

# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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## OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF  
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.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST

Regarding the Phases of  
Mediumship.

Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Writing, Foretelling and Dreams.

Last week I referred to the letters which had reached me of late, but could only deal with a few of them, hence I must occupy space this week more especially to answer questions.

A young medium asks for the method or rules generally adopted in the development of clairvoyance, as he cannot attend circles, and is obliged to sit alone. Another correspondent asks for the address of a good clairvoyant or crystal seer, as he wants his future told, but I must send the address of a "reliable medium." Still another asks if I can guarantee that the answers obtained through the "Logograph" or "Ouija" will be correct. Can I assure him that it will work at all?

Among the manifold duties which fall to my lot, it is impossible for me to fully answer all queries. Might I suggest that the courteous secretary of the Spiritualists' Corresponding Society, Mr. J. Allen, 14 Berkley Terrace, White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex, will no doubt be pleased to assist inquirers by putting them into communication with some experienced members of that society.

Clairvoyance can be induced or developed by a variety of methods, always provided the sitter is naturally gifted in that direction. Some persons are normally lucid, others have had their eyes opened while under mesmeric influence. Many have been thrown into the trance state, and have had their powers of vision aroused by spirit influence. Some investigators have sat alone, with closed eyes, in a semi-darkened room, mentally desiring that spirits would show themselves. One lady I knew did this, and was requested to sit with her back to the light, to cover her head with silk and wait. She sat many times, and well-nigh despaired of success, but finally felt the power, and became a good clairvoyant.

Another method is to sit down, as described above, and concentrate one's thoughts upon a given object, and endeavor to "visualize" it; to bring it before the mind's eye in all details, until by this means the spirit-self becomes active, and develops ability to see on the astral plane, as it is called. Some people have succeeded with glass eggs, in imitation of crystals. Others have filled a clean, cut-glass tumbler with water, placed it upon a black cloth, and shielded it from all reflections, and steadily gazed into it.

Almost any method which secures concentration, introspection, and lifts the individual out of self and away from the memory-sphere and consciousness of outer surroundings, has the desired effect. Some people have sought the aid of narcotics, stimulants, and other artificial means, to excite the activity of the spirit senses, but all such methods are to be deprecated.

The development of psychometric sensitiveness will often lead to the desired result of clairvoyant perception. In fact, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, healing, impressions and postcetes are all possibilities inherent in the spiritual constitution of embodied man, are more or less active and capable of development by exercise in every human being, and may be classed under the general head of intuition or spirit perception.

A good method of culture of psychometric powers is as follows. When you receive a letter from a person whose character is unknown, take it in your hand, or place it to your forehead, close your eyes, and try to render yourself, by abstraction, oblivious to all else but the letter. Endeavor to "sense" (feel) the individual's thought and purpose who dictated the epistle. After a time you will probably have brought before your mind's eye, so to speak, the appearance of a certain person; describe that appearance; state, if you feel any impression to do so, what are his feelings, as they appear to affect you. Perhaps you will experience sensations of pain, anxiety, grief or joy; you may have a feeling of foreboding, a sense of darkness, gloom, or brilliancy. Never mind what, state your feelings as well as you are able. It does not matter if you make mistakes, you are almost sure to blunder at first, but if you are at all sensitive you will soon learn to distinguish and

measure your impressions, and will probably begin to see. Only experience can teach you, and only experiment after experiment can lead you to success.

Now as to telling the future and a reliable clairvoyant, I do not feel at all favorably impressed with the disposition which would convert clairvoyant mediumship into fortune-telling. If spirits can give spontaneous advice at a time of need, and that advice seems sensible, then a person is justified in following it. But those who would put the spirits, or normal clairvoyants, in the position to dictate and decide for them the course they should adopt, are always in great danger of being misled, and are voluntarily surrendering the highest power they possess, viz., the right of private judgment and the duty to live their own life.

Some years ago I was informed by a medium that a change would take place within a year which would necessitate a removal. My reply was, "All right; if it comes I will admit the accuracy of your prediction," and it passed from my mind. Events transpired which led up to the change predicted, but the fact that I had been informed of what would happen made no difference to my course of action and did not affect the result.

My spirit friends have always assured me, "It is your duty to think, decide and act for yourself; we will not trespass upon your independence or injure your individuality. When you have done your best and are in need of advice, we will suggest to you what we think the best course to adopt, but do not be swayed by our advice unless it commands itself to your judgment." In this way I have been helped, counseled and guided. It is sufficient for me to do the duty of the hour. I take short views. The future can take care of itself. Yet the course of my life has been materially affected by the influence of spirit people, and the principal incidents of my career have been led up to in a manner which I neither foresaw nor determined.

The reliability of mediums is a very difficult matter to deal with. It is not possible to affirm of any medium that he or she will succeed in every instance and with all sitters. No medium can control results. They would not be mediums if they could. Just think of the varied motives and emotions of persons who consult them. Think, too, of the conditions which clients who visit public clairvoyants give. Some are ambitious, some are distressed and anxious. One would harness the angels to his cart to make a fortune for him. Another wishes for evidence of the presence of a loved child, a pure-minded and spiritual character, unused to rough ways and rude surroundings. Probably the next visitor has been imbued freely, and has a private opinion that all mediums are humbugs, and is prepared to catch them tripping. Still another wants something marvelous. A remarkable, extraordinary or sensational test is meat and drink, but "that medium is no good, he gave me nothing," "she is a failure, couldn't rely on a word she said," etc. Mediums may be perfectly honest, and yet fall to give satisfaction.

When shall we have mediumship lifted above the merely personal, sensational, wonder-mongering sphere, and more fully employed to give comfort to the sorrowing, messages of hope to the sad, spiritual aid to the weak and skeptical, and counsels of love and wisdom to the pilgrims of earth?

Sensitive and refined mediums are often cruelly hurt by coming into contact with harsh, sarcastic, ungenerous and exacting people, who would have their full "pound of flesh," so to speak, in their selfish desire to get their own ends served, no matter how much suffering may be entailed upon the mediums thereby.

Of course there are mediums and mediums. Some who are more developed, more sensitive, more successful than others. But a reliable (so-called) medium may fall with one sitter and succeed with the next. An ordinarily unreliable medium may be able to give what the reliable one failed to state, and yet may be unsuccessful in, say, eight cases out of ten, which all goes to show that "one never knows till afterwards." You must experiment, give good conditions, take what you get, and make the best of it. Judge for yourself as to its worth.

My space is well-nigh exhausted, and I have left a number of letters untouched. It is wonderful what a lot there is to be said about mediumship.

Now as regards planchette, Ouija, and logograph. My opinion is that any one who has the gift of writing mediumship will do equally as well, and in time

far better, if they will put a blank sheet of paper before them, hold a pencil in their hand and wait—either for automatic or impressional writing. The force required to move any of the machines referred to must be such as is employed in physical phenomena. Any medium in whose presence tables move or raps occur, will be most likely to succeed with the above-named "boards."

I cannot guarantee that they will move with every one who experiments with them, neither can I promise that intelligent results will be immediately secured. The probability is that the movements will be erratic at first. We do not know the extent or limits of the powers spirits possess, or their ability to use them. Possibly they are often in the dark, and have to learn by repeated efforts. Investigators and old Spiritualists too, are apt to grow impatient, and feel disappointed and disgusted if they are not speedily rewarded with startling and successful manifestations. Confusion is often caused in this way, and then, because conflicting or unsatisfactory answers are given, many people jump to the conclusion, "Oh, they are lying, evil spirits," and will have nothing more to do with the "Devil's work."

I often think that the patience, good nature and temper of spirit people must be severely tried when they are dealing with the children of earth. Oftentimes we act like the veriest babies. Sometimes I could laugh at the foolish antics and sayings of people who talk as if they knew all about it, and seem to think that spirits are a small edition of the Almighty, and ought to be able to do this, that and the other, to the order of these high and mighty folk, who have deigned to condescend to look into this Spiritualism, and after a half-hour's perfunctory playing with it have settled the whole question to their supreme satisfaction. Heigho! Mediumship is as puzzling as genius. Spirits are as human as ourselves, and it is amusing to notice how frequently they act and speak in direct contrariety to what people think they should do and ought to say. Yet if the other world is peopled with all sorts and conditions of folk who are just going on living, there will be some queer characters over there. Don't you think so? and "you cannot be too careful" who you invite to tea, can you?

I think that is enough this week. Oh, talking of dreams, I remember on one occasion, it was towards morning, I had been awake and dozed off again, and whether it was a dream or a real trip on the "astral plane," I can never decide to my own satisfaction; but anyway, I felt myself gliding through the air, as though I were seated in a comfortable arm-chair, with my legs lazily stretched in a horizontal position. I was in the country; a road opened before me. Immediately in front it dropped gradually down into a valley, and then rose again somewhat abruptly. Trees grew on either side, and a large number of people appeared to be standing about, or leisurely passing along.

I glided pleasantly down the road at about three or four feet above the level, and a more delightful sensation I cannot imagine. I feared I should not be able to ascend, but in due course I found I mounted the incline with perfect ease. Up and down that road I passed a number of times; called to some of the people, "This beats bicycling," but they did not appear to notice me. I cannot describe the satisfaction and pleasure I experienced; and if locomotion over there is anything like that, there is a real good time in store for us, that's certain.

Those other questions will have to "bide a wee."

What do you think of this, from Mr. Stead? He says: "The constructive development of the telepathic hypothesis is going on at such a rate as to involve a much greater draft upon the credulity of man than the ordinary Spiritualist's hypothesis." That is the point exactly. The Psychical Researchers are stretching their theories to breaking point. Apparently any theory which excludes spirit people will serve. It is a long lane that has no turn. They will be compelled to admit the spirits, if they keep on, in spite of all their intolerant opposition.—*The Two Worlds, London.*

### Poetry and Music.

Poetry and music are the natural embodiment and vehicle of exalted feeling, and poetry and music will be interspersed plentifully in the religious services of the future. And if the service is to be of a place, whatever the theme may be, the preacher's address must be, if a lecture, yet also more than a lecture, an ethical monologue, that must be judged not by the rules of a narrow logic, but by the higher reason and the receptive soul. But what is unsuitable to the hour of original pronouncement is quite in place at a time specially set apart for the purpose—a strictly rational discussion and conference. If the preacher has well sifted his thoughts, and knows the ground he stands upon, such a dialectic will only help to bring to light inconsistencies, as it will afford the opportunity of elucidating points that in a brief address must be hurriedly passed over.—*The Two Worlds, London.*

The beautiful Empress Elizabeth, of Austria has ordered 50,000 more trees to be planted around the statue of her favorite poet, Heine, that is shortly to be erected in the grounds of her fairy-like palace at Corfu.

The London police are giving up their old bull's-eye lanterns, which, up to the present, have been their only means of flashing the light of intelligence upon the dark spots where criminality festers. They are now supplied with little electric lamps.

### A LESSON FOR THE TIMES

It Is of Deep Significance.

Spiritualism: The World's Great Reformer.

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON.

One of the specialties of Spiritualism is, that it appeals chiefly to the individual mind of its recipients. Whilst its doctrines and the science of its communion are taught to the multitude openly in public services, the FACTS of spirit communion are only to be arrived at through the tokens of identity with some deceased person, given—under the best conditions—in private circles; and addressed to such individuals as can recognize them. In one respect the advancement of the Spiritual cause suffers from the necessity of holding private circles or depending for proof of spirit communion upon personal convictions derived from tests of identity only. Such a procedure tends to exalt the phenomena into the ALL of Spiritualism in the minds of those who too often seek it only for the purposes of selfish gratification or amusement.

On the other hand, by appealing first to individuals, Spiritualism is achieving the very work which has been so grossly neglected by those who may well be called theological "shepherds." Shepherds they are in every sense of the word, for their flocks are too often nothing more than sheep, following where and how the said shepherd leads, and well satisfied to do so, and pay highly at the same time, so long as he saves them the trouble of thinking out and providing for the conditions of their eternal welfare.

On several occasions when I have complained to spirit friends of the lack of organization in the ranks of Spiritualism, and disintegration even amongst the most promising associations, I have been assured by wise spirits that the time for solidarity in organization "was not yet," nor would be until the individuals of the race had been dealt with, and the custom of the churches in teaching their votaries *en masse* only, had been broken up. Much more of the same nature good spirits have taught me, bringing conviction to my mind that the science of Spiritualism, as proved in the phenomena of the circle, and the doctrines of Spiritualism, as taught in the best oratorical manner in public services, should go hand in hand, and that the one would be found as necessary as the other to inaugurate the universal belief in the three great central ideas growing out of the present world-wide spiritual outpouring. These are:

1. The proof positive that the soul survives the shock of death, and can and does communicate with friends on earth.
2. That the joys of Heaven and the sorrows of Hell, as well as many intermediate states, are entirely determined by the good or evil deeds done on earth.
3. That whilst progress from the lowest to the highest known conditions in spirit-life is open to all, it can only be achieved by sincere repentance for every wrong done on earth—personal atonement and personal effort in a new life of good and truth.

Now, if we apply these doctrines, taught by millions of returning spirits all over the world, and that, without the possibility of collusion between various people and countries, what a stupendous agent for reform in every department of life such a knowledge would become! and how completely it would answer the caption question: "What is the use of Spiritualism?"

Let us practically apply these doctrines to certain great and manifest wrongs now prevailing in the midst of what we boastfully claim to be our highest forms of civilization, and then surely we shall know for ourselves what is the use of Spiritualism.

In a London evening paper of recent date, I read the following short but significant item:

"STARVED TO DEATH.—The annual Parliamentary return shows that in 1890 there were no fewer than 31 cases in which a coroner's jury returned a verdict equivalent to death from starvation, or death accelerated by privation. Sometimes even the names of those unfortunate persons, dying in want in the richest city in the world, are unascertained. The record runs: 'A man unknown found on the Thames Embankment. Age about 35. Died in January from bronchitis, accelerated by starvation and exposure.' There are two cases in which the startling official admission is made that the victims of want and exposure applied for outdoor relief, but were refused. Both were women over 60 years of age. Syncope from want and destitution was the verdict in one case; in the other it was 'bronchitis, accelerated by miserable surroundings and want of food.' At the age of 70 another poor woman, described as a sackmaker, was allowed to die in Hackney from 'exhaustion, accelerated by starvation.' In what ought to be the prime of life—at the age of 45—another woman, whose occupation was unknown, is 'found dead from consumption, accelerated by want of food and exposure.' Workhouse had been offered to several of these miserable creatures too late, and we learn that they were 'admitted from the street in a destitute and dying condition.'"

And the above cases we too well know can be duplicated by thousands of similar ones—some unrecorded, others too numerous to mention.

In the *Clarion*, of April 9th, "Nunquam," the justly celebrated writer, and editor of the *Clarion*, quoting the author of "Labor and Life of the People," thus describes home life in Parker street, one of the slums of London, the richest city in the world:

"Parker street, only a type of what exists in all our large provincial towns, does not strike one as having been a desirable locality to 'house' in. Drunkenness, dirt, and bad language prevailed, and violence was common, reaching at times even to murder. Not a room was free from vermin, and in many, life at night was unbearable. Several occupants have said that in hot weather they didn't go to bed, but sat in their clothes in the least-infested parts of the rooms. 'What use was it,' they asked, 'to go to bed, when you couldn't get a wink of sleep for bugs and fleas?' The water would be drawn from cisterns which were receptacles for refuse, containing occasionally a dead cat. Over 160 men and eighty women were sheltered in six common lodging-houses, and were usually under the influence of drink."

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"In No. 6 lived a big Irishwoman with two children, and with them a young woman of about 27, whose life was that of a fallen woman—in the room all day, and out all night. Six years ago this woman, who then lived in Neal street, was lying helpless in bed suffering from the kick of a disappointed policeman, who was tried, and got nine months for the offence. About eighteen months since a poor woman was one morning found dead behind the door. Whether she died a natural death or not was never known, and little troubled about. The staircase from the passage to the first floor is in almost total darkness at mid-day. The furniture, let with the room, is dilapidated and swarming with vermin."

No. 8 is a lodging-house for women. Here at times may be seen about twenty women, with matted hair and face and hands most filthy, whose ragged clothing is stiff with accumulations of beer and dirt, their underclothing, if they have any, swarming with vermin. If any woman from the country is unfortunate enough to come amongst them, she will surely be robbed of all that can be taken from her, and then, unfit for anything else, fall to a level with the rest."

I have only given two or three representative cases detailed in the above-named book, containing hundreds of such sketches. As far as this world is concerned, I insist that it is a disgrace to the rich government—the rich members of a well-fed, well-dressed, and splendidly-lodged aristocracy—that any human being should perish for want of bread; a crying sin that over ten thousand young and capable women, in London city alone should be obliged to sell themselves in the lowest and most horrible of all trades, in order to procure bread for themselves and others depending on them. It is a disgrace and a pollution to harbor some fifty thousand inhabitants of any great rich city in slums, alleys, and filthy crowded dens, such as would not be deemed fit to shelter the gentlemen's dogs.

We may go into some of the streets, lanes and alleys of any of our great cities, wherein we stumble over little, ragged, barefooted children, playing in the gutters, and at night herded together with brutal men and degraded women—twenty or thirty of them crowded up in the same filthy apartment for shelter.

We may travel through the length and breadth of this rich, civilized land, and wherever we see fine forest trees massed together into lovely groves, magnificent parks, fair meadows, and green fields stretching away into countless acres—we may be sure all these are the property of two or three titled owners, whose principal use for them is to go out and kill harmless birds and beasts, and that, not for want or hunger, but for the pleasure of chasing them, seeing them run, run for their poor lives, and when run almost to death, seeing them set upon by dogs—dogs that would be kind and merciful, if they were let to be as God made them, but trained into savagism, and taught brutality, so that the gentlemanly owner of the broad fields and woods can at last either shoot down the pretty birds, slay with his own hands the harmless stag, or watch the dying agonies of the wretched fox. And this is sport! the sport of the civilized Christian gentleman, whose broad lands kept for such sport, if parcelled out, would form playgrounds for ten thousand gutter children, afford vegetable and fruit gardens for hundreds of the unemployed wretches that herd in slums and alleys, amidst filth and squalor, and give homes, employment, and food to thousands of women that can only afford a two-penny, or, at best, a sixpenny lodging during the day, provided they can make a shameful sale of themselves during the woful live-long night!!

Still one more picture I must give of the civilization which, with skeleton form, woe-begone face, eyes—the fountain of whose tears are dried up with much weeping, and ragged garments too thin to shield the shivering form, and too filthy to look upon. See! she raises her lean hands in mute supplication to the cold unanswering stars for that pity which humanity knows not of! One picture more, and then only but one out of the thousands that the gaunt thing above described as civilization represents.

A murder is committed. A brutal man, weary of his den-like lodgment, seeks for warmth, good cheer, and forgetfulness of his wretched lot, in the public-house. When he has drained his last cup with his last penny he staggers back to his den, and stimulated to more than drunken madness by the reproaches of his starving wife and children, in desperation and frenzy he destroys them. The murderer is arrested, tried, goes through all the formalities of the civilized law, and then twelve well-fed, well-housed, well-dressed gentlemen who have no temptation to drown misery in

drink—not in frenzy, not in desperation, but in calm deliberative sound sense of high civilization, profess themselves to be so shocked with the murderer's crime that they at once proceed to repeat it, and give orders to murder him, and then the curtain falls.

Now let us raise the curtain again on the civilization of another and a higher world. The starved to death are there; the dwellers of alleys and dens are there; the hungry outcasts that sold themselves for bread are there; and though they who have lived in rage, want, filth, and shame, cannot all at once enter into dazzling light and uncomprehended glory, they are surrounded by the angels of reform, pity, and knowledge, who PREPARE the suffering ones for light and glory. But the angels of reform and knowledge, in teaching "miserables," question of one another—how came they so? and then it is that the gaunt image of modern civilization points to jeweled crowns, gilded thrones, palatial residences, and the dreary talkers, evermore talking, and nothing else except grinding out and gathering in taxes in legislative bodies, and Government offices; points to empty churches, shut up from the homeless and outcast, and open only once a week for the ingathering of the rich and music-loving fashionables; to forests, fields, and acres kept only for the sport of killing; to millions of acres grown rich on the blood and sweat of labor; and of all this, and ten thousand times more, civilization, in her fleshless bones and filthy rags, cries: "There are the causes and there are the culprits. Visit the people's wrongs upon them." And does any one suppose the causes are not known by the far-seeing spirits of the better land? and does any one suppose the culprits continue to gather in the spoils of the poor, and enjoy all the possessions of power, wealth, land, and home that have been wrung from the millions that had the same right as themselves to enjoy them? Ladies and gentlemen who sit so complacently once a week in cushioned pews, and, with gilded prayer-books in hand, call yourselves "miserable sinners," whilst your lawn-sleeve-bedecked preacher assures you that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin—ladies and gentlemen, I tell you—for I KNOW—that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from NO sin whether of omission or commission; I know—for I have heard the tale from thousands of spirits—that none are punished for the possession of wealth, goods or lands, only for their misuse. Capital is as necessary as labor, and is the promoter of all the grand unfoldments of art, science, use and beauty. But labor has at least the right to home, family, fresh air, decent surroundings, and some share of life's enjoyments, pleasures, and amusements. Governments are as necessary to the nation as to the family, but any government that assumes to rule the land and make the laws, is guilty of allowing men and women to starve, or live in dens not fit for the gentlemen's dogs; of allowing men of education and breeding to teach cruelty by hunting and killing innocent animals; of allowing one man to run riot in, and course over hundreds and thousands of acres, whilst others have not where to lay their heads. Governments are guilty if they do not strive to reform instead of punishing their criminals, remembering that those who are not fit to live are not fit to die, and of imitating the crime of the murderer by putting him to death, and all those that are in power on earth are found to be responsible for the misuse of that power in the life hereafter. Oh that the men in power and place only knew the fact of their PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY for all they do, or fail to do, hereafter! Perhaps the most terrible delusion that has ever been born into society, corrupting its morals, and literally offering immunity from the consequences of sin, has been the dreadful doctrine that a vicarious penalty had been paid for sin. Again, and a thousand times again, I declare to the anarchist who inflicts violence on his fellowmen, as well as to the legislator who makes laws for the protection on property but none for its just distribution, that both are personally responsible, and both will suffer penalties in kind hereafter—the one for the outrage he has perpetrated, the other for omission to use his power for the help of the homeless and the behoof of the landless.

Crime, violence, robbery, murder and cruelty must be atoned for hereafter, and none can escape. Careless indifference to the suffering of the poor, usurpation of the lands of earth, and lack of justice in the distribution of the Creator's good gifts, entail upon those who have failed to do good when they could have done so, retribution just as severe as if they had committed actual crime. All and every living creature on earth is responsible for every evil done, or every good left undone, which their opportunities have afforded, and unless the wonderful world-wide and corroborative communications of the Spirits are all a wild delusion, every wrong of omission or commission must be atoned for, and no soul can come out of the prison-house of penalty until it has paid the last farthing of atonement. Preach, ye, and prove by corroborative testimony, these doctrines on the magistrate's bench, in government councils and offices; in all and every legislative body—to the murderous hunterman and the land monopolist. "Reward honest labor with proportionate justice, whilst the idler may starve if he will; make homes with gardens and fresh air for the children, and give land for the industrious to live off (Nature will give toil for every inch of culture); let legislation be distributive as well as productive, paternal as well as official, and the causes of crime will disappear. The violent and wrong-headed

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)



## A QUAFF FROM PAGANISM.

### Paganism and Christianity Compared.

PAGANISM SUPERIOR TO CHRISTIANITY—PAGANISM AND THE POWERS OF NATURE—BURNING OF ANCIENT LITERATURE—SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.

In considering the history and development of human freedom, I contend that Paganism was far superior to Christianity in promoting liberty. When we compare the Greek religion and the various forms of Paganism in the Roman Empire with the new faith which eventually took their place, it must be conceded that they were less inimical to freedom, far less persecuting, and contained more spiritual truth than did Christianity. Most of the readers of this journal know how long and how deeply I have studied the varied problems of psychism; but, even from the Free Thought plane alone, I am prepared to maintain the superiority of Paganism to Christianity.

What is Paganism? It is the adoration of the powers of Nature. In its most beautiful form, as obtaining among the Greeks, we see her varied forces and powers personified. Is not this worship more true than the faith which superseded it? Christianity teaches that Nature is fallen and degraded, and that our first duty is to crush out or emasculate our natural instincts. Christianity also maintains that there is a triune God outside Nature, who, though her maker, yet allowed her to fall and become evil; and that man's only hope of salvation is in conquering Nature. There are, and always have been, but two forms of religion: the one the adoration, and the other the degradation, of Nature. I maintain that the former, which is Paganism, is the more reasonable of the two. Truly, Apollo, Aphrodite, Zeus, Ceres, and Athena are forgotten, or only remembered in the realms of Art; but the powers of Nature they represent men worship still. To attempt to crush out those powers in favor of Jesus or Jehovah is to emasculate man; and this attempt is the cause of most of the crimes and miseries of the world. This old battle between Paganism and Christianity still rages amongst us. The Agnostic and Secular parties are disturbed by it, and it is the cause of difficulty in Spiritualism and Theosophy. History, science, and experience prove that Nature is not fallen or degraded; and they find no evidence of any God outside her domains. They know of no creator existing before her advent, and they require no savior or preserver from her immutable laws. The ancients, indeed, beheld her in a two-fold aspect. They saw that she had a spiritual as well as a material side. They believed in spirits of the dead, and in various spiritual agencies above and below humanity; but all these were contained in her vast whole, and were not outside her domain. The gods themselves and the dim destinies which controlled even them all lay within the mighty mother's womb. And, as modern science ascends upward from the mere material plane, on which she has done such good work, into the psychic realms, she sees more and more that what the ancients thought, believed in, and symbolized was true. The magic of the temples, the oracles, the witchcraft, sorcery, and methods of divination—what are these occult mysteries but the marvels of hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, and Spiritualism under other names? But Christianity teaches totally different doctrines. Arising from some mysterious amalgam of Jewish, Oriental, and Gnostic ideas, it degrades and despises the whole universal cosmogony, and sets up a deity outside it—a god whose character is more repulsive than any of the symbolized powers of Nature which Paganism deifies. Rationalists, in their passionate revolt against this tyrannical superstition, have shut out the psychic side of Nature altogether. And, when we bring our evidence for the existence of this spiritual side, they often shut their eyes to it, in fear lest we should rekindle the dying superstition. In this they have my hearty sympathy; and, if Agnostics have caught the meaning of many of my criticisms on Theosophy and the lower forms of Spiritualism, they will see that I am at one with them in endeavoring to keep the new facts free from sacerdotal influence. But these facts will not support Christianity or revive superstition; they will rather give it its death blow. Without them we can know nothing of what lies beyond the grave. And many skeptics, while in health they may defy the God of the Christians, when the vital powers are depleted, then comes the chance for the priest. But, if science penetrates those dim realms which priests think to be their preserves, and tears those regions from the clutches of an anthropomorphic God, showing that Nature's laws embrace even these dim spheres, then farewell, Priestcraft—thy trade is gone! Thy myrmidons can frighten us no more; let them to a more honest way of earning their bread.

Whatever the feeble converts to Spiritualism, who have been bred in Christian superstitions, may imagine, Spiritualism knows nothing of a God outside Nature, of a savior or Christ, or of a fallen universe. To the ancients we must go if we would understand psychic facts; and here we see how much broader were the views of the Pagans than those of the Christians. The ancient religions did not persecute each other. They recognized that each nation saw the spiritual powers of Nature in a different light, and, therefore, there was a Pantheon of the Gods, a niche for each local deity; and even Christ might have been placed peacefully beside the rest, as the embodiment of self-sacrifice, had it not been for Christian fanaticism. With regard to the persecution of the Christians, it may be said with truth that they brought much of it upon themselves. When in the midst of a civilized empire, in which modern notions of liberty are yet unborn, and barbarous punishments are common, a fanatical sect arises with ideas subversive of all government, wantonly defying and insulting the whole religious worship of

the nations, and burning every book of the science and philosophy of the time—such a sect must expect persecution. Even the nineteenth century ideas of liberty cannot tolerate the anarchist or dynamiter; and these Christians seemed as bad or worse to the Roman world. We must remember also that Pagan persecutions were only the efforts of society in defense of religious toleration against a fanatical sect which was striving to bring in the extreme of intolerance. They were also an effort to save science and philosophy from fanaticism, which tried to crush, and eventually succeeded in crushing, them out.

The burning of the ancient literature by the Christians was an irreparable loss to the world. Could that literature be recovered, what new light would it throw upon the origin of Christianity! what help towards the solution of the problems of Occultism! How many also of the discoveries of Science would have been found to be ante-dated, or at least foreshadowed. All this Christianity destroyed; all this it proclaimed that it would destroy from the first. Was it a wonder, then, that the Pagans "persecuted?"

Very different were the persecutions set in motion by the Christians when they held sway. Their efforts were ever to stifle philosophy, science and Free Thought. Look at the tortures inflicted upon witches, sorcerers, and all Occultists. The whole of psychic science, once the glory of the Pagan temples, was relegated to the Devil. Then let us remember the persecutions of Protestants and all Free Thinkers, also the fiendish cruelties in the Netherlands, in Mexico, and South America. What excuse can be found for these? But, more than all the cruelties perpetrated on individuals, more than all the lies it has taught, and the fallacious idea of a triune God outside the universe whom it has enthroned—more than all this, its deepest wrong to humanity is in its teaching that man's nature and the universe are fallen and evil. Till this nightmare is dispelled from the human mind, no real progress is possible. Let us here take a deep draught from the springs of old Paganism. We are not born with original sin into a vale of tears, to pass our lives cringing out natural instincts, so that we may crawl into heaven after death. No! This is but one scene of our natural evolution. All around is evolving like ourselves. And the motor power that causes this is not a God or Ruler outside, but an inherent psychic power in Nature herself. The whole animal race are our brethren, related to us, and pressing upward on the same road as ourselves, not merely made for our use, as the Christians teach. Soon we shall learn to enlarge our sympathies, and be less hard and cruel. And what is the end of all this evolution? Not merely increased learning, O pedants! Not religious ecstasy, O priests! Not increased power, O despotic rulers! But happiness. Methinks I see the money-grubber, the educational pedant, the priest, and the poor struggling slaves of civilization horrified at this heresy. They strive for higher things, they say; it is these higher things that have been such a curse to us all. O man! Nature teaches you this great truth: Be happy. And we could be happy even in this life if we could only get rid of the many obstructions to our religious, political and social liberty, the chief enemy of which is Christianity. This foe of human freedom has many disguises, and attacks us in various ways. In my own field of occult research I notice it advancing with greatly increased strength. Theosophy, under Mrs. Besant, has become more and more pronounced in favor of Asceticism and Puritanism; and now that, in the same cause, the renowned Mr. Stead has entered the field, the worst is to be feared. So in the London Spiritual Press we see Clericalism and Christianity, or else a narrow dogmatism, which is of the same nature, taking the place of scientific investigation. We must, then, be up and doing. Agnostics! I appeal to you to help me in this struggle against the hydra-headed demon. The only Spiritualism which is of any value is that which is based on facts proved by scientific investigation. The only way to make any progress is by the scientific method. I intend holding a series of meetings in the autumn to battle for Liberty against this priestly conspiracy. I also intend to hold seances for scientific investigation; and, if any wish to attend, let them address me by letter, as below.

Agnostics! do not let the new psychic facts now coming to be so widely known be used as an engine by the priestly party to bolster up their dying superstition. But awake yourselves to their reality, and grasp them as the corner-stone of the edifice of Free Thought. For, armed with these, you may penetrate the dim spheres beyond death, which, till now, have been the priests' property, and show that the god which they affirm dwells there is a myth, and that those regions are as much under natural law as the material realms. This will be the crowning glory of science. As a humble pioneer, I ask you all to help me in the coming autumn struggle. I believe that, as the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, caused that mighty convulsion which gave the masses most of the liberty they at present enjoy, so some of us—Spiritualists, Theosophists, and Agnostics—with our new ideas will cause ere long a mental revolution, of which the boldest thinker does not dream. —A. F. Tindall, A. T. C. L., Hon. Sec. London Spiritualist Federation, in *Agnostic Journal*, London.

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

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## SPIRITUAL VISION.

By J. W. EDMONDS AND G. T. DEXTER, M. D. (This relation is by Judge Edmonds.)

As I was describing this, it was written through Dr. Dexter, "It is for you to ascend." I did ascend—how, I can hardly tell. It seemed as if I was borne along by some power not my own. I arrived at the entrance to the temple. I want language to describe its beauties. The order of architecture was unlike anything I had ever seen, but it was so perfect in its construction that it was indeed pleasurable to look upon, and so just in its proportions, that I was unaware of its vastness until I measured it by a comparison with my own dimensions. It was built around four sides of a parallelogram, having an area inside, uncovered overhead, and capable of containing many thousand persons.

On three sides of the building were rooms devoted to the residence of spirits. There were three stories of these rooms and galleries running around those three sides on each level. At the other end was a platform, ascended by a flight of steps, interspersed with smaller platforms or landing-places. I counted the steps in the several flights. They were 3, 5, 7, 9, 5, 5. I ascended them, and stood upon the main platform. It was vast, and capable of containing many hundred people. From it were entrances to different departments devoted to the use of its inhabitants, and several openings or windows from which I looked, and had a view of the surrounding scenery. I beheld at one place a beautiful garden, over which rested a light more beautiful than anything I had yet seen. The foliage was of a beautiful green, but was transparent. At another place I looked abroad upon the universe, and down before me I saw many planetary systems rolling in their orbits as various as the imagination can conceive: some in a horizontal plane, some rectangular, and others in various directions, seeming one vast discord, yet easily seen to be the wisest harmony when once understood.

When I had gazed for some time upon this scene, I heard gentle music from a numerous band, and vast numbers entered the temple.

The area and the galleries were filled by many thousands. On the platform entered the presiding spirit, with several hundred attendants. He took his seat facing the multitude, and bade me look upon them and read their thoughts. I did so, and in every heart there was this thought alone—God is Love.

Along the front of the galleries, on three sides of the area, were written in words of a bright silver flame, the words, "Love one another," in Arabic and Roman characters, and German text. The space above the area was filled with hosts of shining spirits floating in the air. Some of them drew out a scroll and spread it before me. On it was written "Progression, onward, upward, forever." When I read the words, they fell back and opened to me a view above and far distant; and there, as far as the eye could reach, I saw new scenes, new countries, new stages of progress, one above another without end.

When I had seen these things, the presiding spirit then spake to me these words (they were not uttered with vocal sounds, but I read the thoughts in his mind as he formed them, and so it seemed to me did all that vast assemblage):

"Go back," he said, "to earth, and teach its darkened inhabitants how glorious is the country which they may inhabit, how bright the happiness they may earn for themselves!"

"Beseech them no longer to grovel in the earth, seeking their enjoyment in earthly objects, but to look up, up, and from on high shall come to them the knowledge which shall indeed make them free. Teach them that happiness and heaven do not come to them as a gratuity, but are to be earned by their labor, to be merited by their toil. Teach them that God does not work by miracles, but by eternal, immutable laws, which are all-powerful to save, all-mighty to condemn, and which are not found in the glosses of men, but are written by his own Almighty hand, in all of nature that is spread out around them."

"Bid them look out upon the universe of worlds, which from your high place you can behold marshaled in their orbits through the boundless regions of space, and reflect upon the countless numbers of living souls inhabiting them and destined for eternity, and ask themselves if it can be that for this earth, which is but a grain of sand on the shore of eternity's ocean, His eternal laws can have been suspended!"

When he had finished, I was led rapidly back to earth by the way I had trod in ascending, filled with the thought—how vast, how boundless must be that love which can thus open to man's attainment such illimitable fields of happiness!—*Harbinger of Light, Australia*.

The new South Australian ministry has a premier aged 42, Frederick Holder. The chief secretary of the ministry is 42. The commissioner for crown lands is 34.

A fence 500 miles long, of wire netting, separating the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, is one of the wonders of Australia. It is designed to keep the rabbits out.

An Accrington, (England) weaver put a turpentine plaster on his stomach for liver complaint. Some time afterward he struck a match to examine the plaster and set it on fire, and was burned to death.

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## WILLIAM STANTON MOSES.

THE TRANSITION OF THE EDITOR OF LIGHT.

Mr. Stanton Moses died at Bedford on Monday last, September 5th, in his fifty-third year. His friends who had seen him lately knew that death was only a question of time, and that a short time. Yet, as usual, it came more suddenly than was expected, and the news that "M. A. (Oxon.)" was dead was a heavy blow to those who heard it during the day.

Mr. Stanton Moses had been ill for a long time; his nervous system was almost entirely shattered, for he never completely recovered from his first attack of influenza, two years ago. He had been in London for the last three months, and only returned to his mother's house at Bedford on the Wednesday before he died. He was then very ill, but there was still a little hope. On Monday he passed away, after all before his aged mother, over whom he had watched with almost more than filial piety for so many years.

Mr. Stanton Moses was born in Lincolnshire, but early in his life his parents removed to Bedford. Bedford has for nearly two centuries been more or less an educational center, and though at the time when young Stanton Moses went there the foundation had not been developed as it has been in recent years, not only was the education given excellent, but owing to the judicious provisions of the will of the founder of the great schools in the town, there was ample provision for rewarding exceptional merit. It was, then, not surprising that at the end of his school career Stanton Moses succeeded in obtaining the principal scholarship, and went up in due course to Exeter College, Oxford.

He did not carry on his classical studies to any serious extent while at Oxford; perhaps the robustness of his methods militated against that minute delicacy which characterizes high scholarship; so that after getting a third class at Moderations in 1860 he went on to the ordinary degree. His affection for Oxford was always very great, and the softening influence of its antiquity was a curiously favorite theme with one whose character was distinctly modern in almost all its developments.

The Church being his destination, Mr. Stanton Moses was ordained priest in 1865. Had he remained in the Church he would, doubtless, have risen to considerable eminence, for he was not only a good organizer, but a vigorous preacher. That, however, was not to be. Other and better work was reserved for Mr. Stanton Moses.

In the Isle of Man, about 1870, in the course of his clerical work, he met with Dr. Stanhope Speer and Mrs. Speer, the firm friends of his after life. The subject of Spiritualism was then occupying men's minds considerably, and Mr. Stanton Moses determined, in conjunction with his new friends, to investigate the whole thing. As he has often avowed, he was a Materialist of the first order; he would have none of these things. Conviction, nevertheless, was forced upon him, and then his real lifework began. How thorough was his course of investigation only those who enjoyed his intimate friendship can ever know. No science where he could gain knowledge, no book from which he could gather information, no man who could enlarge his horizon, was left unattended, unread, or unquestioned. The wear was tremendous, and doubtless started that system of nerve exhaustion which culminated so sorrowfully on Monday last.

His connection with the Church became practically severed, and he obtained the appointment of English Master in University College School, London. This position he held till 1888, when continued illness made it clear that he could not continue to hold it and carry on his other work. He therefore resigned, to the regret both of his colleagues and pupils. How his strong personality, rather than his teaching, good as that was, came into play during these years, many men now scattered over the earth, and doing their work well, would be able to testify.

During this period his activity in all matters connected with Spiritualism was marvellous. How long before he was actual editor, he wrote continuously for "Light;" how he founded the London Spiritualist Alliance; what he did in the early days of the Society for Psychical Research, cannot be told in this brief article. There is, indeed, no need to tell. It is perhaps not too much to say that he gradually raised Spiritualism in England from what was fast becoming a debasing superstition to a position in which it has become a prime factor in the intellectual and moral activity of the age. He recognized that it was either all or nothing, and he knew that it was all.

Of his numerous contributions to the literature of Spiritualism it would be long to speak here, but one, "Spirit Teachings," cannot be passed over in silence. Whatever discussions may be indulged in over the intrinsic authorship of the book, whether it was the outcome of the "uprush" from his own "subliminal consciousness," or whether it was, as he averred, and believed it to be, the product of direct inspiration, it remains the monument of a noble mind, whether that mind was its origin or the channel through which its pure teaching was conveyed.

It was a favorite saying of Mr. Stanton Moses that "Few men are important; no one is necessary." Doubtless this is true, yet the gap occupied by him will not easily be filled. Perhaps it is not necessary that it should be filled at all. He did his work, and different developments may now be required. Yet always, in all its profoundest meaning, we know that he "being dead, yet speaketh."

The funeral took place at noon on Friday at Bedford.—*Light*, London, Sept. 10.

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## SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

### On the Use and Abuse of Mediumship.

I have had so many letters on the difficulties to which people have been introduced in the exercise of Spiritualistic gifts, that I ask space for a few words in order to write a few general directions, such as have been suggested to me by my correspondents.

The first budgings of mediumistic gifts are very fascinating. It is the introduction to a new force which the possessor is almost impelled to follow up; not always wisely. Where it provokes antagonism in any member of the family, it is not only in vain to persist in endeavors to develop it, but the very persistence will invariably introduce an element of discord which is severely paid for, for the novice is probably a powerful sensitive, and as such his unknown gift becomes an open medium for the play of idle or mischievous, or even wicked, spirits.

It is not my purpose to frighten young sensitives as to the dangers they encounter when they leave their spiritual harp strings open for every spirit to play upon; but it is my wish to warn any who possess these gifts to seek first spiritual protection. An earnest spirit of prayer to the Great Father of spirits is manifestly the most powerful safeguard, and invariably prevails, even if for a time the medium has been the sport of obsession. Once the subtle spirit power is discovered, the possessor should go calmly on, seeking guidance and accepting what comes, but never surrendering his own judgment. Well for him is it if in the initiatory stages he discovers one trustworthy guardian spirit upon whom he can implicitly rely. The guardianship once established, calm and earnest progression may be secured. But novices are so anxious to get a particular phase of mediumship, and to possess exactly what no other medium has. The persistence in straining after this invariably leads to confusion. Hence, then, the harmony must never be endangered by thrusting the subject before unsympathetic people; nor must internal harmony be disturbed by prescribing the exact course that mediumship shall take. All this advice seems mere platitude to advanced researchers. That it is still needed is my only excuse for its reiteration.

Further, Spiritualism introduces the investigator into such close relations with dear ones who have "gone before," generating such sacred feelings, almost of reverence, that we are apt to overlook the fact that the link itself is scientific rather than emotional, though in well-ordered mediumship the two must often be blended. Spirits may direct, but should never control our higher life. The follower of the Master will at once recognize that his teachings and guidance are before all others; and notwithstanding the many fallacious doctrines which have clustered around him, his life and his teachings have never yet been superseded; nay, all that is beautiful and true has been better taught by him than by any other teacher, even if he has gleaned in the same fields of thought. And no spirit teacher can claim such authority.

Spiritualism seems to me to introduce us to that region of power—and especially spirit-power—which Jesus Christ referred to as the things to be taught when he added, "but ye cannot bear them yet."

Such is the power of spirit over matter, or that exercised in spirit healing, in some cases astounding even to the faithful, or that exercised in what is known as clairvoyance and clairaudience and communion of spirit with spirit at great distances, even while yet incarnate. But all this is not to be attained at once; nor ever by irreverent or curious searchers after truth.

The initial rap is never to be despised. By it the investigator may obtain directions as to his onward road, which may prove the key to unlock many mysteries. Automatic writing has its charm and also its vagaries in the early stages. Some say they get nothing but persistent scribble, or flourishing without letters, aimless formations, and so on, what then? Try alone, and never when curious; unsympathetic people are looking on; have patience; keep calm, watching for some rational development; if movements are too wild or impetuous, wait and try at another time. In the end use your own judgment, from what is written, whether to pursue it or not.

But some have advanced beyond raps or writing, and are the favored possessors of spirit guides who never deceive them. These may not deceive, but the very familiarity in the exercise of mediumship often leads to unguarded times and conditions where deception is possible. Again our own judgment must be used; never surrender. Simulation of our trusted guides may step in so as to deceive the very elect. This occurs when we forget that Spiritualism, at present at any rate, has its province, and that a restricted one. But what is the restriction? There is just the difficulty. One reverent, devout investigator may allow more authority to the teachings, or communications, of his spirit-guides than another whose pursuit of the study is purely scientific. This one will limit the province to physical phenomena; that admit to a higher plane, but never where his reason refuses to follow. I know it will be said at once, or if not said thought, "But my reason can go where yours cannot follow!" Precisely; so I can only state the mode of precaution or pursuit, and leave the pursuer to seek the highest and best guidance he can, and not be too dogmatic!

The truest and best Spiritualism is to be found in family life; and there it may be safely followed when harmony prevails, and especially under the aegis of religious culture. If one member, however, is antagonistic, neither the study nor conversation upon it should ever be pursued in his presence, for to some it is necessary to say, "Ye have Moses and the prophets; hear them," and if they will not, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the so-called dead!—*Morell Theobald*, in *Light*, London.

Guavas are becoming quite an article of export from Manatee river, Florida.



## CHRISTIANITY.

## Something of its Origin.

Until "higher criticisms" had demonstrated the late origin of the New Testament books, no authentic history of early Christianity was possible. To understand the factors in the movement which culminated in what was afterwards called Christianity, we shall have to review the different schools of philosophic thought prominent in the Roman empire before the first century of the Christian era.

Confucius (550 B. C.), when asked if the rule of human conduct could be expressed in a single word, said: "Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not like when done to you, do not that to others." Five hundred years before Jesus, Buddha had preached the "Sermon on the Mount." Universal charity was the web and woof of his discourses. "Judge not that ye be not judged." "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other," were his precepts. This peaceful philosophy, more suited to the Asiatic mind than to the more vigorous European, was widely spread by Buddhist missionaries. In Palestine the great Rabbi Hillel (75 B. C.) lectured on the "Golden Rule," and taught all the nobler sayings afterward attributed to Jesus.

The oriental doctrine of the immortality of the soul, invented by the Indians, grasped by the Assyrians and Egyptians, was ignored and disbelieved by the Israelites and their Bible. After the time of Cyrus this belief of their conquerors, the Persians, was gradually accepted by a strong party among the Israelites—the Pharisees—who afterward acquired most influence with the women and common people. Their rivals, the Sadducees, who comprised the rich and cultivated, were rationalistic in their philosophy, and never accepted the new belief.

The intellectual centre of the Roman world was at Alexandria; the dominating philosophy was that of the Athenian sage Plato (427 B. C.). From Egypt and Persia he had imbibed the belief in the immortality of the soul, and was the first person in Europe to speak the word that all men and nations were brothers. In reasoning on the difficulties involved in the idea of a Supreme Being, he was induced to consider the divine nature under the forms of the First Cause, the Reason or Logos, and the Soul of the Universe. These three principles were represented in the Platonic system as three gods, united with each other by a mysterious generation. These mysterious doctrines might amuse but could not satisfy a rational mind; but a belief, proceeding from the world-wide ignorance and fanaticism, was at hand that was designed to be the hammer that was to weld these speculative views into dogmas that were incumbent on all to believe, impious to doubt, and fatal to mistake.

The most downtrodden—those who feel the pangs of hunger, misery, and oppression—believe most implicitly in a future age of triumph. This hope had given birth to the belief in a Messiah, and in a space of two hundred years more than forty Messiahs had offered their services to mankind. All of them suffered tortures and death; two of them—Judas and Bar Cochba—were formidable enough to mark indelibly the history of their own times. One of them, Jesus, historically unknown to his contemporaries, has achieved the most widely known name among the sons of men. The Jews of Palestine were abjectly poor; to be popular, Messiahism was usually communistic and anarchistic. Wealth and government were the antipathy. The rich man was the wicked man. They resisted government by having nothing to do with it. To them faith was more righteous than reason.

A hundred years after Jesus the Messiah movement made its greatest effort. Bar Cochba (Son of the Star) was acknowledged by the High Priest Akiba as the Messiah; armies were placed in the field, coins were struck in his honor, and hundreds of thousands of Jewish lives were fanatically sacrificed to this insane delusion. The struggle of Bar Cochba advertised the Messiah idea to the Gentiles. In the Roman world all Messiahs were grouped as the Messiah, just as we in our day group all Mahdists as The Mahdi. A condition of first importance to religious exaltation is ignorance—it is the mother of fanaticism. The Messiah idea appealed to the ignorant, to the hopelessly poor, to the slave, the outcast, and the dissatisfied. Its failure politically was given a spiritual meaning.

The original Messiahs (or Christians as the Greeks translated the name) were called Ebionites—a Hebrew word meaning the poor. The Gentile converts soon outnumbered the Jewish ones; in the clash of opinions the original Christians, who looked on Jesus as a human being, were excommunicated. Their insane, temporal, Messianic notions were spiritualized, and explained by the metaphysical speculations of Plato, which were the philosophical fad of the time. The Messiah became the Logos, the second person in the trinity of Plato, and the Logos became the Mediator between the First Cause and man.

The obscurity of Jesus favored his apotheosis. His existence, the events of his life, the dates of his birth and death, are historically unknown. The history of an extraordinary man, Apollonius of Tyana (born 4 B. C.), whom the Emperor Vespasian condescended to use as a prophet and oracle, probably helped to form and suggest the legend of Jesus. It was said of Apollonius that he was descended from Deity; that he raised the dead, cured the blind and lame, cast out devils and finally ascended to heaven.

The advantages of inspired books were seen in the case of the Jews. A large literature was already in circulation, much of it atrociously miraculous and even grossly obscene. About one hundred and fifty years after the supposed death of Jesus appeared a canon written from a standpoint of the latest theology, and enforced by the influence of

Irenaeus, Tertullian and Clement. The great and learned (?) Irenaeus, when asked why the gospels were limited to four, replied: "Because there are four winds, four quarters to the earth, and animals have four legs!" His logical consistency is shown by his forcing the acceptance of gospels which claim the ministry of Jesus lasted three years, while his own writings insisted that Jesus lived fifty years, and that his ministry lasted twenty years!

In that age, when not one in ten thousand could read, it was a comparatively easy task for an organization to foist upon ignorant followers an authoritative canon. The greatest names in church history have always claimed that the end justifies the means. Some have considered it justifies to keep faith with the unbeliever. Many have said with St. Paul, "For if my life has redounded to the glory of God, why am I judged a sinner?" Even in our own day, when truthfulness is a much more exalted virtue than it was with the ancient Christians, a United States judge has found it necessary to publicly censure Anthony Comstock (a much higher type of man than any early Christian Father) for lying and fraud in the supposed interest of his deity.

If we were to believe the early Christian Fathers in their malicious calumnies of each other—murderer, liar, thief, forger, adulterer, sodomite, are a few of the epithets they apply to each other—literary forgery and interpolation might be regarded as almost virtues. In one council one of the bishops was kicked to death by his brother bishops, and conspiracy, poison and the dagger were often used to dispose of leaders of obnoxious factions.

The Roman world at this time was without a religion. With contemptuous toleration, Rome had invited the gods of all the nations to her Pantheon. Brought face to face, the claims of all were rejected with equal disdain. The Emperor Constantine saw, with political insight, that the altar is the strongest support of the throne. The old superstitions were dying, a new one must be found and enforced. He saw the growth of a sect, which probably numbered in his time (according to Gibbons) one in twenty of the empire, whose tenets were certain to please a despot. A priesthood that can be tuned by a master hand, inculcating obedience to the powers that be, and rewards in a life to come for ills endured in this life, is the strongest support of monopolized wealth and centralized government. Christianity became the State religion. Wealth, honors, and position were showered on converts of rank and ability. Philosophic schools were closed; reason was banished, and the gloom of the Dark Ages slowly settled on Europe.

The movement that started in opposition to wealth and authority became the strongest support of monopoly and ended in absolutism. Had Jesus, Paul or the apostles never lived, the movement would have been the same. They were not necessary; there was nothing new in it. A philosophic prophet could have foreseen it as he could have foreseen from the Protestant movement the dissolution of all dogmas. We have made the cycle again. Our gods have once more been brought face to face, and with the same result. What will be the next cycle?—Henry MacDonald, in *Free-Thinker*, London.

## Testimonies of Great Minds to Spiritualism.

Comte Le Maistre: Everything is explained in the world that we see by another world that is unseen.

Lamartine: There are in this world two worlds; the world which is visible and that which is invisible. The one is just as certain as the other; although it does not fall under the senses, because it is apprehended by the sense of senses; that is to say, the intelligence.

Comte de Resie: A belief in spirits is the most natural consequence of a belief in the immortality of the soul, which is so general that we should not be far wrong in saying it is universal.

Apuleius: There are certain intermediate powers which inhabit the aerial interval between the heaven and the earth by whose means our prayers and our good actions rise upward to the gods. These powers, whom the Greeks call *daimons*, and the Latins *genii*, serve as intermediary spirits between men and gods.

Socrates: When a good man dies, he has honor and a mighty portion among the dead and becomes a *daimon*; which is a name given to him signifying wisdom.

Hesiod: The race of men who came first are holy *daimons* upon the earth, beneficent, avengers of evil, guardians of mortal men.

Plato: Every man has his own special *daimon*, the sovereign arbiter of his conduct, ever invisible and assiduous, the witness not only of his actions but of his most secret thoughts.

Philo: Spirits continue to float in the atmosphere; the most perfect are employed as the ministers of God, in directing the affairs of the world.

Plotinus: Our *daimon* helps us to fulfil the destiny we have chosen. In effect, presiding over our life, he does not suffer us to fall much below the condition we have selected.

Arsene Houssaye: In vain have some theologians contended that the time of visions has passed away; that God no longer bestows such favors upon men; and that religion having been instituted, there is no longer occasion to introduce the human intelligence into the secrets of the invisible world. These objections are wanting in solidity. If the spiritual sense is a faculty which is inherent in the first members of our race, in the old prophets, and in the saints of the New Testament, there is really no reason whatever for its having become extinct in modern times. That which God did then, He may do now. To limit the gift of clairvoyance to certain epochs, to certain religious communions, and to certain ages of humanity; and to impose certain rules and conditions upon the Divine activity, is a pre-

tension against which logic rises up in arms. The moment you concede that some men possess second sight, you must perforce admit that the same sense exists, to some faint degree at any rate, in all other human beings.

Sir Thomas Browne: This visible world is but a feature of the invisible.

Ibid: We do surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the agency of good and bad angels. I do but think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits; for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth; and therefore I believe that these many prodigies and ominous prognostics, which forever run the ruins of states, princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good angels, which more careless inquirers term but the effects of chance and nature.

Ibid: For spirits, I am so far from denying their existence that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels. It is not a new opinion of the Church of Rome, but an old one of Pythagoras and Plato. It is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life; and would serve as an hypothesis to solve many doubts, whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution.

Professor Zollner: We have acquired the proof of the existence of an invisible world which can enter into relations with humanity. —*Harbinger of Light*, Australia.



SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

## THE INQUISITION.

## The Well-Known Institution of the Catholic Church.

HOW IT WAS RUN IN SPAIN—A POLITICAL WEAPON—TWENTY THOUSAND OFFICERS OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN—THE STRANGLED AND THE BURNED.

The Inquisition, that well-known institution of the Roman Catholic Church, was a species of court or tribunal established for the examination and punishment of heretics.

In the twelfth century a priest, called Father Dominic, was charged by Pope Innocent III. to incite the Catholic priests and people to extirpate heretics; and thus the foundation of the dreaded Inquisition was laid. In 1233 Pope Gregory IX. completed the design, and the Inquisition was successfully introduced into several parts of Italy, and in some provinces of France. Its whole structure and dealings were foreign to the nature of Englishmen, and it never obtained a hold in England, happily for our land.

These tribunals were admitted into Spain in the thirteenth century, amid much opposition, particularly in the provinces of Castile and Leon, where the bishops maintained their exclusive rights of jurisdiction in spiritual matters.

After some time, however, a change was effected; and while in other countries of Europe the Inquisition could never obtain a firm footing, Spain—the last and most unwilling recipient of its forms—became its staunch supporter, and it was firmly established towards the end of the fifteenth century. Much of this was due to Ferdinand and Isabella, who used it as a political weapon to render the royal authority absolute by the secret power thus obtained over the nobles.

In 1477, after several turbulent nobles had been subdued in the south of Spain, Queen Isabella went with the Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza to Seville, when an attempt was made to introduce the Inquisition, special efforts being directed against the Jews. An Assembly of the States was held in Toledo in 1480, when the Cardinal urged the establishment of the tribunal throughout the country as a means of converting or exterminating heretics; and, after some opposition, the measure was agreed to, and established under the name of the general or the supreme Inquisition.

The new court was, therefore, opened in Seville in 1481; Torquemada, prior of the Dominican convent, and Father Confessor to the Cardinal Mendoza, having already been appointed by Ferdinand and Isabella as the first Grand Inquisitor.

The prisoners of the Inquisition were at first placed in the Dominican Monastery, but this soon became too small to accommodate the number sent, and more than 2,000 persons are said to have been burnt alive during the first year or two.

This establishment of the Spanish Inquisition was, however, opposed by the Pope, as the conversion of an ecclesiastical into a secular tribunal, and Torquemada was repeatedly summoned to Rome; but instead of obeying he merely sent a friend to defend his cause, and in 1483 Pope Sixtus IV. was obliged to yield, and acknowledge him Inquisitor-General of Castile and Leon, while, by a later

bull, Aragon, Valencia and Sicily were also made subject to him.

The establishment of this mighty power among them had not been unopposed by the people, and risings took place against it, particularly at Saragossa; but they were obliged to yield.

The tribunal was wholly dependent on the will of the Spanish sovereign, and thus became an instrument in establishing most arbitrary power, by putting down the clergy, who had previously acknowledged only the Pope as head of the Church as their supreme authority, and oppressing the nobles.

The property of any who were condemned fell to the king, and, although it was nominally granted to the Inquisition, was still at his disposal, though Ferdinand and Isabella, it is true, devoted a part of this property to found convents and hospitals.

It has been computed that in Spain alone there were 20,000 officers of the Inquisition, who served as spies and informers, and who were called familiars. Most of them did their work secretly, and none knew whom to trust, as the most intimate friend might be an emissary from the powerful tribunal.

Infamous as they seem to us now, these posts were sought even by persons of rank, on account of the privileges connected with them.

The supreme tribunal, under the Inquisitor-General, sat at Madrid. He was assisted by a council numbering six or seven, and there were various officials belonging to the court, the one specially appointed to carry on prosecutions being called the fiscal.

As soon as an accused appeared and the fiscal had called upon the court to exercise their authority, an order was issued to seize the accused. If he did not appear at the third summons, he was excommunicated.

From the moment a prisoner was in the power of the court he was cut off from the world. The advocate who was appointed to defend him could not speak to him except in the presence of the Inquisitors. The accused was not confronted with the accuser nor the witnesses before the court, neither were they made known to him; and he was often subjected to the torture to extort a confession, or to explain circumstances which had not been fully explained by the witnesses.

Imprisonment, often for life, scourging, and the loss of property were the punishments to which the penitent was subjected. Wearing the *sah benito*, or vest of penitence—a sort of coarse, yellow tunic, with a cross on the vest and back, and painted over with demons—was a common method of punishment, the penitents having to wear it for a fixed period.

When sentence of death was pronounced against the accused, the *auto-da-fe*, or ceremony for burning the heretic in public, was ordered. This usually took place on Sunday, between Trinity and Advent Sundays.

As "the Church never pollutes herself with blood," a servant of the Inquisition, at the close of the procession and ecclesiastical ceremony preceding the execution of the sentence, gave each of those who had been sentenced a blow with the hand, to show that the Inquisition had no longer any power over them, and that the victims were abandoned to the secular arm.

A civil officer now received the condemned, bound them with chains, and led them to the place of execution. They were then asked in what faith they would die. Those who answered "The Catholic" were first strangled; the rest were burnt alive.—*Agnostic Journal*, London.

## Visions in a Goblet of Water.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FAKIRS.

The article on "Wounding and Healing by the Fakirs of India," has brought back to my mind a very strange experience I had two years ago. A friend of mine knew the widow of a Major, who had passed the greater part of her life in India, and she wrote and told me of the strange and wonderful things she had done and could do of the past, present and future; and knowing how anxious I was to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of Spiritualism, she urged me to go and see her. Half a dozen of us agreed to go separately, but only to me did she give this one mysterious proof of her power; and she informed me that she had been taught how to do it by a Fakir in India.

She got a glass goblet, and a jug of ordinary china, asking me to fill the jug with water from the tap in the kitchen, which I did. She then gave me a cloth, bidding me dust the goblet, and then fill it with water, which I did. She then gave me a black cloth, bidding me shake it, and cover the goblet with it. I did so, and placed the covered goblet on the table before her. She uttered a prayer over it, something after the way people charge a crystal, and told me to wish to see in a vision there what I most wished to see. I did so, and she then uncovered part of the goblet and looked in. I, too, looked, and saw that the clear, crystal water had become opaque, and almost like milk.

She bid me watch, and the milky particles (somewhat like a snowstorm in a glass ball that we shake to amuse children) settled by degrees, and formed at the bottom of the glass the vision I had wished to see—the vision of an event she had prophesied to me—the dead face of a relation of mine, not anything like what I had expected to see, the jaws being bound up and the eyes closed. She then at my desire, without stirring the glass, caused the head to be raised up, the eyes looked into mine, and my relation bowed to me three times, as a token that a wish I had would be granted.

She then said she would show me another vision, and I then wished to see the face of a friend who, though absent, was very dear to me.

The goblet was covered over for awhile as before, and then uncovered, revealing the water in the same milky condition. The particles on settling together formed the face I

wished to see. "O, how like!" I exclaimed. "How I wish it had the colors of life" (for it resembled a marble bust more than anything else). "I can see it like life," she said. "The hair is golden red—the fashionable Titian color—and the eyes of a light blue color." The lips moved, and the eyelids opened and closed. She threw the cloth over again, and told me that I might have another wish if I liked; so I wished to see yet another friend, and in accordance the sediment formed into the face I wished to see, radiant, happy and smiling. She appeared to be as much surprised as I was.

I am utterly at a loss to account for how the faces were formed, but there they were. There was no sediment in the glass goblet, or in the jug or the cloths, for I examined all well, giving each an extra dust or shake, as I was rather dubious and anxious that there should be no deceit that I could possibly avert. After such an experience I may add that I was most fully convinced of the truth of Shakespeare's words:

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

—Kate Taylor-Robinson, in *Medium and Day-break*, London.

## Something About Hypnotic Suggestion.

Amongst all that is being said for and against State control of this matter, are we not too much forgetting that, whether for good or ill, the suppression of the signs of a fact is not necessarily equivalent to suppression of the fact itself? Fructification may be still going on though the petals have fallen; or, if we prefer to put it the other way, you have by no means made scarlatina less severe or less dangerous if, on the appearance of the rash, you contrive to throw it in!

The phenomenon called Hypnotic Suggestion is the showy blossoming which has temporarily attracted the notice of otherwise careless observers to a fact; it is the danger-signal hung out by wise Nature to show us where care is needed. There is a fact, of which it is the mere symptom, viz.: Given four conditions, (1) Suitable temperament in A and B respectively; (2) Magnetic rapport between A and B; (3) Temporary suspension of B's personal will-power and mental activity; (4) Concentration of A's will on the desire to make B feel or think in a certain way; then A can "suggest" to B almost any desires he wishes to suggest.

In the performance called Hypnotic Suggestion these conditions are brought together in a striking way which appeals to the unbelieving vulgar. But can any serious Spiritualist suppose that this showy performance is essential to the existence (for good or evil) of the fact? Rapport can be set up in many ways; and the condition of passivity comes to us in sleep. For instance, let A (supposing him to have the necessary force) engage B's attention in conversation on some definite subject chosen as harmonizing the two temperaments. Next time B falls asleep A may concentrate his attention on willing B to think so-and-so. The results are less showy than those of which we hear so much of late; but far more certain and satisfactory. The mode of inducing rapport which I find most effectual is, I believe, an unusual one; it is to make the current set, at first, towards me, keeping my own mind receptive and comparatively passive, and awakening the energies of my intended "subject." For this purpose I choose a topic of conversation of which he knows more than I do, and get him to enlighten me. When the current has been thus sent strongly from him to me, I suddenly reverse it (preferably while he is asleep; and not necessarily while I am in the same room or house with him), and then "suggest" or rather irradiate.

"How awful that such powers should exist!" some say. Very true. But they do exist, whether moralists like it or not. Nothing is gained by ignoring them. No one is safer from shutting his eyes; there is no safety from "suggestion" except for those who strengthen their own will by discipline, and duly cultivate their own spiritual powers. If governments interfere to put a stop to those experiments which reveal to the public eye what is going on all around us unobserved, the result will be to increase the danger of those properly and truly "occultist" methods which defy detection. Only the very ignorant can suppose that suggestion during sleep could really be put a stop to by police regulation. However indecorous all sensational playing with Spiritualism may be, even that is not without its uses. Surely the public is safer, while there is something, anything, happening to open people's eyes to see that something is going on besides elections and dynamite plots; that there are invisible agencies at work upon us which no bacteriologist can "sterilize" nor any microscope reveal; and that dangers beset us as to which it is useless to apply to Scotland Yard for protection, and against which no man can be secure except by reason of his own personal relation to Divine influence.—*Mary Everest Boole*, in *Light*, London.

According to the last census returns England possesses no fewer than 76,000 coachmen and grooms, 56,250 male indoor servants and 1,239,000 female indoor servants.

The workers in the London hospitals amount to 6,000 persons, of whom some 1,300 are honorary medical officers who devote their time to the treatment of disease without fee of any kind.

The latest form of steamship propeller is an English invention. It is designed so that when in motion there is no weight of water on the blades on the rise and fall of the propeller, due to the pitching of the vessel.

A man at Macon, Ga., has a \$10 note of the state of North Carolina, printed in 1778. On one side is the inscription: "Persecution the Ruin of Empires," while on the other side appears the words: "Death to Counterfeits."



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

## PRIESTLY CORRUPTION.

It is Prevalent in Canada.

Crusade Against the Abuses of the Confessional.

The Toronto *Evening Mail* boldly expresses its opinion of the lecherous villainy of the Catholic priesthood, and sustains its position by quotations from the leading journals of Ontario. The fact is that a most villainous condition of things prevails in the relation of the priest to the women of the church. It is styled an "abuse" (and truly it is nothing less) by a vigorous writer in *La Patrie*, the French liberal organ. He says the abuse is most malignant, and afflicts the social body, and that it must be broken. Such a system cannot continue. He forcibly says:

"I am a practical Catholic, whom the injustice, the hatred, the persecutions, and the calumnies of the clergy have not been able to drive from the church. I wish to remain what I am, but I desire to be able to respect and love the priest before whom I lay my feeble gifts. I am a husband, and I do not wish that the honor of my name and family be at the mercy of a wolf who may introduce himself with the vaticum in his hand. I am a father, and I do not wish that the sacred candor of my child should be exposed to the lecherous attempts of a wretch in a soutane. I am a citizen, and I pay taxes to enrich the clergy possessed of millions and who pay nothing. I wish that my money shall at least not go towards public corrupters."

He then gives in detail several clerical scandals, which the most obscure language makes forbiddingly disgusting. Even *La Semaine Religieuse*, an official organ of the church, does not deny, but apologizes for the abuses. Evidently the people of the Dominion are awakening.

## The Black Alliance.

Word comes from Berlin, Germany, that the Black Alliance of Clericals and extreme Conservatives has been consummated in the face of the bitterest opposition of the Liberal press. Riddle, invective and pessimistic prophecy have been heaped upon Berlin editors in the way of the negotiations for this coalition, yet in spite of all, Count Caprivi has found the means which will enable him to "swim against the stream" again in the next session of the Reichstag. "There is little doubt, however, that the alliance cost the government a high price—the return of the Jesuit orders, at least, and probably more. An attempt to unite the National Liberals and the Independents in opposition to the government coalition has failed completely, owing principally to the jealousy of the leaders. The scheme was impracticable from the first, and became doubly so when Prince Bismarck was suggested as the probable leader over men whom he delighted to snub when he was in power. The return of the Jesuit orders will prove as great a curse to Germany now as they have in the past. Under this new movement Bismarck is not silent. In the *Hamburger Nachrichten* he attacks the Black Alliance with the bitterness which he omits no opportunity to express against the Clericals and their party policy. This alliance, he says, has no resemblance to the old coalition of his regime. His cartel was a combination of healthy elements in the State, and was designed, irrespective of minor differences, to arrest the surrender of the empire into the power of a theocratic conspiracy engineered by the Ultramontane and Polish contingent. The *Nachrichten* then urges the revival of the old cartel to protect the empire against the irreparable damage which would result from the proposed yielding of the government to the Catholics. Such a cartel, says Bismarck, would be able to oppose to the government the pressure of a strong, self-reliant Parliament, and re-establish the constitutional equilibrium which the legislative power had allowed too long to be ignored. The re-establishment of this equilibrium would be possible only through the restoration of the cartel playing its members against the Caprivi regime. But this Black Alliance, this bowing and yielding to the Catholics, will in the end be a curse to Germany, the same as such coalitions have everywhere else."

## Ministerial Intermediaries.

The world is being constantly disturbed by the origination of new religious sects by various aspiring minds. The idea seems to be prevalent that the only method whereby mortals can approach God and heaven is through the instrumentality of a religious sect of some kind. The current news furnishes the details of a new sect in Germany which seems to be exercising a potent influence. It appears from the account given that next to Wurtemberg, Saxony is the most interesting country in Germany, from a religious and moral point of view. In this regard it is the home of the greatest opposites. It is the seat of the strongest conservatism in church and State, and at the same time the hot-house of the most radical socialistic vagaries. The percentage of suicide is the greatest in Germany, and nowhere else have dissenters from the State church found more fertile ground. Recently a new sect has arisen that attracts considerable attention. They call themselves "The Theographic Fraternity," and claim to possess a divine who receives immediate revelations from Christ, and is above scriptural authority, and frequently contradicting biblical teachings. Thus the punishing justice of God, the resurrection of the body, is denied, and marriage is condemned as carnal. The members of the fraternity are partly "apostles," not restricted to fixed numbers, and partly "disciples." Their aim is in purity of heart, and in perfect love to the brethren, and in perfect mutual trust, to wait for the coming of the Lord. They are convinced that in their sect is to be found the most intimate communion with the godhead, and that there is produced the most perfect sinless life. The "apostles" heal the sick by the laying on of hands. One of these cures, effected in the case of the daughter of a merchant in Chemnitz, who was suffering from St. Vitus' dance, influenced the whole family to connect themselves with the fraternity, and the head of the family has given all his possessions for the purpose of spreading the new gospel. They have gained adherents in three countries, and are active and successful in proselyting. They do not sever their connection with the State church, because "it is necessary to obey the laws of the world."

## A Few Words in Reference to the American Secular Union.

The 16th Annual Congress of the American Secular Union is to be held in Chicago, Oct. 23, 24 and 25. The object of this society is to secure the complete separation of Church and State. Certain individuals who, after years of control, found themselves on the outside of the organization, have recently formulated what they call a Free Thought Federation. Nothing original, however, appears in their methods, as they have taken unashingly and boldly the nine demands of liberalism, the platform of the older society, as the foundation of the new one. Months ago the Secretary of the A. S. U. sent an appeal to liberals in regard to holding an International Congress in Chicago during the World's Fair, the securing of a hall for headquarters, where lectures could be given, free thought literature distributed, liberals met each other, etc. This idea the Federation, in its strenuous endeavor to undermine the old society, has appropriated.

A correspondent in the *Truth Seeker*, Sept. 24th, a gentleman formerly in the ranks, but now opposed to the Union and working with the Federation, says: "We can enlist not only the stalwart liberals in this fight, but the Spiritualists, the great body of German voters, and a large element of nothingsarians." The assurance that the Spiritualists will work with this combine is refreshing. The Spiritualists have not forgotten the infamous treatment accorded Dr. Westbrook by this element. In another column of the paper, in which this correspondent so guilelessly appropriates the Spiritualists, the editor, who has given efficient aid in the formation of the Federation, indulges in uncalculated insinuations in reviewing proposed amendments to the Constitution of the A. S. U. submitted by Dr. Westbrook. Certainly the suggestions of an ex-president of the society should meet with other reception than to be denounced as "foolish or knavish." It is possible that there may be those interested in the secular cause who are prompted by motives of honesty, although it seems difficult for some few among liberals to realize this.

But a small number of women are identified with liberalism. The members of the American Secular Union should have been proud that they had secured as Secretary so brilliant a woman as Miss Craddock. But these so-called liberal papers, *Free Thought* and *Truth Seeker*, lost no opportunity of criticizing and condemning her work. She subscribed to every demand, but "she was a Unitarian," "she was a Spiritualist," "she was a conservative." This was the indictment. These people are hard to please. The present Secretary is a radical, has been identified with the Union for years, and yet when the official letters of the society were sent to the *Truth Seeker* it gave them no recognition. Letter after letter was sent, but the editor made no sign. He refused to publish them. The "Union" was dead, he said. Like an ostrich he had stuck his head into the sand.

Alarmed lest the liberals should be indignant when they learned his methods, he permitted to appear the list of honorary vice-presidents, the notice of the Congress and a circular or two. The Federation was now formed, and he could afford to let the liberals learn that the Union was not dead, but he was still anxious that they should send money to Putnam!

But he didn't intend to be fair. That isn't a word recognized in his vocabulary. The secretary of the A. S. U. sent to the free thought papers an announcement of the Congress, where it was to be held, etc. This appears in *Truth Seeker* September 24. The article, however, is garbled, the editor following his usual tactics, concealing from the liberals at large the fact that the Union was alive and making every effort to arouse the organization to an active interest in its work. In all the other liberal papers to which it was sent the article appeared entire. The *Truth Seeker* cut out the following words:

"The National Reform Association marches victoriously on, scoring success after success; the liberals turn aside from facing the common foe and attack one another. The American Secular Union is not dead, and the individual who seeks at this crisis to bring disaster into the ranks of liberalism by dividing its forces, is no true secularist, but cares more for his own aggrandizement than for the cause he has professed to espouse. It isn't necessary to undermine or destroy the Union to carry forward its work. Are its demands unsatisfactory? These can be changed. Does its constitution need revising? The requisite majority can do this. Are the members of the board inefficient, or for any other reason undesirable? Put them out—elect new directors in their places."

Had the foregoing words been published the members of the organization would have become aware of the fact that the formation of the Federation was a superfluity. If a spark of manhood remains among the liberals they will indignantly resent the *Truth Seeker's* unjust treatment of the Secretary of the A. S. U. It can be assured that the Spiritualists have too much self-respect, are imbued with too strong a sense of justice, and resent too thoroughly the insults given to the former Board, to lend their influence in sustaining this ambitious adventure—the so-called "Free Thought Federation."

## "New Thought."

New Thought for October is out. Contents: "The Spiritual Alps, and How We Ascend Them." "Soul Secrets." "Thoughts." "The Efforts to Build Up an Aristocracy in this Country." "Hulled Kernels." "My Inner Room." "Editor's Portfolio." "Our Book Table." Issued monthly. Price \$1. Address Moses Hall, 25 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

A French prince advertises that he desires to sell his title and arms, which are guaranteed by genuine sheepskin documents of the reign of Henry IV.

## Our Eclectic Magazine.

This week we give our Eclectic Magazine, consisting of the CREAM of foreign Spiritualist literature. It will be found to be decidedly refreshing and exhilarating. The fact is, Spiritualists find that *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is a personal fountain of elevating and instructive thoughts. Those who do without it are left far in the rear. Just think of the grand Spiritualist feast that we present this week, consisting of extracts from foreign Spiritualist literature. Besides this, there is "something in the air" which *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* man is catching on to for his fall and winter campaign. No Spiritualist can afford to be without *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.

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## SPIRITUALISM.

### Its Historic Character Portrayed.

More of Witchcraft Practices and Persecutions—Spiritualism Under Christian Domination Up to the Present Century.

By MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Our notices of Spiritualism during the Middle Ages would be indeed incomplete if we omitted to call attention to the wonderful and still unaccountable scenes which took place at the tomb of the Abbe Paris from 1727—the date of his death—to the year 1731, some writers asserting that the miracles occurring at this famous tomb continued for over twenty years later. The brief sketch I am about to give of these miracles is taken in part from "Middleton's Free Inquiry," "Hume's Philosophical Essays" and Montegre's "Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales." I may add, however, that no page of our history has been more universally reported than that of the St. Medard miraculous cures, and no events have had a wider or more authoritative verification. Probably a narrative so constantly made use of in the chronicles of time may be already familiar to most of our readers; but those who only care to peruse "something new" may skip the record, whilst others who desire to connect in our consecutive chain the links of the grand revelation of humanity's occult experiences may find food for thought and curious speculation in the succeeding pages.

At or about the time of the good Abbe Paris's decease there was a furious war of antagonism raging between the Jansenists, to which sect the Abbe Paris belonged, and the Jesuits; and though this feud bears no relation to the events to be noticed, it must be borne in mind that its existence caused an unusual amount of publicity to be given to the scenes that occurred, as reported severally by rival sects, bitterly opposed to each other.

One of the remarkable facts attending the St. Medard miracles was the conversion of a wealthy and very learned man, holding important office in the State, but a once confirmed *roue* and infidel. This gentleman, M. Montgeron, having heard the report of the wonders that were to be witnessed in the cemetery of St. Medard, determined to go and amuse himself, as well as furnish food for his scoffing spirit, by the sights and sounds of imposture and folly he expected to see exhibited. Instead of realizing this expectation, the great man, for such he was, beheld with astonishment the blind restored to sight, the sick cured, the lame walking, the vast multitudes crowding upon each other, praying, shouting, and burning with an enthusiasm so contagious that the infidel, making his way through the throng to the edge of the tomb, fell on his knees praying aloud fervently for light and faith to illumine his darkened soul.

According to the history of this wonderful movement, written by M. Montgeron himself, and giving an account of his own marvelous conversion, he remained on his knees at the tomb for four hours, and, as he alleges, not even the crowds that pressed upon him could disturb his reflections or interfere with his long and pensive review of a wild and dissipated life, and his blank denial of all religious teachings. From those four hours of sudden and truly miraculous inspiration, he arose a changed, deeply-religious and noble-minded man. It is largely from his history, as an eye-witness day by day of the scenes enacted at that cemetery, that most later writers have drawn their accounts. Meantime all Paris was in an uproar. The cases of cures mounted up to hundreds. People of all ranks were compelled to admit the truth of these things. The most renowned doctors testified to the complete cure of patients long pronounced incurable, and in many cases to the restoration of injured or decayed limbs and organs.

Montgeron selected from hundreds of other scarcely less remarkable cases nine special cures of so incredible a nature that it is only when in the history of the time we find Louis XIV., the then reigning king, archbishops, bishops, State counselors, and learned scientists confirming the truth of Montgeron's statements that we are justified in saying that denial is impossible. The cures (some of which I am about to quote) were published in a thick quarto volume, entitled "La verite des miracles par l'intercession de M. de Paris; Ouvrage delate au Roi, par M. de Montgeron, Conseiller de Parlement."

The book contains a vast number of personal testimonials to the truth of the cases, besides virulent attacks upon the Jesuits, for which crime, it is supposed, the unfortunate author was subsequently thrown into the Bastille. Among the most notable of the celebrated nine cases was that of a Don Alphonse, who had lost the use of his right eye in consequence of a blow received, whilst the optic nerve of the left was fast withering away. This patient recovered the use of both eyes, as testified to by his physician, M. Gendron, of Auteuil.

The sixth case was also one of blindness, in the person of Pierre Gualtier, a saddler of Languedoc. This man had lost the use of one eye by accident and the other by nerve sympathy. Hearing of the miracles of the Abbe Paris's tomb, his doctors, though pronouncing him incurable, advised him to visit the cemetery, from which he returned with sight perfectly restored.

Number five was the case of Philippe Sergeant, a wool carrier, who became so paralyzed in all his limbs that he could no longer work at his trade. He was pronounced incurable and could only move about when strapped on crutches. His friends managed to send him to the cemetery, and when brought by a carter he was instantly cured and springing to his feet, began shouting out a loud *Te Deum*. He went about showing himself everywhere; recommended his trade, and though, like all the rest of the cured, subject to the most bitter persecutions from the Archbishop of Paris and the Jesuit party, and threatened with ruin by these powerful enemies, he persisted to the last of his life in declaring the truth of his cure, and publishing abroad the testimony of his witnesses. The second and third cases were those of Mademoiselles Thibaut and Couranceau, the one a hopeless and incurable case of paralysis, the other equally incurable for a condition of dropsy. The next two most terrible

cases were those of Milles. Marie Cartari, suffering from a disease of the lachrymal gland, by which the nose had been nearly eaten away; while Mlle. Coirin was afflicted with a hopeless cancer. The whole four of these ladies were cured so completely that the destroyed bone of Mlle. Cartari was replaced and the excised breast of Mlle. Coirin grew again, leaving no scar. In each case and others too numerous by far to crowd into this article, the parties were thoroughly well-known, and attestations of the doctors, physicians and eminent public personages were given to M. Montgeron, the chief historian of the movement. And all this, and hundreds of other marvels, were effected without any visible cause, or human aid, and in the face of all the known laws by which medical science has heretofore operated. Those who desire to learn still further details of these marvels, especially to trace out the shameful persecutions with which the Jesuits and Catholic Church party opposed to the Jansenists visited their anger on the subjects of these cures, should read Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," or the French works named in the early part of this article, from either of which full information of the twenty years of marvel following upon the Abbe Paris's death can be obtained. I cannot forbear from quoting one significant page from Howitt's "History of the St. Medard Convulsionnaires." Writing of Mlle. Cartari's cure, the author says:

"The attestation to the facts by medical men and public officers at Nanterre, her place of abode, and in Paris, are perfect. This is precisely a similar case to that of Mlle. Perrier, the niece of the celebrated Pascal, as already stated; and what is most extraordinary, that cure was effected simply by her wiping her eyes with a napkin which had been laid on the tomb, as she was too ill to be carried there. Those who laugh at this may as well at the same time laugh at St. Paul, who sent napkins and handkerchiefs from his own body for the same purpose."

Howitt further says, at page 167, "History of the Supernatural":

"The Convulsionnaires, who in the progress of the miracles fell into convulsions, resemble in some points the recent cases of the revivalists, though they exceed them in the marvelous. Bishop Douglas admits that many of them were invulnerable to fire. Many weak women received blows on the chest, which in a normal state would have killed them, and expressed delight in them."

One man, as attested by great numbers, lay upon a stout peg fixed in the ground ten inches high, sharply pointed, and then made half-a-dozen persons stand on his chest without hurting him. Montgeron says: "Jane Mouler, a girl of twenty-three, standing with her back against the wall, received upon her stomach two hundred violent blows from a hammer weighing thirty pounds, the girl declaring she could only be relieved by violent blows, and exhorting the operators again and again 'to strike harder.' . . . La Yaste, Boyer and many other authors added that they heard the Convulsionnaires speak in languages they had never learned, and some of them understood perfectly words addressed to them in Greek, Hebrew and Latin."

On account of the vast number of historical notices that have appeared from time to time concerning the famous St. Medard Convulsionnaires, I may once more say I am prepared to hear the familiar comment passed on the foregoing article of, "Oh, I know all about this history already. Why does not the editor give us something new?" Anticipating such a question, the editor proposes to answer by asking a few additional questions. Assuming that the multiplicity of the accounts which have been given of these marvels, and that from the most authoritative sources, is sufficient guarantee for their general reliability, we ask *a priori*, what can we think of the medical profession when, with all their boasted learning and experience, they have failed either to discover or apply the same means of cure by which every ill that flesh is heir to, even to the decay and destruction of flesh, glands and tissues, was, at St. Medard, instantaneously cured and renovated? Secondly: What can we think of the scientific world, the professed interpreters of all the laws of matter and force, when we can record events that defy all the known laws of said matter—such, for example, as blows given with a heavy hammer, a single stroke of which would smash any crushable object into atoms, reduplicated over a hundred times on the body of a frail girl without producing any other effect than that of pleasure and benefit? And thirdly: What can we think of the clergy, the professed interpreters of all spiritual matters, when they can see all the known laws of matter, mind and force transcended; all theories, experiences, and the known order of nature reversed, and that through the influence of a dead man's grave?

I, the mere transcriber of scenes established as indubitably as any other records of history in any time or clime, do not, in this place, pretend to answer these questions; but I ask them of those whose professions and life-long business it is to answer them, and until they do, the facts that I have noted remain as marks of contempt and reproach, alike on their lack of capacity, and the apathy as well as ignorance with which they pass them by, or attempt to stamp them out by weak and inadmissible denials of their truth.

And yet this movement, with all its seemingly inexplicable marvels, is but a revelation of the providential scheme of revelations, by which alone man's relation to "God the Spirit" can be known. In the days of antiquity religion was derived from spiritual sources, and the pure nature and dominance of spirit over matter. Priestcraft was instituted, and soon overlaid the truth of spiritual religion by solemn mysteries, external rites, and the force of ceremonial observances, all designed to play into the hands of the priests, and establish their wealth and power. God the spirit, who never leaves himself without a witness, inspired Jesus of Nazareth to arise and restore religion to the ministry of angels, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Again, a selfish, proud, and luxurious priesthood crushed out the truth and simplicity of this pure religion by masses of incomprehensible creeds, mystic rites and absorption of all power and boundless wealth in their own hands, and this rule of mystery, the mother of all abominations, the clergy enforced upon the ignorant masses by awful threats of eternal perdition and vain promises of eternal rewards. Again, and again, and

all through the ages, inspired men and inspired bands of men arose in rebellion against the hideous incubus of an autocratic and self-created priesthood. Such were the Lollards, the Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Camisards; and hosts of others, peasants and nobles alike, who, stirred up by the Divine Spirit under the influence of a high, mighty, and powerful spiritual affluence, each in their day and time, waged war in heaven against the earthly dragon of selfishness and lust of wealth and power. Such leaders arose as Huss, Luther, Savonarola, Bruno, Swedenborg, Henri Arnaud, Joan of Arc, the French prophets, and many another noble and inspired being, and each did their work for the day and hour in which they lived.

Were this life all, as that work most invariably ended in martyrdom, this life would have indeed been God's failure in humanity; but when it is remembered that Calvary is the footstool of Paradise, and that the hour of martyrdom bears fruitage in the eternal joy and glory of heaven, which of the world's reformers, heroes and martyrs, living their lives over again, would withhold one blow they ever struck for God and the truth, or shrink back from rock, dungeon, or fiery death as the pathway to God and glory?

Meantime the spirits of the departed, opening their eyes to the realities of the life hereafter, have striven indomitably and ceaselessly to pour out upon blind, deluded humanity the actual facts of the life to which they have ascended and awaken the powers of the spirit in man to do battle against the lusts and temptations of the flesh. Let it ever be remembered that the great Rosicrucian theories are true. God understands, and, as it is above, so it is below.

Those who know aught of the realities of the midregion spirit spheres, know, too, that much of what ascends from below shapes and determines that which is above.

Man, uninformed during the Dark Ages, of the power and application of electricity, magnetism, psychology and other mental and imperceptible forces, could not send to the life beyond, spirits whose death all at once informed of these potencies; hence, the real powers through which spirits controlled their subjects depended partly upon atmospheric, solar and astral—conditions, and partly on the enthusiasm awakened in the minds of special individuals by great and startling phenomena.

Here, then, is the secret of the seemingly spasmodic and erratic development of spiritual outpourings, such as those denominated witchcraft, the St. Medard convulsions, the various preaching epidemics, the marvels stimulated by high religious enthusiasm amongst the early Christian martyrs, the peasants of the Vauds, the devotees amongst the noble French prophets of Avignon, and countless numbers both of individuals and masses, who, stimulated by high religious fervor in their own natures, furnished vast spiritual armies with the mental affluence that enabled them to work wonders on earth—wonders now to be explained only on the hypothesis of favoring magnetic conditions in the atmosphere, conditions of enthusiastic exaltation induced by suffering in humanity, and the constant watch and ward of angelic ministry over God's children on earth.

When these conditions failed, became changed, or faded out, the power of the angels ceased to be available.

And so it has ever been, until Mesmer and his devoted followers passed from earth with an experimental knowledge of how to produce and induce conditions in good subjects. So it has ever been, until Ben Franklin carried with him to the courts of spiritual life above, the experimental knowledge that electricity, magnetism, attraction, repulsion, chemical affinity in the metals, throbbing motion in the vegetable kingdom and life in animated beings were one and all parts of the same force, and that force the soul of things! We stand now on the verge of these stupendous discoveries. We live in the age when the spirits of earth, acting and reacting with the exalted souls that have passed beyond, can respond surely and practically to the cry of suffering humanity for "light, more light," with the response echoing through the corridors of infinity, "And there shall be light." As it is above, so it is below, and the spirits enfranchised from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition are pleading with men to break asunder the chains which priestcraft have forged around them, rise in the truth, purity, and dignity of a spiritual religion, and commence the life of eternal progress on earth, so that it may be well with them to move upward and onward, instead of downward and backward, when they become enfranchised spirits. I know not, even while I write, surrounded by the noble masters whose servant and scribe I am, whether this generation is worthy to found the Church of Spirit, whether the working of the spiritual telegraph above does or does not fall on cold hearts, sluggish hands, and unworthy recipients below.

I know not; and when in my deep and heartfelt thankfulness that Spiritualism has at length come, founded on a basis of indestructible facts and scientific principles, I have ventured to hope that all men should rejoice in it and honor it, as I do, I look with surprise, and yet more sorrow, to find my deep and reverent acceptance of Spiritualism, as the religion of the world, is endorsed only by the few, whilst its signs and wonders alone are regarded, but not interiorly applied, by the many.

For this cause I should bow my head in grief, even in shame, and deem my life-long work for the past thirty years thrown away, did I not hear the voices of many spirits chiding, in tones of divine harmony, that same life-long charge with which they have guided and directed my work: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."—*The Unseen Universe, London.*

The soil of Hayti is so fertile that three crops are often raised in a year. The natives, however, are too indolent to avail themselves of these advantages, and they only work for enough to enable them to live.

Pairs of articles, such as gloves, shoes, socks, etc., are not transmissible by mail to foreign countries at the postage rates and conditions applicable to "samples of merchandise," but one article of a pair may be so transmitted.

A strange custom is followed by Mexican farmers. They use oxen of one color in the morning, and another color in the afternoon. They do not know why, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it.

## A LESSON FOR THE TIMES

Continued from First Page.

must be reformed here instead of pushing them into the hereafter. No demons will then return to curse the earth from which they have been driven by drink, hunger, wretchedness and crime; and in this true and blessed religion of Spiritualism, we shall have reforms on earth that will stretch away throughout all the spirit spheres of earth, and thus create a new heaven and a new earth."—*The Unseen Universe, London, Eng.*

### A LYCEUM LESSON.

Live in the Top Story.

I want you to try to knock off your cap without moving your hand, merely by moving the muscles of your head. Perhaps only two boys out of this company will be able to do it. Yes, there is a boy does it first-rate. Now, I want you to try and move your ears without touching them with your hands. There are two or three boys with this power of moving their ears. Now, how in the world do you get that power? There are only two or three boys out of a hundred can twitch their ears without touching them, and move the muscles of the scalp. That muscle is the very same muscle you find inside a lion's head. It is the muscle with which a lion raises its mane, when it wants to look very dignified and fierce. It is the same kind of a muscle a cat uses when it wants to blow itself out when fighting with another cat, and the same muscle as the bubbly-jock uses when it wants to make you frightened at it. Now, how do a few people have it? Scientific people tell us that long ago our forefathers were animals, and these muscles are the survival of those old days. The muscle that cocks the ear is the same muscle as the rabbit and hare and deer have for cocking their ears, and it still survives in quite a number of people; and if you run your finger round the inside of the outside of your ear, you will find a little hard tip, which they tell us was the tip of the ear before it began to fold up. If I took you to see a skeleton you would find that we have also a number of bones peculiar to animals. For instance, every boy or girl has a very distinct tail, quite defined, made up of seven or eight bones. I suppose you know how a man got those two buttons on the back of his coat? In old days when a man went out to dinner he usually went on horseback, and in crossing rivers he usually looped up the tails of his coat with these buttons, and so saved them getting squashed. The use of these buttons has long since been forgotten, but still a man would soon go without his shoes as without these buttons. Well, this muscle that works the scalp, and this muscle that cocks the ear, are like these two buttons—they are relics of things that once had a meaning. Very well, that means that we have in ourselves part of the bodies of these animals, but that means a great deal more. It means that you and I have in us something of the dispositions of these animals. There is a tiger, for instance, in half of the boys even of this company, and a bear in three or four more, and a snake in another. Well, when you are tempted to be fierce like a tiger, or to be sulky and surly like a bear, or to do a sneaking thing like a serpent, you at once know where that comes from. It is not you at all, it is the other fellow who lived long, long ago, and you are not to think it is all over with you when the bear begins to growl and the serpent begins to hiss. What you are responsible for is not these things being there, but for not allowing them to have any say in your life and conduct, and the more you study the temptations that come into your mind the more you are able to trace them to the lower creation, out of which we are gradually developing. The scientific people tell us that we were animals for millions of years. We then became savages, and every boy here has more or less of the savage in him. So, in fact, boys are built in three stories; the bottom story is a den of wild beasts, a perfect Noah's Ark of evil practices and bad habits. And above that story is a den of savages, and they send all kinds of cruel and heartless and selfish thoughts into our minds; and above that, in the top story, there lives the real boy.

I tell you that for two reasons—that you may not be afraid of temptation, as if it were sin. Instead of being sin, it is a good thing, as many of you know. It is the opportunity of virtue, and it is just when we have temptations to fight against that we are able to become strong. And I tell you that for another reason, to keep you humble, in spite of the magnificent position you have earned for yourselves as soldiers in this boys' brigade, to remember, though the boy is having his innings while you have this meeting, the tiger and the savage are still in your nature, and will be to the end of the chapter. So let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. And it may be an unmanly thing to say, but I think the best thing to do when the bear begins to growl, and the savage begins to suggest, and the lower nature begins to try to gain the upper hand, is to close your fist and try to fight them off. It is perhaps a cowardly thing to say, but there is no need to face them—simply to turn your back and fly. These things are stronger than you are, because the boy is young. He has only been living in the world perhaps a few thousand years, and the savage first began a hundred thousand years before that, so that is the position of a boy in charge of a savage and an animal, and the best way is just to turn our backs on them and fly. An open fight is very little use, because we are almost sure to come off worst when we try that plan. But by far the best way is not to live in the lower part of our nature at all. Paul put that splendidly in one sentence, when he said: "Walk in the Spirit"—that is, walk, live in the top story. Live all your life there, and then the evil suggestions will never come to you. But if a boy once allows himself to go into the cellar, he will very soon begin to live there. He will constantly be tempted to live in the lower nature; but if he begins the awful battle in the strength of the Spirit that is beginning to form in him, he will not have difficulty with temptations. You can kill an animal by starving, and you can starve any temptation in the same way, so that it will have no power. Why is it so per cent have lost the power of moving these muscles? Because it has been such a long time since they were used that they have got rusty like an old hinge, and won't work any more.

Every boy out of these hundreds confessed that he had been tempted to tell lies, but if the machinery that works the lie has got rusty by disuse all these years, the chances are you will never tell a lie again. There is a boy who loses his temper sometimes. The machinery for that is oiled and kept in repair; but if the boy has stopped feeding it and nourishing it, in ten years he will wonder he ever had a temper at all. And so on; we have so to give up being or thinking about them that they become less part of ourselves.

I will close by saying one thing more. In these letters I found a great deal said about evil companions, and nearly every boy is terribly down on bad companions. Don't think of them as boys to be cut, but think of them, if you are strong enough, as boys to be lifted up and helped. Boys, it is not enough merely that you should hold your heads up over the rest of your fellows. It will do you harm; it will make you prigs, unless you keep up your sympathy even with bad boys. There may be some boys strong enough to touch a bad boy, and where boys are strong and brave enough, instead of avoiding them, get in amongst them and leave the lump. Our business here is not merely to be ministered unto, but to minister; and I don't see why every boy here should not be a means of rescuing these very fellows from the mud and giving them a chance. When you think that you, too, have a tiger, a bear, a snake, and a savage in you—when you think of them as sympathetic feelings rising in your heart, and you don't blame them so much as you are inclined to do. You say these fellows have not had a chance. —*Henry Drummond, in "The Two Worlds," London.*

Psychometric reading of a peculiar serrated tooth from the phosphate beds of North Carolina. I am on the bottom of a river; the rocks are covered with a heavy green slime. I can feel the pressure of the water all around me. There are many great yellow jelly-fish, veined throughout with red. There is something in the bottom which looks like an enormous crab. He has funny-shaped "feelers," six or seven feet long. His body is three-sided; the point of the triangle is his head. Half-way down his sides are the long claws or "feelers." He has lots of smaller legs curled up under him. There comes something that looks like a seal. He is of a dark green color. He has a green tail. It has five divisions which look like rudimentary fingers. I should think it got its food with its tail. It has a very intelligent head and beautiful eyes. Here comes another little fellow like a skate. He stops suddenly on seeing the big fellow. The big one is intending to catch the little one. He has fins like a shark as well as flippers. He is moving these about, and the water has become dark. I cannot see the little one. The big one is rising in the water, and I am going up with him. Now he is on the top of the water, and puts his nose out to breathe. Now he is sinking again. There! He has caught the little fellow with his tail. He has turned the middle tongue or finger of his tail around the tail of the skate-like fish. The skate is expelling something that is like rancid oil. Now the big one has crawled upon a boulder with the little one. He is turning his tail toward his head. He is striking the little fellow against a rock. Now he has broken off a small part of the skate, and I can see it sinking away. A dense, black, inky fluid exudes from the skate where he is injured. It floats away in an inky stream, and does not mix with the water. The skate is dying; I can see him shudder. The seal has his black eyes turned towards the skate, and is watching the black, inky trail stretch away through the water. The black fluid is running less and less. Now the stream is only as big as my finger; now it is not larger than a pencil; now it only drops; now it has stopped. The seal is turning around. He is larger than I thought he was. His head is almost around to his tail. He cannot reach the skate, and keep his hold on the rock. He makes a noise like a sea-lion. He has called another one like himself. Ah! they are going to tear the skate to pieces. The last one catches hold with his tail, too. Now they have each got a part of the skate, and are eating him. They have both got teeth like the one I hold. Let me see: There are no teeth in front on either jaw; but on the sides there are three on the lower; and two on the upper jaw on each side. They fit in closely together, and the seals seem to suck or strain the fish through them. December 2, 1891.

The third specimen was apparently a portion of the upper jaw of some animal without teeth.

The psychometrist tried this several different times, and said that the only thing she was able to see was an enormous toad or frog. He was so large that several people could stand on his back at once. His head was three and a half or four feet from the ground. His color was a dark greenish-brown, and his back had many large dirty white spots. His face and nose were somewhat different from the small frog we know. He sat stolidly in the grass, and his feet were quite hidden in the reeds, so that the psychometrist could not see whether his feet were webbed or not.—*Light, London.*

Madame Blavatsky and the Butterflies.

As I was (on another occasion) witness of the butterfly phenomenon described by Colonel Olcott in his notes on Madame Blavatsky, it occurs to me that a contemporary record of an independent observation may not be without interest in point of evidence. I extract from a diary I began on arrival at New York, September 6, 1875, so much as relates to the incident in question. "Called on Colonel Olcott, and was taken by him in the evening to Madame Blavatsky's. Present: Mr. S. [I suppress names, as Colonel Olcott does so], an Englishman (Editor of the American Bibliophile), Signor B. (an Italian artist, formerly secretary to Mazzini), Colonel O., Madame Blavatsky, and myself. Signor B. asked me if I thought spirits could materialize themselves into butterflies. There were none visible to me in the room then, but the windows were wide open. About a quarter of an hour, and in came a butterfly fluttering about the room. 'Let us have another,' said Madame B., and looked toward the window as if summoning one. Almost directly another one came in. Then they were required to disappear. One of them did, but the other not for some time, when it got behind the valance of the curtain. I thought little of this, though it impressed Olcott, because they did not fly to the candles, after the nature of moths (and they were nothing but large moths)." However, I did it added that on the next night I saw one of these large moths there, which did go to the candle, "so I think they must be frequent visitors, and that no magic is required to account for them." Then further: "Olcott told me he had seen [Signor] B. bring clouds over the moon on a clear, cloudless night—but twenty minutes intervened between the summons and the appearance—time enough for a light cloud to arise naturally, and in a city the horizon is not seen." This gentleman favored me with another slight display of his powers of mystification, but I seem to have subjected the performance to a very skeptical criticism.—*C. C. M., in Light, London.*

lies, but if the machinery that works the lie has got rusty by disuse all these years, the chances are you will never tell a lie again. There is a boy who loses his temper sometimes. The machinery for that is oiled and kept in repair; but if the boy has stopped feeding it and nourishing it, in ten years he will wonder he ever had a temper at all. And so on; we have so to give up being or thinking about them that they become less part of ourselves.

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## PSYCHOMETRY.

### Various Things Psychometrized.

Some eight months ago, when in America, I was much interested in the fossil teeth and bones which a friend had collected from the phosphate deposits which were dredged from the rivers in North Carolina, U. S. A.

I was curious to know more about the strange animals to which these fragments of curious shape and mammoth size belonged, and borrowed three of the smallest specimens in order to try the power of psychometry in bringing back the pictures of Mesozoic life.

Handing these to a friend who possesses this wonderful power of reading the imperishable astral pictures, I took the following notes, while the psychometrist described the scenes of—who shall say how many hundreds of thousands of years ago?

The descriptions are so graphic that I think they may interest your readers.—*N. in Light, London, July 18, 1892.*

Psychometric reading from large tooth found in the phosphate deposits in North Carolina. Size 4-by-3-by-2 inches; deeply corrugated; evidently belonged to herbivorous animal.

I see a beautiful white beach, which is different from our New England sand or gravel beaches. The sun is setting, and the sky is very beautiful. The blue sky is deeper than I have ever seen, while the clouds are piled up like castles. There are hundreds of small, crawling worms on the beach. There are tall trees in the distance. Now I am further up the river, among the trees I saw a moment ago. The banks of the stream are lined with beautiful ferns of enormous height; some are twenty feet high, others are small and very delicate, and of a light green color. There are some magnificent red flowers, like poppies; they are three feet in diameter, and have brilliant red petals and dark centers. Now here are some light blue ones, fully a yard in diameter, with some of the petals curled up; the stamens are three-quarters of an inch thick, and covered with heavy pollen. There is a big alligator or lizard, covered with brown scales; he is lashing his tail, as if in anger, and his scales are movable, and rise and fall; his tail is fifteen or twenty feet long. His body is so heavy that he cannot lift himself to his feet.

Now it is very swampy, and the air is still, and as hot as a furnace. Now I hear a strange noise—there is a tiny vine with small yellow flowers. It is very hot and still. Nothing moves except where the alligator is lashing his tail. The tall trees I saw are palms, and have a very rough bark.

Now the river stretches out into a shallow lake. I can see the heads of several alligators above the water. When they open their mouths you could put a stick four feet long between their jaws.

Oh! what a beautiful pink cloud! I never saw anything so delicate. I like to watch it.

There are waxy flowers of the lotus family on the water: they are as big as a bushel basket. They are of a creamy white with great yellow centers, and have a very heavy perfume. Here comes an enormous alligator. He could not open his mouth in this room. He has great brown scales, with an inside ring of white, and the center is black, with six white spots on each. His teeth are very white. Oh! he has caught a snake and swallowed him! The lotus-shaped flowers are very beautiful; they have leaves shaped more like a plantain leaf than a lily leaf.

Here is another creature, with a head like a great hog. It is lying on the ground and trying to get up. The swampy ground looks as if it would not hold him. He is as much as twenty-five feet long. His feet look like seal's flippers. He has a short, small tail, like that of an ox. His hide is a dirty gray color, and thick, like that of a rhinoceros. He has great, drab-colored ears. His eyes are eight inches in diameter, and stand out from the head. They look like great black balls fastened on his head.

When he moves his ears the ferns wave about. He has teeth like this one I hold, great, double teeth on the front and sides of each jaw. He is trying to get up. Now he is sitting up like a cat. When his tail strikes the reeds it breaks them over; they are like our bullrushes, only larger, and have a semi-liquid white pith. Now he has got up. What a funny-looking thing! His legs are not over three feet long. I do not know whether he can walk, but he can roar.

There is another smaller one; there are three little ones. I see now that this is the cow-creature, and these are her calves. She could not get up without crushing them. One of the little ones has a funny tail with a white tuft. She is roaring like a lion. The feet of

all of them are not adapted to the land. She is trying to get to the water. I can hear a monkey chatter. Yes; there he is, over the big animal, swinging from a tree by his tail. He is as big as I am. The beast looks as if she were hurt. She has a great wound in her shoulder, and is bleeding terribly.

Another animal just like this one is coming; I can see his head through the brakes. He has teeth just like the other. He is so heavy he can hardly move. Now two of the little ones have returned, and one is still tumbling in the water.

December 2, 1891.

Psychometric reading of a peculiar serrated tooth from the phosphate beds of North Carolina.

I am on the bottom of a river; the rocks are covered with a heavy green slime. I can feel the pressure of the water all around me. There are many great yellow jelly-fish, veined throughout with red. There is something in the bottom which looks like an enormous crab. He has funny-shaped "feelers," six or seven feet long. His body is three-sided; the point of the triangle is his head. Half-way down his sides are the long claws or "feelers." He has lots of smaller legs curled up under him.

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He is moving these about, and the water has become dark. I cannot see the little one. The big one is rising in the water, and I am going up with him. Now he is on the top of the water, and puts his nose out to breathe. Now he is sinking again.

There! He has caught the little fellow with his tail. He has turned the middle tongue or finger of his tail around the tail of the skate-like fish. The skate is expelling something that is like rancid oil. Now the big one has crawled upon a boulder with the little one. He is turning his tail toward his head. He is striking the little fellow against a rock. Now he has broken off a small part of the skate, and I can see it sinking away. A dense, black, inky fluid exudes from the skate where he is injured. It floats away in an inky stream, and does not mix with the water.

The skate is dying; I can see him shudder. The seal has his black eyes turned towards the skate, and is watching the black, inky trail stretch away through the water. The black fluid is running less and less. Now the stream is only as big as my finger; now it is not larger than a pencil; now it only drops; now it has stopped.

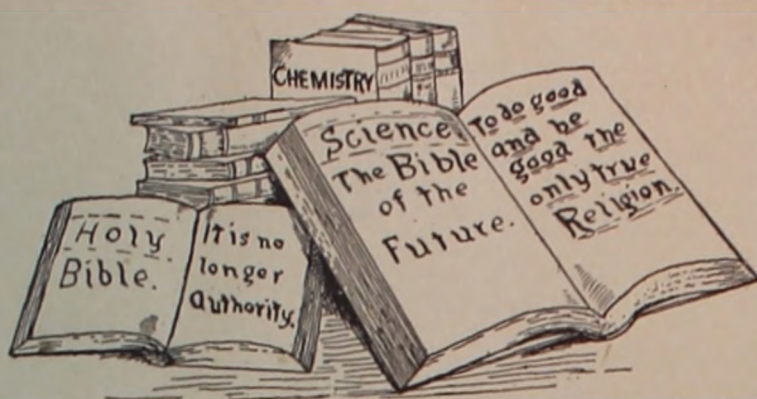
The seal is turning around. He is larger than I thought he was. His head is almost around to his tail. He cannot reach the skate, and keep his hold on the rock. He makes a noise like a sea-lion. He has called another one like himself. Ah! they are going to tear the skate to pieces. The last one catches hold with his tail, too. Now they have each got a part of the skate, and are eating him.

They have both got teeth like the one I hold. Let me see: There are no teeth in front on either jaw; but on the sides there are three on the lower; and two on the upper jaw on each side. They fit in closely together, and the seals seem to suck or strain the fish through them.

December 2, 1891.

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## HOLY SCIENCE.

It Is to Be the Bible of the Future.

SCIENCE THE TRUE HELPER OF MAN.

The present age is essentially scientific, and as such it will be known in the future. Thought is constantly developing in new directions, and its discoveries are being formulated on a systematized basis. There is hardly any branch of knowledge that has not in our day been extended beyond what our forefathers probably ever even imagined, while discoveries in physical science have advanced to a marvelous extent. It is in this field that laws have been recognized that have entirely altered the current of opinion upon many subjects, and caused men to remodel their earlier notions as to man, his nature, and destiny. This change has provoked much violent opposition, both from the adherents to ancient customs and habits, and from the dogmatic theologians, who ever fear that their faith is in danger whenever new truths are brought to light. It is a peculiar fact that the further removed any subject is from the possibility of real knowledge being obtained, the more dogmatic and persistent will be the opinions held regarding it. Hence, speculative theories are always adhered to and fought over with a zeal that is seldom shown in the field of positive knowledge.

Being a scientific age, it is necessarily a practical one, and the wild theories that were accepted with satisfaction in times past will not content the inquiring minds of the nineteenth century. The teaching that there is a supernatural providence ever ready to help in the hour of need may suit for pulpit declamation, but it finds little or no recognition in the real business of life. That which is professed to be a help to man must be capable of having its power of assistance demonstrated here and now. The world has grown tired of looking "beyond the skies" for service while the ever-present helper, science, is to be found on earth. When men relied upon some imaginary providence apart from the domain of the natural, the conditions of society were deplorable in the extreme. Disease, premature old age and early deaths were the general characteristics of the period, and the many advantages of existence enjoyed to-day were almost entirely unknown. The human family yearned for deliverance from their misery and woe, but the deliverer was repulsed by priestcraft. The Church flourished in all its power, sermons were preached, prayers were offered up, and faith in the unseen providence was extolled; but redemption did not come. Ultimately, however, the genius of man discovered in science a real savior, and rescued this helper of man from the confines of ignorance, bigotry and credulity; and, through indomitable human energy and persistent labors science was permitted to commence its career of emancipation. Its progress unfortunately reveals a sad conflict between the friends of mental freedom and the adherents to a traditional faith. Reason has had to cope with misguided emotions, and intellectual discrimination has had to fight against the stagnation of theology. Scientists have been misrepresented and their efforts depreciated by orthodox teachers who were sagacious enough to foresee that the triumph of science meant the decline of their influence over the minds of the general masses. From almost the very inception of modern science the Church declared war against it, and all its various developments and advancing stages have been marked by an irreconcilable warfare with the exponents of theology. As the Rev. R. Ferguson, in his *Penalty of Greatness*, in speaking of the Roman Catholic Church, remarks: "Not only were means taken to prevent any, even the least, difference of religious opinion, by the invention of the most finished instruments of torture and suffering, but science itself became the object of burning jealousy and persecution. Men were made to deny the very laws of nature." Similar opposition to, and condemnation of science have been manifested by Protestants. Dr. Andrew D. White gives many instances of this in his *Warfare of Science*, and truly observes: "Warfare of this sort against science seems petty indeed; but it is to be guarded against in Protestant countries not less than in Catholic."

It is almost superfluous at the present time to indicate the benefits of science, inasmuch as its advantages in every department of life are so apparent. No one can accurately deny but that it has proved itself to be the unprecedented helper of the human race. Experience has established the fact that a proper adherence to its laws secures healthy bodies, directs aright the resources of the mind, and proves the greatest factor in promoting the harmony and well-being of society in general. Without its aid we should still be surrounded by the state of physical wretchedness and moral degradation that existed during the period of theological domination; without its discoveries the superstition and fanaticism of the Dark Ages would still cloud the intellect and stifle the reason of man; without its influence the world would still be in a chaotic condition of desolation, and its people the unfortunate victims of a semi-barbarism. In the domain of the emotional part of our nature, too, science plays an important and an effective

part. To study the universe in all its grand and sublime beauty; the millions of glittering stars which illuminate the heavens; the earth with its green covering, its flowers of every hue that adorn its surface; the rippling brook, the rolling waters of the ocean, the rainbow forming an arch above; the singing of the birds—all these impart a joy unspeakable and produce feelings of delight and veneration within those who come under such magic influences.

Regarding science as the true helper of man, we hold it to be not only distinct from theology, but entirely opposed to its pretensions. Theology and science have always been antagonistic to each other, and their disagreement has been felt by the disciples of each whenever they have come into contact. In the early ages men had no knowledge of the laws of nature, and then theology reigned with unlimited sway; but the first dawning of the sun of science deprived it of some of its power, and it has been gradually becoming weaker up to the present time. The advocates of theology have been gradually giving way, conceding bit by bit of their territory, till at the present time the throne of their champion is beginning to totter, and the disciples of science have a hope in the future.

Science is confined to this world, its experiments are conducted, its discoveries are made and its results are proved in nature, and nowhere else; theology pertains to some other world, and its teachings refer to the alleged supernatural; science enjoins reliance on human effort, theology inculcates dependence on something more than human; science is systematized truth, theology is chaotic speculation; science is based upon the uniformity of natural law, theology postulates an interference with the "order of nature;" science rests on knowledge and experience, theology on conjecture and vain hopes; science is the helper of man, theology is claimed as the servant of God. The object of science is to secure as far as possible the happiness of man on earth; theology professes to provide him with bliss in heaven. "Science is a white-robed messenger of love, theology is a dark-robed demon of fear; science is the day of light and joy, theology is the night wrapped in darkness and gloom; science is a mantle adorning the living present, theology is a shroud covering the dead past; science is the herald of progress, theology is a dungeon of despair." Thus it will be seen that science is the friend of man, while theology is the weapon of the priest which he has too frequently used to degrade the masses, limiting their rights and fettering their intellects. In the words of Colonel Ingersoll, "science is modest and merciful, theology is arrogant and cruel. The hope of science is in the perfection of the human race, the hope of theology is the salvation of the few and the damnation of almost everybody else."—Charles Watts, in the *Freethinker*.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

A SPIRIT LIKENESS OF A DECEASED FRIEND TAKEN ON A SENSITIZED PLATE IN COMPLETE DARKNESS.

Whilst experimenting in spirit photography, we (Mr. Rita and myself) were requested by the spirits to try for a likeness in the dark. Mr. Rita was the sitter on this occasion. I handled the plate entirely myself. The room was lighted on one side by two windows, covered with very heavy curtains, and as it was evening, when these curtains were drawn no light was visible; I could not see the sitter or any object in the room. In connection with light it may be mentioned here that when the plate was developed the light was on the opposite side to the windows, so that it could not have come from that source. I focused him in the light, and having previously scratched my initials on the film of the plate at the corner, it was placed into the dark slide and put into the camera. I now remarked to Mr. Rita that we had forgotten to ask how long we were to expose it, and a voice said, close to my ear, "I will tell you," and after about forty-five seconds (a very long exposure for a dry plate), I heard the same voice say, "That will do." I put on the cap, dropped the shutter, and went with Mr. Rita into the developing room, where we were delighted to see the two figures appear on the plate, one of which was Mr. Rita as sitter, and the other the spirit likeness of Mr. Morrita Pardo, who, previous to emigrating to the Cape of Good Hope, carried on the profession of dentist, at 21 Victoria road, Victoria Park, and who passed away between five and six years ago.

This we did not know at the time. Since Mr. Pardo went out to South Africa, we had quite lost sight of him, and did not know whether he was dead or alive. He had not been in our thoughts for some years, so that no mental action on our part could in any way account for his likeness coming on the plate under such extraordinary circumstances, but that it was Mr. Pardo's likeness all were certain who knew him. The question then arose as to whether it was a likeness of a living person then at a distance. This point we had no means of determining. But we lost sight of no opportunity to establish the fact that it was indeed a likeness of Mr. Pardo. Mr. Robbins, for instance, showed a print of the portrait to a young lady of his acquaintance. She had lived next door to Mr. Pardo, and knew him

well. Mr. Robbins said to her: "Can you tell me whose likeness this is?" She at once replied: "Mr. Pardo's." She was certain of it, and so were we all. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable, in view of recent knowledge as to the time of Mr. Pardo's death, that we had obtained the portrait of a deceased person, in complete darkness, on a sensitized plate. This is the simple fact, yet it must be admitted a most important fact, and I place it on record with full confidence in the truth of what I am stating.

When I was first introduced to Mr. Pardo, he was an uncompromising opponent of all things spiritual, and Spiritualism in particular. About that time (over a dozen years ago) Mrs. Pardo was suffering from an abscess on the liver, and although her doctor had attended her during the previous six months, no improvement had taken place. Mr. Pardo, hearing of other cases I had cured, asked me if I could cure his wife (no doubt he made sure I should fail). I said I could not tell, but if he was willing to let me try I was ready to make the attempt. I saw her a day or two afterwards, and I made such progress towards a cure that both he and the doctor were surprised, as all pain had left her. I continued to mesmerize her for about a month, and she got rid of her ailment altogether.

This set him thinking that there might be something in what I used to urge in arguing with him upon the truth of spirits helping to effect such cures as this. I suggested that he should have seances at his own house, and he was introduced to the medium, Mr. Haxby, whom he invited to stay a few weeks at his house, with the result that a seance was held once a week. At two or three of these seances I was present, together with about thirteen others, and what took place I think may interest your readers.

Mr. Haxby was placed in a bay window, before which some heavy curtains hung. There was sufficient gas-light to see the features of all the sitters. After waiting about ten minutes, a tall spirit, dressed in Eastern costume, came from the place which served as a cabinet. He was decorated with a quantity of splendid jewelry; on his turban a device was worked in brilliant, a chain hung around his neck, every link of which had about five diamonds set in it, and at the end of it a splendid diamond star, about two inches in diameter, literally ablaze with diamonds. He also wore gold bracelets on his wrists. As I sat nearest to the cabinet, he came straight to me, and gave me such a hearty shake of the hand that I had to check the force exerted. He now took his star in his hand, and held it within ten inches of my face, first looking at the star and then at me. This he repeated several times, and proceeded to shake hands with the company, as far as they would shake with him, but the young people, who all sat together, ran away into the farthest corner of the room upon his putting his hand toward them. Being disappointed with these young people, he came to me and gave just such a forcible shake as before, and went into the cabinet for a moment or two, from which he emerged and shook hands very gently, and went about two feet to my right before the curtain, made three salaams to the company, and began to dissolve, feet first, and went gradually down on the carpeted floor till his head disappeared, leaving a slight phosphorescent light on the carpet about the size of his head—this disappearing in a few moments.

It should be borne in mind by the reader that Mr. Haxby was not in his own house when this manifestation took place, so there could not have been any cleverly-constructed trap-door for the spirit to disappear into; besides we all of us saw the medium come out of the cabinet after the seance was over, and it could not be the medium impersonating the spirit, as it dissolved in view of us all.

Since writing the above I have interviewed Mrs. Pardo. I had lost sight of her for many years, and only knew of her existence from a paragraph in the *Medium*. She at once recognized the likeness of her late husband, and while I was speaking to her she recollected that she had a photo of Mr. Pardo, which we compared with the spirit likeness, and although this spirit likeness is a side-face and the photo a three-quarter face, any one could see at a glance that they represent one and the same man.—Robert Johnston, in *Medium and Daybreak*, London.

The Watkin tower, at last decided to be built at Wembley Park, England, will be 150 feet higher than the Eiffel tower.

The microscopists say that a mosquito has twenty-two teeth in the end of its bill—eleven above and the same number below.

The rent of land in England 300 years ago was about a shilling an acre.

By order of the German emperor there has just been placed in one of the cabins of his yacht a plate recording the fact that "Marshal von Moltke lived here from the 3d to the 10th of September, 1890."

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by Englishmen.

Berlin's 1,315,000 people have only 26,000 dwellings, fifty persons living in each house.

An Atchison, Mo., woman has married a man who, years ago, helped to lynch her first husband.

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Mrs. Anna Jack, of Farmington, Ill., was taken with a severe coughing spell some time ago, and a lump was ejected which is reported to have been a mass of common pins.

## Prophetic Dreams Come True.

Some years ago when living in a country in the far North of Europe, I often heard the natives—who, by the way, are very superstitious—talking of an old nurse who lived in the neighborhood who could interpret dreams. She was a stout, sallow-faced woman with round, mysterious black eyes, to whom, when she was dressed in the fantastical national costume, the character of a "wise woman" seemed to come natural. I had often chaffed her about her occult art, but one dull, wintry day when she happened to come to our house I laughingly told her that I would put her to the test, and let her interpret a dream I had the night before. This dream was so vivid and so simple, that I remembered the details. I was walking very quietly along a country road when suddenly I felt a craving for water which amounted almost to madness. I rushed on and came to a well, and there, though I drank and drank, the horrible feeling of thirst continued. That was all. I only added that I had dreamt this just before waking up in the morning. When I had finished the old nurse looked at me very gravely, and only said: "Thirst and water mean tears. Is anybody among your friends very ill?" "Not that I know of," I replied, and chaffed her a little more. Three days afterwards I got a letter in which I was told that my father, who lived at the other end of Europe, had suddenly died. Later on, when I made inquiries, I was told that he died on the day and at the very hour at which I had the dream.

After reading Mr. Greenwood's article, I discussed the subject of dreams with a lady—a quiet, matter-of-fact woman enough, who said: "I am not in the least surprised at the instances given. I will tell you what happened to me not long ago. Take it for what it is worth. It is a fact. I had a sister of whom I was very fond. She was delicate, but we had no reason to fear that she would be taken away. One day I received a letter from her husband saying she was much better. The night after I dreamt that I was with my sister in her room, helping her to dress. She said: 'Don't trouble; I won't get dressed; I am starting on a long journey, from which I shall never return.' A few days later another letter arrived from my brother-in-law. It had no mourning border, and there was nothing about it that could tell me that it contained special news. 'My sister is dead,' I said when I saw it. And so it was. She had died suddenly."

## A VISION FROM THE LAND OF SHADOWS.

As to the second class of "dreams with a meaning," I have heard many and many a story told by those to whom they had happened, but the following is one of which every word is true. A husband and wife had lived for many years in anything but peaceful domesticity. It was "incompatibility of temper," but it meant endless trouble, endless annoyance. At last the husband died, and the wife, a very sensitive woman, was in agonies of vain remorse. The night after the funeral no sooner had she fallen asleep than she dreamt that her husband was standing beside her, and putting his hand quietly on hers, said: "We must forget and forgive. You will wake up and feel that all is well." And so it was.

## FACES IN THE DARK.

Of the third class of dreams, the visions which come while one is lying in the dark, and before sleep has actually begun, most people know probably something. You look into the darkness, first seeing nothing but a background of deep black, and presently forms begin to float across the darkness, dim and vapory at first, like mists or cloudlets, but developing very soon into beautiful shapes and arabesques. It is my belief that all these "visions" are nothing but optical illusions. Your eyes are tired; they are unaccustomed to look into deep darkness; hence they play havoc with your sight, just as your brain creates fantastic stories after a long day of close work. But the illusions, or whatever else they may be, become in some cases strangely vivid.

Last winter a friend of mine was in great trouble. Her friends could only stand by and pity her, and wait till Time, the comforter, should have done his good work. She would not talk; the cheery face told of nothing but bitter pain and of the determination to "live it down." But all at once she was calmer, almost cheerful; and a little later on she told me what had happened. She woke up early on a gray, dull, winter morning, long before day-dawn, feeling almost suffocated with the burden of grief laid upon her. Rising to get something from an easy-chair at the other end of the room, the dark room suddenly became quite light, although a moment before it had been pitch black, and a dark blind and dark curtains entirely hid the window. She saw the chair quite distinctly, and the wall behind, and as she went towards it, a tall, lovely figure, in white, flowing garments, passed through the streak of pale, white light. It was a winged figure, as we imagine an angel, and in a moment it was gone, and with it the sharpest pangs of pain.

Again, on another occasion, the same lady saw in a similar vision a mass of magnificent flowers of clear, pale pink, standing off against a glowing sky. Next day she made the acquaintance of an old gentleman, who, from that day forth, became a great friend and a most generous supporter of her various charities. Not long ago he had gone away hale and hearty, to spend a few days with friends. One night she saw exactly the same vision of pink roses and a sunset sky. The next day a friend came to tell her that the old gentleman had suddenly died of heart disease.—*Light*, London.

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Scarce a single incident in the career of the seer and poet but is interesting on account of its assisting to reveal the simple humanity of the man. He was a man of like passions with ourselves, and was clothed in a fleshly garment which revealed the influence of the flesh, though not of any devil, although his period was the very heyday of faith in his subtle majesty.

Without in the least lessening the weight of other great seers who have set down their thoughts for the benefit of humanity, we deem that there has been no one comparable to Shakespeare in the force and vigor of dramatic art. Much of the art work of others of his time was caught up from his example and genius. The issues of a lively controversy as to whether he or Bacon wrote the plays may be safely left to die the natural death of all pure illusions, for the illusion is the flimsiest that ever deceived an acute mind. Shakespeare is well-known in the spiritual state of the writer's consciousness, and can be cross-examined quite readily as to the authorship of the plays, and as to any relations with the celebrated author of the "Novum Organum."

Shakespeare wrote the plays as the amanuensis of persons many and various who inspired him from the spirit state. When the world is a little more familiar with this method of inspiration it will be generally seen that this explanation perfectly fits the case as no other can.

We consider that the time has not yet come for Shakespeare to be fully understood. He was without the scientific knowledge which is now common property, and which explains the real meaning of many allusions, which seemed to Shakespeare himself, and to his age, mere rhetoric or poetical allegory. The circulation of the blood in our bodies was set down by him a century before Harvey discovered it as fact. The attraction of gravitation is also clearly indicated by him two centuries before Newton discovered it; and last, not least, the electric telegraph is foreshadowed as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" more than two centuries before Franklin flew his kite.

The dual life of man was wholly unknown to Shakespeare as it is to the vast majority of the earth's inhabitants to-day, so that he had no means of knowing who his inspirers were.

The progress of the race of man is not wholly dependent upon such books as Shakespeare wrote, nor are the conditions of life to-day to be at all compared with the blank ignorance which then generally prevailed. Coining our language as finely and as elegantly as it has ever been moulded since, this seer of the ages was a man for all time. Though our human nature then and now was and is quite unfinished, there are the keystones of every human passion and every noble sentiment in the words of this master of the human heart.

"Somebody has said, 'There is no heresy except a bad life,' and this man seems to have seen that deeds, not words, were the signs by which character is to be read. That shams and all manner of hypocrisy come to the light at sometime or other—that the cruel hunger of selfishness is an unknown quantity, greed an insatiable monster, and cunning the deadliest of all serpents—were well and powerfully illustrated; while saintly purity, many handed benevolence, and ominous honesty, were moral geni of the purest water, and beyond all price in the social state which is refined and noble.

These sentiments of his must be conceded by all critics, and endorsed by all lovers of their kind, so that the theme of an ever unfolding human nature as the order of creation may be said to have been seen and known by the inspirers of our greatest man, and the theory thereof mightily endorsed by the presentment of motives for such evolution individually.

That Shakespeare did not anywhere set forth the principle of "one interest for all" as the only keynote of human happiness may be attributed to the total impossibility of applying it in his period; but his greatest line, put into the mouth of an old man who had learnt wisdom in the school of a bitter experience, may be quoted as the acme of divinity in man, and unsurpassable by any item of any creed in any age or country, "Love thyself last." Confronted with this estimate of the "Swan of Avon," we must predicate that the time and the conditions under which he wrote were such that the wisdom of the teachers who taught through him had to be toned down and diluted to suit the age. Consummately wonderful is it that in the midst of a generation so coarse and foul in manners there was any possibility of making the moral sentiments heard, or getting currency for such noble devotion as that of Cordelia to her father—such appeals for mercy as that addressed to the relentless Jew—such penetrative insight of life as that expressed in Hamlet's soliloquy, or such perfect love on both sides as is set forth in the characters of Romeo and Juliet. These must needs compel our admiration and warmest praise.

More than one or two persons of note have said that Shakespeare was an over-praised

man. We think differently, for the following reasons: There is in his work the consummate mastery of human emotion, of human pathos, and of human reverence which mark the perfect scholar of nature. More than any other soft and tender emotion, the passion of real love between the sexes has been expressed and illustrated by him at its very best. All the other sacred emotions of the human heart are also set forth with a force and a distinctness which is as rare as it is perfectly true to life.

The only doubt the writer ever felt as to whether nature had not been exaggerated was in the passion of revenge as expressed through Shylock, the Jew. This is so demoniacal, as an expression of religious hate, that it might well have been thought to be impossible in actual human life; but the cruelty of religious hatred far outstrips all other forms, and is the saddest type of human madness, and altogether beyond anything thinkable about a Bengal tiger or a starving wolf.

The crown of Shakespeare's genius, however, was more than a sworn revelation of human wisdom; it was his masterly power of dramatization. The actors and actresses are so real, so instinct with life, that thousands have been moved to tears by the deep pathos of the scenes, and roused to a frenzy of indignation by the phenomenal villainy of an Iago, or worked up to savage fury by the cruelties practiced upon poor old Lear.—Robert Harper in *Two Worlds*, London.

## INTERROGATORIES.

## Important Questions Answered.

Mr. W. H. Such writes: "To what extent, if any, does the spiritual body suffer from a sudden or violent separation from the earthly body, as compared with the gradual withdrawal at the close of the ordinary span of earthly life?"

Our impression is that suffering hereafter is due much more to moral and spiritual states than to organic conditions.

It is quite conceivable that many persons live to a ripe old age who are neither spiritually enlightened nor emancipated, and are therefore not by any means prepared to enter upon the higher spiritual life.

We have known old people cling with great tenacity to life, the physical organism has retained right up to the last a strong hold upon the spirit, and people immured in the body of a grossly material or animal tendency are unable to break their bondage to the physical form with any degree of ease or pleasure.

Some young people are more spiritually matured and far more ready for their freedom from the body, in which they felt themselves "cribbed, cabined, and confined," than are some old persons, although it is perhaps generally true that as old age approaches, the ties between the physical and spirit-bodies weaken, and the final severance comes about with comparative ease and painlessness. In the case of sudden death by accident, or drowning, and this will answer the question of "One Groping in the Dark" in last week's "Letter Box," the spirit is unconscious of what has happened, and therefore has no pain.

In cases of drowning and trance, death cannot be said to be complete, or the final severance consummated, until the spirit body has been perfectly withdrawn and the psychic forces completely abstracted from the "form." When once these, say (?) "magnetic" forces have been sufficiently attracted into the spirit-body and the "golden umbilical cord has been severed," death has taken place and resuscitation of the body is impossible.

Andrew Jackson Davis, in his works has at various times described the processes of births into spirit-life, especially in his most recent volume "Light in the Valley." He says that he has watched the spirit forms hovering over the water for days, and seen the emanations ascending and being absorbed by the spirit organism.

In cases of accident which mutilate the body, a period of time must elapse (which, he says, may last several weeks), before the spirit body has become sufficiently independent and vitalized to gain consciousness and remove from the vicinity of the mortal remains. Indeed, the period of unconsciousness may be prolonged even after departure into more spiritual surroundings, attendant spirits superintending the processes of disassociation, and assisting the unconscious newcomer. We speak from memory, not having the book beside us for reference. As to "how and when the spirit enters the body," our impression is that it does not enter the body at all.

All life is spiritual. All growth is due to, and dependent upon spirit, as the originating and causative principle. All "forms" are fashioned in obedience to, and are the embodiment and expression of, a spirit entity which requires a material organism for the manifestation of its inherent qualities and powers. Hence the spirit is first. The Divine Ego is the center of power which causes, when conditions are favorable for that manifestation, the materialization of a body in, by means of, and through which it may unfold its latent possibilities.

The idea that Nature first makes a body—minus a vitalizing spirit—and afterwards, at some unknown period, inserts (or incarnates) a spirit into that embryonic form is one that our spirit teachers do not endorse. Growth, they say, is from within, outwards, from the spirit cause to the natural manifestation; that the spirit entity, in obedience to a law of its being, provides for itself, in accordance with the laws of nature which govern the process, a home in which it can dwell, become self-conscious, learn respecting its own powers, become an interpreter of the great book of Divine Wisdom as represented in Nature and man, and elaborate during earth life the spirit body which is to become its tabernacle in the spheres.—*The Two Worlds*, London.

"Memorial Oration by Colonel Ingersoll on Roscoe Conkling." Delivered before the New York Legislature, May 9, 1888. Price, 4 cents. For sale at this office.

## SPIRIT IDENTITY.

## From the Standpoint of an Observer.

Sir:—It is to be hoped that the readers of *Light* will respond to your editorial queries in the article on this question. The reiterated observation of phenomena in circles seems to lead many minds to the firm conclusion that all these phenomena come from their friends' disembodied spirits; and what is communicated in trance is nearly always taken as coming from the same source. This would be all very well if any large section of the investigators were quite dispassionate and took a strictly unbiased and scientific view of the evidence, which is rarely the case. To the majority of Spiritualists a table moving without visible control of the movement is proof of a spiritual being's presence, and when intelligent answers to questions are given this is considered a positive demonstration, especially if something is conveyed that is unknown to all.

Now (like you), I have observed that communications from alleged spiritual beings in the next stage of existence are sometimes true and sometimes false, but that the average truthfulness of all communications on all points that do not concern identity is far greater than that which affects this particular point. For instance, I had, during some years, communications from a great many so-called "spirits." Many of these informed me who they were, giving their replies through the table, though a trance medium, and by writing, direct and otherwise. What they stated was in nearly all cases correct, but supposing I asked them, "Please tell me your wife's maiden name," in five cases out of six they could not tell me, and when I repeated a number of female Christian names, including the correct name, they were still at a loss, and sometimes gave the wrong one.

One of the communicating spirits (so-called) said he was my father. He was quite cognizant of my past history, and often replied to questions in my mind, but unuttered. Moreover he materialized, and bore a very exact resemblance to my deceased father, but on three out of seven times that he came he could not reply to the question, "What was my mother's maiden name?" Now, the actions of this being were very serious and devout. It knelt in the circles and prayed. It put its hand on my head and said, "God bless you, my son." It gave a great many absolutely truthful communications and spoke sensibly; but it gave me the impression of an automaton that was fixed in a kind of mental groove, and when taken out of this groove it was quite helpless. This impression was not confined to the times when a "form" was observed, but also when the alleged "spirit" spoke through a medium, on the table or by writing.

I have an idea why these seeming discrepancies arise, but it is very difficult to put it into words. I will try. The spiritual condition after death is, I believe, one of mind, or rather thought. Everything seen or felt is first of all in the mind or soul, and by the action of the mind or soul it becomes objective. Consequently, a house, a landscape, a person, or assemblage of persons, are simply so many mind pictures objectified. Some can evidently make these mind pictures to be seen by others, in which case the mental pictures of themselves and their belongings is seen by some, and not seen by those over whom they have not this power. I have taken two (so-called) "spirits" and asked them simply to describe what they saw from my window. Both their descriptions were altogether unlike the actual scene, and each description differed from the other. I have tried this in all manner of ways, generally with the same result. This experiment should be made in all cases by automatic writing. When done through a trance medium the medium's own consciousness interferes and vitiates the result.

Now, as thought is thus made objective by something that corresponds with magnetic power here, it follows that individuality of thought must be almost impossible; at least, it is impossible for us to realize how the thought made objective is kept from being made present in a great many minds at the same moment.

Probably it is so made present, and thus a communication reaches the mind of a medium in the peculiar spiritual state called trance through the intermediary of a thousand other minds than the original one that gave it birth, and thus becomes hazy, incoherent or untrue.

Besides, if there is a soul in a stone that tells its history from remote antiquity, is there not a similar power in us to reveal all our past relationships to those who can read these mind-pictures that we unconsciously show at all times and under all circumstances? If this is so, then of course we are daily an open book to spiritual beings, and our revelations to them, in proportion to their power, are not only what we know and have experienced, but also mediately what our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends and even contemporaries have known and experienced; because to them we seem to form a kind of spiritual whole. The stone does not only speak to the psychometrist of itself, it also tells of the people who placed it in position; and, indeed, whoever and whatever has been near it can be described because they have left their impress on it. How much more this may be the case with human beings we cannot tell, but we may be sure that this law affects us as part of that natural yet divine state in which we live, move and have our being. For the reasons I have given I think proof of identity is a hopeless quest, and, indeed, all that we can know through Spiritualism is that there is a future state.—*R. Donaldson, in Light*, London.

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## THE NEXT WORLD.

## Arguments for a Future Life Founded on Nature.

No amount of evidence will convince a large class of individuals if they are not in a condition to receive the truth. But when affliction comes the mind often becomes subdued to calm reflection, and receives those truths which in the bustle of life were rejected. The world thinks much about death and its results but very little about life. Yet life is the most important, for as we live here we fit ourselves or otherwise to enter that life beyond the grave, which we deem immortal. This life is only the nursery of the spiritual world. If our ideas are founded on the appetites, fashions or education, we can only give to the world something that is not founded in or true to nature. For instance, that the Chinese live on excursions and do a hard day's work, and seem to thrive, does not prove that their way of living is the true one, or in accordance with physiological law. Or, if the Indian starves, and then feasts for days together, it does not follow that his method or habit of life is a correct one. So we shall find that a majority of our actions, our manner of living, style of dress, and even our religious beliefs, are based upon education and fashion.

The fact of a future life can be proved from nature as well as it can by revelation. All organized bodies possess life, and, under favorable circumstances, they will reproduce themselves, and the fact of their reproduction is proof positive that the seed has life. Why may not man possess an unseen life, a living principle, which is to exist during all coming time?

Some have said that if they could see a spirit they would be convinced of a spiritual life beyond the grave, but our eyes may deceive us when reason will not. The unseen realm is full of life and activity. We are brought into existence in this world by a power that is unseen. It is an axiom that "in nature nothing is destroyed." Now we possess something we are unable to see or govern, and it seems to be active without our assistance, and lives for a time and then goes away. Some may say that because on entering this state of existence we did not know anything, therefore, on going out of this world we shall cease to live and know, and, therefore, there is no future for us. This style of reasoning only amounts to supposition founded on the hypothesis that we do not know anything when our body is laid in the ground.

How did the idea of a future life originate? Almost every person possesses an innate feeling that they will continue to live after death. Nothing is made in vain, neither can anything be destroyed. We can only succeed in changing conditions, and the conclusive reasoning is that when man is said to die he merely changes the form of his existence under other surroundings. Continual changes is the law of the universe, and nothing returns to what it was before. We possess a something—you may call it what you please, mind or soul—and that mind or soul is conditioned, and the conditions demonstrate that it has various faculties, many of which are known, and do not require proving. We all have more or less a sense of color, time, decision, perseverance, love, and hatred. Now these different faculties belong to one conscious individual, and as all changes occur in accordance with the processes of nature, so it is impossible to change man except by natural law; and by the great controlling laws of his being he is in time changed into another state of existence. There are many other facts which go to prove a life beyond the grave. All things are governed by some power unseen by us, and that alone is foundation enough on which to argue. If that power brings us here, then that power has the ability to provide as good a place as this for us when we shake off this soul-depressing materiality. One of the strongest evidences of immortality is that man possesses a longing for a future life, and that all our faculties and desires find something in this life to answer for their several needs, save this; for instance, we hope for a farm, and in a few years we may possess it; but the desire for a future life cannot be gratified if death ends all.

It is generally conceded that everything is created for a certain purpose, although we may not be able to discover what it is; and if we know there is a faculty in man which requires continued conscious existence for the fulfillment of its purpose, then the conclusion follows that such a state of existence is an absolute necessity, and must be. Another view of the subject is embraced in the question, why were we created? This query may seem absurd, but it is one that may be asked with propriety. Why are we brought to this earth? The answer is, because the purposes of nature were fulfilled in our production; or, in other words, nature required us to fill up a certain place in her repository or building of the universe. We are all, so to speak, bricks in this temple of nature. It required all kinds to build it, so they are manufactured accordingly—some to one condition, some to another. So wherever the Great Builder requires us to fill our position in the "life to come," we shall have to go.

Think a moment. The power that controls seems to be so distant when we are in full health and strength that we rarely give a thought to the subject, but the philosophy of a future life is very easily understood, if we only look at it in this light:

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?  
Shall nature's voice to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?

Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive  
With disappointment, penury and pain?  
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
Bright through eternal years of love's triumphant reign.

—*J. W. Blodock, in Two Worlds*, London.

The drive well, one of the simplest of inventions, has yielded its inventor \$2,000,000 in royalties.

## As Others See Us.

A writer in the *Halifax Free Press* has been "sauntering among the sects," and reports a visit to the Spiritualists' meeting. We reproduce a few extracts from his article. We trust it is not correct that "laughing and talking" were carried on during prayer, and are of opinion that "The Dutchman" episode was entirely out of place. Such manifestations only tend to bring ridicule upon our movement, and give the enemy occasion to blaspheme. Surely our Sunday service should be more truly spiritual, instructive and educational. Mr. Newton's address appears to have been of a high standard, and it is a great pity it was marred by such a pitiable descent to inconsequential triviality, bordering on buffoonery, as is here reported, which, to our thinking, instead of occasioning "merriment" should have caused deep regret. Spiritualism is a religious and reformatory movement, and on one day in seven, at least, it seems to us our thoughts should be directed to higher and holier themes, and the aspirational and spiritual nature be fed with more exalted and elevating teachings. There is no need of artificial "solemnity," but the line should be drawn somewhere, and we are of opinion that the time has come for improved methods of spiritual teaching.

"The tone of the meeting reminded me of a Salvation Army assembly; everybody seemed at home and at ease. Those present were mostly women. An inharmonious harmonium groaned out some 'music,' which might be 'spiritual,' but was not very spirited. It would appear a priori that people who were expecting shortly to communicate, or to witness communication, with beings of another sphere, would be unusually solemn; but such was not the case, the whole thing seeming rather to be treated as a capital joke. Especially did this appear so when, during 'prayer,' many of the people on the platform and on the floor were to be seen laughing and talking to each other with considerable freedom. The meeting opened with a hymn, during the singing of which Mr. Newton rose and fixed his eyes on something just above and in front of him, after the manner of one about to be hypnotized. Immediately on the conclusion of the hymn, he very suddenly dropped his head, and then in a deep, heavy, and somewhat unpleasant tone of voice prayed for 'perpetual' benefits. When he sat down he made a few mesmeric passes on his forehead, and wiped the sweat from his face. The origin, progress and destiny of man is rather a wide and comprehensive subject, but such was the title of Mr. Newton's (normal) address. After complimenting the Halifax Society on the promising aspect of its affairs, he hoped he should be able to make this usually dry subject interesting. There were two theories respecting the origin of man; i. e., the Old Testament theory of a special creation from dust 6,000 years ago, and the Darwinian theory of evolution through incalculable ages. The best illustration of the latter theory was the following story of a servant girl, which would serve to set forth the principle in a humorous way:

I was taking off my bonnet  
One afternoon at three,  
When an insect jumped upon it  
As proved to be a Flea.  
I took it to the grate  
A-through the bars to stick it,  
I had not long to wait  
Ere it altered to a Cricket.  
Saw I, 'Why, sure my senses  
Are getting in a fog';  
When to drown it I commenced,  
But it altered to a Frog.  
Here my flesh began to creep,  
An' I feels a little funky,  
For the Frog it took a leap  
And transformed into a Monkey.  
Then I opened wide my eyes  
Its features for to scan,  
And beheld with some surprise  
That the Monkey was a Man.  
Here I screamed out with affright,  
And I fell upon the floor,  
Just as missus with a light  
Came in the kitchen door.  
Saw she, 'Sarah, you've been drinking  
Saw I, 'No ma'am, excuse me,  
I've only been a-thinking,  
As what it seemed to me.  
But as sure as I'm a sinner  
The party what you see  
A'goin' out of that window  
Has developed from a Flea.'  
—*The Two Worlds*, London.

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