

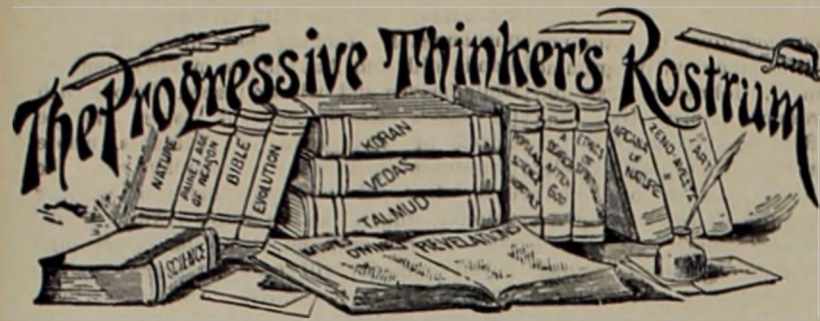
# The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, JUNE 25, 1892.

NO. 135



## THE CELESTIAL REGIONS.

Answer to An Important Question.

A Response that Is Worthy of Careful Consideration.

If the Spirit-World Is Not Governed by Law, In What Way Is It Governed?

A Lecture delivered by MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, before the First Society of Spiritualists, Chicago.

"And the visible universe," says an ancient Buddhist writer, "is governed seemingly by natural law, but the Divine Intelligence abideth in all." "The Lord God reigneth forever," says the Hebrew prophet.

Many people, not accustomed to theological thought, imagine they reach the height of intellectual attainment when they say: "All things in the universe are governed by natural law," and one or two materialists venture so far as to say: "Since the universe is governed by law, what is the need of a God?" Many misinterpret the writings of Prof. Tyndall, many mistake the meaning of Darwin, and many have predicated the sole reason for denying the necessity of the Supreme Being upon their scientific knowledge. It would seem that these intellectualists should know that they stultify themselves. The very admission that there is law in the universe is an admission of a governing intelligence; the admission of a conscious intelligence that can formulate law.

This nation is governed by law, and those who are accustomed to the absolute power of a king might say: "Oh, there is no need of any law-making power or any executive—that country is governed by law. There is the Constitution." But laws never made nor enforced themselves; and the periodical elections for your National as well as your State legislators and executives, as well as municipal, must illustrate this fact. However perfect laws may be, they are a dead letter unless enforced by intelligence. Certainly the Constitution of the United States would not carry itself forward in the government of the millions of people that are here unless there were some governing intelligence at the helm of the ship of State; and imperfect as those intelligences are, partisan as they unquestionably are, and as illy adapted to bear forward the execution of the laws, still, whatever law is carried forward is not by the Constitution, but by the people and their representatives, whether the representatives be in executive chair or in the halls of Congress or Legislature.

In a government where a monarch alone rules, especially where a theocracy or other imperialism abides, there is no representative of the individual. No one can claim that Russia is governed by law; one man governs. If the monarchy or the absolute despotism is controlled by one who is good, the government will be good; if he is wicked the government will be wicked. Whatever may be the laws upon the statute books of England, where the monarchy is only nominal and the people have a voice, the government is a great deal better than the laws. The present government of England is one hundred years ahead of its laws; its statute books contain many articles formulated in the Dark Ages; the members of Parliament are chosen from the most intelligent of the people; those who execute the laws bear forward the best that is upon the statutes. This will give you an idea that law alone does not govern.

Materialists claim that every atom is endowed, not only with the law which shall govern its connection with all the other atoms, and with the universe, but that it has its own degree of intelligence, and that, therefore, there is no need of the general and particular intelligence of the Infinite to bear forward the work of the universe, where each atom has intelligence that includes the law that governs itself. There is no evidence in the material universe that such is the case; the atom responds to a force, but does not manifest a force, *a priori*; and all the force in the universe, whether separately or associatively, that is manifested in the atoms, resolves itself into a vast scheme of harmony, one part admirably fitting another. Others say: If the atom possesses requisite intelligence for self-government, the atom would be equal to the whole; the atom in order to regulate its own motion must have animate comprehension of the whole of the universe. In that case the human spirit might crave to be an atom, since, under its nominal self-government it is not so well governed. The intelligence which pervades the universe is not resident in the atom singularly or associatively.

It does not do to explain, as many attempt to, the manifestations of the visible universe by the differentiation or associations of the atom. There must be a law of differentiation, as there is a law for the primal condition, and if we relegate to chance, or to any casual outside influence, any one of the smallest fragments of the government of the universe, all the claim of a system of law is without avail, and the universe is plunged into chaos. If, on the other hand, every atom is governed by what seems to be law, but that is the accustomed manifestation of intelligence, then every smallest deviation from the original condition, or what seems to be the original condition of atoms, to that of association of atoms—all that is called, in scientific phraseology, differentiation—is just as well explained as the primal condition. If differentiation and evolution are the methods by which law-making and governing power unfolds the intention of the universe, then that is well; but if we mistake the methods for the cause, then that is very ill; and we flounder in the sea of materialism, which can lead to but one result, chaos, annihilation.

Another class of people, accepting the idea that the laws of the universe are intelligently formed and intelligently borne forward, nevertheless assumes that there is no realm in which law does not abide; that, therefore, the realm of mind has its law. Those who deify law, who do not seem to understand the difference between law and intelligence, claim also that the spirit realm is governed by law; and, they say, it is no more unnatural for spirits to exist and to communicate with mortals and to bear forward their individual existence in another state of refined matter, than it is for those to exist who are in earthly life. If we use the word nature in the sense of expressing that which is governed through atomic, generic, and molecular processes, by what is called natural law, then all this talk about the realm of mind and spirit being governed by law is utter nonsense. "But," you ask us, "do you say that it is not in accordance with law that spirits exist?" We do most emphatically say that it is not in accordance with law that spirits exist; it is in accordance with spirit *a priori*, that antedates law itself, that it exists. Everything that exists in accordance with law must have a beginning; must have been formulated, must have existed by some process.

The materialistic Spiritualist, if we may use an ambiguous term, who predicates his future existence upon the combination of matter and added differentiation of atoms, has of course no basis but law for his spiritual existence, and just as soon as the association of atoms that made the mind or spirit, he calls it, possible, ceases to act, there must be a cessation of the operation of law in that direction, and an end of the mind or spirit.

The materialist is far more consistent than the materialistic Spiritualist, because the materialist predicates his existence upon matter solely. When the material form perishes, he makes it consistent to have that which has its growth in the form perish also. The Spiritualist who predicates spiritual existence upon matter is inconsistent, because he makes spirit an outgrowth of the matter with which it is not coincident. If the spirit be the result of any material combination, the result of the formation of the body, the result of any of the conditions which that body may have furnished, then there must come a time when the spirit will cease, when it can no longer have an entity or identity; whenever that time may be, that is the end to immortality.

This idea that spirit cannot be, unless it has its basis in matter, is on the same plane with the idea that no state or realm can exist unless it is governed by law. As we have shown, law must be the result of intelligence, proving the intelligence superior to the law; and if the quality of that intelligence be such that it governs everything less than itself by law, of course it has its own existence or being, and its own means of regulation, *a priori*.

made in human life on the supposition that some one is going to violate it. Supposing you existed in a realm where perception of truth and the perception of love and the perception of fraternity were absolute, why have laws; of what avail would they be? "But," you ask, "are not these laws that you have named?" By no means; they are as much beyond law as the sun is beyond the ignis fatuus of the marsh; they are the source of all law, the primal causation of all laws that are for inferior states. But the perfect condition of spirit must be a perfect condition of non-government, because government means something that requires or needs governing.

The material universe would do nothing for itself, therefore it must be governed by law; acted upon continually by intelligence. The imperfect condition of human life must be governed by law; but when we come to the spiritual state, every spirit expresses his or her own condition, ungoverned by any law. If there is a shadow, it is the result of the law which the earthly existence has fashioned. If the spirit, on the contrary, reveals itself, it is the result of the absence of law. Every time the mind governs the body, every time the spirit employs the body, even though tethered somewhat by the environment in which that government takes place, the first beginning of doing something that is at variance with the wishes or inclination or habits and laws that govern the body is an expression of spirit beyond law.

A materialist who was very anxious to become a Spiritualist, and who endeavored to attach a spiritual upstory to his materialistic foundation, thought it might be regulated in this way: "That certain manifest laws govern the universe; but when the spiritual power intervenes," he says, "that reveals another set of laws." He thought that might explain it. That this higher set of laws intervened when the spirit sets at naught the laws of physical existence. But it is a great deal clearer, a great deal more comprehensible, according to our view, to begin in the other direction; where intelligence, *a priori*, is manifest, it is independent of law. Spirit may use the laws in existence, or may set them aside, but when that intelligence or power of the spirit is manifested, it is spirit power.

Many of those who are great sticklers for law, still pursuing the fine point of the argument, say: "Do you claim that manifestations from the Spirit-world are not governed by law?" We answer: Just in the degree that they descend from spirit to matter they are adaptations to law. But when the prompting of the message or manifestation is traced, it is found to be in a realm that is ungoverned by law; is its own government; is the spontaneous action of the spirit. Whatever obstacle is in the way is in a domain of material law. The spirit, therefore, acts upon that domain, manifests itself through those natural laws, as far as possible, or in its manifestation of spirit to spirit sets them aside completely.

When the spirit acts upon chairs, tables, human bodies or other material substances, there is, of course, a compromise from the spirit state to the state that is governed by law, and the spirit interferes with the usual action or inertia of those objects, and imbues them, for the time being, with spiritual intelligence, and uses such forces to do so as under the domain of law in human life are necessary. But when you consider the realm of mind, and especially when spirit communes with spirit under what is termed inspiration, then what law intervenes? If the inspiration is clear and the channel is open, there is no law between spirit and spirit. It is the spontaneous perception of the spiritual intelligence of that which is like unto itself.

And still people say: "But you take us into a realm that is incomprehensible, that is ungoverned, that is chaotic." It is not. We take you into a realm that is absolute, that needs no government, that needs no law but the absolute.

People talk, even in human life, about what they call "higher law;" when they substitute moral, ethical or humanitarian propositions for the law that is upon the statute books, then they are called anarchists; they are called disturbers of the peace; they are variously punished or put to death, or otherwise dealt with, as the case may be; but years roll on and those who are great observers of law begin to see something in these higher propositions that is worth considering. When slavery was upon the statute books it was positively illegal and a criminal offense for any man to help a negro to Canada; nevertheless the best men and women in the country were those who engaged in the "underground railway" business—furnishing disguises, means of transportation and money for the slaves to go free; these people lived above law.

When the motive that regulates human conduct is limited to the criminal code or the statute books, you admit that were it not for the laws you would steal from each other and kill each other, and when a man says: "I am a law-abiding citizen," beware of him; he will do everything excepting, possibly, fall into the clutches of the law; perhaps he will violate every principle in the moral code and shelter himself behind legal technicalities.

When a man says he has no need of law, or when, better still, he illustrates it in his life, you may know he would not steal from you if he had the trust of all your possessions, and they were millions, and when a man lives above the law, you may know he will not kill you under any provocation. It is no compliment to any class of human beings, in

this enlightened age, merely to call them law-abiding citizens. Why, you could not live with one another if that were the all standard of your moral growth. His because human beings are approximately above the law that they tolerate the law. It is only a few, to whom the law is burdensome, that the law interferes with their convenience or actions one with another. But the criminals for whom laws are presumably made do not care any more about the law than the average merchant or speculator. They know how to avoid it. Both classes are governed by law according to necessity. But when humanity says, we recognize truth; we recognize love; we recognize the equality of each other; that is not law, that is the divine principle of the universe, requiring no enactments of law to enforce, no system or code to declare, no external formality.

Admitting that in almost any state of human society law is required for your external usages, you everyone look forward to a period, to a millennium time, to a dream when the world will be free from so much government.

When the Mosaic law was physically declared and enforced, Jesus came preaching his doctrine of love to one another. Of course he was called a disturber and usurper, and every kind of a name that is applied to violence. Yet the love that pierced like a two-edged sword to the heart of error, eventually reaches the most materialistic mind, and governs it.

The healing of the sick and casting out of demons of all kinds, the relieving of people from the sorrows and burdens of their lives, were wrought under the dominion of that potent power of love, not law, because a power superior prevailed in the spirit.

It is especially true that there can be a state or condition even in human life in which the spirit dwells independently even of those physical laws that you say are so necessary and must be observed, and triumphs over the senses, merely using the physical organisms for the purposes that the spirit requires; the absolute sway and government of mind and body to the purpose of the spirit; the undeniable and absolute conquest that is wrought in human life leads people to be martyrs, saints and prophets as well as seers. The spiritual realm that is with you now, that portion of your life which is taken so little account of, is all there is. The part that is governed by law is mechanical; the clothing you wear is governed by the various laws that you say belong to matter and formulated by the mind.

The physical organism, bending to the necessity of the dust, sometimes asserts its sway in what you term natural law. But the supreme power is in the spirit. That which you do every day proves it; you energize your bodies beyond their physical or lawful endurance. You call that a violation of law. Is not that because your spirits are beyond the law? You compel your bodies to run when they would only walk; you incite them to every form of violation or exertion. None the less does the brain become overtaxed and weary. The external mechanism protests against that which the spirit does; all the while the spirit is urging it on, and every violation of law is an assertion on your part that the spirit does that which pleases it with the body. You succumb in a physical sense to natural law when the body dies; but the spirit is only too glad to be free from external trammels, from the servant that will no longer obey—the external form that is not capable of fulfilling its purposes. Though the spirit may not have completed its physical victory, none the less is the spirit glad to be free.

During sleep, when the body yields to the law of rest, and the brain must have repose, do you suppose the spirit sleeps? If the spirit can sleep one millionth part of a second, annihilation is possible. But when the power of law makes the body glad to sleep, the inverse action of the spirit and not law makes the spirit glad, for the time, to be free. It is in the realm of dreams or of dreamless sleep, where the consciousness of the spirit is supreme, and the spirit exists separate from the form, and it has power of its own in a realm of its own. When finally these physical forms are cast aside and the dim veil that divides the spirit while in this world from the realm of spiritual existence, as spirits you will say: "Why, this is all familiar. I have known about this before." And you will discover that about one-third of the time of your so-called natural existence, your consciousness has been in the realm of spirit after all, and that even while pervading your bodies with what you think is all of your consciousness, there is a large share of your consciousness that is not employed in the mechanical duties of daily life.

Business to many people is simply a treadmill, and if the spirit were wholly occupied, and all its consciousness concentrated upon that mere treadmill of occupation, what a pigmy it would be. A thousand wonderful plans and schemes and inventions are made; poems are composed; wondrous dreams of human love and happiness, while the looms go on in their weary weaving, and the machinery performs its round of labor. The mother can do six things at a time; sing to the baby, knit, rock the cradle, take care of the other children and have a thousand themes and fancies in her mind, and does all her work well. You are all of you aware of the spirit, in time of great emergencies, when every power is called to the front, when the eyes flash and the cheeks burn, the lips are eloquent, and the form is the living expression of the conserved and reserved force of the spirit when it chooses to

pervade the body. The general at the head of his army; the fireman, in time of conflagration or danger, with wonderful force makes haste to succor those in peril. In the supreme moment of life or death, what wonders the form is made to do! Though pierced with shot, the commander will go forward with all his powers at his command, not even knowing that he has received the death wound of the body.

You who have not yet come to the supreme moment of your lives, you do not know what love and sorrow will reveal to you. You may not know the boundless resources that will give strength to the arm, swiftness to the feet and readiness to the mind. Sometimes people long for the great emergency, that the lethargy, the law governing the body, may be cast aside. Under the supreme dominion of the spirit, martyrs spring heavenward through the fiery flame, declaring the truth with their latest breath. Those who serve others to the utmost of their energies and make all things bend to the mandate of the soul, are illustrations of that kind of power that is not dependent upon law, but makes its own conditions; is supreme in its own realm, because truth and love and perfect wisdom abide in the absolute realm of the soul.

Whatever shadows there are upon the spirit state that intervenes between you and the angelic ones must be born of the law and government of the earth, the resting of the cloud that is not yet lifted from the burdened spirit. Under this supreme command, under this mandate of the spirit, under this which illustrates itself, there is no need of government, and the shadows as well as the light are cared for. You say: "Do not wicked spirits have to be governed by law?" No, they do not require any more shackles than they already have. Because, if the spirit has not overcome the physical conditions, that is sufficient shadow; and instead of the shadow coming out to encroach upon others, it only makes itself more palpable with the spirit enshrouded. This is the reason no one need be afraid of evil spirits, because they are not governed by law. If they were they would find some way to evade it. But being governed only by their own shadow, the shadow is ever impotent.

Behind the instrument in the corner of the room, lurking where the light has not penetrated, you see a shadow; but did anyone ever see a shadow from a dark corner come out and attack the sunshine? Only those who have vision born of earthly conditions ever see such shadows. But the light may penetrate into the shadow, may go and encompass and pierce it, may surround it and dissolve it, because the light is assertive, is affirmative, is a dominion and power unto itself.

Relatively, such is the difference between spirit and matter; the shadow and inertia are continually acted upon by the light. When the shadow and inertia are cast aside, whatever light there is, or has been manifest, will reveal itself.

In all kingdoms of spiritual existence; in the pictured Infernos of Dante, in Hades or hell of the Christian, there is nothing more powerless than the earth-shadowed spirit; there is nothing more potent than the spirit above all law. "The Substance and the Shadow." "The Love that Transcends All Law." (Subjects suggested by members of the congregation.)

You call this substance here upon the earth; 'tis well;

For substance means that which is beneath; What'er may be above matter's dumb self Must exercise its power, only as a sheath Perhaps, that veils the hidden germs from sight Or keeps more steadfastly its light.

But that which is above all substance too Pierces and governs in the outer state, Permeates dull matter through and through With all the power of spirit uncreate, That has distinct feeling in its realm.

By no dull law that governs substance here, But is supreme commander at life's helm, Making the pathway bright and clear.

When love reigns, as in the blest kingdom of light, All substances must bend beneath its power; The dull dross as glittering gold is bright, The presence of the soul reveals its dower, And the grandeur of heavenly radiance is shed.

Even around the faces you call dead, Substance is a shadow, and must depart Before the light of the spirit, fair and clear, As the doubtful throbbing of the mortal heart Gives place unto the spirit, as each year The body dies and sinks unto the clay, While more and more the spirit towards the day Reaches its potent power, and all is light, Reveals and vanquishes in heaven's perfect sight.

When love prevails, then substance rules no more, The shadows of the earth must fade and pass And Eden time through the glad, heavenly door Returns again, and the illumed glass That the immortals have extended from above Becomes the golden goblet of life's perfect love.

BENEDICTION.

May all under the dominion of the law of the dust perceive that other realm, that diviner kingdom where love alone abides.

James Cope, of Martin's Ferry, Ohio, has an almanac for the year 1893. It is substantially bound in leather, and includes memoranda pages, and was used by the owner of that day in keeping his personal accounts. It contains no patent medicine testimonials, nor was it a medium for working off jokes. The printing is in colors—red and black—and is remarkably well preserved. The book was printed in England, and the writing is as legible as the day it was penned.

## A SPIRIT RETURNS.

She G greets Her Former Neighbor.

Asked to Kiss Her Children Good-by.

It appears from the Fitchburg (Mass.) Evening Mail, of June 4th, that on the previous Monday, about 7:45 o'clock, there occurred a sad accident at the "Hollow Mill" crossing.

Mrs. Stephen Dufort, an elderly Frenchwoman, while walking on the tracks of the Old Colony railroad on her way to church, was struck by the incoming passenger train from Worcester and killed almost instantly.

At least it was supposed that she was instantly killed, but it now turns out that she has called on some of her neighbors at South Fitchburg since that time, if what Mrs. Amelia Beaudin told a Mail reporter yesterday is true.

Before giving the result of the interview that was given the writer by Mrs. Beaudin, it might be well to give a description of the surroundings of Mrs. Dufort's earthly abode, that is, the locality where she resided previous to the sad accident of Memorial Day morning.

The house is a large white one and is situated at the corner of Mack and Bemis roads in South Fitchburg, close by the tracks of the Fitchburg railroad.

Several smaller houses are within easy walking distance of it, the nearest one being that one occupied by Mrs. Beaudin, her husband and several children.

It is within a stone's throw of the Dufort place, and the old lady used to make frequent calls on her nearest neighbor, for whom she expressed a great deal of friendship. Mrs. Beaudin says she used to treat her as kindly as a mother, and at one time, that was before her marriage, expressed a desire to adopt her.

This kindly feeling was reciprocated by Mrs. Beaudin, for in fact Mrs. Dufort was highly respected by all her neighbors and acquaintances. It was to ascertain if the rumor that Mrs. Beaudin had received a call from the spirit of Mrs. Dufort since the latter's death would stand investigation, that the writer presented himself at the Beaudin home yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Beaudin, surrounded by several small children, answered the knock at the door. She is a comely looking woman, of medium height and of robust appearance. She did not look like a woman who would be "skeered" by spooks.

Being asked if she was the woman who had held conversation with Mrs. Dufort since the latter was killed, she gave the reporter a sharp look while she asked, "Who are you?"

Before an opportunity was given him to reply she answered the question herself by inquiring if her interrogator was a reporter.

Of course she was correctly informed. Then she inquired in a stern manner, "What have you come down here for? To make fun of me?"

She was assured that there was no such intention on his part, and that his purpose was to get her version of the spirit manifestations and nothing more.

She courteously agreed to comply with this request, and told the story in a voice trembling with emotion. At times she would act in a nervous manner, while copious tears would appear in her eyes.

It was on last Monday night about eight o'clock that Mrs. Dufort first came to her.

At the time she was rocking one of the children.

The story is best told in Mrs. Beaudin's own words, which are as follows: "The first thing I knew I felt a hand on my wrist; I stopped rocking and was so frightened that I dare not move."

"Then I heard my name, Emma, called in French. I recognized the voice as that of Mrs. Dufort's."

"Looking up from whence the voice came, I asked, 'Is that you, Mrs. Dufort?'"

"The answer came back clear and distinct, 'Yes.'"

"I was greatly frightened and started to leave my seat—to turn away. The hand pressed my wrist and at the same time I was told in assuring tones to stop and not be frightened, as she wouldn't harm me."

"She then told me to go and join the crowd that was watching over her and kneel down and pray and it would end her sufferings."

"Said she, 'You know I have died without seeing my children. For my sake kiss them for me.'"

"That was all I heard."

"Have you heard or seen anything since then," was asked.

"Yes, in the church during the funeral services last Wednesday morning."

"I was sitting in a pew during the obsequies, when I saw a hand, Mrs. Dufort's, raised over the coffin, beckoning to me."

"It affected me so that Dr. Jandron of Worcester, who sat near me, had to assist me from the church."

"That was the last that I have seen or heard from her."

It was very evident that Mrs. Beaudin devoutly believed what she told the Mail reporter. All during the conversation she appeared frightened and trembled perceptibly.

Fitchburg, Mass.

Mr. Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, has purchased for \$30,000 a building in the Monumental City, which he has presented to the Maryland Academy of Sciences as its home.



## SPIRIT LIFE.

### A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

[The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from spirit life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under impression, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mortal, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.]

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the eulogy of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the audacious scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and aid it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.

#### The Effect of Industry Upon the Spirit.

When we contemplate the present condition of society we are very apt to imagine that mankind were intended to exist but for a day. There is so little in everyday life having any reference to another state of existence that we would never dream there was any such thing, from the conduct of those around us. The devotion to mere human pursuits is so ardent that no idea seems to exist that other pursuits have any interest, and all the plans and enterprises which occupy our thoughts are directed solely to the material side of life. The needs and wants of our present condition are many and imperative, and must necessarily demand and receive much attention. This is all right and it is proper that we should attend to these matters with diligence and perseverance. Our time is, therefore, engaged in a round of duties most useful, and to the greatest profit and advantage both to ourselves and others. We have to familiarize ourselves with many arts and employments and to pursue them with skill and assiduity in order to procure the means of subsistence. It is, therefore, a busy world, and full of work. This is the condition upon which man holds the tenure of his life, and it should not excite our surprise that he becomes so earnest and devoted in his struggles for success. There is, however, a limit to this side of a man's efforts, and while attending faithfully to his work he should not forget that he is a spiritual being and that the soul is in need of training as well as the body. Indeed, the latter is the more important of the two and is the most neglected of all. It is well that all our duties should be performed for, this has a reflex action upon the spirit and unconsciously lifts it to higher planes even when unthought of and undesigned. The most industrious man has no time for idleness or vice, and he gradually rises with his work to superior conditions without knowing it, and when he shall have gone to the eternal life the work of his hands shall praise him and secure better conditions for him among the immortals than he had thought of. When the work of earth is pursued with this end in view it raises him still higher in the scale of being and adds to his felicity. The most that a man can do for himself is little enough when compared with what is done for him by others. He can, however, increase his hopes and augment his happiness in the future by living and working in its prospects, by realizing the need of spirit improvement and taking such steps as will purify and inform it.

We often see a man who has no idea beyond his work. He seems as void of reflection as the tool he uses, and never allows his thoughts to rise above the scene of his toil. When his job is finished or the day's drudgery over he settles down into complete absence of mind, as if he had no soul to be improved and no spirit above that of the brute. It is a great pity that some one does not take this man aside, and tell him how great a gift he has within, and what an immortal life beyond, and place before him the great happiness to which he is born and to which he can aspire by cultivating the divine spark which heaven has placed in his keeping. Perhaps he might feel and see for what he was made, and what he was able to attain. On the other hand you may see some one who has had every advantage to be derived from culture and social position so completely immersed in sensuality or the love of gain, that he seems like a man who is in the act of losing the best thing he has for a mere bauble. There are two types of men who are to be pitied: The rich men absorbed in their wealth and pleasures, and the poor who are indifferent to everything but their food and pipe. Both are about the poorest specimens of the human race, and the one is about as much to be pitied and envied as the other. I never see either of them without thinking of the man in the fable that undertook to run a race against a thoroughbred, and was left so far out of sight that he never reached the goal. There are many other instances of neglect, and many other cases where the indifference is equally marked and incomprehensible. All can learn without much trouble the true way to heaven, and all can follow the path that leads to that happy realm by easier and happier ways than the one that leads downward. We have but to look at ourselves attentively and see the wonderful structure that God has devised for our use here, and then reflect upon the still more wonderful spirit that animates it with consciousness, with thought and reason, with emotion and sympathy, and we will be convinced of the high purposes in our creation, and the noble inheritance of life in the future which we can enjoy.

#### ILLUSTRATION.

When I was about the age of thirty years a severe illness caused my death. The pleas-

ant side of life only had been presented to me, and I was sorry to give it up. The dreams of my girlhood had been realized, and love had crowned my last years with domestic happiness, for I had married the man to whom I was sincerely attached, and our union had been blessed with the birth of two lovely children. Having so much to live for, it is not strange that I desired to remain to bestow upon them the benefit of a mother's care. I was not afraid of death, but it was indeed painful to leave those whom I loved so dearly and who needed me to watch over and nurture them. There was, however, no alternative. The blow was inevitable, and I fell before it in the prime of my youth and when most needed by those who were dependent upon me.

My views of the future life were not very definite. I was in the habit of attending church and had received some religious training in my early years, and had lived as near as I could the life of a Christian woman. When the new life dawned upon me I was not prepared for the kind of change I experienced. There was no judgment seat visible, and no book opened from which was read the history of my conduct. On the contrary there were kind friends to take me by the hand and usher me into the world of spiritual life and to the enjoyment of its surpassing happiness. The spirit is not conscious at first of its new relations. It sees and hears; it feels and thinks, but in a way so different from the habits of its material form that it requires time to learn the proper use of its faculties. When I began to understand the nature of spirit-life I felt the necessity of changing my mode of thought and speech, for when I spoke it was not with the articulation of the material organs, but with a subtle effort of the internal energies that conveyed my meaning without an audible expression of the voice. This is a remarkable development of the spirit, somewhat akin to what you understand by the term *thought transference*. The mental powers of a spirit are quickened by a psychological evolution of thought from the inmost consciousness to the comprehension of the person to be addressed, and the intelligence thus communicated is clear and unmistakable. When, for instance, two spirits enter into conversation, this inward faculty is invoked, and they enter into each other's thought with a deep appreciation of the divine gift, for by it they commune in the silent depths of the soul, and absorb from each other the hidden treasures with which it is inspired. The joy of such intercourse is inconceivable. The noble thought, the generous wish, the loving emotion are revealed beyond the power of words to convey, and all those inexpressible ideas and feelings are thus interblended in the speechless utterances of the tenderesses and glories within.

The mode of speech is not confined to that just mentioned, for the spirit has several forms of communication. The oral method is similar to that of earth, and the mediumistic is also practiced with higher spheres. We can also communicate by planetary signals when at a distance. This latter mode is the most wonderful of all. Spirits often go out on expeditions or missions through immense space, and they can send back messages by certain signs which are inscribed in the heavens by means of a species of photograph which is peculiar to the Spirit-world, and which no earthly term can so well describe as this. The rays of light, as you are aware, pass with a speed that would encircle your globe in a minute, but they are dispersed by your atmosphere, and softened into the beautiful phenomenon you call light. In the stellar spaces these rays come directly from their source, and can be used for purposes of communication, very much as the electrical currents are employed by the telegraph, only the message is impressed upon the light or sunbeam as it passes from planet to planet, and these signs are deciphered by an alphabet constructed for that purpose. We have other methods of communicating even more wonderful than any of these I have attempted to describe.

I learned these things with awe and amazement, and having since made them a study, I speak of them as interesting to myself, and as probably among the most interesting matters I could communicate to you. It is by the transcendent grace of Divine power that these mysteries of the Spirit-world are communicated to earth, and I thank my Heavenly Father for His goodness in permitting me the happiness of revealing them to those whom He would instruct in the glories of His kingdom.

#### From Minneapolis, Minn.

The Washington Union Advanced Spiritual Society has decided to give their lecturer, Mrs. C. D. Pruden, a vacation until the first of next September; consequently there will be no lectures given by her until that time. Mrs. Pruden has been compelled to refuse many calls to lecture from without the city, as she is in so much need of rest.

The subject of the closing lecture of the year just past was: "Universal Progress," etc. At the close of the lecture a little girl decked in flowers stepped to the platform and in the name of all present Mrs. Pruden with a very handsome solid gold watch and chain. To say that our lecturer was surprised would but faintly express it, from the visible emotion she displayed, and for once a heart too full for utterance took the place of inspiration, and broken thoughts conveyed more than eloquence. W. E. J.

#### Bridged.

The river of death has a beautiful bridge,  
Of sweetest forget-me-nots made;  
'Twas planted by love and watered by tears,  
It reaches from earth to the beautiful spheres,  
One end is in sunshine and one in the shade.  
—C. H.

POEMS, by Edith Willis Linn, the gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis the well known lecturer. This charming little volume is for sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

#### Progressive Thinkings.

Looking about us, on every hand we see signs of an intense struggle going on. Men and women with set teeth, and muscles strained to the utmost tension, are sweating great drops of blood. The agony of the physical has entered into and disturbed the spiritual vibrations. In the symbolical life of Jesus, taken as the type of the perfect man, just such a struggle is portrayed as the whole world is undergoing today. The pitiful cry of the man Jesus then was for human companionship, the true brotherhood. The cry of the toiling millions of the present age is for brotherly help.

Is it not true, however, that in this very whirl and struggle we may have permitted our selfish instincts to add unnecessary weight to our burdens; in fact, sent us handicapped into a contest where we need every advantage that purity of intention and honesty of execution could possibly give us. Would it not be well for us to ask ourselves how much of this struggle is for the real, for that which is actually needed, and how much for the artificial and assumed. We claim to be ahead of our grandfathers and grandmothers in the conveniences of living. If the drafts upon our leisure increase in proportion to the increase of the convenience used up in taking care of the convenience—are we any better off? Are we so much better fed or clothed or protected from the weather that it will make any special difference to us a hundred years from now? Is it not true that these three items constitute the bulk of our efforts for physical comfort? Does not the getting of them make up the largest part of our every day anxiety and toil? We pamper our bodies while our souls hunger and thirst, and go ragged and neglected and shelterless, moaning for love and sympathy which the overburdened world is too busy to give.

Are we satisfied with the plainest and most wholesome food and drink? Will durable and fairly well-fitted garments gratify our desire-inflamed tastes? Do comfortable, honestly-built houses—snugly and pleasantly furnished dwellings—satisfy us? We know that they do not. He who gets a dollar a day strives to vie in display of possession with him who has five dollars. The clerk strives to outshine his employer. Everybody is fretting and fuming in the effort to adopt some other body's style of living and expense, which they cannot afford to themselves; trying to fit peacock's feathers to a jackdaw's body. We see an article of dress that is becoming to another of entirely different form and feature. At once we begin to make ourselves uncomfortable by our desire for something of the same kind, which is not adapted to us at all. By some stroke of business sharpness A has made some money. Impelled by his love of display—the same feeling that makes a peacock spread his tail—he ostentatiously invests in a house and elaborate furnishings. B, his neighbor, who barely makes ends meet, adds the cruel burden of covetous desire to his already overloaded; makes all his friends uncomfortable and envious, and probably wrecks himself in the effort to rival A's pride. The distress of the world today is aggravated by the covetous desire for the possession of our neighbor's goods, whether we have need or use for them or not.

In all this struggle and toil we put aside entirely the fact that everything on the earth is illusory, because changeable, and the only reality is that which belongs to and concerns the spiritual planes, where alone is life and love, harmony and happiness. If we are content with dress, house or appetite worship, then indeed will the fire of earthly lust consume us, and the life of the present become a cipher in the total footings of existence. The crisis of a great cycle is upon us. Are we spiritual enough to be, as were the three in the fiery furnace, unconsumed?

Cannot we become less absorbed in ourselves, and more ready and willing to reach out a helping hand to those who are striving to find some hope and reason for living.

If we could only remember that covetousness and envy have ever been the drops of poison in the world's cup of happiness, it might be better for us. It would at the least relieve us partially, in bearing the personal share of the crushing weight of the world's present agony. W. P. PHELON, M. D.

#### Aphorism.

Whenever you have extracted all you can from an aphorism, continue revolving it in your mind; carry it around with you wherever you go; brood over it as a bird broods over her nest. The sub-conscious brain knows the underside of it. It is based upon the finer forces. It attracts them, and they envelope you, and when you are thus enlightened it becomes your truth, and a part of your own individuality, and you can draw on it in speaking or writing, just as you can draw on the multiplication table which you have learned in a similar way. I am indebted to this process for the above-named facts; but my hand obeys an influence independent of my own mind in reducing these facts to writing.

Edison, the electrician, in the article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of February 6, entitled "Can Stones Think," quotes from Dr. Wm. Thompson, professor of physiology in the University of New York, who says:

"There is much that is very suggestive with regard to Edison's proposition, that all matter is conscious. Man, we know, is not a simple organism. He indulges in what physiologists call conscious and sub-conscious cerebration. We are pleased to call this sub-conscious cerebration automatic.

Now, how are mediums to know whether the automatic movement of the hand is the result of sub-conscious cerebration or spirit-control? T. J. GILE.  
Newton, Kansas.

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos. "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of *Voices* Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

#### Some More in Regard to the Minnesota Camp-Meeting.

The interest shown in our camp outside of the Twin Cities is very pleasing to the officers, and as we near the opening we see more and more the need of something in this line in the Northwest. In fact, we have come to the conclusion that the N. W. S. A. "supplies a long-felt want." Merrimac Island has been secured for a term of five years, and we have the privilege of buying at any time during that term. Persons wishing to build cottages will be given every assistance in the power of the association. As I write, the Northwestern line is carrying me swiftly on my journey for the purpose of buying lumber, and when this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reaches you a force of men will be busily engaged putting up seance-rooms, cottages, pavilion, and making other necessary improvements on the grounds.

Among others who have given us assurance that they will be with us since our programme was issued, are John A. Johnston, test and physical medium, from St. Louis; Mrs. John Lindsey, of Grand Rapids; Prof. J. W. Cadwell, the noted mesmerist, and possibly Mr. Joseph Singer and his ten-year-old son, who is a musical prodigy. Prof. Cadwell will give a series of entertainments, which will include his wonderful experiments in animal magnetism, and hold public developing circles in the pavilion.

Sunday, July 3d, and Monday, July 4th, will be days to be remembered by all who attend, and every one of the days will be filled with a feast of good things (spiritually).

Now I have a few very pointed remarks to make to the friends of our cause in the Northwest: It takes money to do all this. While the management was very economical in its expenditures, it will require quite a supply of funds to get us started. Therefore, we request all who can possibly do so to send a trifle to assist us in our work. If it is only a little it will count, and you know the old Scotch saying: "Many a mickle makes a muckle."

Those wishing tents will confer a favor if they will order them at once, and, if possible, send money for them. If you intend to come, and can send us \$1.50 necessary for the season ticket, it will help us just so much. This is the first begging that has been necessary, and we hope it will be the last.

W. H. BACH, Secretary.

St. Paul, Minn.

#### Eulogized the Departed.

The annual memorial exercises at Royal League Hall, last Sunday, at Cleveland, Ohio, called out a large audience of Spiritualists. The speaker's platform was decorated with banners and flowers, on both sides of which hung large tablets containing the names of those who had passed away during the past quarter of a century. After instrumental music by the Lyceum orchestra, Mr. Charles Collier, the conductor, stated the object of the day, calling on the friends present for brief addresses.

After preliminary exercises by the children, nearly all of whom repeated some appropriate motto, Mr. Thomas Lees eulogized the custom of the annual memorial services, and paid tribute to the workers who had sustained the banner of Spiritualism in the past and run the gauntlet of skepticism, bigotry and ridicule. Mr. Lees then mentioned the names of the most prominent of those who had been identified with the movement in its early days, such as James Lawrence, N. E. Crittenden, D. U. Pratt, John A. Jewett, David and Harrie Eddy, Charles H. Rogers, and Dr. M. C. Parker, et al.

Mr. I. W. Pope followed, referring to several more of the workers, and eulogizing a number of persons yet living. Brief addresses were also made by Mrs. Mulhausen, Effie Moss, Tillie V. Cooke, Dr. Nellie Mosier, Mary A. Moss, Mary A. Smith and S. W. Edmunds. The morning exercises closed with recitations and songs by the children.

The evening services were conducted by Mr. S. W. Edmunds. He greeted the friends present, and then read a poem, which he said he had been impelled to write while walking in the street during the afternoon. It was entitled "Our Arisen Heroes." Selections by the Lyceum orchestra and the Russell-Pae choir were given, after which several addresses were delivered. Among the speakers were D. S. Critchly and Mr. Lees. Mrs. Emerson sang two solos. Many Spiritualists who had died were eulogized by the speakers. The memorial exercises closed with a march by the orchestra.

#### Government Aid to Sectarian Schools.

The Government has been for some years giving money to help support schools among the Indians, and few would object to the plan if it were not badly abused. The Presbyterians have had \$286,000, the Congregationalists \$183,000, the Friends \$140,000, the Episcopalians \$102,000, the Methodists \$32,345, but the Catholics have had \$1,989,000, out of all proportion to their work and importance in the country. By whose influence has nearly two millions of dollars been forced from the overburdened taxpayers to the Catholic priests? G. F. LEWIS.

Corry, Pa.

#### Help Wanted!

The Spiritualists of Rochester, Ind., have an elegant temple erected, but have not sufficient funds to furnish it. Will the friends of the cause please contribute donations in sums not more than ten dollars, or less than ten cents? Address contributions to the chairman, MAJOR BITTEN, Rochester, Ind.  
ROBERT HENKLE, Secretary.

A Lecture on the "Morality of Dancing." By M. A. Collins, in reply to a challenge by Sam Jones. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

#### Notes from a Materialist.

TO THE EDITOR:—Passing along on Main street, this city, I noticed a sign reading in this wise: "Church of Christ (Scientist)." This sign set me to thinking, and as my brain dwelt upon this notice, I wondered what next phase of religion, with the name of Christ attached to it, will come into the mind of man. Of all the isms this kind of religion takes the palm—"Church of Christ (Scientist)." I would like to know what any kind of religion has to do with science. History, past and present, portrays to us that religion and science do not mix, and cannot row in the same boat without somebody's oar getting foul; and is it not the fact—no brainy man will dispute it—that Christianity has always been antagonistic to science? All scientific men have been persecuted and their opinions derided by the adherents of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and this faith is supposed to be unchangeable, teaching that this earth is flat, stands still, and that the sun moves around it, while heaven and hell are places, the one with its golden streets, walls of jasper and the throne of God made of brilliants, whose brightness surpasses the noonday sun; the other place, filled with the fumes of burning sulphur, which, like the widow's cruse of oil, does not give out, and where the larger number of humanity will roast and sizzle, squirm and wriggle to all eternity. I cannot see how any man, unless he be a fool, after reading a history of the lives of Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, and a host of other luminaries, whose light was extinguished by the Popes of their days, can endorse such absurdities. Even in our day men who dare to step out of the theological rut are persecuted as far as their ignorant persecutors dare go, and if these believers in witches and the "faith once delivered to the saints" lived in the dark ages when faith was the liveliest thing about, they would have made splendid Torquemadas.

No man can teach the truth of geology or any of the sciences without incurring the displeasure of a certain class of D. D.'s and so-called professors of biblical history. Look at the treatment accorded Professor Winchell, who, as a geologist, was one of our most intelligent men, the more than peer of his accusers; a man with whom no fault was found but the trumped-up one consisting in not teaching the students of the University of Tennessee that the Bible and geology were not antagonistic; that a chronology based on nothing asserted that this earth was only some 600 years old, and any man who taught to the contrary was not a fit subject for mental slaves to associate with, and I must say that this is a fact: to be sure a man who has an opinion of his own, and dare express it, cannot be drawn, quartered and his head stuck up on top of a pike, exposed to the gaze of admiring Christians; but if a certain kind of influence be brought to bear against him, he may be deprived of the means of sustaining life, and no ravens to nourish him on carrion and stale bread. Christ and science—bah!—it is almost enough to cause a thinking man to say, with a vividness not to be controlled, the fools are not all dead yet, but on the increase. If a minister of the everlasting gospel (which, by the by, is getting rather weak on the everlasting part) were to preach from his pulpit, inculcating upon his hearers to be honest in all their dealings with their fellowmen, and did not give the Jewish god credit for all the good there is in man, some of his hearers would bring him to task for it.

Now, as a finishing touch to the above, can you or any of your subscribers inform your many readers how any man or woman can call themselves members of the Church of Christ, and yet be believers in the modern teachings of science. Before I close I will say that Prof. Winchell wrote, several years ago, a work on geology, which was considerably mixed up with biblical chronology, and so long as he taught on this line there was no objection raised against him, but as his mind expanded his views changed. If he had kept in the old rut, the University of Tennessee would not have dismissed him.

It seems very curious to some of my friends that I should subscribe for what they denominate a rank Spiritualist paper, knowing that I am as near being a materialist as it is possible for a man to be. Nevertheless, I admire your paper because you give a hearing to all sides of a question; and when I bring your paper along with others from the Post-office, yours is the first one I read. My wife and daughter, although looking upon Spiritualism as a fad, read your paper with a good deal of interest. J. L. MOORE.

Fincley Place, Quincy, Ill.

"Mind Reading and Beyond," a scholarly statement of the whole subject, with instructions plainly given how to train one's self in mind reading. By W. A. Hovey. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.

"Camille, a Daughter of the People." Next month we shall commence this remarkable story, by Hudson Tuttle. Call your neighbors' attention to it, and request them to send in a subscription. The paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

BIBLE MARVEL WORKERS. BY ALLEN PUTNAM, A. M. A marvelous book. Price 75 cents.

BIBLE OF BIBLES. BY KERSEY GRAVES. It is a well paid personal. Price \$1.75.

DEATH AND AFTER LIFE. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVID. Something you should read. Price 75 cents.

DEMANDS OF ALL PROGRESSIVE MINDS. For a pure, Christian, non-sectarian doctrine, and a review of the ancient religious ideas. By Rev. S. Wegener. Pamphlet something good to read. Price 15 cents.



## HIS AMPUTATED HEAD.

### What a Man Thinks After He Has Been Decapitated.

HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS OF WIERTZ, THE BELGIAN PAINTER, UNDER THE GUILLOTINE, IN ORDER TO ASCERTAIN HOW IT FELT TO BE BEHEADED—AWFUL SENSATIONS OF THE MIND WHEN IT REALIZES THAT IT IS NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH THE BODY—A NOVEL TEST THAT IS NOT LIKELY TO BE REPEATED.

The double execution by decapitation, which took place Saturday, April 23, at Goerlitz, Germany, of the two murderers, Knoll and Heydrich, caused serious discussion of the anachronism of inflicting death by beheading. This brings to mind that only one experience was left to be added to the glories of hypnotism. It had never been thought to transmit a suggestion to an individual about to be beheaded, and then to accurately observe the sensations felt at the moment of torture.

The celebrated Belgian painter, Wiertz, whose works are collected in the Musée Wiertz, Bruxelles, might be considered a precursor of such a test.

Wiertz was not an adept in occult sciences. His investigation was impelled by generosity of sentiment rather than vain curiosity. What occupied his mind was the legitimate question

answers, moaning: "A lightning! The thunderbolt has fallen!" Oh, horror! The head thinks, the head sees!

"It suffers horribly! It hears, it feels, it thinks, but cannot comprehend what has happened."

"It looks for its body. It seems as if the body must come and join it. It expects the final blow. It awaits death, but death will not come!"

While Wiertz was giving utterance to these shocking sentences, the other witnesses, who had noticed the head falling through the bag to the bottom of the basket, crown downward and bleeding neck upward, observed that it was looking at them with mouth widely distended and teeth tightly clinched. The arteries still pulsated palpably where the knife had severed them, and the warm blood spurted out, splattering the eyes, the face, the hair.

The painter continued his woeful lamentations.

"Ah! what hand is this strangling me? An enormous, merciless hand. Oh! this pressure crushes me. Nothing but a large red cloud do I see. Shall I ever liberate myself from this accursed hand? Let loose, you monster! Vainly do I struggle with both my hands. What is this I feel? An open wound, and my blood flowing. I'm nothing but a head rent from the body!"

It was only after long suffering that must have seemed endless in its endurance that the decapitated head realizes its separation from the body.

#### HIS PITIFUL PLEADINGS.

Wiertz had again subsided into somnolence, and Dr. D— continued his interrogatories: "What do you see now? Where are you?"

The painter answered: "I fly into open space, like a wheel hurled through a fire. But—am I dead? Is all over with me? Oh! if they would only join my body with my head again! Oh! men have mercy; restore my body to me, and I shall live again. I still think; I still see; I yet remember everything. There are my judges clad in dark robes. They utter my sentence! Oh! my poor bereaved wife! My wretched, unfortunate child! You love me no longer. You abandon me. If only you would unite me with my body, I should be with you again. No! you are insensible to my entreaties. But I love you still, my poor darlings. Let me but embrace you once again. Come, my little child. No? You shudder with fear. Oh! unfortunate, you are stained with my blood. When will this ghastly racking end? End? Is not the criminal doomed to eternal punishment?"

While the sleeping artist described these frightful sensations the bystanders noticed that the orbs in the severed head were immensely dilated, and expressed a look of indescribable agony and intense pleading. The bewailing continued:

"No, no; such torture cannot last forever! God is merciful! Now all belonging to earth fades from sight. I see far in the remote distance a star glistening and scintillating. Oh, how restful it must be there! How relieved I feel. My entire being is soothed by the gentle balm of peace and calmness. What a tranquil slumber I shall have. Oh, what ecstasy!"

These were the last words uttered by the hypnotic subject. Although still in this sleep he failed to answer any further questioning. Dr. D—, at this point, examined the head in the basket, touching its forehead, its temples, its teeth—all was icy. The head dead.

This gruesome experience of the painter, Wiertz, has been reported in all the scientific centers of Germany. Mr. Larelez, Wiertz's biographer, gives his version of it therein, and a collaborator of a St. Petersburg paper called *Novosti* published an accurate study of it.

Will ever again an emotional subject so peculiarly endowed as Wiertz be found to repeat such an experiment?

It is not at all likely that there will be imitators, as it is more painful to suffer with the subject of the guillotine than to look at "Monsieur de Paris" when he separates a head from the body with the greatest skill.

G. MANTELLINI.

#### Various Camp-Meetings.

Clinton, Iowa, July 15 to Aug. 28.  
Chesterfield, Indiana, July 21 to Aug. 15.  
St. Paul, Minn., Northwestern Spiritualist Association, Merrimac Island, St. Paul, Minn., July 1 to July 24.

Summerland, Cal., Sept. 11 to Oct. 2.  
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 24 to Aug. 28.  
Cassadaga, N. Y., July 22 to Aug. 28.  
Onset Bay, Mass., opening day July 19.  
Liberal, Mo., Aug. 20 to Sept. 19.  
Denver, Col., at Taylor Park, from Sept. 1 to the 15th.

New Era, Oregon, June 10 to June 27.  
Haslett Park, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 29.  
Mantua Station, Ohio, July 24 to Aug. 14.  
Verona Park, Me., Aug. 14 to Aug. 28.  
Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 12 to Aug. 28.  
Devil's Lake, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 8.  
Sunapee Lake, N. H., July 31 to Aug. 28.  
Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., July 31 to Sept. 3.

#### Hol for Lake Brady.

The Spiritualists' Annual Lyceum Union Grove Meeting will take place at Lake Brady, Sunday, June 26th, 1892, on which occasion the Hon. Sidney Dean will deliver the principal address of the day.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM EXERCISES, consisting of songs, recitations, calisthenics by the scholars of both Lyceums, and instrumental music by the lyceum orchestra.

#### A SPECIAL TRAIN

will leave Cleveland from the Union Depot (C. & P. R. R.) 9 A. M., city time, and call at all stations.

Adults, round trip, only 50 cents; children, between 5 and 12, 25 cents. Tickets on sale by the Committees; also at the above station, and also at the C. and P. ticket office, corner Superior and Bank streets.



The Octopus Squirming.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you herewith a verbatim copy of the remarks made by a Catholic priest, as stated, and hope you will find room for it in your paper, for I am sure that the language used cannot fail to open the eyes of the most indifferent to the aims and objects of this great octopus that is straining every nerve to fasten its slimy tentacles upon the educational and political institutions of this country.

After reading the remarks of this priest, can any one doubt the great influence the Catholic Church wields over every election in the United States, be it municipal, State or national; for the priests of this great secret organization know the temper of the slaves that make up their congregations, and know their commands in these matters will be obeyed. It would hardly be considered safe to allow the farmers of this country to cast a vote for each head of stock he might own! Then is it safe for the Catholic priests to vote the cattle that make up the rank and file of the church?

This so-called Holy Catholic Church seems to think they possess a monopoly of "secret organization," and that others have no right to organize for the common benefit of all. I do not understand that the protection of a number of law-abiding citizens, through the means of a few harmless secrets known only to themselves, is patentable. A lot of us fellows who do not happen to believe that God inspects our garbage boxes every Saturday morning, to see whether we ate fish or roast-beef on Friday, think we have just as much right in free America to have a few secrets as the Church of Rome; but it would not be so long if these priests could get their heels on our necks, as the Rev. Father Plaster evidently has his on the necks of his followers.

The name "Patriotic Order Sons of America" would seem to indicate that the members of that order had a good and noble purpose in view; that they loved liberty and equality; that they were willing that others should have the same rights and privileges as themselves. No fair-minded person can object to this, yet the Romish Church, through Rev. Plaster, says this order is its greatest enemy.

This removes all doubt as to the purposes of the church, and comment is scarcely necessary when they are stated in so plain and business-like a manner as they are by Father Plaster. In this case the Democratic party received the approbation of the Father; in other cases and places the Republican party meets with favor—depending, of course, as to which party, in order to elect its ticket, caters to the wishes of Rome.

In conclusion I will add that I have had no little concern for Brother Hertzberger, fearing that Brother Plaster might hear of his strong comment in "vote," and order pistols and coffee for two.

W. W. GELATT.

REMARKS MADE BY REV. FATHER PLASTER, OF HAMMOND, IND., AT HIGH MASS ON SUNDAY, MAY 2ND, JUST PREVIOUS TO THE CITY ELECTION OF 1892:

It is an unpleasant duty for me to call your attention to the coming city election. The men on the ticket of the opposing party are nearly all members of some secret organization, and will do all in their power to down the Democratic ticket, be it by means fair or foul. Do you know the object of these secret organizations? You say no. Well, I will tell you: If they who are on the other ticket should win in this election, they want every foreigner to be a resident of this country ten years before he will have the right to vote. Christians, in free America do you want to pay taxes and not have the right to vote? I say no; and it is your duty, as good Catholics, to vote the straight Democratic ticket. It is your duty toward the church, word and right. It is our duty to down such an unconstitutional organization as the P. O. S. of A., who want the Catholic Church schools eradicated; who want to educate our Catholic children in the public schools, and, if all is told, they want our Catholic sisters to be teachers in the same. We want to stamp these fellows out, and the only way to do it is with your ballot. Stamp the "rooster," and you will down this unjust and bigoted gang that is trying to rule you and your church.

I am sorry to have to dig into politics, but it is my duty as your priest and adviser to warn you of the coming danger. And you, mothers and wives, I appeal to you. Talk to your husbands and brothers; use every influence to get them to vote the straight Democratic ticket. It is to your interest to do so.

Christians, of all the secret organizations that are in this city, the bitterest foes that we Catholics have is that order which is known as the "Patriotic Order Sons of America," who are secretly working against us and our church. Now, nearly every man on that ticket which is against, belongs to that order. Do you want such men in power, who will try to overthrow our churches? Do you want to put them into power who will try to overthrow our churches? Do you want to put men into power who say that every child, be it of Catholic or Lutheran parents, must go to the public schools; that no money will be or shall be spent in the Catholic schools, and that Catholics should not and will not be allowed to hold any public office, in city, county or State. No German or good Catholic will stand such

things or dictations for any gang of corrupt rascals. Our only hope and salvation is at the ballot-box. Vote the straight Democratic church ticket, and put our men in.

What do you think these secret organizations want to do, and will do, if they get into power? You don't know. I will tell you what they want, and what they will do if they hold the reins: They want to root us out. They are prejudiced against every one of us. They will not burn our churches to the ground; they will not try to tear us limb from limb; but they want to abolish the Holy Catholic Church. Are you going to stand by and see this done? I say no; and it is your holy duty, as good Catholics, to vote the straight church ticket. Vote for the men who are endorsed by the church, and who will work for our interest.

We must have votes to win, and I command each and every one of you to VOTE AS I TELL YOU! Vote the straight Democratic ticket from top to bottom, for if we are beaten in this election, I do not want to be your father any more. Every man, who is a good Catholic, must put his ballot in the box, and it must be a straight Democratic one.

If you want to be "supers" in Ireland, go there, and let Queen Victoria put her heel on your neck and grind you to the earth.

Nearly all of the men on the opposing ticket belong to the "Patriotic Order Sons of America," and some of them to the Order of Deputies. These orders are our worst and bitterest enemies. Be like the Lutherans. They are firm and strong for the Catholic ticket. "Rev. Hertzberger told me this morning that our ticket would go through. He said: 'All my members will vote the straight Democratic ticket,' and in the name of all that is good, you Catholics must do the same."

They say that the present administration has not expended the taxpayers' money judiciously. I will say to you that if you want important improvements, like you are getting in this city, you must pay for them. Our Council is an able one. I do not stand here in this pulpit as a citizen to tell you these truths, but as your priest; and I tell you this for the benefit of the church, God, yourselves and your little children. If we lick them once, we will get rid of them forever.

In conclusion, I appeal to you once more. Do not stand idle and see your interests and your church trampled upon. Do that which is your duty, as a good Catholic, and vote to our interest and good. Stamp the "rooster."

This is not a party fight, but a fight for the church, and we must elect the men on the straight Democratic church ticket, and by doing so you will down those corrupt orders which I have named, and who are trying to do everything in their power to root us out. Show them your power by opposing them, and vote the straight Democratic church ticket. I leave this with you to decide with your ballot on Tuesday morning. Catholics, do your duty!

\*NOTE—In an interview, Rev. Hertzberger denied the above statement, and branded it as an infamous, damnable lie.

#### Items from Denver, Colorado.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would like to say in behalf of the Women's Association of Progressive Workers here that we are making preparations to place upon our platform as representatives of our ideas the finest talent to be procured. Sunday evening, June 4th, we had with us Prof. T. C. Buddington, of Massachusetts, and Capt. W. Wingett, ex-president of the society of Kansas City. Prof. Buddington needs no encomium from those who know him as author, poet or speaker, having been before the scientific world for many years as one of the most progressive writers of the age. As the writer of the Faraday pamphlets, his work for spiritual science is known wherever the English language is spoken. His lecture before us, on "The Light of all Nations," was a masterpiece of eloquence and truth.

Captain Wingett conducted some experiments in healing and hypnotism that showed his power in those lines. Mrs. E. A. Wells gave some fine exhibitions of psychometric tests, and Mr. Dobbs rendered a beautiful solo, "Flew as a Bird to the Mountain."

We wish to have all speakers or platform talent that passes to or from the Pacific Coast correspond with us, so arrangements can be made to have them spend a Sunday or more in Denver. Capt. Wingett informs us that the societies in Kansas City, Topeka and Salt Lake propose to enter into an arrangement so that those who wish to visit the coast from the East can stop in each place for one or two Sundays on their way, and all the cities on the line can avail themselves of their services.

Sunday, June 11th, a camp meeting ground about five miles from the center of the city, at Rocky Mountain Lake, was dedicated to the cause of "Spiritual Science." The weather was pleasant, and about 200 people listened to the rendition of an interesting programme. It is expected to hold camp-meeting there in September. I presume you will hear further particulars from other sources. I hope to hear from some reliable medium largely imbued with the missionary spirit.

L. C. DWELLE, Secretary.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER combines CHEAPNESS and EXCELLENCE. The ablest writers send it their best thoughts, because in so doing they reach the largest number of readers, and do a correspondingly greater amount of good than they would if they sent them to a paper with a smaller circulation. Interest your neighbors and friends in the paper and induce them to subscribe. It is sent thirteen weeks for 25 cents.

7-7-7—Three Sevens, by the Phelons. Price, \$1.25. The Jesuits, on both the visible and invisible planes, have banded together to stop the sale of this book. They are afraid it will end their monopoly of the Secret Knowledge, which in its pages is given to the people. Read it for yourself and see why. For sale at this office.

### A Reformed Preacher that Needs Reforming.

TO THE EDITOR:—Mediums are outcasts, Spiritualists are dupes, spirits are idiots, the devil's in it, and the Rev. Madison C. Peters has been sent of God to expose the frauds, teach the Spiritualists and clear the atmosphere of the world so that the gospel of Peters' Presbyterianism may aid to discover our total depravity and predestination.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, a popular preacher of this city, has just given his verdict that Spiritualism is the "most humbuggish humbug," and, of course, if he says so, that settles the whole question! The audacity of men totally ignorant of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism is only equalled by their self-conceit. When we remember the illustrious scientists, the men of letters, the persons of rank, and the millions of earnest, truth-loving men and women who have found in Spiritualism their consolation in bereavement, and their assurance in calmest reflection, it makes one feel the bubbling up of "righteous indignation," when such men as Mr. Peters dares to preach and publish his puerile twaddle upon the subject.

We welcome scientific criticism; we rejoice when an error is pointed out, but we mourn when people and papers become the agents of mere pulpist abuse. Mr. Peters visits two advertised mediums, whose demonstrations were not satisfactory, and upon this flimsy foundation he claims to have exposed Spiritualism, and the New York Herald helps him by publishing his article, and a synopsis of a sermon preached by him on Sunday evening, June 5th. Now, I don't blame the Herald for publishing his adventures and report of sermon, but I do ask for equal courtesy to enable me to reply through the columns of the same paper, so that the public may judge between us. This the Herald is not willing to accord. They decline my article without excuse or explanation.

The reverend gentlemen goes over the old ground of Bible contrasts and comparisons with modern Spiritualism as he conceives it. It is high time we had truth for authority, and not authority for truth. It is not what God is supposed to have said in the past, but, rather, what has He to utter through the facts of today. It is easy enough for reverend gentlemen to say, "The devil is in it!" The devil is in everything they do not understand. They should first be quite sure there is such a personage! It is said that the devil is the person's best friend. No wonder they so readily recognize their benefactor. They ought not to abuse their only source of professional subsistence as they do. Poor old Nick! He merits some compensation for all this calumny.

Mr. Peters warns the mediums of New York City that if they don't get out of the business he will invoke the aid of the civil law to compel them so to do. If the rack and other Christian instruments of torture were still in existence, the Rev. Peters might vent his religious spleen upon the mediums of our age. Ah, demon of the past! thy deadly power is conquered. But, alas! in the garb of a Christian minister thou dost visit us still! Thank heaven that an enlightened public sentiment prevents thee from doing thy hellish work afresh.

The Rev. Peters estimates the number of those rendered insane through Spiritualism at ten thousand. He should consult the authorities and he would find his mistake. Granted that some are rendered unbalanced through over-excited nervous conditions while investigating Spiritualism, how many people are similarly affected through religious excitement? Supposing some persons who are mediums have been guilty of misconduct, are there no clergymen who are a disgrace to the cloth? If mediums do receive money, don't you get paid for preaching, Brother Peters? Before you venture to criticize Spiritualism, be sure you know what you are undertaking.

I will give you a little advice: If you wish to remain a good Presbyterian preacher, able to hold your pulpit conscientiously, don't seek the light or facts of Spiritualism, for if you dabble in it you will most assuredly realize its contagion. When you next attack us, please represent us fairly if you would be respected as an honest man. Better still, make truth your sole object of research, and follow her wherever she leads, and you will be what is more to be desired than being a popular preacher—you will be a prophet, whose love of truth will condemn shams, and whose insight will behold the glories of an exalted Spiritualism.

WALTER HOWELL.

#### The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

TO THE EDITOR:—Hudson Tuttle's new book, "The Convent of the Sacred Heart," has been received and read the second time. It is a very interesting and startling story, and doubly so on account of its claim of being true.

Readers can scarcely believe that they are not being led away into the realms of fancy, so foreign are the incidents to the ordinary views of life—so little has been known of the religious institutions referred to. And as the veil is lifted which heretofore screened them from the outer world, we are annoyed and aghast at the awful revelations.

After its publication in your columns, the readers of "The Convent of the Sacred Heart" called loudly for its appearance in book form. Mr. Tuttle responded, and it is now out in neat style, and suitable for missionary service. The book is so excellent, and the price so modest (20 cents per copy), that it should have a large sale.

AMARALA MARTIN.

"CAMILLE, a Daughter of the People," by Hudson Tuttle, will prove a great attraction. Be sure and induce your neighbor to subscribe for the paper. The story will commence next month.



ED WIERTZ.

of the death penalty, and he was ceaselessly haunted by the desire to penetrate into the mysteries of death through the torture of the guillotine.

Is it true this anguish endures but a second? What does the culprit think? What does he feel at the fatal moment when the deadly knife falls heavily upon his neck?

All such questions harassed the mind of the artist. Wiertz was a close acquaintance of M. M—, the physician in attendance at the prison in Bruxelles, and was likewise an intimate friend of Dr. D—, a scientist, who had for more than thirty years devoted himself to the study of hypnotism. The latter had often hypnotized the painter, who had already proved to be a wonderfully susceptible subject.

#### NATURE OF THE EXPERIMENT.

Wiertz, favored with the permission of M. M—, the prison official, and the consent of Dr. D—, determined upon the following experiment: He would place himself under the guillotine, where the severed head of the condemned rolls into the basket, and there he allowed to be put to sleep through hypnotism, and ordered to penetrate the mental and bodily sensations of the executed.

Preparatory to this test, a few days before a decapitation occurred, he submitted to be put to sleep by Dr. D—, who influenced him to identify himself with different people in order to read their thoughts—to penetrate their very souls and consciences—so as to experience all the sentiments which agitated them. Wiertz proved a most fitting person for so delicate a mission.

About ten minutes previous to the arrival of the condemned on the day of execution, Wiertz, accompanied by his friend, Dr. D—, and two witnesses, proceeded to the guillotine, and there placing themselves close to the fatal basket beneath the scaffold, but unsuspected by the public, Wiertz was hypnotized by the doctor. While in this condition Dr. D—, obliged him to identify himself with the victim, to follow minutely all his thoughts, and to feel and express aloud the sensations affecting the criminal just at the moment when the knife entered his neck. He ordered him finally, just as the head fell into the basket, to make an effort to enter that brain and analyze the last thoughts there impressed.

The three friends who accompanied the painter stood there in breathless silence, anxiously awaiting developments. The tread of feet overhead warns them that the condemned is being led by the executioner to the death-dealing machine.

The culprit ascends the scaffold; another instant and the guillotine will have accomplished its bloody work.

The doctor watches Wiertz and notices that he is extremely perturbed. He supplicates piteously to be awakened. The anguish oppressing him is intolerable. But—it is too late—the knife has fallen!

"What do you feel? What do you see?" questions the doctor.

#### SENSATIONS OF A SEVERED HEAD.

The painter, struggling with convulsions,



## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

## Terms of Subscription.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year	\$1.00
Three months	.40
One month	.15
Single copy	5c

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## CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

At the time of the Chicago Convention, it was suggested that the mental characteristics of the whole family connection, in the light of its exaggerated peculiarities, as exhibited in my odd fellow-boarder. Squinting brains are a great deal more common than we should at first sight believe. Here is a great book, a solid octavo, of five hundred pages, full of the vagaries of this class of organizations. I hope to refer to this work hereafter, but just now I will only say that, after reading till one is tired, the strange fancies of the squarers of the circle, the inventors of perpetual motion, and the rest of the moon-struck dreamers, most persons will confess to themselves that they have had notions as wild, conceptions as extravagant, theories as baseless, as the least rational of those which are here recorded.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.



## A SPIRITUALIST?

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

## Squinting Brains.

They Originate All Our Messiahs.

They Generate All False Religions.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Chicago *Times* truly says that the modern messiah, in his various stages of development, ranging from a mere inspired prophet who calls himself the true Christ, is becoming so common in American life as to merit study. He is a phenomenon, like recurrent epidemics of yellow fever, and like them demands investigation, with proper precautions in the way of fumigation and deodorizing. Commonly the modern messiah seems to be a man of vulgar qualities, mediocre in intellect, shallow of learning, inordinately addicted to all the sinful lusts of the flesh, and gifted with sublime self-assurance. Ingersoll, who avers that "an honest god is the noblest work of man," would find little evidence of noble handicraft in these self-made deities. Woman-kind are the prey of these religious charlatans. Woman has always been the dupe of false prophets. Mohammed consigned her to the enforced seclusion of the harem. Joe Smith used her as a bait to attract converts, and made of plural marriages the corner-stone of his church. Teed and Schweinfurth people their provincial heavens with "angels," while "Prince Michael of the Flying Roll" languished in a Detroit jail for having sought to establish in this carping and illiberal world a Mohammedan paradise gay with hours. The case with which these impostors attract their dupes lends but little credit to a civilized people in the end of the nineteenth century. When painted savages are deluded by some wandering mountebank, calling himself the messiah, into turbulence and insurrection the superior whites scornfully pronounce them mad, and mow them down with Gatling guns and Hotchkiss cannon. But the spectacle of white women yielding up that which is dearer to womanhood than life, merely to follow the fortunes of some canting hypocrite and blasphemous rogue, has ceased to be a novelty. Religious monomania is a mental disorder known well to students of mental phenomena. It would seem the art of preying on this weakness, once mastered, will assure to any smooth scoundrel comfort and adulation so long as he keeps out of the clutches of the criminal law. These messiahs are the legitimate outgrowth of something. They come forth in our civilization just as naturally as a seed germinating in the soil. There can not be an effect without a cause. Dr. O. W. Holmes, with a mind exceedingly brilliant—a genius in fact—has discerned the cause. Modern messiahs, religious cranks, erratic persons, etc., are all the result of squinting brains. He says:

"All of our brains squint more or less. There is not one in a hundred, certainly, that does not sometimes see things distorted by double refraction, out of plumb, or out of focus, or with colors which do not belong to it, or in some

way betraying that the two halves of the brain are not acting in harmony with each other. You wonder at the eccentricities of this or that connection of your own. Watch yourself, and you will find impulses which, but for the restraints you put upon them, would make you do the same foolish things which you laugh at in that cousin of yours. I once lived in the same house with the near relative of a very distinguished person, whose name is still honored and revered among us. His brain was an active one, like that of his famous relative, but it was full of random ideas, unconnected trains of thought, whims, crochets, erratic suggestions. Knowing him, I could interpret the mental characteristics of the whole family connection, in the light of its exaggerated peculiarities, as exhibited in my odd fellow-boarder. Squinting brains are a great deal more common than we should at first sight believe. Here is a great book, a solid octavo, of five hundred pages, full of the vagaries of this class of organizations. I hope to refer to this work hereafter, but just now I will only say that, after reading till one is tired, the strange fancies of the squarers of the circle, the inventors of perpetual motion, and the rest of the moon-struck dreamers, most persons will confess to themselves that they have had notions as wild, conceptions as extravagant, theories as baseless, as the least rational of those which are here recorded.

"I have not ventured very often nor very deeply into the field of metaphysics, but if I were disposed to make any claim in that direction, it would be the recognition of the squinting brain, the introduction of the term 'cerebricity,' corresponding to electricity, the idiotic area, in the brain or thinking marrow, and my studies of the second member in the partnership of I, Myself & Co.

"Whether we shall ever find the exact position of the idiotic center or area in the brain (if such a spot exists) is uncertain. We know exactly where the blind spot of the eye is situated, and can demonstrate it anatomically and physiologically. But we have only analogy to lead us to infer the possible or even probable existence of any insensible spot in the thinking center. If there is a focal point where consciousness is at its highest development, it would not be strange if near by there should prove to be an anesthetic district or limited space where no report from the senses was intelligently interpreted. But all this is mere hypothesis.

"There is a great good to be got out of a squinting brain, if one only knows how to profit by it. We see only one side of the moon, you know, but a fellow with a squinting brain seems now and then to get a peep at the other side. I speak metaphorically. He takes new and startling views of things we have always looked at in one particular aspect.

"There is a rule invariably to be observed with one of this class of intelligences: Never contradict a man with a squinting brain. I say a man, because I do not think that squinting brains are nearly so common in women as they are in men. The 'eccentrics' are, I think, for the most part of the male sex.

"Are not almost all brains a little wanting in bilateral symmetry? Do you not find in persons whom you love, whom you esteem, and even admire, some marks of obliquity in mental vision? Are there not some subjects in looking at which it seems to you impossible that they should ever see straight? Are there not moods in which it seems to you that they are disposed to see all things out of plumb, and in false relations with each other? If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then you will be glad of a hint as to the method of dealing with your friends who have a touch of cerebral strabismus, or are liable to occasional paroxysms of perversity. Let them have their head. Get them talking on subjects that are interesting to them. As a rule, nothing is more likely to serve this purpose than letting them talk about themselves; if authors, about their writings; if artists, about their pictures or statues; and generally on whatever they have most pride in and think most of their own relations with.

"Perhaps you will not at first agree with me in thinking that slight mental obliquity is as common as I suppose. An analogy may have some influence on your belief in this matter. Will you take the trouble to ask your tailor how many persons have their two shoulders of the same height? I think he will tell you that a majority of his customers show a distinct difference of height on the two sides. Will you ask a portrait painter how many of those who sit to him have both sides of their faces exactly alike? I believe he will tell you that one side is always a little better than the other. What will your better say about the two sides of the head? Do you see equally well with both eyes, and hear equally well with both ears? Few persons past middle age will pretend that they do. Why should not the two halves of a brain show a natural difference, leading to confusion of thought, and very possibly to that instinct of contradiction of which I was speaking? A great deal of time is lost in fruitless conversation, and a good deal of ill-temper frequently caused by not considering these organic and practically insuperable conditions. In dealing with them, acquiescence is the best of palliations, and silence the sovereign specific."

Mr. Holmes is no doubt right in his conclusions in reference to squinting brains. It is a disease which is prevalent to a greater extent than is generally supposed. The man who believes that the earth is flat, and stationary in the heavens, has a squinting brain, and cannot be relieved of his vagary until that squinting is removed. The young lady who unites her destiny with a disreputable character—marries him—has a squinting brain; she can see no defects in his character until the difficulty in her brain is removed, when she discovers what a consummate dunce she has made of herself. All the modern saviors are the result of squinting brains. Every Catholic priest who is not a consummate scoundrel and knows the lies he is teaching, has a squinting brain. Every

Catholic who visits the confessional is afflicted with a squinting brain. Everyone who believes that the death of Jesus results in saving them from their sins has a squinting brain. In fact there is a superabundance of squinting brains, and from these alone all false religions originate. Examine yourself carefully, and see if you are not afflicted with this prevalent disease—the SQUINTING BRAIN.

## The Fermenting Process Going On Everywhere.

The fermenting process by which the world is agitated, still goes on. Another declaration was filed June 9th, in the Circuit court by Sidney C. Miller, through his attorneys, Hill & May, demanding \$100,000 damages from Teed for alienation of Mrs. Miller's affections. The declaration sets forth that Teed claimed to be Elijah, the prophet; that he had power to give and take life and would eventually destroy the world; that Teed assured Mrs. Miller that on the 18th day of October, 1890, she would be translated and would be made goddess Minerva. Teed claimed, according to the bill, that all who followed him would receive a certificate of immortality and would be translated. By such false representations, it is alleged, Dr. Teed induced Mrs. Miller to leave her husband and give the messiah goods and chattels to the value of \$5,000, which really belonged to Mr. Miller.

Thus the fermenting process is working, and agitation is going on, even in courts of law. New sects, new messiahs, new bibles, new interpretations of God's providence, new ideas of heaven and hell, bran new revisions of the Old and New Testaments, new articles of faith, new fictions in churches, new relics, 1800 years old, new cures from a dead bone, extraordinary miracles at Catholic shrines, new cases of stigmata, new testimony that each of the 600 conflicting sects are right in every particular, new offshoots from different sects, new revelations from the various Gods of leading churches—in fact, the world is continually being startled by something new in the domain of religion! But because new—bran new—and seemingly as bright as a dollar just from the mint, and because it finds many devoted followers, it is no reason that it is founded on the bed rock of truth. But these new methods to save souls is the legitimate result, many times, of adventurers who wish to lead and get a living from those nincompoops that can be found on every corner. This multiplication of sects, creeds and messiahs, while at present an unadulterated evil and curse to the world, yet seems to be an absolute necessity, in order to surfeit the people with such consummate folly, and thus surfeit they will become aware of their own uncleanness from a moral and religious standpoint, and will be prepared to advance to a higher plane. The subjection of one hundred slaves to the vilest servitude was not an evil that attracted much attention in the world; but when the number increased to 4,000,000, the evil became of such gigantic magnitude that forces and agencies were set to work which freed them. Slavery was a stupendous evil in this country, and could not be abolished until its proportions overshadowed, as it were, the whole land. It is the same with warring and conflicting religious orders. They will never cease to exist until they shall have become more numerous, and their inconsistencies so glaring, and their absurdities so appalling, that the masses of the people will naturally discard them.

Take, for example, the Old World. All is uneasiness there. The spirit of intolerance is still rampant there—still exerting its most malignant influence, showing conclusively that a very large segment of the dark ages still exists on this earth. The *Catholic Missionary Review* publishes an official report on recent missionary troubles in East Africa. According to this report the Catholic kingdom of Uganda was destroyed, and the king, bishops, and seventeen missionaries were driven out by Protestant natives supported by British agents. The Protestants, armed with rifles given them by Capt. Lugard, bombarded the Catholic Mission and set fire to it, the doctor and a Catholic chief being killed. The missionaries and a remnant of the Catholic natives were forced to take refuge in the English fort. The king when leaving Uganda was attacked by boats carrying a Maxim gun, and fled with one of the bishops, while the brothers dispersed in different directions.

Thus it is that the world is fermenting—the above being the dying struggle of the dark ages for a foothold in this enlightened nineteenth century.

Even in this country the same violent, intolerant spirit exists as in East Africa. The *Romish Octopus* that almost ruined Italy and Mexico, and from the start has been a curse to the world, is still squirming in this country. Take the case of the Catholic priest, Rev. Patrick F. Quigley, of Toledo, Ohio. One day last month, as reported in the daily papers, Sheriff Stuart arrested him. The charge against him is refusing to submit to the city trustee officers a list of the pupils attending the parochial school, as is demanded by the new compulsory education law. Dr. Quigley dismissed the officer peremptorily the first of the week, and he at once reported the fact to the board of education. This body gave the evidence to the grand jury, then in session, which returned the indictment. The Doctor was ordered to be committed in default of \$200 bail. He was behind the bars half an hour before his attorney, Frank Hurd, came to his rescue. The circumstance is more remarkable in view of the decision of the supreme court last week that the com-

pulsory education law was constitutional and valid.

His third arrest comes like a thunder-clap to the thousands of Catholics who had come to regard him as their spiritual and intellectual leader. They assert that he is openly defying the law, and he claims that it is his duty to do so when it conflicts with his idea of the divine law. On his defiance of the State statutes was based the bitter political issues of the last two Ohio campaigns. American Protective associations sprang up everywhere last fall, and they succeeded in defeating every Catholic in the district, but two, regardless of party. This spring not one Catholic was elected, and on the contrary, an unknown and poorly-qualified man defeated a prominent and able citizen, who ordinarily would have been overwhelmingly elected as police commissioner. His one vote made a majority that has since outlasted every Catholic out of the police force, and many other municipal departments have been treated similarly. The feeling is very bitter. The action in this case makes it all the more so, and these issues will have more to do with the next November election in Northern Ohio than tariff or silver.

Thus it is that the ferment is going on, and it will continue until all the evils are eliminated therefrom. Spiritualism is a great factor to assist in this work.

## A Fast, and a Protest.

The Rome correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* telegraphed from London, June 5th:

"Archbishop Ireland has left Rome for Paris. He assured his holiness before his departure for the United States that he had strongly advised Blaine to resign from President Harrison's cabinet in order that his hands might be free for the presidency. The Roman Catholics, the archbishop says, strongly favor Mr. Blaine."

If the priesthood desire to down a party, or a candidate for office, they have only to show their cloven foot. It is generally conceded that the assembly of several hundred Protestant clergy in New York, in 1884, followed by that silly speech of Rev. Burchard, with his alliteration of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," hurled at Mr. Cleveland on the eve of the election, caused the defeat of Mr. Blaine for the presidency at that time. With favorable indications of Mr. Blaine's nomination at Minneapolis, the above dispatch was flashed by the Associated Press, and was published throughout the country. The delegates to the nominating convention saw the cloven foot of Romanism. From that moment Mr. Blaine's defeat was inevitable. It was the least of our concern who was nominated for the presidency by either party, confident the liberties of the country are safe in the hands of any of the many candidates; but as loyal to free institutions, we do most earnestly protest against this unhallowed interference of a religious hierarchy, with its head at Rome, even by way of suggestion, in our political affairs.

## "Aryan Sun Myths."

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

If you want to learn more in a few hours than you can in as many months from a large library, read "Aryan Sun Myths, the Origin of Religions," by Sarah E. Titcomb. If you want to know the true origin of all your religious ceremonies, read "Aryan Sun Myths." You who glory in the cross of Christ, read Sun Myths, and see where it comes from. All ye good Christians who are anxious about the salvation of your soul, read the Sun Myths, and get undeceived by seeing what you are relying on; and if your fears, already great, are increased, then turn to the facts and realities of Spiritualism, which are built on no myths or allegories, but on the bed-rock of eternal truth, and will never deceive you.

We have greater books, but none which on this subject contains so much authentic information in so small space. For sale at this office.

## Independent Spirit Writing.

Charles R. Miller, a prominent Spiritualist of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is deeply interested in the promulgation of Spiritualism, sends us several communications, which appear on the 8th page of this issue, written independently, that is, without the direct aid of the medium. A piece of paper is placed in an envelope, and is utilized by the spirits to answer questions, or write a message. This is a very interesting phase of spirit power—in fact, it is most remarkable, and we take great pleasure in opening a special department for such messages and answers to the questions as the invisibles may, from time to time give, through this remarkable medium, Mr. Cole.

Mrs. M. Hartmann is now at Milwaukee, Wis. She finds great interest manifested there. She writes: "I have wonderful messages on the planchette; one was from a doctor in Maine whom I believed to be living here, but on inquiry found out he had passed over. My husband and I are ready to answer calls for platform tests and speaking."

President Williams informs us that the meeting at well attended at National Hall, 681 West Lake Street. Mr. Williams is a veteran worker in the cause of reform and truth.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon has engagements at Albany, N. Y. for February; at Haverhill in October and January 1893; also at Boston and Salem, Mass. Societies desiring a first-class lecturer and test medium can address him at Onset, Mass. He gave courses of lectures during May and June in Newburyport, Haverhill, and Salem, Mass.

Herbert Spencer visits amusement resorts in London regularly. His special delight is said to be comic opera.

## The Departure of a Noble Woman.

Perhaps there is no other woman in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, whose death would have called forth such general regrets, as that of Mrs. Joseph M. Ammon, which occurred June 4, after a day of terrible suffering. Lengthy reports were published of her life and work in all the journals, and her magnificent residence on Euclid Avenue was crowded with sympathizing friends. She was a thorough believer in Spiritualism and was conscious of being controlled by superior beings. She believed Spiritualism was good enough to live by and proved that it was good enough to die by. When she was conscious that the fatal hour would soon come, she made all arrangements, even to the minutest detail. Her last words were addressed to her four children:

"Always be good to the poor and unfortunate; the rich can take care of themselves."

She was well educated, wealthy and devoted to the noble purpose of assisting the unfortunate. She has devoted a great deal of her time of late years in securing the release of those whom she considered worthy prisoners from the penitentiary. She made frequent visits to Columbus, and was allowed to address the convicts when she desired. Some time ago she secured the pardon of John Housel, of Ashtabula county, who was given a life sentence for murder a number of years ago. She worked for two years for this man's release. She went to Ashtabula county and made speeches in his behalf, and several times she narrowly escaped personal violence for so doing. She was finally successful, and Governor Campbell granted Housel freedom. During the past few years Mrs. Ammon was successful in securing the release of almost forty convicts. When they gained their freedom they were invited to come to her home in Cleveland, and many availed themselves of the invitation. She obtained employment for them, and when they were without funds she went security for their board until they received their pay. It is said that in only one case was her confidence in the men misplaced. There is now in the Ammon household a four-year-old boy, named Albert Warden Ammon. His mother was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and the child was born within the prison walls. He was given in charge of Mrs. Ammon when he was two years old. She promised to care for him and educate the little one as her own. Her favorite expression with regard to this was, "A charge I have to keep." Her last injunction to her children was to carry out her wishes in regard to this worse than motherless boy.

The business ability of Mrs. Ammon was something remarkable. She planned and directed the construction of her home on Euclid Avenue, which is a model of architectural beauty and taste. It has long been conspicuous by the inscription carved over the entrance: "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." She managed a large vineyard, and a farm of 150 acres at Collamer. Her grapes were known far and near, and she secured a ready sale for them. During the past year she spent the greater part of her time at her home in Collamer. She laid out a park which is one of the most beautiful grounds in the vicinity of Cleveland. The country home is charming and unique. It is situated on a side hill, and is completely surrounded by trees. A stairway connects the top of the hill with the roof of the house. The beautifying of these charming grounds was the chief aim of Mrs. Ammon of late, and she frequently referred to it in her last illness.

Mrs. Ammon, during her life, was active in a number of charitable associations. She was one of the original members of the Dorcas Society, and was secretary of the hospital association which was finally merged into Huron Street Hospital. She was one of the first members of the Western Reserve Woman Suffrage Association, and at the time of her death was a member of the Cleveland Sorosis. She was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and devoted a great deal of time to the study of that belief.

She never for a moment thought of what people would say—only what ought to be done. It is said that once she was driving in her carriage along the crowded avenue, when she saw a boy with a load of garbage which his horse could not draw, because one of the wheels was in a deep rut. Hundreds of church pharisees passed by and gave no heed. Now came the practical Spiritualist. She stepped out of her carriage, took the lines and whip from the boy, and said to the curious crowd that gathered: "Take hold of the wheels, and when I say go, lift." A dozen strong hands obeyed, and with a dexterous rein the horse brought the wagon out to the even pavement.

A volume might be filled with similar instances, and of her guidance by spirit friends. In the midst of her usefulness she was called to another sphere. By her request, Hudson Tuttle officiated, and under inspiration, taking the text which the deceased had selected, "There is no death," gave a discourse which gladdened the hearts of the many Spiritualists present, for it gave their grand philosophy of life, here and hereafter, in its profoundest bearings and loftiest aspirations. All the leading papers gave full reports.

John H. Parnell, the brother of the dead Irish leader, has immense peach orchards in Georgia and Alabama. He divides his time between these plantations and his home in Ireland. He is said to be the wealthiest peach-grower in this country.

## The Better Way Overburdened With Debts.

Leonard Barney, trustee, and Sabillon S. Schaff, et al., owners of more than one-fifth of the capital stock of the publishing company known as *The Better Way*, issuing a paper devoted to the doctrines of Spiritualism, filed a petition to-day for the appointment of a receiver. The business is not profitable. The assets are very small, and the indebtedness large.—*Cincinnati Times Star*, June 15.

We regret exceedingly that *The Better Way* is so overburdened with debts that it cannot pay them, and lives in constant dread of the interference of the law. But this is the legitimate outgrowth of a stock concern in conducting spiritual affairs—it almost invariably gets deeply involved in debt, and the end is a failure. No dollar paper, without having a larger circulation than *The Better Way*, can afford a decent salary to an editor, associate editor, secretary and foreman, and pay rent, etc. Their salary must be niggardly, bordering, as it were, on starvation, in order to keep the paper afloat. For years, we are informed that Mr. Melcher, who did all the editorial work of the paper, received only \$10 per week, a miserable pittance, while the printers got only 25 cents per thousand. It is a disgrace—a lasting disgrace to an old Spiritualist paper, to not be able to pay its employees better. A paper the age of *The Better Way*, venerable with years, and so exceedingly pretentious, should be able to pay its help a reasonable remuneration; if it cannot, it had better die at once, or let better blood step to the helm. We have no patience with the business ability that will run a paper ten or fifteen years, and at the expiration of that time be overburdened with debts, which, of course, react upon the employees.

The failure of a Spiritualist paper is but a slight loss, financially, to each subscriber; the great evil lies in the fact that while struggling for an existence large debts accumulate on all sides, and act as a blight on the paper. There is no harmony—there can be no harmony, between a spiritual influx and the blight which an honest debt brings, and which cannot be paid. Above all, the Spiritualist world likes honesty. The gross mismanagement of a paper that brings on debts, can only be assigned to unpardonable asinine stupidity, bordering closely on criminality, if not actually criminal. An editor, assistant editor and secretary, when they see that their work results in loss to the stockholders, debts accumulating that cannot be paid, ought to have sense enough to nip the evil in the bud—in other words—to stop! To continue a losing enterprise—to struggle against a hopeless fate, wasting forces that might be utilized elsewhere, borders closely on actual criminality.

But whoever heard of an editor, assistant editor and secretary of a stock concern resigning? They will cling to it like rats to a ship, until the last vestige of nourishment is exhausted, and then run in debt in order to continue their career. It was the same with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* in its early days. It brought the noses of many men and women to the grindstone. John Smith's life was rendered burdensome by his loss of \$10,000. Kind-hearted women invested their means in it, only to suffer and lose all, and go down in poverty to the grave. What a dastardly shame!

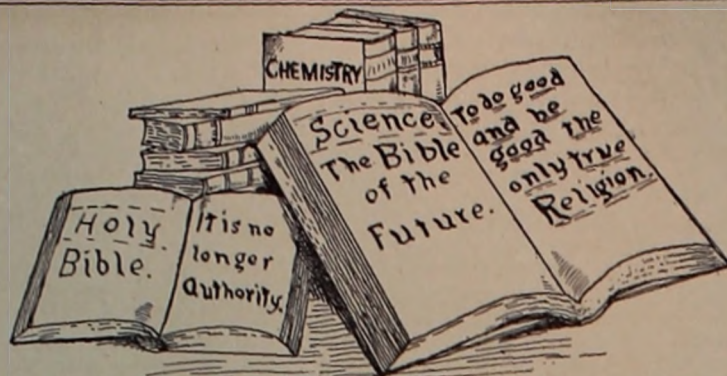
Let the *Better Way* pay off its indebtedness—every cent of it! It can not be honorable and do otherwise. The *Better Way* as a paper can not stand before the great body of Spiritualists as a beacon light while a single debt remains unpaid. It can not afford to reduce to beggary honest men and women, as the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* did when first started, making wrecks of homes and lives. Its continuation as a Spiritualist paper depends on its course in that respect. While preaching honesty, above all things BE HONEST.

## "Camile, a Daughter of the People."

It is true that it is summer time, and the weather languidly warm, but that is no reason why a Spiritualist paper should languish in interest. Its interest must be kept up the year round. In order to do this we shall publish "CAMILE, a Daughter of the People," written expressly for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* by Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. While we are doing our best to interest you, and will interest you, it is too much to ask you to interest some one in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, and induce him to subscribe? The story will be commenced next month. Send us at least a trial subscription to commence with the story.

The *Christian Oracle* says: "Bro. P. A. Seguin (ex-Priest) has returned from Philadelphia, to this city. He is the editor of *The True Protestant*, which was issued from this city for several years until he went to Philadelphia about a year since. It will again be issued from Chicago, the first number appearing in July. Bro. Seguin made a mistake in leaving Chicago and going to Philadelphia, which he now sees and regrets. He is the author of a number of tracts in which are shown up the teachings and pretences of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Among them are the following: 'The Eye-Opener for Americans, or Questions Put to Women in the Confessional Box'; 'The Confessional Box Unmasked'; 'Purgatory, the Golden Hen of Popery'; and 'The Fate of Jesuitism'. The price of these, respectively, is 25, 15, 10 and 15 cents, by mail. Bro. Seguin is a man of good ability and sterling integrity, and his publications are calculated to do much good and should have a wide circulation. The price of *The True Protestant* (a monthly) is 50 cents a year to subscribers out of the city, and 75 cents to those in it. Subscribe for it, and thereby help him in his laudable work of exposing error and of defending and propagating truth. His address is, 235 Lincoln Street, Chicago, Ill.





## Atmosphere of the Flaming Sun.

### Probable Heat of His Crust—How the Planets Were Evolved.

AS SCIENCE IS TO BE THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE, IT SHOULD BE BROUGHT PROMINENTLY BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

In Mr. Flammarion's contribution, which is a most beautiful portrayal of the sun's luminiferous atmosphere, that savant justifies his employment of the word with the following concise remark: "The variety, the diversity of chemical and physical phenomena expressed by this one word amply justify its general application to the solar protuberances."

It should be borne in mind that solar flames are simply masses of highly incandescent vapors (largely ferric, as shown by spectroscopic analysis) lying, by virtue of their small specific gravity, in the outer or upper strata of the solar atmosphere (known in astronomical nomenclature as the photosphere), and ever agitated by the ceaseless play of the subjacent elements—now rolled into oceans of flying billows of flame, now whirled in brilliant maelstroms in which worlds could be lost. At intervals the elements lying beneath in the hotter strata, not only evaporated, but actually dissociated by the intense heat, are projected through the superincumbent vapors or gases into a region of comparatively low temperature and atmospheric pressure, and, rushing into combination, produce, by the liberation of their latent heat, the various forms of protuberances observed and described by those engaged in studying solar phenomena. But I shall not dwell at length upon this idea, as Prof. Young's paper deals with it in a most explicit manner.

The more debatable points are the condition of surface of the sun's body with regard to its being habitable, and the question of the electrical maintenance of the solar radiation viewed in the light of the nebular theory of creation—that sublime epic of nature.

Regarding the first question, it seems to me that the opinions of Prof. Faraday and others that beneath his brilliant exterior the resplendent orb may possess a surface diversified by continents and seas—forests through whose waving boughs soft breezes blow, and wide, blue seas, across whose foamy swells full many a sail may trace a widening wave—are not tenable in the face of facts established by recent spectroscopic and photographic research.

And now for the second question, viz.: the electrical maintenance of the solar radiation? That hypothesis is not wholly at variance with the nebular theory, but is rendered entirely dispensable—utterly unnecessary in the light of that grandest of conceptions, What other theory can account so perfectly for the planetary motions—the lengthening of the periods of revolution with the increasing distances from the great center, the common direction pursued by the planets in their orbits, and many other facts pertaining to the solar system? Prof. Young states that the primeval cloud or nebula from which our system was evolved originally filled all the space occupied by the solar system.

That a temperature sufficiently high to effect the dissociation of any known substances exists beneath the photosphere is generally conceded by astronomers of the present time, and that there could be a region between that and the solar body itself in which the atmosphere would be sufficiently cool to admit of the existence of organic life, would be an obvious infraction of the law of radiation of heat, especially when we consider that the sun's atmospheric pressure is greater than our own in proportion as the bulk of that body exceeds that of the earth.

Moreover, glimpses are obtained during sun-spot periods of the denser surface lying beneath the restless flaming atmosphere, and it is also indemonstrably hot.

It must necessarily have been much larger, as the rotation of the mass with a velocity corresponding to that of the remotest planet (Neptune—time of evolution 164 years) could have been produced only by condensation through a long period of time. Then, in obedience to a well-known law, as the mass became smaller and smaller through condensation, and by parting with large quantities of its matter by centrifugal force, its velocity slowly increased, so that each successive ring thrown off, or left, rather, whirled faster than its predecessor. And each ring, slowly condensing as its heat was lost through radiation, eventually formed a nucleus by the gravitation of its matter to its densest portion, which process in turn gave to it a rotary motion independent of its orbital motion. This individual rotary motion produced the satellites, just as the planets were produced by the rotation of the whole mass.

While "agitation" is constant on the surface of the sun, is there not agitation—unceasing agitation on this terrestrial sphere? Not of the same kind, but an agitation that prepares a loftier pathway for those who are to follow. Does not all things tend to the advancement of the human race, whether it be flames on the sun, or the flames which, in the past, burned heretics? The cruel instruments of torture in the past, were they not dying embers of barbarism, as natural to those who used them as poison is to the fangs of a rattlesnake? It is through agitation that worlds and humanity advance.

A. STROMBY.

## How Donaldson Died.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

When the summer skies serene  
Were the brightest ever seen,  
And all the air a balmy sweetness bore,  
And the sunshine, streaming through  
All those vaulted depths of blue,  
Was smiling on the stream, the lake, and shore;

While all hearts were glowing warm,  
Fearing no impending storm,  
For gladness smiled upon a joyful throng,  
'Twas Chicago's festive day,  
And all sorrow sped away,  
While happy voices rang the streets along.

And to crown this day so fair,  
One will sail the viewless air;  
'Tis Donaldson, the bravest man alive!  
And one more will thus ascend—  
Grimwood bold his aid will lend—  
On this July fifteen, seventy-five.

They inflate the great balloon  
For its voyage toward the moon,  
And thousands gather to behold the sight.  
Lo! it rises o'er the lake,  
And an eastern course doth take,  
And vanishes amid the realms of light.

Two intrepid souls are gone,  
Rushing ever swiftly on,  
Forever from the world they've left behind;  
And no more shall mortal eyes  
View these travelers through the skies,  
Who're riding on the fierce, terrific wind.

And no token e'er shall come  
To their friends now stricken dumb;  
But leaden sorrow settled over all,  
Till a decade's took its flight,  
When, upon a winter's night,  
A maiden hears a sad and plaintive call.

'Tis brave Donaldson appears,  
Saddened by long, absent years;  
Who's come at last his story to relate,  
Thus to let his kindred know  
How he perished long ago,  
Who've grieved so long and bitter o'er his fate.

Yes, he came unto a maiden,  
With his sorrow heavy-laden,  
Unfolding all the terrors of that night  
Which followed fast the happy day  
When he bravely sailed away,  
Rejoicing through the fields of glowing light.

He had often come before  
To this maiden's humble door,  
Admission though he never had till now.  
Smiling now to hear her speak,  
'Twas the boon he came to seek,  
With grateful thanks salutes her with a bow.

Then he said: "How kind and good!  
Now my wish is understood;  
I came to you upon the wings of love.  
'Twas for me a joyous hour,  
Yielding to the subtle power  
That swiftly bore me up the lake above."

"Oh! the splendors of that view  
As I pierced the ether through,  
And felt a thrill I never felt before,  
And still higher yet I rose,  
Where the rare, cold current flows,  
Till passed from view the city, lake, and shore."

"And the clouds were neath my feet,  
But I calmly kept my seat,  
And onward, like a comet in its course,  
Through the realms of upper air,  
Where no man did ever dare  
To rush with such a wild, terrific force."

"Then a darkness like a pall  
Quickly gathered over all,  
The fearful portent flashing on my soul,  
For a moment after came  
Storm so wild it had no name;  
All elements seemed bursting from control."

"The balloon then broke asunder,  
While the basket carried under  
My friend and all—from me were swept away!  
And my body outward jetting—  
Clinging only to the netting,  
To terrors dark I soon became a prey!"

"Sometimes clinging on the ball,  
Sometimes swinging under all,  
And swift as gleaming light through space was hurled;  
While with fright and terror wild,  
With my thoughts on wife and child,  
I felt I'd passed forever from the world."

"Then the ball was rent in twain—  
All my senses numbed with pain,  
Suspended by a cord my waist around;  
Falling slowly through the air,  
Closed my eyes in silent prayer,  
And died before my body reached the ground."

"Where in swamps lay it lay,  
Slowly wasting day by day,  
Ten miles from Lake Superior's northern shore;  
Till at last it vanished quite,  
Gone for aye from mortal sight,  
To mingle with the oozy earth no more."

"Thus I've told you of the flight  
And the terrors of that night,  
That tore me from my loving friends away.  
I no longer can remain,  
But will come to you again,  
Rejoicing now for kindness shown to-day."

Now at length he's told the truth—  
How he perished in his youth  
To realize his fondest hopes and dreams.  
And at last his friends will hear  
How he died with none to cheer,  
A victim to his bold, ambitious schemes.

Manteno, Ill.

Those who feel an interest in sustaining a free-thought paper, that is not crowded with advertisements, should introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to their neighbors and friends, and get them to subscribe. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents.

"Morality of Dancing." Reply to Sam Jones' challenge under forfeit of \$500 (which with orthodox veracity and reliability he never paid). By M. A. Collins. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

## Reflections on Reading "Antiquity Unveiled."

THEOPHILUS.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read the book "Antiquity Unveiled," which I bought at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and although it is in some respects a hard pill to swallow, yet I have gained some very valuable information from it.

In the first place I find that the ancient sages were mediums, controlled by spirits as modern mediums are; but they thought it was God, and this mistake engendered the man-god error. I never knew before that there was so much ancient Spiritualism. All their moral precepts (and they had all that we have) they received in that way; and only for the carnal materialistic pride, and lust for power, of the Christian priesthood, who destroyed as far as they could every vestige of pagan philosophy that stood in the way of their own scheme, ignored spirit communion, and sunk the world in the midnight gloom of the dark ages, the world might have been to-day in the long-looked-for millennium, and I am more than ever convinced that Spiritualism is to be the redemption of the world.

I call your attention to a communication from spirit Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, in which he says: "To all these spiritual leaders (Christians), I will say: You will have to return to the only religion ever given to man by God, and that is direct communion with the Spirit-world, pure and uncontaminated by pride and selfishness. This is the Christ; this is the Messiah; this is the light that is to save all men."

"I did not believe in the glamor of extravagance and exaggeration thrown around the Christian Savior; but I was not prepared to deny his existence, and arraign the writers of the New Testament and the founders of Christianity; but now it is in order for the advocates of this system, when they preach Jesus Christ, to prove his existence by collateral contemporaneous historical evidence. The gauntlet is thrown down to them in this book; let them take it up or stand convicted as accessories to the fraud. On the other hand, if it be true that Jesus Christ is a mythical character, composed of the Scandinavian man-god Hesus, and the Hindoo man-god Christus (Greek for Kristna), Hesus Christos, or Jesus Christ, then the men who perpetrated this stupendous fraud deserve the centuries of torture they confess to have endured on account of it. But the advocates of this side of the question will also have to give historical confirmation, or the words of spirits will not be taken."

"Another important statement is that the medieval patriarchs endeavored to establish a religion of peace, embracing the best of all other systems, especially that of Pythagoras and Plato. This I perceive to be the beginning of what culminated in so-called Christianity, and from which the time in our era was dated. If that had been honestly carried out until superseded by something higher and more spiritual, it would have been all right; but now come the bishops, with the Roman Emperor, Constantine, in the third and fourth centuries, and establish an ecclesiastical hierarchy, which filled our world with misery and blood, and the Spirit-world with millions upon millions of ignorant, fanatical bigots, who are fighting against truth, as the church is doing here, and we have literally 'war in heaven, Michael and his angels fighting against the dragon, and the dragon and his angels fighting and prevailed not' (see Rev. xii, 7-8). Michael is the great angelic power at the head of this movement in the Spirit-world, and pushing forward the spirit forces to make these terrible disclosures, and the dragon and his angels are the great mass of Catholic spirits, with their leaders, especially those who lived on earth from the eighth to the fourteenth century, that long, dark night of mental slavery, and are yet in the gall of superstition and ignorance."

"When the Jesuits in spirit-life are stripped of their psychological power over their followers, half of the battle will be won, and Spiritualism will be more powerful and successful than ever, because there will be no spirit enemies to control it. But let no one imagine that it will be an easy victory, for although some Protestant churches are turning toward the light, dropping theological dogmas, and throwing off the yoke of ecclesiasticism, yet many others will turn towards the mother church to 'die at home' rather than acknowledge their error; and nothing but the power of unadulterated truth from above, in conjunction with the facts of history, now concealed from public view, will ever settle this question."

### ANOTHER VIEW.

"There is a large and increasing class who drift along with the natural current of evolution, content with the virtues that make and build up character regardless of whether they come by Jesus, Apollonius, Paul or John; or like man himself, evolved from a germ and grew with his growth, because they have no use for intercessors or human gods. Their god is the soul of the universe; their bible the book of nature; their religion the religion of man; their rule of life the law of nature, inherited from the supreme divine source of all being, and they will outlive all organized superstition, because they are the brotherhood of humanity and the true children of God. And while sectarian schisms are quarreling over their dogmas, the fruit of diseased brains, this brotherhood, individualized by freedom, bound only by the ties of human kindness, and inspired by charity that never faileth, will inaugurate new schemes of benevolence to ameliorate human suffering till every source of evil is renovated or destroyed. Then we shall have 'a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

R. NEELY.

Next month we shall commence the publication of "Camille, a Daughter of the People." During its continuance we want 10,000 additional trial subscribers.

## A Surprise Party.

Rev. J. DeBuchanan, Ph. D., M. D. met with a complete surprise last Saturday night as he entered Harmonial, Hall 230 Commercial street, Springfield, Mo., and found there assembled a large number of his many friends who had gathered there to commemorate his fifty-fourth birthday. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and everything had a holiday appearance. As the Doctor entered he was escorted by Mr. L. M. Williams to the rostrum while the choir rendered a beautiful and very appropriate selection from Gospel Hymns, after which Mrs. M. T. Allen, who chanced to be present on the occasion, delivered the presentation speech. At the conclusion of her address, the drapery was removed that had concealed a fine crayon likeness of the doctor. It was evident from the Doctor's manner and touching language in his reply that the surprise was complete. He said it reminded him of the olden times when he was pastor in the church—how the members of his congregation had honored him with expressions of this kind.

The Doctor's reply was followed by a vocal solo by Mrs. M. T. Allen, after which several short speeches were made by different ones, including Mr. C. E. Boyden, Dr. E. Hovey, Prof. W. J. Black and Mr. F. J. Underwood. The friends were then given a short intermission, during which refreshments were served and general congratulations were extended the Doctor. The friends were then again called to order and a spiritual seance followed, conducted by Mrs. M. T. Allen, the noted platform test medium.

Thus ended one of the most enjoyable occasions of the Springfield (Mo.) Spiritual Association.

L. M. WILLIAMS.

## The Haunted House.

A RHYTHMIC DESCRIPTION.

This house is haunted—yes, indeed it is! But not by ghosts in trailing robes of white, with waving arms and icy touch and kiss, who choose the witching hours of night to wander up and down the level floors, and some unhappy wight's warm blood to freeze, then pass from vision, flitting through closed doors. My ghosts, alas! are not such ghosts as these.

No, they are visions—visions of the past; of dear ones who have entered into rest. They come and go—their forms no shadows cast. I would embrace them; but my arms have pressed the empty air—ah, me, the dear home life! It all comes back around me as I gaze; and then once more begins the bitter strife—I live once more my long and lonely days.

Come, friend, with me, and pass the old house by; let us go in; there's naught to do us ill. Did you not hear a murmur like a sigh? Ah, look! the empty rooms begin to fill! I see a loved one's face, so mild and kind, smiling, 'midst heavenly lights around it thrown. Do you not see it? O, your eyes are blind! They should be led, like mine, by love alone.

The same old chairs stand where they used to stand; the curtains in the soft breeze rise and fall. The same old clock points with a warning hand to passing hours that never seem to pall, while forms of loved ones gone but ever dear, with all their old-time actions, pass me by. Father and mother—yes, they both are here, and there's one whose face I know—'tis I!

Ah, fade not yet, dear visions of the past! Stay but a little while in each old place! My blest and dear—too long ye cannot last while love for me lights up each spirit face. Come, let us go; the night is falling fast; the visions and the day alike are flown. I turn me back from that dear, love-lit past to face whatever the future holds—alone!

Nay, friend, seek not to shake my firm belief that dear ones wait me up at heaven's gate. And in their arms I shall find full relief for all my weary days and desolate. I am not wrong in this—I surely deem that heaven will hold the sweetness of the past, and a home life to which this earth's shall seem but poor and barren, shall be mine at last!—Mabel P. Smith.

## The Society at Stockton, Cal.

TO THE EDITOR:—I want to say that our cause is improving in this city of eighteen thousand souls. That grand woman and wonderful medium, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, paid us a visit last November and awakened a great interest in Spiritualism. She made a number of converts among some of our best and most skeptical people. We hope she will come again. We now have Charles Cornell, who has been here for the past three months. I have known many mediums, but will say as a business and test-medium he is equalled by few and surpassed by none of whom I have met. I consider him in some respects on business matters the wonder of wonders. He is one of the best also in giving spirit tests. They are clean-cut and to the point. To sit with him is to be convinced. Success to the best Spiritual paper ever published.

A. L. FOREMAN.

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### Several Pertinent Questions—Answers Thereto Given.

To THE EDITOR:—Who are trying so hard to prevent the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, in the pretended interest of the people, while it is in the interest of the church and the brewery? The Christian ministry.

Who have ever opposed every progressive movement, denouncing it as the works of the devil? The Christian clergy.

Who pay no tax on about a billion dollars' worth of property, thus saddling the entire burden upon other tax-payers? The Christian church.

Who refuses to admit the remains of a G. A. R. member of his church because the coffin was covered with the American flag? A Christian clergyman.

Who, by their religious idolatry, brought about the dark ages which historians properly call the "Midnight of the World?" Christian religionists.

Who burned at the stake Lucilio Vainini, the Italian philosopher, for writing his "Dialogues Concerning Nature?" The Church of Jesus Christ.

Who, if they could have had their way, would have suppressed the works of Voltaire, Spinoza, Hume, Paine, Humboldt, Comte, Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndal, Draper, Goethe, Gibbon, Buckle, Buckner, Buchanan, the leading literary, scientific, philosophical, medical and historical lights of the world? The "elect of God," the Christian ministry.

Who declared Prof. Morse was thwarting the will of God when he invented the electric telegraph, and demanded its suppression? The Protestant clergy in a progressive age, in the nineteenth century!

Who declared that he thanked God there was neither a printing press nor a school-house in the entire colony in which he resided? A Christian clergyman.

Who, a few years ago, ruined a young girl in this place by seduction and bastardy, and then quite suddenly had a call to other fields of labor? A minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Who seduced the wife of Theo. Tilton, which brought about the worst public scandal known in this country? Another "Sky-pilot" in high standing.

Who dragged the beautiful and accomplished Hypatia from her carriage while on her way home from her lecture-room, hurried her to the church, where she was stripped naked, and, after brutally murdering her, tore her to pieces, carrying her limbs to a place called "Marion (another holy spot), where they were burned to ashes? A Christian mob, incited by the Bishop of the Church.

Who subjected Bruno to persecution for his scientific theories, and because he would not recant, burned him at the stake as an obstinate heretic? Catholic priests, with the power of the Inquisition, a Christian institution invented for the purpose of perpetuating ignorance.

Who caused Copernicus, the founder of our present system of astronomy, to prevent the publication of his discoveries for twelve years, the first edition appearing only a few hours before his death? The Christian ministry, who believed the earth to be flat.

Who caused Galileo, the creator of experimental science, to recant his scientific discoveries under penalty of death at the stake? The pious priesthood, who despise progress.

Who hounded Servetus, and had him burned at the stake because he denied the doctrine of the trinity? John Calvin, one of the great leaders in the reformation, whose untiring efforts made possible our religious liberty.

Who put to death at the stake that pure, spotless Maid of Orleans, Joan d'Arc, for claiming to be guided by heavenly voices in leading the army of the French to victory? The same class of religious zealots, who are very anxious about the welfare of women.

Who caused about a million of the most in dustrious inhabitants of Spain (the Moriscos) to be hunted out like wild beasts, because the sincerity of their religious opinions was doubted? The historian says: "Many were slain as they approached the coast; others were beaten and plundered; and the majority, in the most wretched plight, sailed for Africa. During the passage the crew in many of the ships rose upon them, butchered the men, ravished the women, and threw the children into the sea." Who, I ask, committed this infamous outrage in the interest of their religion, from the effects of which Spain has not yet recovered? Christians, who are always interested in the welfare of humanity.

Who commanded that inhuman outrage on helpless women and children narrated in the thirty-first chapter of Numbers? The Jewish Jehovah, the Christians' god. Read it, Christians; you, perhaps, are not aware there is a book in your house containing so much obscenity. Read it, sisters of the church, and see what an interest the god you worship manifests for your sex.

Who declared the earth to be flat for nearly three hundred years after Magellan had circumnavigated it? The Romish priesthood, who have ever taught a knowledge of the laws of nature were damning to the soul.

Who destroyed the Alexandrian Library, which embraced the collected literature of Rome, Greece, India and Egypt? A mob of Christian fanatics, led on by the Archbishop Theophilus, a good, whole-souled man, who knew that knowledge would destroy the hope of heaven for his people.

Who are constantly heaping calumny on the name of Thomas Paine, traducing an author famous for his connection with the American and French revolutions—who, by his untiring zeal in the interest of American liberty, won the admiration of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and other distinguished leaders of the war for liberty—simply because he entertained views contrary to popular theology? This same class of intellectual pigmies, the "soul-savers" of our land.

Christians can see by the foregoing, it being only a brief extract of facts from history, that they have ever played a conspicuous part in impeding every progressive movement, claiming everything of the kind to be antagonistic to their religious interests. Therefore, if it were not those who deny the infallibility of the church, that has won for us the liberty we now enjoy; that threw off the yoke of English tyranny, that liberated four millions of serfs; that established the best system of education for all classes—who was it? Echo answers, "who?" D. D. GLASS, Columbia City, Ind.

### Cleanthes Hymn.

To THE EDITOR:—"Cleanthes Hymn," which I enclose, was quoted by Paul in his speech on Mars' Hill to the Athenians. This translation is the best I have seen. I have compared it with the original Greek, and it is a very close and literal one. It is the only perfect work of Cleanthes extant, and is a gem of Greek poetry. This is the last of my collection. P. R. JOHNSON, M. D.

Oh! thou most glorious of the immortal train, By names unnumbered known, Almighty Jove! Sovereign of Nature, hail! by whose just laws All things are governed. Meet is it that all Should raise their voices to thee, "for thine we are—Thy offspring;" and of mortal creatures, all That live and move below, to us alone Is granted speech to praise thee. In my songs Will I forever celebrate thy power. This beautiful frame entire, which round our earth

Revolving rolls, acknowledges thy sway, By thee directed, and by thee sustained. Sharp, flaming thunderbolts, with life endued, Commissioned as thy ministers, are hurled From thy all-powerful hand; beneath whose shock

All nature stands aghast. Thou guidest thus That common reason which pervades the whole. Oh God! Without thee naught on earth is done, Nor in the deep, nor in the ethereal realms, Except the foolish deeds of impious men, Who relish not thy beauty—whose delight Is what thy soul abhors. For all things so, Both good and ill, thou hast in one conjoined, That all the same eternal reason show, Which mortals, vainly striving, hope to shun, Unhappy creatures! anxious to attain Unmixed enjoyment, heedless of the law—The common law of heaven; for if their mind Submitted to obey, they, too, might lead A life of happiness. But now they rush In quest of various objects, all astray With misspent labor; some for glory toil; While some vile lucre shamelessly pursue, And others seek for sensual delights. All-bounteous Jove, who in the clouds enwrapst The lightning-wielder—oh, deliver helpless man From baneful ignorance! Disperse it all From out his mind, and grant him to acquire Knowledge, by aid of which thou all things here With equity dost rule. Thus honored, we Shall honor thee with hymns of praise, and sing Continually thy works, as well becomes Mortals like us, for neither gods nor men Have greater honor than to celebrate, In worthy strains, The Universal Law.

### Red Wing, Minnesota.

To THE EDITOR:—I write to say that I am fairly started on the grand missionary work that my guides have given me to do. May 22 I spoke in Odd Fellows' Hall, River Falls, Wis., in the afternoon, on "Old Church Dogmas," and gave a parlor lecture on "Magnetism" in the evening. May 29th found me in Odd Fellows' Hall in Ellsworth, Wis., speaking both afternoon and evening in behalf of our beautiful philosophy. June 5th I spoke twice in Opera Hall, Hudson, Wis., and June 12th I held two meetings in Red Wing, Minn. My noble guides direct me from point to point, and I am grateful to the Angel-world for calling me to this blessed work. The bridges are burned behind me. In other words, I have given up my home in Minneapolis, and feel like singing as my noble father used to sing in Burmah:

"On these mountains let me labor,  
In these valleys let me till."

The next two lines in his hymn were:

"How he died, the blessed Savior,  
To redeem from death and hell."

But we have changed these two lines thus:

"That the so-called dead are living,  
That there is no endless hell."

Though itinerating, my mail is always addressed to Minneapolis, and forwarded from there. ABBY A. JUDSON.

### Amoris Memoria.

Night came breathless o'er me stealing,  
And with her bright eyes appealing,  
And her soft and shadowy arms,  
Wrapped my senses in her charms,  
As my thoughts passed roaming o'er  
Unforgotten days of yore.

But I was not long in musing  
Ere my senses grew confusing;  
On the silent wings of even,  
Softly from the slumbrous heaven  
Dropped the folds of Psyche's veil,  
O'er my spirit weak and frail;  
At the touch arose a form—  
Airy, mystic, beauteous form!

And together we arose  
In an Eden of repose,  
Where a sun, eternal, bright,  
With its pale and golden light—  
With its opalescent beams,  
Shone upon the scenes enhanced,  
And upon our eyes entranced.

Here in silence did we wander,  
And with every footstep wonder  
At the fairy birds and flowers,  
At the shady groves and bowers,  
At the liquid silvery stream,  
And the songs of seraphim.

Lo! there rose before our sight  
A graceful tomb of marble-white!  
And upon it bright and bold,  
Shone these words in burnished gold:  
"AMORIS MEMORIAE."

As with longing eyes I gazed,  
And the letters meaning traced,  
Saw I melt the marble white  
Into form of radiant light—  
Form of woman, fair, yet human—  
That my arms no longer clasped!

Then I heard, with rapturous ear,  
Music of a voice (how dear!)  
"And my soul o'ercame a longing—  
Sweet, impassioned, empty longing;  
Alas! the beauteous vision fled,  
And the sweetest voice was dead!

Longing still stood I, and sighed,  
Stretching forth my arms in vain—  
Memory only, never dying,  
Only—only, did remain.  
—Charles Grissén, the Oregon Poet.

### Materialization by Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall.

On Monday evening, May 23d, I, with twenty-four others, attended Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall's last seance for this season, at Minneapolis, Minn., and it was truly a wonderful one, and long to be remembered. After the medium had finished seating the circle, which she does by impression given her by her guides, the lights were turned down. While the circle was singing "Nearer My God to Thee," a spirit opened the curtains, and very soon the cabinet-spirit, Alla, came out and showed herself to the audience. She is quite dark-skinned, with long black hair, and says she is an Egyptian maiden. She allows the circle to feel and examine her beautiful drapery, when it is harmonious and the conditions are good, and a praiseworthy thing in this lady's seances is the fact that this is generally the only cabinet-spirit that appears during the evening. Those who follow her are generally the friends or relatives of the sitters, and it was so on this evening, between thirty and forty spirits appearing and going to their friends in the circle, and, taking them by the hand, giving their names and talking with them, or calling them to the curtains if not strong enough to come into the light. One gentleman was taken into the cabinet by his wife, and his wife and daughter escorted him out, both plainly seen by the circle. Some would call for more light, and the curtain shading the light would be pulled to one side, and the full blaze of the lamp would show the spirit of a large man, in full black dress, who would change his citizen's dress into a soldier's uniform in full view of the circle. A little boy, apparently not more than eight years of age, came to his mamma, and she asked him if he could not go to some of her friends in the circle. He crossed the room three times and shook hands with different friends of hers each time.

Nearly every one in the circle met and talked with some friend who had passed through the change called death, which, in fact, people are becoming to know as the resurrection or new birth. Dr. Aspinwall, who conducts the seances, takes special pains to inquire if those receiving their friends recognize them, and I believe in every instance the answer was "yes, fully."

These excellent mediums have left us to be absent for a year, and we shall long for their return; but our loss will be others' gain, as they tell me that they will lecture, give platform tests, and materializations while absent. May success attend them in their work.

W. D. REYNOLDS.

### Something Excellent.

"RELIGION AS REVEALED BY THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE," BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D., DEAN OF THE NEW YORK COLLEGE OF MAGNETICS.

This is a book of 365 pages, clear type, well bound in cloth, highly entertaining and instructive, and holds the reader's attention from beginning to end. The title of it will raise the mind of the reader to the expectation of something grand, which will be fully realized in the reading. In the preface the author says:

"Take no alarm, dear reader, at the sound of the word RELIGION, for I have not the least idea of conducting you into a dark, subterranean cathedral, where the air is oppressive and unnatural, but would lead you right out under heaven's sunny dome, where the joyous gospel of nature and inspiration are breathed into the soul."

This promise he has fulfilled to the letter, and the reader will find something new and refreshing on every page. It is also a cyclopaedia of events which are very valuable for reference. He will find the five points of Calvinism set in contrast with the beautiful truths of Spiritualism; and the Pentologue of Buddha, which compares favorably with our decalogue; and the humane religion of Buddhism, which has continued for "twenty-three hundred years without a drop of blood in its onward march, nor a groan along its pathway. It never persecuted; it never deceived the people; never practiced pious fraud; never discouraged literature; never used the sword," while Christianity, with its inquisitorial bloody record, calls it by the euphonious name of heathen.

Our author traverses all this ground with a charity that checks the angry feeling in the reader's mind till he calmly surveys the path of human progress through all the religions of the past until it culminates in communion with the Spirit-world, where the soul basks in the sunshine of eternal love.

If the reader has any heart, and he wouldn't read this book if he hadn't, he will find his emotion stirred, and will wipe away a tear, not of grief, but of that indescribable feeling caused by glimpses of that better land, where all is peace, and the storm-tossed soul is at rest.

We have not words to express our admiration of the book, but we advise every one to get it and read it carefully, and lend it to their neighbors, and have them read it. It will do them all good. It deserves a wide circulation, and should go through many editions.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

Hudson Tuttle's story, "CAMIE, a Daughter of the People," will be commenced next month. As the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, we should have 10,000 additional subscribers.

### Notes from Lily Dale.

The twelfth annual picnic of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association was held at this camp, commencing on Friday, June 10th, and continuing until Sunday, the 12th. Owing to the disastrous occurrences by flood and fire which have taken place in the neighboring vicinities, many who usually attend were prevented from coming. But the gate receipts were nearly as large as last year, and there was a goodly attendance of earnest souls ever eager to learn of the laws of life and spirit, and to gain the strength which comes of associative effort. Mr. H. D. Barrett, who is to be our chairman, opened the session.

Friday evening the "Elite Comedy Company," composed of home talent, produced the laughable drama entitled "The Rose and the Shamrock," in Library Hall, which was enjoyed by a fair audience.

Saturday forenoon conference convened in the Auditorium, and was participated in with great earnestness by Mrs. Lillie, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Stearns, Mr. Sprague, Mrs. Carpenter and others. Mrs. Lillie gave an exceptionally fine inspirational discourse in the afternoon.

On Sunday the attendance was not as large as usual on account of excursions to the scene of the recent disasters at Titusville and Oil City. But an attentive and appreciative audience listened to a discourse from Lyman C. Howe in the forenoon, which, in point of diction, philosophy and choiceness of language, would have done credit to an Emerson. The main thread of his discourse was in the line of what is termed evolution; but it was considered in the line of the spirit, and the processes of growth through the varied afflictions and environments of life through all the gradations in the upward pathway, were elucidated with such clearness as to be self-evident. The audience listened with surprise and admiration, and we think none who listened to it could help of receiving through it a valuable lesson in the science of soul.

The following subjects were given for the closing poem: "The Morning Light Is Breaking," "A Heart Bowed Down," "My Mother's Hand." The three subjects were so interwoven and intertwined, combining emotion, poesy, philosophy—"like a breath divine in charmed flight towards immortality!"

In the afternoon Mrs. R. S. Lillie gave another exceptionally excellent inspirational discourse, which was listened to with great enthusiasm by her many admirers.

The Northwestern Orchestra has been in attendance, discouraging its soul-stirring music.

Mr. John F. Lillie has also enlivened the exercises by his fine and soulful singing.

Many improvements have been made in the external appearance of Lily Dale since last year, and we trust and believe that corresponding ones have been made in the spiritual. The Auditorium has been enlarged, the hotel renovated and improved, giving an outlook for the best of accommodations.

Mr. N. Powell, of Willoughby, O., has rented the Chase cottage, near the entrance, where he will serve meals and luncheon. He is also prepared with apparatus for giving the celebrated vapor baths, which are not only a luxury, but highly conducive to health.

Mr. P. Chilson, of Topeka, Kansas, a practitioner in magnetic healing and spiritual development through the aid of the same, occupies the Tillinghast cottage, near the gate, and has given great satisfaction to many patients.

Drs. Seymour and Hyde have established at this place a gold treatment of dipomania; also a cure for the opium, tobacco and cocaine habits. The result of this cure has been all that could be desired, and much enthusiasm has been awakened concerning it.

People desiring to rid themselves of these pernicious habits, and at the same time store their minds with the most progressive thoughts of the times, will do well to visit this popular resort, take in the cure and the lectures, and go home free in body and mind.

GLEANER.

### Wayside Jottings.

Mr. Hull and myself are in the midst of our third engagement, in Duluth, Minn. There could be no more charming spot for summer work than here on the shore of Lake Superior, and we find no more earnest souls anywhere than in this community. Every society has certain local obstacles to overcome, no matter how much of a success may be achieved from season to season. I am led to seriously question whether or not it is for the best interest of any Spiritual society to change lecturers each month. It usually takes a month of earnest work to get in full sympathy—in other words, *en rapport*—with a strange society, and to get into the best of working order. The person who can fill the rostrum acceptably feels, as a general thing, the "conditions" much better towards the last of a month's engagement than on the first Sunday. Another reason why longer engagements (especially in the Western towns) would seem more practicable, is from the fact that the traveling expenses are so heavy. They deplete the treasury to such an extent that many societies cannot afford lecturers but a few months during the year, and these breaks are always hazardous to the work. Then there is the weariness incumbent upon constant travel that so often partially unfits a lecturer for his or her best work.

There is much work needed in every community, outside of platform work, for the up-building of the cause. A stranger, but one month in a place, can do, as an outside worker, comparatively little. There are certain spiritual and intellectual elements that might be brought together in various social ways that would do much to arouse an interest in Spiritualism. Auxiliaries of various kinds might be instituted that would serve as wonderful helps if the itinerant lecturer could feel settled for a longer time than one little month.

The thoughts herein jotted down are the result of observation all along the line. I hope no reader of this will think I am "bidding for a job," for I could not, if hundreds of opportunities offered, enter into making long engagements, but I am making these suggestions on general principles.

MATTIE E. HULL.

### Result of Individual Effort.

Since January we have had Spiritual meetings in this part of the city (Northwestern Division, Chicago) every Sunday evening, under the auspices of Mrs. Bumstead, who, upon her own responsibility, rented a hall and arranged for speakers and mediums.

A deep and earnest inquiry for the truth has been manifested from the first, audiences increasing each week. The result is, we have organized, and have a charter, and are known as The Spiritual Union. We feel encouraged to go on, having a good foundation. There is a vast field for labor in this division, there being no other Spiritual meetings (to our knowledge) here, and it will give opportunity to many to hear the truth who could not attend elsewhere. Our trustees and officers are all practical workers, and no effort will be spared to keep up the interest. Our speakers and mediums have all been volunteer workers, and we feel deeply grateful to Messrs. McGinly, Hammond and Lee, and Mesdames Helm, Newton and Dryden-Andrews, for their helping hand.

We invite speakers and mediums who are willing to devote a little time to the cause to come and help us. The hospitality and kindest greeting of the members will be extended. We trust it will not be long before we will be able to compensate both speakers and mediums.

Mrs. Bumstead is well-known as an old-time worker in the Lyceum and all progressive work, and she may well be proud of this grand result of her individual effort. May others be encouraged to do likewise. Meetings are held in Toltz's Hall, 939 North Roby street.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

### Spiritual Mediums.

To THE EDITOR:—In the comprehensive spirit which underlies that old saying, "the interest of one is the concern of all," and which is no less spiritual than philosophic, I would call the attention of those of your readers who care to avail themselves of the knowledge, that Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, of California, two good and worthy mediums, have been in the city for the past month or more, exercising their medial gifts to the satisfaction of those of the public who have improved the opportunity of visiting them.

Mr. Perkins is a most excellent psychometric instrument in public or private, as well as a good (consciously) entranced speaking medium, in which capacity he has been used every Sunday during his visit to this city. He is also a natural magnetic healer.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are expecting soon to visit Chicago, when those there who desire to avail themselves of the gifts vouchsafed to those friends may find an opportunity of doing so.

There is a movement here to establish an organization or society for the special purpose of investigating and studying the laws pertaining to mediumship in all of its varied phases, utilizing for this purpose as many of the local mediums as are available. This movement seems to have enlisted the interest of a large number, who anticipate something practical in the way of results, which, when realized, you will be made acquainted with.

Washington, D. C.

B.

### Items from Watertown, N. Y.

The First Progressive Spiritual Society of this place has just completed a most successful season, and entered on the annual vacation. In a previous article I alluded to these several mediums who have favored us with their services, the last named, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, of No. 1337 Sixth avenue, Troy, N. Y., being the one then under engagement, and we all feel constrained to say that for anything to make up a serviceable medium, and to build up the cause, Watertown has never seen her superior. She is not only an excellent speaker, full of information, and knowing just how to impart it, and giving excellent tests, and unselfishly willing to conduct services during week-evenings, if desired, if souls hungry for spiritual food can thus be fed, but when not on the platform she is constantly engaged either in private sittings or pastoral work. She was preceded on the first occasion by Mrs. Twing, and on the second by Mr. Frank Baxter and Mrs. Foye, but in each instance she attracted the public attention, and interest in her work constantly increased. She gave to many longing hearts positive proof that their loved ones were not lost, but only gone before. The society proposes to recall her as soon as their mutual engagements will permit.

F. N. FITCH, Corresponding Sec'y.

### A Unique Enterprise.

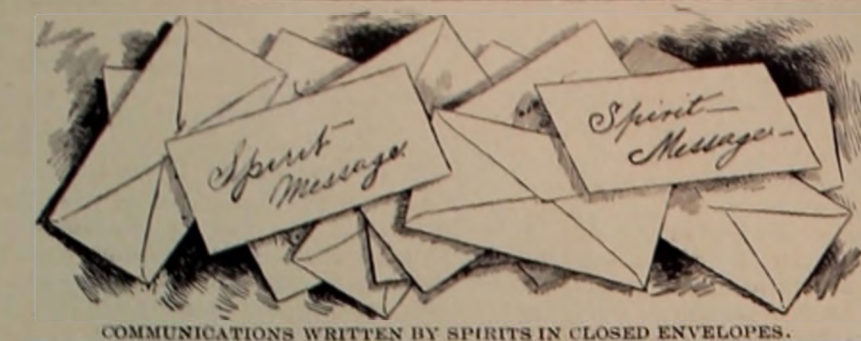
To THE EDITOR:—On the first Sunday in May, two ladies of this city, Mrs. Lillian L. Wood and Mrs. Emma E. Hammon, advertised that they would hold services Sunday evening in Lincoln Post Hall. They took turns, one lecturing one evening, followed by psychometric readings by the other; on the next evening the other would lecture, followed by psychometric reading by her colleague. There is no society connected with it; they have just hired the hall on their own responsibility, paying for it, admittance being free, and a collection taken up to pay expenses. They have had the largest audiences for the last six weeks that have ever gathered in this city for that length of time, running from one hundred to two hundred, according to the weather. Their meetings have been very interesting, both being good speakers. They are both residents of Topeka, and have been for a good many years.

This is a new movement, and one which perhaps may be followed by others in other places. They will keep it up until hot weather commences, when they will attend camp-meetings. Whether they will follow it up during the fall and winter I do not know.

Topeka, Kan.

F. P. BAKER.





COMMUNICATIONS WRITTEN BY SPIRITS IN CLOSED ENVELOPES.

## PHENOMENAL.

### Independent Spirit Writing.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM SALMON P. CHASE, HORACE GREELEY AND HENRY KIDDLE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you for publication three spirit communications, one from Salmon P. Chase, who passed from this mortal life while Chief Justice of the United States; one from Horace Greeley, universally known for his editorial and humanitarian work, and the other from Henry Kiddle, distinguished in mortal life for his learning, scholarship and his heroic self-sacrificing services in the cause of Spiritualism.

The three communications were written by the visiting spirits, through the process of independent spirit writing, mortal aid being furnished only by supplying paper and lead pencil, both of which were placed inside an envelope. The Chase communication was written on anniversary week, and it will be seen is an anniversary address, which, as requested by the controlling spirit of the circle (Carrie Miller) was read by me before the Brooklyn Spiritual Conference.

The Horace Greeley communication was written Tuesday afternoon, May 10, and Prof. Kiddle wrote his communication the second week after his passage to Spirit-life. With both Mr. Chase and Prof. Kiddle I was personally well acquainted, and I have received from them numerous communications, all of them upon public topics, written—use their language—"with my own spirit hand."

I look upon it as a most important event in the history of spirit manifestations that our spirit friends have so far perfected methods of communicating, that they can, without mortal aid, write sermons, addresses, essays, etc., important in substance, lucid in statements, powerful in argument, artistic in structure, and of the first order of literary merit; such is the character of the communications which are being written through the process of independent spirit writing at our weekly seances.

The medium in whose presence these splendid manifestations of spirit presence and power are written is Mr. Geo. J. Cole, with whom I have held seances running through a period of a dozen years; and for independent spirit writing, his media powers are of the most reliable and demonstrative character. In the presence of the Cole medium communicating spirits can write as legibly and perfectly inside of a sealed envelope as you or I, Mr. Editor, can write on the open page.

It makes no difference in the ability of the communicating spirits to write whether we place the folded paper inside of an envelope, a locked box or a glass jar. Under spirit direction we have tried different processes of imprisoning the folded paper, but it makes no difference, the result is always the same, one side of the sheet is filled, while the reverse side is only one-third written on.

The powerful and exalted spirits of the Carrie Miller circle (ancient as well as modern), tell me that their work is but just begun, and they honor me with the request that I will take the proper steps to give publicity, through the press and rostrum, to the sermons, addresses, essays, etc., that they are writing.

CHAS. R. MILLER.  
2481 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### CAUSE OF THE PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM—BY HENRY KIDDLE.

If the question is asked why Spiritualism has acquired in forty years what theology and philosophy have failed to acquire in centuries of time, I will answer that Spiritualism proves its mission to the understanding of man by ocular and auricular demonstration; that the immortality of the soul is demonstrated through various phenomena, when the supposed dead are enabled to communicate through their mortal friends, assure them that they do not lie in some lonely grave, but dwell in peace and happiness in celestial abodes, and are enabled to return thence, and guide, direct and assist even in the mortal affairs of life; when the supposed dead can appear to their mortal friends in materialized form, receive them in loving embrace, and whisper words of comfort and cheer the remainder of life's journey, to that "gate ajar," where they may finally meet and travel the eternal pathway of life, ascending higher and higher, on plane after plane, as development and progress shall fit them for such experience.

The supposed dead do return and address large audiences of mortals through some mediumistic friend, by impression and otherwise, at spiritual conferences, thus teaching the truths of life in a manner not to be mistaken, and placing the knowledge within the reach of every class and condition of mortal man.

Here is found the cause for the phenomenal growth of Spiritualism, in this day and age; it can and does practically demonstrate its truth, leaving nothing to the uncertainty and vague pleadings of philosophy and scientific research, but produces that friend, whom you had been taught to believe had died and lay in the distant grave, who speaks for himself, and tells you of that life which is also your heritage, and of the joys that are as limitless as both time and space.

In conclusion, Spiritualism proves what it teaches, by practical, incontrovertible demonstration. It addresses itself to the masses, as well as the few, regardless of sect or creed, and no mortal who has a loved relative or friend in the world of spirits can fail to be interested in such an important and sublime lesson as that taught in spiritual conferences, at private seances, and before the materializing cabinets.

I should like to be remembered to the New York Spiritual Alliance, spiritual

conferences generally, and all good Spiritualists.

HENRY KIDDLE.

### AGGRESSIVE MARCH OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The movement which is now arresting much attention among mortal people is an aggressive march of Spiritualists upon new grounds, in unexplored regions of thought, in this nineteenth century of time.

During my latter earth years this movement attracted my attention in a measure, but then it was a young child, struggling for existence, more of pity than opposition, as no one imagined for a moment that it would survive the criticism of pulpits and the public press; but to-day the child has rapidly developed, and now stands before the world in all the vigor of manhood, gaining accessions to its ranks from all sects and creeds, from all trades and professions, and as a veritable young giant it bears down all opposition and gathers earnest workers in its ranks, for conquest and victory over the ignorance and prejudice of mankind.

Spiritualism to-day is an important factor in every civilized community; it is the refuge of the persecuted of all classes of mortals; it is the light to guide the intelligence to brighter and better spheres, and lastly, it fills the vacuum in this day and age, which for so many centuries has been an empty space in the economy of modern progress and civilization. Science and philosophy are unable to solve the various problems growing out of this movement; its manifestations cannot be estimated upon scientific or philosophical grounds; they are beyond the realm of investigation based upon a principle of materialism, simply because they are spiritual, not mortal, and are not reducible to any principle recognized by mortal theory, as demonstrated by modern practice.

The dividing line between the spiritual and mortal is thus made clear and distinct, and though the former can reach the latter, yet for the same reason the latter cannot reach the former.

Two distinct elements in life are, therefore, in this nineteenth century of the world, viz., the spiritual and the mortal, the so-called dead and living. The two worlds are in proximity, joining each other, that we may be enlightened, educated, reformed, and prepared for the great destiny that awaits mortal man in the era that is fast approaching. A new starting-point of development is at hand, brought forward by spirits who in earth-life have been eminent in all branches of science; whose blinding scales obscured their vision, but which fell at the grave's side.

The question may be asked whether Spiritualism has been of benefit to the social status since its introduction, 44 years ago. I answer very emphatically, yes! What reformed the fallen? It has visited the prison cells and relieved the spirits confined in the mortal; it has visited hovels of ill fame and rescued the poor abandoned ones from the paths of vice; it has restored reason to the clouded intellect of the insane; it has restored harmony and happiness in many a household; it has revealed the beauties of the mortal world, hidden by narrow-minded prejudices; and lastly, it has demonstrated beyond reasonable and logical discussion, the immortality of the soul, as viewed from an active, intelligent, palpable and beneficent standpoint.

Thus much and more has modern Spiritualism done for nineteenth century civilization, while development and progress have characterized every movement, robbing the grave of its terrors and mortal death of the anguish of sorrowing friends. In conclusion, I may unqualifiedly assert that modern Spiritualism has been and is the greatest humanizing blessing of the ages, since the advent of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; and if mortals will but read his teachings intelligently, they cannot fail to find therein the dual character of life of which he was the greatest example.

HORACE GREELEY.

### ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS, BY SALMON P. CHASE.

This manifestation is not made to gratify a mere fancy to exhibit what a spirit may perform under favorable conditions, but it is made in the interest of truth and justice. The knowledge of immortal life has been withheld from mortal people for the purpose of enslaving their consciences, terrorizing their souls with a pretended perdition, and thereby forcing peace and substance to establish and maintain systems of theology which have darkened the light of the world, with nothing left but the candle of faith to glimmer with feeble, uncertain rays in the darkened recesses of men's intelligence.

Thus has mankind existed for many centuries of time, dependent upon the whims and fancies of theologians for a hope and belief in a future existence.

Some forty years since a strange, faint sound was heard in a house in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y.; a sound whose cause was unknown, its source unfathomable; at first it was confined within the narrow precincts of a small room. It burst forth, reverberated around the world in thunder tones, echoing amid hills and valleys, awakening sleeping humanity to the realization of the fact that there was another world beyond the mortal sphere, and that relatives and friends who were believed to be dead were standing at the door of every heart, awaiting an opportunity to reënter; and once more resume that relationship which had been sundered at the grave.

This startling fact of spirit-life was at first combated in every conceivable manner. Professors of theology denounced it from the pulpit. The courts were invoked to suppress its advocates, and Spiritualists were regarded either as dishonest people, or fit subjects for insane asylums.

But the door opened at Rochester has not been closed, while many other doors have been opened in a similar manner, all over the world. And once opened, they are never closed to a truth that

demonstrates and teaches that loved relatives and friends, once held in earth-life association so dear, are not dead, but living, and the same loving father, mother, brother, sister, wife and husband, as of old, who are ever ready and willing to administer to the spiritual wants of their earth friends, and lovingly do so whenever they have the opportunity.

The relative or friend whose familiar form has been laid away in the silent grave, and whose mound is so lovingly decorated with brightest flowers, has no abiding-place there; on the contrary, that relative or friend is often near you, sees you, touches you, and yet you are so theologically insensible that you can neither see nor feel.

But the truth is growing; your spirit friends are gaining strength and drawing near, while some have advanced so far earthward that they exhibit their spiritual forms at materializing seances, while others communicate in various forms, and teach a lesson of immortality that has deprived public disputation of much of its venom, liberalized pulpit doctrines, and filled spiritual halls with church attendants.

Thus has the cause of Spiritualism grown from two or three mortal followers of some forty years since to a following of millions to-day. And it is not confined to English-speaking people, but German, French, Italian and many other people, in almost every civilized nation, hold seances for spirit manifestations.

In conclusion, permit me to congratulate you all on the progress of this important and sublime truth among you, for the relations you now hold with the spiritual world; and lastly for the success the cause has acquired while in your keeping.

SALMON P. CHASE.

Ohio.

### Nationalism and the Liquor Traffic.

Nationalism maintains an important position in the field of reform. Its platform calls for a national currency, issued by the government only, a full legal tender for all debts public and private,—government to own railroads, telegraphs and telephones, and run them in the interest of the people as it does the post office. But we were not prepared for the stand it has taken on the liquor question. We take the following from the *New Nation*, Edward Bellamy's paper.

### THE COMING SYSTEM OF LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

"We recall no instance in the record of reform agitation in which a proposition so new and radical as that of the Nationalists to make liquor traffic a public monopoly, has met with so large an acceptance in so brief a time. In no part of the country has it been more eagerly welcomed than in the Northwest and far West, where the substantial failure of Prohibition has left a moral, temperate population in sincere perplexity as to what to do or whether anything can be done with the liquor traffic."

"Stated in its simplest terms the plan proposes exclusive State monopoly of the sale of intoxicants; such sale not to be for revenue beyond the cost of conducting the business, the selling agents to have salaries independent of the amount of sales; the monopoly of the State to be protected against illegal sellers by strict national supervision of the manufacture and transportation of all intoxicants."

"It is claimed for the plan that it would (1) abolish the saloon influence in politics; (2) diminish intemperance by eliminating profit as a motive for stimulating consumption; (3) secure unadulterated goods to all consumers; (4) give States the means of absolutely enforcing whatever regulations or restrictions they might enact."

"It will be observed that this plan adapts itself entirely to the local sentiment of States, whether favoring prohibition of intoxicants for beverages, or their freer use, and that it is equally consistent with any sort of town or county local option. It is, in fact, a plan which, while promising notably to reduce acknowledged abuses of liquor traffic, in no way offends the susceptibilities either of prohibitionist or personal liberty man, but simply refers their differences to adjustment in the local field, according to the admirable principle of home rule in home affairs."

"We have yet to find a candid and public spirited person or a prohibitionist, however strong—provided he does not exalt the means above the end—who fails to recognize at first presentation the substantial merits of this plan, and we have no doubt that it is destined in the near future to become the basis of our national policy as to intoxicants."

This plan does not interfere with personal liberty, and in many respects would, no doubt, be beneficial. All reforms which ignore personal liberty are sure to meet with violent opposition, because they deny the natural right of the individual; but we doubt very much whether it would suit that class of reformers whose impetuous disposition will not allow the community time to grow as the child grows from infancy to manhood; and yet that is the course of nature and evolution. All admit that intemperance is a great curse, and the best methods to suppress it have not, probably, been devised.

R. N.

### Keep Up the Interest.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER never tires in its efforts to keep up an interest in its pages. With that end in view it will commence next month the publication of "Camille, a Daughter of the People," by Hudson Tuttle. While we exert ourselves to interest and instruct our readers, they should reciprocate, and each one send us an additional subscriber, if for no longer than thirteen weeks.

Alexandre Dumas is nearly 70 years of age, and has almost entirely given up authorship. All that he does in a literary way nowadays is to produce a comedy at long intervals, spending years of patient elaboration on the work. M. Dumas is supposed to be the richest author in France.

Editor John Bolivar Reed, of the *Butte (Mont.) Intermountain*, is making an odd collection of checks of rich Montanians who could not sign their names. He has several authentic instances of miners who did not learn to write until they were worth a million. Afterwards they invariably ran for office.

### Wonders of Photography.

The *Lens* states that a maker of "test plates" named Webb, many years ago made for the Army Medical Museum at Washington, a specimen of microscopic writing on glass. This writing consists of the Lord's Prayer and occupies a rectangular space measuring 1-24 by 1-44 of an inch, or an area of 1-109,354 of a square inch.

The lines of this writing are about as broad as those of the test plates, which are 1-50,000 of an inch apart. They are, therefore, about as wide as average light waves. Now, then, to get some idea of the magnitude or minuteness of this writing.

There are in the Lord's Prayer 277 letters, and if, as here, this number occupies the 1-229,054 of an inch, there would be room in an entire square inch for 29,431,458 such letters similarly spaced.

Now, the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, contains 3,566,480 letters, and there would, therefore, be room enough to write the entire Bible eight times over on one square inch of the glass, in the same manner as the words of the Lord's Prayer have been written on this specimen.

Such a statement, without doubt, staggers the imagination, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct, and the whole statement at least serves to bring home to us the limited nature of our mental capacities as compared with the facts of the universe.

It also furnishes an interesting suggestion on a very different subject. It has been often stated that a physical basis of memory may exist in permanent structural modification of the brain matter constituting the surface of the furrows. In a highly developed brain this surface amounts to 340 square inches and it would, therefore, appear that the entire memories of a lifetime might be written out in the English language on such a surface in characters capable of mechanical execution, such as the Webb plate Washington.

### Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to the higher life, June 1, from her home in Montville, Me., Mrs. Ann S. White, aged 58 years. Services were conducted by Mrs. Abbie Morse, of Searsmount, Me. Many friends and relatives were present to pay respects to her whom to know was to love.

Prof. F. Corden White has been lecturing and giving tests during the past three months at Oakland, Cal., before the Liberal Spiritual Society, which meets at 1156 1/2 Washington street. The officers and members of the society unite in the following testimonial: "We, as officers and members of the Liberal and Spiritual Society, assembled this fifth day of June, 1892, hereby extend to him our sincere thanks for the benefits extended to us by the Spirit-world through him, and earnestly recommend both himself and his good wife to the seekers after truth wherever they may find their field of labor."

Passed to Spirit-life from Oil City, Pa., on that fatal Sunday, June 5, James W. Bristol, aged about 35 years, and H. D. Dougherty, age 56 years, both victims of that terrific flood and fire. The latter, though not a professed Spiritualist, had a strong leaning that way, and was a subscriber to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He was a man of broad, liberal views and a deep thinker. The former was a good medium and had been in circles at my house once a week for several weeks prior to his death. He was frequently controlled by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and made us short but excellent speeches. The text of his last speech was: "All men are truth-seekers, but all men are not truth-finders."

### Meetings in This City.

The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday as follows:

The Spiritual Union holds services in Toltz hall, 939 N. Robey street, Sunday evenings at 7:30; access by Milwaukee Ave., grip car to N. Robey street, or Ashland Ave., car to Clybourn place.

The Progressive Thinkers and Spiritualists Society meets regular every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at 82 East Lake street, near State street. Services will be conducted by Dr. J. H. Randall.

The North Side Philosophical Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45, at Schlotthauer hall, Northwest corner of Seale and Sedwick streets.

The Peoples' Spiritual Society, under the supervision of Mr. Jennifer, will hold services at Bricklayer's Hall, 93 South Peoria street, at 2:30.

Meetings are held at Toltz Hall, 939 North Robey street, each Sunday evening at 7:45, under the auspices of Mrs. Bonstead and Son.

Services each Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. at 681 West Lake street. A. H. Williams, President.

The First German Spiritual Society of Chicago, meets at 116 Fifth Ave., every Sunday at 2:30.

Mrs. Summers will hold meetings at 11 North Ada street, every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

The Southwest Spiritual Society holds services in Trasking hall, 3013 Archer avenue, at 7:45 Sunday evenings. Mrs. Emma Nickerson, speaker.

Mediums and Investigators meetings are held at Arlington Hall, 81st and Indiana avenue, at 10:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Sundays.

The First South Side Spiritual Society will hold services at 77 Thirty-first street, at 2:30 and 7:30.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor of the Ethical Society of Spiritualists holds services at Washington Hall, Washington Boul., and Ogden Ave., every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., and 7:45 p. m. All are cordially invited.

The poet has well said: "A dreary place would be this earth, were there no little people in it; the song of life would lose its mirth were there no children to begin it. No little forms like buds to grow, and make the admiring heart surrender; no little hands on breast and brow, to keep the thrilling heart-tender. What would the mother do for work were there no pants or jackets tearing?" No tiny gowns on which to sew, no cradle for the watchful caring? No rosy boy at wintry morn, with satchel to the schoolhouse hasting; no merry shouts, as home they rush, no precious morsels for their tasting? The sterner souls would get more stern, unfeeling nature more inhuman, and man to stoic coldness turn, and woman would be less than woman. Life's song indeed would lose its charm, were there no babes to begin it. A doleful place this world would be were there no little people in it."

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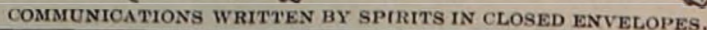
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