

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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MORALITY.

ITS UNIVERSALITY CONSIDERED.

Cogent Facts for Spiritualists to Consider.

Many philosophers and cultured men teach that the love of the beautiful is universal. The blending of colors at an evening's sunset by the hand of the great artist, the combining of the same colors upon the canvas by the hand of a son of the great artist, produce beauty for the tutored and untutored mind; the green hills and the smoking mountains, lighted up by the brilliant rays of a morning's sun, or mellowed into a silvery light by the pale moon, fill the soul with emotions alike in all. Avoiding a critical disquisition of the metaphysics of esthetics, we may say that these emotions of beauty differ in degree, in intensity, in different individuals, and we may further say with the philosopher and cultured man, that every human spirit has an affection for the beautiful.

Many philosophers and cultured men teach that a love of the right is universal. The blending of forces and intelligences that silently work for man's elevation, and whose effects are not seen until the eye looks back upon the foot-prints of that higher intelligence; the combined efforts of heroic souls struggling through a life of unwearying, unselfish toil to redeem earth's unfortunate children, yet not appreciated until the sons of that higher intelligence are gone, produce a feeling of approbation in the mind of man. Avoiding a critical disquisition of the metaphysics of ethics, we may say this approbation of the right differs in degree, in intensity, in different individuals, and we may further say with the philosopher and the cultured man, that a love of the right is universal.

Here are beauty and right by necessity universal. How great a law! How much greater the author! The analogy that exists between the beautiful and the right exists necessarily.

It matters not whether beauty is subjective or objective, whether it exists in the rose or in the perceiving mind; it matters not whether right is subjective or objective, whether it exists in the virtuous act or in the perceiving mind, both beauty and right give an analogous echo to the soul of the universe.

It matters not whether we can appreciate the highest efforts of a Strauss or a Wagner, the grand principles of harmony are within us, and our souls vibrate in unison with the harmonies of the spheres; it matters not whether we can draw the fine ethical distinctions of an Edwards or a Channing, the heart of the whole world is akin to the grand principles of right and wrong, and they enter into our daily intercourse with each other. Gratitude and charity, kindness and love, purity and sympathy, are recognized not only by the higher intelligences, but even by the lower, by animals.

A beautiful story has come down to us of an eastern prince who was unjustly banished his dominion by a cruel usurper, and was placed in the wilds and forests of a desolated country. On account of his tenderness and youth, every one supposed that he would be destroyed by the wild beasts of the jungle. Weary and worn with watching, and hungered by fasting, the young prince sought food, but at once came up face to face with a great lion. Of course he was startled and afraid. But the lion was limping along on three legs, and was apparently in great agony, and with a low, sympathetic moan stirred the heart of the young prince, and, oblivious to all fears, he approached the suffering beast, knelt down, and taking one of his great fore paws into his hands, found in his foot a poisonous thorn that had caused an ugly swelling. With hands unskilled in surgery, the young prince extracted the thorn from the lion's paw, bathed the swollen part in the cool water of a spring near by. For this merciful behavior on the part of the young prince toward the lion, the prince was protected and fed for a long time, but he finally made his way out of the forest, and found protection at the palace of a neighboring queen. In a few years the good queen died, and the young prince was delivered to the usurper, who determined to publicly cast the body of the young prince into the lion's den. Great preparations were made for the event, and multitudes came to witness the atrocious crime. The prince was placed in the den, and the largest and most ferocious of the beasts, with a horrible howl, sprang for him, but at once crouched at his feet and began to lick his hands, and kept the rest of the beasts at bay. The lion had recognized the child who had extracted the thorn from his foot in the wilds and jungles of the forest, and manifested what? Gratitude? Oh, no, instinct? The crowd recognized their prince, and believed that the just god's had interfered to save his life. All obstacles to his restoration are borne down, and he occupied the regal chair of his fathers.

We sometimes see almost as much gratitude manifested by man as was displayed by this beast. The universal sympathy of mankind is in sympathy with this young prince; the universal sentiment of mankind is arrayed against the cruel usurper. Why this difference? Justice and injustice, the good

and the evil, the moral and the immoral. This grand, this fundamental idea that man approves the good, repudiates the bad, is the saving quality of the universe. From its depths are to be dug the riches that will crown the soul with happiness for immortality. Morality is not religion, religion is not morality. Religion may be made of many methods; some of these methods may be moral, and some of the methods may be immoral. A religion without morality, and that is possible, cannot aid us much in our struggle for character, and character is all there is of a man here and hereafter. Religion, devotion, piety, worship have led mankind into wildest, wickedest delusions. Who more religious, devout, pious, worshipful, than the Hindoo mother when she tears from her affectionate breast her first born, and wild with a love for her God, casts her innocent babe into the black waters of the Ganges, to be devoured by the crocodile. Enthusiastic in her religion, fanatical in her devotion, deep and serious in her piety, and frantic in her fear or love of God, she crowds out the natural affection of her heart for her child, and commits one of the worst crimes known to man; and yet, in the full meaning of these words, no one was more religious, devout, pious or worshipful than this poor deluded mother. Does this dark fact interfere with the statement that a love of the right is universal? It teaches that our ideas of the right and wrong may not always be correct. It also teaches that a love for God may lead to the strangest fancies, and to the commission of the strangest crimes. The poor women give up their children from a love of the divine author of all things. But how much more culpable are they than the Christians in their conception of a God? Is not a crime still a crime, whether committed by a God or an ignorant Hindoo woman? God sacrificed his only son that man might live; the ignorant Hindoo woman sacrificed her only child for the benefit of her soul and the happiness of her people. Shall God perpetrate a deed and it be called right, and the same act, done by a woman, be called wrong, when the motives are identical? Something more logical and reasonable than this for a God is demanded by the intellect of to-day.

Notwithstanding such strange inconsistencies occur among the Gods and among the women, and singular and most emphatic mistakes are made, we still hold to the universality of morality, believing it to be the saving quality of the universe. There are exceptions to all general propositions when not axiomatic. When education shall instruct the Gods of the Christians, and shall instruct the women of Hindostan that each person is entitled to his own life, perhaps the Gods and the women will behave themselves, and act as considerately as the most cultured of human beings.

Education and conscience! The latter always there, the former everywhere; the latter susceptible of high moral culture, the former dropping everywhere, like the gentle dew from heaven. Indispensable is education for the highest conceptions of the beautiful; indispensable is education for the highest conceptions of the moral; indispensable is some knowledge for the lowest conceptions of the beautiful; indispensable is some knowledge for the lowest conception of the right. The higher the conscience and the mind are educated, the purer are our conceptions of the intelligent source of all. Education, how necessary! It is the link that connects the lowest and lowest forms of beauty, the highest and highest principles of right. Beauty and right ever exist; the mind and conscience ever exist, and just in proportion as the latter are educated, just in that proportion will they comprehend what is beautiful, what is right. Comprehending what is right indicates intellectual quality, performing what is right indicates heavenly quality, and both are essential for the highest happiness.

What encouragement or hope have we that our peculiar teaching or instructions will enable us to comprehend the right, will induce us to perform the right? Is there anything in modern Spiritualism that will lead us in these directions? Uniformity of moral instruction from the spirit side of life is remarkable. For years I have read many of the spirit messages in the *Banner of Light*, and have heard many messages from others and for others, and when touching upon the subject of morals, upon doing right, these messages contain a unanimity of precept that tallies well with our highest perceptions of a pure and noble life. The sweet messages that come from a pure mother or a kind father to their children, yes, and the warning messages that come from an impure mother or an unkind father, alike admonish us to be pure in heart, to be truthful, to be merciful, to be charitable, to have an even mind, yes, to attend to all the virtues that will make us better men and women. They teach us no kind or unkind act can be concealed; they teach us that every thought and every act can be read like a book by ourselves, because all of our thoughts and acts are chemically interwoven into our spiritual body and form, the very web and woof of our existence. These admonitions from the other side of life, when from sincere and intelligent spirits, come with no uncertain sound. Listen to these admonitions, and the lying tongue will be silent, or if it speaks, it will speak words of soberness and truth; listen to these admonitions, and the envious heart will become beneficent and rejoice at the prosperity or happiness of another; listen

to these admonitions and your egotism will banish, and you will be led to believe that another man inhabits this globe besides yourself; listen to these admonitions and the jealous eye will become blinded to suspicion, and look upon all with confidence. Listen to these admonitions, and the hypocritical soul will be filled with candor and simplicity; listen to these admonitions, hatred becomes love, the impure become pure, the foolish become wise, the intemperate, temperate, and virtue takes the place of vice.

Yes, such are the glorious missives borne to us upon the wings of our angel friends, and to occupy bright spiritual homes, this work of making the bad within us, good, and the good, better, and the better, the best, must be begun here upon earth. The ladder by which we ascend to heaven rests upon the earth, and many of the rounds thereof are in earth's atmosphere.

There is enough good in these spiritual lessons from our spiritual friends to reform the earth if put into practice by earth's people. No creed, but action, action, action progressive. Defining no God, but fulfilling the highest impulses of the soul, watching the results of those impulses carried into action, we see they continually elevate us to higher mentalities, and bring us into communion with higher intelligences in their search for all that is grand and good in the universe, and finally, we hope, to the beneficent source of all things. I am inclined to think that this march of progress will be eternal, and if we never see God, we will sense glories undreamed, unsung, even as the pure minded medium of earth to-day occasionally senses those influences that fill the mind with such beauties and goodness that the soul struggles to free itself from the body. Our spiritual eye may never see God, but I believe our souls will sense the intelligences and powers that create the worlds of the universe, and that we will rest in the profound assurance that neither above nor beneath anything is superior, that this intelligence and power are manifestations of the Supreme One.

We, as Spiritualists, have nothing to compel us to pursue a prescribed course. Under our teachings our minds are free to catch the beauties of divine inspiration, whether they agree with what has been considered the most holy of holies or not. The development of greater intelligence may evolve new conceptions of what was formerly considered the right and the wrong; and we are at liberty to pursue what to us seems the best. If our minds, our spirits, and our souls are progressive, why should we for a moment be bound to doctrines that are only supposed to be immaculate, immutable?

We are taught, "As a man thinketh, so he is," or in other words, that thoughts constitute the man's entity, make up the habits of his soul's existence. Oh, how difficult it is, as we are taught, to change the texture of the spirit after it passes naked into the other life! Should the spirit receive anything more in this life than what is absolutely axiomatic? Should it not always be open and prepared to investigate new principles, new thoughts, as they are discovered or evolved from the great soul of the universe? Of course, I refer here to the essentials of existence.

I remarked above, that character is all there is of man here and hereafter. Many of our thinking and progressive people are trying to raise the curtain so as to exhibit to us the religion of the future. Some bold and admirable prophecies have been made. Many of those prophetic eyes proclaim the general outlook to be a religion of character, based upon morality, upon a correct life; repudiating the inconsistencies of Christ, and the inconsistencies of all inspirational teachings; embracing all the good and pure things that Christ taught, that all teachers, whether inspirational or otherwise, have taught; a religion of character based upon the purest inspiration and the highest reason.

The creedless Unitarians hoist the banner of freedom, fellowship, and character in religion. Noble words! They inspire noble thoughts. They leave the soul untrammelled, free to drink in the divine dews that are continually falling from heaven. And some of the more wise and liberal of this class are beginning to sit, and in the quietude of their souls are receiving messages of intelligence from their departed friends, and some have the courage and manhood to proclaim these messages from their pulpits. There is nothing in our teachings that prevents us from adopting this freedom, this fellowship, this character in our religion.

The numbers of our local society are small. Dispensation has somewhat thinned our ranks. For those who have left us, let us exercise the highest charity, and in what manner good work they may engage, let us sustain their hands. If we cannot inorse the words "That whatever is, is right," we can reasonably and conscientiously say, that whatever is right, is right, and that we will sustain those who sustain the right, whether in our circle or sphere, or in a sphere above or below us. If our conduct and our actions are right, our lives will be lives of success; we will receive the approval of mankind, because a love of the right is universal, and we will receive the divine effulgence of the Everlasting Intelligence.

BENJAMIN F. LEE.
President Mantua Association of Spiritu-

DEATH.

IT IS A WELCOME VISITANT.

It Is Beautifully Illustrated

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The Philosophy of Death is the philosophy of change; not of change in the person of the individual, but of the situation of the human Spiritual Principle; which instead of being in an earthly body, is placed in a spiritual organization; and instead of living among the objects and personalities of the planet upon which the individual spirit was born, its situation is so altered as to fit it to live amidst more beautiful forms and in higher societies.

To the incurably diseased, the oppressed and down-trodden; those bowed even to the grave with grief; suffering poverty; or those afflicted with the dread of death; I would say—fear not, but follow Truth boldly where she leads, and, with calm, and majestic bearing, go on—through the seemingly mysterious process of death to the awakening and more interior habitation of harmony and blessedness.

Believe not that what is called death is a final termination to human existence, nor that the change is so entire as to alter or destroy the peculiarities of the individual; but believe that death causes as much alteration in the condition of the individual as the bursting of a rosebud causes in the condition of the flower, no more. Death is, therefore, only an event—a circumstance in the eternal life and experience of the human soul.

Death is but a door which opens into a new and more perfect existence. A triumphal arch through which man's immortal spirit passes at the moment of leaving the outer world to depart for a higher, and more magnificent country. And there is really nothing more painful in the natural process of dying than there is in passing into a pleasant and dreamless slumber. The truthfulness of this proposition is illustrated by the following observations into the phenomena of death, which my spirit was qualified to make upon the person of a deceased individual at the moment of physical dissolution.

The patient was a female, sixty years of age. Eight months previous to her death she visited me for the purpose of receiving a medical examination. Having ascertained the certainty of her speedy removal from our earth, I resolved to be present and watch the progressive development of that interesting but much-dreaded phenomena. Moved by this resolution, I, at a later period, engaged board in her house, and officiated as her physician.

When the hour of her death arrived, I was fortunately in a proper state of body and mind to induce the Superior Condition; but, previous to throwing my spirit into that condition, thus I proceeded to observe the mysterious process of dying, and to learn what it is for an individual human spirit to undergo the changes consequent upon physical dissolution. They were these:

I saw that the physical organization could no longer subserve the diversified requirements of the spirit. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to resist the withdrawal of the animating soul. The muscular system struggled to retain the element of motion; the vascular system strove to retain the element of life; the nervous system put forth all its powers to retain the element of sensation; and the cerebral system labored to retain the principle of intelligence. The body and the soul, like two friends, strongly resisted the circumstances which rendered their eternal separation imperative. These internal conflicts gave rise to what seemed to be painful sensations; but I was unspeakably thankful when I perceived the fact that those physical manifestations were indications, simply that the spirit was dissolving its copartnership with the material organism.

Now the head of the body became enveloped in a fine, soft, luminous atmosphere; and I saw the cerebrum and cerebellum discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then that they became highly charged with the vital electricity and magnetism which permeate subordinate structures. That is to say, the brain, as a whole, suddenly declared itself to be positive, over the lesser portions of the body. This phenomena invariably precedes physical dissolution.

Now the process of dying, or the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of life and sensation. The head became intensely brilliant; and I remarked, that just in the same proportion as the extremities of the organism grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

Now I saw, in the mellow, spiritual atmosphere, which emanated from, and encircled her head, the indistinct outlines of the formation of another head! The reader should remember that these super-sensuous processes are not visible to any one except the spiritual perceptions be unfolded; for material eyes can only behold material things, and spiritual eyes can only behold spiritual things. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly; and so compact and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it nor gaze upon it

as steadily as I desired. While this spiritual head was being eliminated from out of, and above, the material head, I saw that the surrounding aetherial atmosphere was in great commotion; but, as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared.

With wonder and reverence I gazed upon the holy and harmonious processes that were going on before me. In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated I saw, unfolding in their natural, progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, shoulders, and the entire spiritual organization. It appeared from this, to an unequivocal demonstration, that the innumerable particles which constitute man's spiritual principle, are endowed with certain elective affinities, analogous to an immortal friendship, which unfolded and perfected spiritual organization. The defects and deformities of the physical body, were, in the spiritual body which I saw thus developed, completely removed.

While this spiritual formation was going on the material body manifested, to the outer vision of individuals in the room, symptoms of uneasiness and pain; but these indications were totally deceptive. They were wholly caused by the departure of the vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending organism.

The spirit arose at right angles over the head of the deceased body. But previous to the final dissolution of the relationship which had for so many years subsisted between the spiritual and material bodies, I saw—between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical body—a bright stream of vital electricity. This taught me that what is customarily termed *Death* is but a *Birth* of the spirit from a lower into a higher state. I learned that the correspondence between the birth of a child into this world and the birth of the spirit from the material body into a higher world is complete, even to the umbilical cord, which was represented by the thread of vital electricity, which for a few minutes subsisted between and connected the two organisms together. And here I perceived, what I had never before obtained a knowledge of, that a small portion of this vital electrical element returned to the separation of the umbilical thread; and that that portion of this element which passed back into the earthly organism instantly diffused itself through the entire structure, and thus prevented immediate decomposition.

It is not proper that a body should be deposited in the earth until after decomposition has positively commenced; for, should there be no positive evidences of such structural change, even though life seems surely to have departed, it is not right to consign the body to the grave. The umbilical cord, of which I speak, is sometimes not severed, but it is drawn out into the finest possible medium of sympathetic connection between the body and the spirit. This is invariably the case when individuals apparently die, and, after being absent a few days or hours, return, as from a peaceful journey, to relate their spiritual experiences. Such phenomena are modernly termed trances, catalepsy, somnambulism, and spiritual ecstasy.

As soon as the spirit, whose departing hour I thus watched, was wholly disengaged from the tenacious physical body, I directed my attention to her movements and emotions, and I saw her begin to breathe the interior or spiritual portions of the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere. She understood, at a glance, that her friends could only gaze upon the cold and lifeless form which she had but just deserted, and she readily comprehended the fact that it was owing to a want of true knowledge upon their part that they thus vehemently regretted her merely physical death.

The period required to accomplish the entire change, which I saw, was not far from two hours and a half; but this furnishes no rule as to the time required for every spirit to elevate and reorganize itself above the head of the outer form. Without changing my position, or spiritual perceptions, I continued to observe the movements of her newborn spirit. As soon as she became accustomed to the new elements which surrounded her, she descended from her elevated position, which was immediately over the body, by an effort of the will power, and directly passed out of the room, in which she had lain prostrated with disease for several weeks. I saw her pass through the adjoining room, out of the door, step from the house into the atmosphere! I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realized the universal truth that the spiritual organization can tread the atmosphere which, while in the coarser earthly form, we breathe—so much more refined is man's spiritual condition. She walked in the atmosphere as easily, and in the same manner, as we tread the earth, and ascend an eminence. Immediately upon her emergence from the house, she was joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country; and, after tenderly recognizing and communing with each other, the three in the most graceful manner, began ascending obliquely through the ethereal envelopment of our globe. They walked so naturally and fraternally together, that I could scarcely realize the fact that they trod the air—they seemed to be walking upon the side of a glorious mountain! I continued to gaze upon them until the distance shut them

from my view; whereupon I returned to my external and ordinary condition.

Oh, what a contrast! Instead of beholding that beautiful and youthfully unfolded spirit, I now saw, in common with those about me, the lifeless—cold—and shrouded organism of the caterpillar, which the joyous butterfly had so recently abandoned!

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

WRITING UPON THE WALL.

THE DAYS OF BELSHAZZAR OUTDONE.

Mrs. Mabel Aber the Medium.

The Gifted Mrs. M. A. Crawford, the Witness.

One evening Mrs. Mabel Aber, of Spring Hill, Kansas, called upon me and remained over night, giving us an unexpected and glorious treat, far exceeding anything I have ever yet experienced with mediums, to whom my home has ever been open; thereby we often "entertain angels unawares," as it proved in this case. After retiring for the night, Mrs. Aber and I were pleasantly engaged in conversation, she having occupied the bed with me. We were first entertained by rappings, which continued till 4 o'clock in the morning. I questioned them. I was deeply interested in all they told me, for I received intelligence from my own controls and other departed loved ones, which was indeed valuable, and gratefully received by me. The rapping continued all over the house, not only on the head-board, but on the wall clear to the ceiling. In the rooms above us, loud demonstrations were heard by us, also by Mr. Crawford who occupied the room above us. But the richest and greatest treat of all was the writing which came on the mirror in our sleeping apartment, in various colors; written high up on the extreme top of the mirror, which was too high to read without standing upon a chair, were these words:

"MY DEAR SISTER:—I love you. Do love and forgive me. MARY."

Below this, in yellow, was the name Lizzie. Below this, in delicate pink, was the name Mary. On the mirror in the adjoining parlor, high on the top, was another communication in pink. On the seance table, just back of drapery, of which I have constructed a cabinet, was the name Leland; also Von Humboldt, Mrs. Aber's slate control; these names were written upon the end of table, in a very dark brick-red color. Upon looking through a tablet which laid upon seance table, I found these lines addressed to me:

"MY DEAR PROTEGE: Do as I advised you last evening, and you will receive slate writing. LELAND."

This (being the name of my French control, who gave me the advice by rapping the previous evening, upon double slate, which I had cleaned and placed under my pillow) was written in white yellow, and in various colors, a long communication from my sister Mary. On the other slate, in green, was a message to my husband from his angel wife, with name signed, Ella; also on two other slates, which laid in a distant part of the room, was another message from Ella, the first words written in white, the next few lines in a dark blue, the next in a bright red, finished with dark blue, and signed, your angel wife, Ella.

This, to me, is certainly the most wonderful, unexpected seance I ever witnessed, coming as it did, too, through Mrs. Aber's mediumship. I can fully appreciate all, she being a lady of irreproachable character.

While in company with Mrs. Aber two years ago, she asked if I thought she could develop the slate phase of mediumship, whereupon my controls answered: "Yes, I see writing in all colors for you."

She tells me, since that time she has held the slate faithfully each day, through sunshine and shower, until the angels have crowned her efforts with success, thus making her one of the finest instruments in the hands of the Spirit-world. May the good work of the angels continue till they are enabled to come into each home, bringing blessed assurance of their presence, as they have to us.

Yours for the advancement of the cause.
MRS. M. A. CRAWFORD.
611 E. 6th St., Kansas City, Mo.

FAITHFUL.

It is something sweet, when the world goes ill
To know you are faithful and love me still;
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies
That the light is shining in your dear eyes;
Beautiful eyes, more dear to me
Than all the wealth of the world could be!

It is something, dearest, to feel you near
When life with its sorrows seems hard to bear;
To feel, when I falter, the clasp divine
Of your tender and trusting hand in mine;
Beautiful hand! more dear to me
Than the tenderest things of earth could be!

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,
For God gives grief with his gift of song,
And poverty, too! but your love is more
To me than riches and golden store.
Beautiful love! until death shall part
It is mine, as you are, my own sweetheart!

—F. L. Stanton.

LIFE.

A little babe at its mother's breast,
A little child with its childish zest,
A happy youth with his happy hopes,
A traveler on life's western slopes,
A gray-haired man with faltering tread,
Who mourns and longs for the dear ones dead,
A worn, old face that is white and cold,
And life is ended; its tale is told.
—Walter S. Pausen.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1890.

PESTIFEROUS ROME.

THE HATEFUL COWL IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

Catholic Priests in a Deadly Role.

To the Spiritualist, the phenomena of spirit return is of absorbing interest. He never tires of studying its various phases, and the effects produced by individuality on both sides the life line. Quite recently I pointed my readers to a vast, unexplored field of phenomena amongst our Indian tribes. But here and there in the every day life of our own race are many experiences just as interesting, and perhaps carrying yet deeper lessons. Too often they must be kept from public eye and ear, lest the poor sensitive be offended by prying curiosity and wounded by cruel sneers. And when such experiences are reflections of fierce battle between spirits for control of some half developed medium, it is the hour for students to watch and learn some of nature's deepest lessons of life. I have had the painful privilege of aiding in such battles from the mortal side of life, and of one such incident I now propose to write. Although I believe the medium in question will some day be a grand instrument for use by spirits seeking to bless mortals, the battle is not yet fought out nor the victory gained,—so I can give neither name nor residence at the present time, save to the editor. Linda is the daughter, and only living child of parents who have been Catholics as far back as their family history extends. But early in his married life, her father deeming himself publicly insulted by his priest, gave him a severe whipping and of course withdrew from the church. It is easy to see that the heart of the wife and mother still belongs to Rome. Both she and her husband have seen spirits, and their own sensitiveness to spirit forces has been inherited and magnified by their daughter who is now eighteen years of age.

Linda has been for years delicate and often a sufferer from spasms of choking that doctors said were due to nervous prostration. Neither she nor her parents have known anything of spirit return until within a year past, but they now believe that the fainting spells and spasmodic contractions of the throat were the result of Catholic spirits seeking to develop the young girl as their medium.

About a year ago, Linda met a well-known medium, who at once saw and described the obsessing spirit, and tried to arouse the will power of the poor girl, so that she might shake them off. But it was only her superstitious fears that were aroused, and when alone in the dark she was horrified to sense ghostly forms with cowed heads standing by her side. She also soon became conscious that these monks were bitterly opposed to some other intelligences that were endeavoring to reach her,—and at frequent intervals the conflict produced spasmodic contraction of the muscles of her arms, hands and limbs that were very painful. Her strength during such attacks was that of a maniac. The strength of a strong man was tried to the utmost to prevent her injuring herself or others, and I can never forget the devilish gleam from her eyes as each battle was fought out. She is devoted and affectionate as a daughter, but in such hours the presence of either her father or mother seems only to give the obsessing control added power over the poor girl.

So far, there is nothing unusual in this case, as many a Spiritualist knows from sad experience. It is the details of this battle that have interested me as never before. For years those Catholic spirits had been building their entrenchments at their leisure, and it presently became evident they were now too strong to be successfully

stormed. From the earth side, resistance was impossible, and the convent or the asylum seemed to be waiting their victim. At this juncture, new weapons were introduced by the assaults. They were not nitro-glycerine bombs from some celestial factory, but just three little children fresh from nature's workshop. Two were sweet little babies, just beginning to prattle, and the third was a pert, saucy little youngster, just four years old, and called Elsie. One or other of these wee ones was almost constantly in control, and each with a marked individuality. All three are girls, but as yet the two babies are nameless.

The mother and father of the poor girl have their hands full at all hours of the day and night; there are babies crying or getting into trouble and having to be comforted and soothed; or if these invisibles have been quieted at last by imperceptible soothing sirup, then Miss Elsie is in mischief, or having a grand good time with her "monkey out," as she calls her harmonicon, on which she can play a tom cat's concert with as much facility and zeal as a member of the salvation army.

But though babies may be beyond control by priestly art, every now and then Linda must be herself, and once again her mother has an affectionate daughter. The foe soon takes advantage of this, and then once again takes the fierce battle with all its wild wrath and horrid agonies. But presently one of the babies slips in, and the battle is instantly over; and these battles are getting farther and farther apart; in other words these babies are gradually so changing the vibrations of Linda's brain that the priest begins to lose his hold, and higher spirits may come in. It was because my presence gave aid to the powers back of those little warriors that I was claimed as a friend and helper, and thus learned a new lesson of life.

But though this is so far an evidence of higher wisdom working under natural law to help that poor medium to a higher level, there has been a yet deeper lesson from the effect produced upon little Elsie. We have long been accustomed to the child controls of men and women sensitives. Many have been the sneers by carping critics. We have watched as the spirit child must have grown into womanhood, yet still coming ever as the child; and we have learned that the vibrations of a child's thought mean a level that is for the most part above or below the range of trouble by an obsessing spirit. But the effect on the spirit has been for the most part unnoticed, and it is a little painful experience by poor Elsie that gave me the needed lesson.

The spirit child is a relation of the medium's and passed over about a year ago. She had been a spoiled darling in almost every respect, but she was strictly truthful in earth life, and comes back as a blunt little truth-teller to-day. She takes pride in acting as a little messenger, and often is commissioned to report as to absent friends. She has one friend for whom she is always ready to do such work. One day when I visited the medium, I found poor Elsie in bitter trouble. She was crying and sobbing with mortification, because acting as a messenger she had brought back a false report; and what troubled her was that she had told her friends just the opposite of what she wanted to say. In other words, she could not help telling a most foolish and deliberate falsehood, sure to be discovered in an hour. The poor child was bewildered, and couldn't understand it, and I could offer no comfort. Fortunately, a grand spirit, the real leader of the forces fighting for Linda's freedom, took control, and told me it was the effect of the Catholic spirits, who got at poor Elsie when she was in control, although they could not reach her as a spirit. The interview with this guide was very brief, as he told me his words were listened to by foes, and for the present he must use babies as weapons and himself keep back.

But what a lesson! How many a spirit friend has been counted as a foe, and written down "liar," because of just such influences. Mediums by scores have been labeled "frauds," because they have acted fraud under irresistible influences from foes of our cause. I must not turn this article into a lecture or a sermon, but I could preach from this text for many an hour and then not compass half the lesson that lies back of such truths as are embedded in falsehoods from medium lips.

Poor Elsie must learn her lesson too. She has yet to realize how often the spirit eye is shortsighted and blurred as to many of earth's scenes. She has no experience of spirit life. She lives as do the babies in the family home, taking nourishment through the medium's organization. She will rush off to see children play, and witness games of which she is fond. She likes to prattle of what she has seen, but over all is the great certainty that spirit Elsie, medium Linda, and you and I, dear reader, must master these truths, each for himself, and learn to live in an atmosphere and amidst thought vibrations that are beyond influence from those who love a lie.

The reaction of the medium upon the spirit was strikingly brought out by another experience of poor Elsie. Linda was complaining of her nervousness, especially when alone in the dark. Elsie popped in and complained, too, in her own quaint way. "Why, I am frightened every time I see a spirit; yet when I am outside I am one of them myself." The poor child had not yet learned her lesson. And for many of us it seems easy to teach but impossible to realize how much of the medium must linger in every manifestation of spirit return.

With one other thought I will close. Necessarily, Catholics, whether mortals or spirits, are deadly foes of modern Spiritualism. They are always working to destroy our cause. No real sensitive can help taking on conditions from his surroundings, therefore all may and should know that if any public worker or private medium can go daily to mass on any plea whatever, without terrible discord and suffering, it means—it must mean—that the influences around that medium sensitive are in harmony with the deadliest foes. And the life work of such a public worker, however plausible and attractive, will ever be found to work ill to our cause, by breaking up our societies and dragging in issues that attract the public in other directions. The man or woman who

does not realize this fact has yet to learn the true lesson of Linda and Elsie.
San Leandro, Cal., CHAS. DAWBARN.

A PEN PICTURE.

Continued from third page.

touched by a lecture, or even by public tests. Conspicuous among the papers that greet us as we enter the hall are the *Progressive Thinker*, *Banner of Light*, *Better Way*, *Golden Gate* and *Alejo*.

Unfortunately Bro. Merritt had not half enough *Progressive Thinkers* of Nov. 8, to meet the demand. And still more unfortunate was the dilemma when we learned that he entire edition was exhausted, and no more could be had. In view of this great demand which is likely to increase as the facts become known, a tract should be issued, with such additions as may be attainable and of vital importance, and the trade supplied with 500,000 copies. J. W. Colville speaks on 5th Ave. each Sunday afternoon and evening and twice during during the week. The Psychic Research Society has meetings each Wednesday eve. So it is evident that Spiritualism has some life in New York in spite of all the obstacles that have been thrown in its way.

Yours for constructive Spiritualism,
LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Liberal Christian Alliance.

This is a movement inaugurated some years ago by parties whose liberal ideas subjected them to the fierce discipline of creedal churches and finding that the great heart of community was growing in unison with theirs and ready to encourage the cause, they effected an organization lately with Prof. Swing as President, and Dr. Thomas and others as Vice-Presidents, and a Board of Trustees. Its design is to promote a better and more spiritual interpretation of Christianity and more fellowship and union in spirit and work among liberal Christians, and relegate all statements of belief which produced so much strife and contention in the past to the domain of private judgment.

From what we know of this new departure we believe it to be a genuine spontaneous result of the law of evolution and eternal progress deeply rooted in the nature and constitution of mankind, which cannot be stopped; and while we feel a just pride in modern Spiritualism as the harbinger of the millennial glory of the world we feel free to welcome every movement that tends to the same end.

The character and standing of the founders of this alliance will attract to it those minds who trust no longer in fossilized creeds as an expression of belief, but are reaching for the living truth which makes free. It stands in strong contrast with the evangelical alliance organized in London in 1846, and now become international, with the following articles of belief:

"The divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures. The unity of the Godhead and the trinity of the persons therein. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall. The incarnation of the son of God. His work of atonement for the sin of mankind and his mediatorial intercession and reign. The justification of the sinner by faith alone. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous and the eternal punishment of the wicked."

This is the spiritual sword with which they intend to regulate society and cure all its evils.

Now we submit to these alliances, both evangelical and liberal, if it would not be better to be plain and honest with the people and teach them faithfully one grand all-absorbing truth which is as biblical as any of these doctrines and more in accordance with reason, and that is, that every one must work out their own salvation and atone for their own sins instead of living a life of selfish indulgence, trusting that they can pay their sins to the account of another and enter a heaven for which they are not prepared.

To teach a vicarious atonement is to offer a premium on sin. This is the great weakness of evangelical Christianity and the only chance for liberal Christianity to redeem the world is by teaching mankind to live a true life, physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually, and that every act of life gets its full and just award of compensation or retribution.

R. NEELY.

OUR WINTER CAMPAIGN.

It Will be Inaugurated by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

We are happy to announce to our readers that we have secured the services of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of the finest mediums in the world for the transmission of thoughts from the spirit side of life, and she will deliver twelve addresses, to be reported especially for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. These addresses will be from leading denizens in the Summer-land, who will, among other thoughts presented, detail some of their varied experiences in the celestial regions. These productions will prove of great value to our readers and will appear monthly. Just think for a moment of the feast of good things in store for our readers, and that too, at the cost of only about 14 cents per week—10 weeks for 25 cents. Mrs. Richmond's lectures will fill an important niche in the Spiritualistic literature with which our paper will be crowded. The first lecture will appear about December 13th, and will embrace the "Spiritual Experiences" of Wm. Ellery Channing. Spiritualists, we are presenting you the very best thoughts of leading minds at a price within the reach of all, and we believe these addresses by Mrs. Richmond will prove a rare treat to our readers. Please manifest your appreciation of our efforts by extending our circulation. Other attractions will be announced from time to time.

Chas. Dawbarn has been lecturing in San Diego, Cal., drawing crowded houses. His article in another column will be read with great interest.

"Religion of Man and Ethics of Science."

This new book by Hudson Tuttle strikes deep and reaches high. Part First epitomizes with convincing force the "Fundamental Religious Propositions," and the "Fundamental Scientific Propositions." This condensation of a whole volume into two pages is masterly. As we proceed, each succeeding page brings its own revelations, supplementing and extending the fundamental test. Now the reader starts at the bold arraignment of popular faith, and then thrills with a sweet ecstasy as the higher truths flash over the ruins of idolatry laid waste. Now we marvel at a defiant enunciation lays bare the corpse of an embalmed god, and then glow with heaven's warmth as he taps the fountains of nature and brings to our immortal thirst the musical rivers of life flowing with the nectar of the gods, opulent with love's best wine. Most fittingly just the chapter on religion leads off with an exquisite verse by Emma Tuttle.

"Change rides upon the wings of time,
A regal artist dumb and still,
Who visits God's remotest clime
And sculpts matter to her will."

The expectations awakened by this delicate introduction, bearing in its rhythm the psychic touch of its gifted author, are fully met in the ensuing pages aglow with live issues and bold enunciations. As if moving under her enchanted spell, Bro. Tuttle sweeps the keyboard of religious life and its burning ardor moulds his words into thrilling pictures of its potent and subtle strikes of all other sentiments. Then he strikes deep to the root of innate causes that dictate and inspire the process of religious evolution.

Some of his ideas may seem extreme when viewed from a purely religious standpoint; but he brings forcible evidence and illustrations to fortify them. He proceeds with religion, "What is religion? Fetichism, Phallic Worship, and discusses each with a clearness and force that leave little to be added or subtracted. Then he makes a strong chapter showing "Man's moral process dependent on his intellectual growth." Then follows in chapter six: "The great theological problems, the origin of evil, the nature of God and the future state." Here is enough for a whole book; but he condenses, without confusing or misleading. Chapters 7, 8, and 9 treat of Man's Fall, fate, free will, necessity, responsibility etc., and duties of man to God, and to himself. Part 2, "The Ethics of Science," is also handled vigorously, succinctly, and yet exhaustively. The book though not large, is practically an encyclopedia in the circle it compasses. It is for sale at this office. Price \$1.25.

A Narrative of the Summer-Land.

This narrative by Hudson Tuttle has been well received by our numerous readers. Many of the scenes in spirit life which he presents are very impressive, and well calculated to inspire within the soul a desire to lead a life in harmony with those grand workers in the higher realms who desire to advance the world to a higher plane. The narrative will be concluded next week.

Charles Dawbarn.

This lecturer is doing an effective work on the Pacific coast. Besides being a sensitive himself, Mr. Dawbarn is by nature a close and comprehensive observer. His lectures abound in striking incidents, impressive thoughts and comprehensive and far reaching conjectures that make him a desirable acquisition to any rostrum.

Note from a Prominent Musician.

J. J. Watson, one of the leading musicians of New York city, writes: "Your highly interesting and instructive journal gratifies as well as surprises all whom I have heard express an opinion upon its merits. Its fearless, yet kindly, utterances to humanity, readily account for its almost phenomenal success, and the articles under the heading of 'The Home Circle Fraternity,' from your own pen, are in themselves far above any subscription price in point of solid value. Taken altogether, 'THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER' is as bright as a twenty-dollar gold piece just out of the mint, without being so yellow, so hard, or cold, and much safer for the average man or woman to handle. I shall do all I can to forward the interests of your journal in New York and vicinity. I have sent several copies to my friends in Norway, and also to the friends and relatives of the late renowned violinist, Ole Bull, with whom for many years I was closely associated. Ole Bull was for the greater part of his life, a consistent Spiritualist. We had some remarkable experiences together in this most interesting of all topics."

The Band of Harmony.

Geo. P. McIntyre, prominent as a worker in the Cause of reform, writes: "The Band of Harmony, the Social Auxiliary of the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, met Thursday evening as usual in Lodge Hall, 11 N. Ada St., and if the interest continues, larger quarters will be necessary. Ancient as well as modern spirits hover around this shrine, the former knowing well that their messages of love and wisdom can there be interpreted and given to the world in a tongue which all can understand; the latter come for the knowledge they may gain, well knowing that Oquina (Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's control) makes all welcome by her graciousness. The guides of this grand medium deliver their discourses every Sunday morning and evening, in Martine's hall, 55 S. Ada St. Morning service 10:45. Evening service 7:45."

Geo. P. Rudolph, Ex-Catholic priest, of Clyde, Ohio, writes: "I delivered three lectures at Norwalk and two at Milan, O., Nov. 19-23." He says: "The priests are bowling. I created an immense excitement and deep interest in those places. I am now satisfied that the Romish hierarchy is afraid of me and of my work. The Romish people are circulating derogatory stories to contract my work; but I am fearless. The readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER at Milan and Norwalk have boldly come to my rescue."

Lyman C. Howe has closed his engagement in New York, and goes from there to Philadelphia, to fill an engagement.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

Mr. John W. Fletcher, the popular lecturer and test medium, will speak in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., every Sunday morning, and evening before the Psychological society, 510 6th Ave., N. Y. City, every Wednesday evening. He will start for San Francisco Sept., 1891, and engagements can now be made en route. Address 269 W. 43rd St., New York city.

S. W. Bussy, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Our society here is progressing nicely. Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee is still with us. Mr. Clifford, a materializing medium, has been with us a couple of weeks, and has given some fine tests from the rostrum Sunday evenings. His tests are nearly all recognized. We have with us also Mr. Hugh Moore, a Dayton boy. He is a splendid trumpet medium, independent slate writer and materializer. He gave slate writing from the rostrum last Sunday evening after Mrs. Van Duzee's lecture, and Mr. Clifford tests."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at and in the vicinity of Stuttgart, Arkansas, Nov. 2, 7 and 9; at Glenwood, Crawford Co., Ark., Nov. 16; at Arklog the 20th. He goes from Arkansas to Springfield and Liberal, Mo. Address him, if immediately, for engagements, at the latter place, or at his home, 813 S. Washington Ave., Scranton, Ia.

Lyman C. Howe writes: "I spoke two evenings at Peconic, L. I., and one at Ridgewood. Peconic has a choice band of earnest souls, rich in moral wealth and spiritual growth. The most appreciative audiences greet the speakers and make it easy. I was entertained most royally at the hospitable home of Brother and Sister Conoin. The sphere of the house was tangible, and echoes from heaven in all the air. Mrs. C. has exceptional experiences with the unseen. They talk with her as freely and familiarly as friends in the flesh. There, too, I met Capt. Edwards from Orient, his face a living reflection of spiritual gospel. In his seventy-third year, his heart is young and buoyant with inspirations of love and trust. He has had many remarkable experiences. Bro. Geo. H. Terry furnished music and served as chairman. I heard many complimentary estimates of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER during my trip. The assassination number is wanting. It should either be republished in a 30,000 edition, or in pamphlet form for permanent use. At Ridgewood, Bro. L. B. Lee is the magnet for spiritual forces. In his family, mediumship presides. They are old Spiritualists with a history. He told me of some remarkable experiences. Nellie J. T. Brigham and Jennie B. Hagan have done valuable work there, and those who scoffed and spurned are becoming interested."

C. A. Gains, of Hartford, Mich., writes: "We have have had a rare treat, an opportunity, perhaps, of a lifetime in meeting and listening to the justly noted and popular lecturer and improvisatrice, Jennie B. Hagan. Since she left we have had with us Mrs. C. J. Barnes. The coming week we are to be further favored in having for two evenings Mrs. Sheehan. It begins to look a little like an awakening, for which we have prayed these twenty-three long years."

Wm. A. Thompson, of St. Johns, Ill., writes: "I have become much interested in the articles of Prof. O. H. Richmond, and hope in the near future to become more enlightened on that subject."

Dr. F. Schermerhorn, of Rochester, N. Y., is doing a most excellent work for Spiritualism by his lectures and the active interest he takes in the cause. Like all others, he is an appreciative reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

G. W. Rogers, of Newton, Kansas, writes as follows of Samuel Saylor who recently passed to spirit life at Newton, Kansas. "He was in his sixty-first year, and a devout and firm believer in spirit return; a kind loving husband and father, a noble and generous heart. Bro. Saylor was fully ripe and ready for the higher life, and all miss him in the body, but his spirit is still with us."

Dr. J. E. McKee, of Charlotte, Mich., writes to us that he is a materializing medium, and will fill engagements wherever desired.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 7, Leo Miller will address the Chicago Secular Union at Princess Opera House, 558 West Madison St. Subject: "Tariff Laws and Laws of Trade, Considered From a Social, Moral and Economic Point of View." Seats free.

The article which we publish this week from the pen of Charles Dawbarn will excite unusual interest. Mr. Dawbarn has been lecturing to crowded houses at San Diego, Cal.

M. G. Parmenter, of Willimantic, Ct., writes: "We have some very able speakers on our platform. Mrs. Brigham has been with us this month. Next month we shall have Mrs. Peek. The hall is well filled every Sunday afternoon and evening, and we get something besides chaff to feed upon."

A. L. Doane, of Russell, Mass., speaks in high terms of the lectures delivered there by Dr. G. W. Frost.

Will C. Hodge, the lecturer, speaks in high terms of T. Babcock, the healer, of Whitewater, Wis.

Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee is yet ministering to the wants of the First society of Spiritualists in Dayton, O., and many are being added to its membership. At present many new mediums are being developed. The good work is progressing rapidly.

Dr. Westbrook's Lecture.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook's discourse delivered at Portsmouth, O., in which he rebukes the views so often expressed by others against the immoralities of the bible and the reading of the book in our secular public schools, gives his own deductions additional significance at this time.

When we consider the vast amount of wealth invested in the Bible and in Bible

publications, and the millions of revenue derived annually from their sale, and the erection of such costly temples and churches in the name of God, and all exempt from taxation, with such vast array of talent and influence engaged in "floating" the same, there certainly is something startling in the thought, as it will ultimate in the overthrow of civil and religious liberty in this country, or prove the salvation of it through civil war unless timely measures are taken to check its encroachments upon the constitutional rights of dissenters, and the late edict of the Pope against Free Masonry is less mandatory than will come from ecclesiastical authority backed by such immense wealth.

The only lawful means to be used to break and destroy this aggressive influence is that of education. Since Dr. Westbrook has condensed so much that is so valuable as an educator in so small a compass—there being not a superfluous idea or sentence expressed, I would suggest that his discourse be published in pamphlet form for free distribution among our orthodox friends. I will pay for and distribute several hundred copies if procured at about the usual price of such tracts. Is there a Spiritualist that is a reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that can and will do as well or better than this?

Spiritualists and liberals, do you not feel it your duty to aid in this work? If you do, communicate the same to the Editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and there is no doubt that he will assist us.

Will some one in authority and of commanding influence call the attention of the officers of our government to the article published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER concerning the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and demand an examination of the evidence presented? It is useless to longer defer making this encroachment of Papacy against the institutions of our country a national question. The initiatory steps should be taken at once, come what may, or later on the volcano that we are slumbering over will break upon us and sweep us with a besom of destruction our civilization from the face of this continent.

Capac, Mich. O. W. TENNANT.

An Important Denial.

TO THE EDITOR:—A friend has sent me a copy of your issue of Oct. 4th, containing an article entitled "The future." "Marvelous Prophecies," and "Practical Results." So far as the statements therein relate to myself, and I wish to say that they were made entirely without my permission, and are almost entirely without foundation. I can say positively that Mrs. Atwood did not at the time stated in the article mentioned nor, so far as I know, at any other time, make any prophecy whatever in regard to mines of wealth to be possessed by myself or any one else. I can say positively that either myself or elder sister were with Mrs. Atwood constantly during all this time in her life which is described as a trance. Her condition at this time, although she was not unconscious, so far from being a trance, was such as to make it impossible for her to prophesy or do any other act showing great intelligence.

I very much regret that any thing of this kind should have been published. I know nothing about the gold mines referred to in this article, and must insist on not having my name, or any success in business I may have achieved, used in connection with an enterprise of which I know nothing, and especially when the facts stated are false.

MARY HAYES-CHYNOWETH.
Hilldale, Cal.

Spirit Identification in France.

TRANSLATED BY Z. T. GRIFFIN.

MY DEAR SIR:—I read in a Sunday paper a fact relative to Jack the Ripper, announcing that through a communication from the spirits the assassin had been discovered. Two doctors had obtained this communication.

This article recalled to my mind a case which happened 17 years ago, when I was just commencing to investigate the spiritual phenomena, since which time I have always paid great attention to this subject. At that time I was invited by an M. D. to assist at his house, after dinner, in a case of typhoid. I repaired there with my family.

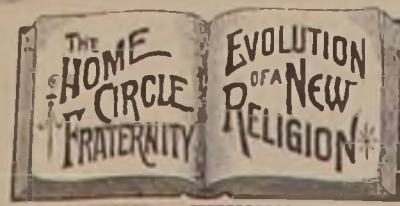
We opened the seance with the usual invocation and placing our hands on a small table, it soon commenced tipping and replying to our question, each time indicating the spirit who addressed us. After having conversed for some time with our departed friends, out of curiosity I desired to propose a question to the spirits, who were strangers: "Can any one obtain communications from spirits unknown to him, and will be answer our question?"

"I don't know," replied the host. Try, and we will see what results are obtained. I then said that I read in *Le Petit Journal*, the following: "A gentleman who dwelt in the Rue Chateau, London, had gone away from his home, to a neighbors, accompanied by his dog, and returned by the boulevard de la Chapelle and stopped at a wine merchant's, a friend of his, where he remained several hours, and then departed for his house, but was never heard of afterwards. His dog, however, returned to his master's home the next day, exhausted, broken hearted, and looking very dirty indeed. The police made investigations by following the dog to see where it went; yet they were unable to obtain any trace of the missing man."

The thought just occurred to me to interrogate the spirits through the table, about this matter, which I did, and after some difficulty obtained the following: "That the gentleman had been carried away by force, after having been badly beaten, to a place near the canal, and then thrown into the water where he was drowned; that his body was in a certain place, and it would soon be found there."

This strange communication I kept to myself, knowing the prejudice of the police against such stories.

Two days after I received this information; however, the body of the missing gentleman was discovered in the canal at the place indicated in the spirit's communication.—M. HIRPOLYTE, file in *La Presse* Spirite for October.



WRECKS.

THE DOWNFALL AND THE REDEMPTION.

I.

You all know what they are. The proud steamer could resist the terrible winds, the pelting rains and the mountain waves, but when the artillery of heaven opened fire upon her—a thunderbolt dashing against her sides with terrific violence, her massive timbers parted, and she became unmanageable! Children cried; their appeals were heart-rending to hear. Old men prayed, but their prayers received only a mocking response, as a wave mountain high carried them all to a watery grave. The wild tornado, the maddened waves, the dark, threatening storm cloud, and the powerful thunderbolt, are God's, and they sometimes combine their power to make wrecks! The earthquake is his, and it wrecks cities! The volcano is his, and it buried Pompeii and Herculaneum in ashes! The dark portentous cloud-battery that floats queen-like in the sky charged with more force than a thousand Leyden jars, sends forth its messengers of death! The wild winds bear upon their bosom the pestilential steam, and hundreds of wrecks are made thereby.

Wrecks are not confined to vessels that float upon the sea, or to cities, or to fine sections of country. Atlantis was submerged, and the achievements of the highest civilization lost to the world. But these wrecks caused by the elements are no more lamentable than the wreck of a human being.

II.

There are wrecks in society everywhere! A man may be wrecked financially, and yet retain a noble manhood. There are business wrecks on every corner of the street. The wealthy of this year may be the wrecks of next! The bestower of alms to-day, may be a solicitor in the field of charity a month. That minister was a moral wreck when he seduced poor Mary Pomeroy. When she was buried with her illegitimate child, buried from the rude gaze of the world, her betrayer, a moral wreck, could find no rest. Hundreds of ministers and church members, and thousands of aristocrats surrounded with all the luxuries of life, are complete wrecks morally! He or she who indulges in idle talk and scandal, who delights in slander, who feeds the soul on the offensive garbage of gossip, are on a wild and tempestuous sea, ready to be engulfed in ruin. The gambler is already a wreck; and the licentious, well fed man, though fair outwardly, his spiritual nature is full of unclean things. Men and women wreck themselves. They deliberately destroy their own lives, and make miserable abject creatures of themselves.

This world is full of wrecks. Nearly every old rookery contains one or more. They are in yonder Bridewell, in yonder penitentiary, in yonder poor house; on the streets and in the byways; in the pulpit and in the banking houses. There is an old man—he is a pauper; 80 years of an eventful life has crowned him with its ripe fruitage; his garments are in shreds; his step is weak and tremulous; words fall from his lips in measured accents, and he stands on the verge of the grave, ready to drop in. Yet he is not a moral wreck; spiritually he is pure, clean and white! He never wronged a human being, and was made a pauper through the rapacity of others.

III.

There are those in life who systematically make wrecks of others; they ruin families; they sow seeds of contention and discord. They are the weeds, the poisonous pestilential weeds of society. I knew John Jarboe well. He was a member of a proud, haughty, aristocratic family. Finely educated, good looking, with an expression of apparent honesty glistening on his features, it was not difficult for him to take a prominent position in society. Within his smooth, glossy exterior, however, there hid a serpent! He had an "evil eye," a magnetism that would charm like a snake, and he took pleasure in ensnaring victims. He boasted of the number of his conquests, of the various attractive and confiding girls he had ruined! He was a wreck maker, a vile, heartless wreck maker! He sought the society of Belle H., He was wealthy, brilliant in conversation, witty, and an adept in winning the affections of the young, pure and confiding. After months of earnest efforts, and protestations of the most sincere love, he accomplished his designs—affected the ruin of one of the most fascinating young ladies, and then deserted her! She could not seek redress at law! She concealed her troubles the best she could, poor girl, and finally commenced the life of a Magdalen, apparently a wreck! These poor Magdalens are walking in a sterile desert; the winds that fan them leave upon their bosom the pestilential, fetid breath of licentious men; the very air around them is filled with the odor of whisky and tobacco! They are wrecks on the desert of life, treated with but little more consideration than a wild beast.

"Look yonder," said a voice, "as I was writing this." There came up before me a little vine-clad cottage on an obscure street. The yard adorned with plants of various kinds, and the flower-laden vines had clambered around the doors and windows, as if to shed the fragrance of heaven upon the inmates. A little flaxen-haired girl was playing on the steps, amusing herself with a little kitten. Reposing on a sofa within the house, plainly but neatly dressed, was Belle H.—The walls of her room were ornamented with rare paintings, the work of her own skillful hand. I could see resting on her blue eyes a cloud of sadness, and her features were tinged with a gloomy expression. Her little girl walks in, threw her arms around her neck, and while kissing her, the mother's eyes are suffused with tears. I see her while clasping that child to her bosom, kneel in solemn prayer. What

a scene! A Magdalen in prayer! An outcast on bended knees,—one whom the world scorns, with the choicest treasure of her soul clasped to her heart, turning to heaven for relief. And her words addressed to God I hear. They fall on my ears, and sound like music wrung from the agonized heart! She did not pray for self! She did not ask forgiveness for her waywardness, but each word that she uttered was baptized with tears, and laden with love for her little flaxen-haired child, they winged their way heavenward! That prayer emanated from a Magdalen's soul! It was the fruitage of her heart laid on the altar of God, that he might in his Divine Providence care for and protect her offspring.

Ministers pray! deacons pray! church members pray! but the prayer of that Magdalen, so full of pathos and unselfish love, sent heavenward tear-stained by the outgushing of a hallowed heart, reached as near the throne of God as theirs.

But the scene changes. "Look again," says my guide. There, on a bed of sickness was the little girl whom I had witnessed but a few months before. Her mother was sitting by her side, watching every symptom. She was dying from the effects of scarlet fever! Oh! what a scene! A Magdalen's child dying, and angels there! Is it possible that pure spirits come to this vine-clad cottage to assist in the transition of the spirit of a little girl whose mother is a wreck?

The mother was alone then with her child. The doctor had been there and told her she could not live three hours. She then requested him to leave the house, as she desired to be alone when her child died. While she was bending over her darling child, seeking for a sign of recognition, an angel band was there, sweet little spirit children were there; and turning her pale blue eyes toward her mother, the dying child whispers: "Mamma, see those little children; they say I shall be a playmate with them soon."

"What did you say, my darling child?" "Little children have come for me! They say that I must go to them soon!"

"Darling, you are dreaming!" "No, mamma, I must go, and they say I may come back to you. I hear them singing, didn't you?"

"No, my darling," and that mother then knelt in prayer, requesting God to permit the spirit of her child to return to her after death, and console her in her affliction.

Gradually the tide of her daughter's life ebbed away, and alas! the mother, standing in the presence of death alone, heard celestial music.

IV.

Then the scene changes. "Look again," says my guide. I saw the mother sitting in her chair near the window where a cluster of flowers and trailing vines were sending forth their rich fragrance. The spirit of her little girl was there, and with her arms around her mother's neck, she whispered in her ears a description of her playmates in spirit-life; of her happiness there; of the lovely home she had, and she described the home prepared for her mamma, whispering in tender accents: "You have not been bad from choice, and now you are not a Magdalen. Since I went to spirit-life you have changed. True, you are shunned by those who once loved you, but my mamma is now good, and her spirit garments are real white, and soon you will be with me."

"How long before I shall be with you, darling," she inquired.

"Eight weeks the angels say." Comparatively well then, the seeds of quick consumption had been sown, but before the appointed time, the mother passed to spirit life.

V.

In the estimation of society this woman was an outcast—a wreck! but there were extenuating circumstances connected with her career, and they were recognized by the angel world. This man, John Jarboe, was a wreck maker; he boasted of his exploits—of his numerous seductions, and the ruin that he had brought to many families. But while he was making wrecks of others, he was making a greater wreck of himself. In spirit he was dwarfed, and his spiritual garments were dark. His advent into spirit-life was unheralded. He received no cordial greeting from exalted spirits. In making wrecks of others, he had wrecked himself. What you mete out to others, that shall be measured unto you.

VI.

Every member of the Home Circle must be a builder of wrecks. As the wrecked steamer, stranded on a rock, can be made over, reconstructed, rebuilt, and do a grand work for humanity, so can the Magdalen, the inebriate, those who are licentious, who are moral wrecks, be rebuilt, as it were, by kindness, charity, forbearance, and timely aid.

Only those can be members of this fraternity whose aspirations go forth as the tendrils of an ever climbing vine, desiring to save some poor mortal from becoming a wreck, and assisting those who are stranded by some unfortunate circumstance in life.

John R. Francis

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A REMARKABLE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

Strange Vision of a Death-Bed Scene

I have read Hudson Tuttle's book, *Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science*, with a good deal of interest, and find it the most satisfactory work I have ever read on the subject of spiritual manifestations. Its theory for explaining such phenomena (the existence of a psychic ether) is very plausible, to say the least, and seems to be the most rational way of accounting for them. I also believe what it says about the great diversity of sensitiveness in the human family. It requires but little observation to see that. Am sorry to say I am not a sensitive, and have to take such things on trust. I am not presumptuous enough, however, to limit all experience by my own; and therefore believe there are vast ranges of knowledge both unattained and unattainable by me in this present life. There was a time when I thought it manly to disbelieve in what is called Spiritualism. It was not orthodox and I could not bear to be called heterodox. I am now anxious to know the truth, from whatever source it may come, and cannot doubt the truth of statements made by persons known to me to be truthful in everything else. It would be more rational to believe that they have means of knowing that I have not. Indeed, if I believe the Scriptures, I must believe in Spiritualism, for it is taught in them from beginning to end.

The book abounds in examples of spiritual manifestation, any one of which being taken as true would seem to settle the whole question. It was the report of such examples, coming to me from unquestionable sources, that led me to accept the leading truths of Spiritualism long before I could accept the system as now taught. One of these, a case of double presence, came to my knowledge in such a way as to produce conviction, and formed a turning point in my belief.

On graduating from Union college in 1853, I went to the State of Mississippi, where I spent more than ten years, engaged most of that time in teaching. In the year 1855, I had a select school a few miles from Jackson, to which Rev. S. sent two children, a son and a daughter aged, respectively, about fourteen and twelve years. Mr. S. was a clergyman of the Baptist church, and was also a planter of considerable fortune. He was a most exemplary man in all the walks of life, and as free from superstition and the suspicion of fraud or deception as any man I ever saw. Moreover, he exercised a severe discipline over himself, abstaining from the use of all intoxicants, tobacco, tea, coffee and narcotics of all kinds. With Paul he "kept the body under." I name these facts because they remove the suspicion of fraud and hallucination from the remarkable experience I am about to narrate.

Mr. S. was a graduate of one of the best colleges of his State, and told me that in college he had a chum, a bosom companion, with whom he formed an abiding attachment. That after graduating they both married and settled, his friend in the northern part of the State, he near the place where he then lived (about 150 miles apart); that each had children born to him, among others, his friend had a daughter about the age of his own. That his friend's daughter was a precocious, spiritually-minded child, who for some cause, seemed to be very much attached to himself. That for a number of years after marriage the two families had kept their friendship warm by annual visits and frequent correspondence, but of late an unusual pressure of business had interfered, his friend being engaged in the erection of a new house which Mr. S. had never seen, while he himself had been unusually engaged in his several callings. That one night, not long previous to the time he told me the story, he was at home in his bed and awoke with the assurance that his friend's daughter had just died. The whole scene was vividly impressed on his mind. It was no dream, but an actual experience he had passed through. The house (which he had never seen with his physical eyes) its internal arrangements, the room in which the sick and dying lay, the furniture of the room, the clothing of the bed, the figure of the carpet and all the other surroundings were distinctly impressed on his mind as veritable realities, which he did not doubt any more than he did his own existence. The experience was so remarkable (he had never had anything of the kind before), that he got up and lit the lamp. He noted the time, fifteen minutes before three o'clock, and was sitting, musing on the strange occurrence, when his wife awoke and inquired the cause of his conduct, fearing he was sick; when he told her the circumstances of his vision. She assured him he had been there in the bed with her all night and could not possibly have had any experience, or knowledge of what was occurring 150 miles away. But no amount of ridicule on her part or of reason on his own could dissipate the assurance he had of the reality of what he had just experienced.

A few weeks after the above occurrence Mr. S. went to Jackson on business, and when about to return home met his old college friend in the street. After the ordinary salutations his friend said, "Yes, we that are left are all well, but my daughter is dead." On inquiry it was found that she had died at the same hour Mr. S. had had the remarkable experience. And his friend went on to say: "What struck us as very strange was, she seemed to think you were there, and talked to you as if you had been present." When Mr. S. had reassured himself of the reality of his remarkable vision he said to his friend: "You know I have never been to your new house. I did not even know its form or where on your plantation it is located until you told me your daughter died, but now I will tell you all about it." He then went on to describe the house and its surroundings, the internal arrangement of the room in which his daughter died, the furniture of the room, what his daughter said to him, and all the other circumstances connected with her death as accurately as her father could have done.

Mr. S. seemed nonplussed by the whole transaction. It was out of the line of his experience not only, but in conflict with his previously formed notions. He had been taught to believe and had believed that the day of spiritual manifestation was passed, and that we must now walk by faith alone. That if God would still vouchsafe any revelations to man they would assuredly be in connection with some great event by which a great lesson would be taught to the world. The simple death of a child is not an occasion suitable for such a display. He could see no good resulting from it and hence was very cautious how and to whom he talked on the subject. He was afraid people would think him superstitious and it might injure him in his clerical work.

You may not feel the interest in this story that I did. It made a deep impression on my mind at the time and has ever since seemed like "a leading case," as we lawyers say, in establishing the reality of spiritual manifestations.

JOHN G. GRAY.

Ellenville, N. Y.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

VIROSLA.

By GEO. P. McINTIRE.

The jewels I gave thee,—O, bless'd be the thought
Thou art mindful of them!
Thou art mindful of them!

And now I'm contented to live out my lot
Assigned among men,—
Assigned among men.

Heretofore I wandered the earth and the sea,
Ever in doubt,—
Ever in doubt,—

Not one had ever a welcome for me
Or,—God speed the route,—
God speed the route,—

My barque have I moored in every great city
Fronting the wave!
Fronting the wave!

And ever anon have I left them in pity
Something to crave,
Something would crave!

Nor thought I to search in a lone country town
On the prairie,
On the prairie,

"Till chance brought me here—gladly I own
Accident purely,
Accident purely.

Strange things ever happen to strangers—but then,
I cannot complain!
I cannot complain!

Life is but pure gold from the crucible, when
Tempered with pain,
Tempered with pain!

Lone have I suffered in silence and tears
Wrung from the heart,
Wrung from the heart,

None knew of my anguish through all of these years
Alone from the start,
Alone from the start—

O how have I yearned for the touch of a hand
To help with the load,
To help with the load,

But never a one reached out on the land
Or the lone sea road—
Or the lone sea road—

Tempests of pain have I borne, and wrought,
Wild was the life!
Wild was the life!

Dangers pass'd harmlessly off as ere sought;
Eager the strife!
Eager the strife!

Revels came after each sickening scene!
Repentance or worse,
Repentance or worse!

Hallow'd the day by dawn light and serene
After remorse,
After remorse.

But now there's a chance to retrieve all the past,
Errors and all,
Errors and all!

Life worth the living is dawning at last
"After the fall,"—
"After the fall,"—

None fall so low but woman may save,
Oft with a smile,
Oft with a smile!

"None have offended me so grave,—
Woman beguile,
Woman beguile!

"Go seek in the highways and byways of sin!"
Many have pride,
Many have pride!

And need but an invitation to fling
Vice to one side!
Vice to one side!

Hope whispers ever though deaf be some ears
To conscience forgot,
To conscience forgot.

Remorse follows after with harrowing fears;
Burthening thought—
Burthening thought—

It needeth the touch of a pure woman's hand,
Repentance to bring,
Repentance to bring.

Sympathy! thy name is woman! who stand
With this offering!
With this offering!

Ready to give of all that they have
Blessed are they,
Blessed are they!

Who know just how and where they may give
Help on the way,
Help on the way!

Thus help came to me so simple, yet grand!
Violets blowing,
Violets blowing!

Out on the prairie their beauty expand,
Odorous growing,
Odorous growing!

Jewels, rare jewels, as these gathered I,
Each one selected,
Each one selected!

Brought them and gave them to sweet modesty,
They were accepted,
They were accepted!

Sweetly my jewels found their new setting;
Remembrance bring,
Remembrance bring!

Never their charm to my soul forgetting
Return of the spring,
Return of the spring!

Lo! I am come, be patient, not fear me,
Ardenly sought;
Ardenly sought!

Out of the depths of my soul I rever thee!
Thou art not bought,
Thou art not bought!

No price could I bring thee! save that of my heart;
(Not at this hour,
(Not at this hour.)

And hope whispers low—"You better depart
Returning with power!"
Returning with power!

Will't wait for my coming and patiently wait
Writing the while,
Writing the while!

Success all my efforts shall win like my fate
Thy beaming smile!
Thy beaming smile!

I bow to thy humbly—Joy! who can tell
The hope of the soul!
The hope of the soul!

Thou long wert in coming—O, never so well
Has heart been so whole!
Has heart been so whole!

As that which I offer, accept it, 'tis thine!
Has ever been!
Has ever been!

And never was offered save at thy shrine,
Virginia,
Virginia!

Chicago, Ill.

Letter from Mattie E. Hull.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—Our first work on our West bound trip, was Minneapolis, Minn. We spent several days in that beautiful city and addressed large audiences in the G. A. R. hall, under the auspices of the First Society, which is an active organization, under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall. Mrs. Aspinwall is an excellent medium. I will not take space to go into details, only in reference to one of her seances; suffice it to say the appearance of a form outside the cabinet was immediately recognized as one bearing so strong a resemblance to Edward S. Wheeler, we felt we could not be mistaken in the identity. We were invited to speak with the spirit—it was not a wonderfully "illuminated," or tinsel decorated form, but white and shadowy. The few words spoken were characteristic of Mr. Wheeler, and while we were speaking it faded from our sight. The manifestations from first to last were calculated to touch the spiritual side of our lives, and the communications were tender and inspiring.

We reached Portland, after a journey of four nights and three days from Minneapolis. Our first work was in the Secular Union Convention, which was a three days' meeting. We were immediately engaged by the Philosophical Society of Spiritualists for a short series of lectures. Before this engagement concluded we were importuned to remain and give another course of twelve lectures. This course was not under the auspices of either society in particular as Spiritualists and liberals from each society co-operated in the support of these meetings. During the week, the meetings were held in Elk hall, the home of the Philosophical Society, and with two exceptions, the Sunday night meetings were held in G. A. R. hall, the home of the First Society. In addition to these lectures I have addressed the First Society, each Sunday morning during the past month, and Mr. Hull has lectured before the Universal Reform Club each Sunday afternoon, so we are as our friends must know, hard at work, and shall probably remain here until the middle of December. Our audiences have increased from the first.

Our health is excellent, and we not only are conscious of a new lease of life, but an ever increasing inspiration.

My husband joins me in best wishes for your work. MATTIE E. HULL.

Portland, Oregon.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE SOUL.

Its Nature and Capacity Analyzed.

The characteristic of the soul is love. Love is life, says Swedenborg; hence the real man is his love, his soul. Take from any human being all love and it cannot be; it must die, for it is sapped at the very root of its essential life.

Could we probe to the bottom of the question and determine with scientific exactitude the primordial elements, and their nature, of the divine spark, we had solved the riddle of the sphinx, the problem of the ages. Thales, the wise Greek, some twenty-five hundred years ago gave utterance to the injunction, "Know thyself!" And so man has ever been striving to know himself, but with little prospect as the ages go by of finishing his study and graduating in that self-appointed yet divine task.

What am I? How am I to regard myself—as spirit, as matter, as a god, or as a worm of the dust—essentially good or essentially bad? These are all questions springing out of man's ceaseless desire to know, to understand, himself; to place himself intelligently to himself; to see himself, as it were, with the unerring vision of the all-seeing eye, to view himself *sub specie eternitatis*, as a part of the universal and the infinite, as Spinoza would have us look upon all temporal and finite things.

The soul is the primal reality in man. It shines through his more external being as a radiating luster, imparting glory and richness to whatsoever it interuses. Man walks in a world of shadows, willing, thinking, loving, hating and doing, according as he is led or driven, by the forces within and the forces without. He beholds himself in the great sea of nature a reflection, a simulacrum, a phantom among phantoms, and blindly fancies that it is all real and everlasting—and, insofar as the divine soul projects itself upon the drama, the plantasmagoria does in truth become the real, the exalted and the glorified. Love transforms and sanctifies all things, cements the universe without lovingly to the divine world within.

The soul speaks no language. It is the silence which is golden. All speech is partial, limited by time and space. Never is the whole truth spoken. The soul within knows all; it is the silent spectator that watches and records within the sanctuary of the innermost the whole truth of our every act, and word, and thought, be they never so covert; all the while persuading us to that which is beneficent, kindly, good and true, but never commanding. "Lovest thou me? Then feed my sheep." Minister to the sore and afflicted; succor the fallen, and do thou this in the name and for the sake of, Love, the true God of all.

Not one soul alone is love, but all souls. Not the few but the many, the solidarity of souls in the last analysis springs from a sphere of boundless love whose mystery is impenetrable to finite beings, as is all that is truly divine. But we may catch glimpses of the divine effulgence now and then in the lives of men, in their self-sacrificing deeds; but alas, how feeble the ray that radiates from the god-head of self, that individual ego which, incrusting within a world of its own, lives and acts for self alone!

He that would harm another lives not only for himself alone but would have none others beside himself dwell in happiness. But let all such beware: They know not the law. Sooner or later shall they learn that in striking at another the recoil is the harder blow.

Not in vindictive retaliation is it written, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," but that each soul may know that the unity of mankind is founded primarily upon the principle of justice, without recognition of which there surely can be no angel of love within the human heart.

"I, the prime All, am within as without thee; Who worketh well, to himself doth work it. Attempt to torture, thou shalt to atonement. Ache for thine evil, for thou art all things."

Stupendous thought and of far-reaching import, is this presentation from the old Norse Sigfrid Saga; and yet, wistful, if we could but truly take it home to ourselves how loving not only to our kind but to all creatures and things might we be.

Not another can injure me, but myself alone. How strong is the castle of the soul! Not all the legions of evil can prevail against it. Let me have the sanction of the divine guest within for my doing and endeavor, and it is not I, the one, against the many of the world, but it is all the myriads of emancipated souls, the blessed spirits of all ages and worlds with me, against the paltry few of earth.

How easy, then, the victory! How small the task! "To thine own self be

true, and it follows as night the day, thou canst to no man be false." Is not this the whole of the law and the prophets?

But why does it thus follow? Is it not because mankind is a spiritual unit, builded upon one principle of love, one law of justice, and destined to one supreme attainment, namely, blessedness of spirit, which shall come to all alike through self-immolating allegiance to this divine principle of life and implicit obedience to this perfect law of being? A. M. GRIFFEN.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

A PEN PICTURE.

It Comes From New York.

Another golden Sunday crowned with a silvery evening. Adelphi Hall was not crowded in the morning. Such days have too many outside attractions for churchgoers and they use the day in a visit with nature, and look after the interest of their souls in the evening. However, we had a respectable number, and quality made up for the rest. We were all made happy by the appearance of Henry J. Newton, for the first time in many weeks, at the Sunday services.

He left his bed Friday by consent of his physician, and enjoys his freedom, and his many friends enjoy his presence in the works of life, and councils of the Spirit. I think it due to the devoted workers who have so faithfully sustained the meetings at Adelphi Hall, to say that the society is exceptionally true to the higher objects and progressive usefulness of educational Spiritualism.

Phenomena are cultivated for the uses they serve, and not merely to gratify idle curiosity, or catch dimes to save any voluntary effort of financial sacrifice. Of course we all know that "money makes the mare go," and it is a business principle to make every enterprise self-sustaining. But a cause that concerns the interests of the whole world and must be introduced before it can make any headway, requires effort and some temporal sacrifices. If Spiritualists have the cause at heart who will have? If those who have shared the blessings are not quickened and inspired to do something more than to barely drift, what can we hope for the future of Spiritualism? If we supinely hug our ease and court the idols of the past and shrink from duties and from responsibilities, we must expect to see the churches absorb our best minds, and grow strong on the patronage of those whose hearts are not with them. If we leave this heaven-born cause to the mercy of business speculations, and cover it with obliquity and ridicule by a wholesale surrender to the mob, in order to make it self-supporting, and escape the necessity of personal effort and financial donations, we can not hope for any permanent success. If we pander to the lowest instincts for the sake of paltry gain and selfish gratification, and "sell our birthright for a mess of pottage," we do not deserve blessings that Heaven has rained upon us for 43 years. So far as I can ascertain the First Society of Spiritualists of New York have aimed above all of these "besetting sins." They have steadily and patiently faced the frowns of fortune and the sneers of bigots, and sacrificed time, labor, comfort and money to maintain, year after year, a reliable society and regular meetings, with the best talent attainable, with no hope of temporal reward, or even a just appreciation from the people whose interest they have done so much to serve. I do not write this to pamper pride or excite vanity, nor because one has ever hinted such a thought but because I think it deserved, and a useful example that ought to inspire others to go and do likewise. Mr. and Mrs. Newton have been conspicuous as leaders in this work, but they have had the cooperation and moral support of some of the best minds to make possible what they have done. But as yet even this move is but in germ. It is an earnest of what may be evolved from a healthy beginning, and a loyal purpose to serve the spiritual interests of humanity without hope of pecuniary reward. The valuable services of Nellie J. T. Brigham as local pastor for 12 consecutive years have contributed much to their success. It is not alone her inspired discourses, so sweet and rich in spiritual beauty and high intelligence, but her constant influence in private life which carries all the inspiration of her heavenly guides and the wealth of personal character into the homes and hearts of all who share her companionship. This is a power for good which is sadly overlooked by most societies. Where speakers are changed every month, nearly all of this personal influence is wasted. Even the churches, thoroughly organized and disciplined as they are, would lose half their strength if they pursued such a suicidal policy. All of the value attaching to social life, and the magnetism that draws people together, is weakened or wasted in the perpetual changes which characterize most of our spiritual societies. But there is a worse feature than this, because it concerns every soul that follows the fickle fluctuations thus presented. It cultivates a morbid demand for change, a sickly sensationalism that dulls the mental faculties and demoralizes the intellect and destroys the best incentives to earnest endeavor and high devotion to the cause. High spiritual attainments are not the product of momentary effervescence. They are not evolved by chaotic excitement, the fluctuations of fickle fancy. All great works are accomplished by a steady, persistent unbroken progress, keeping the line of march unbroken, the pillars of the temple in solid persist



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

RE-UNION IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

I am safe in port, but I watch and wait
For another boat to bring my mate.—
The faithful mate, who in calm and strife,
Had cruised with me o'er the sea of life.

—James G. Clark.

Lucian, the stranger who had recounted his conventional marriage to the Society, approached him the evening after their return. The same careworn expression marked his brow, and nervous tension his manners.

"You have returned, brother, from your earthly mission?" said Hero.

"I have," answered Lucian, in mingled accents of shame and sorrow.

"Have you fulfilled that mission?"

"Speak not of it to me," said he—"speak not of it to me! How can I teach when I have such sins resting on my shoulders? I cannot say to others, do this, when I have done the contrary myself."

"You spoke not of such disobedience when I saw you."

"No, for I did not then regard it as such; but when conversing with a circle, I saw my own case in one of its members, the conviction burst upon my mind; I saw for what I had suffered so much, and recognized that punishment as just. I could say no more of love, when I had disregarded its just laws, and I fled away confounded. O mighty Sage, a burning hell has encompassed me ever since, from which I can not escape!"

"You are guilty."

"Guilty! yes, a vile, guilty wretch! It is a long tale, soon told. I loved a maiden, and she loved me. We played and sang together in our childhood, and in our youth our lot was always cast together. She was confiding, unaffected and retiring in her manner. She was always what she appeared, but she did not fill my ideal. I at length saw one who, understanding my peculiarities, used art, and was the ideal of my dreams. She made me forget my first love, and for a time love her. But when the art appeared, love vanished, and I was miserable. The maiden of my boyhood died of a broken heart, or worse, for she threw her sensitive life away in desperation. Oh, to think of this! To remember the pleasant days we passed together—that I, in whom she had placed her confidence, should cause her death, intensifies my suffering."

"Human affection," replied the Sage, "is more precious than diamonds, and he who crushes them, is severely punished. I understood your situation when I first saw you, but considered it best to allow you to find out for yourself, as it would be for your good."

"But I was ignorant of the injury I was inflicting; I knew not unrequited affections recoiled with such force. I supposed love but a transient passion, soon and easily subdued."

"Cause and effect will eternally operate; and punishment must necessarily follow crime. The prejudices of earth are such that there is no mean between friendship and love. The opposite sexes are forbidden to be friends of a higher order. The suspicion of parents or neighbors is immediately aroused. Marry, or stand clear, is the motto. The individual thus deprived of society, as necessary as breath, rushes hastily into marriage without due consideration. Love is not a passion, neither is it transitory, but it is the uniting of two souls into one; and unions founded on its basis will exist, growing stronger and more intricate, when yonder mountain shall have changed to vapor and passed away. This is true marriage—an eternal union of soul, thought and being. Passion is secondary, and will perish with the conditions on which it depends, but spiritual love is as lasting as time, and develops more and more in the Spirit-world. It seeks one object, and clings to it through life and death, and puts forth its immortal blooms a thousand ages hence, under the shadow of the throne of omnipotent mind. Love is a delicious dream of the soul, which may be realized. It expands the wings of thought, and adds power to genius. But love crushed back to its secret fountain, stifled by the proud soul, is blasting and destructive."

"Oh! that I knew Mary loved me still—that she did not hate and despise me!"

"You disowned your Mary in the world, and through long years scorned and despised her."

"I never despised her; I loved her; I thought it friendship, but you will know I could not manifest that in the jealous world without scandal."

"You threw away her love."

"But I was led astray, and afterwards compelled to do so. I condemned her not for her course, nor despised her."

"Did you sympathize with and pity her?"

"May God bear record that I did, how often have I prayed that I might find her, and tell her of my repentance and remorse for the wrong I inflicted on her."

"Why have you not found her?"

"Because in heaven I am repelled from her."

"During this conversation his eyes were cast on the ground, daring not to meet the searching gaze of the Sage. The latter now took Mary by the hand, saying:

"Lucian, here is the Mary you disowned, and crushed by refusing her love. She forgives you all."

Mary, who had restrained herself during the conversation, was now completely overcome, as Lucian caught her in his arms, exclaiming:

"My own lost one!" But recalling the wrongs he had inflicted he withdrew his embrace, saying:

"It is not for me to be thus happy! I am not—cannot ask Mary to accept me. I am unworthy, and have thrown it away; she must despise me now!"

"Not so," said the Sage; "she forgave and forgives."

"Speak, Mary, speak—is this true?"

"Yes, Lucian, a thousand times," she replied, in a sweet voice, smiling through her tears.

No violation of law receives as severe a punishment as that of treachery to confiding love. The affections send out their tendrils to twine around some human heart, and if they find no support, or are ruthlessly torn from their object, they lie prostrate and broken.

"Can you now teach mankind?" asked the Philosopher.

"I feel free to go now. No crime is on my brow. I have just found heaven; its peace and joy encompass my heart; I have been in the opposite condition ever since I left earth. I feel seconded by a noble being, and conscience no longer reproves me."

"You can now add this precept to your teachings: 'Teachers should follow their own instructions, and not attempt to teach until they are themselves comparatively pure.'"

"I will delay no longer, but at once execute my mission on earth."

"Our prayers attend you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Growth of a Child In Heaven.

Tell me if Love is a passionate splendor
Upon the amethyst mountains of time;
Or is the old love eternal and tender,
Life-folding life in a sweetest embrace;
Life-folding life in a sweetest embrace;
You float at will o'er measureless space,
I cannot climb up to God-lighted places;
Come down to me from your hilly-starred meadows,
I will come up to you by the shadow.—Emma R. Tuttle.

A message floated up from the earth-life, a prayer from the heart of a suffering mother, whose child had vanished from mortal sight:

"Father in heaven, has my darling lost by the change? Has she forgotten me?" Is she wishing for her mother, as her mother languishes for want of her? Are the angels kind, and is she content? The message floated on the sensitive mind of Mona, and she responded as kindred souls answer each other:

"Nay, she has gained. Earth-life has its advantages, but they are not to be compared to angel being. Look, weeping mother, into the vista of fifty years of your darling's life, were she to remain on earth. See the events which would crowd those years, such as befall other mortal: the partings, the sickness, pains, disappointments, loss of children and of friends, cares and burdens beyond the strength to bear. She has escaped to a land where these cannot enter. They may be useful for discipline, but better the soft hand of exalting love."

The question came back:

"Are you sure, quite sure?"

A soft light came into the eyes of Mona as she replied: "Listen! I will tell you what I have seen. When your child closed its mortal eyes, its spirit-vision fell on the smiling face of your aunt, the dear girl who was called when the rose was budding on her cheeks and her heart was brimming with the wealth of love. As the little one found your arms ready to receive it when it awoke to life, so now it found in the arms of its aunt the same protection. Resting on her bosom, it sank to sleep, weary from the pain and struggle of the last sickness."

"I saw them often, as they came to the old home, for they were drawn by the powerful magnetism of love. As you sat weeping, your aunt would bring your child and place it on your lap. Then it would look wonderingly up in your face, and put its little hand against your cheek or in your hair. It did not know what had occurred. It knew not that it had left its mortal body. When you did not notice its caresses, it became grieved, and then its guardian would take it in her arms, and in a manner I cannot explain, substitute herself in your place, and the darling was again happy and content. It was exquisitely dressed in gauze pale blue, and delicate in pattern, like that its guardian wore."

"From time to time I observed her growth and advancement in knowledge. Both were more rapid than if she had remained. On her first birthday her guardian came with her late in the evening and both were exceedingly happy. She was crowned with lovely flowers, and bore a bouquet in her hand. Her guardian explained that she had taken her to a group of children whom she had under her care, and they had made her their queen and crowned her because of the event. They had all enjoyed the day, and many more were in store. Harsh words, the stinging reproach, the jeer of selfishness, the biting winds of envy and jealousy, to her would forever be unknown."

"When three years had passed, I saw her as a child of five. She knew the relations of life and death, and that her guardian and mother were distinct. It was a singularly beautiful sight to see her float into the room where you sat and throw her arms around your neck. She was not grieved because she met no response, for she expected none. Her heart was overflowing with tenderness. She has become exquisitely beautiful, with an indescribable softness, transparency and purity which no artist's pencil can represent; the embodiment of spiritual qualities. It is a joy to gaze on her perfection. Trained in the angel school with such companionship, when a score of years have passed, you cannot in fancy idealize her position or attainments."

"Love you still?"

"With all the immeasurable depths of an angel's love."

"Will you know her when you meet on that shore?"

"Aye, she will be first to welcome you, as you were first to welcome her."

"Treasure the little shoes, for her feet now tread the zones which span the spheres. She is a companion of the tall and shining ones who dwell in light."

"You weep! O, that I might open your spiritual eyes, that you might see all this. Then would your sorrow be changed to joy. The dreadful wound, the memory of which makes you shudder and cry in anguish, would be healed."

"Our poet has been too long silent," said Leon. "In our symposium each must contribute, under penalty of falling in the rear with the laggards."

"I will," replied the Poet, "but I have recently returned from earth, and I am saturated by its sensuous views. I have woven its terrible philosophy of creation into rhyme; a creation which only creates, and has no purpose:

HUNGER AND DEATH.

Some time will love rule by its gentle power,
Above the realm where lustful passions lower,
And conscience bids us court with law supreme,
As prophesied by sage in heavenly dream.
But lo! the past from dark slumber rises,
That rolled its seething billows on the sea,
There is no break in this historic page,
When man, as man, appeared upon the stage.
More brute than man, he struggled in the coil
Of adverse fate, and gained by ceaseless toil.
To live. That was the problem ever all—
To live on fish or flesh, or fruit to fall:
Starving or feasting like the beasts of prey,
As chance the chase or findings of the day.
For food in life's insatiable demand;
Food, food forever, is its fierce command!
The mills of God find grinding for the man—
The little teeth set in the working jaw,
Hunger the plaint and never-ceasing cry,
From sea and earth and over-arching sky.
There's not an atom of the world's thick crust,
Of earth or rock, or metal's hardened rust,
But has a mortal time been charged with life;
And mingled in the vortex of its strife;
And every grain has been a battle field,
Where murder boldly rushed with sword and shield.
Turn back the rocky pages of earth's lore,
And every leaf is written o'er and o'er
With wanton waste. The weak are for the strong,
And might is victor, whether right or wrong.
Famished armor and twisted steel,
With conic tooth that broke the flinty mail;
The shell protecting and the jaw which ground
The shell to dust, there side by side are found;
The fire that sped the weak from danger's path,
The stronger fire that sped the captor's wrath;
A charnel-house, where, locked in endless strife,
Cycle the balanced forces, Death and Life.

"That is a subject unworthy of your muse. For poetry, when it descends to voice the views of those who see not beyond appearances, ceases to be the light-bearer of the spirit."

"I regret that I have fallen in disgrace where I expected to delight, as I should were I on earth, to endorse in verse the potency of matter, and the negation of spirit."

"I appreciate your sarcasm," replied Hero, smiling, "but on your visit did you not do aught but mark yourself with the dust of earth? Found you no heart in need of balm?"

"Aye," replied the Poet, "and fair sister, thus did I profit by my journey, and redeem myself in your estimation. I was drawn to one in grief, poet like myself, and I struck the harp of her mind, and she sang a song gladsome to herself, and to many another. Here it is, and you will favor us, if you will sing it, while I accompany you with the lyre. Its sentiment is for those on the earth, and to voice it in music well we must transport ourselves to the land of shadows:"

Just as the flowers of early Spring
Broke through the leafy mould,
And passage birds began to sing
Their songs of love and joy;
When throbbled the heart with warmth and light,
And pulsed the fragrant air,
There fell on us the darkest night
Of pitiless despair.

Hellene had come the year before,
A maid from angel skies,
And just began to lip the love
Long spoken by her eyes
She twined around our heart strings dear,
And by a holy power
She made us feel that heaven was near,
E'en from her natal hour.

She fell asleep within our arms,
That strove to hold her fast,
And while our hearts beat with alarm,
We hoped the crisis past;
We hoped and prayed, and yet the while
Out of our hands she sped,
And on her face an angel's smile
Revealed that she was dead.

As though the Spring with bud and flower
And prophesy of store,
Blighted by frosts in morning's hour
Had passed to Winter's door;
Hellene had wrought our hopes full tide
And left us to despair;
Naught but the promise did abide—
The hope and nothing more.

Out of our hearts the heavenly light
Faded in eternal gloom,
It seemed a sin for birds to sing
Out in the ambient air,
For garlands all too fair.

Oh, love and life, how sweet thou art!
How sweet to hold you fast,
And nurse delusions in our heart
That you will never part;
When this we know, most surely know;
Nothing abides but change,
And all we hold will swiftly go
Through dust to something strange.

Oh, twenty years have passed and still
Her place more sacred grows,
For her the vase with flowers we fill,
The little chair draw close;
We naught can see with mortal gaze,
And not a sound can hear,
But through the cold and darkling maze
We feel that she is near.

We wait and dream; an angel stands
Beside that little chair,
With garments of light-woven strands
And face most wondrous fair.
It is our child, our babe Hellene,
Who has an angel grown;
In loveless of mind and in soul,
While these score years have flown.

As yet a child of her we thought,
Who changed not, nor grew old,
A lily had the Summer wrought
No blossom to her side;
But she had bloomed in perfectness
And every grace had won,
With not a stain of earth's impress
Of duties left done.

Concluded next week.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

TRAINING.

The Great Laws of Spiritual Growth

The Prize Ring of Life.

There are moments in every man's life, he never so hardened, when he stops to consider his moral condition. No man, whatever his condition, is wholly blind to his moral or spiritual standing. He knows whether he is going up or down. Many, realizing that their tendency is toward evil, and having a desire to change their course, know not how to bring this change. Driven to despair by repeated failures to "work out their own salvation," they seek the protecting influences of Christianity, and are "saved" by being placed within the walls of mythology and superstition and conformity to certain creeds and dogmas. Their sins are "all washed away" by baptism, and yet a provision is made for all sins committed after their sins are all washed away.

According to this religion there are two destinations for man's soul after death. One, the sudden and miraculous transition from an ordinary mortal into eternal glory and the enjoyment of the highest degree of spiritual excellence without regard to earthly development of soul; the other the sudden plunging of a soul into eternal damnation without regard to earthly development,—the failure to "believe and be baptized," being sufficient grounds for the awful verdict.

To suppose that a man could live a degraded life, treading only the downward path, so living that his evil life stamped him a wretch, and then at the last, after years of crime and evil, when, having murdered some fellow being he is condemned to die, a representative of the Christian religion may go to him and by a jugglery of words, a prayer or two, a little faith and repentance on the part of the condemned, the murderer is sent into eternity, a candidate for heaven is received in the outstretched arms of Jesus, his sins all washed away, is outside of all reason and deserves nothing but the contempt of every man of thought.

Can we imagine a tree that has been stunted and bent until it possesses no beauty whatever, being suddenly transformed into a stately elm? Can we imagine a crippled and deformed man transformed into perfect physical manhood? To say the spirit when it leaves the body comes under an entirely different code of laws from that which created and maintained it in earth life is an absurdity. Spirit is pre-existent, co-existent and eternal. The laws which govern it are pre-existent, co-existent and eternal. Shall any one presume, then, that there is one code of laws for the creation and final destination, and another for the maintenance of the spirit while in the body? Nay, indeed! The great eternal laws created by the eternal God to govern the eternal spirit, extend from creation down through the ages of mortality and into eternity. Infinite and unchangeable—God-given, therefore perfect. There is not a special law for each one, then, but the general law of creation, growth and destiny which has always governed, governs now and always will govern God's creations.

The all-absorbing desire of every mortal is to know the future destiny of his soul; to draw aside the curtain which hides the great beyond and peer into its mysterious domains; to span the gulf which separates the mortal from eternity; and know what is in store for him. Would you read the lines of the soul's futurity? Gaze about you. The book of nature is open, read from its pages the simple secret. Learn from the tree, the flower, all about you, in all forms of life, lies the key which will open the mystery.

Does not the vegetable kingdom adhere to well known laws in all its varied forms of life? Does not any obstacle placed in the way of freedom of growth bring imperfection? Do we not find that the farmer who succeeds best is the man who takes the most pains in cultivation? Do we not find that in the whole material world that the best results come from judicious training?

Would we become an athlete? Then we must conform to the laws of physical training. First we must understand these laws and then we must obey them. In other words, we must "go into training."

A man who would contest for supremacy in any line of physical prowess or endurance must put himself in conformity with the growth necessary for such contest, and then processes which will give the greatest he must grow. Step by step he must advance. And no one knows better than he the disastrous results of a single backward step.

Let the contestant for honors in the prize ring go on a drunken spree, or do anything derogatory to proper development during his training, and he had best not face his adversary who has had, perhaps, the same kind of training, but who kept growing while his opponent receded at times. Or suppose the former does not go into training

until the last moment,—can the result be other than disastrous to him?

May we not learn a lesson here? Certainly we can! We would not let the prize ring masters be wiser than ourselves. They know well the advantage of training to get physical strength. We would do well to imitate their example so far as training goes, and stimulate spiritual growth and powers by a process of daily training.

Dear reader, we are at this moment in the "prize ring" of life. We are contesting spiritually for supremacy. Our opponents are the evil tendencies of our nature; their seconds are the lusts of the world and the influence of evil spirits. And these are masters in ring tactics. Our seconds are our own spirit friends. Will our spiritual strength sustain us? Are we thoroughly conversant with the tactics which our enemies are likely to employ? Are we in perfect accord with our seconds? "Above all, are we well trained?" Is our spiritual strength the result of growth through training. Or is it the energy of despair soon to be overcome.

Are we calm in the confidence of our own strength? Or do we tremble at the possibility of defeat?

A long array of enemies stand between us and the grand prize. Among them are, Cruelty, Anger, Hate, Malice, Avarice, Dishonesty, Selfishness and many others. We cannot evade them. We must meet each one, and unless we completely vanquish them all, they will "face" us when we least expect it, and will continue the fight until vanquished, if it be through all eternity.

Death's portal offers no barrier to them. On this side or the other we must win in a contest with all our enemies.

Let us go further and say that unless we successfully banish these enemies on this side, the chances are that we will become their allies on the other side, and "second" them in their efforts to drag some other poor mortal down to a level with ourselves, and our victim may be the dearest friend we had on earth.

We shudder when we think of these possibilities.

Let us awake, then, from the indifference of ignorance. Let us shake of the lethargy of faith in any creed that saves, for at the last we shall find it only a myth. Let us put ourselves in conformity with spiritual laws, and go into training that we may grow in mental, moral, intellectual and spiritual power.

God and Angels, make us wise, that we may so train our spiritual strength that we may find no difficulty in winning in the contest with our enemies. May our spirituality be a tower of strength, so great that our foes shall flee from before us in terror. May we have the skill and strength of purpose that shall fit us for trainers of our fellow beings, and ours will be the greatest reward of all.

O, silent Power! O mystic Light!
That makes us strong in wisdom's ways,
O, make us wise, that we may guide
Some poor wayfarer friend that strays
From the path of love that shows
Where the river of life flows,
Guided by the Father's hand,
Into the sweet Summer-Land.

O, messengers from spirit homes,
That speed from ethereal heights,
O, tireless, never-ceasing wing,
Like angels on their homeward flights,
Messages of peace and love,
Thou dost bring us from above,
And we know an angel band
Watches from the Summer-Land.

O, angel forms, that bending down
On wings of love, that speed thy flight,
Bring us, we pray, this hope and joy
From out the silent spheres of light.
Bring us those who've gone before;
Friends who crossed the farther shore,
Wafted by a spirit band
Forth into the Summer-Land.

Dear spirit friends that hover 'round,
We may not see thee, yet we know,
That thou art near us, O, so near,
That we can feel thy presence bow,
O'er us like a starry way,
And we know beyond the grave,
Guided by some spirit band
We shall reach the Summer-Land.

Dear Summer-Land! Home of the soul,
Thou heritage of priceless worth,
We long to break the slender ties
That bind us to the Mother-Earth.
Then, beyond the mortal night,
Forth into the Spheres of Light
We would join the spirit band
And claim the joys of Summer-Land.

F. D. JACKSON.

A MINISTER.

He Preaches while Asleep.

Rev. John Kaughman, of Elkhart county, Indiana, preached for the Amish Protestant congregation, about two miles South of New Wilmington, Pa., a short time ago. He preaches while asleep. He was taken care of by a young man who accompanied him. He came to the church on the Sabbath, and immediately upon entering had his shoes and coat taken off. He walked up before the congregation and lay down on a bench, where he lay as still as death for full twenty minutes. Then his limbs were noticed to twitch and one arm was raised. Apparently without any effort he rose to his feet and began his discourse. For three hours he held his audience in the closest attention. When he became exhausted he fell over and was caught by his attendant, and placed on a bench where he lay for an hour before he woke. When he woke he asked to be taken home. Twice during his sermon he asked for water, which, when placed to his lips, he greedily swallowed and went on as before. He is a pastor of a congregation in Indiana, and his attendant tells a very interesting story about him. He is gray haired, about eighty years old, and has invariably preached while sleeping during the last ten years. He preaches in both English and German, and is a very feeble. He is married and has a grown up family in Indiana. While here he was the guest of John Zook, pastor of the church. He returned to Indiana to-day, having made the journey to preach to their people, who have a large congregation here.

The above clipping is from Pittsburgh Times. It shows that the heaven is working. If the Rev. Mr. Kaughman's congregation understood, as Spiritualists do, that he was speaking in an entranced condition under control of his guides, they would undoubtedly, in their blind prejudice and bigotry, replace him on the plea of old age and feebleness, by a younger man who would be "wide awake," and send them all to hell in a sermon about an hour long, which he had been all the previous week concocting. O. C. W. PA. W. J. LINTA.

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