsuccessful French general, having been badly wounded in his defense of the fort, upon being told that his end was near, slowly uttered: "So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

"I thank God," said the great Nelson, "that I have done my duty," as the guns were thundering over his head, proclaiming the victory of Trafalgar. Some have been known to be jolly and even witty in their last moments. Thus Sir Thomas Moore, observing the weakness of the scaffold upon which he was to be executed, remarked: "I pray thee, see me up safe, but for my coming down, I can shift for myself."

"I have heard it said that the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," said that brave little woman, Anne Boleyn, as she put her hands around her neck and laughed most heartily. "God bless you," were the dying words of Dr. Johnson, who addressed them to a handsome young lady at his bedside. Wordsworth and Edmund Burke are also credited with the same parting expression. "Wonderful, wonderful, this death," said Etty, the painter, shortly before he expired. Hogarth, another celebrated artist, portrayed the end of all things, and then destroyed it, remarking, "I have finished." "Dying, dying," said Thomas Hood, just before the end, and it is said he thus expressed gratitude for coming rest. "I am going on a long journey," said Frank Rucklidge, the great naturalist, as he was dying, "and I shall see many strange animals by the way."

How touching were Douglas Jerrold's last words: "I feel as one who is waiting and waiting for." Mozart wrote his requiem with a conviction that he was erecting a monument to his genius as well as his own remains. "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death chant?" were the words he uttered as he mused over it while dying; and Bewick, the famous wood-engraver, was last employed upon a presentation of "The Old Horse Waiting for Death."

Some have thought of the scenes that last agitated them. "Remember," was the last word of the unhappy Charles I.; while Foster exclaimed: "No home rule!" and the actor Rabelais slowly murmured, "Drop the curtain, the farce is played out." "I die learning," was the noble utterance of J. R. Green on his death-bed. Goethe was heard to murmur something about a beautiful woman's face, and exclaim "More light!" as he was dying; and the earl of Beaconsfield shortly before his death raised himself in bed and took the position he was accustomed to take while speaking; but his lips moved in silence. "Happy, supremely happy," Lord Lyndhurst exclaimed when he was dying, and Swift said: "I am what I am; I am what I am!" as he passed away. "Sleep, I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep," was the expression of Daniel Webster on the night of his death.

Some have recited and even composed verses in their last moments. So, De Witt uttered an ode in one of the books of Horace, amid the severe agonies received at the hands of his executioners; and it is said that Lucan, when his veins were opened by the cruel order of Nero, recited a passage from one of his poems, in which he had described the wounds of a dying soldier. Waller was heard to repeat some lines of Virgil, and the marquis of Montrose, on the way to his execution, put his thought in verse. Pope attempted to write an essay on the immortality of the soul, and his last words were: "There is nothing which is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

"I am so weary," remarked Lord Lawrence, as he passed away. "Joy," was the last utterance of Mrs. Hannah Moore, the historian. "What is the square of twelve?" Delagney, the great mathematician, was asked by one of his friends about his dying bed when he had gone so far that he failed to recognize any one about him, and he mechanically answered: "One hundred and forty-four." The instance of Lord Tenterden, a famous English judge, is no less wonderful. He had been delirious for some time and talking incoherently, but a few moments before his death slowly raised himself in bed, and as usual in summing up his charge to big jury cases, was heard to exclaim: "And now, gentlemen, you may consider your verdict," and fell back dead.

Justice Talfour performed his duties to the last. He died in the midst of delivering a charge to a grand jury at Stratford defining the needs for a closer connection between the rich and the poor. He was saying: "That which is wanted to bind together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country is not kindness, but sympathy," when he was struck with apoplexy. "Good-day and adieu," said Boileau, who was seized by an attack of dropsy, to a friend who had called upon him; "it will be a long adieu," and then expired. Dickens, while at work upon his last book, had the fit come upon him which resulted in his death, and when his sister-in-law requested him to lie down, he uttered distinctly, "Yes, on the ground," slid from her arms to the floor, and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was never finished. "Get me off, Charles," said the great actor, Edmund Kean, to his son, in one scene of his most famous play. "I'm dying," and the curtain fell upon him for the last time. "I am ready," remarked Charles Mathews, another actor, in answer to his final call, which reminds one greatly of the last words of Colonel Newcombe, put into his mouth by Thackeray "Adsum." Phelps, another actor of renown, had a superstitious horror of the word "Farewell." While he was acting Wolsey and uttering the sentence containing: "Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!" he broke down and expired before the end of the play.

"When I am dead, fire the big guns over me," were the last words of a noted Indian chief who died at Washington, showing that vanity is not always forgotten. Bill Poole, a famous pugilist, was patriotic to the end. Dying in far-away Australia, under the flag of another country, he said: "I die a true American." "My only regret is that I have but one life to lose for my country," were the soul-stirring words uttered by one of the bravest patriots that ever lived. Nathan Hale, a captain in the continental army in the war of the revolution, who had been arrested as a spy within the British lines, spoke them in reply to the usual question of the general commanding if there was any reason why the execution should not go on. The latter immediately gave the order "to string the rebel up." "Don't give up the ship," was the last command of captain Lawrence in the memorable combat of the Chesapeake and Shannon, and although the ship had to be given up, those words served as a watchword to American seamen in many hard-fought combats afterwards. "I am not going to die, am I?" Charlotte Bronte asked her husband after a few short months of married life. "He will not separate us so soon; we have been so happy," which seems all the more pathetic when her former life is taken into consideration. "Is your mind at ease?" Oliver Goldsmith was asked by his doctor, and he replied sorrowfully, "No, it is not."

"I feel the flowers growing over me," was the beautiful expression of Keats on his death bed. Joseph Addison shortly before his death called his dissolute stepson to the bedside, and said: "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die." These were his last words on earth. "How grand these rays," said Humbolt as the sun shone brightly in his room, "they seem to beckon earth to heaven;" he expired shortly after he gave utterance to these beautiful words. "My days are passed as a shadow that returns not," said Richard Hooker a few moments before his death, but his regret seemed to be because he was called before his labors were completed, and not for wasted hours. Cowper was asked how he felt on his deathbed and he replied: "Feel! I feel unutterable, unutterable despair!"

A consideration of the last moments of some noted infidels is also interesting. On the last day of Voltaire's life, some hours before his dissolution, he was approached by a cure of St. Sulpice, who spoke to him of Jesus Christ. The philosopher, still in a stupor, opened his eyes and with a gesture waving him away said, "Let me die in

peace." He lingered until late in the evening. A few moments before expiring he raised himself, pressed the hand of his valet and said, "Adieu, my dear Morand. I am dying." He never spoke again. Those of Thomas Paine were very sad. Dying alone, forsaken by friends, beset with many troubles, persecuted by hypocrites, his dying was pitiful. All efforts to convert him, even with the shadow of death facing him were unavailing. The last deputation was waved away from his bedside with the salutation: "Give me none of that popish stuff. Good morning; good morning." But in answer to Dr. Manley, who, prompted by curiosity, asked him the question, "Do you wish to believe that Jesus is the son of God?" he answered, "I have no wish to believe on the subject." He died as he lived, true to his convictions. But we doubt whether the last words of any great man were more pathetic than those of the dying schoolmaster, who exclaimed with his last breath: "It grows dark, boys, you may go home."

In spite of all doubts, tears, and fears of the future, how consoling is that beautiful passage that once fell from the pen of George D. Prentice, one of the most gifted writers that ever added lustre to American journalism! He said: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse upon their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their midnight festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us will forever remain in our presence."

The above, gleaned from the *Chicago Tribune*, illustrates the dominating thought when one stands, as it were, at the brink of the grave. But few ever manifest any terror at the last moment. Death is feared most when one is full of robust health, and that fear vanishes in proportion as the end approaches. It is the mission of modern Spiritualism to illustrate to the world that death is man's great friend, a savior, a deliverer.

Just Tice.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

They Come Beautifully to Mrs. Mabel Aber.

Spring Hill, Kansas, a Mecca of Spiritualism.

Since the first introduction of your excellent paper I have read it with unabated interest. May the host of loved ones gone before continue and strengthen the grand and glorious work you are doing. Since July 25th I have felt impressed to tell you of a beautiful and touching little test which the blessed angels gave through my mediumship. Upon the above day two ladies called for a slate message. After holding the slate for a while and receiving only a few marks and slight intonations thereon, we laid it aside and were conversing pleasantly, when I began to feel a sweet influence, soft and gentle, as though caressed by a little child. At the same time Mrs. L. said: "Oh! I wish I could in some way learn the cause of my little child's death." Her tone and manner touched me, and I was at once brought in rapport with her and sensed the deep sorrow she was bearing in a mother's noble way, not knowing whether her child still existed. I then heard the words: "Tell her she had too many doctors; gave too much strong medicine which did no good." To which she responded: "Yes, I believe that." Again the voice said, "The child did not die with trouble they thought, but received its deathblow long before its final sickness. I then looked up at the mother and saw such an agonized look upon her face that I remained silent for a few minutes, whereupon she said, "Do you get anything else?"

I replied, "Yes, but dislike to tell what," but the voice said, "Tell it." I then said, "Your child died from the effect of something it swallowed sometime in August."

The mother screamed and exclaimed, "Oh! yes, I knew it."

Her sorrow was so intense that the young lady who had accompanied the mother, and I joined in tears of sympathy with her. In a few moments the name of "Ruth" was given, and "Mamma, don't feel bad, I am so happy now! But I do want you to learn all of the spiritual laws you can and save others from suffering what I did in the hands of doctors who know nothing of them. You may save other little children from suffering." And then a little circle was presented, whereupon I told the mother: "I now see a sweet little ring and the most delicate lettering: 'To Ruth from grandma.'"

"Yes," the mother replied, "that was Ruth's little ring, a present from grandma. When again visit you I will bring it that you may see it as it is."

Two weeks ago the mother called and placed the little treasure in my hands, which again brought the tears to my eyes, for there, just as it was presented to me clairvoyantly, I now beheld it in its material state. Oh! I can never thank the angel world enough for such precious gifts, by which we may bring comfort, cheer and hope to sorrowing mothers! The mother's face was illuminated, and she said: "I know now that my darling little Ruth lives in a happy paradise, and I do not wish her back as I once did. I wish her father would only accept this truth, but when I again join him I will not dare mention the subject of investigation, he is so bitterly opposed to all of it."

How my heart throbbed in pity for her! The father will not take up the investigation in a manly way, and settle the fact of the soul's immortality. No, because there are some counterfeit bills in circulation, does it follow that all money is counterfeit? Why will not the skeptic use his better judgment. This father is wealthy and influential, and had he this proof of immortal life, their home would be a heaven on earth, for the mother said all she desired was for her husband to join her in this positive knowledge and spiritual truth, so beautiful, natural and true, which leads us out into the broad fields of nature to study its laws, which prove there is no death, but simply chemical changes from the material to the more beautiful ethereal, or spiritual state.

Columns might be filled in recounting the writer's personal experience in this department, watching with intense interest the weird but beautiful transformations of nature. With each change new organs and new functions are acquired to be utilized by the gradually expanding soul as a means of further development. We see it in the butterfly springing from the chrysalis shell. It guards the snowy white purity of the lily and gives to the rose its aromatic glory. From stage to stage it evolves new births, and new deaths, but sure to live again, ever revolving upon the rugged path until it awakens for the last time on earth, awakens once more a material shape—a creature of flesh and blood; but now a man, never again will it enter the material matrix, or suffer the pain of material re-incarnation.

Let us thoroughly understand mediumship, and if possible communicate with some loved ones who have assumed the spiritual form, and all will be made plain to us, and then if you wish to enter the various paths of occult study, you need have no fear of being led into the wrong path. You cannot be deceived.

Not one night do I press my pillow but my dear departed loved ones come to me, and in loud rappings tell me of instances of my past life which is only known to us. Oh!

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BE ANGELS ON EARTH.

BY EMMA HOOD TUTTLE.

While we are slaying of lily-crowned angelhood, White-souled and high in the sweet Bye and Bye, Were it not better we earnestly work for good As the days pass, and not wait till we die!

Helpful words, noble deeds, tender and dutiful, Failing like light where a heart growth faint, Are in a mortal as holy and beautiful As in the disembodied soul of a saint.

Angels are beings more near to perfection Than idlers, who sing, dress in clouds, and crowns wear; They have risen to glory through stern self-correction Continued in regions past mortals compare.

Though angels in clay may be poor in the whiteness Which garments the souls in the city of gold, True hearts and good deeds kindle gladness and brightness, And love warmth lives that are dreary and cold.

AUTUMN DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson And the aspen fringes to gold; When the gentian's in the meadow And the aster on the hill; When the moon is leaped in vapor And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burs are opened, And the acorns drop like hail, And the drowsy air is startled With the humming of the fall— With the drumming of the partridge And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander, Through the jewels of the year, From the yellow uplands calling, Seeking her who still is near, She is near me in the autumn, She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer, When the weary wings are still, I can see her in the valley, I can hear her on the hill, In the splendor of the woodlands, In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven Meet, and mingle in the blue; She can wander down the glory To the places that she knew, Where the happy lovers wandered In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest, And the world is wholly fair, She may sometimes steal upon me Through the dimness of the air, With the cross upon her bosom, And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to her, ah! to meet her, And to hold her gently fast, Till I blessed her, till she blessed me— That were happiness at last, That were bliss beyond our meetings In the autumn of the past.

—Bayard Taylor.

Take Notice.

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

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I would not exchange this blessed communion for Queen Victoria's crown. I was reared in the strict old church way, my parents both being very active workers in the church, it naturally followed I should join it. I believed by blind faith. I remember being severely reproved by the pastor who called one day and found me reading one of Robert Ingersoll's works. He said, "A young lady should spend her time in a better way." I replied, "I like Ingersoll any way, because he doesn't make so much hell for us as you ministers."

Not feeling satisfied, I investigated Spiritualism three years ago, and was brought out in this blessed truth. My whole soul is in the work, and I shall now devote the remainder of my life to its advancement. My only regret is, that I lost so much valuable time with my theological training. But no difference how short the time, we should all strive to become Buddhas, that is, enlightened, thus making for those about us and ourselves a heaven upon earth, preparing the way for one in the eternal world of spirit, whither we are all drifting, there to enter upon a life of progression. Oh! that the whole world might know and see the truth!

MABEL ABER.

Spring Hill, Kan.

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LILY OF THE HEART.

Its Part in Life Vividly Portrayed.

BY A. J. SWARTS, PH. D.

Wait here by this scene so illustrative of human life. See this clear running water coming forth that marshy pond. See those objects of beauty waving in the breeze, and those shining on the water. What are they? Stepping nearer with intention to grasp them, the surface submerges and the voice of danger forbids. We veer around on pebbled shore to the other side, but having anticipated mortal approach, they elude us still. These objects of beauty are enticing lilies of several hues. See how they smile upon us from mounds, and peer from watery beds. Some from soil and rock, having risen to the breeze, bow us a greeting and an adieu. In their seclusion they seem to boast over mortal desire. Previous intruders, not able to pluck them from their shy retreat, have broken and despoiled some of the rarest with club and stone, for they recline in sorrow and blight, while some have perished by flood-trash pushing on angry swell.

As with the lily, so with mortal life. Now we reach a narrow strait where one of the finest specimens of pearly whiteness leans so unguarded that it is seized by venturesome fingers and broken from its stem. Guarded no more in seclusion; no longer drawing nourishment and beauty from its native retreat, it is left to the blight and bruising it must receive even from the hand that pledges it protection. So in water and vase where mortal approach by voice, sight and touch grows common, it droops amid attention and the blight of praise. Hiding its fading charms before faces absorbing its beauty and life, the lily of loveliness and purity fades slowly under words that tell only what it has been.

Consider the home of love; see the lilies of attractiveness and beauty opening out in sweeter charms than any growing in shady nook or sunny lawn. In the face of a dear son the loving mother looks with trust as he goes out to mingle with the festive and gay. Like the lily in seclusion leaning toward the passer-by, so is the daughter of attractive loveliness, whose charms invite the hand that severs her from the parent stem.

From guilty throngs husbands emerge and meet trusting wives wearied with hours of waiting. A hasty word and angry look, caused by distrust, had driven his steps further than was meant, and now on return, a glance meets glance while silence tells its own story. The lily in each heart is dying. Tears come when words are silent and when emotion tries the sensitive soul. Tears do not nourish; they are departing moisture from the roots of love.

The whitest garment is soiled by deepest stain; the cleanest snow by smoke and dust; the clearest water is spoiled by a drop of coloring; conscience is silenced by a word, and soul purity is cankered by a thought. The moth is allured by scorching light, and the infant attracted by fire. Health is undermined by disease; a clear and sunny sky yields to darkest clouds. The brightest blade corrodes with rust; the giant tree dies from the sting of an insect; an elephant is enraged by a flea; a spark burns a city, and a word convulses nations.

As the lily is soiled and faded; as a frown can cause a pang, so the fire of love chills and dies. As sweetest notes turn to discord, so euphonic melody of the heart changes to inharmony and wrath.

Why is the bright boy allured and led astray? Why does the gentle maid yield to a smile? Why does a child covet fire, and a moth fall into the blaze? Why is a bird charmed by subtlety to come to the deadly fang of a serpent? When it can be told why the lily leaned over and gave itself into the hands of destruction, these anomalies of life can be solved. When it can be shown that growth is possible without growing from less to greater, then these hidden mysteries of Nature will be understood. Irregularity and imperfection are the sure guarantees of evolution or progress. The utility of all these apparent evils is found in the genius of development and growth. To stimulate

towards the highest, one must see and dread the vile. To rise above a wicked deed, to advance toward safety and truth, involves first the necessity of looking at such deed and then away from it to the highest ideal of right. Here is God's sure method or economy of mortal progression. In the hidden counsel and wisdom it was right to permit a plan through which mankind might improve. Contemplation of the vile, leads the human soul toward the good. Ignorance is a pledge of growth. Salvation must ever mean

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1890.

DEATH.

Sometimes it is Very Uncertain.

Like Many Other Things, it is Misleading!

There is nothing, says the London *Standard*, more repugnant to the human mind than the awful possibility of a living person being consigned to the tomb. Nevertheless such cases have occurred, and, unhappily, recent proofs are forthcoming that they still occur, despite the fact that in most countries precautions are now taken to prevent premature interments. In England, as a rule, the bodies of deceased persons are not buried till signs of decomposition begin to manifest themselves, and elsewhere it is enacted by law that interments must not take place till three or more days after death. Nearly three-quarters of a century ago a somewhat gawsome book was published. The first section of its formidable title, which is too long for quotation in its entirety, runs: "The danger of premature entombment proved from many remarkable instances of people who have recovered after being laid out for dead, and of others being entombed alive for want of being properly examined prior to interment." And the author submits the following grim quotation as a prelude: "To revive nailed up in a coffin! To return to life in darkness, distraction, and despair! The brain can scarce sustain the reflection in our coolest moments." Having thus, at the outset, put his readers in a dreadfully uncomfortable frame of mind, he proceeds to pile on the agony by citing numerous well-authenticated cases of persons supposed to be dead coming to life. Several of these owed their restoration to consciousness to the officiousness or irreverence of friends, who, persistently declined to believe that they were absolutely dead, forced liquor down their throats. A chapter is devoted to the remarkable case of "Sir Hugh Ackland of Devonshire, who, after being laid out as a corpse, was revived by a bumper of brandy."

Of cases on record of a bygone time we will only quote two, by reason of their exceptional peculiarity. The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, while preparing for chapel Sunday, fell down, to all appearance, dead. In spite of the positive assurance of the physicians, who declared her to be irreversibly dead, her loving husband, Col. Godfrey, persisted in believing that she was only in a trance. So she lay till the following Sunday, when exactly at the same hour as her seizure, just as the chapel bell was once more ringing, she awoke. She was not aware that she had been in a state of suspended animation for a week, and the first thing she did was to scold her attendants for not waking her in time to go to church, as she had intended to do. That the restoration of an interred person to life should have a romantic sequel and result in a cause celebre seems anomalous, but such a thing did occur in the olden time.

Two neighbors living in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, who were great friends, had respectively a son and a daughter. The young people were very much attached, and would have married had not a wealthy suitor appeared on the scene, and with the consent of her parents, obtained the hand of the daughter. The young lady submitted, as French girls think it their duty to do in such circumstances, and she prudently declined to see the first lover any more. Melancholy, however, brought on a malady which so benumbed her faculties that she was thought to be dead, and was, accordingly, consigned to the grave. Her former lover, who could not believe that even then she was lost to him, persuaded the grave-digger to bring the body to his house. There he used every means to restore animation, and succeeded. Convinced that now she belonged to him, she agreed to his proposal that they should escape to England. Ten years afterwards

they returned to Paris. A chance meeting between husband and wife convinced the former that the latter was still alive, though he had buried her with becoming grief. He claimed her for his own, the claim was resisted, and, despite every argument to the contrary, the Judge decided in his favor. Again the lady and her lover sought happiness in flight and they lived abroad without further molestation.

Now for some recent cases. The following one was reported from Nevada, Miss., Aug. 24, 1888. While the remains of twenty-three unknown dead bodies were being removed from Deepwood Cemetery, in that town, "Superintendent G. W. McCain discovered a body which was partly petrified, and from its position, evidently had been buried alive. The body was that of an infant, probably a year old, and was lying on its face, with its legs drawn up and the bottoms of its feet resting on the coffin lid." Early in February, this year, the Philadelphia *Press* published a remarkable case, vouched for by Mr. Thomas Hooper, formerly of that city, but now a resident in New York. It is that of a lady, the wife of a musician, who, apparently died in Media some years back. Her body was placed in a casket and taken to the church, where funeral services were held. At the close of a solemn address the minister said that all who wished might take a last look at the remains. Among those who went forward was a woman, and she, after bending earnestly over the coffin, exclaimed, "See, her eyelids quiver!" Great excitement followed, but a doctor present ridiculed the suggestion, declared that life was extinct, and urged immediate interment. The husband, however, insisted on the application of restoratives; the wife was removed home, the grave clothes were stripped off, and within four days, thanks to continuous effort, she was quite well. Six years after her restoration to life, she, while singing at a musicale, was suddenly stricken with blindness, and blind she still is.

From Orenburg, in Russia, this year, a very painful case has been reported. During the funeral of a wealthy peasant the coffin was seen to rise and the corpse proceeded to get out. The affrighted priests and mourners ran off. The "corpse," followed, but the peasants having by this time regained courage, proceeded to "exorcise the ghost," which they did so effectually with guns and pine stakes that they killed the unfortunate man who, it was ascertained, had previously been in a state of coma.

Last February the funeral of a young woman was about to take place at Alessandria, Piedmont, when, owing to the jolting of the hearse, the supposed dead person was aroused from the lethargy which was mistaken for death. The bearers in the cemetery heard sounds issuing from the coffin, the lid was torn off and the young woman was found to be alive and conscious, though in a state of great agitation. In Italy bodies are interred very soon after supposed death, and a doctor in Rome has compiled and published statistics showing that thousands of persons are annually buried in a state of coma throughout Europe. A man named John J. O'Connor had, it is alleged, an exceedingly lucky escape from the dissecting table in the American city of St. Louis, about the 12th or 13th of February last. He being supposed to be dead, his body was identified at the morgue by his wife. A funeral followed, and it is positively asserted that he was buried in Calvary Cemetery. But to the amazement of all who knew him he was afterwards seen walking about as if nothing in particular had happened to him. His own version of the affair was that he was really buried, that his body was afterwards taken up and conveyed to the dissecting-room, and that the first incision made in his abdomen causing blood to flow, his consciousness, which had been suspended, returned to him. About this case there is a good deal of mystery, and attempts have been made to hush it up; but it is not an improbable one, for body-snatching in the interests of surgeons is not rare in America. Dr. Kenneth Cornish, late surgeon to the British Royal Humane Society, knows a clergyman in London who narrowly escaped interment in Milan four years ago while in a state of catalepsy. He considers that the practice of preparing the body for burial almost immediately after death has proved fatal to the chance of life possessed by many a one whose friends would have made any sacrifice to save them. Some people have a morbid dread of being buried alive, which haunts them through life, and sometimes they devise special instructions on the subject. This was done by the late Col. Vyner of Leamington Priors, who died last December. His will contained a bequest of £10 to his doctor to examine him carefully after death for the purpose of ascertaining that he was "really and undoubtedly dead," and authorized him to use whatever means he should think necessary in order to make himself absolutely certain of the fact.

That hundreds have been buried alive in this country, there can be no doubt. Those who have critically examined the nature of death in all its multifarious phases, are convinced that premature interments are far more common than generally supposed. Physicians cannot by any sign now known, tell at once whether life is extinct. Putrefaction is the only infallible sign.

The American Secular Union Congress.

Sometime ago we announced this Congress. Its president, Dr. R. B. Westbrook, is a splendid man in all respects. We make no exceptions in his case. He is just the man for the position, for he is a Spiritualist, a comprehensive thinker, a careful student, and an honor to any position he may occupy. The Secular Union was wise in calling this level-headed man to the front. The Congress will assemble Friday evening, Oct. 31st, 1890, in the Grand Opera House at Portsmouth, Ohio.

An Excellent Pamphlet.

Francis J. Lippitt is the author of an excellent pamphlet. It bears the title "Psychical Proofs of Another Life, given in Letters to the Seybert Commission." Mr. Lippitt, in sixty-five closely printed pages, gives some remarkable examples of spirit power. His incidents, illustrations, diagrams, and forcible language make an important pamphlet. It is for sale at Brentano's, 1015 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C. Price, 25 cents.

PSYCHOPATHY.

This is certainly a most valuable work, and should be in the hands of every Spiritualist, healer and physician. It presents the physical and spiritual basis of life; the influence of the spirit over the organic functions of the body; the influence of food, raiment and surrounding conditions and atmosphere upon the human organism; psychology, mesmerism, magnetism, and electricity as healing agencies; social life, including marriage and parentage; the actual magnetic poles, and their corresponding nerve centers; their relation to psychopathic treatment; volition psychopathy—resumé. The author claims that the spirit is the basis of life and health, as it is the basis of the knowledge of suffering. He claims that one robs the spirit by neglecting the body, thus depriving the spirit of the instrument required for the proper expression of life. He claims that in all treatment of suffering we are bound to consider the individual spiritual state, as we are the individual physical state; and that whatever is the underlying cause of the merely physical symptoms, such cases may be aggravated or caused by some mental or spiritual state that it is the business of the physician to understand. He contends that a knowledge of the spiritual basis of life is the most important, as it is more subtle; that the laws connected with the action of the spiritual forces prove them to be more rapid, and therefore more efficacious, and that any action upon the spiritual nature of man is, therefore, the more effectual, even in reaching the physical body. He affirms that this spiritual nature, permeating the entire human organism, is centered or focalized at the point where vitality centers, it will be shown, and that that focalized action is the direct connecting link between the spirit of man and the external universe; and if that point of connection is kept in perfect order of harmonious activity, the vitalizing functions will go on in every part of the body, just as in a telegraph office, if the one junction is effected whereby the current is kept in active vibration the whole system of wires performs its functions. If that single junction is interrupted, or if the point of generating the electric force is disturbed, the whole system of telegraphy is consequently interrupted. The connection of the spirit and the body of man is as a system of telegraphy. The spirit animates and pervades the body at the points of focalization and distributes the force at the points of vitalization. Interrupt that focalization and the source of vitality is immediately taken from the body. Interrupt it at any one of the nerve centers and the vitality is taken from the portion of the body related to that nerve center. By this subtle system the spirit animates and quickens or fails to animate and quicken every globule, fibre, muscle, and nerve of the body, every portion of the entire organism.

The book is replete with suggestive facts, and will be instrumental in doing great good. The price of the book is \$1.50, and it is for sale by Wm. Richmond, at Rogers Park, Ill.

"Psychopathy or Spirit Healing. A series of lessons on the relations of the spirit to its own organism, and the later relation of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing. By the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Published by Wm. Richmond, Rogers Park, Ill.

Faith Cure a Failure in Africa.

It will not win in a malignant disease. It would be disastrous to try it. American missionaries tried it at Freetown, Africa, but Divine Providence would not respond. Two of the party died of fever. Dr. White, Colonial physician, actuated by common sense such as the missionaries did not possess, and knowing that tropical fever, if neglected, is apt to assume a virulent form among newly-arrived white people, ordered the bodies to be buried as soon as possible and sent to the sanitary policeman to see the order carried out, to disinfect the house and destroy all bedding, clothing etc., used by the deceased. That officer reported that others were sick in the house, a fact that the missionaries had not stated, and on the next day Mr. Kingman sent for the doctor to see his wife. She was found to be in the last stage of exhaustion from neglected fever, having been ill for nine days, and in spite of all that could be done, she died on the evening of the eleventh. On the previous day Mr. Kingman was found to be ill but refused to accept medical assistance. That evening Mr. Trice, who was also ill, sent for the doctor and consented to be taken to the hospital for treatment, under which he recovered.

Dr. Ross says that these missionaries intend going due east into the interior guided only by a compass. In view of these facts, and of the statement in the *Missionary Review* that another party of missionaries are expected, the governor of Sierra Leone calls attention to the matter, "as this climate is not suited to those who trust alone to 'faith healing' and ignore the means placed by providence at their disposal for the relief of suffering humanity and such conduct is a 'danger to the community at large.'"

A Veteran Worker Welcomed Back.

On last Monday evening some fifty of the old friends of Mr. J. E. Hoyt, who is prominent as a Spiritualist and progressive thinker, met at his new home, 218 Washington Boulevard, to welcome him back to a permanent residence among us. Mr. Hoyt brings with him Mrs. E. V. Snell, late of Washington, D. C., who gave the friends a loving welcome from the other side. Mrs. DeWolf, one of the leading workers in this city, was present and spoke for several minutes in her charming way. Among the stranger guests present was Miss Emma Nickerson, formerly of Boston, who comes to us freighted with spirit power of a high order, and in a few eloquent words expressed her full appreciation of the warm welcome with which she has been received in Chicago. Messages, music and song were the features of the evening. Mrs. Augusta Whitlock recited several original poems, which were happily received, and when the time came to go, all departed hopeful for an early meeting together. This reception is only one of a series to be held at this charming home. Mrs. Snell will speak at Bricklayers' Hall, Peoria and Monroe Sts., on Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 P. M.

TO FIGHT IT IS TREASON.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas' Views On Compulsory Education.

To Oppose the Public School, He Says, Is to be at War With the Deepest and Dearest Sentiments of the American Heart.

Dr. Thomas preached Oct. 19 at the Columbia Theatre to a large congregation on the "Rising Generation and Compulsory Education." He took his text from Prov. xxii, 6: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

In the course of the sermon he said: "If the power of the government is intrusted to the people, and if they are to serve on our juries and elect representatives to make their laws," he continued, "it is clearly the right and duty of the State to demand that they be qualified for such responsibilities; that they at least be able to read and write and speak the language of the Government."

THE STATE OR THE CHURCH.

"But just here is the good of the present religious-political controversy in our country, not alone now mainly on the language that should be taught, but on the far deeper question as to whether our right to teach belongs to the State or church. It is this old question over which the nations of the Old World have so long debated and fought, and at bottom it is the question, whether the State or church has the right to rule mankind. The founders of our Government solved that question by drawing a line between the civil and the ecclesiastical by at once and forever separating the State from the church; so that here there come in no State religion, and hence no government of church over the people, but the equal rights of conscience and belief and worship for all. And in this they acted with far-seeing wisdom and justice, for the authority of the State must be effective, whilst that of religion or the church should be only moral."

NEITHER CATHOLIC NOR PROTESTANT.

"This government does not aim to make Jews or Christians, Catholics or Protestants, but good citizens, and hence it throws its broad mantle of protection over all alike. Nor does it in any sense attempt to interfere with the religious education of the rising generation; it leaves that to the parents in the homes of the children and to the churches. Nor does it prescribe the school to which any child shall be sent; but it does insist upon the right of every child to a fair education; and our own and some other States have declared that these rights shall not be denied; and that education shall be compulsory; and this government does declare and will at all cost maintain its rights to have its own free schools to which the millions may go."

"And to fight the public schools or seek to divert the public funds for sectarian purposes is not only to be at war with the deepest and dearest sentiments of the American heart, it is more and worse, for however it may be cloaked or covered up it is a blow at the life of the nation. It is treason. This broad land welcomes alike all nationalities and religions of the Old World, and as citizens they have equal rights. But this is America, and not Portugal or Spain or Russia, and as such it is neither Catholic nor Protestant, Lutheran nor Methodist; but a great free home for all. And the sooner this is understood the better."

By a coincidence Dr. J. L. Witherow, of the Third Presbyterian Church, preached from the same text, and his views were substantially the same as those of Dr. Thomas. Both advocated the present secularized condition of the public schools as best for training children to become citizens, and the Bennett law as fair and just for all; disclaiming any rights for themselves which they denied to Catholics.

The congregation of the People's Church demonstrated their approval of their pastors' sentiments by hearty applause which showed that the cause of public school education lies near to their hearts. We are glad to know this, and we assure the friends of the public schools everywhere that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will give them hearty support.

Dr. C. W. Hidden.

We learn from the Newburyport, Mass., *Herald*, that our able contributor, Dr. C. W. Hidden, on his thirty-fourth birthday, was the center of considerable attention. During the afternoon and evening many friends and acquaintances called at his residence to pay their respects. In the evening a large party assembled, and a merry time was had. An original poem, written for the occasion by Miss Julia May Williamson, was read by that lady, and a number of choice gifts, floral and otherwise, were made. We congratulate you, Bro. H. Your literary productions have not only been well received by the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but they have been copied into English periodicals.

The California Mines.

In the narrative of the prophetic revelation and final success of the iron and gold mines obtained through the gifted sisters, there was a slight inaccuracy, which may be corrected now by stating that Mrs. Hayes took Mrs. Atwood back to her own home, and with the aid of another sister, Miss Lucina Folsom, took charge of her during the eleven days of trance. When Mrs. Atwood and the doctor went, it was not one month but nine months that they remained there. These details are not important. The great joke for the public is that one prophecy brought wealth through iron mines, contrary to the opinions of scientists, and that the other prophecy is now in process of fulfillment by the discovery of the richest ores that have ever been reported. In this marvelous enterprise the public will have the opportunity of participating for a short time, while the works are being erected for which more funds are needed. Those who are wise will apply for the stock before it is too late, as it is now offered at a comparatively low rate by Dr. Atwood, the president of the mining companies at Redding, California. AN OLD SPIRITUALIST.

The Parkland Camp Meeting Association in a Muddle.

The First Association of Philadelphia puts its Foot Down on an Alleged Conspiracy.

Members of the First Association of Spiritualists of this city are considerably agitated over the resignation of several prominent officials as the result of a recent action of the Board of Trustees with regard to a land scheme at their camp grounds at Parkland, Pa.

It appears that some time last August, articles of incorporation were filed at Trenton, N. J., organizing the "Parkland Camp Meeting Association" with a capital of \$50,000 divided into 10,000 shares at the par value of \$5. Frank G. Palmer of this city holds 9,000 shares and ten prominent Spiritualists hold 100 each.

The originators of this company offered to pay off all debts, improve the grounds and build a hotel at Parkland. It expected in return to manage all excursions, superintend improvements, advertising, etc. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees a short time later, it was decided to decline the proposition, claiming as a reason that such an action would be detrimental to the interests of the First Association.

The annual election of the officers of the First Association last week was the scene of much contention, as a result of which Benj. P. Benner, for six years Vice-President and acting President, resigned and several others were retired. Samuel Wheeler—a man of extensive experience in spiritual societies in this city and elsewhere—was elected Mr. Benner's successor.

W. J. Colville, of San Francisco, commences a series of twelve lectures at Corinthian Hall, 1524 Arch street, this city, on Friday, Oct. 31, and continuing every Friday and Saturday until the series are completed. The lectures will touch on different branches of spiritual healing.

ELLIOT RAWSON.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

We always take pleasure in giving brief notices of meetings. In a dozen lines a great deal can be expressed. Try it.

Mrs. E. V. Snell is to hold forth next Sunday at 93 South Peoria Street. President Jenifer is an indefatigable worker, and never takes a rest in the good work in which he is engaged.

Mrs. A. J. Van Duzee is now lecturing at Dayton, Ohio. She is not only a most estimable lady, but her lectures are always well received.

Cora B. Denny, the Dayton musical medium, will give a concert in Greenwood Hall, 64 Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich., on Thursday evening, Oct. 30.

Mrs. Mary M. McCarroll, of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "I know of no paper that meets the wants of the people, so much as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I wish it could be placed in the hands of all thinking people; it is a paper that I feel proud to show to my friends."

P. L. O. Keeler, the remarkable medium, writes as follows: "I shall be after this week at 1316 I. St. N. W. Washington, D. C. It seems good to see a decent, wholesome and real spiritual paper hail from Chicago."

J. M. Rose of Fresno, Cal., writes: "I have been taking and reading spiritual papers for many years, and no paper has so fully come up to my idea of a first-class paper on the spiritual philosophy as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I cannot perceive how any progressive mind after reading a few copies can be content to do without it for one number."

Mrs. S. W. Toedt, of Hamburg, Iowa, writes: "Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel has just given a series of five very successful sances at our home. He gave the skeptics every possible chance of investigation and for the detection of fraud, until all declared themselves satisfied it was not the Doctor, but some unseen power. His full form seance was a perfect success, as spirits materialized and dematerialized outside the cabinet, and gave such evidence of identity as precluded any possibility of fraud. His occult telegraphy was the means of convincing many people that the so-called dead still live. His powers of psychometry are seemingly unlimited. By this power he is able to locate minerals, oil, gas, coal and many things of which he gave evidence. Of honest skeptics he has no fear whatever, and always gives them an unlimited amount of rope to hang themselves with; where-ever he may go we bespeak your hearty cooperation and support for himself and spirit guides, knowing as we do that he is a person worthy of all the kindness you can bestow upon him."

Sylvester Scott, of Rockford, Ill., writes: "I have a sister visiting me from Denver, Colo. She speaks in the highest terms of Mrs. Ada Foy, who is now lecturing there. She speaks of her as a wonderful test medium."

Seven galleys are required to hold the names of our subscribers in Michigan. We venture to say that we have more subscribers there than all other Spiritualist papers combined.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, the noted trance medium, having closed a most successful engagement in Providence, R. I., will begin a protracted engagement at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., the first Sunday in November. Mr. Fletcher will live in New York city during November, his address being 268 West 43d St., N. Y.

J. H. Stubbs, of Long Lake, Minn., writes: "Our post master says there are more subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER here than any other paper. I wish it was the same everywhere."

T. J. Preston, of Stanbury, Mo., writes: "Your paper is a dandy. My wife and I like it better than any other Spiritualist paper we have read."

Dr. John C. Wyman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I wish you success in your noble efforts to checkmate the insidious advances of the enemies of freedom, enlightenment and progress toward securing 'the upper

hand' in governmental, educational and religious matters."

Hudson Tuttle received an invitation to speak at the Congress at Portsmouth, Ohio, Oct. 31st, but other engagements compelled him to decline.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, the regular speaker at the First Spiritual Temple (corner of Exeter and Newbury Sts.), Boston, is speaking to excellent and increasing audiences, although this is the fourth year of her service with this society. She goes to Washington, D. C., for the month of Dec., at which time her place will be filled by Mr. Albert E. Tisdale. G. G. W. VanHorn writes as follows from Cincinnati, O.: "I arrived in this city on the 18th inst., and found the cause in a prosperous condition. Yesterday I visited each service at G. A. R. Hall of the Union Society of Spiritualists. Large audiences greeted the speaker and platform test medium. I refer to Edgar W. Emerson. His guides through his organism are doing a grand work. I have been welcomed by many old friends of the cause and have had a pleasant time. I expect to arrive in N. Y. the 1st week in November."

Mrs. M. Goodrich of Yorkville, Ill., writes: "Are you tired of so many small bricks? I would like to put in big ones but can't this time." No! We are not in the least tired of the trial subscriptions. They are always welcome.

Perry Brown, of Stuttgart, Ark., writes: "We have organized a spiritual society here at Stuttgart and will try to build a hall this winter. J. R. Attes is our mainpring here, and is doing a grand work."

P. M. Calef, of Temescal, Cal., writes: "The article entitled Astral Vibrations, was one of the best I ever read."

W. D. Sleeper, writes: "It seems to me that the best definition for sin is that which is not in harmony with divine law."

John L. Moore, of Quincy, Ill., writes: "If I read Dr. Greer aright, he advocates our eating all our food uncooked. Had egg-plant this morning for breakfast; should like to see the doctor taking a raw course of this vegetable. Taste is one of our natural accomplishments, and is given us that we may enjoy our food, and we are devoid of taste, the swallowing of food may be likened unto some sort of a mechanical operation. There are some fruits which it is better for our health we should eat in an uncooked state, but egg-plant is not one of them. There is also milk, which in many cases taken raw breeds disease, while the cooking of it may throw off the oxygen; but we do know that the boiling kills microbes, which in many cases are more injurious to our health than the loss of a minute quantity of oxygen. A cow may be diseased and the ignorant or don't care dairyman not know it. The milk from such a cow is not a proper article of food in an uncooked state. I know by experience that milk in many cases used crude is not healthy."

It is a little outside of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to discuss the diet question only as it is related to mediumship, hence we cannot find room for the numerous letters of approval of Dr. Greer's position, and in opposition thereto.

H. W. Prindle, of Ft. Dodge, Iowa, paid the Southern portion of our State a visit, Villa Ridge being his center of observation. In brief, he is loud in his praise of the people, and pronounces the country very fine indeed, especially for fruit raising. He concludes by saying: "I find also there is a general liberal element among the people, and a great desire to know more of the grand and beautiful teachings of Spiritualism. I know of no better locality to work up a good society than there. The material is on the ground; it only needs to be put in shape, and the people are ready for it. If some first-class speaker or medium should go there (none but the very best), I am sure they would meet with a hearty welcome and success. Your good paper is distributed liberally in that locality. I saw a brother take the names of several subscribers in a short space of time, by only calling their attention to its character."

A. L. Andrews, of Liberal, Mo., writes: "The Spiritualists of this place held a three days' meeting on the 27th, 28th and 29th of September. Although not a large gathering, it was a very harmonious one. A number of our Spiritualist friends from surrounding towns were present with us. On Sunday, a picnic dinner at our hall was a source of much enjoyment in a social way. In the midst of the preparation of the table Miss Verona Thompson (the daughter of our Vice-President) was carried in a chair and set down in our midst, which was a great surprise to us, as she was in the last stage of consumption. She felt, and we all felt, it was the last time she would ever meet with us in her mortal form. Last Tuesday morning at half past three, she passed over the beautiful River of Death and joined her brother and sisters, who had preceded her. J. M. Allen, by her request, performed the funeral services. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, a wreath of evergreens and white flowers was laid on the casket, while above it was a floral harp. The wordspoken inspirationally by Bro. Allen were full of comfort."

A High Priest.

Dr. T. J. Gile, of Denver, Colo., writes: "The psychograph is a great high priest. The fifteen year old girl whom I ordered it for worked it successfully the first sitting. We called up our deceased relatives and they identified themselves, gave names, localities, and the disease they died with, and it is less than a month since the medium has given Spiritualism any thought."

The Arena for November.

It is a superb number. It is chock full of most excellent matter. It is a teacher, an expounder of underlying principles, and a sower of liberal principles. Price single number, 50 cents. \$5 per year. Address Arena Publishing Co., Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

HUNDREDS of different secular papers, with immense circulations, are published for one penny each per copy. We follow suit as nearly as possible, offering THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents. We ask the 10,000 Spiritualists to give it, too, an immense circulation. Our appeal will not be in vain.

AN APACHE WITCH!

Marvelous Manifestations Among the Indians.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE PYTHIAN KNIGHT.

How I cursed my luck on that hot day as we followed the trail of a scamping band of Apaches away up in the Sierra Madre. Hungry, thirsty, tired and blue, ninety of us all told, were just as savage at heart as the poor hippos we were after. It would have been hard to tell which were the real barbarians, we with our eyes charcoal blackened, to deaden the sun glare, harassing the Indians on his God-given territory, or he with his ochre painted face, fighting for his native land.

As I thought it over then, I felt the force



"Ninety of us all told."

of "man's inhumanity to man," and wondered why the justice of Heaven kept quiet when it ought to sweep down with potent force. I thought it was coming when, simultaneously with the report of gun shots, an outburst of yells filled the vast gorge in which we had entered like so many rats in a trap—yells so diabolical that they froze the very blood in our veins. Every man of us would have "bitten the dust" there and then had not a quick-witted young corporal suddenly taken command of the party. The colored and officers had become dazed by the suddenness of the Indian attack, and all the cavalry seemed to follow suit. When the young corporal yelled, "Scatter and follow me!" all instinctively obeyed as well as we could in the narrow canon and galloped after the new leader. In a few minutes we were in the shelter of a group of pine trees, where, seeing our horses in charge of a guard of twenty men, the remainder scrambled to the top of the bluffs. It was all done so quickly, under the leadership of the humble non-commissioned, that we had scarcely time to reflect on our thoughts, before we came in sight of a nest of Apaches, who had secreted themselves among the hill tops hoping to massacre us as we passed below through the canon. The result was, we killed nearly all the young males and captured a number of old men, squaws and one or two children, whom we found not far off. We had invaded their stronghold and were probably the first pale faces who had ever penetrated that locality. We found a permanent village within a quarter of a mile of the battle ground, if the term can be applied to an Apache abiding place. Good grass, abundance of spring water, and the recapture of many animals stolen from our Post rendered us for our pains, and besides this, we enjoyed a quiet rest for several days. We put all the old men, women and children under guard, and secured ourselves against surprise, our command took turns to keep for several days, I being the only one who had real hard work to do. Being the "bones" of the expedition, I had to attend to the injured. Eight of our men and several Indians were badly wounded. The most strange patient was one who had been in the fight at all, an aged, white-haired woman, who appeared to be greatly surprised by the other Indians. I never saw the look she gave me when we first met. I can only compare it to the glance of an eagle. Though probably ninety years old, she was as agile, apparently, as any of the other Indians, and had it not been for the whiteness of her hair, the deep wrinkles of her face, and the bill-like arching of her nose toward her chin, she might have passed for a young woman. Her fixed gaze seemed



"In a rocky cave."

penetrate my very soul, and was never broken by the furtive winking of the eye-lids toward me.

Her right hand was swollen to enormous proportions by the ravages of necrosis and gangrene, and emitted a stench so overpowering that I almost made me faint. I found through an interpreter we had with us,

that her hand had been crushed a year previously. She readily consented to have it and the portion of the forearm involved amputated, saying that I had been sent to her aid by Manitou, the Great Spirit.

She made many mysterious passes with her left hand as she talked about her injury, and, coming close to me, passed it over my heart and touched me on the forehead. I gave the poor creature what comfort I could to prepare her system for the coming shock.

She seemed grateful and told the interpreter that I possessed wonderful powers for helping others that I knew nothing about, and that she saw a pale-faced squaw standing by me, who watched over me at all times—a beautiful creature clothed in sunbeams and silver. Of course I laughed at all this, though inwardly it set me to wondering how such ideas could get into the

head of so profound a specimen of human savagery. But my chief anxiety was to get that gangrened hand under ground without delay, as its odor affected the whole camp. It took but a few minutes to perform the simple operation, but that which astonished me most was the conduct of the woman after reviving from the anesthetic. Two cavaliers assisted me in the operation, and when all was over and the squaw raised comfortably upon a large pillow of fir branches, she began to act strangely. First she sang a wild outlandish tune in Apache, I supposed, but all at once to the amazement of myself and comrades, her voice changed and she recited three stanzas of the most beautiful poetry in the purest English. It seemed like a thanksgiving hymn, as though some one poured out heartfelt gratitude for kindness received. My two companions and myself were so astounded that we stared at each other more with an undefined fear than surprise, and one of the men seemed to break the spell by exclaiming: "Well, I'll be d—d!" "Don't!" I cried with vexation, looking angrily at the soldier. He looked abashed, and we waited for further developments, but the aged woman, snapping the fingers of her left hand and passing them over her eyes, returned suddenly to her own squaw self.

It seemed at the time as though I would have given the whole world if I could have remembered and written down the sublime poetry that I had heard in my own language from the lips of this barbarian, but I never could collect a fragment of it—all I could do in the long after years, was to recall the sweet fragrance of its beauty, and it has dwelt in my memory as the grandest *Te Deum* ever voiced by mortal.

When the two soldiers related to their comrades what had transpired, they were assailed by an outburst of derision and became the butt for chaffing during the remainder of the expedition. When questioned on the subject by the officers who had heard the strange story of the soldiers, I thought it best to pass the matter off by saying the squaw had been merely delirious from the effects of anesthesia.

The old squaw had her quarters in a rocky cave in the side of the rocky bluffs, their being a number of such excavations round about the village. From time to time I looked in to examine her arm. I never saw any wound heal so quickly, nor a patient more happy and contented as the old woman seemed to be. She insisted upon continually manifesting her gratitude to me for having relieved her of an encumbrance that had made her life a burden for over a year, and I got rather tired of her attentions. She

told our interpreter she wished to see me one evening, and I went to her cave in company with a young lieutenant, for whom I had learned to have an affectionate regard. And here I may mention that he was the only man in the command whose mind seemed attuned to my own, not by a similarity of thought, but the philosophical op-

position that marks the positive mind, which, in friction with more negative mentality, often leads men on to the perception of great truths. There was a sort of harmony in our differences which made our association most pleasant. My skepticism was subdued by his veneration for the established schools of thought, and in that day I looked forward to a long continuance of friendship, when we should lay aside the sword for the pursuits of civil life; but alas, by the cruel hand of the Apache, his earthly career was closed a few months after the occurrence of the events I now relate.

The lieutenant and I went to the cave of the squaw. The night was very dark and I carried a small oil lamp. We found the old woman seated upon the ground, and near her sat a somewhat elderly Indian, who, by a number of strange looking articles, supposed to have been charms, which were strung about him, I recognized him as a "medicine man" of the tribe. I had always looked down with contempt upon the

kind. Intellect directs all matter. By temperance and moderation in gratifying bodily desires, individuals such as Metrodorus of Lampascus, Ias-aus, Glauco, Ion, Steimbrotus, Avicenna, Paracelsus and other ancients became recipients of intelligence and interpreters of intellectual law to the people. Through the influence of anger, avarice and lasciviousness, mankind has degenerated mentally and this art is nearly lost, yet will it flourish again. It now remains among those who live near to nature and whose minds are unpolished by the artificialities of a corrupt civilization. Light shines in darkness. Intellect is sensed by feeling and hearing. Be bold; seek and you will find the knowledge of intellectual law. As I am, you will be. Growth continues onward, as with the seed, flower and fruit so it is with the body, soul and spirit throughout and forever. This is Nature, parent of all things, to assist you. I thus appear—not by the supernatural, but by law. Separate yourself from passion; leave anger and sorrow. Do not quench the spirit. Divest yourself of all sensual abomination, which are detestable, nor hold in dread, as difficult, anything pertaining to intellect, or how to aid in bringing about those things which shall satisfy the heart hunger of the thoughtful world. An age of intellect is now dawning again upon the earth, and the laws of correspondence between the seen and the unseen, which have been almost lost, will be revived. And in the revival man will again comprehend universal laws by which they of old brought and some even now bring, the forces of the universe to their aid, and behold the outer courts leading to the vast realms of eternal progress. Nothing can be lost. After separation from matter, spirit never retrogrades. The laws of love and progress predominate towards eternal harmony. Infinite justice rules supreme and none can escape its inexorable flats. All possibilities are within man and every human soul is essential to the universe, therefore to know thyself comprises the essence of wisdom. The divine harmonies and lessons come to man, not through the kingly, but such instruments as this lowly one. Her earth labors are now finished. Obey the laws of cause and effect she will speak no more in the flesh. Power triumphs in matter, but in the spirit law is supreme. Remember your guide in the years to come. Farewell."

The spirit vanished and darkness again prevailed. The medicine man, standing between the lieutenant and I, clasping our hands, seemed to quiver all over for a moment, when suddenly a bright light shone over the head of the aged squaw, who had fallen back motionless on her pallet of fir boughs. This light evolved into an exact representation of the old woman's features, but beautiful beyond expression. It rose, seeming to trail behind it, as though issuing from the squaw's breast, a vapory outline of her body, and finally separating itself like the breaking of a silvery thread, it floated by us and out of the entrance of the

cave and was seen no more. I struck a match and lighted my lamp. Its rays fell upon the outstretched body of the old squaw. She was dead.

A. W. MOORE.

The Scherer Tellurium Mine.

The contents of the following letter would indicate that the old Scherer, now the Eureka Tellurium mine, is, as Peter Scherer has always claimed, just as rich as ever. Shareholders may well congratulate themselves, and by a slight stretch of the imagination fancy themselves on the great Egyptian road leading to King Solomon's mines. Latest improved machinery is being placed in position, and under the direction of Dr. I. Atwood and Peter Scherer the work of developing the mine will be vigorously prosecuted.

MR. SCHERER: Dear Sir—I submitted the sample of your tellurium ore to Mr. Balch, the noted assayer of the Comstock lode. He took it to the United States Mint, in order to get a complete and exhaustive assay, and he authorizes me to inform you that it contains one-fifth gold, or at the rate of \$30,000 per ton. He would like you to send a larger specimen to experiment on. Allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune and express the hope that the great discovery of yours means better times, not only to Peter Scherer, but to the good people of Redding. Yours very truly,

CHAS. W. POPE.

P. S.—If you have got any more than you know what to do with of that \$30,000 rock you can send me a ton or two.—Free Press, Redding, Cal., Aug. 30, 1890.

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.

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"I held up the lamp."

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CATHOLICISM.

(Continued from first page.)

the best interests, both temporal and spiritual, of his followers.

Rev. H. R. Haweis, an Episcopal writer, says: "The early Christian organization was as simple as it was attractive. All men stood in the same relation to Jesus. For in the name of his father, the one true and Almighty God, he had claimed them as his friends and brethren, and they were all bound to love and cherish one another—rejoicing in his all-penetrating spirit, enjoying gifts of precious communion with him and bearing witness to the true life of purity, aspiration and love, which had at last shone forth in a dark world."

"The poor flocked in—they were received with open arms by the deacons, who administered the church funds, examined their cases, and guided them to various industries, admonishing the slothful, improving the vicious, and appointing his proper place in the community."

"In spite of St. Paul's discouragement, Christian women shared in the 'charisms,' tongues, trance utterances, and spiritual manifestations so prevalent during the first 150 years of the church's life. Direct inspiration was accepted universally, whether it came to men or women. Tertullian (as late as A. D. 180) still lives in a haze of thaumaturgy, his *soror* is a healing medium; she sees through bodies, diagnoses and prescribes for their complaints; even children are mesmeric, and we find a whole system of supernatural therapeutics and medicines openly claimed by the church, simply as a continuation of the healing powers of Jesus. Thus the very hypothesis that Jesus was a powerful healing medium, which has given so much offense in modern days, we find to have been accepted without question in the church of the second century. In the matter of exorcism or the casting out of devils, the Christians were admitted to be superior to all other exorcists, and the heathen sometimes came long distances to be cured by their inspired mediums."

We shall now see how this church so auspiciously begun under powerful opposition and persecution, deported itself before the world. When churches became numerous it was necessary to have systematic intercourse for mutual assistance; for this purpose provincial synods were instituted, composed of bishops and presbyters who represented their respective churches, and were presided over by the bishops of the metropolitan churches, and their decrees or canons regulated the most important controversies of faith and discipline.

Gibbon says: "The prelates of the third century imperceptibly changed the language of exhortation into that of command, and scattered the seeds of future usurpation. They exalted the unity and power of the church as it was represented in the *Episcopal office*, of which every bishop enjoyed an equal and undivided portion. Princes and magistrates, it was often repeated, might boast an earthly claim to a transitory dominion; it was the Episcopal alone which was derived from Deity, and extended over this and over another world. The bishops were the viceregents of Christ and the successors of the apostles."

From this the transition was natural and easy to the centralization of authority in the bishop of Rome, whose church was the largest and most aristocratic; hence we have the sovereign pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, the Head of the Church, the Holy Father, in Latin, Papa; in English, Pope. The authority vested in or usurped by the Pope superseded the provincial synods and culminated in what is now known as the Roman Catholic Church, the greatest and the most powerful institution in the world. She has made Europe tremble, and trampled on kings, and burned and massacred people, and tortured them to death in the Inquisition to save their souls from hell. This is the church that pretends to worship the meek and lowly Jesus who said: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When he said: "All power in heaven and in earth is given unto me," this proud church was more ready to usurp that power than to imitate his meek and lowly character. Her greatest power lies in her hold on the conscience. No class of men understands better the educating of the conscience in man as a lever of power than the Catholic clergy; and they educate their people to believe that they can remit and retain their sins; that Jesus by divine authority vested in Peter, and his successor, the Pope, and his inferior clergy, the keys of heaven and hell; and that their eternal life or death is in the power of the priest. Is it any wonder that people brought up in that faith would submit to the authority of the church and support it with their wealth? The reason why Catholic clergy are so anxious to have religion taught in the public schools is because they well know that their dogmas would not be believed unless they were impressed on the youthful mind before it is capable of reasoning on the subject. As long as this state of things can be sustained, so long the Catholic church will stand; but the moment the Catholic people begin to reason on religion, as they do on other things, that moment the decadence of their faith commences.

When faith in dogma is superseded by the knowledge that man is a product of nature the same as anything else that lives, and if he lives according to the natural law of his being he can grow and mature physically and spiritually, and accomplish the end of his existence without the aid of a priest, then there will be an end of priestcraft. This is true of orthodox Protestants as well as Catholics, because they all preach salvation through the merits of another instead of each individual working out his own salvation and unfolding the divine nature within themselves.

Every dogma of the Catholic church from the fall of man to the infallibility of the Pope, is prejudicial to the interests, both temporal and spiritual of the people. The clergy renders no equivalent for the money they wring from the scanty income of the poorer classes; their absorption and washing away of sin by baptism is a farce perpetrated on those whom they have taught to believe their dogmas, while soul unfoldment, which is the main object of life and religion, is merely incidental, and as likely to come by the natural law of evolution and progress as

by their religion. Whatever there may be of human kindness, benevolence and charity in this church is the salt that saves it; but, "if the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" or saved. So long as love was the ruling principle, and the work of the church was taking care of the poor, and forming the character of the individual and the community according to truth and justice, so long she was the salt of the earth; but the germ of popery was there from the beginning and only required the proper conditions to develop itself. These conditions were found in Constantine's edict of toleration. "The Latin clergy," says Gibbon, "who erected their tribunal on the ruins of civil and common law, have modestly accepted, as the gift of Constantine, the independent jurisdiction which was the fruit of time, of accident, and of their own industry. But the liberality of the Christian emperor had actually endowed them with some legal prerogatives which secured and dignified the sacerdotal character. Constantine gave them security, wealth, honors and revenge; and the support of the orthodox faith was considered the most sacred and important duty of the civil magistrate." History nowhere records an exhibition of love of power to exceed that of these bishops from the time they began to "lord it over God's heritage." Their fight with the Arians at the council of Nice is without a parallel. There they established forever their claim to being the orthodox Catholic church by their victory in favor of Homoousion or the consubstantiality of the Father and the Son; that is, that they are of one substance. The union of Church and State, the State being inferior and subject to the Church, is a Catholic doctrine, though held by some quasi-Protestant reformers, whose love of power only lacks opportunity to make them the same intolerant tyrants; therefore we do not fight the Catholic but the system which makes him what he is.

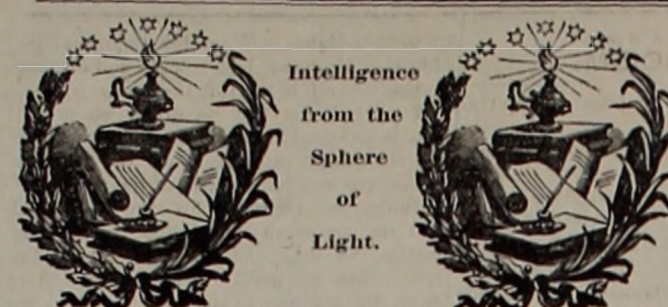
Perhaps there is nothing so hard to get at as a true definition of freedom. Jesus said: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Our beloved country had the honor of inaugurating the separation of church and State, the greatest political reform in the world; but it was a sad mistake that churches of all kinds were allowed to hold property without paying taxes. This is a relic of popery which we must rid ourselves of; and we must fight against every encroachment on our civil rights by ecclesiastical power, as well as the present interference with our public schools. The new constitution of Brazil says: "Religion shall not be taught in the public schools, neither shall any church receive an official subsidy."

"Religion with us," said Dr. Thomas, "Means something welling up from the depth of our souls. It comes from within and is a movement of life that can neither be arrested nor turned aside by the misconceptions of the past." It is the aspiration of the soul to God and is not in the custody of the Pope, or bishop; and when truth becomes universal it will supersede all ecclesiastical environments; then "we shall be free indeed;" and the great hierarchy which usurped the office and authority of the Christ, shall be no more. That curious book of visions, given through the mediumship of John and known as the apocalypse, is supposed to refer primarily to things in the pagan Roman Empire; and as the Christian hierarchy was built on the ruins of that empire, and followed its example in tyranny, persecution, and massacres, and exceeded it so far as to deserve the name given in chapter 17, "Mystery Babylon, the great, the Mother of Harlots, and Abominations of the Earth." So it comes in for the spiritual application of these prophetic visions. In the 14th chapter he saw "an angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every kindred and tongue and people." Who shall say that this does not mean the spiritual mediums who have been simultaneously developed to preach the new gospel to every nation in the world, and have made more converts and shed more pure light in the last forty-two years than all the missionaries of all the churches have done in the last four centuries. Immediately after this enlightenment another angel announces the fall of Babylon, showing that it comes by the intelligence of the people. In chapter 12 there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels," showing that there is the same conflict in the Spirit-world that there is on earth, because people go there and carry with them all their errors, and it takes in many cases a long time to outgrow them. The Jesuit goes there determined to stand up for his church; but the final victory will be on the side of truth as symbolized by the casting out of the dragon that "deceived the whole world." This is followed by great rejoicing. Who can be joyful as those who know the real truth of immortality and are free from all fear and superstition.

To the clergy we have nothing to say; they are outboard, and as pope Adrian acknowledged, "not even free to do good;" but our sympathies are with the laity, so-called, at first by their proud bishops, as a designation of their inferiority. To these we say in kindness, think each one of you for yourselves, and exercise the reason that God gave you. Look within yourselves, and there you will find religion as a living, conscious, reasoning principle in your own souls, as ready to unfold to the sun of love, and truth, as the tiny flowers in your garden to the sun in the firmament. Trust no longer to those venal and useless ceremonies which can add nothing to your spiritual life, but listen to that "voice from heaven saying, 'Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.'" Chicago, Ill. R. NEELY.

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The Liberal Lectures by A. B. French are embraced in a volume of 140 pages. They contain rare gems of thought, beautifully expressed, and will enrich any mind that is brought in contact with them. Thousands who have listened to this gifted speaker will want to see his thoughts in print, and come more directly in contact with them than by the sound of his voice. The following constitutes the table of contents: 1.—Conflicts of Life. 2.—The Power and Permanence of Ideas. 3.—The Unknown. 4.—Anniversary Address. 5.—The Ecstasy of Our Age. 6.—The Spiritual Restroom: its Duties and Dangers. 8.—What is Truth? 9.—The Future of Spiritualism. 10.—The Emancipation Proclamation. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Author of Arcana of Nature; Origin and Development of Man; Career of Religious Ideas and Ethics of Science; Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychical Science; etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHANGE CALLED DEATH.

"Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life!"
Tennyson.

The scene again changes to the home of the Sage. The society are enchanted by the wonderful loveliness of the ethereal landscape, accustomed, as they were to its beauties. The perfumed air came in rolling gusts, fanning the graceful foliage of the grove, and ruffling the still bosom of the blue ocean in tiny waves, whose sweet murmurs joined harmoniously with the zephyrs. Such coloring man, who sees only by the common light, cannot appreciate. The splendid views which sometimes appear before the clairvoyant's eye, rivaling the rainbow in gorgeous splendor, convey, perhaps, the best idea of the vividness of the tints. To one acquainted only with the scenes of earth, who has not traveled on the swift wings of the clairvoyance across the universe, it is useless to attempt to imagine by words the splendor, grace, and ethereality of nature in this higher sphere.

The kindred spirits were reposing beneath the shade of a graceful grove, which filled the air around with the sweetest perfume. They were discoursing on the philosophy of nature and surrounding objects. Leon had begun his rapid advancement. Already had his investigating mind sent forth its aspirations, reached far out into the arcana of nature, awake to the full consciousness of its strength, and, as a giant, he strode through spheres of thought, toward the highest where the whole universe is comprehended.

As they sat in conversation, a spirit approached with noble bearing. His countenance shone with the gleam of the morning, and his thoughts were written on his high forehead. He moved with the dignity of one for whom nature had done much and cultivation more. The body in sympathy with the mind becomes more beautiful in the spheres. He was greeted with a hearty welcome, and taking a seat near the Sage, he entered into conversation.

"Here I could dream my life away," said the stranger, "I never cease to admire the coloring of nature in this grove, so splendid and ethereal. And the glorious prospect, the God's might admire from this portico."

"Our brother," remarked the Sage, "has for a long period been engaged in the study of nature, and the transformations of living forms. Has he forgotten the earth-life?"

"Centuries have passed like summer clouds since I left the rudimentary form, still I remember clearly the impressions, the change of death, or rather I should say second birth, awoke in me. Trained in the lore of mythology I believed in a future state, but it was vague and unreal. How should I have obtained a correct idea of a subject of which I could receive no proof by my senses, or receive tidings from those who had gone before? My reason said, it is annihilation. I could not throw off its grim influence. Its voice was ever ringing in my ears. But I dared not think of infidelity to the gods, and hushed my fears. The instinctive idea of a controlling power—a somewhere, a somewhere, came diffidently into my mind, and prejudice chained it there. Mythology gave me its crude instructions. I tried to subdue my reason, and endeavored to believe. Ye gods, I never could quite crush my doubts!"

"It was a cold starlit night when I passed from earth. The fields were covered with a pure mantle of virgin snow. The frost, driven by the northern blast, glistened in the starlight. There was a charm in the scenery which, to one faint to tarry longer on earth, would have rendered it hard to close the eyes and say, 'I have viewed these beauties for the last time; I am no more of earth.' I could not force back the clouds of mantling night as they rolled over my intellect. Slowly, gradually, I sank down, down into a great black gulf. Down, down I sank, beyond all human thought or conception, seemingly millions of millions of miles, with the gloom growing thicker, denser and more stifling. It was an awful sensation to be suspended over that black abyss by a single thread, and, as life ebbed away, to feel oneself going down, down into its unfathomable depths."

"The last words I heard, were the lamentations of my family and friends, and their sobs and cries as they said I was gone. Yes, gone! gone from earth, its pleasures and its pains. Their sighs seemed my death-knell to oblivion. Down, down I sank for hours after they said 'He is gone,' when suddenly a flood of light burst upon my astonished vision as a gleam of lightning, and on its wings my soul sped upward—up, up, up, in that golden light, to earth again. I was conscious, and, looking about me, saw my body on the couch. I was a short distance off, but still myself. A slight cord of ethereal matter connected me with my form. It was soon broken, and I was free. There stood my friends weeping over my inanimate body, inconsolable for my loss. I strove to convince them that I still lived, but could not; for I found that my body, though real to me, and perfectly organized, was far too ethereal to affect physical atoms. My acquaintances, while on earth, who had gone before me, now welcomed me, at the same time giving me a beautiful mantle. Then they conducted me to my new home with the angels."

"Ah, how can I express the overflowing rapture which thrilled my whole being, when the sublime reality of immortal life came rushing over my soul! Words can but faintly express the emotions I experienced, or the ineffable joy which filled my being."

"Centuries have passed since then, and standing on the summit of the present I look down my pathway until its small beginning is lost in the mists. I have been a universal traveler but now think I should better enjoy a period of less activity."

"Accept, this, then, as your haven of rest," said the Sage. "We shall value your companionship, oh! Plotinus."

The latter gazed steadfastly at the master for a moment, as one who would recall the past. Tears came to his eyes, and with a sudden impulse he caught the Sage in his arms. Twenty-five centuries had not effaced gratitude and love from the pupils mind. In all his wanderings, the master had held supreme place. The friendship of earth awaits its expanded bloom in the Spirit-world. Gratitude will be expressed in affection and the friends of to-day become more than friends to-morrow.

"Master," exclaimed Plotinus, "absorbed as I was I did not recognize you, but I ought to have known that this portico, like the one on earth, and yet unlike, could have been none other than yours. I have found you at last! When I felt an irresistible attraction this way, I knew it came from an unusual source, but I did not anticipate this joyful reunion."

"These are the delightful moments of our lives. The affections are sadly neglected in the earth-life; they luxuriate here. But I may ask, why alone? You do not journey thus?"

"Ah! no, I could not do that. She is now absent but will soon join me."

"She, too, is one of us."

"Once I learned the beautiful lesson," said Albreda, "that death knows no distinction, and in the associations formed here the pride of wealth and rank are unrealized by those who see and know the reality." And being pressed to relate the lesson she had received, with self-deprecation she proceeded:

TO THE SAME HEAVEN.

"In a by-street, away from the rush of the throng, in a room high up, where the noise of the turbulent city came as an indistinct murmur, was a mother, watching the bedside of her child—a girl of fourteen years. Pale and forlorn was that mother, and her history a chapter of life painful to read.

"Once she was a happy child, with every want met by the asking. A happy wife, a blessed mother, and the girl now on that thin, faded couch had been shielded from the rough winds by a father's tender care. It was all gone now. The sea had asked for and received that father. Want came again, and the tender child, like a plant ill-nourished, faded away."

"It is cold, mother," said the child, softly, "lie here and take me in your arms."

"Then the poor mother glanced around the bare room. There was nothing but ashes in the grate. She drew aside the blanket, and lying down drew the suffering Ava close to her breast."

"This is delightful, mamma," she said. "You have no warmth to spare, yet give it to me; I am naughty to ask you. And papa is here, too. He says he wants me to go with him on a journey. What does he mean?"

The mother was silent.

"Oh, then, dear papa, you want me! Well, I want you to have me."

The mother wept. The clocks in the steeples began to strike the hour of midnight.

"Mamma, mamma," softly spoke the child, "is it morning? It is growing light."

"Nay, Ava, it is dark yet, and a long time before morning."

"It is very light. It is full day, and—dear mother, I think I shall—go away. I love you—much—Father—"

No warmth could restore the lifeless clay, and the stricken mother clasped her dear child with a dull and crushed despair.

"I want her," she moaned, "I want her, and what can I give her? What have I given her? Hunger and cold, and sickness. I could do nothing more, and yet I would have her back! No, it is best, for there can be no life worse than this, and perhaps she is better, warmer and happier. But I have nothing else, and oh, God! I am not allowed to have even this poor comfort of my child to suffer with me."

A mother sat by the side of her suffering child. The subdued light from the shaded globe fell softly over the room, furnished with all the luxuries art could devise. Aldine, the only loved and worshipped child, had it prepared as her own taste desired. The walls were exquisite arabesque designs in purple and gold, the carpet delicate brown with masses of pale green fern leaves, like a bed of moss; the furniture and bed were a soft shade of blue, while the deep window was filled with rare plants, many in bloom, and others trained upward and looped in festoons over the damask and lace curtains. The air was warm and perfumed with the breath of roses.

One thing was wanting for perfect happiness in this Eden. Wealth nor love cannot exclude pain. It came stealthily in on the soft air of Autumn, and for all the winter months the child had suffered, and loving hearts had ministered and waited with intense expectation. Now, Easter was near. To-morrow the world would put on its gayest robes, just as its generations had done from countless time, for the resurrection of life from death.

The father came, and softly spoke her name. She turned her pale, thin face, and wearily opened her large brown eyes.

"Papa, I had such a sweet dream! Cousin Ray was here, looking just as he did before he died last year. He drew aside a curtain, and I looked through, and far away I saw a landscape of such beauty as I never dreamed of before. Cousin Ray took my hand and wanted to lead me away, and I thought of you, and awoke."

"It is pleasant to have sweet dreams, and you will soon be strong, and then we will go to the mountains and the great lakes, and we shall find many beautiful places."

"Perhaps," she replied, and then after a pause: "It is growing cold." Her father took her hands in his. Ah, they were cold! and her eyes were supernaturally bright. Cold, and no human power could ever warm them again. In vain, O mother, do you apply stimulants, and chafe those hands and those child arms. The warmth, which is life, can never more be theirs. Oh, it is terrible to feel our utter helplessness in the presence of death! Love and affection, though they offer life for life, are powerless. Death lowers like the mantle of darkness, dropping slowly and inevitably from the sky, and we cannot resist it.

Father and mother stood by that couch, knowing the hour had come, and that they were helpless to avert one pang, or assist in any way their child in the terrible ordeal through which she was to pass.

Again she spoke: "Ray is here again. It is warm now, and he says he will take me a journey. He will show me the beautiful country. Do not weep, papa! mamma! I'll come back. Oh, I love you more than I can tell—kiss me—"

They kissed her again and again, but she seemed to have sunk to sleep. After a few minutes she opened her eyes. They were aglow with the light of heaven. They saw what mortal eyes have never seen. A smile arched the corners of her delicate mouth, and overspread her pale face, as the setting sun gilds the high mountain peaks, and she was gone. The departing spirit reflected its glory over the deserted shrine, abandoned forever. They listened for her breath, but the cage of the immortal only remained. The clock struck twelve; it was Easter morn.

Far away in the ether, where the zones of the Spirit-world sweep in vast folds around their primary world, on a jutting promontory, overlooking the earth below, a class of children are grouped with their guardian and teacher, enjoying the glory of the scene. They are waiting for the coming of some one from the space below—and soon they are rewarded, for the spirit of Aldine and Cousin Ray floated up as a beam of light and were greeted by the group.

Scarcely was the welcome over when a spirit, tall and radiant, stood before them, holding by the hand the spirit of Ava.

"I have come with my child," he said to the teacher, to ask you to take her into your group, and care for her as it is not possible for me now to do."

"Most welcome," replied the beautiful teacher, and all the children came around the timid Ava, who scarcely realized the meaning of the change through which she had passed. They embraced and kissed her, and called her their sister, and made her heart light and happy with affection.

"I must return to earth," said Ava's father, "for my wife, alone and in want, is dying, and I must welcome her from death. I will soon bring mamma to you, my child."

Then the teacher said to the happy children, "This Easter morning will be kept with joy by our friends on earth, because it is the day sacred to the resurrection of life from death. Two new members have been born into our life, and we will visit other groups, and beautiful places that they may become acquainted with this new and immortal life."

(To be Continued)

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

Progressive Thinking as Illustrated by Miss.

Abby A. Judson.

Will you kindly insert the accompanying article in the *Banner of Light*? I shall be glad to have you do so for two reasons: One is, that I believe the suggestions made in the article may do good to some who are feeling their way to communicating with the Spirit-world; the other is, I earnestly desire that my many friends in New England shall know I have become fully a Spiritualist, and that I hope to work for our Cause both now and hereafter. Besides my personal friends, it will interest many to learn that the eldest daughter of Adoniram Judson, the founder of the American Foreign Missionary enterprise, who went a missionary to the Burmese Empire in 1811, and who passed to spirit-life in 1850, has become a Spiritualist.

I am well known in Plymouth, Mass., where I taught eight years, and at Bradford Academy, where I taught three years. Eleven years ago I came to Minneapolis and started a seminary for young ladies; it has been a success. Last May I sold it, so as to be able to work unhampered in our Cause. I became a Spiritualist about two and a half years ago. My father was Adoniram Judson, and my mother was Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson, his second wife. I was born in Burmah in 1835, and my father brought me to this country in 1845. My mother passed away on the passage, and her earthly remains were buried in St. Helena. I mention these facts because many persons think it cannot be that his daughter is a Spiritualist, and that there must be some mistake.

I was baptized into the Baptist church in 1852. I have found no real rest in the church. Life and immortality have now become an inestimable boon to me.

Yours in earnest love for the Cause,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 6th, 1890.

When the magnetic currents of the body are not in harmony with the earth currents, the result is a diseased physical or mental condition. To keep well, and to improve the health if diseased, it is well to practice the directions that are based on the following facts:

The earth is a great magnet. As the north pole is positive and the south pole is negative, currents are ever passing from north to south and back again. To get into harmony, we make ourselves negative, and place ourselves in a receptive attitude in the path of the currents as they return. To become negative we turn to the left; and to become positive we turn to the right.

Living as we do on the earth, it is our duty to keep in harmony with its currents. By so doing, we not only gain in physical well-being, but we also become more accessible to good spirit influences. In order to become more healthful physically, and more open to pure influences from those out of the body, we wish to make our personal self the center of a magnetic sphere, into which no ungenial influence can penetrate. So centered, we can radiate physical, mental and spiritual good on all around; and what we give out to others is constantly supplied, through the harmonious forces of nature, by our friends who are in spirit. This condition can be easily attained by following these directions every morning and every evening, and as many more times a day as may be convenient:

1. UNWRAP.—Face north and then turn round to the left a few times, eyes open, hands open, palms down, making motions with the arms, as if you were reaching up and out for something and drawing it toward you. Revolving it to the left throws off the currents.

2. RECEIVE THE CURRENTS.—On facing the south, make yourself into a horse-shoe magnetic, heels together, resting on the balls of the feet, eyes closed, head a little bowed, hands stretched to the south, palms down, fingers a little apart. Then shut your hands and turn round to the right, to the north.

3. ASK FOR GOOD INFLUENCES.—With eyes open and hands raised, turn round slowly once to the right, feeling and saying the following: "In the name of Infinite Good, in which I live and move and have my being, I beseech all good, pure, true and loving influences to come to me at this time."

4. WRAP UP.—Turn round to the right a few times, eyes open, making exactly the same motions with the arms as in No. 1, the only difference being that you now turn to the right.

5. LOCK UP.—Pass the positive or warmer hand over the negative or cooler hand, without touching, two or three times, and then reverse the process.

6. LET THE MIND LEAD.—In all this, be sure that the mind leads in the process, and let the body harmoniously follow the mind and express its desires.

It may be added to the above that one should always sleep with the head to the north.

The writer received these directions from Dr. H. W. Abbott, who was instructed by an exalted spiritual intelligence. She has practiced them for more than two years, and her chronic sleeplessness of more than twenty-three years is entirely cured. A lady of fifty, who was becoming excessively stout, lost about twenty-five pounds weight, while emaciated persons gain. Some have become clairvoyant, clairaudient or inspired by the same means. The nervous system becomes harmonious and tranquilized, and mediumship becomes normal. In short, following these directions persistently develops the physical, mental and spiritual powers to the best advantage.—*Banner of Light*.



GARDEN OF YOUR SOUL.

All Things Writing Their Own History.

I
Emerson has well said that all things are engaged in writing their own history. "The plant goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows and in his own manner and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligence."

Emerson during his earthly career gave expression to many grand truths, which linger as sweet incense in the memories of the present generation, and which radiate an influence that shine forth as pleasantly on his printed pages, as the tints of the arch rainbow do on the fair surface of the sky. Although on the material side of life, he stood on, or so very near, the borderland that divides the seen from the unseen, that the breath of angels fanned his mind, wafting into flame those ideas that could only have their origin in celestial life, and which have electrified the world. All things are engaged in writing their own history! That is true in its application to words, thoughts and deeds. A cruel word goes forth as a fiend, and the pernicious influence that it exerts, lives as an eternal memento of its existence. A sudden burst of passion renders putrid and unwholesome the spiritual atmosphere of the room, and the dark, pestilential clouds rise therein as the

legitimate outgrowth thereof. Lust is miasmatic, debasing, and the offshoot of an undeveloped nature, and exhibits the bad places in the Garden of one's soul. Every soul may be compared to a garden; if you utter cruel cutting words, that stab and lacerate the sensitive feelings, making them quiver with heart-rending emotion, you have a cesspool therein, that should be cleaned and renovated at once. If you slander your neighbor, say unkind things of him, and belittle him in the estimation of others, you have an unclean corner therein where offensive garbage exists. If you are petulant, cross, disagreeable, faultfinding, domineering, and generally tyrannical towards those who by the fate of circumstances, are placed temporarily under your control, you have a very dirty spot somewhere in that Garden, from which the worst influence imaginable arises. If you are selfish, exacting, arrogant, and have no respect for the opinions of others, then most certainly you have a miasmatic swamp therein that emits a poisonous influence wherever you go. If you systematically deceive others, then the Garden of your Soul assumes a dark cloud-like hue, as if a fiend incarnate had turned the smoke of hell therein.

II

The Garden of your Soul—it is no allegorical picture, but an actual reality, so far as one's acts of life are concerned. There may not be calla lilies therein, or roses, or magnificent oriental flowers, but there is something far more grand, ennobling and beautiful in the one possessed of a true life.

A word, a thought, an act, or any outward expression unfold as a scroll in the interior nature. You cannot be interiorly beautiful and outwardly mean and contemptible. There are cesspools in some human souls so full of unclean things that the emanations thereof drive away the pure, the good, the exalted. Some one has well said, that the dewy morn, the sun rising above the mountains and dispelling the sombre shadows of night, the continual and ever-changing beauty of the sky, the golden-fringed clouds of evening, the mellow twilight, the hill-tops kissed and glorified by the lingering rays of the setting sun, the moon riding in silent majesty through the bright field above, the solemn hush of a sleeping world,—this is the great free entertainment given by Nature to her lowest children. But we should be able to say of each human being: The beautiful scenes in his soul are more enchanting to the view than any panorama of nature; for the deeds thereof afford a living picture gallery wherein nature in her grandest external productions, is excelled, the human and divine blending so beautifully that no one can tell where one terminates its benign influence, and the other begins; therein is an entertainment, royal in its character, God-like in its nature, and which lifts one heavenward to behold. There is enchanting beauty in the commingled colors of the rainbow, or those that nestle on the leaf or flower, or shimmer on the surface of the sky; but in the unselfish act there is something that transcends the beautiful in color, flower or leaf; which transcends the expression of the sculptor's chisel or artist's brush, and this is allied to all things that cluster near to the throne of God. The sweet words of cheer that drop like pearls from the lips of the grand old sage, mingle with the spiritual elements that surround us, and ascend heavenward as an ornament in the garden of angels. Nature is grand in her unfoldings; but man, the real I, the ego, transcends nature, when his whole soul aspires to be good and do good.

III

If all things are engaged in writing their own history, each human soul is a historian, and carries with it throughout the cycles of eternity its own records, from which it must be judged. But each act recorded therein, judges itself, passes sentence thereon and imposes its own severe PENALTY. God, angels, celestial judges, pass no sentence of condemnation! They smile benignly on all humanity, for well they know that when you told that lie, stole that jewel, slandered your neighbor, acted unkindly towards your inferior, that your own nature became deformed, lacerated, or blackened thereby, and that the same could never, never be effaced therefrom until the penalty was paid to the uttermost farthing. So when the human soul is writing its own history, it is, too, writing its own judgment, condemnation and sentence, unconsciously to you, but none the less potent. Emerson did not go far enough in his sublime and beautiful teachings. He had simply a glimmer of truth that grandly illuminated his soul with a light divine, and he gave expression thereto. Kindness has no penalties; it only has rewards.

IV

It is said of that grand old philanthropist, Peter Cooper, that nearly every day he drove down to his office and stayed there for a few hours. As he came out to his coupe he was surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each one in turn stepped up to him with a "Good day, Mr. Cooper," and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regular the benevolent old gentleman put his hand in his pocket and gave him a piece of money and a "Good day to you." "Why do you let these people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?" asked an impatient young man. "They don't annoy me at all," said the philanthropist. "They are old friends of mine, poor fellows. Many of them have seen better days. They don't want much—just enough to leave the office I put a few dollars in change in my pocket, and give it to them when they speak to me. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't like to disappoint them."

What grandeur in his soul! Those spontaneous bursts of benevolence were far more beautiful than the sublime eloquence of an orator, for they have taken objective form, and are writing his history in the hearts of men. "Good day, Mr. Cooper," say those who had seen better times, and he generously responds thereto, and others were made happier. Ever bear in mind, then, as you journey along, that you are engaged in writing your own HISTORY, and that there is no escaping the poisonous effects of a selfish licentious life. If you heed not our words now, to do good and be good, you will see the necessity thereof when you awaken in

spirit-life, and then regret you did not follow the teachings of the Home Circle Fraternity.

John R. Francis

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