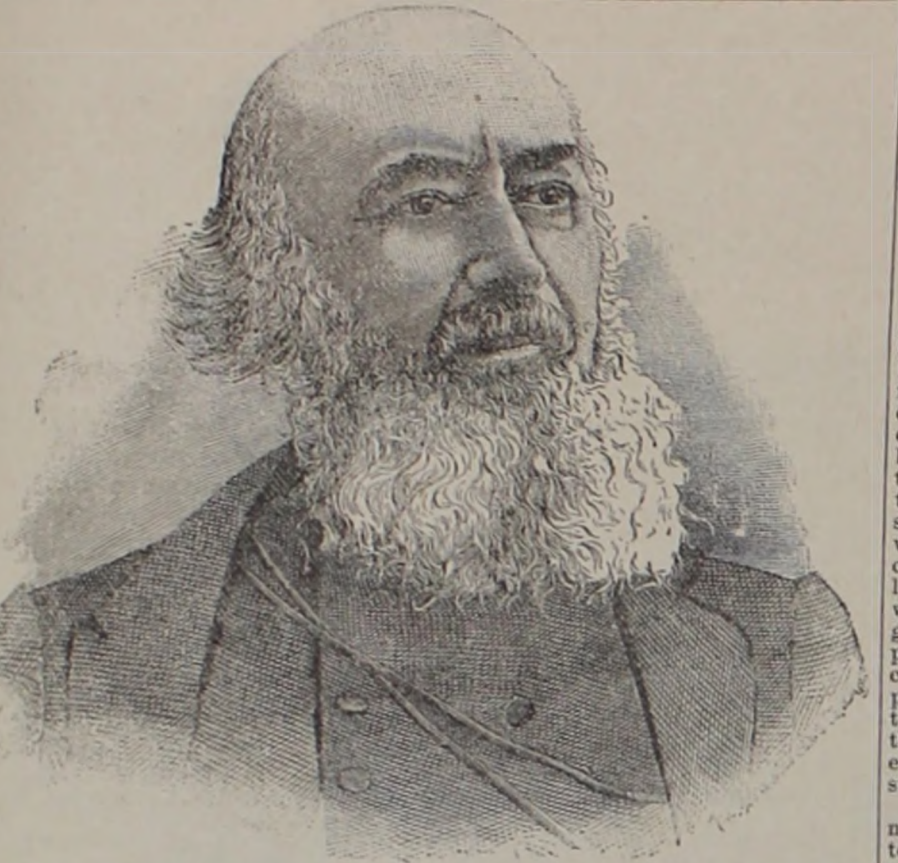


Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 6.4

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

NO. 104



THE SLIMY OCTOPUS.

It Is Embraced in the Plottings of Romanism.

Startling Disclosures Made by Father Chiniquy

To a Chicago Audience, at Grand Army Hall, Saturday Evening, October 31st, 1891.

[REPORTED FOR THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.]

The aged ex-Catholic priest, Father Chiniquy, now of more than eighty-two years, lectured before one of the patriotic orders of Chicago, on Saturday evening, Oct. 31st, giving a little inside history of Romanism, the significance of which every patriotic citizen of the American Republic will not fail to perceive. The president of a patriotic women's association presented a complimentary address of welcome to Father Chiniquy, to which he referred in the opening of his lecture. The venerable and patriotic Chiniquy spoke as follows:

Mr. President, my good ladies, Christian sisters, and my dear brethren: I have no words to tell you what I feel in this hour, this solemn hour. It is a solemn hour for me. I thank and bless my God for what I see here, so many of the country united in the great sentiment of Christian patriotism, like soldiers of Christ, soldiers of a great truth, which Christ has brought to this world. I do not accept all the compliments addressed to me, because I feel that I do not deserve them, but I accept with great pleasure the sentiments expressed of Christian devotedness to the great principles on which this young great Republic is founded. My only regret this night is that time is too short for me to tell you what is in my heart, in my mind; but perhaps next week I will have an opportunity to give more details.

You do well, brethren and sisters, to rally around the banners of your country as Christian men and women, because you are coming to days of danger. There is a plot prepared to destroy this country. American people, you are pressing on your bosom a viper which is determined to bite you to death.

In 1851, when I was working with great success in Canada as a priest, a few days after this gold medal which you see on my breast had been put there by the hands of the bishop in the city of Montreal, the Bishop of Chicago came to Montreal and he told me these very words, Mr. President, among other things which I have not the time to say, he said: "We Roman Catholics are determined to conquer the United States. We are determined to bring them to the feet of the Holy Pope. And we are determined at whatever cost to make a Roman Catholic country of the United States. We must destroy their schools and their Godless institutions, and we must pulverize the corner-stone, as they call it, Liberty of Conscience; we must pulverize that." And he said: "Monsieur Chiniquy, we come here to ask you to come and help us in that great work." Then he gave me a secret. I think it is a duty for me to give you that secret, even at the risk and peril of my life, because I have sworn to fight for this Republic, and to die for it if it is necessary. (Great applause.)

These are the words of the bishop: "We will rule the United States. This is the way we will succeed: We will mass our faithful Irish in the cities of the East, and in a very short time we will have the New England States in our hands. Before long all dear faithful Irish will be so united, so numerous in the cities of the East, that at the polls they will easily gain the day, and the Protestants, who are constantly divided, will not be able to stand the battle; and then before long we will have the whole East; New York will be in our hands; Boston will be in our hands, and all the other cities of the East. And for the West," he said, "we

want you, Chiniquy. You are well known in France, Belgium and Canada, and we want you to come to Illinois, and we will make a bishop of you. You will be my successor in the bishopric of Chicago, and then," he said, "you will direct the tide of immigration of the French Roman Catholic and the French-speaking nations of the Roman Catholic persuasion. You will direct the tide of their immigration in such a way that they will gather on the magnificent plains of Illinois. Illinois," he said, "is now a wilderness." Remember that this was in 1851. "Illinois," he said, "is a wilderness, and the rest of the West is nothing but a wilderness, but help me, help us to cover the State of Illinois with Roman Catholic French-speaking people, and before long Illinois will be a new France, and from that Illinois State our Roman Catholic French-speaking people will go west and west, and they will take possession of the land, and we will have it in our hands."

I found the plan grand and good for my church. It was a great sacrifice for me to leave Canada, where I was the leading man. I had a fine position there; but I did that for my religion, my church. I had to make that great sacrifice of my own country and come to help induce the Roman Catholics to come to Illinois. When I arrived in Chicago it was then a very poor town indeed—a miserable town; the houses were really poor, presented no appearance at all. I came after a storm, and we had to put planks in the streets in order not to go to the knees in liquid sand. There were no railroads then connecting Chicago with any part of the world. The only line of railroad was about forty miles from Chicago to Aurora. I think no other railroad. We had to come from Detroit here by steamer, and I came on this steamer. Well, I found that the city here was a poor thing, but I went back with five or six friends in buggies; traveled through Illinois during three weeks; went as far as the Mississippi, and went south, and I found it was a most magnificent land, covered with beautiful foliage and a rich soil; and I wrote letters to France, Belgium and Canada, where I was well known, and my letters were published in the press of those three countries, and I said to the Roman Catholics: "Do not emigrate any longer among the heretics, if you have come to the United States, be cause those heretics sooner or later will destroy your faith." I said: "Come on, come around the crosses I have planted over these magnificent prairies," for I had planted about fifteen or twenty crosses over some splendid hills and over magnificent prairie lands, where I intended to form my cities and my villages and my farming country. I said to the French of Belgium, France and Canada: "Come here and you will have lands for a nominal price—half a dollar the acre, and you will have nothing to do but to plow the ground, and the very first year you will have such a rich crop that you will have more than you want to pay for the land." And, my dear friends, in a very short time I found myself surrounded by seventy-five thousand French-speaking people, all Roman Catholic, sir, and I was so glad to see those people there, beginning to form their villages. We began to build a splendid city, the city of Kankakee, because then that city was a wilderness; there was no city there, although it was a magnificent land. Ah, but the ways of God are not the ways of man. After five years of doing that work for the devil, my God came, and he came to me as a conqueror; he came to me as a mighty warrior; he came to me, my friends, and he destroyed my plans, and he showed me what a shame it was to cover this magnificent land with men who were coming as traitors to destroy your institutions, to betray your confidence in them. One day when I was alone in my little room my God came to me and his words were like the roaring voice of thunder; his voice was like the voice of the hurricane, and then he changed my mind; he showed to me that instead of covering this land with poor, miserable slaves of the pope; instead of covering this land with men who were worshipping a god made of a wafer; instead of covering this land with

ignorant men, the enemies of light, it could be a greater thing, a more worthy thing, to cover this land with men (applause), with men who would not bow down before another man (renewed applause); men who would understand the dignity of manhood; men who would like the ways of light and life and liberty; and then, my friends, my God spoke to me with a power, and he helped me to break the ignominious yoke of the pope, and the very next day after I had broken that yoke of the pope, he gave me the grace to show to my own countrymen that it was not for me to come to this grand, magnificent country in order to destroy your institutions, in order to work as traitors against all the great principles of your liberty; to show to those people it was much better to unite ourselves to you and make this country great, happy, and free; and the very first day I spoke in my congregation, which was a very grand, large congregation, composed of five hundred families, and, Mr. President, when we speak of the French Canadian family we speak of a thing which is a serious and real family, a family composed of fifteen to twenty children (laughter). Then I had five hundred families of that kind, sir, there around me. Well, I must tell you that of those five hundred families, after six months of work, four hundred and eighty-five were determined to be true Americans; were determined to know no master in this land of liberty, and they joined with me to praise God who so loveth the world that he sent his eternal Son Jesus to save it, and that day, my friends, we were free, and we were real Americans. But this is the work of a little place. From that time I have been working in the same way, and by the greatness of God I have succeeded in persuading about forty thousand of my countrymen to give up the degrading principles of Romanism, and to become true Americans, and to be faithful to the great principles of liberty and equality which are the foundation stones of this country.

But I must tell you here, for I have not the time to tell you all—I must tell you that I was a true American, and as soon as I had broken the ignominious yoke of the pope, as soon as I had determined to be a free man, I was deemed to death the terrible *excommunicatio majore* was pronounced against me, and it was determined that I should die.

A few words in explanation. Some of you, perhaps, will not believe me when I tell you that Romanism is a secret society, the fundamental principle of which is to exterminate, to kill the Protestants, sir. It is a thing that some of you, perhaps, will suspect of being an exaggeration, but I speak in the presence of God. I have here a book which I have written because I would tell you these things, and I have thought it was my duty to give you this book, and in this book there is a page where I lay before the world this great secret. I declare it: that the fundamental principle of Romanism is that as soon as the Roman Catholics are strong enough, as soon as they form a majority, as soon as they can do it without fearing to be punished, their duty is to kill, to exterminate every one of you. It is their duty, and I have written that here, and I have signed it with my name. I have done even more than that, Mr. President. You will find in this book that I have forced the Archbishop of Chicago, Bishop Foley, to go before the criminal courts of Kankakee and to swear that it is the duty of the Roman Catholics to destroy all your liberties, your constitution, and to kill every one of you; and if you will take this book, Mr. President, I give it to you, sir, as a token of my respect, and I invite you to read it, and I give one to this good lady who presented me those kind words, and I wish I had the means to give one to every one of you. You will find in these pages a page of history of Bishop Foley, brought by the sheriff of Kankakee, and forced by me to swear that it was his duty as a Roman Catholic to go before the criminal courts of Kankakee and to swear that it is the duty of the Roman Catholics to destroy all your liberties, your constitution, and to kill every one of you; and if you will take this book, Mr. President, I give it to you, sir, as a token of my respect, and I invite you to read it, and I give one to this good lady who presented me those kind words, and I wish I had the means to give one to every one of you. You will find in these pages a page of history of Bishop Foley, brought by the sheriff of Kankakee, and forced by me to swear that it was his duty as a Roman Catholic to go before the criminal courts of Kankakee and to swear that it is the duty of the Roman Catholics to destroy all your liberties, your constitution, and to kill every one of you; and if you will take this book, Mr. President, I give it to you, sir, as a token of my respect, and I invite you to read it, and I give one to this good lady who presented me those kind words, and I wish I had the means to give one to every one of you.

Now, my friends, you will find these things in my book, and you understand that what I have said there is true, because if it were not true they would have tried to refute it; but they know that they cannot refute it so long as I live, because I have their secret books in my hands. There has been a meeting here in Chicago twice, sir, to form committees in order to refute this book; but the committees, after reading the book, have said they cannot refute it. "Mr. Chiniquy has written the truth there, after all," said the committee. And they said: "If we had to deal with a Protestant minister we could deny it; no Protestant minister has the proof of it, and we could deny it bravely, but we cannot deny it before Chiniquy, because Chiniquy has the proof in hand; he has the books, and he will confound us." So they will deny these things only as long as I live, but I intend to live as long as they will have to wait a good while yet (great laughter and applause).

Now, American citizens, we must not shut our eyes to the dangers of the future. God has shown me a dark cloud filled with tears and blood, and there is a sunny cloud; he has spoken three times to me as a prophet of the dark cloud, and I saw at the horizon of our dear country this dark cloud, and it was coming fast, and will pass over the United States, and there will be tears and bloodshed; but he said when the dark cloud will have passed there will be peace and prosperity such as the world has never seen, because Romanism will have been exterminated. Great applause. But a priest will stand in this land of liberty.

Remember, Mr. President, that France, noble France, is not a people of savages; France is a people of intelligence; France is composed of people admired for their common sense and their private virtues. Well, it is not one hundred years ago—it is not long before I was born, that France wanted to be free, that France wanted to be free of tyrants since several hundreds of years. France had been crushed under the feet of those tyrants; France had shed rivers of tears and blood to satisfy those tyrants, but France wanted to be free. You remember that Christ, the great reformer, the great light and life of the world, did say to men: "You are all brethren." France heard the voice of Christ when he answered the question who in the church will be the greater, who in the church and in the world, because the church in their minds was the world, and they asked Christ who will be the first, who will rule, and Christ said: "In my church, among the nations who will belong to me there will be no first; there will be no last; there will be no first and no last; I will remain in your midst till the end of the world to rule you. You will have nothing to rule you except my gospel, and in my gospel I will write with my own blood that every man is free. Liberty, equality and fraternity are the three cornerstones of my earthly kingdom. Fraternity—all brethren; equality—no one shall be a ruler in my church. You are all brethren, and of the Father in heaven."

Well, France heard that voice of the great Savior of the world, and France wanted to be free, as Christ wants every nation to be free. When they tried to be free they found an insurmountable obstacle in the clergy of Rome; they saw that it was absolutely impossible to be free as a nation so long as there should be priests in France. Well, what did France do? They took all the priests, as many as they could, and they cut their throats. Now, I don't like that way of proceeding; I don't approve of it. I am sorry. I have seen with my own eyes, Mr. President, in Paris, the church where three thousand of those priests were slaughtered in a single night. You may have seen that yourself, if you have ever been to Paris. Around the walls you may still now see spots of blood of those three thousand priests who were slaughtered in that single night. They gathered there, and then the hour came to put an end to their lives; they were slaughtered. Now, France was determined to become free, and they found that it was impossible to be free so long as there should be a priest there.

I do not say that you must kill the priests because you want to be free. No! In this country we can attain our freedom without killing the priests. It is better to teach them better things, and to keep them as citizens, to change their minds; but then in France they found that was impossible. This shows to you that France saw the danger to liberty from the priests; that it was from Romanism that came the danger to their liberty, and now I am glad that you Americans begin to see that the danger is coming from Rome, and that you are banding yourselves together, coming nearer each other. Very well, because you cannot be too near each other, for the day is coming fast when an effort will be made to destroy you and your liberties and change your constitution. I know it—I cannot go into the details now, but I was one of them.

South to fight, to fight to exterminate each other, until they can succeed to a small number, and then Rome will rule over the ruins of our dear country. It is the plan of Rome." And he said: "The day will come when the American people will understand that, and when they shall come I pity them, because they will pay for it." And he said one of the greatest follies of the Government of the United States, and the Governments of France and of England, is to give to the Roman Catholics the permission to become citizens. When he said it is an act of folly on the part of England and of France and of Germany, and of this country to grant the Roman Catholics the right of citizenship, he said so because I had put into his hands one of the fundamental books, the principal book of the Church of Rome, Busenbaum, and in that book it is proved that the Church of Rome has the right from God, and not only the right, but the duty, to exterminate all heretics. "Well," said Lincoln, "am I not a fool to allow a man to vote in my country when he tells me in my face that when he gets strong enough it will be his duty to cut my throat; his duty to burn my wife at the stake; his duty to exterminate my children because they do not believe everything that the pope wants them to believe?" He said no Roman Catholic has the right to be a citizen of the United States.

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Now, my friends, the first thing they will destroy—and if they can succeed your Republic is a wreck—they will destroy your schools. It will be the beginning of the end, if they succeed. They are skillful men, and to destroy your schools, they bring forth a pre-arranged plan; they want to destroy your schools today? Why do they destroy your schools? Why do they say that the children of Rome who go to your schools will go to hell; that they cannot be saved if they go to your schools? What is the pretext? It is because they call your schools Godless schools. Now, Mr. President, who has made your schools Godless schools? If it is not the Church of Rome? I remember the day when your schools were Christian schools when your dear children entering the school, they would sing a beautiful hymn to the glory of God was sung, and the dear Savior of the world was invited to come and bless them. Your schools in those days were not Godless schools. Now, in those days the Bible was read as the book of God, and as the revelation of His will, and it was not only read but it was explained to the children, and the children were happy to receive those Christian teachings. Well, now, those days were days when the schools were surely religious and Christian schools. Why is it that they do not see that now? Ah, the priests and the Pope and the Jesuits fully wanted to destroy your schools, but they wanted to conceal their own minds. They wanted to destroy your schools because your schools are the fundamental stone of your liberties, of your Republic, and they know that when the schools go down your Republic will go down with them. They know it. Then they must destroy the schools and they must have a pretext, but they will not give the true pretext; they will not come and tell you: "We want to destroy your schools because they are the fundamental stone of your liberties, of your institutions, of your Republic." No, they will not say that, because they know that they would fail. But they take a false pretext; they come and tell you: "Gentlemen, we cannot allow our children to go to your schools, because your schools are religious schools; in your schools you pray to God, you sing hymns to God, you read the word of God; your schools are exceedingly religious schools, but your religion and our religion are two different things, and in our religion, in our holy church, it is forbidden for our children to pray with you; it is forbidden for us to read the same Bible with you; it is forbidden in our holy church to sing hymns to God with you; and if you continue to pray to God, to invoke the name of Christ, to sing beautiful hymns, if you continue to have Christian schools, we cannot send our children to your schools." There you see the lie, you see the snake, you see the viper was pressing itself on your bosom waiting to bite you. Now, it was a falsehood; it was a lie. It was not because they detested the religion; it was only because they wanted to destroy your schools, to destroy your liberty. You see now, but you Americans did not then suspect the fraud. It was a fraud. You were too honest to see; the members of your parliament, your President and your Elders and even your ministers had no idea that there was a fraud, a diabolical fraud under that. They all believed that the priests and the Jesuits were honest; that it was really because the Roman Catholics cannot pray with a Protestant; that a Roman Catholic boy cannot read your Bible; that a Roman Catholic boy cannot sing hymns with your children; that they could not send their children to your schools. You believed that it was so. Now, what did you do? You said to each other: "We must respect the conscience of these good Roman Catholics; we must not continue to have religion in our schools, because if we do they will not send their children, and we want their children to come to receive a good education; we want their children to come and become good citizens, good republicans, and now, in order to have peace." Ah, you Americans have committed the greatest crime your nation has ever committed; your nation has committed the most terrible mistake. You said to your great God: "In order to respect the conscience of the Roman Catholics, you must go. We cannot allow you to come again to our schools;" and you said to Christ: "Since many years, since the beginning of this Republic, you have been accustomed to come into our schools and to bless our children, but now we are very sorry, dear Savior of the world, but in order to please the Roman Catholics, who cannot send their children because they cannot make prayers with us, now, dear Christ, you must go;" and then Christ was thrown overboard, put out of your schools and not allowed to appear in them. Then you took your Bible, which is so dear to you, and you threw it overboard; you have thrown away the most precious thing to do—what next? As soon as there was no more God, no more Bible, no more prayer, no more Christ, did the Roman Catholics see that? No, Ah, they said: "Your schools are Godless schools," and that day they were true; they said the truth—and we will not send our children to Godless schools."

And now, my friends, you see it was a fraud of Romanism. She wanted to bring you American Protestants into a trap, and you have fallen into the trap and you have got Godless schools to please them. You see now the fraud of Romanism. Romanism is a fraud, and is a fraud from the beginning to the end, and you have been deceived by that fraud. Now, what are you to do? You must rally around your banner and prepare yourselves for the battle. The battle will be hot; much blood will be shed. Many of you, my friends, probably will see those days of trial, and probably some of you will fall on the battle-field. Rome is drilling her hundreds of thousands of men. They have now seven hundred thousand men drilling every day, and they are now in possession of the best positions in your army. They have your navy in their hands; they have New York in their hands; they have Boston in their hands, and they are trying to get Chicago in their hands, and they have many of your cities in their hands. They are ruling the East and the West today. Coming from Nebraska what did I see there? One of

our greatest cities, a city of one hundred and forty thousand men, of Protestant, all ruled by the Roman Catholics. Protestants have forgotten the respect they owe to themselves, and they are yielding, yielding to the Roman Catholics to take possession of every position of honor, every position of money, and now are yielding, yielding. The more you yield the more the advance, and today, my friends, has come the time that you must put a stop to this. (Great applause.)

would not abuse your patience by speaking any longer. I have many other things, of course, to say, but I may have another opportunity. I am traveling a great deal in the United States, and I see with great pleasure that wherever I go there is now the silent, peaceful, but strong movements of men, real men, who are gathering around the glorious banners of the United States and determined to fight the great battles of liberty which will be fought at the door of the school, because—let me say the last words—this is the plan which I got from them, and which I have repeated since many times. This is why they will do: "The time is coming when they will find themselves strong enough to invite the Pope to send a defense to the Roman Catholics who pay taxes for your schools. They are watching for that day; the expectation that that day will come, they will tell you: "Now, your schools are Godless schools; it is against our conscience; it is against our religion to send our children to Godless schools, and as we are free men here, we have the right to follow our conscience, the dictates of conscience; you have no right to force me, a Roman Catholic, to pay for a school which is against my conscience." Then the Pope will send a letter in that sense, which will say to the Roman Catholics: "Do not pay—I forbid you to pay for these schools." Then your collector will go to get the money, and instead of the money what will you get? You will get a ball, a pistol bullet in your breast, and it is there that the dance will begin; it is there that you Americans will see your folly, will see your want of wisdom, will see your misfortune to have ignored what Rome is, and to have been ignorant of what Romanism means.

Romanism means hatred to death of Protestants. Romanism means extermination of liberty of conscience, extermination of a constitution in which the people is the master of the position; and Romanism means the death of your intelligence, the death of your schools. Romanism means the extinguishment of every light which has been put forth in this country.

Now, my friends, it is time for you to understand that you must rally around the banners of your constitution to defend them, and if you go as true men and true Christians to that battlefield, the God of Zion will hear your prayers; he will come as he has already come to fight for his soldiers, and you will gain the day, and your country will continue to be a happy and free. Amen. (Great applause.)

THE MESSAGE.
TO MRS. A. M. K.
Mourn not for us, the day has dawned in gladness.
The weariness we felt has faded into rest.
No pain, no sorrow, no tears to fall in sadness.
Say, mother dear, the change that came was
Only a little time you cannot see our faces;
Only a brief space you wander lonely here.
Then folded close in loving fond embraces,
Joy will be yours, which now is drawing near.
Father's voice speaks oft, although you cannot hear it.
Words full of comfort when the way seems long.
Heaven may seem far, but you are very near it.
And though your waiting breaks the angels' song.
Yes, I am blest with happiness eternal;
Room for the soul to grow forever more.
And, mother dear, where fields are always
vernal.
Soon day we'll walk upon the deathless shore.
—HELEN TEMPLE BRIGHAM.

Sunnyside Improvement Association.
The subscription of the capital stock in this corporation is now open to Spiritu-
alists. This association is organized to build a Spiritual Institute for the use of the Sunnyside Spiritual Institute Association, and also a Medium's Home, Spiritual Library, Sanitarium, and other buildings, for spiritual purposes. The shares of stock are \$500 each, and the authorized capital \$100,000.
It is desired by the spirit guides and the management to begin operations as soon as possible, and they solicit from Spiritualists their subscriptions for one or more shares of stock in this worthy enterprise. The management of the Association is in the hands of Spiritualists who are well-known for their ability and integrity to the cause.
The fullest information will be given upon request, with printed matter showing the purposes of the Association, the designs and illustrations of the buildings.
Correspondence and subscriptions may be addressed to the Sunnyside Improvement Association, Marshalltown, Iowa.
The officers of this association are: E. N. Pickering, President; John D. Vall, Vice President; J. R. McCoy, Treasurer, and A. W. York, Secretary.

DEATH.
Why Are There No Tears on the Cheek of the Dying?

By Hon. A. B. RICHMOND.

"O Death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,
Still must our weary eyelids vainly wake,
In tedious expectation of thy peace!"
—Rowe's Tamerlane.

Centuries ago some observant philosopher uttered the sentence that from its truth has become axiomatic: "There are no tears on the cheek of the dying." If the observation of mankind has so recorded a fact, is it not suggestive of an unknown cause worthy of the consideration of the living? Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in one of his beautiful novels, speaks of "that smile of ineffable peace which the dead generally wear, and that seems so full of contentment and repose." Some idea of a painful disease or accident, when the sensitive nerves vibrate with most intense agony; yet it is seldom that the last moments of pain are impressed upon the marble linaments of the dead. It is true that physiologists account for this on the supposition that the overwrought ganglions lose their sensitive powers immediately before that mysterious essence called "the vital spark" abandons its earthly dwelling and flutters away into the mysterious unknown. This might account for the expression of infinite rest upon the features of those who are thus relieved of the agony of bodily life, or mental suffering, and who find in the "Valley of Death" a city of refuge from the relentless pursuit of life's ills and woes. To many of the heart-broken and suffering of earth the quiet of the grave is a condition long desired, and its near approach is to the wearied body as grateful as the soothing influence of coming sleep. With such we can well imagine that death has no terrors, but is welcomed as a harbinger of peace, and, therefore, leaves the impress of the last thoughts of life on the face of the dead; but all do not die in agony or pain. There are multitudes who pass away in painless consciousness of the near approach of death, and who, surrounded by all life's allurement—love, friendship, and ambition—hear the near-coming footfall of the "Silent Monarch of All" with infinite dread. In the last hours of consciousness they cling to life with a hopeless tenacity that awakens our sympathy, and the grief of the friends who surround their bed is augmented by the terrors which the dying manifest as the moment of final dissolution approaches; yet when the end comes, when the spirit has taken leave of its earthly tenement, the pallid features settle into a placid expression of joy or contentment. Truly it is said: There are no tears on the cheek of the dying, no feeling of sorrow or regret impressed upon the face of the dead.

Why is it so?
As it is the last touch of the sculptor on the marble or the plastic clay that gives expression to his work; the last touch of the pencil of the artist on the canvas that finishes the picture on his easel, and surrounds it with a halo of undying glory, so may it be that it is the last mental impression, the last fact ascertained by the dying, that moulds the clay of life with the knowledge of the future; that paints upon the canvas of human consciousness the last thoughts of human vitality, and thus the last visions of fading sight may see the opening glories of a life to come, and the last vibrations of the palsied ear be caused by the whispered words of spirit voices as they welcome the soul to its immortal abode. Thus would those who are passing away see visions of life beyond ere they had fully closed their eyes upon their earthly home; thus would they hear the "fluttering of angel wings" before their ears were forever silent to all earthly sounds; and thus would the artist death finish the picture of human life, and record in the placid smiles of the dead their knowledge of the coming life of immortality. As the traveler, who, crossing the channel between the Isles of Britain and the Eastern continent, looks with a saddened gaze at the fading outlines of the home he is leaving; then turning toward the land he is approaching, he sees the shores of the one opening to his vision as the other fades from his view. He knows that on the shore he has left are friends who are in sorrow at his parting, and a tear of regret moistens his eye; then he remembers that on the shore he is nearing there are also many friends who longingly await his coming, and the tears of parting regret are chased away by the smile of the anticipation of a joyous meeting. Thus it is with the dying. In the last moments of this transitory life here they see unfolding to their spiritual vision the glories of a life hereafter, and the fact is recorded in the placid features of the dead.

If immortality is a fact, whether it be demonstrated amid the cares and labors of a busy healthful life, or in the moments of near approaching death, its conclusive proof cannot fail of being welcomed with a smile of blissful anticipation, and there should be "no tears on the cheek of the dying."
That the phenomena referred to is observable by the common experience of mankind; that the dying do see the angel forms of those who have gone before, and do hear whispers of lips long voiceless to them, is a fact admitted by the clergy of all creeds and denominations. It is often the theme of pulpit oratory, while its assurance is frequently related in funeral obsequies, for the consolation of mourning friends, and if ministers who so relate and preach believe what they so confidently assert, then do they avow the great truth of spirit manifestations to the living, and confirm the phenomena of Spiritualism; for if the law of the unknown realm of death permit these visitations to the dying while yet in this life, then are they proven to be possible to the living, in health as well as in sickness.
If it is possible for the spirits of those dear to us in life to hover over the bed of death to alleviate the grief and pain of passing away, why may they not visit the family fireside, and with the gentle rap of intelligence bring comfort to those who mourn, by assuring them that

There is no death! what seems so transient.
—J. S. GEORGE.

(AN ACROSTIC.)
Reign of greed and love for self alone,
Inhumanity from man to man,
Centered in heart as cold as stone,
His rights invaded to serve a clan.
Eating ever what's another's food;
Stealing ever what's another's good.
Reign of wicked priestcraft, strong and bold,
Onward pressed to its selfish goal.
Men a brute,—his body slaved and sold,
And manumitted to save his soul,
No reason without a priest to scan,
Ignored of God to worship man.
Sins of all hues and black as the night
Made and confessed for Demon's gold,
All to oppress with Satanic might.
Now is the pope as Satan of old:
Demons below, on right and on left.
Reign of terror they bring to us all;
United in crime,—of God bereft.
May they be united in one grand fall.
—J. S. GEORGE.

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