

# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, JULY 30, 1892.

NO. 140

## OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF  
THE FOREIGN EXCHANGES

### THOUGHTS FROM FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

They Will Prove An Intellectual Feast!

And Bring Our Readers in Touch With the Old World.

They Will Give You a Comprehensive View of Spiritualism.

You Will Thank The Progressive Thinker for its Eclectic Magazine.

Seven Solid Pages Made Up of the Cream of Foreign Literature.

## OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

The Cream of Foreign Exchanges.

PUBLISHED EVERY 6TH WEEK.

This Magazine will contain the CREAM of our Foreign Spiritualist Exchanges. It will prove invaluable to every reflective mind in the Spiritualist ranks. That number will be devoted exclusively to Spiritualism and kindred subjects in foreign countries. The Two Worlds, Light, Medium and Daybreak, Agnostic, The Freethinker, Psychological Review, and many others, equally good, always contain some rare gems of thought; something of great value; something with which each one should be familiar. Each one will in the future be drawn upon to assist in making for our readers an intellectual feast of rare merit. Spiritualists, in fact, that your neighbor shall join with you in subscribing for our paper. Insist upon his contributing at least a cent per week for our support in this great work.

## REINCARNATION.

### The Story of "Seven Lives."

"Through the mediumship of Mrs. Harris," writes one of our contributors, "I recently had the great privilege and still greater advantage of listening to the personal history, in each of his seven incarnations, of one who in his last lifetime lived in that 'fierce light which beats upon a throne' in the mother country. Nor was it until the spirit in possession had reached the final stage of his deeply-interesting narrative, that I had any conception of who was the speaker. It occupied nearly half an hour in the delivery, and was one unbroken flow of lucid statement, always coherent and consecutive, and clothed in beautiful and picturesque, yet simple and impressive language.

"I regret that I can only offer a vague outline of the most profoundly interesting autobiography I have ever met with.

"The speaker's earliest incarnation was as a cave dweller, at an epoch which he described as enormously remote. Eons upon eons have passed away since that period. Our globe, which undergoes an evolutionary development *part passim* with the development of the human race upon its surface, was then in a very backward condition as regards both its vegetation and its animal life. It was subject to wild commotions of the elements. Man was scarcely a thinking being, and only one remove from the brute. Love was unknown to him. He felt a kind of ferocious delight in the possession of the woman who was the partner of his savage existence; but no softer feeling qualified it. Men lived in a state of chronic warfare among themselves and against the monstrous quadrupeds and birds by which they were surrounded. Only the faintest spark of intelligence glimmered in his own mind, coupled with a dim sense of some after-life; and this it was which prompted him when he had scooped a hole with his claw-like fingers in which to lay the body of one of his children who had died in infancy, to place by the side of the corpse a calabash of water, and some implements, so that he might not be unfurnished when he woke up elsewhere. When he himself floated out into the great unknown, he entered the first sphere and fell into a deep and profound sleep.

"Thousands of years elapsed before—accompanied by the being whom he loves above all others, the angel of his life—he was again reincarnated. This time he found himself upon an arid plain near the ruins of a great city. He was born into a family of a ruler of a nomadic people, and his rank was therefore princely. His subjects were brave, hospitable and warlike. Their chief aim was to increase their flocks and herds, to add to the number of their slaves taken captive in the war and to extend the conquests of their race. Born with a strong desire to rule and a great love of power, he himself was often tyrannical, cruel and unjust, and exercising his love of dominion and authority without any consideration for the miseries and sufferings of those whom he conquered and enslaved. But the princess, who was far superior to himself in spiritual development, tempered the harshness of his rule by the sweetness of her character and influence; and many a time pleaded successfully for the manumission of a slave, restrained his proud spirit and his thirst for distinction and territorial aggrandizement, and interceded for the lives of prisoners taken in war.

"That life, the second of the seven, terminated on the field of battle, where he fell mortally wounded; and entered on his departure into the second sphere. When he was again incarnated, after another lapse of centuries, he passed into the planet Mars, which he described as far superior to the earth,

earthly distinctions have no place here; where the greatest is the servant of the least."—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

### HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

A Strange Story in Reference to Him.

The melancholy story of Henry Kirke White is known to all lovers of good literature. A life which gave the promise of glorious triumphs was ruthlessly blasted by the terrible scourge of consumption. He did not quit this world, however, without bequeathing unmistakable evidences of his genius to his country. It is extremely painful to read of the anguish of that young body and soul when he first discovered his terrible fate. He had dreamed of deathless fame, of being counted as one of England's greatest sons. He had imagined a place in the archives of English literature not much inferior to the splendor of her greatest poets. How sanguine is the youthful heart. It is not too much to say that had he lived longer the name of Henry Kirke White would have held a much higher place amongst poets. Those who are acquainted with the history of his life know that a strange resignation stole over him during his last days. The indignation which had convulsed his soul when he first learned his fate, gradually changed into the most humble, yet hopeful, mood. A few days before his death he was heard to exclaim against those who spoke ill of death, and in a moment of divine passion he invoked the hand of death to relieve his suspense. That he was conscious his work would not cease with his death is evidenced by the fervor he displays to enter that other bourne. Ah! little does the world know the cause of that marvelous change. For by what process of thought can you reconcile the seemingly opposite conditions of things—that of a lofty ambition sighing for death.

The world mourned his decease and soon forgot him. Years have rolled by since then. His poetry still charms and elevates the hearts of his countrymen. The work of Kirke White still continues. His labors are not yet at an end. His divine passion still moves the souls of men.

It is not generally known that a poet is living whose spirit and mode of expression are exactly similar to that of White. The coincidence is so remarkable that a friend of his gently insinuated certain doubts as to the validity of his claim as a poet, whereupon he told the following story:

"Some years ago, while visiting the town of Leicester, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Mr. Thompson. He was an exceedingly interesting fellow, and as he was staying at the same hotel as myself, we had many conversations together. We touched upon all sorts of topics, and at length drifted into religious questions. I had divined that my friend was heterodox in his opinion, but I confess that he startled me when he avowed himself a believer in the much derided though little-understood Spiritualism. I suggested that I doubted the truth of his assertions, whereupon he told me that if I was anxious to test their merits he would endeavor to obtain some evidence for me. When night came he took me to the home of one of his friends, where I found about a dozen people assembled. The introduction over, we all sat around the room. Some of them commenced to sing. I regarded such proceedings with disgust, and could hardly conceal my desire to leave the room. Just then my companion, who sat next to me, began to comport himself in so strange a manner that I imagined he was passing into a fit. Then he commenced to speak in so totally a distinct manner from his ordinary style of speech that I became intensely interested in the phenomenon, so much so that I repeated my visits so often that I at length developed into a medium."

"You a medium?" exclaimed his listener. "Yes, a medium," he replied, "and now comes the strangest part of the story. You have learned by now that my writings stamp me as one of the first poets of this age. They obtain universal approbation. Be not surprised, my friend, when I tell you that if any merit attaches to them, the honor belongs to another, and not to myself. "One night, when seated by the fire, I was suddenly seized by a powerful impulse to speak, not in prose, but in poetry. I labored hard to resist the temptation, for I knew how foolish a thing it is to attempt to do that for which we are not qualified, especially so in regard to poetry. Poets are born, not made. But the power that had seized me crushed all my scruples, and I began to give forth those divine numbers which have astonished and charmed the world. It was a long time before I knew who it was who was thus controlling me. At length I discovered my tutor. It was the spirit of Henry Kirke White. This is not egotism, the works speak for themselves. In the communion which ensued between us he told me the story of his last days on earth when in the body. 'Ah,' he says, 'the world thought I was unhappy when I was most happy. A revelation had come to me as I lay moaning on my bed of sorrow. I knew that death was certain, that a few more days and all would be over. My hope, my glimpse of immortal honors had entirely perished. Often I was tempted to curse the Almighty for cutting me off in so ruthless a manner. It was a fearful struggle, the intellect against the soul. Evening would come and go. I could see the sun set behind the distant hills. I could hear the brook murmuring in its flow as it hast-

ened onward to the mighty ocean. The bleating of the sheep in the distant fold soothed my troubled breast. There is an affinity between all who suffer. The old clock in the corner kept on ticking. 'It will tick me into death,' I said to myself. Oh, it was cruel that I, who aspired to Olympian heights of glory, should perish without one redeeming ray of hope to cheer me. As I lay thus musing on my harsh fate, I felt an indefinable yet delicious sensation steal over me. Something whispered in mine ear. 'Be of good comfort, my son,' it said; 'all is not dark, but bright. The future is pregnant with still greater opportunities for your ambition. Your work is just beginning; your genius will burst out into still greater splendor. Men will admire you, and angels will bless you.' 'Is it true?' I cried. 'Doubt not, my son; for as the spirit is mightier than the body, so will my words come true.' And so my body died, but my spirit ascended into higher spheres. I was disappointed at first, for in my youth I had dreamed of heaven as being a place where there would be no cares, no disappointments, no failures; yet I beheld the same things taking place, though in a less harsh degree, as obtain on the earth. The remembrance of my former work revolved in my mind. I beheld a very intimate communion existing between the spheres. I longed to participate in such a communion, but the opportunity was tardy in coming. At length I established a connection: it was with you. I had divined your soul, and the tenderness of your soul, and therefore selected you to interpret to the world the thoughts which stir my soul. We had mutually traveled toward each other, and at length met in a friendly embrace. I need not add," he continued, "that the relationship indicates the very highest virtue which can distinguish any form of religion—that of the unselfishness of man. Just as we inspire other people by our thoughts, just as other people reflect our opinions and example, so do we reflect those who have passed on to the spirit side of life. People are wrong in supposing that when the soul leaves this world its connection with it ceases. Forever Spiritualism has demonstrated what no other religion has even attempted to conceive, that by the interaction of the spheres, man is encouraged to prosecute his high calling without fear that a time will come when the intellect will be no more, and when his sublime passions will pale into the silence of eternal oblivion. No, man survives all change, his individuality persists, a conscious unit in the ceaseless march of the spirit as it ascends the spiral pathway of comprehension and union with the Divine."

—*The Two Worlds, London, Eng.*

During his earth-life Mr. Davis's father read the report of spirit communications, given through the medium at the *Banner of Light* free circle, with much interest. Many times he said to his son: "As soon as I can, I will go to Boston; and you'll hear from me through Mrs. Conant."

"For nearly two years," says Mr. A. J. Davis, "we received no tidings from the departed. To those less in communication with the Summer-land, such continued silence must indeed be painful. But to me, 'misgiving' and 'vague distress' are strangers. Patience and time brought the long-looked-for communication. Taking up the *Banner of Light*, bearing date May 28, 1887, and glancing over the names and addresses in the message department, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following:

"I am Samuel Davis, and I have come to send a message to my boy, Jackson. I want to tell him that the philosophy that the spirits teach through him is true. I know that he is aware of it, but I feel like coming back here and telling him I know it is true; and I want to tell him, too, that I was right close by him when he was standing beside my body, before it was laid away, and I was so near that I could understand the remark he made to a friend of his who stood near. It was this: 'He hasn't yet ascended; he's here.' That was true. I hadn't entirely separated myself from the body; I was there and seemed to hear what he said, through waves of sound that conveyed the meaning to me. I'm very happy in this Spirit-world; perfectly satisfied; and I'm proud to be able to come back and declare that he was right; that the intelligences who took him when he was a little boy are wise and good, and they have instructed me in many things since I came to the Spirit-world, and assisted me a great deal."

—*The Two Worlds, London, Eng.*

### DEATH AND AFTERWARDS.

It was on April 10, 1885, that my venerable father's eyelids, which had been raised and dropped during eighty-three years of earthly existence, went down over the fixed gaze for the last time.

With reference to "death," he invariably expressed himself perfectly satisfied. Several times during the last twenty months he had visions of the higher and better life. His only anxiety seemed to be, that, owing to a naturally healthy body, he might be compelled to "live too long." His last days were a perfect fulfillment of every prayer I ever heard him utter with regard to the closing scenes of his terrestrial pilgrimage.

It was my privilege to witness the rolling-down of life's curtain, but I was not prepared to withdraw to the secret closet of clairvoyance. Therefore, like others, when he ceased to breathe, I saw the usual, external, grand, solemn fact. Of the locality or condition of his spirit, I had no perception, but supposed that, as in most of the numerous instances I had witnessed, he would probably depart to the Summer-land in the course of from one to three hours.

On the subsequent morning I arose somewhat earlier than usual, and walked out upon the verandah. I halted at the second step of the short flight of stairs outside, and leaned lightly against the banister, musingly looking at the flowering fruit trees, and beautiful verdure of the vines, listening to the music of song-birds.

At this moment I felt a commotion in the atmosphere at my right hand. This aerial agitation was so surprising to my sensation that in less time than I can write this I had reversed the poles of outer consciousness. In a word, I was translated into a most perfect state of clairvoyance. This state is identical with the condition of a person fully awakened "after death," save that while the clairvoyant is still an inhabitant of the physical body, the departed one is wholly emancipated from the organic structure. The clairvoyant can, for the time being, see things and principles with the same sight that is natural to those who live in the spheres.

The incoming of clairvoyant perception by means of what seemed to be an atmospheric disturbance, such as would be caused by a body passing by with great swiftness, proved of great advantage. With my attention thus attracted I turned to the right, and saw my father in the act of passing out from the hall into the atmosphere on a plane level with the floor of the balcony. Imagine my surprise, because I had somehow settled into the conviction that he had left the house before the undertaker had performed his first kindly offices. The face was his own in every essential feature and line of expression, and in general proportions he was about the same as I remember him thirty years ago. His motions seemed to be the result of some will power or intelligence

outside of his consciousness. He walked with a kind of indecision, and with the step of unconsciousness peculiar to one moving in the somnambulist state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child ever looked more serene and happy.

On reaching the open space in front of the verandah, without seeming to take any particular interest in anything that was going on, he turned, and rapidly glided to the side of a person whom, until that instant, I had not observed. The moment I saw this manly, intelligent personage, I was satisfied that his will, and not my father's, had developed all the voluntary movements I had witnessed. Unquestionably his state was like that known as somnambulism; and he did not awaken on touching the side of the spiritual man who stood waiting for him.

Their heads were about level with the window-sills of the second story. Immediately after he reached the other side, the taint rose rapidly, and passed beyond the reach of my already retiring vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements!

In my joyousness and gratitude I hastened within, to tell the "angel of the house" what had transpired. "Mary! I have just seen father go out of the hall and around the corner of the house!" For a moment she appeared overcome with astonishment, thinking of the possibility of the fact being external; but, quickly gathering her thoughts to my meaning, she began to enjoy with me the glorious laws of resurrection, by which the old are made youthful, and the sick healthful—by means of which all are prepared for progress and usefulness in the higher realms of existence.

[During his earth-life Mr. Davis's father read the report of spirit communications, given through the medium at the *Banner of Light* free circle, with much interest. Many times he said to his son: "As soon as I can, I will go to Boston; and you'll hear from me through Mrs. Conant."

"For nearly two years," says Mr. A. J. Davis, "we received no tidings from the departed. To those less in communication with the Summer-land, such continued silence must indeed be painful. But to me, 'misgiving' and 'vague distress' are strangers. Patience and time brought the long-looked-for communication. Taking up the *Banner of Light*, bearing date May 28, 1887, and glancing over the names and addresses in the message department, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following:

"I am Samuel Davis, and I have come to send a message to my boy, Jackson. I want to tell him that the philosophy that the spirits teach through him is true. I know that he is aware of it, but I feel like coming back here and telling him I know it is true; and I want to tell him, too, that I was right close by him when he was standing beside my body, before it was laid away, and I was so near that I could understand the remark he made to a friend of his who stood near. It was this: 'He hasn't yet ascended; he's here.' That was true. I hadn't entirely separated myself from the body; I was there and seemed to hear what he said, through waves of sound that conveyed the meaning to me. I'm very happy in this Spirit-world; perfectly satisfied; and I'm proud to be able to come back and declare that he was right; that the intelligences who took him when he was a little boy are wise and good, and they have instructed me in many things since I came to the Spirit-world, and assisted me a great deal."

My reader, have you a vacant chair at the hearthstone? Have you in solemn sorrow walked to the silent garden and wept, as the men shoveled the cold earth upon the casket which contained the form of one dearly beloved? Did you feel desolate and bereft? If so, there is in the world a balm for you. It is the truth of the spiritual philosophy.

When walking through the cemetery at Orange you may, perhaps, observe a white stone bearing the name of Samuel Davis, and under it this immortal motto: "Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door, to show us those we love."—*A. J. Davis in The Two Worlds, London, Eng.*

### Planchette as a Sporting Prophet.

A new sporting prophet has recently come upon the scene. At an artistic supper party given a few evenings since by Mr. Wyndham, at the Criterion Theatre, Planchette was introduced for the entertainment of the company assembled, and it was suggested that this instrument of revelation should be asked to furnish the name of the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup. Planchette slowly but intelligently wrote the name of "Suspender." Subsequently it was proposed that the winner of the Northumberland Plate should be revealed, and Planchette duly inscribed "Newcourt," which gained the coveted prize. Several gentlemen well known in dramatic circles were present, and can vouch for the correctness of this statement.—*Light, London.*

The Englishman who, following Charles Francis Adams, declared that the safest place in which to spend an hour or two is an express train on one of the main railways, had his idea confirmed by the fact that last year only five passengers were killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom, whereas in the streets of the metropolis alone 147 deaths and 5,784 personal injuries resulted from accidental circumstances connected with the vehicular traffic.

## SPIRITUALISM.

It is Invading Sweden.

M. Aksakoff, the eminent and well-known Russian Spiritualist, relates in *Rebus* the following facts which have fallen under his own observation:

There is a lady employed as corresponding secretary in the mercantile house of Mr. Fidler, who is himself a Spiritualist, at Gothenburg, in Sweden.

One day she found herself writing, without any volition of her own, the name Sven Stromborg, which was entirely strange to her.

At a seance held soon afterward in M. Fidler's house, the trance medium was asked if she could throw any light upon the name. This medium is a Swede, but he wrote the following in English: "Stromborg wishes you to tell his family that he died on the 13th of March, in Wisconsin. It seems to me that he is speaking the truth. He has not been able to communicate himself; and when he made the attempt a month ago, it appears to me that he spoke of having lived in Jemland. Is there such a place? In any case he is dead, and his wife and children are residing in America."

M. Fidler remarked, "If he died in Jemland (a province of Sweden), we ought to obtain the address of his wife." The medium replied: "No, he died in America, but his friends live here. I don't know their address, but I will try and get it."

Some photographic experiments were then made, and by the use of the magnesium light, a plate was obtained upon which was clearly seen a human head, just above that of the medium; and through the writing medium the following was obtained: "That portrait is Stromborg's, of whom I spoke to you. It was not at Wisconsin, but at New Stockholm that he died; not on the 13th, but the 3rd of March. It was at Strom-Stoking in Jemland, not Jemland, that he lived. He left for America in 1886. He was married and the father of three children. He died honored and mourned by everybody. He wishes me to beg of you not to trouble yourself too much on his behalf." The medium presently stated that he wished the photograph and the news of his death be sent to his friends at Strom-Soking.

M. Fidler wrote to the clergyman there, who replied that he could not find the name Stromborg on his parish registers. He also wrote to the Emigration Committee, who stated that no such place as New Stockholm existed in America, and that the name was not to be found on any map.

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Finally a letter was addressed to M. Oica, the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, who was a personal friend of M. Fidler's, and in six weeks' time a reply was received containing the following particulars: A farmer named Sven Stromborg, who had quitted his native place, Strom-Soken, in Jemland, Sweden, in 1827, had died the previous spring at the settlement of New Stockholm, in the district of Assinibole, leaving a widow and three children. The settlement thus named had not been founded until 1886. The notification of his death was published in the *Manitoba Free Press*, of the 9th of July, 1890; and on the 8th of August M. Fidler received a letter from M. Oxel Stanberg, a personal friend of the deceased, stating that Sven Stromborg had died on the 31st of March, 1891, and not on the 3rd or 13th; a trifling discrepancy which would arise from misreading by the medium of figures traced in the air. The medium who mechanically wrote the name of Sven Stromborg did so on the 3rd of April, only three days after the departure of the spirit controlling his hand, at a place upward of 2,000 miles distant from the eastern coast of Canada, and so remote from any important town that three months elapsed before the death could be announced in the nearest newspaper.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*



## SPIRITUALISM.

## Certain Aspects of It in the Past.

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN, IN "THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE," LONDON, ENG.

It may seem superfluous in this day of abundant Spiritual literature to recall passages of history in connection with celebrated personages, accounts of which have been repeatedly given to the world. Whilst acknowledging this position, I claim that the publication of such matters as relate to Spiritual influences are so widely scattered, and in many instances touched upon in biographical notices in such a superficial manner, that the orderly record of special periods and scenes in which Spiritual manifestations are authoritatively testified of, can never be out of place, especially in an age when the admirable works of the Howitts, R. D. Owen, Thomas Shorter, and their immediate cotemporaries, are skimmed through too often as a nine days' wonder, and then are consigned to the undisturbed repose of the bookshelf.

Continuing, therefore, the brief gleanings that my present limited space will allow, I desire to answer *a priori* a question that has frequently been sent to me, as to the *raison d'être* of why "miracles," or—as we know them to be—Spiritual manifestations have been so constantly identified with the Roman Catholic Church and so seldom with that of Protestantism.

Whilst I deny the churchly basis of this allegation, and insist that Spiritual powers have been quite as frequently manifested with individuals of both professed beliefs, I still assume that the devotion of conventual and monastic life is more favorable to the occult powers of mediumship than the cold, stern formalism of Protestantism. I desire, however, to illustrate the fact that it is in such conditions of mental exaltation as martyrdom and persecution for the sake of religious belief call forth that the most striking proofs of Spiritual presence and influx are to be found. In proof of both of these assertions I point to the histories of the so-called "Saints" of Romanism (not to the church, wherein the alleged miracles may or may not be genuine) in evidence that the life of the devotee and ascetic is far more favorable to Spiritual influences than amongst "the world's people." Also, I call attention to the marvelous proofs of Spiritual guidance and protection which enabled the Protestant Reformers of the Middle Ages to achieve astonishing victories by bands of the most insignificant numbers against vast armies of less devoted foes. Some few instances of both these positions will constitute the staple of this article.

In Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics" the learned author says:

"In the 12th century St. Hildegard is said to have received revelations and visions; to have been at times surrounded by a divine radiance, to have possessed supernatural gifts of language and prophecy, discerning the thoughts of others, and healing many diseases. . . . Great nobles and high ecclesiastics sought her counsel, and even the Emperor and Pope corresponded with her and sought her advice."

One of the greatest wonder-workers of the Middle Ages was, according to Vaughan, Morrison and other historians, St. Bernard, whose miracles of healing are reported as even exceeding in number, if not in potency, those recorded in the New Testament.

Morrison says, quoting the record given of St. Bernard's life by Herman, Bishop of Constance:

"At Cambray, in the Church of St. John, after the mass, a boy deaf and dumb from his mother's womb, received his hearing, and spoke, and the people wondered. He had sat down beside me deaf and dumb, and having been presented to Bernard, in the self-same hour he both spoke and heard. The joyful excitement was scarcely over before a lame old man was raised up and walked. But now a miracle occurred which, beyond all others, filled us with astonishment. A boy, blind from his birth, whose eyes were covered with a white substance—if indeed those could be called eyes, in which there was neither color nor use, nor even so much as the usual cavity of an eye, this boy received his sight from the imposition of Bernard's hand. We ascertained the fact by numerous proofs, hardly believing our senses that in such eyes as his any sight could reside. In the same place a woman who had a withered hand was healed. In the town of Rosney they brought to him, in a wagon, a man ill and feeble, for whom nothing seemed to remain but the grave. Before a number of the citizens and soldiers, Bernard placed his hands upon him, and immediately he walked without difficulty; to the astonishment of all he followed on foot the vehicle in which he had just before been carried."

"On another day we came to Molesme, which is a monastery from which formerly our fathers went forth who founded the Order of Cîteaux. It was on Wednesday, and they received the man of God with great devotion. When Bernard was seated in the guest house, a certain man, blind with one eye, came in, and, falling on his knees, begged his mercy; Bernard made the sign of the cross with his holy fingers, and touched his blind eye, and immediately it received sight, and the man returned thanks to God. About an hour afterwards, as it was getting dusk, the holy man went out to lay hands on the sick who were waiting before the doors. The first who was cured was a boy blind with the right eye, who, on shutting the left eye, with which alone he had seen previously, discerned all things clearly, and told at once what anything was which we showed to him. And again at the same place, a little girl who had a weakness in the feet, and had been lame from her birth, was healed by the imposition of hands; and her mother bounded for joy that now, for the first time, she saw her child standing and walking."

And these are but amongst the least of the

marvelous cases of healing recorded of the great and beneficent "Thaumaturgist," whilst the only two personages to whose experiences I have been able to refer, so far from standing alone, simply illustrate hundreds of instances in which both male and female recluses were the astonishment of all Europe during the Middle Ages through the exercise of their wonderful gifts. These were not confined to healing, but included vision seeing, trances, gift of tongues, prophecy, the discerning of spirits, describing characters, visiting clairvoyantly distant places, and levitations. St. Theresa was a well-known instance of this latter phase, being frequently raised in the air in the presence of visitors, and many of the sisters of her convent.

In Thomas Shorter's admirable book, "The Two Worlds," nothing to do with the paper so called, the author says:

"I might further adduce such instances as those of St. Catharine, St. Philip Neri, and Richard, Abbot of St. Vannes de Verdun, who (1036) 'appeared elevated from the ground while he was saying mass in presence of the Duke Galizon, his sons, and a great number of his lords and soldiers.' To these instances may, in latter times, be added those of Ignatius Loyola, 'who was raised up from the ground to the height of two feet, while his body shone like light; and of the martyr of freedom and reason, Savonarola of Florence, the church reformer of the fifteenth century, who, according to Burlamachi, was seen, when absorbed in devotion a few days before his death, to remain at a considerable height suspended from the floor of his dungeon. Mr. Madden, in his 'Life of Savonarola,' in alluding to this incident, observes: 'To anyone conversant with the lives of the saints, it will be well-known that similar phenomena are recorded in numerous instances, and that the evidence on which some of them rest is as reliable as any human testimony can be. The same fact is authentically attested of St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Dominick, St. Dunstan, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa, St. Cajetan, St. Bernard Ptolemei, St. Catherine of Ricci, and several others.'"

"In his 'Lives of the Saints' (Vol. V, Note on St. Philip Neri), Butler tells us that some of these facts are narrated by 'persons of undoubted veracity, who testify that they themselves were eye-witnesses; others were so careful and diligent writers that their authority cannot be questioned.'"

Speaking of the fifteenth century, which, while it closed the Middle Ages, was preparing everywhere a new advance in civilization, Professor Villari says:

"All nature seemed to be full of occult powers; of mysterious spirits that held converse with mortals. In this age Ficino taught the doctrine of the Neo-Platonists, that the soul may in ecstasy attain to divine visions, see beyond the present, and predict the future. Machiavelli thought 'the air we breathe to be full of spirits, who, in compassion to mortals, forewarned them by sinister omens of the evils about to come to pass.' At a little later period, Guicciardini held that 'aerial spirits exist which hold familiar converse with men, for I have had practical experience of this in cases that make it appear most certain.' And Cardan believed in visions, presentiments and warnings; and that he had himself frequently been saved from great perils by the friendly monitions of his guardian spirit."

On the other hand it would be almost useless to remind our well-informed readers of the wonderful powers of the early Protestant reformers, who, long before the period of the great Lutheran reformation, maintained the very tenets which the noble Saxon monk afterwards worked out—almost alone—against the dominant power of the Roman Catholic Church, and that in modes which even the most matter-of-fact of their historians are fain to confess was nothing short of divine power. Both Shorter and Howitt give lengthened accounts of how the noble and heroic, though poor and humble, peasant reformers (called, from the name of the valley in which they dwelt, "The Waldenses") maintained their simple Protestant faith by bands of a few hundreds, defending themselves against the attacks of Papal armies of thousands of well-equipped soldiers. In the history of the "Vaudois," by Boyer, one may read of miraculous powers which would transcend belief were not the marvels recorded testified of by every historian of the Middle Ages. Boyer says:

"At one time seventeen men, with no other weapons than slings and home-made bows and arrows, defeated and drove away six hundred men."

And again:

"The little village of Rora, consisting of fifty houses, defended by this handful of men, was at length only taken by a simultaneous attack at different points of three divisions of an army of ten thousand men; and even then the little band succeeded in making good their retreat."

Shorter says:

"It was not only from their mountains that they gained their extraordinary victories; from the plains also the enemy was swept like chaff before them. The Catholic troops themselves could not help exclaiming, 'God must be with these men.' In July divers of these Waldenses went out into the country to reap their harvest, and in sundry places were all taken prisoners, not knowing of each other's calamity. But God so wrought that miraculously they all escaped out of prison, to the great astonishment of their adversaries. At the same time, also, others who had been long in prison, and longed for nothing but death, through God's providence were delivered after a wonderful sort."

"Again, what to human calculation could appear more Quixotic than their enterprise to recover their native valleys—of which treachery had deprived them—by a body of only eight or nine hundred men against the apparently overwhelming forces of France and Savoy? Yet this enterprise they not only undertook, but successfully executed; having to

march a fifteen days' journey through an enemy's country, where they must charge up high mountains, and force divers straight passages, where a hundred might not only stop, but beat three thousand." Successfully did they contend in many battles against the armies of France and Savoy, and this without any commander's experience in warlike affairs."

Muston says: "Eleven thousand French and twelve thousand Sardinians were baffled by a handful of heroes, clothed in rags, and subsisting on the fare of anchorites." No wonder that their historians speak of the "great miracles" wrought amongst them; nor that Henri Arnaud, their noble pastor and leader—the Gideon of this little host—tells of their witnessing "prodigies beyond the course of nature, or the natural strength of man."

Even the ordinary operations of nature appear in their behalf to have deviated from their usual course.

"Can any one," exclaims Arnaud, "refuse to recognize the hand of Providence in the extraordinary circumstance that the Vaudois were permitted to make their harvest, not in the midst of summer, but in the midst of winter? Or could any but God have inspired a handful of men, destitute of gold and silver and of all earthly succor, with the courage to go and make war against a king who at that time made all Europe tremble? Is it possible to imagine that without protection absolutely divine, these poor people, lodged in the earth almost like the dead, and sleeping upon straw, after having been blockaded for eight months, could at last have triumphed?"

In the subsequent histories of the "Bohemians," and "The United Brethren;" in the lives of the noble John Huss, Martin Luther, and even in those of the stern but prophetic men, Knox and Calvin, every historian has perforce been obliged to record the interposition of Spiritual power and occult influences, through which alone the missions of these remarkable personages were outwrought. None who read with candid minds can deny that there are times and seasons also when these inspiring powers can and do save the mortal subjects of their protective love from harm, whilst at other times their powers (not being almighty or omniscient) fail in their effect. Thus the hapless Waldenses, so marvelously sustained in some emergencies, were ultimately massacred and nearly exterminated; and thus, too, John Huss, one of the noblest of Protestant reformers, through the subject of dreams, visions, and incessant angelic ministrations, was ultimately doomed to die the martyr's death at the stake.

Martin Luther was driven from the performance of a merely superstitious penance at Rome by "a miraculous voice from heaven." Yet he alleged that he was constantly tormented by spirits, who made noises in his house, and disturbed his rest by night—spirits whom he called devils; yet he owns how wisely and sagaciously these "devils" conversed, and not unfrequently had the best of the argument with him, even according to his own confession.

As to the claims of rival sects that the manifestations of Spiritual power and protection are peculiar to certain phases of belief only, it is an insult to the creator of all men, and a mockery of the records of history to make such a claim. In fact it can only originate in the same Pharisaic spirit which inspires the modern Christian to say that "all the spirits that came to the Jews in Biblical times were angels from God, and all that came to Europeans and Americans in the nineteenth century are emissaries of Satan." As to the assertion that Spiritual manifestations ceased with the Bible, it is a falsehood which any fairly educated person should be ashamed to utter.

The visionary ladder of which the patriarch dreamed at Bethel, and on which the angels ascended and descended, between heaven and earth, has never been drawn up, and the angels thus beheld in the form of humanity are now known to be the ministering spirits of humanity; the links between the creator and the creature; they who know no creed but love; no worship but in doing good; no belief but eternal progress; no church but the wide, wide universe.

These spirits are God's telegraph operators in all countries, times and seasons; amongst all peoples wherever they can find organism suited to become wires on which the life lightnings can run, and the history of man is the history of how the Father in Heaven speaks, acts, and inspires his children on earth through his ministering spirits.

## "Twilight Thoughts."

In thoughtful mood, I sat at close of day,  
Just at the hour when light dissolves away,  
And shades of night with stealthy marches come.

To spread the pall of darkness o'er the home.  
And when the flick'ring firelight, dancing low,  
Aids the imaginings to feel, and know  
A sense of loneliness. 'Tis then the mind  
Makes many wanderings, that it may find  
Some answers to perplexing thoughts which rise  
About the life where daylight never dies.

'Twas thus communing with myself, I said:  
What has become of these whom we call dead?  
Shall we be known again when this life's o'er,  
And we have left earth's ever-changing shore?  
Will wife and husband know each other's face,  
And meet again in purest love's embrace?  
Will some poor mother have again the joy  
Of clasping to her breast her long-lost boy?  
Will friends, long parted, grasp each other's hand,  
And walk together in that summer land?  
Will wronged one meet the wronger face to face,  
And speak forgiveness in that happy place?  
Who can reveal the truth that such shall be,  
That faith, and hope, will sink in charity?  
O Charity, thou other name for love!  
Dost thou supremely reign in realms above?  
Art thou the cord that angel beings twine  
Around mankind to make all fully thine?  
Thou art the link each life receives at birth,  
To bind the human chain in unity on earth.  
The purest love makes friendship ever dear,  
And gives a joy to know a loved one's near.  
Love is eternal! 'Tis the mighty power  
That gives consolation in the trying hour:  
And so 'twill be in that fair home above,  
Where Charity will lead, for God is Love!  
Hull, December, 1890.

—Joseph Thackeray, in *Midium and Daybreak*, London.

## THE DESTROYER

## And the Savior of Mankind.

In the early part of the present century there lived a nobleman whose real name I am not privileged to mention. He had but one son, and one unhappily who could neither bear his father's illustrious name nor inherit his property, having been born out of wedlock.

Notwithstanding this blot on the boy's escutcheon, the otherwise childless father loved him dearly, and treated his slightest wish as law. The youth, being designed for the Church, was educated in school and college under the most careful tuition. On quitting each fresh seat of learning the father paid the extravagant debts contracted by the careless student without a murmur. Being sent abroad to study life in travel, the son felt no hesitancy in exceeding his liberal allowance to any extent his fancy dictated, confident that he could draw *ad libitum* on his father for means of payment.

Returned home, the turf, the gaming table, and scenes of the wildest dissipation produced their inevitable results in enormous liabilities, all of which the father of the prodigal paid according to expectation. It was the invariable custom of the young spendthrift when presenting himself before his indulgent parent always to preface his demands with some scriptural phrases, the most frequently quoted of which were the highly appropriate words: "I have sinned before Heaven and against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." This touch of piety was quite sufficient to ensure forgiveness, and not uncommonly to draw forth from the paternal exchequer "the feast of the fatted calf, the ring, and the fine raiment" of the scripture narrative, in the shape of a large addition to the amount required for the liquidation of the youth's ever accumulating debts. At length a crisis of a totally unforeseen nature arose. An unwedded mother bore an infant whose sudden decease called for legal inquiry. The young man, who had but followed his father's example in respect to the parentage of this dead babe, was now in desperate alarm for the girl whom he had betrayed. She must be defended, and as the prodigal had seen instances enough in which the law could be bought and sold, all he needed was a large sum by which to command such legal assistance as he deemed would ensure favorable results. Being on the Continent at the time of these occurrences, he wrote to his father, stating the predicament in which he was placed, and calling for an unlimited supply of funds to meet the emergency. A long time having elapsed without any reply, our prodigal wrote again, for though in the interim the mother of his child had been acquitted, her support, added to his other extravagant expenses, rendered an immediate supply indispensable.

This time the answer came, but it was in the handwriting of his father's man of business, and briefly informed him that the said father was weary of ministering to his son's shameful extravagances; hence that he utterly disowned him, and having given him such an education as would enable him to earn his own bread, he now left him to do so. The letter concluded with the assurance that the applicant never more should receive one farthing from his offended parent. Following upon the receipt of this missive, the young man, presenting himself to a stage driver, tendered his services as an experienced coachman, and being, in those ante railroad days, temporarily engaged, he was thus enabled to make his way to the sea. There he obtained, by persistent effort, an opportunity of returning to his own country in the capacity of a steward on board a passenger ship. On landing, with only a few shillings in his pocket, he worked his way, by doing all sorts of odd jobs on the road, until he reached the metropolis. Here, sustained by a strange new-born resolve, courage, and ingenuity, although he endured untold privations and trials, he managed to pick up a living. At length he met by chance a legal acquaintance whom he had known in his more prosperous days, and from him he humbly solicited and finally obtained regular work as a clerk. Although he was reduced to the necessity of living on a mere pittance, he saved up his small salary to take evening lessons in shorthand. He soon became an expert reporter, and this enabled him to earn a good income, first in the law courts, and subsequently in Parliament.

Taking to wife the young girl he had betrayed, he began indeed to realize the satisfaction of building up his own fortune, home, and family. Being endowed with a fertile brain and vivid imagination, the subject of mystery turned his attention to authorship, and in this capacity the name he had assumed when he renounced that which his father had given him, soon became widely celebrated.

I met with this gentleman in his old age, and in connection with certain literary work. At that time his name was no less renowned as an author than honored for his moral worth and nobility of character. For reasons unnecessary to state, he communicated to me his history as given above, adding abundant evidences of the truth of what he narrated.

Referring on one occasion to some of the most remarkable points in his eventful career, he said, in respect to the moral effect which his early life had produced on his character: "And now, my child, let me tell you in a few words wherein consisted the difference between the idle spendthrift and the industrious architect of his own fortunes. As a youth I had some one to pay all my debts for me—in a word, to live for me and be responsible for me. As a man I had to pay my own debts, live for myself, and be responsible for myself. The cause of my early failures was ignorance of my real life's duties. The source of my manhood's success has been knowledge of my real life's duties."

And now, if I have led my readers into the consideration of a page of true life history—whether they may happen to realize who was its subject or not, let me apply it earnestly

and practically to the present attitude of our nineteenth century religious faith.

Nine millions of pounds are spent annually on upholding the persons, property, literature, and missions of a system of religion, the pivotal doctrine of which is a vicarious atonement for sin, or in other words, that the life and death of one innocent being pays all the debts incurred by those who worship and believe in him, as God.

To believe in him as God means, of course, to affirm that the sacrifice of his pure life removes the penalty due, even for the worst of sins, from the shoulders of the sinner to those of the vicarious Savior.

It need hardly be necessary to point out that such a belief not only gives excuse for sin and guarantees all immunity from its consequences, but it absolutely tends to incite the believer to sin, and realizes the famous aphorism of Martin Luther, that "if you want the substance of a Savior you must give him the substance of a sinner." "There is one ready to pay all our debts, and shoulder all our iniquities," and this is the sum and substance of this terrible faith! A faith, too, that is preached from the pulpit as "man's only salvation" and mocked in the law courts, where every offence is sternly visited on the head of the offender. Are, then, the judges and juries who thus remorselessly punish every sin, and in so doing directly contradict the very basic doctrine of modern Christianity—can they themselves be Christians? If they are, how dare they interfere with sin at all in a Christian land, and that under the domination of a State Church, the fundamental basis of which is, that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"? "Aye," but says the civil law, "that is in the hereafter, with the conditions of which none but Churchmen have any authority to deal." Admitting this plea, and passing over the monstrous fallacy of making civil laws in total contradiction to what are called "religious laws," the great and tremendous question arises—is this doctrine of a vicarious atonement true? and does the murderer "go straight from the gallows to the arms of Jesus," as many an one has been, even during the past few years assured by Christian teachers?

Can the gambler, drunkard, cheat, sensualist, and every class of sinners who "trust for salvation in the blood of the Lamb" go straight to heaven because they profess to believe the penalty due to their crimes has been paid for them by that same blood of the Lamb? Again, and yet again I say, is this true?

If it be, then, of course, "the greater the sinner the greater the saint,"—but if it is not true? Great Heavens! Why ignorance on such a subject is the destroyer of mankind, and knowledge on such a subject is, or ought to be, its Savior.

It is in this stupendous "flight of faith" that the race is now engaged, and it is in such a crisis as this that the assertions of the religious or civil law become matters of mere belief, but bring with their dicta nothing more than the ever-variable opinions of men.

Surely, then, it is superfluous for us to point to the priceless boon which the God of the Spirits has conferred upon humanity when He opens the gates of the life hereafter, and sends messengers from every grade of that life to bring us absolute knowledge of what its conditions truly are. These messengers affirm that there are assembled in those spiritual realms, the evil and the good, the false and the true, the sinner and the saint; the buds of infancy, untimely nipped, blossoming out into "tall and splendid angels;" the aged grandsire grown back into manhood's prime; the ancient lady, a fair, young, shining ministering spirit.

As to the questions of theology and law, every returning spirit gives the same answer—"There is no remission of sins except through personal penitence and personal atonement. In that land of true and impartial justice, every soul must be its own savior; and though progress unending is open to all, it is attainable only by the pilgrim soul who climbs its supreme heights for himself, abandoning the evil, and treading by his own untiring efforts the path of good and truth." And who are the vouchers for the actuality of these revelations? We answer, emphatically, THE PEOPLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Those who have seen, heard, and tested the inhabitants of the Unseen Universe for themselves, the people high and low, rich and poor, from the monarch on his throne to the pitman and the digger, the very highest and the very lowest of every country of civilization, with every intermediate grade and class; and let it be remembered, these revelations come in our own time, not two or three thousand years ago. That, also, which was known by the researches of yesterday, is open to every faithful and earnest investigator in the researches of to-morrow.

The bigot may anathematize, the skeptic may scoff, the Nicodemuses of life may choose caste and public opinion sooner than risk the loss of the world's favor by espousing an—as yet—unpopular faith. Meantime, the great revelation "goes marching on," planting its standards of faith unaided by human hands in every land, rending in twain the veil of mystery which has so long hidden the realities of life beyond the grave, and shouting in trumpet tones, that resound from pole to pole—"Man, arise and save thyself!"—Emma Hardinge Britten, in *The Unseen Universe*, London.

"This statement must be taken with some modification, seeing that the present system of dealing in the law courts is to visit the sins of the rich and well educated with very light penalties. It is only the poor and ignorant that are visited with the extreme and unequalled penalties of British law courts."

In China all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to but about 60 cents per head.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always leads in the variety of its attractions. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everybody. Remember, the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.



## HISTORIC SPIRITUALISM.

## Witchcraft; or, the Darkest Days of European History.

In giving a passing glance at the dire and lamentable subject of this article, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I do not propose to offer any detailed history of the dreadful superstition that disgraced the nations of Europe from the eleventh to the close of the eighteenth centuries, beyond such brief notices of the reign of diabolism called "witchcraft" as will serve to connect the Spiritualism of the Saints and Ecstasies of the Catholic Church, as mentioned in the last number, with the Spiritualists of our own time.

In the writings of Horst, Eanemoser, the Howitts, Glanvill, Upham, and other historians, who have dealt with this subject, full accounts are to be found of scenes, personages, and doings, which will amply justify my assertion that in the records of witchcraft we have the darkest periods of human history—that is, considering the boasted civilization of the time, and the fact that all its horrors were perpetrated chiefly at the instigation of the leaders and members of the Christian church.

Perhaps one of the most succinct and unprejudiced summaries of the witch mania that we can quote from, is given by that eminent writer, the late Charles Mackay, who, in his "History of Popular Delusions," thus describes the weird and wild superstitious beliefs prevailing on the subject under consideration. Mackay says:

"Europe for a period of two centuries and a half brooded upon the idea not only that departed spirits walked the earth to meddle in the affairs of men, but that mortals had power to summon evil spirits to aid them in working evil upon their fellow creatures, or those whom they wished to injure. An epidemic of terror seized upon the nations. No man thought himself secure either in person or possessions from the machinations of the devil and his agents.

"Every calamity that happened was attributed to a 'witch.' If a storm arose and blew down a barn, it was witchcraft did it. If a man's cattle died, or disease fastened upon him, even in cases of early death, sickness, or misfortune, these things were not visitations of Providence, but the work of some neighboring hag, whose poverty, wretchedness, or imbecility, caused her to become branded as a witch. The word was in every mouth. France, Germany, Italy, England, Scotland, and the far North, ran mad upon this subject, and for centuries furnished their tribunals with so many trials for witchcraft that other crimes were seldom or never spoken of. Thousands and tens of thousands fell victims to this cruel and absurd delusion.

"In many cities of Germany the average number of executions for this pretended crime was six hundred annually, or two every day except Sundays."

It must be observed also that it was not the aged, helpless, and for the most part, uncomely old women who were the victims of this horrible superstition. Young and old, high and low, whoever became obnoxious either by learning or ignorance to the Church, or antagonistic to some enemy, had but to receive the awful brand of witchcraft, and their fate was sealed.

In the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon was charged with witchcraft on account of his discoveries in optics, chemistry, and astronomy, and although he did what he could to circulate and explain his own acquirements, he could not escape a Papal denunciation, and two long and painful imprisonments. In 1305, Arnold de Villa Nova, a learned physician and philosopher, was burned at Padua, by order of inquisitors, on the charge of witchcraft. He was eighty years of age at the time. Ten years afterwards, Peter D'Apon, also of Padua, who had made extraordinary progress in knowledge, was accused of the same crime and condemned to death, but happily expired previous to the time appointed for his execution.

Authoritative writers compute that thirty thousand persons were executed for this supposed crime within one hundred years.

In 1484, Pope Innocent the Eighth issued a bull encouraging and requiring the arrest and punishment of persons suspected of witchcraft. From this time the prosecutions became frequent and the victims numerous in every country. The same year, forty-one aged females were consigned to the flames in one nation; and, not long after, a hundred were burned by one inquisition in the valleys of Piedmont; forty-eight were burnt in Ravensburg in five years; and, in the year 1515, five hundred were burned at Geneva in three months! One writer declares that an almost infinite number were burned for witchcraft in France.

Professor Upham says in his "History of Witchcraft":

"In 1534, Elizabeth Barton, 'the Maid of Kent,' was executed for witchcraft in England, together with seven men who had been confederate with her. In 1541 the Earl of Hungerford was beheaded for inquiring of a witch how long Henry VIII. would live. In 1549 it was made the duty of bishops, by Archbishop Cranmer's articles of visitation, to inquire of their clergy whether they knew of any that use charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft invented by the Devil." In 1563 the King of Sweden carried four witches with him, as a part of his armament, to aid him in his war with the Danes. In 1576, eighteen persons were condemned in Essex, in England. A single judge or inquisitor, Remigius, condemned and burned nine hundred within fifteen years, from 1580 to 1595, in the district of Lorraine; and as many more fled out of the country; whole villages were depopulated, and fifteen persons destroyed themselves rather than submit to the torture which, under the administration of this successor of Draco and rival of Jeffries, was the first step taken in the trial of an accused person. The application of the rack and other instruments of torture, in the examination of prisoners, was recommended by him in a work on witchcraft. He observes that 'scarcely any

one was known to be brought to repentance and confession but by these means."

"In 1634, Urbain Granier, a very learned and eminent French minister, rendered himself odious to the bigoted nuns of Loudun, by his moderation toward heretics. Secretly instigated by Cardinal Richelieu, against whom he had written a satire, they pretended to be bewitched by him, and procured his prosecution: he was tortured upon the rack until he swooned, and then was burned at the stake. In 1640, Dr. Lamb, of London, was murdered in the streets of that city by the mob, on suspicion of witchcraft. Hundreds were hanged or burned in England, only a few years before the witchcraft proceedings commenced in Salem. Some were tried by water ordeal, and drowned in the process, in Suffolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Northamptonshire; and a considerable number of capital punishments took place in various parts of Great Britain, some years after the prosecution had ceased in America.

"The trials and executions in England and Scotland were attended by circumstances as painful, as barbarous, and in all respects as disgraceful, as those occurring in Salem. Every species of torture seems to have been resorted to; the principles of reason, justice, and humanity, were set at defiance, and the whole body of the people kept in a state of the most fierce excitement against the sufferers. Indeed, there is nothing more distressing in the contemplation of these sanguinary proceedings than the spirit of deliberate and unmitigated cruelty with which they were conducted. No symptoms of pity, compassion, or sympathy appear to have been manifested by the judges or the community."

Early in the seventeenth century Sir George Mackenzie says that he went to examine some women who had confessed, and that one of them, who was a "silly creature," told him, "under secrecy," that she had not confessed because she was guilty, but, being a poor creature, who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she would starve, for no person thereafter would either give her meat or lodging, and that all men would beat her, and bound dogs at her, and that, therefore, she desired to be out of the world." Whereupon she wept most bitterly, and, upon her knees, called God to witness what she said.

A wretch named Matthew Hopkins rendered himself infamously conspicuous in the prosecutions for witchcraft that took place in the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk and Huntingdon, in England, in the seventeenth century. The title he assumed indicates the part he acted. It was "Witch-finder General." He traveled from place to place; his expenses were paid; and required, in addition, regular fees for the discovery of a witch. Besides pricking the body to find the witch-mark he compelled the wretched and decrepit victims of his cruel practices to sit in a painful posture on an elevated stool, with their limbs crossed; and if they persevered in refusing to confess, he would prolong their torture, in some cases, to more than twenty-four hours. He would prevent their going to sleep, and drag them about barefooted over the rough ground, thus overcoming them with extreme weariness and pain; but his favorite method was to tie the thumb of the right hand close to the great toe of the left foot, and draw them through a river or pond; if they floated, as they would be likely to do, while their heavier limbs were thus sustained and upborne by the rope, it was considered as conclusive proof of their guilt. This monster was encouraged and sanctioned by the Government; and he procured the death, in one year and in one county, of more than three times as many as suffered in Salem during the whole period of the delusion. But it was not against individuals alone that the insane charges of witchcraft were directed; whole communities were, under the same abominable pretence, put to death by the order of the Popes, and under the exterminating force of the bulls issued by Papal authority.

Mackay says on this point: "After the time of Charlemagne prosecutions for witchcraft were continually carried on in France.

"It was a crime imputed so easily and repelled with so much difficulty that the powerful, whenever they wanted to ruin the weak, had only to accuse them of witchcraft to insure their destruction. . . . The extermination of the brave 'Stedinger' and 'Friesland' in 1234; of the Knights Templars in 1307; the execution of the noble Joan of Arc, and the unhappy scenes of Arras in 1453, are all evidences of religious and political craft acting under the pretence of witchcraft. . . . The invincible courage of the 'Stedinger'—a race of poor people inhabiting the district from the Weser to the Zuyderzee, and devotedly attached to the principles of freedom—impelled Pope Gregory IX. to launch forth his anathema against them as heretics and witches.

"A large body of fanatics broke into their country, killing and burning wherever they went, and not sparing either the women or children, the sick or the aged."

After a noble defense made on the part of the gallant Stedinger, Mackay describes the vast assemblages that the Papal bulls and the exhortations of the churches called together, and these murderous and superstitious ravagers ultimately succeeded in slaughtering eight thousand of the Stedinger on the field of battle, literally exterminating the race by the merciless destruction of the women, children, old men, and cattle, and the firing of the woods and dwellings. As this infamous deed is all too seldom noticed in the history of the saintly Christian Church, it may not be out of place to give Mackay's account of the Pope's version of the crimes for which this noble race of freemen were exterminated. Our historian writes:

"The Pope wrote to all the bishops and leaders of the faithful to arm and root out from the land those abominable witches and wizards.

"The Stedinger," said his Holiness, 'seduced

by the devil, have abjured the laws of God, slandered the Church, consulted witches to raise evil spirits, and concocted an infernal scheme to propagate the worship of the devil, whom they adore under the name of Asmodi. The devil appears to them sometimes as a goose or a duck, and at others as a pale, black-eyed youth. . . . This devil presides at their Sabbaths, when they all dance round him, and give themselves up to the most abominable debauchery."

Just of the same absurd and revolting character were the charges brought against the Waldenses, as a pretense for their extermination; also against the Knights Templars, of whom many historians concur in alleging that their wealth, power and pride incensed the Church, and raised up enemies both in the Church and State. Still, they held their own against every assailant until the terrible cry of witchcraft was raised against them. This was sufficient to ensure the united forces of all Europe to set upon them.

We cannot soil our pages by reciting the shameful and impossible accusations that were brought against these unhappy soldier priests, founded upon the preliminary charge that they had sold their souls to the devil, and were in the habit of celebrating all the infernal and horrible rites of the witches' Sabbath.

It was on charges such as these that Philip IV. of France, who is generally charged with inventing every accusation against them, issued orders for the arrest of all the Templars in his dominions, and the confiscation of all their estates and wealth to the crown.

The Pope immediately issued the same orders concerning the Templars in every other part of Europe. They were arrested, put to the most horrible tortures to extort prepared confessions, and though when removed from the racks and frightful scenes of suffering, they invariably recanted their enforced confessions, this was only regarded as an additional crime. Mackay, in describing these atrocities in details that make humanity blush for its alliance with the monster persecutors, concludes his dreadful account thus:

"Fifty-nine of these unfortunate victims were all burned together by a slow fire in the suburbs of Paris, protesting to the very last their innocence of the crimes imputed to them; and for four years hardly a month passed without witnessing the execution of one or more of these unhappy men. Finally, in 1314, the last scene of the tragedy closed with the burning of the Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, and his companion Guy, Commander of Normandy."

LET THE WORLD KNOW THESE THINGS, revolting as they are to every sense of feeling or humanity, and still more so to every human being who has any sense of religion in his nature, we shall never arrive at any true appreciation of what society has to guard against, and what duties the knowledge of our personal responsibility, both here and hereafter, imposes upon us, until we trace out the CAUSES which have darkened history with the records of crime and man's inhumanity to man.

Having shown, in a very brief summary, records of this terrible history—one that has filled the pages of scores of volumes with its heart-rending details—in fulfillment of my purpose of giving sketches of the progress of Spiritism in many lands, I shall, in my next article on Historical Spiritism, point to the actualities of real Spiritual powers and purposes gleaming through the dreadful middle age nightmare of "Witchcraft," like the light shining in the darkness, though the darkness comprehendeth it not.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, in the *Unseen Universe*.

## Pass It On.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on;

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on;

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on.

Did you hear the loving word—

Pass it on;

Like the singing of a bird?

Pass it on;

Let its music live and grow,

Let it cheer another's woe;

You have reaped what others sow—

Pass it on.

'Twas the sunshine of a smile—

Pass it on;

Staying but a little while!

Pass it on;

April beam, the little thing,

Still it wakes the flowers of spring,

Makes the silent birds to sing—

Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light?

Pass it on;

Souls are groping in the night,

Daylight gone;

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,

Be a star in some one's sky,

He may live who else would die—

Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy greed,

Pass it on;

Look upon thy brother's need,

Pass it on;

Live for self you live in vain,

Live for Truth you live again,

Live for Love with Love you reign—

Pass it on.

—Henry Burton, M. A., in *Two Worlds*.

## A Fragment.

Happy is the man who adheres to no party, subscribes to no creed, but with singleness and freedom of soul regards all mankind as of his party, and sees one universal truth underlying the finite thoughts of all men. He regards the differences amongst men as circumstantial rather than essential; individuals are variant notes in that scale which includes all humanity; the endless variety, like separated fragments when taken as a whole, representing our grandest and truest conception of the race. Thus a beginning was made to a report of the lecture on Smith and Parnell, in Finsbury Park, last autumn, but the power to proceed further was withdrawn. We have just met with the "fragment," and now put it into print.—*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

## SCINTILLATIONS.

## Notes by the Way.

The *Contemporary* for June contains a striking article by Mr. J. M. Soames, which is oddly entitled "Trace." It is a personal record of hypnotic and psychometric experiences. The writer was living in a country place, having amongst his friends an old German doctor whom he and his wife used to visit. On one occasion the doctor relieved a young lady of a severe neuralgic headache by putting her into the hypnotic sleep, greatly to Mr. Soames' astonishment. His wife had held the hand of the young lady whilst she was being operated upon, and had felt a tingling sensation on the side next to her. This suggested that the lady might be a suitable subject for experiment. Her husband made the trial and found it successful. This, omitting needless details, was the commencement of the experiences of which we have here the record. First, insomnia was combated by suggestion. She was told to sleep directly she went to bed, and after the week her natural sleep returned. A small society was formed of inquirers, and the developments were rapid. One of these may be detailed:

One of the members produced a crystal. It was placed in the hands of the lady after she had been put to sleep, with the effect that she was transported in thought to a beautiful garden redolent with flowers. Questioned as to where she was, she said: "Not in England. I am standing in a broad pathway. On one side is a hedge of white azaleas, and on the other, pink about six or seven feet high." She gave further details as to flowers and trees, and she said: "At the end of the path is a little black and gold house, with such a funny little man sitting outside." Here I may add the sequel: The writer and his wife were, one day several months afterwards, going through one of the big museums in London, when the lady exclaimed: "I have been here; I know the place quite well. That was where the little man was sitting, and there is the little black and gold house." She was looking at a model of a garden in a particular town, whence, in another experiment, a crystal had been obtained, a fact which she had directly diagnosed in the mesmeric trance.

Passing by other remarkable cases, I come to the use of the word "Trace." The writer considers that every material object bears imprinted upon it a trace of those with whom the object has previously been brought in contact, which certain highly sensitive organizations can psychometrically discover. What this trace may be, the writer of the article is unable to say. He proposes a series of experiments to elucidate this problem, and also to define the power by which such strange results have been obtained. No one who is familiar with Denton's "Soul of Things" will have any difficulty in accepting the remarkable stories which now find their way into pages of the *Contemporary Review*. They are not new, and find ample corroboration in the work that I have mentioned, as well as in the works of Dr. Rodes Buchanan, especially in his "Manual of Psychometry." But the whole subject as at present discussed, is like so many other things, only a rediscovery. There seems no reasonable doubt that this strange power of reading from material objects some facts connected with their previous possessors, was well-known to the nations of antiquity, especially the Egyptians, and they may possibly have been turned to account by the priesthood, then the sole repository of knowledge. So materialistic have the later races of mankind become that this secret knowledge has been lost. It is a good sign for the progress of the present race that we are beginning to recover it.

I have sometimes discussed the question as to whether there is a hereafter for animals. I have chanced, just now, on an interesting book by the late J. G. Wood, entitled "Man and Beast; Here and Hereafter." He devotes a chapter to a discussion of the future state, in which he argues, through the following propositions, to a belief that there is a future life for the lower animals, and that they will share a progressive life with us. He starts with the statement that man and beast were equally included in the divine law, and were equally liable to punishment for the same crime. Next, that the spirit of animals is developed by the communion with the spirit of man. He cites in favor of his own belief Eugene de Guerin, Mrs. Somerville, Lamartine, Southey, and other writers. Next he proceeds to discuss the different lots of man and beast, and the doctrines of apparent inequality and compensation of pain and suffering in connection with divine justice. He proceeds then to deal with individuality in connection with immortality, and claims for the animals who have been brought in contact with humanity rapidly developed and marked signs of individuality, which are only more noticeable because they come more closely under our observation. Then he compares the spirit of the beast and the spirit of man, contending that the very fact that man can transmit his ideas to the lower animals is a proof of the possession of a spirit by them both; and so that the two will equally live each on its proper plane after the earthly body has dropped off. Lastly he argues that spirit, though it cannot act directly upon matter, can, under certain circumstances, be discerned by material means. He cites the case of Elisha's servant, whose spiritual eyes were opened to see the hosts of spiritual beings by whom the place was surrounded, and others of the same kind, especially the story of Balaam, which he illustrates by an experience which came under his own notice.

The record of this experience is written out by the lady to whom it occurred, who, with her mother, was living in an old country chateau in France:

"It was during the winter of 18— that one evening I happened to be sitting by the side of a cheerful fire in my bedroom, busily engaged in caressing a favorite cat—the illustrious

Lady Catharine, now, alas! no more. She lay in a pensive attitude and winking state of drowsiness on my lap.

"Although my room might be without candles, it was perfectly illuminated by the light of the fire. There were two doors—one behind me, leading into an apartment which had been locked for the winter, and another on the opposite side of the room, which communicated with the passage.

"Mamma had not left me many minutes, and the high-backed, old-fashioned arm chair which she had occupied remained vacant at the opposite corner of the fire-place. Puss, who lay with her head on my arm, became more and more sleepy, and I pondered on the propriety of preparing for bed.

"Of a sudden I became aware that something had affected my pet's equanimity. The purring ceased, and she exhibited rapidly increasing symptoms of uneasiness. I bent down and endeavored to coax her into quietness; but she instantly struggled to her feet in my lap, and spitting vehemently, with back arched and tail swollen, she assumed a mingled attitude of terror and defiance.

"The change in her position obliged me to raise my head, and on looking up, to my inexpressible horror, I then perceived that a little, hideous, wrinkled old hag occupied mamma's chair. Her hands were rested on her knees, and her body was stooped forward so as to bring her face in close proximity with mine. Her eyes, piercingly fierce and shining with an overpowering lustre, were steadfastly fixed on me. It was as if a fiend was glaring at me through them. Her dress and general appearance denoted her to belong to the French bourgeoisie, but those eyes, so wonderfully large, and in their expression so intensely wicked, entirely absorbed my senses, and precluded any attention to detail. I should have screamed, but my breath was gone whilst that terrible gaze so horribly fascinated me; I could neither withdraw my eyes nor rise from my seat.

"I had meanwhile been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such ugly neighborhood, and after some most desperate efforts at last succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs, and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself with frightful violence against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side.

"My terror was divided, and I looked by turns, now at the old woman, whose great staring eyes were constantly fixed on me, and now at the cat, who was becoming every instant more frantic. At last the dreadful idea that the animal had gone mad had the effect of restoring my breath, and I screamed loudly.

"Mamma ran in immediately, and the cat, on the door opening, literally sprang over her head, and for upwards of half an hour ran up and down stairs as if pursued. I turned to point to the object of my terror; it was gone. Under such circumstances the lapse of time is difficult to appreciate, but I should think the apparition lasted about four or five minutes.

"Some time afterwards it transpired that a former proprietor of the house, a woman, had hanged herself in that very room."—*Light, London*.

## Various Camp-Meetings.

Clinton, Iowa, July 31 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. 10 to the 15th.  
New Era, Oregon, June 10 to June 27.  
Hasslet Park, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 29.  
Mantua Station, Ohio, July 23 to Aug. 15.  
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.  
Temple Heights, Northport, Maine, August 12 to 21.  
Lake Brady, near Ravenna, Ohio, July 21 to August 28.  
Delphos, Kansas, August 5 to 22.

"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.

The subscriptions are flowing in, attracted by the story, "The People who are Damned," by Hudson Tuttle. The paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

"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.

"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.

"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.



## 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, payable in advance:

|              |                             |
|--------------|-----------------------------|
| One year     | Five dollars                |
| Three months | One dollar and fifty cents  |
| Six months   | Two dollars and fifty cents |
| Single copy  | Five cents                  |

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10 to 15 cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, so don't send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

## CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

## Take Notice.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers.

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

Whenever you defer the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent, or the change cannot be made.

## A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER thirteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-strengthening and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.



## A SPIRITUALIST?

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

## A Curious Contest.

It appears from the current news that a contest bordering on the dramatic as well as the ridiculous, has lately occurred at Butte, Mont. Wm. Leff, one of the most prominent members of the organization of skeptics known as the Sons of Liberty, made the public announcement through the *Standard*, a local paper of Butte, that he would give \$100 to any Christian minister in the city who would read before his congregation such a chapter from the Bible as he would designate. Three ministers, Reverend Messrs. Groeneveld, Squires and Wood accepted the challenge almost before the ink was dry on the paper that contained it, and after a short consultation it was decided that Mr. Groeneveld should be the one to answer it, and the date was set for his reading the chapter. When the time arrived there must have been fully 1,000 persons inside, about 300 or 400 of whom were standing up in the aisles and around the door. Fully 1,000 people were unable to gain admission and were turned away, but some who arrived late and were more determined to hear the sermon than the rest, climbed in at the windows and found standing room along the walls or in the aisles. Many of these were ladies, but their sex did not deter them from showing their devotion to their religion and their interest in the question at issue.

When the time came for the scripture reading the reverend gentleman asked Mr. Leff what he wished read and was informed that it was the fifteenth chapter of Leviticus. As the preacher turned to the place a hush came over the assemblage and every eye was riveted on him. After reading the first four or five words of the opening verse, he paused to give an explanation of the chapter. This did not suit Mr. Leff, and he loudly exclaimed, "Read it intact." "I will read it intact," quietly replied Mr. Groeneveld.

"Well, read it just as it is written there," insisted Leff. "I will read it just as it is written here," replied Mr. Groeneveld, "and if you don't keep still I will have you put out." This silenced Mr. Leff, and with the remark, "I have not a word to say," he leaned back up against the wall. Mr. Groeneveld then read the chapter and gave his explanation of it. Thus ended a scene, with a curious mixture of obscenity and religion. Should not the obscene portion of the Bible be eliminated, thus preventing such a disgraceful contest as occurred at Butte? If Mr. Leff had known the amount of brass in some clergymen's makeup, he would not have made the proposition.

H. Eaton, President, writes as follows: "The Spiritualist Fraternity of Rochester meets on Sunday evening at 7:30, in O. F. H. N. Clinton St. Dr. Geo. West is our speaker for July. In consequence of the hot weather of late, the attendance is somewhat smaller, but the zeal manifested by the controls in the mode of handling the subjects, especially one on 'Liberty' on the 4th of July, was very marked. On the 10th inst. some very remarkable tests were described after the discourse. The desire of the society is that many who are in spiritual darkness, may be benefited by these meetings."

## Our Eclectic Magazine.

This week we publish our Eclectic Magazine, occupying seven large pages of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Our Magazine is composed of extracts from foreign Spiritualist journals. It contains THE CREAM of those papers. It proves decidedly refreshing to be brought occasionally in touch with the Old World and to realize what its prominent writers are saying. This week furnishes an intellectual feast not often presented to Spiritualists; in fact Spiritualists generally turn to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for light and guidance.

## Mrs. E. V. Wilson.

There are thousands of Spiritualists in this country who remember E. V. Wilson, who resided at Lombard, Ill. He did an immense amount of good, and hundreds of Spiritualists now living can point to him as the first one who furnished them the light of Spiritualism. His widow now lives in Chicago, struggling heroically to sustain herself. She has the plates of a most excellent work by her husband on "The Truths of Spiritualism," and she would like to get out another edition. Will not those who received the light from the lamented E. V. Wilson, and Spiritualists generally, send a postal to her with their address written thereon, stating that they will take a copy when published. The price is \$1.50. E. V. Wilson was instrumental in doing a vast amount of good while on earth, and it is too bad to see his widow compelled to struggle so hard to keep the wolf from the door. Address with your order, Mrs. E. V. Wilson, 127 Courtlandt St., Chicago, Ill.

## The Temple of The Magi.

The Grand Temple of the Order of the Magi will close for the summer vacation on the 27th of July, on which date a social will be held at the Temple as a farewell. Prof. Richmond has received very flattering proposals from leading thinkers of Boston, asking him and his family to transfer his work to the modern Athens. We are assured, however, that the loving friends made in "Bab, the city upon the great lakes of the Northland," together with the substantial encouragement received here, will hold the work in the World's Fair City for some years to come.

## Don't Trifle Too Long.

The Congregational Association of Massachusetts has lately received a report from its committee on statistics, wherein it is stated that for years the attendance on church service has steadily declined; that two-fifths of the population disbelieve the creeds, dislike the church, and desire to make Sunday a holiday instead of a holy day. The secular press of the State, which has investigated the subject, says the estimate is too low; that the number of attendants at church fall far short of three-fourths of the adults, whilst some place the estimate below one-half.

What is true of Massachusetts is believed to be true of all the States. A small minority of the whole population, under the leadership of the clergy, are bending all their energy towards making it appear this Government was organized in their interest, and that it must heed their dictation. Again and again we warn them that they stand on the brink of a smoldering volcano, liable to burst forth at any time, and overwhelm them in ruin. They may control Congress and State Legislatures, and they may think they have gained an important victory; but the rights of the people are not always to be trifled with. Mark that.

## Spiritualists are Temperate.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is rarely the case that a Spiritualist is intemperate. The intemperate are mostly among the Catholics and depraved foreigners. The *Christian at Work* gives a horrible picture of intemperance in New York City. Among the regular grist of suicides, murders and other crimes ground out by the rum mills of New York city and vicinity during only a few days several cases are worthy of special note. One was that of ex-Congressman Hopkins, who was found dead in a ditch one morning on the New Jersey meadows. His friends say that he undoubtedly committed suicide in a fit of despondency caused by drink. He had been on the down grade for several years, and was a physical and mental wreck.

Another case was that of a wife sick with consumption and near to death, who was set upon and pounded and kicked into unconsciousness by her drunken husband because she did not comply with his demands for money. This same fiend, also took his five-year-old child and held it against a hot stove until one of its limbs was literally roasted. A third case was that of a woman in Brooklyn who stabbed her brother to the heart in a wrangle over a keg of beer. Another was that of a woman who was found by a policeman bleeding and unconscious, hanging by her clothes from a fire escape, where she had been thrown by her husband after a beating. He was found drunk on the floor inside.

Still another case was that of a man who came home drunk and in a fit of jealous and careless rage threw a lighted lamp at his young wife, who knocked her down and the lighted oil flew over her whole body. In a moment she was a blazing bundle, and regaining her feet ran shrieking to the street, where she was caught and carried to a neighboring house, the flames having been quenched. She was, however, horribly burned on every part of her body, and six hours later died in terrible agony. Before she died her husband was arrested and taken to her cot in the hospital. She looked at him and said, "I saw him raise the lamp, but I didn't throw it." Then she turned her face away and wailed, "Oh, Dick, I never was unfaithful." Do we need to look for savages in Africa or fends in hell who are capable of more awful deeds than these? JUS TICE.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged to speak at Cassadaga, July 23 and 26; at Haslett Park, July 30 to Aug. 4; Mantua Station, Ohio, Aug. 6 to 12; Brady Lake, Aug. 13 to 19; Ashley, Ohio, Aug. 21 to 25, and Liberal, Mo., Aug. 28.

## A VOICE.

## It Is From a Summer-Land Sea, Cal.

And I heard a voice saying unto me: "Write!" And I said, "What shall I write?" And the voice said unto me: "Write of this glorious Summerland by the sea—of its past, its present, and its future." And I made answer and said: "Of this Summerland by the sea I know something of its past, much of its present, and—but stop, I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; how, then, can I tell what is yet to be?" And the voice said: "Hearken unto me, oh, thou son of Benjamin. Thou art skilled in the use of words. Paint thou a word-picture, a picture not done with brush or pencil, in oils or water, or on canvas, but with pen upon a parchment scroll, that men and women may read progressive thoughts and consider."

"For know thou, oh, scribe, that far to the eastward there floats a banner on whose parchment scroll, week after week, men, women and little children read of the progress of this mighty, rushing, whirling, dashing age, and as they read of the onward march of mighty hosts, and legions of conquering heroes of their own Eastern lands, they lift their eyes, and looking towards the East, they wonder if, as in the East, so in the West, the wheels of progress roar and rumble as onward they ages the car of progression sweeps."

"Yes, oh man of the quill, take now thy pen, and say to thy brothers and sisters of the East, South, and North, that here in this fair land of the great West, where the setting sun flings back his kisses of rosy light and love, and paints all the sea and sky in rosyate hues of purple and gold, that here in this land of hills and dales, mountains and valleys, forests and plains, where in springtime the air is fragrant with the perfume of the blossoms of apple and pomegranate; of orange and apricot, and the balm of a thousand flowers of humbler name is wafted upon the health-giving breezes from the sea, and that all speak to the soul of the paradise once lost, but now regained. Tell them that those perfume-laden breezes from this Summerland by the sea, that tosses the fair maiden's curls as she strolls in forest glade or mountain glen, carry that mysterious ozone or power of life that makes men live a hundred years, with little abatement of their natural vigor; tell that all these are."

"Yes, tell them ever and for aye, that here in this mysterious slope from the Rockies to the sea, embracing the grandest variety of soil and climate, there are mines of purest gold and mineral wealth of any land on earth, and that already, where men in books and maps wrote The Great American Desert, now fields of waving grain call for sickler's song and 'Shout the Harvest Home.'"

"Yes, tell them of this Golden West, and especially of this Summerland by the sea, whose landscape has been painted by other artists, to be sure—but paint thou this—once again."

Much more this sweet and gentle voice uttered, which I will embrace in my obedience to the heavenly mandate. This Summerland, from and of which I write, is located five miles from Santa Barbara, the county seat of the county of the same name. Summerland lies basking in the tempered rays of the southern sun—with the ever-restless, ever-rising and falling sea dashing its white-caps against the beach and flinging its ozone; its health-giving and energizing power into the faces of our citizens, of men, women and children, until every nerve is strong, and the soul breaks out in glad acclaim:

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
This great redeemer's praise!"

For many have been redeemed from sickness and death, and restored to vigor and life again by this ozone from the sea. Through this village flies not "the pale horse and his rider," for I think in all the years of the past, only five souls have emigrated to the Summerland above from this Summerland below.

Two years ago I left here on another and noble mission, but which was defeated by the cupidity of the wicked; and your readers know something of the fiery ordeal through which I passed during my absence. Thrice have I walked alone in the valley and shadow of death. Thrice was I brought back to life, though I felt the chill of death as its cold waters dashed at my feet; but through it all I passed, and since I returned hither there has come more vigor into my life from this ozone from the sea and from the love of friends, who with gladness and open arms welcomed me back to this Summerland by the sea, than I have ever known.

And it is refreshing to see what improvements have been made in the last two years. Two years ago there was only one public society of Spiritualists and one hall—the library hall—a beautiful little structure and well appointed. Now I see a large number of elegant little cottages, vine-clad and rose-bowered, a second Spiritualist society, now numbering over a hundred members of really excellent people—who have built a hall, which when fully finished will be a temple 80 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a seating capacity of more than 500 people, and this great structure located on the main street will be fit to adorn any city by the mount or sea.

It is a marvel to the citizens who have built this great house that it is free from debt, or so nearly so that the deficit is not worthy of mention. This great work has been led on by Prof. Loveland, backed by such men and women as Brothers Slight, Foster, Allen, the Morrises, Garrison, Cornell, Dr. Wilson, and others whose names I cannot do justice to at this moment, and without making an invidious distinction by that wonderful genius, from whose soul—through her pen—(as many thousands of your readers know with a supreme delight) flows the most sublime poetry, Slater Rose L. Bushnell.

Mrs. Bushnell owns a valuable property here, and has resided on it for some months. It is known as "Rose cottage," a beautiful little structure and elegantly furnished, there not being an inferior article in it. Mrs. Bushnell is a most remarkable woman in more respects than that of writing poetry by inspiration. She is a sort of universal mascot to all persons and measures that she is led to defend or aid, so that I may say: "Blessed indeed is the man or woman who secures her patronage and friendship, and woe to the luckless wight that crosses the path of the just and falls under the crushing touch of her javelin."

To this woman's efforts, aided by a score of other noble ladies, as Mrs. Blood (who owns a lovely home here), Mrs. Garrison, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Cone, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Norcross, Mrs. Northrop, "Auntie Drake," and others whose names I don't recall, this great success is largely due. The camp meeting is all arranged for the speakers and mediums on the coast. It commences on the 6th of September prox. and will continue a month. The encampment will be held in and about the new hall and every comfort provided at as reasonable rates as the first cost will allow.

The hotel Evelina has been taken by a gentleman and his wife, who will put it in first-class order by the aid of the proprietor, Mrs. Mary Cawker. It is the intention, as I learn from the management, to convert this hotel into a sort of invalid's home or sanitarium and hotel combined after the camp is over. As only "comfortably sick" people will be received into the hotel, tourists will not be annoyed by the sick, as consumptives and such like invalids will be furnished comfortable quarters out in adjoining buildings.

Brother Francis, let me in the name of these clever Summerlanders extend to you and yours a cordial invitation to visit this Summerland by the sea and enjoy a "sniff" of the grandest climate on the continent and all else that we have to enjoy. Your paper grows better with every succeeding issue. Faithfully,

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.  
P. S. By some *lapis scribam* the little paper published here told its readers that there would be no camp meeting here this fall. This is a mistake. The grandest camp ever held here will take place as above, unless some unexpected tidal wave should sweep this Summerland by the sea from the map of the State.  
T. B. T.

## To the Spiritualists of Missouri.

The Progressive Spiritualist Association of Missouri, has appointed Mrs. M. Theresa Allen as organizer for the State at large, with full authority to organize and establish branch or auxiliary societies and to relate such societies to the State organization as per constitution of the same.

Mrs. Allen is a fine trance and inspirational speaker and platform test medium, and a good organizer, and we take pleasure in recommending her, not alone to the Spiritualists of this State, but to the spiritual public generally. We hope that the Spiritualists will give her their hearty support and co-operation in this work.

This association was incorporated under the laws of the State, Feb. 16, 1891, and is claimed to have the most liberal charter ever granted to a Spiritualist organization—conferring all the powers necessary for carrying out the objects of the association and the protection of our speakers, mediums and healers who are ordained and licensed under it.

No creed or articles of faith are presented for acceptance, but confines itself wholly to the objects of the association, and which are set forth in the constitution as follows: "The dissemination of the facts, principles and philosophy of Spiritualism; to encourage the investigation of all moral, social, religious and scientific subjects and spiritual manifestation; to minister to the sick and afflicted and extend the hand of benevolence and charity to the unfortunate, and for mutual aid and improvement." This we deem sufficiently broad and comprehensive to enable the association and its branches to do any work that they may consider expedient and needful as progressive Spiritualists, reformers and humanitarians.

Plans and details of work are reserved for the consideration of the delegated assembly and a mass convention of the Spiritualists of the State. It is important that as many auxiliary societies be formed throughout the State as possible before the calling of said convention, the date of which has not yet been determined.

Brother and sister Spiritualist, we have a grand work before us; let us unite our efforts for mutual support and encouragement. Our spirit co-operators will do their part in establishing and promulgating on earth the grand truths and benefits of Spiritualism if we will do ours. They gave us the plan of this organization and undoubtedly assisted us in getting so liberal a charter, and now let us make use of it as was intended. The success of our work depends much upon the friendly co-operation and support of the friends throughout the State. Shall we have it? Let us hear from you.

All applications for lectures and work by sister Allen may be sent to the secretary of this association.

E. HOVEY, Pres.  
E. M. BENDRICK, Secy.  
636 Pearl St., Springfield, Mo.

## Clinton Camp Meeting.

This favorite resort of the friends of Spiritualism is rapidly filling up and assuming old-time proportions. Many of the old workers are present, while the number of new faces is noticeable. One of the grandest opportunities for the investigator is offered at Mount Pleasant Park the present season. Every phase of the phenomena will be represented, and it has been the aim of the management to secure mediums of undoubted reliability in every department. There is every prospect of one of the best meetings ever held by the association, and everything is hopeful for our future and permanent prosperity. In addition to the many attractions already offered, is the inspirational speaker and excellent medium, Mrs. Lillian Wood, of Topeka, Kas., Mrs. Ollie Denslow, who possesses varied spiritual gifts, and the celebrated healing and prophetic medium, Mrs. Nellie Ulrich, of Nashville, Tenn.

Street cars from the vicinity of railroad stations will land passengers at the grounds and everything possible will be done to enable all to have a pleasant and profitable time. All letters for information should be directed to L. P. Wheelock, or the secretary, at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.

WILL C. HODGE, Secy.

## The People Who Are Darned.

This story by Hudson Tuttle gives place this week for the *Eclectic Magazine*. It has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the people already. It should be read by every Spiritualist and friend of humanity in the United States.

## Crowded Out.

Much interesting miscellaneous reading matter is crowded out this week by our *Eclectic Magazine*.

## Notes from Cassadaga Camp.

Everything at this camp is in a flourishing condition. The improvements which existed incipiently in the minds of the people last year, have this year been carried forward and perfected, and the series of lectures which we have had since June 10 has been a great attraction to many, and has brought cottagers here much earlier in the season than last year.

In the language of our good sister, Mrs. Stearns, Cassadaga in-ans the meeting of waters—in the Indian language, full waters. No more significant name could have been chosen by our liberal and Spiritualist friends for a camp assembly. To us it is the meeting of the waters of life everlasting.

The public speakers, mediums and all sensitives seem at once to sense the exhilarating effect of the psychic atmosphere, and the fraternity and good will which pervades this camp and each year adds to the numbers who come here for permanent homes. Mrs. R. S. Little spoke twice on Sunday the 17th to good-sized and highly appreciative audiences. Many of the best thinkers of the day were present and listened with rapt attention.

The gospel of Spiritualism, which brings true knowledge and consolation to the heart, is being recognized and accepted to a degree far beyond the most sanguine hopes of a few years ago, and Cassadaga camp, instead of being scouted and shun, has become a favorite resort to the thinking truth-seekers from the entire country. Each year brings representative people from nearly, if not quite, every State in the Union, and it is a significant fact that when they come once, they are sure to come again, if possible.

Most of the cottages are now occupied, and each incoming train is freighted with new arrivals. Handshakings and fraternal greetings are the order of the day. Every face beams with gratulation, as members of one family, returning home from a long and wearisome journey.

The camp affords every opportunity for spending an enjoyable and profitable summer vacation.

Mr. W. J. Colville, of worldwide fame as a teacher and dispenser of the higher spiritualistic sciences, will give the opening address of the camp next Friday afternoon. He will also inaugurate a series of classes in metaphysics and spiritual science. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will also be here and give instruction to classes upon the two subjects "Psychopathy," and "The Soul in Human Embodiments." Mrs. Emma Rod Tuttle, assisted by her accomplished daughter, Miss Claire Tuttle, will have sole charge of the Lyceum. Calisthenics, physical culture and oratory, will be an important feature in their teachings, and will afford a rare opportunity for young people as well as children.

Miss Kate O. Peate, the famous lecturer and devotee of woman's suffrage and the labor question, has already opened her class in physical and vocal training. There are several others who are contemplating classes and work in similar lines.

The trinity of lakes, which are bounded by the most magnificent scenery, are to be plied daily by the steamers White Wings, P. S. Little, and Marion Skidmore; also by numerous row and sail-boats. There are also ample opportunities in the spacious and beautifully shaded grounds for a variety of open-air amusements, and the honest seeker of facts through phenomena can be gratified by witnessing whatever phase of mediumship he may desire, while those who aspire to the higher altitudes of inspiration and spiritual thought can be fed to fullness from that great grainfield of immortal truth, whose reapers and harvesters are each represented upon our platform. GLEANER.

## New Camp on the Pacific Coast.

There seems to be a spiritual wave sweeping over this section of the field, and arrangements are nearly perfected to hold a four weeks' camp meeting in the Columbia Valley this season. The ground chosen is about fifty miles from Portland down the Columbia, and on the direct line of the Northern Pacific, to Tacoma and Seattle. The people of Portland and vicinity are interested in the movement, and from present appearances it looks as if this section would vie with the East in its future spiritual work. By a singular coincidence as soon as the ground was secured Prof. Lockwood arrived in Portland from Salt Lake City, and John Slater, the famous test medium, from San Francisco. Prof. Lockwood has been engaged by the society here for July, and will probably be at the new grounds at its dedicatory services on August 7, the day set for the opening exercises. The grounds are on the banks of the Cowlitz river, about eight miles from the Columbia, and steamers land their passengers at Portland and way places, and land them on the ground. Those coming from Astoria and all points below Columbia can purchase tickets for the round trip, and connect with the Cowlitz river boats at Kalama. The up river boats connect at Portland, and arrangements are perfected for sales of tickets at reduced rates at all points along the Columbia on these boats; the Dallas City for all points above Portland on the Columbia; the R. R. Thompson for all points from Astoria to Columbia; the Kellogg line boats will take passengers to the ground from Portland and Columbia, and all points on its own lines at reduced rates. Tickets good until Sept. 10 on all these boats mentioned. Probably the Northern Pacific railroad will give reduced rates from Tacoma and Puget Sound country. It is the intention of the management to make this meeting a first-class one in all respects, and such men as Prof. Lockwood, Prof. Buddington, Capt. Wingett, with many others of local fame, will be present to furnish such intellectual entertainment as the occasion requires. There is promise of a large attendance, and tents, blankets, catering, etc., are provided for, so all who come can be sure of comfortable quarters as long as they stay. The grounds consist of fifteen acres of splendid timber and plenty of other clear ground for recreation and croquet sets, while the Cowlitz river is famed for its splendid trout fishing and boating privileges. The management desire that all parties in Oregon and Washington who wish to be present and participate in the camp exercises would correspond with me.

L. B. SMITH,  
Kelso, Washington.

It is barely fifty years since the postal stamp was introduced into the United States.

## General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done, are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

G. H. Brooks, chairman of the Haslett Park camp meeting, will be present there next week.

A. B. French begins his camp-meeting work at Anderson, Ind. From there he goes to Hicksville, Ohio; Cassadaga, North Collins and Liberal, Mo.

Mrs. M. E. Williams of New York is at her home, Holland Hall, North Long Branch, N. J., where she will hold seances every Wednesday evening during the summer.

Dr. J. C. Phillips is now at Clinton Camp, Iowa, where he is doing an excellent business. The Doctor is a first-class psychometrist, and of course will have all he can do at this lively camp. He is our agent here for receiving subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He predicts great things for the camp.

There will be a free lecture at Haslett Park Sunday afternoon, August 14, at 2 o'clock, by Prof. A. B. Spinnery, of Detroit. Subject: "Spiritual Evolution in the Past, Present and Future." Text: "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive." "Whoso seeketh to save his life shall lose it; whoso loseth his life for my sake (the truth) shall find it." We are satisfied that this lecture will be entirely different from any other given at the camp-meeting. It will be free from any attempt to build up any isms or dogma, dealing with the spiritual growth and possibilities of man in the past, his condition at present, and the hope for the future, here and hereafter.

Celia Riley, of Britten, Mich., writes: "We have been holding meetings at our different homes for the past few Sundays, and I have enjoyed them so much that I have been thinking, why can't we have a society started, and have rays of light shed upon us often? Spiritualists of Southeastern Michigan, let us rally, and put forth an effort for having these meetings regularly, organize a society and hire a speaker. Mrs. Palmer has been doing missionary work gratis, so far, but she can't afford to do it all. Let us put our wits together, and help along. What say you? Shall we have the society? Don't talk speak first now? If you don't know how to start it, make an appointment through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and more will see it that otherwise, and then, when the meeting is appointed, all make an effort to attend."

J. H. Mendenhall, of Muncie, will attend the camp-meeting near Chesterfield, Ind. He has erected a cottage there. His wife is an excellent medium. Mr. Mendenhall will receive subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

G. G. W. Van Horn has had a most successful engagement at St. Louis, Mo. He is now at Clinton camp meeting, Iowa.

## Spiritualism in Canada.

Spiritualism is brightening up in Canada on the whole. In Montreal there are some noble workers who are plodding along, doing good all the time, and showing an example of unselfishness worthy the divine cause they are striving for. In Toronto a spiritualistic society has started with every promise of success. There are very many there who are out-and-out progressive thinkers and avowed Spiritualists, and there is every reason to know that the cause will be spread in every direction if public work is carried on with zeal and right-down earnestness.

In Hamilton there are services held every Sunday evening, at the home of Mr. Geo. W. Walrand, one of the best trance lecturers from Great Britain. During the last seven or eight years, the instrument of the higher influences has brought home the truths of immortality to thousands of hungry souls. The Spiritualists of Hamilton hope to see their way clear to be able to build up an association for the investigation of phenomena in the autumn of the present year. There are quite a number here who have ascertained the knowledge of life beyond the grave, and there are a great number of others who are most anxious to learn something of spiritual truths. The cold indifference of the Christian church on this subject has made the world careless and apathetic, while the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism brings light and comfort to one and all.

Mr. Walrand's address is 195 Park street, North, Hamilton, Canada, where all letters on the philosophy and teachings may be addressed, and answers cheerfully given, if a stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

Mr. Walrand has received invitations from many cities and towns to lecture under spirit guidance, and we trust that the gospel of Spiritualism will be spread gradually through the Dominion of Canada, as it is being done in the States.

## The Liberal (Mo.) Camp-Meeting.

TO THE EDITOR:—Thinking a few words in regard to the progress of work here in Liberal, Mo., might be welcome to some of your many readers, I send you a few items. The work of building still goes on, two very handsome cottages having just been completed. A new building to contain reading and reception rooms, a bazaar for the sale of artistic fancy work and a number of lodging rooms has been begun under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society. All interested in the cause are cordially invited to co-operate with us, and all donations sent to Secretary of Auxiliary will be promptly acknowledged. Contributions of reading matter will be gladly received, and all such should be sent to Mrs. H. M. Walser, Secretary of Association, to whom also all inquiries in regard to camp-meeting should be sent. A number of fine speakers and mediums have been engaged and it is hoped to have a meeting that will both entertain and instruct all who may participate.

Mrs. S. A. MCGUFFIN.



## IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

## Spiritualism Among the Aztecs.

Sometime before the seventh century of our era, the Aztecs inhabited a beautiful region far to the northeast of Lake Chapala, in North America, then known as Aztlan. Guided by their priests, who seem to have been mediums, and claimed to speak under inspiration, they migrated to the southwest, pausing for many years at various places on their route, and building towns and temples where they halted, of which the remains still reward the researches of explorers.

Twelve hundred years ago the Aztecs had attained to a remarkable degree of civilization. They were well acquainted with architecture, sculpture, painting, and astronomy. They erected pyramids like those of Egypt, and their alphabet was composed of hieroglyphics. They were a theatrical and a musical people, and their songs and hymns, enshrining the traditions of their race, were carefully taught in their schools. They were firm believers in the immortality of the soul, and the future life they regarded as containing graduated stages of happiness; while they held that the enfranchised spirit passed from planet to planet. They constructed an immense zodiac or calendar out of a block of basalt, twelve feet in diameter, showing the division of time into cycles, years and days. A cycle was composed of fifty-two years, and each year was divided into 365 days. Five days constituted a week; twenty days a month, and eighteen months a year; the odd five days being regarded as unlucky ones. This zodiac is still extant.

The Aztecs were great agriculturists, and were passionately fond of flowers. They carefully preserved their forests, and constructed canals for artificial irrigation. The Aztec woman "ruled their homes peaceably," assisting in the lighter work of the field, taking care of the children, preparing food, and all household requirements.

There was an order of priestesses or mediums, closely corresponding in character with those who had charge of the old Greek oracles. They were vestal virgins, and lived sequestered inside the walls of temples, under the guardianship of a lady superior.

It was not until 1243 that the Aztecs reached Mexico, and there founded an empire which endured for 300 years, until it was subjugated by the infamous and sanguinary Cortes, whose conquest of Montezuma, the last monarch of his race, was attended by the butchery in cold blood of 6,000 of his peaceful subjects, in order, says the Spanish historian, with unconscious irony, "to give them some idea of the Christian religion."

The history of these events was written by Clavigero, a Jesuit, who spent thirty-six years in Mexico collecting the information for his work, and in learning the dialects of the country. He composed his history in Italian, and it is admitted to be one of the highest authority. From it we translate what follows, and it is interesting to mention that he regards the manifestations described as divine, and not demoniacal; the latter being the doctrine usually held by the Roman Catholic church with respect to spiritual revelations made to people who are outside the pale of that church.

"Papanzin, a Mexican princess, sister of the king Montezuma, was married to the governor of Tlaltelolca (a neighboring and friendly State), and after his death she lived retired in her palace until the end of 1509, when she, too, died. Her funeral was celebrated with a magnificence resembling the splendor of her birth, in the presence of the king, her brother, and of all the Mexican and Tlaltelolcan nobility. Her corpse was buried in a subterranean crypt in the garden of her palace, near a basin of water in which she had been accustomed to bathe, and the entrance was closed by a light door of marble.

"On the following day a little girl, between five and six years old, in order to reach the house of her mother, near that of the major domo of the palace, situated on the other side of the garden, passed by the basin, where she saw the princess seated on the steps by which she used to descend into the water of the reservoir, and heard herself called by the endearing epithet of *cocotl*, which is used in that country when addressing a child affectionately.

"The little one, who on account of her tender years was not in a position to reflect upon the death of the princess, and believing that this was really her who had come to take her wonted bath, accosted her fearlessly, and undertook, at her request, to go and fetch the wife of the major domo. She went, in fact, to call her. But that lady, smiling and caressing her, said: 'My child, Papanzin is dead, and was buried yesterday.' But as the little girl insisted, plucking at her hupplini (feminine tunic), she, rather to please her than from any belief in what she said, followed her; but when she actually saw the princess, she fell on the ground in a swoon.

"The child then ran to call her mother, who with other companions hastened to the relief of the lady who had swooned; but they also, on beholding the princess, would have fainted away if she had not given them courage by assuring them that she was still alive.

"The Papanzin induced them to fetch the major domo, whom she enjoined to go and tell her brother of what had taken place; but the official answered that he dared not do so, because the king would look upon the whole story as a fable, and would visit him with the severe punishment he was accustomed to inflict upon all liars.

"Then go to Texcoco (a neighboring kingdom)," said the princess, "and beg of the king Nezahualpilli to come to see me."

"This Nezahualpilli, who had reigned in Texcoco for upwards of thirty years, was a most sagacious monarch, and had always been a safe and strong adviser of the Aztec king. Hence there was something very natural and appropriate in the wish of the princess to speak to him.)

"The major domo obeyed, and Nezahualpilli returned with him forthwith to Tlaltelolca; and when he arrived there he found the princess in the palace before him, and bowed himself in great wonder. Then she implored him to go to Mexico, and to tell her brother that she still lived, and that it was imperative she should see him for the purpose of communicating to him a matter of the greatest importance. Nezahualpilli

repaired to Mexico and executed his commission. Montezuma hesitated to believe what he had heard; nevertheless, not to be wanting in the respect due to so well-accredited an ambassador, he went with him to Tlaltelolca, accompanied by a numerous retinue of noble Mexicans, and entering the presence chamber, found the princess, and asked her if she was indeed his own sister. 'Sire,' replied the arisen one, 'I am your sister, Papan, whom you buried yesterday. I am really living, and I seek to manifest to you how much I have seen, because it touches you nearly.' This said, the two kings seated themselves, and the others remained standing, stupefied with astonishment at the scene.

"Then the princess spoke to them thus: 'When I was dead, or if it better pleases you, when I lost sense and motion, I suddenly found myself in the midst of a great plain, in which was a road branching off into many byways, and on one side was an impetuous river. Whilst I wished to plunge into and swim nearly, I saw before me a most beautiful youth, of lofty stature, clothed in a robe white as snow, and resplendent as the sun, with this sign upon his forehead (making a cross with her two forefingers). He took me by the hand saying: 'Stop; it is not yet time to pass over there. God, whom thou dost not know, loveth thee well.' Then he led me to the banks of the river, in which I saw many bones and human skulls, and where I heard such lamentable cries as moved me to pity. Turning my eyes over the water, I saw afar off many great ships, upon which were many men clothed differently to ourselves. They were white and bearded, wearing helmets on their heads, and carrying standards in their hands. Then the young man said: 'God willeth that thou shouldst live and be a witness of the revolutions which are to occur in these countries. The lamentations thou hast heard among those bones are the wallings of the souls of thine ancestors. The men whom thou seest approaching in those vessels are those who, by force of arms, shall make themselves masters of these kingdoms.' Thereupon the young man disappeared, and I felt myself restored to life. I arose from the bier on which I lay, opened the stone door of my sepulcher, and issued out into the garden, where I was found by my domestics."

"This is one of many similar facts," observes the writer, who has transcribed the passage from Clavigero, "demonstrating the intervention of spirits to forewarn Montezuma of the end of the Aztec Empire; it being evident that the invisible threw the princess into a cataleptic condition and one of profound somnambulism, which made them believe her to be really dead; and that the young man in the resplendent tunic who manifested himself to Papanzin was her guardian spirit, or some other elevated intelligence."

It is far from improbable, moreover, that this spiritual intervention was also intended to put Montezuma on his guard against the invaders. For if he had been less trusting and generous, the cupid of the Spaniards might not have been aroused. As it was, however, the magnificent presents of gold, silver, pearls and precious stones, delicate textile fabrics, and exquisite plumes of feathers, which he sent to Cortes, in order to propitiate that sanguinary scoundrel, only inflamed the avarice of himself and his followers, and the result was such a succession of appalling crimes that the mind sickens in reading of them. Indeed, as one writer has said: "Murders and desolations of the most pitiless tyrants that ever diverted themselves with the pangs and convulsions of their fellow-creatures, fall infinitely short of the bloody enormities committed by the Spanish nation in the conquest of the new world—a conquest, on a low estimate, effected by the murder of ten millions of the human species." And this was called "planting the cross among the heathen!"—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

## Salamanders, or Spirit Lights.

Paracelsus tells us in his treatise on Elementals that Salamanders may be sometimes seen running over the fields as balls of fire. The following experience once occurred to me when staying at a villa on the Lago Maggiore. One lovely summer's evening I strolled off alone to the end of the garden, and climbed up into a nook, furnished with a seat, from which I could get a good view of the country all around. The light was so clear that I could see distant objects quite distinctly.

Overhanging a ravine just above our villa was a pink house, with a garden in front, which was separated by a high wall from a small vineyard below. Looking meditatively in this direction I noticed a number of odd-looking lights, about the size of one's hand, which darted in and out amongst the vine roots in a kind of mazy dance. I watched this curious, weird, little cotton for some short time. Then each light seemed to extinguish itself, one after the other, and all vanished. I did not mention this strange experience to anyone, but a few days afterwards I was sitting in the same spot with one of the daughters of the house. She suddenly remarked, "Do you see that pink house up there? It used to be called 'Castello delle Streghe' (Witches' Castle); and the peasants say they have often seen lights about there." "Indeed?" I replied, and told her then what I had seen myself.

I was telling this story to a lady the other day. She told me in return that her aunt, a pious Catholic, was once in her own apartment, and praying very earnestly for the repose of the souls of certain deceased friends. When her prayers were over she observed around her stove several small lights corresponding exactly in number to those souls for whom she had been interceding.

I am now at a loss to explain my experience. Were the dancing lights which I saw a party of merry elves out for an evening frolic? or were they the spirit lights of the old dead witches of bygone days?—*M. E. G., in Light, London.*

Long heads are usually associated with the possession of great intellectual strength and mental capacity. A German scientist, however, who made examination of the cranial capacity of 5,000 soldiers at Baden, is of the opinion that the size of the skull depends almost invariably on the proportions of the body. Tall men he found to have long skulls, or skulls of medium length, whereas the short, fat men, as a rule, had round, flat heads.

## SPIRITUALISM.

## Its Deep Importance and Significance.

As this number of *The Two Worlds* will fall into the hands of many new readers I take the opportunity of urging upon them the importance of the subject to which it is devoted.

It is now "the fashion" to write on "occult" matters and relate stories of "real ghosts." Magazines are flooded with articles dealing with coincidences and psychical experiences. Even the "shilling shocker" deals, often in an absurd and grotesque fashion it is true, with the marvels of hypnotism, duplex consciousness and Spiritualism.

It is to be feared that amid all this superficial treatment of the phenomena of "the debatable land" between the two worlds, the solid facts will be lost sight of, and their deep and solemn significance be forgotten.

Let it be borne in mind that nothing can be of greater moment to mankind than the satisfactory solution of the difficulties which beset the observant and thoughtful wayfarer on life's path. What is the problem? What is the question? What is the answer? "One question more than others all from thoughtful minds implores reply; it is, as we breathe from star and pall, what awaits us when we die?" It has been my lot to frequently stand bareheaded beneath the bending heavens besides the bereaved mourners with the open grave before us, in which have been deposited the mortal remains of friend, companion or child. I have felt the sadness of life and the bitterness of death, have wept with those who mourned, and in sympathy with their stricken hearts have realized the narrowness, the vanity, the inadequacy of this world's choicest treasures. When the heart is torn and bleeding, and one stands in the presence of death, then it is we realize the need for knowledge of the hereafter; then it is we require the comforting ministry of our angel beloved ones.

We sometimes say "there is no death," but it is difficult to feel that is true when we speak and are not answered, when we press the hand and it responds not, when we look into the eyes which would sometime have flashed back the smiling glance of cheer and affection, and they remain dim and unlit by the light of love, we may well cry, "what of the dead?"

Without love life is barren, without fellowship, companionship, one grows hard and cynical. Life without sympathy, affection, good-nature, and heartiness which beautify, adorn and round out our being, giving at once object and subject to our daily existence, is not worth living.

How serious, then, are the issues involved in the study of Spiritualism? "There is nothing in it," says one. That is false. There is the whole of another world in it. Nay, it gives us this world, it gives us to ourselves, it lights the tomb with glory and gives us back our dearest and fondest treasures. Spiritualism is no mere parlor amusement; it is a science which demands study, the science of spirit. It is no mere "sensational" it is a philosophy, the philosophy of life, death and immortality. It is no mere craze of foolish and frivolous folk, but a revelation, the foundation fact of all religious claims.

Spiritualism is the demonstration of continued conscious existence for all humanity. Well may we ask of those who would enter its temple, "Put the shoes from off thy feet, the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Spiritualism is the irreconcilable foe to materialism. It disproves the fantastic speculations of those who would derive mind from matter. It presents to the earnest truth-seeker the evidences which prove that mind persists after the destruction of brain and body, and that intelligence can be manifested by the so-called dead.

Spiritualism gives comfort and solace to the bereaved. Who can compute the richness of the blessings it has brought to the heavy laden and weary ones of earth? But these are by no means all the benefits it can afford; for its moral influence, its effect on life and character, when rightly understood and applied, must be ennobling.

As the testimonies in this issue of our paper prove, we know for a certainty that life "over there" is sequential, the character formed here is preserved there. We reap the consequences of our motives, thoughts, feelings, and actions, and cannot advance to higher planes of being until we have become fit. Ascension results from unfoldment due to the acquisition of knowledge, the wise use of power, and the labors of loving helpfulness extended towards others. When this law of spirit life is apprehended, and its bearing upon our present state fully realized, we shall have a firm basis of morality and a high standard of ethics, rooted in the very principles of divine government, extending in their universal applicability to humanity in all conditions in all worlds.

Spiritualism deals with, enlarges, and spiritualizes our conception of Deity, death, duty and destiny. These constitute the four pillars of the great temple of mankind, must bow and render the homage of life-long service, of love, reverence, and in sincere devotion, seeking to express in life's endeavors the love of all that is good, pure, true and beautiful. Spiritualism must necessarily, therefore, lead the pilgrim at last into that arcane realm of spiritual verities where he can become conscious of the God of his own nature, respond to the "light within," evolve the grace of the spirit, become at one with God and man, and know that "there is no death" but endless progression for the aspiring soul.

Spiritualism has a word for all sorts and conditions of men. To the wrong-doer who persists in the wrong it speaks of unfailing justice, of retribution; it demands recompense, and enforces the moral law of discipline, the necessity for personal righteousness. To the repentant sinner it says, "Despair not, life is progressive; falst not, strive faithfully, and you shall yet rise to the higher spheres; loving spirits will aid you—they delight to assist spirits in prison." To the sad, toll-worn soul it speaks of the bright beyond and rest for the weary, relief from anxious care and burden, and enlarged sphere of usefulness and joy. To the doubters who see

in death only a leap into oblivion and fail to recognize the possibilities of their own spiritual nature, it comes as a spirit of truth, dispersing the darkness, and enabling them to see the path of progress extending into the land of the immortal. To affectionate hearts, hungry for knowledge of the whereabouts of their beloved ones, it is a comforter indeed, restoring to their conscious companionship the angels of their love. To those who dread the future for fear of hell—lest they have not the true faith—it comes with strength and sweet assurance, calling them to have faith in the supremacy of good, the love of the all-wise; to rely with unfaltering confidence on His unchanging beneficence. He doeth all things well.

His "Love so full of wisdom  
May be trusted to the end."

Death gives us back our treasures! When we too pass its shores and our feet press the soil of the summer-land, what glad reunions, what warm welcome will be ours if we have lived and loved and labored to do right, and leave the world better because we walked awhile upon its surface! To be remembered for the good we have done is a rich reward. To be welcomed home by loving friends is a still more delightful experience. One by one they cross the river. One by one our treasures are laid up over there; we walk yet a little while in the shadows, they, in the light, keeping watch and ward over us; they minister to our sufferings and whisper: "Peace, be still," to the tempests of our passion or our grief. They wait with faith and patience for our triumph. We know it. The grave has lost its sting. Death is no longer victorious. We triumph as we rise in the dignity of our unfolded spiritual natures, and for us there is no more death.—*E. W. Wallis, in The Two Worlds.*

## SOMETHING OLD.

## A French Clairvoyant in the Seventeenth Century.

The *Memoires du Duc de Simon* makes mention of a curious incident which occurred during the reign of Louis the XIV. of France:

There was a blacksmith named Francois Michael, living at Salon, in Provence. One evening as he was returning home, he saw a spirit clothed in white, who told him that she had been the wife of the present king, to whom she charged him to deliver some important messages, and at the same time confided to him a certain secret known only to the king and to herself, which would convince her husband of her identity. Naturally enough, the poor fellow shrank from the fulfillment of such a mission. Salon was upwards of 40 miles from Paris, and if he were to go to Versailles, how could an obscure artisan like himself hope to obtain access to *Le Roi Soleil*, the most unapproachable of monarchs?

Twice again the spirit appeared to poor Michael, and twice again the injunction was laid upon him in terms of greater urgency. Finally he waited upon the Intendant, or chief magistrate of Provence, to whom he related what had occurred, with so much sincerity and earnestness that that functionary furnished him with the means of traveling to the capital, and also with an introduction to an influential personage at the court. Arrived at Versailles, the blacksmith was twice admitted to an audience with the king, and was closeted with him for some time. What took place during these interviews was never made known. Certain it is, however, that the test with which the apparition had furnished Michael convinced Louis the Fourteenth of the authenticity of the communication he had received from her; and that when the messenger quitted the king's cabinet, and the Marechal de Duras jestingly remarked, "Your Majesty has been receiving a great fool," the king replied, "Not such a fool as you think. What he has said to me is exceedingly good sense."

This remark, repeated and commented upon by the courtiers, induced them to believe that the blacksmith had been entrusted with a providential mission to the king. What he thought of it may be inferred from the fact that he furnished Michael with a sum of money to enable him to return home, and that he also instructed the Intendant of Provence to take care that the poor blacksmith should never want.

This incident occurred in 1699; and Michael, on regaining Salon was beset with inquiries concerning what had passed between the king and himself. But the necessity for maintaining a discreet silence had been imposed upon him, and in order to escape the curiosity and importunities of his neighbors and friends, he removed to the village of Lancoen, near Aix, where he died in 1729.

Marie Therese, whose spirit had thus appeared to Francois Michael, the clairvoyant and clairaudient, had passed away in 1683. She was the daughter of Philip the Fourth, of Spain, and niece of Anne of Austria. Her marriage with Louis the Fourteenth had been brought about by the statecraft of Cardinal Mazarin. It took place in 1660, she being then 22 years of age. Her grace and beauty were universally acknowledged; but her profligate husband neglected her soon after her marriage for a succession of mistresses—Mme. de la Valliere, the Duchesse de Fontanges, Mme. de Montespan, and Mme. de Maintenon.

The queen took refuge from her troubles in deeds of beneficence and a life of piety, and at her death the royal scoundrel had the grace to confess that this was the only sorrow she had ever occasioned him. He had secretly married his last mistress, Mme. de Maintenon, a year after the death of his wife, and it is believed that the message sent to him by the spirit of Marie Therese was an injunction to the king to publish the fact of his marriage to a woman whose influence over Louis the Fourteenth during the latter years of his life and reign was undoubtedly beneficial, and as such would be perceived and appreciated by the late queen.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

The New York gas works board of directors recently appointed a dog as assistant superintendent of its works, and a truly efficient officer he is. His name is Beauty, and he made his appearance at the works some months ago, refusing to go away on any conditions. He has a curious habit, besides catching all the rats and mice about the building, of compelling a stranger to give up his portable property before departing.

## A CATECHISM.

## With Answers by a Christian and a Spiritualist Respectively.

Question: What do you consider as your first duty?

Christian: To serve God with all my heart, to attend communion and to visit church twice on Sundays.

Spiritualist: To heed the appeal of the suffering, and to apply myself to the relief of pain.

Question: What is dissent?

Christian: Dissent is a grievous sin, inasmuch as it denies the traditions of the church, and sets up standards of belief contrary to the word of God and the teachings of the Father. It is an unpardonable offence, and will be visited by terrible retribution.

Spiritualist: Dissent is a vindication of man's reason over mere dogma. It repudiates the claims of antiquity, and strives to conform to the teachings of a more developed intelligence. It is an epoch in the evolution of man, and as such, marks the advances made by him. Dissent implies progress to all that is highest and noblest in our nature, and should therefore be encouraged.

Question: Which is the true church?

Christian: The English Established Church, inasmuch as it is directly descended from Christ Himself.

Spiritualist: The true church underlies all churches. It is found in nature, wherein man learns to love, honor and cherish whatsoever is noble and pure, and to detest whatsoever is evil.

Question: What is a creed?

Christian: A creed is an attempt to define the duties of a Christian in relation to the Church and to the State.

Spiritualist: Creeds are pernicious, inasmuch as they endeavor to constrain humanity to obey those things which conscience and reason reject. Creeds are the curse of the age. They are unworthy of our nature.

Question: What is death?

Christian: Death is the end of this life, as St. Paul saith; it is the putting away of the corruptible and the putting on of the incorruptible. Death is the bridge which connects them.

Spiritualist: Death is an incident in the chain of existence, an inevitable stage in the life of the body. It is the connecting link between higher and lower conditions—a station on the railway of time.

Question: What is heaven?

Christian: Heaven is the place appointed for those who have believed in Jesus Christ, and whose sins have been purged away. It is the home of the blessed, where nothing is heard but the carols of angels and the sweet tones of the lyre.

Spiritualist: Heaven is a condition of the soul rendered harmonious by the doing of good deeds. It does not depend on artificial supports, as trumpets, etc., but is common to our nature. It belongs to no particular country, but is diffused throughout the universe. It is in the cottage as well as in the palace, in the mine as well as in the hall. It enters wherever it is needed. It comforts the lowly and soothes the scornful. Who ever seeks its aid becomes doubly blessed.

Question: What is hell?

Christian: Hell is a place appointed for the reception of the wicked—those who did not accept Christ—and where they will be forever tormented by a terrible fire.

Spiritualist: Hell is another condition of the soul, the result of evil-doing. It is the consequence of unworthy passions. Yet it is not wholly a bad state, for oftentimes it quickens the poor wretch to better things, again to experience the joys of heaven.

Question: What is meant by immortality?

Christian: Immortality means that our souls live forever—some in hell, the blessed in heaven.

Spiritualist: Immortality is the great law of the universe. It is the great fact of continuity of life. It is in everything and everywhere, a check to despair and a hope to humanity; a perpetual stream, sweeping dynastic empires and nations before its ruthless sway. It is the birth-right of all men.

Question: Who was Jesus?

Christian: Jesus was the son of God, who descended from heaven and assumed our flesh in order that He might die for us, and so redeem the world from its sin. By His death, those who believe in Him shall gain life eternal; they who refuse Him shall perish everlastingly.

Spiritualist: Jesus was the Son of a carpenter of Judea, in Palestine. When he grew in years his tender nature was touched to the quick at the misery of the people, and the cruelty and indifference of their rulers. Boldly entering the lists against these men he fell a victim to their fury, and expiated his virtues upon the cross. After his death the few followers, whom his zeal had gathered around him, redoubled their exertions to propound their master's teachings, and so impassioned did they become that their work often suffered for the want of discretion amongst a credulous people. It was easy to impose the belief that Christ was God, which belief grew to such vast proportions that all Europe and many other parts of the world became afflicted by this idea. But this belief is dying fast, and Jesus is appearing in his true proportions to the people of this age.

Question: Who is the Devil?

Christian: The Devil is a fallen angel, expelled by God from heaven for his disobedience, and who goes about like a roaring lion, interrupting the work of Christ. He is the father of lies and is the king of Hell.

Spiritualist: The Devil is a figurative expression—the impersonation of presumed evil force. As evil is common to the whole race of man, so is the evil force common to all religions, being represented after the manner and intelligence of the people. It is not a fallen angel, such as the Christians aver; if that were true, then God was very foolish to allow the Devil 4,000 years start wherein to play havoc with the virtues of man. Such an assumption is an affront to God, inasmuch as it implies negligence and indifference.

Question: What is repentance?

Christian: Repentance is the first stage in the sinner's conversion to Christ. It is the repudiation of the past and a determination to live better in the future. It is a coming to Jesus.

Spiritualist: Repentance is a pause in life's career—a pang; a mood; an artificial state, extremely fragile and eas-

ily dispelled. Its sustenance is derived from excitement; when this fails, the original character reappears. Some conversions have borne good fruit, but when the tempest of revivalism has passed the greatest number lapse into their former state. It is a poor foundation upon which to support character. A good character needs no repentance. Question: How can man best serve God?

Christian: Doing the will of Jesus Christ.

Spiritualist: Using time wisely, and by doing good. JAMES CLARE.

[We should incline to define repentance as the consciousness of short-coming or wrong-doing, rising into active self-condemnation, stinging the moral nature into revolt against the weakness or wickedness of the past; or in other words, the uprising of the spirit in its divine nature in protest against the slavery of sin and the throwing off the yoke of past misconduct. It is a right-about-face, a forsaking of wrong, and winning the way to purer and higher conditions.—*The Two Worlds, London.*

## DEATH.

## It is Rarely Painful.

Death is simply the separation of the spiritual body from the physical, and in itself is rarely painful. All observant physicians testify to this fact; and as to the fear the dying are supposed to have of death, this, as a rule, is more imaginary than real. A writer in *Galaxy* said: "I have seen men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments; and as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Some were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but the nearer their end came, the less apprehensive and the calmer they grew. Having once banished hope, tranquillity seemed to descend upon them. If encouraged to believe they might get well, the old anxiety reappeared, proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, and not their fear of death."

"Beyond the merely instinctive desire to exist," says Dr. Spencer, "the dread of death is a matter of education. Never does the child forget his first sight of a corpse, the darkened chamber, the storm of grief, the white face and rigid features, all combine to form an indelible impression on the mind."

And Dr. Warren says, "So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will in the greater number of instances answer in the negative; yet there may be, at the same time, a frightful amount of distress. My opinion, founded on a great number of observations, is that death is not generally painful. Nature, 'like a kind mother,' while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organization in such a way as produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases, as arising from physical causes, and there will be another class of exceptions of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

Dr. Madden, physician to State prison at Sing Sing, says, "All persons when they come to die are in nearly the same condition of indifference. When they have the horrors is when they are afraid they are going to be sick enough to die, and then I don't think convicts are more horrified than other persons are."

Among those who narrowly escaped death at the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre by fire, in Dec. 1876, were Mr. and Mrs. Niles. Relating her experience, Mrs. Niles stated that when she found herself prostrate, and felt the increasing pressure of other bodies, her thoughts were not so much of themselves as of the painful effect of the news of their tragic fate upon the minds of their friends; but soon she experienced the sensations of suffocation, these continuing a brief time, when insensibility supervened. The suffering of the mind exceeded that of the body. That some do suffer while dying is beyond question, but that their suffering is dependent upon their dying condition cannot be admitted, for it is probable that these same persons suffered quite as much in the stage of disease preceding the dying period as they did while dying, probably more.

While these remarks apply to the majority, to the aged death becomes a want. They literally fall asleep in the arms of death and awake, those who have earned this happiness, no longer decrepit and worn, but youthful and vigorous, and radiant with joy and hope. The aspect of death is not revolting to the virtuous, intelligent Spiritualist, for he knows that "life is the jailor; death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free." He knows that death is not only the cessation of physical life, but the commencement of the true and never-ending life of the liberated spiritual man.—*Dr. Crowell in The Two Worlds.*

## Meetings in This City.

North Side Church of Philosophy and Science, corner of Sigel and Sedgwick St., C. S. Clark, President; Mr. Dexter Secretary.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor of the First Society of Spiritualists holds services at Washington Hall, Washington Blvd., and Ogden Ave., every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., and 7:45 P. M. All are cordially invited.

The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday as follows: The Spiritual Union holds services in Toits 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 North Side Philosophical Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45, at Schlotthauer hall, Northwest corner of Selgie and Sedgwick streets.

The Peoples' Spiritual Society, under the supervision of Mr. Jennifer, will hold services at Bricklayer's Hall, 93 South Peoria street, at 3:30.

Meetings are held at Toits Hall, 939 North Robey St., 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 Spiritualist 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 Franks's Hall, 3012 Archer avenue, at 7:45 Sunday evenings. Mrs. Emma Nickerson, speaker.

The Mediums and Investigators meetings are held at Arlington Hall, 31st and Indiana avenue, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Sundays.







## THERE IS NO DEATH.

### Interesting Experiences By Florence Marryat.

In the year 1860 Florence Marryat passed through great mental and physical trouble when in India, so much so that the medical men advised her to return to England, which she reached on the 14th of December, and on the 30th of that month a daughter was born, who only survived her birth for ten days. It is necessary for the purpose of a clear narrative, and to bring conviction, to mention that this child was born with a most peculiar blemish. On the left side of the upper lip was a mark as though a semi-circular piece of the flesh had been cut out by a bullet mould, which exposed part of the gum. The swallow had also been submerged in the gullet, so that she had for the short period she lived to be fed by artificial means, and the jaw itself had been so twisted that had she lived to cut her teeth the double ones would have been in the front. The blemish was of so remarkable a type that all the medical men who examined her said that no similar case had come under their notice before. The case, under feigned names, was fully reported in the *Lancet* as something quite out of the common. She lingered, as I have said, for ten days, being baptized under the name of Florence. Her mother only thought of her as something which might have been, but never would be again; she was at the time the one dead lamb of the little flock. At that first seance with Mrs. Holmes the last face which was shown was that of a little girl; only her eyes and nose were visible, the rest of her head and face being enveloped in some white, flimsy material like muslin. Mrs. Holmes asked for whom she came, when she pointed to Florence Marryat, who at once said she must be mistaken, as she had known no one in life like her; still the child persisted that she came for her. Mrs. Holmes asked her could she not remember anyone of that age (that was a girl about 10 or 12 years) connected with her in the Spirit-world; she tried to remember but could not, and could only answer "No child of that age." Mrs. Holmes then addressed the little spirit: "You have made a mistake; there is no one here that knows you; you had better move on," and so the child did move on, slowly and reluctantly. There was disappointment in her eyes, and after she had gone she peeped around the corner again, and looked longingly. This was indeed the child, Florence, who had left earthly life as an infant of ten days old, and now coming back was not recognized. The mother was ignorant of life beyond the grave, and it never struck her that the baby had been growing since the separation. She could not interpret the Spiritualism of Longfellow, the sweet and pure psalmist of modern days:

Not as a child  
Shall we again behold her,  
For, when with rapture wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child,  
But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

That first seance made such an impression on the mother's mind that two nights afterwards she again presented herself alone at Mrs. Holmes', where there were about thirty persons assembled. The first spirit-face to present itself was the same little girl. Mrs. Holmes said she knew that the child must be connected with Florence Marryat, and again, on being asked, "Have you never lost a relation of her age?" Mrs. Marryat said "Never," and again the little spirit moved away sorrowfully as before. A few weeks after she had an invitation to attend a private seance from Mr. Henry Dunphy, of the *Morning Post*, at his home, where Florence Cook was the medium. Florence Marryat was asked, though a complete stranger to Miss Cook, by her control, to stand by the curtains and hold the lower parts together while the forms appeared above. By and by Miss Cook said: "Take it away, go away, I don't like you. Don't touch me, you frighten me," while her control, or guide, was heard talking to her: "Don't be silly, Florrie, don't be unkind. It won't hurt you," etc., when immediately after the same little girl rose to view, muffled up as before, but smiling with her eyes. When Miss Cook was asked the reason of her dread, she said: "Her face is not fully developed, I think. There is something wrong about her mouth; she frightens me." This remark made Florence Marryat think, and when she got home she at once wrote Miss Cook to ask her guides who the little spirit was. The reply she got was to the effect that she was closely connected with herself. She was not yet convinced of the spirit's identity. Evidence, however, of a most extraordinary kind came to her from a totally unlooked for quarter. At the time she was editing *London Society*, and amongst her contributors was Dr. Keningale Cook, who had married Mabel Collins, the well-known writer of Spiritualistic novels, and who, for a time, got under the Blavatsky influence, and afterwards, when free, showed that religious leader in anything but pretty colors. Well, one day Dr. Cook brought an invitation from his wife, whom Florence Marryat had never met, to spend Saturday to Monday with them at their country cottage. She knew nothing of their proclivities towards Spiritualistic phenomena, and they certainly knew nothing of her private history, or she of theirs. At this time the subject of the dead child, born with such a peculiar blemish, had never been the topic of conversation with even her most intimate friends. The memory was not a happy one to recall. So little indeed had the subject been talked about in her own home circle, that the elder children were ignorant that their sister had been marked in any way differently from themselves; therefore, it was most unlikely that strangers would have got any inkling to the fact. After dinner, when the subject of Spiritualism came to be talked about, she was told, to her surprise, that her hostess, Mabel Collins, was a powerful trance medium.

In the evening they sat for communications, when old friends of the medium's family spoke. Suddenly the medium left her seat, and, falling on her knees before Mrs. Marryat, began kissing her hands, sobbing all the time. She waited in expectation of hearing who it might be, and after a little time she was startled by hearing the word "Mother!" sighed rather than spoken. Then Dr. Cook took down the conversation in writing: "Mother, I am Florence. I must be very quiet. I want to feel I have a mother still. I am so lonely. Why should I be so? I cannot speak well. I want to be like one of you. I want to feel I have a mother and sisters. I am so far away from you now." "But I always think of you, my dear, dead baby," the mother answered. "That's just it—your baby. But I am not a baby now. I shall get nearer, they tell me I shall. I do not know if I can come when you are alone. It's all so dark. I know you are here, but so dimly. I've grown all by myself. I'm not really unhappy, but I want to get nearer you. I know you think of me, but you think of me as a baby. You don't know me as I am. You've seen me, because in my love I've forced myself upon you." "Did the trouble I had before your birth affect your spirit, Florence?" "Only as things cause each other," &c., &c. "I wish you could come to me when I am alone, Florence." "You shall know me. I will come, mother dear." And very much more matter was spoken of an elevated kind. Surely here was a very marked circumstance, more than a coincidence, that talk of such a nature should come from the lips of a perfect stranger. Other avenues of communication soon opened up, and, therefore, only once again did the child manifest through Mabel Collins, which was under peculiar circumstances. Florence Marryat had been to consult her solicitor as to how she would act in a painful matter, and got his advice. The next morning, as she sat at breakfast, Mabel Collins ran into her room, with an apology for the unceremoniousness of her visit on the score that she had received a message, which Florence had begged her to deliver without delay. This message was to this effect: "Tell my mother that I was with her this afternoon at the lawyer's, and she is not to follow the advice given her, as it will do her harm instead of good." Mabel Collins added: "I don't know to what Florence alludes, but I thought it best, as I was coming to town, to let you know at once." Here was a secret interview overheard and commented upon.

During the next twelve months numerous seances were attended, and the little girl always put in an appearance, manifesting through different mediums in different ways. Through some she touched her mother, or laid her face close so that she might feel the scar upon her lip; through others she spoke or wrote or showed her face, but no seance was attended at which she was not present. Once at a dark circle where Williams was the medium, she pulled the dress of her mother and Lady Archibald Campbell as if to attract attention, when the darkness, as it were, opened up, and there she stood smiling like a happy dream, her fair hair waving on her temples, and her blue eyes fixed upon her mother. Lady Archibald Campbell saw her quite plainly. As soon as an unbroken communication had been established with the mother, she developed into the merriest little spirit. At seances where Arthur Colman was the medium, she has run about the room, speaking to and kissing each sinner in turn, pulling off the sofa and chair covers, and piling them up in the middle of the table. Regularly did she come and sit in her mother's lap, kissing her face and hands, and letting her feel the defect in her mouth. Once, on her mother's birthday, the medium, Arthur Colman, walked in quite unexpectedly to pay a visit, when a seance was arranged. It was impossible to make the room dark, as the windows were only shaded with venetian blinds. The first thing heard was the voice of Florence whispering, "A present for dear mother's birthday," when something was put into the mother's hand which proved to be a chaplet of beads, which were not brought from some part of the house, but came from the coffin of one who had been buried with them. But a great climax, which proved more fully than anything the identity of the spirit, had yet to come. Mr. William Harrison, editor of the *Spiritualist*, a man who was most unlucky himself in getting evidence of his own friends' return, sent Miss Marryat an invitation to join in a seance at which Florence Cook was the medium, as Mr. Harrison had been promised something on his own account.

The seance was held in an empty room with only three chairs to sit on, and the cabinet was extemporized out of an old black shawl. Gradually this shawl was lifted up, and a female figure crawled on its hands and knees and then stood up. In the dim light it was not possible to identify the features. Mr. Harrison asked if it was his friend? Miss Marryat thought it might be a sister of hers who had died a few months previously. "Who can it be?" each said to the other. "Mother, don't you know me?" sounded in Florence's whispering voice. The mother started up to approach her exclaiming: "Oh! my darling child. I never thought I should meet you here." The spirit cried: "Go back to your seat, to your chair, and I will come to you," when she crossed the room and sat down on her mother's lap. This seance took place at a period when Florence would be about seventeen years of age. "Florence, my darling," the mother said, "Is this really you?" "Turn up the gas," she answered, "and look at my mouth." Mr. Harrison did as desired, and they all saw distinctly that peculiar defect on the lip with which she was born, a defect, he remembered, which some of the most experienced members of the medical profession had affirmed to be so rare as never to have fallen under their notice before. She also opened her mouth that they might see she had no gullet. At this juncture the medium, who had been moaning and moving a good deal behind the

black shawl, suddenly walked into the room. There she stood, the medium in her grey dress and crimson ribbons, while the spirit Florence sat on the mother's lap in white drapery. She remained a considerable time—twenty minutes—clasping her arms round her mother's neck; laying her head upon her bosom, kissing her dozens of times. She said the reason God had permitted her to show herself in her earthly deformity was that the mother might be certain that it was she herself, and that Spiritualism was a truth which could comfort her. "Sometimes you doubt, mother, and think your eyes and ears have misled you," she said, "but after this you must never doubt again. Don't fancy I am like this in the Spirit-world; the blemish left me long ago, but I put it on to-night to make you certain. Don't fret, dear mother; remember am I always near you; no one can take me away. Your earthly children may grow up and go out into the world and leave you, but you will always have your spirit child close to you."—James Robertson, in *Two Worlds*.

### Maleficent Benedictions.

Our esteemed contemporary *La Nueva Alianza* (Cienfuegos, Cuba,) has taken the trouble to collect about twenty benedictions pronounced by the late and the present Pope, and to set forth what followed in every instance.

The Papal benediction was bestowed upon the Emperor Maximilian, before he went to Mexico, where he was shot; and on the Empress Charlotte, when she visited the Vatican, on quitting which she became insane; Isabel the Second was blessed, and was dethroned very shortly afterwards. The Emperor of Austria received the Pope's blessing, just before his crushing defeat at Sadowa. Napoleon the Third was blessed, and presently capitulated at Sedan. The steamer Santa Maria, with eleven sisters of charity to Montevideo, was blessed, and was wrecked on her first voyage in sight of port. So was the steamship America, which foundered on the 24th of Dec., 1871, when most of her 400 passengers perished. The Prince Imperial of France was blessed before setting out for South Africa, and was slain by the assegais of the Zulus. Prince Rudolph of Austria was blessed, and committed suicide a few days afterwards. Queen Mercedes of Spain was blessed, and survived the benediction only three days. Alfonso the Twelfth was blessed, and died in the spring-time of life. The Bishops of Para and Pernambuco were blessed, and a month afterwards they were tried in Rio Janeiro, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment with hard labor. The Archbishop of Peru was blessed, and died by poison forty-three days afterwards. The college of the Sisters of Charity, in New York, was blessed, and it was burned down three weeks later. The Republic of Columbia was blessed, and it is "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

Such coincidences are singular, to say the least of them; and are calculated to cause superstitious people to steer carefully clear of receiving a Papal benediction.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia*.

### The Causes, Effects and Treatment of Apparitions.

COMMENTS ON ATLIXCO'S APPARITION.

Though this is an American newspaper story, it seems well authenticated. The sensations described are such as are in a degree experienced when a sensitive comes near some one of "bad influence," the various phases of badness, on account of the distinctive passions excited, intensifying the painful result. There are houses and rooms in houses which are the seats of a very exhausting, uncomfortable and pernicious influence; such a one was a little parlor at Macclesfield, in the house occupied by Mr. Hammond, whose family had an excellent influence, but a little sitting-room in the old part of the house was intolerable. A similar room in an old house near London is of the same kind, but it was much improved by the efforts of "Skiwauki" when Mrs. Billing visited the house some years ago. Yet the bad influence seems to pervade the house as a whole, and the amiable wife and mother, a medium, has been the subject of painful accidents.

A. J. Davis points out that the elements adhering to a room because of the evil deeds committed therein, attract the spirit implicated, giving it means of operating, more particularly when power is given it by the presence of a human being, and especially when the aura thrown off is of a favorable quality for spirit manifestation. Thus, from persons, places and objects, an emanation is obtained either favorable or unfavorable to sensitives coming in contact therewith.

In the case of an actual manifestation, as narrated in the foregoing article, the influence of the spirit permeates the nervous system in a most overpowering manner, no doubt from the effort of the spirit to manifest, causing the depletion of the spectator, whose conduct arises from this cause and not from mere fear. There is, therefore, a sound "physical," shall we call it, reason why people object to come in contact with these repulsive phenomena. We once slept in a room mildly haunted, and felt the presence in our sleep, and heard effects produced after we awoke. A feeling of charity for the spirit at once brought about a most harmonious influence, but this sentiment is seldom expressed towards "ghosts," or their earth-bound sufferings would be greatly alleviated.

Beyond the effects on the nervous system produced by their manifestations, we never hear of these visitants doing much harm. Why not then show them sympathy, ask them if they can be helped, and aid them in the end sought by their manifestations? We know cases in which haunted houses have been tenanted by generous seers, and the distressed spirits have been greatly elevated and comforted by the genial influence thrown out towards them. Love conquers all things, even ghosts. We shall be glad to hear from those who have tried it.—James Burns, in *Medium and Daybreak, London*.

## CRIME AND OBSESSION.

### The Existence of Evil Agencies.

A series of crimes of revolting cruelty perpetrated in Austria have resulted in the death on the gallows of the male criminal, while his wife is to be imprisoned for the rest of her life. Medical experts examined the brain of the man, and find it so disorganized that he could have had no moral sense—in other words, he was about as responsible as a well developed shark.

Another story of similar, but somewhat more varied, atrocity and callous indifference, is now again stimulating the imagination of latter-day journalism, while we have had the piteous spectacle of a woman, young, well-nurtured, and with all the surroundings of refinement, pleading guilty to offenses of the most ignoble character, and for her also is urged the plea of irresponsibility.

The case of the Austrian monster, Schneider, is perhaps, at present, the one most easily considered, though when the stories of the two other cases referred to are fully known, they will, perhaps, be even more instructive. If, as the doctors assert, Schneider, owing to the condition of his brain, was not responsible for his actions, that indeed he had no moral sense, the conclusion must be got at from one or two suppositions, either that the brain contains in itself the moral sense, and so the moral sense is not there when that part of the brain is not there, or that a certain part of the brain is the seat of the moral sense. If the first hypothesis be true, then criminality is physiological, and it would be just as absurd to punish a man for having a criminal brain as for having an undeveloped arm. But if the other hypothesis be right, we must find out what that moral sense is which has its seat there.

It would naturally suggest itself to anyone making this inquiry to go to the writers on psychology. But what a hopeless task it is. Speaking of conscience, an essential element in the idea of moral sense, Dr. Alexander Bain says:

"I maintain that conscience is an imitation within ourselves of the government without us, and that, even when differing in what it prescribes from the current morality, the mode of its action is still parallel to the archetype."

What is meant by "within ourselves?" and to what shifts such a psychology is driven. After doing his best to prove that there is no such thing as morality outside custom, Dr. Bain allows that the individual conscience "may differ in what it prescribes from the current of morality," in fact he adduces this abrogation of moral rules as a most illustrative fact. "A number of persons banding together," he says, "may set the general opinion at defiance." There is no answer to the question as to what there is in these people that sets public opinion at defiance. Dr. Alexander Bain and his kind give us no help; let us ask the physiological psychologists. Dr. Bastian speaks of the growth of an "inward monitor."

"Equally important, however, among savage races, are those limitations which 'expediency' compels the individual to recognize, as imposed by his fellowmen upon the freedom of his own actions. Such considerations, in concert perhaps with a strengthening sympathy, gradually tend to build up within him an inward monitor, or 'conscience,' at the same time that there arise embryo notions of Right and Duty, constituting the foundations of a dawning 'moral sense.'"

An inward monitor; what does the inwardness mean?

We get but little help from anyone. Even G. H. Lewes can only say:

"Both intellect and conscience are products of the animal impulses and social impulses acting and reacting."

Whence and how does these impulses arise? That by development a certain entity is produced, which entity is called moral sense, and has its habitation in the brain may be true, but there is much difficulty in seeing how a thing which is spiritual in its effects is material in its origin. But if this development includes a concurrent development of something which is spiritual, which uses the brain as its instrument, and which cannot act if the brain be not equally developed, we get at something which is more intelligible.

Nevertheless, both these hypotheses contain elements of difficulty which are not encountered in the hypothesis of a developing—possibly automatically developing—instrument, which instrument is subservient to, and generally used by, one experimenter alone, though either from necessity or from choice it may at times be used by other and more powerful agencies.

Such a combination would often be unequally balanced, and indeed the combination of intelligences of different capacities, whether moral or intellectual, with perfect or imperfect instruments, would largely explain the varieties of men and women that we daily meet with. And further, if the brain be an instrument, and if not only the intelligence which manifests itself in the individual as we know him, but other intelligences, can use this machine, there is no difficulty in assuming that strong, though evil, intelligences can fasten on to the nervous systems which are best suited for their fell purposes. What else is the meaning of the loss of will power arising from drunkenness or inordinate lust?

If the moral sense be of itself nothing but the outcome of a development, why should this loss of will power always lead to evil results? The only possible assumption would seem to be that of the existence of evil agencies ready to fasten on to any human person whose nervous organization is such as to permit the ingress of such agencies.

Given then the existence of an undeveloped or atrophied brain—that is, undeveloped or atrophied in certain parts, and an evil but intelligent being ready to seize the opportunity, and we have sufficient conditions for the production of any amount of crime.

These are very probably not the only condi-

tions—the incarnation of an evil spirit is a possible supposition. A case which seems to support this view is that of the boy murderer of Liverpool. But, after deducting all such extreme cases, how many are left which can only be accounted for by the incoming of a malign influence, which the unhappy sufferer has not been able to withstand from want of knowledge or from lack of will. How much in the sum of human woe is due to this we can never know, but we do know that the religious teachings of the churches give no help towards keeping the enemy at bay. It is the professors of neurotic science to whom we owe most, even though they have reasoned rather about the instrument than about the agent.—*Light, London, Eng.*

### What Think You of Jesus?—Answer:

Why should you trouble Jesus, or any other person or personification? The essential question for you is: Spiritual life, how is it best attainable? Why, by cultivating all that is spiritual in your being; the pure, the holy; elevating the inner self according to the light given from day to day. The personages that so many worship and strive to imitate, were not any better than men of to-day; and it is impossible that we can live their life over again; rather let us endeavor to live a true life of our own, making a path towards eternity for ourselves, rather than trying to go back and walk in their footsteps. By doing so, direction will ever be reaching you in God's own time and degree, and a new and personal dispensation will be granted to every one of you.—*L., Medium and Daybreak, London*.

### Spirit Lights—Their Significance.

"Star Medium" says: "I have been shown these lights very plainly, that I may at once know which sphere they come from. While quite alone I have been given very simple poems, as a proof that I can receive spirits, and profit by their teaching."

#### SPIRIT LIGHTS.

First sphere, None.  
Second "None.  
Third "A faint star of yellow light.  
Fourth "A large ring of light.  
Fifth "A dim circle of yellow light.  
Sixth "A beautiful golden light.  
Seventh "A blue light.  
Eighth "A mixture of blue and white.  
Ninth "A white light—purity.

Beyond white we get a mauve, violet, scarlet and a mixture of gold with any of the above colors.

Colors which blend as the rainbow, I am told are very high lights, and are brought by spirits who have been in the Spirit-world a great number of years.

This was given at the end of May by a spirit who brings me his name as "Michael," chosen of God to help in bringing a new dispensation of religion to the earth.—*Medium and Daybreak, London*.

### Lonely Musings.

Is life worth living? Often it is said  
By some who have to toil for daily bread,  
Is life worth struggling with when all seems wrong,  
And weak ones suffer underneath the strong?  
Is life a chance? Does Fate decide to give  
To some but moments, others, years to live?  
Have some no prospects of a brighter day,  
Toil as they will, and ne'er find time for play?  
Is effort fruitless? Is it best to take  
Things as they come, and no complaining make?

Who can explain, and help an anxious soul  
To see, with clearer eyes, what has control  
O'er men and things? I long to have a guide  
Through billows made by mind's perplexing tide.

I seem to live, and yet I daily die;  
New thoughts are born, and old ones from me fly.

My nature seems two-fold. One, plainly seen  
And taking part in life's exciting scene,  
The other's hid in secret 'neath the breast,  
And feels the worry of a strange unrest.  
My super-man is not content to stay  
In thoughtful meditation in my clay,  
But seems to pass beyond material space  
To find enjoyment in a happier place.

I wonder oft what 'tis that makes me find  
Such joy in loneliness, and lifts my mind  
Out of itself, and guideth me to feel  
That angel-beings all around me steal.  
I know there is a presence very near  
Which often whispers thoughts distinct and clear.

That all I suffer now is but to prove  
My confidence in him whose name is Love!  
—Joseph Thackeray, in *Medium and Daybreak, London*.

### Spirit Photography.

For several weeks past, at the close of our meetings, I have photographed the company present by the aid of the magnesium light. On one or two of the negatives faint forms are discernible, and are plainly visible when more carefully examined with a magnifying lens. The most curious thing about those "forms" is the fact that they appear as "positive" images on the negative—a phenomenon, I believe, known to photographers as "photographic reversal," but which can only take place in a very much overexposed plate in brilliant light. The plates have been fairly well exposed, and the sitters and objects in the room come out as distinctly as can well be expected with the use of artificial light.

The "forms" referred to take the appearance of human heads and faces, but owing to their positive nature do not come out distinctly when printed on paper. I may, perhaps, add that the presence of these images cannot be accounted for by shadows. No materialized forms were visible; therefore, what the sensitive plate has recorded must have been immaterialized spirit forms—invisible images giving forth the necessary actinic chemical vibrations to affect the sensitive plate.

Perhaps some of the readers of *The Medium* may be able to throw some light on this phenomenon, and I should be glad to learn from those who have experimented in this direction whether they have met with similar results. Of course, I take it for granted that materialized forms—visible to all—must affect the sensitive plate in a normal manner.—*T. J. Murday, in Medium and Daybreak, London*.







