

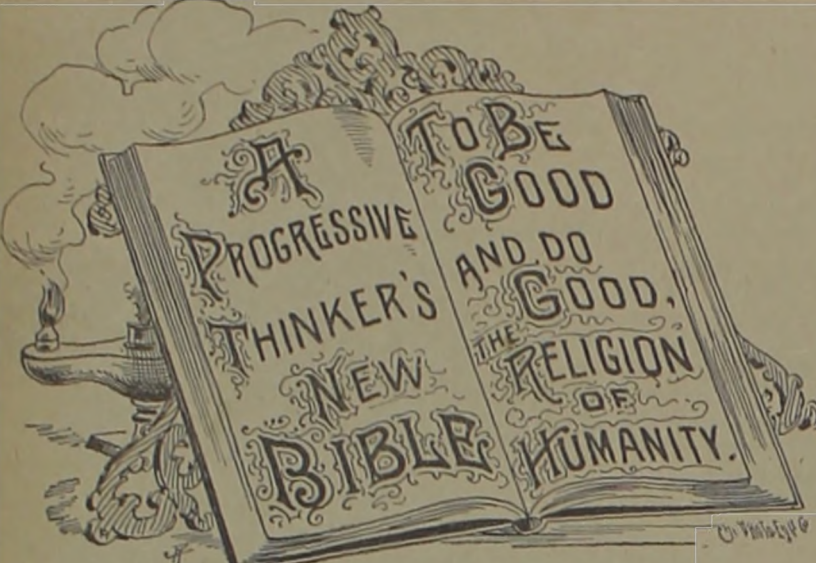
The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

NO. 153



OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.
THE EX-CONFEDERATE.

KINDNESS NEVER RESULTS IN BLOOD-SHED.

TO THE EDITOR:—Kindness of spirit, when properly cultivated, is a perennial wellspring of genuine goodness. Such a soul was never born for a warrior, never intended for a fighter, but by nature is allied to the angels. This NEW BIBLE is intended to illustrate human life, wherever a kindly spirit is manifested, and build up a new race who possess all the cardinal virtues, and to that end we give a story as told by an ex-confederate.

It was about 10 o'clock at night, and the Federals under Gen. Hunter were lying in front of Lynchburg. Why they did not enter we did not know, and never learned, but they must have overestimated the thin line of Confederate defenders, as they hesitated to advance. Be that as it may, they could easily have walked over us that night, for we had but a few hundred hungry, tired, and worn-out Confederates to bar their advance. Conditions changed, however, before morning. About 10 o'clock that night I was on picket, posted behind a billock, from which I could see the Yankee picket about 200 yards away. Just behind me there was a thicket of underbrush or low bushes, following the low ravine along the foot of the hill. I had kept a suspicious eye on that long scattering line of underbrush for over an hour, for I knew that it led around the little hill, and out in front of the Federals, and I thought how easily the Yankees could creep up and around in our rear if they only knew of it. About 10 o'clock I heard some one making his way through the brush, coming in my direction. Whoever he was he did not try to conceal his advance, but came along stumbling and crashing through the brush, muttering and grumbling as though he was considerably out of humor over something. The nature of his advance relieved me of any alarm I might otherwise have felt, but as I knew that no one had any business tramping and crashing about in the brush and making noise enough to attract the attention of the enemy, I dropped back a few paces and waited until the fellow struck the little opening fifteen or twenty feet away. Instead of a drunken Confederate, which I more than half expected to see, a blue-coated Yankee kicked his way through the last brush and came to a halt as if he had been shot at the command:

"Halt! Throw down that gun!"

"Well, I'll be darned if you ain't a rebel!"

"Yes, and you are a Yankee. Step out and hold up your hands."

He had dropped his gun, and when I saw that he had no other arms I told him to sit down on the grass. The fellow's surprise and astonishment were too clearly apparent for a mistake, but I concluded to question him, and asked:

"How did you get in here, and what were you after?"

"After! thunder! what do you 'spose a fellow'd be after who hasn't anything to eat for two days?"

"You didn't expect to get a lunch down on Red How over there in Lynchburg, did you?"

"Not by a d—n sight! I didn't know I was outside of our lines; but then I must have been so blasted hungry that I didn't notice, and I expect our pickets are too blamed hungry to keep a sharp look-out, and so they didn't see me. Don't see how'n thunder I got in here. Say! sure you're a reb?"

I told him there was no doubt on that score, anyhow, and that our fellows had not been in danger of foundering from a superabundance of good things, or very ordinary, common, every day sort of food either, for months, but as I had a pretty good chunk of corn bread in my haversack, I would divide.

"Sit where you are, and help yourself," said I, as I pitched the grub sack down beside him. It does me good to-day to shut my eyes and see that little white-headed Yankee eat. It did me so much good even then that I stood and looked down on him as he rammed a handful of corn bread into his mouth, then turned up his canteen and filled up the interspaces with water, and wound up by gulping down the mass as quickly as muscles and a ravenous energy could perform that function. I kept on looking and the Yankee kept on eating until the confounded fellow had eaten his share and mine too.

"Well, I'll be hanged!"—I was beginning in consternation (and I was about to

finish by swearing a little, I'm afraid, as I think over it at this late day), when my prisoner seemed also suddenly struck with the knowledge of having imposed on my hospitality, for as soon as he could gulp down the last mouthful, he said: "Damn my buttons, Johnny, if I ain't eat up the lot. I'm blamed sorry, but I was so hungry, I didn't know."

Then we looked at each other, and the whole affair struck us as so ludicrous that we both burst into a hearty laugh. I sat down and laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks; and that Yankee rolled over and laughed and made such a racket that I was afraid some of the pickets in front of us would open fire on us, but they didn't.

While we were still laughing, the relief came, and the officer in command said to me:

"Where did you get that fellow?"

"The fellow's good nature and his enjoyment of the joke (an unconscious one, of course) was so great that I determined, on the impulse of the moment, to get better acquainted with him before turning him over as a prisoner, and when I reported to my superior I added that the prisoner came from Ohio, not a great distance from my old home in West Virginia, and that I would like to have a talk with him. (In explanation, I will say that the prisoner had told me that he belonged to another regiment.) Of course under ordinary circumstances such a thing would have been impossible, but just as our line was filing into town, the whistle of locomotives and rattle of drums announced the arrival of reinforcements, and while the attention of the squad was attracted I nudged my prisoner, and slipped into camp with him without attracting attention. Lying under a dog tent we talked for several hours. I told him where I came from, and found that he was born and raised not thirty miles distant from my old home, although in a different state. He knew many of my acquaintances, and I had known many people with whom he had been familiar. Any one listening to us would have thought we were old acquaintances and old friends, and we certainly became friends, if not old ones, that night. My Yankee friend began to show a great deal of uneasiness before a great while, and I soon learned that he had a great dread of being sent to Libby, but as I had succeeded thus far in running things to suit myself, I told him not to be uneasy, but to lie still until I came back. First I made him take off his cap and blouse, and these I rolled up and carried out of the tent under my arm. In fifteen minutes I had exchanged the blue jacket and cap for the gray blouse and gray slouch hat of a confederate—its owner was asleep. From another sleeping soldier I borrowed a big hunk of corn bread. Returning to my tent I told my prisoner to put on the jacket and hat—and then led him down over the hill, keeping in the dark until we struck the same ravine where I had captured him, but at a point 100 feet distant from the picket. After guiding him to the opening between the hills, I pointed out the direction of the camp of his friends, and after telling him that they had probably retreated (which I learned afterward was a fact), I told him to keep on going, as our fellows would make things lively that morning. We then shook hands and parted.

Five years ago, while sitting in a big country store in an Ohio town, with about a dozen ex-Union soldiers swapping war stories, I told the story I have related. When I got up the next morning a half-dozen horsemen had just arrived, and at their head was a middle-aged gentleman whose air and carriage betokened prosperity and happiness. He sprang from the carriage and walked—almost ran—to the porch of the hotel where I was standing, seized me by both shoulders with a pair of trembling hands; looked me in the eyes a moment, as if in doubt, and then actually hugged me as the tears ran down his cheeks. "God bless you, Johnny, I have always hoped, but never expected to see you again. Get your things and come along," and actually, before I could recover my senses or catch the first glimpse of the meaning of the strange scene, I was seated on a horse in the midst of the crowd and on my way somewhere before I found out that the gentleman who had met me so affectionately was my quarantined prisoner. What a talk we had, and how many questions each of us asked I cannot now tell, but they covered the lapse of the years between the times when the bullets shrieked and the shell and shrapnel shrieked, down over decades of peace and prosperity. Our ride ended in front of a fine, large two-story brick country residence, about

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

FUNERAL SERVICES.

A Veteran Passed On.

Discourse Delivered by

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

The funeral ceremonies of Col. James W. Shaw occurred at his residence, 412 Washington Boulevard, in this city, October 3, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond officiating. Quite a number of his old comrades were present and a few sympathizing friends.

Mrs. Shaw, the widow, was so much overcome and worn out that her life is despaired of.

Col. Shaw was an outspoken Spiritualist, a brave soldier, a fine scholar and an eminent judge and lawyer in his native State.

Mrs. Richmond, after a song by Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. Davis, offered the usual invocation. Although a stranger in this city, comparatively, a few friends remembered his good qualities and sent a piece or two of very choice flowers. The discourse was as follows:

INVITATION.

Our heavenly Parent; our divine source of strength and light; our refuge in time of weakness and sorrow; our joy in time of thanksgiving; our safety when there seems danger near; our light beyond all shadow; our eternal Parent, unto Thee in praise even in the midst of a supreme mortal shadow. Thy children must turn when their souls are oppressed. Though the lips be mute with sorrow or mourning with anguish, we know that beyond, above and within, Thy encompassing love must be the shield and strength of human life. Privileged to stand before the gateway of life immortal, to be the burden bearer, perchance, for those who walk in shadow, the herald for those who walk in light!

We praise Thee for this sacred hour. We praise Thee, O God, for the blessings of life; not alone for the blessings of earth-life, birth, infancy, childhood and growth, but the larger life of the spirit, that, cramped and dwarfed into the habitation of clay, becomes at last ennobled by the great majesty of death.

We praise Thee for that life that is full of freedom and gladness, and love upon the earth, and for the larger life that is filled with the unspeakable glory of heaven, the transcendent birth that is beyond!

And, O God, at this hour we praise Thee, even while there sitteth one here in solitude, for the blessedness of the change called death; for the transfiguration that is wrought upon the arisen one; for the baptism and blessedness that comes to her—though she may know it not to-day—in the larger life and inspiration of the skies.

We praise Thee for the unfolding, the freedom, and the majesty of that divine life that has come. May the consciousness pervade those who are here. May its light fill the heart of the one who sits here. May it fill to overflowing the chalice of her existence until there shall be no sorrow; until death shall be swallowed up in the great victory of life; until the divine and perfect love shall be all that there is.

We commend unto Thy love and Thy angels those who while in the shadow, and those who are in the light singing songs of triumph and gladness. O God, we praise Thee forever. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

Beloved friends, we stand by the open gateway of life, immortal death, which in all its majesty has set the great seal of silence upon another human life, a human life dear to many and most precious to one who is left behind; yet for all this the earth is more glad because that life hath been! The world is better because of the existence on earth of that life.

This existence was principally in a distant State, in Franklin, Pennsylvania. There some fifty-two years ago, our friend and brother, James W. Shaw, entered into mortal existence. Reared among those hills and valleys his young life partook of the beauty of nature around. The streams and groves, the forests and vales, the hills and murmuring brooks whispered to him of the majesty of the visible universe, while his own affluent nature, full of large sympathies, his own mind full of brilliant possibilities, climbed to the heights of human experiences and found the crown of perfect manhood. Admitted to the bar in early life he was well-known in all that portion of Pennsylvania, and throughout the State, as a legal student, as a brilliant scholar, as an impartial judge, and in his profession he was a man of large views and high aspirations, and filled with a surpassing sympathy for human life that made him the friend of the lowly, the friend of those who were oppressed, and the friend of those whom humanity blamed. His mind was large, but his heart was larger; and among all who knew him in the extensive circle of friends and acquaintances they would say: he has a kindly, loving and most humane heart. He was a patriot, too; and probably one would trace the beginning of this present end to the wounds received on the battlefield of Gettysburg, fighting for the Union of these States, for the beloved country of his nativity. His arm was amputated twice, and in that was the beginning of what laid the foundation for the ebbing away of the great life current of his physical existence. And more strength was his than nature usually gives to human life; but at last, after many years of great suffering at times, and

after terrible suffering for the last few months, his body yielded and his strong heart ceased to beat. What that life has been to many in that distant State, they will doubtless bear tribute in their memories. We would bear tribute in the words that are spoken now. His spirit has risen, and we would breathe such comfort and sympathy as these words can bring to our sister here, who, comparatively a stranger in your midst, is nevertheless one of us.

His life bears its own record, gives its own testimony unto freedom and humanity, and experienced the larger hope, the divine certainty concerning the nature of the life beyond. If there was any one religious belief or teaching or knowledge that came nearest to his heart and his magnificent spirit, it was the knowledge of another world, as revealed in the spiritual ministrations of to-day. We know this by the testimony of his own thought and language concerning our own ministrations. We know this by the testimony of his sweet and sensitive wife, who now, like a poor flower or vine, trembles between the two worlds, uncertain whether to follow him beyond the veil and test the glory of the spirit state or remain. The infinite power alone will decide or determine the fate and destiny of her; meanwhile, let us bear tribute lovingly and truthfully, and full of affection to the spirit and soul of our friend and brother.

The outward life means but little, unless imbued with the kind of nature that he possessed. Earthly struggles amount to but little unless they are for humanity. Humanity is the large country. People love their native State as he loved his; they love their native land as he loved his; and did battle for it in the time of need. But the larger love is for humanity, and he loved humanity with a deep sympathy and earnest fervor, and desired to lift up the lowliest.

It was that breadth of nature that made his strong arm ready and his strong will willing to aid all who were in sorrow and affliction; and many tears will be shed, and many words of regret spoken that a life so full of possibilities and so beset with suffering and trials should have gone out in the midst of the full bloom of manhood, when new prospects opened before him.

It is not within human province to determine when or why these changes come; we must accept on both sides of existence that which comes. But we do know that spirit-life is enriched by every such existence that passes from earth.

People say of their children: "We cannot spare these babes; they are taken away too soon, before the bloom has had time to unfold from the tender buds." People say of youths and maidens: "We cannot spare these; they are too young; earth cannot part with lives so beautiful and fresh." They say of the middle-aged: "Such a life is too useful, or valuable, and noble a life to be given up," and even when gray-haired men and matrons come, and the threescore years and ten have passed they still say: "They cannot be spared from our midst." But what of the kingdom that is beyond, that life into which all souls must pass, into which all spirits must inevitably enter. These lives are precious there; they are a portion of the heavenly kingdom that keeps watch and ward over the earth.

If none but the cripples in mind, the unworthy and the imperfect were to pass away, who would be your guardian spirits? Who would lead you by inspiration into life and light beyond the earth? Who would hold open the gates ajar, that you might have a glimpse of the life beyond, and unto what you would hope to attain? Where and to whom would you go in passing to the beyond if some of your loved circle were not there; if you had no home in the other world, fashioned by love; if you had no treasures garnered into the keeping of the heavenly garden?

We tell you that not only do those need the heavenly kingdom who pass from earth, but those who remain need to have them there. It is the great uplifter of burdens to feel that you have such spirit friends. It is a great uplifter of thought and love to feel that they are near you and attest their presence to you. It is a great strength to know that they have passed through that which to you is a mist and a shadow, and are waiting to receive you, and it is a great benediction to feel that those treasures are yours, and are held safe and secure in the kingdom of love, and can no more pass away from you. It is a terrible blow to feel the severance of the spirit of one you love from the body, that you loved because the body has been the habitation of the spirit. It is like taking a part of your life; it is like cutting in twain the heart that is your own; but after the struggle is passed, and after the trial and ordeal is over, it is then that the divine strength of immortal love that makes you know that they are nearer to you than before.

Do not say "nay" to this, you whose eyes and face may be freshly dimmed with weeping, and who may have keenly felt the terrible crucial test when parting with the dear form and not know that the spirit is more near. But behind your sorrow, behind that outward sleep that cuts you off from the kingdom of immortal life, bear a little while with your grief, for then the strength comes.

One veil less divides you from your loved ones, one curtain less obscures the light, and safely folded in your innermost heart the dear voice and loving presence speak with more palpable distinctness in the silence of your spirit. Not alone in silence, but in the sanctuary of the spirit and in the depths of the mind they reveal themselves more clearly than before.

Aye, if the earthly life were all—when we had told you how wonderfully great, kind, loving and sympathetic this human life had been, when we told you of all the deeds of love, kindness and benevolence that were his; when we told you of his splendid mind and loving heart and great spirit for humanity, then there would have been nothing more to say, and you would have passed out in silence, and there would have been no word of hope and the gateway of immortal life would have been closed.

But because this life has a new beginning, because this change is an added birth, because it is a transcendent step taken into the light out of the shadow, because it adds a double endowment to love, because it is a more supreme strength to her who sits here to-day, because it will be a larger and fuller measure of life and love, we must bear testimony unto the new life of that arisen one.

THE PERSONALITY OF JESUS.

Illustrated by History, by Mediumship, and by Psychometric Investigation.

Dr. Hudson's very complimentary criticism requires me at least to thank him for his compliments; but I am not willing to acknowledge that my judgment has strangely failed in reference to spiritual

questions with which I am very familiar, and I cannot well decline the discussion, though I do not consider it of much importance, for the world's best historical talent recognizes the existence of Jesus and St. Paul, and the aggregate testimony of the Spirit-world is equally decisive, and if any more evidence were desirable, psychometry could furnish it by thousands. It is a waste of time to try to overturn convictions so well founded. When an eccentric Englishman challenged the scientists to prove the rotundity of the globe, which he denied, his challenge received very little attention, but the distinguished scientist, A. R. Wallace, met his challenge, and by actual measurement proved the rotundity of the earth's surface. The demonstration, however, attracted very little notice, for few care to have a new demonstration of an old and well-known truth, and I think the world demands no further evidence of the existence and character of Jesus.

I regret that Dr. Hudson's condoning nature and his righteous indignation against theology, have led him to accept as valuable the array of so-called spiritual testimony which he largely quotes concerning the existence of Jesus. I don't accept it,—regarding its authenticity as worthless, being the result of a singular combination of insanity and knavery. The medium for these communications was a drunken, fraudulent, lying individual, about the worst specimen of corrupt mediumship this country has produced, and the controlling manager, J. M. Roberts, originally a good man and an intelligent skeptic, became, after his conversion to Spiritualism, insane and violent, publishing one of the most scurrilous newspapers, abusing and slandering nearly every prominent Spiritualist, until he was imprisoned for one of his scandalous libels. His natural goodness and force of character enabled him to exert an influence even in his wildest crankery. His scurrilous language, violent and sometimes indecent, was contrary to his own better nature, and seemed to be forced out by insanity or obsession.

It is quite possible, however, that many ancient spirits who have never occupied a high ethical plane, may be grossly ignorant still of the higher classes of spirit-life, and I have no doubt the pious forgeries and frauds of the early centuries deserve the castigation they have received; but the principles illustrated in the life of Jesus not only commanded the reverence of his apostles and disciples, but still command the world's admiration, and they who sympathize fully with these principles of love and reverence have testified many times to their personal knowledge of Jesus since his death, and to the grand spiritual healing power with which he had helped them.

In my experience, the best psychometers invariably recognize the character of Jesus as I have recognized it, and describe him as accurately as any other historical character. Upon such questions the mature psychometric judgment of Mrs. Buchanan was as nearly infallible as anything I have ever known, and my own personal experience makes me familiar with his existence. I have felt from him a stronger spiritual impression than I have felt from any other spirit. Every psychometer and every enlightened spirit with whom I have had any communication are unanimous in their conceptions of Jesus.

To confound him with Apollonius seems to me a delusion. They are very distinct characters. Apollonius may have been in some respects more intellectual and speculative, but he had not that depth of character and moral power which enabled Jesus to make so great an impression on history, nor does he now take the same active interest in human progress and elevation. The history of both was surrounded with a great deal of myth and fiction, but I take them as they are to-day, wise and elevated spirits. The portrait credited to Apollonius bears no resemblance to the pictures of Jesus which are considered most authentic, and it is an easy matter to distinguish their characters by psychometry, or any proper method of investigation.

This question was brought up in the spirit circle of the Banner of Light,

through which so many truthful messages have been given for many years. The following is the report of September 24:

"Q.—[By J. C., in the audience.] How do you look upon the testimony of Apollonius of Tyana in 'Antiquity Unveiled,' he being the Jesus Christ of the New Testament? Is it historically true? or is it the best we are able to get in this day?"

"A.—As we are questioned, we will give our personal opinion upon this subject.

"We do not believe, nor have we any reason to believe, that Apollonius and Jesus Christ were one and the same individual. We have seen an intelligence in the Spirit-world who is looked upon as the man known to mortals as the humble Nazarene, and who was not high in authority by any means. He was a lowly individual, scoffed at and scorned by the aristocrats, and denied by those who were in power. We have also records of the life of Apollonius, and they differ decidedly in many essential points from the records of the life, experiences and works of the Nazarene. Therefore we do not, and cannot, reconcile the statements made by some returning spirits concerning the identity of the Nazarene with that of Apollonius with the facts as we find them on the spiritual side. We do not ask any one to take our opinion or statement in this connection. We give it because we are questioned.

"Jesus of Nazareth was, as far as we know anything about it, a man of humble origin, very sensitive, and mediumistic in the highest sense of the term, receptive to spiritual influences, acted upon and guided by these unseen intelligences, made to serve as a mouthpiece for them, and also as the agent in their ministrations to the multitude. In the spirit-life, such a character exists. He is a teacher of moral philosophy, one to whom the oppressed turn for succor, the lowly reach out for assistance, and the sad come to receive light and strength and good cheer. He is a ministrant of good unto those who are sorrowful and despairing, and who have come to the spiritual world as outcasts. From him, and from many more like him (for he is by no means alone in his missionary work), these saddened and misshapen souls gain magnetic strength, and gather courage and hope, which enable them to seek a way out of their unhappy state, and to understand and exercise the spiritual power within them, so that it will lead them onward to a higher condition."

I concur in this description of Jesus, except that I think it not sufficiently emphatic as to his individual personality, which was that of a strong character, and his active participation in the progress of re-orm in this world.

To be brief, I would limit myself to two other illustrations. Dr. Peabody, whose intellectual competence no one doubts, had a personal interview with the spirit of Jesus and some of the apostles at Jerusalem, and his description, I think, should satisfy any intelligent person.

Duguid, of Glasgow, one of the most gifted and most reliable mediums in the world, has held many interesting communications with spirits of different centuries, and has given us the narrative of a majestic Persian spirit named Hafez, an elder companion of Jesus in his youth, who was with him in his travels. It is a deeply interesting, beautiful and touching narrative, the only real account of the early life of Jesus that we have. Hafez, though older than Jesus, became a follower substantially of his principles, and became a martyr in the attempt to introduce them in Persia.

But all this discussion seems to me very needless, since I have the direct and unquestionable testimony of the "beloved disciple," St. John, and of all other spirits to whom I have appealed, in addition to my own personal knowledge.

Dr. Hudson, like some other opponents of the church, does not limit his opposition to its false and pernicious theory, but seems to think that a just recognition of the greatest and best Spiritualist of antiquity would in some way identify us with the theology of the church, which was not founded by Jesus, and is not approved by him to-day. That theology has no more earnest opponent than myself, and the influence of Jesus, as I understand it, would emanate us from all forms of superstition, and establish the brotherhood of humanity. But for this we do not depend on antiquity, or history; the principle of true religion, divine love, is impressed upon the constitution of man, and needs only a proper education to develop it. In comparison with this, historical questions are unimportant.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

When our railroad into South America is completed we may all go down and take a look at the revolutions.

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk always pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

Statistics show that women live longer than men. This gives the dear creatures the opportunity to have the last word.

Even the most punctilious person does not object to a house built on sand if it happens to be a cottage at a seaside resort.

Why under the sun should a girl who has spent three years courting in the dark get two dozen lamps among her wedding presents?

Prodigal sons are not always led upon the fat of the land these days. If they were, they would run off and come back home every day.

Music.

To THE EDITOR:—As the subject of a new spiritual song book is being quite widely discussed, please allow me to make a few suggestions. The Spiritualists as a class stand greatly in need of such a work, but as our Brother Perkins says, there is great expense attending such a production. Many books heretofore published, containing words only, seem very inadequate to me, as I find many among our singers who are not familiar with the Gospel Hymns and need the notes before them. Longley's music is beautiful, and I use it largely in my work; but it is too difficult for the average singer without considerable practice, which our short seasons at camp meetings do not permit. I think if a call were made through your widely circulated and valuable paper, for one or two selections from each musician among our ranks, for such a book, it would be heartily responded to. I for one will contribute two songs, and do all I can to introduce the work. Too little attention has heretofore been given to music at our meetings, most of the interest and salary being concentrated in speaking and tests. We all know what a potent factor music and good choir singing has been for years in our orthodox churches, and why should not the Spiritualists awaken in regard to this question? Every medium can receive higher and grander inspiration if supported by inspiring music. The contributions to the book should be examined and corrected by a competent musician. Hope for the ultimate success of this enterprise.

Mrs. Lora Holton.

C. E. Winans in Kansas.

C. E. Winans, the materializing medium, held two seances at my house, and the news about them has stirred Stanberry society to its depths. The first circle was composed almost entirely of church members. It was a strange sight to see those said to have been dead a long time, and stranger still to hear their stories. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends and children, materialized. The true friends of Spiritualism here are satisfied with Mr. Winans, and his many phases of mediumship bespeak for him a warm welcome wherever he may go. His Spiritual friends in Stanberry recommend him to seekers after truth everywhere.

One lady had always been a great skeptic in regard to our friends return, when her father-in-law materialized. He went to her and took her by the hand and led her forward to her husband. He took her face between his hands and said: "Do you believe in Spiritualism now?" Another lady had a long conversation with her daughter, and many mysteries concerning that daughter's death were cleared up. The mother is now happy in the belief that she has seen and talked with her daughter long considered as dead.

There was also splendid slate-writing given and several short messages in different colors. A bunch—of flowers between securely-fastened slates was drawn, with no pencil between them. Hands materialized. Things were moved about the room and many were satisfied that the dead do live; yes, they not only live but return and hold converse with their earth friends.

Shanberry, Mo.

T. J. PRESTON.

Two Spirit Messages.

I enclose messages that came to me between a pair of slates a few evenings since. The poetry was on one slate, the prose on the other. In the latter the writer refers to two attempts made to get materializations, but each were failures.

THE MESSAGES.

The golden sun was shining
On the tree-top far away,
While my husband's heart was breaking
At the close of one sad day;
Sad because his dearest loved one
Had been called from earth away,
Called to mingle with the angels,
There to dwell in endless day.

Oh! how sweet will be the meeting
After forty years and more,
We'll love each other just as fondly
As we did in days of yore.
Oh! I'm anxious for your coming,
Dearest one on earth I love;
Soon we'll come to cross your over,
To enjoy our home above.

Your own wife,

CHARLOTT.

DEAREST HUSBAND—I have tried so hard to materialize and come to you; but don't be discouraged, dearest one, I will yet come to you, if possible.

Your loving wife,

CHARLOTT.

Mr. Tabor is only being developed as a materializing medium thus far, with very little success.

Hot Springs, Ark.

C. D. HAY.

Dr. Lee in Wichita, Kansas.

To THE EDITOR:—Here I am in beautiful Wichita, Kansas. I have met here one of the veteran Spiritualists of the country—Judge Tucker—and if ever there was an intelligent, wide-awake and all-around worker in our midst he is the man. Through his efforts a flourishing Spiritual society has been formed here, of which he is rightly the recognized head. It is a growing society. To-night, Sunday, I had the honor of addressing this society. I do believe that in all my experience I never saw a more intelligent audience, cultured in expression and respectable, than this one, that for almost two hours listened to the angels speaking with my lips.

It was insisted that I should remain over and speak again next Sunday. The audience crowded around me at the close of the meeting and convinced me that they liked me. During the lecture, "Salvation from a Spiritualist Standpoint," not one left the room; not an eye was turned away from my face in all that crowded hall. It was the first time in fifteen years that, throwing aside my indifference, I went into the work in genuine spiritual sincerity of purpose. I shall do it again and again after this revival of the old spirit.

Dr. Isaac B. Lee, M. D.

Fifteen Decisive, Bloody Battles.

THE BATTLE SPIRITUALISM IS WAGING.

To THE EDITOR:—Glance for a moment at the world's history—at the wars and bloodshed, and the era of universal peace is not yet ushered in.

According to Lord Creasy, the fifteen decisive battles were those at Marathon, September, 490 B. C., when Miltiades, with 10,000 Greeks, defeated 100,000 Persians under Datis and Artaphernes; at Syracuse, September, 413 B. C., a great naval battle took place, the Athenians under Nicias and Demosthenes being defeated with a loss of 40,000 killed and wounded of their entire fleet; at Arbela, October, 331 B. C., Alexander the Great overthrew Darius Codomanus for the third time; at Maturus, 207 B. C., the Consul Livius and Nero cut to pieces Hasdrubal's army, sent to reinforce Hannibal; Arminius, in 9 A. D., and the Gauls overthrew the Romans under Varus and established the independence of Gaul; at Chalons, 451 A. D., Aetius and Theodoric utterly defeated Attila and prevented Europe from devastation; at Tours October, 1873, Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens under Abdurrahman and broke the Moslem yoke from Europe; at Hastings, October, 1066, William of Normandy slew Herold II, and obtained England's throne; at Orleans, 1429, Joan of Arc secured the independence of France; the defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588, destroyed the hopes of the Pope in England; the battle of Blenheim, Aug. 13, 1704, when Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated Tallard, leading the French and the Bavarians, and thus prevented Louis XIV. from carrying out his schemes; at Pultowa, July, 1709, Czar Peter utterly defeated Charles XII. of Sweden, and established the Muscovite power; at Saratoga, October, 1777, Gen. Gates defeated the British and Gen. Burgoyne and thus secured for the United States the alliance of France; at Valmy, September, 1792, the French Marshal Kellerman gained the upper hand for the French revolutionists over the Duke of Brunswick and the allied armies; at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte commanded the French and the Duke of Wellington the British and their allies, and the victory broke up Napoleon's revolutionary plans; two recent battles, not here included, are those at Gettysburg, July, 1863, and at Sedan, preparing, respectively, for the downfall of the Confederacy and the capture of Napoleon III. and his army.

These "decisive" battles, terrific in all respects, shed only one drop—as it were—of the great ocean of blood caused by wars and religious intolerance. Let Spiritualism become general and the era of universal peace will prevail. The decisive battle in the moral world is now being fought by Spiritualism; it is bloodless, yet will be none the less decisive.

Baltimore, Md.

JUSTITIA.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake at Topeka, Kansas.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, who lectured and gave tests at the Lincoln Post Hall, on the 16th, gave most excellent satisfaction to all who attended the meetings. Her lectures were bright, pithy and to the point. Her tests were beyond quibble or doubt, and were invariably acknowledged as correct. As the audience were all strangers to her, and not a few of them skeptics, it produced no little excitement, amusement and conviction in the minds of the people when she gave such startling proof of the continuity of life.

The test she gave Dr. Hubbell, in which she gave him the Masonic grip, pleased the audience fully as well as the doctor, for, as he said, we all knew she was not in the lodge, and could not have known how to have given the grip unless an intelligence outside of her own had forced her to do so. Mrs. Drake left us with the blessings of many comforted souls resting upon her, and the sincere desire of one and all that she might be with us soon again.

The unanimous verdict of the people was that no one had given better satisfaction to the Spiritualists and the people of Topeka than Maud Lord-Drake.

Her long service to our beloved cause entitles her to our loving respect and sympathy, which we feel should be extended to her in her time of need.

LILLIAN L. WOOD.

A Tribute to Tennyson.

The earth's star is set;
Through and the land
A wall of sorrow fills the air
For few of one who, at command,
Brought forth poetic beauties rare;
Who called the mental tempest, with a stroke,
And from its lethargy the human soul awoke.

And yet
His star will rise again;
Perhaps on fairer, brighter shore,
To meet the makers of the game of pure;
Perhaps improve imprisoned human soul.
And through its down the coming ages roll
A food of sweetest melody, that through all
May permeate his grandest thoughts in rhyme.

And when
From spirit realms so bright
His soul speaks through another mortal hand,
And the beauties of his immortal pen command
The homage of his friends from day to day,
We weave his memory, through his and has passed away.

To spirit realms whose grand impressions rest,
Creating here and harmony in human soul.

—JAMES R. LOTT.

"The Teachings of Jesus not Adapted to Modern Civilization, with the True Character of Mary Magdalene." By Geo. W. Brown, M. D. Price, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

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

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

Items from Topeka, Kansas.

To THE EDITOR:—We have meetings going on here at three places on Sunday, all well attended and all led by home talent. The First Society had J. Madison Allen last week; but when they have no one from abroad, they have plenty of home talent to keep up their meetings. A few gentlemen hired Lincoln Post Hall for the season and engaged Mrs. L. L. Wood, who fills the hall every Sunday night, giving able lectures and good psychometric readings; but the crown of the event for this season was the appearance yesterday and last evening of Mrs. Maude Lord Drake, who came up from Kansas City right from the trial that is going on there of the officers who conspired to keep her in jail, and gave two lectures, which were replete with good things, and her tests were astonishing. The hall was filled—many of them skeptics and strangers, all of whom were entirely satisfied of her truthfulness and also of the tests she gave them. The trial in Kansas City is still on; it will probably close to-day or to-morrow, and if it does we hope she will come back here again next Sunday.

F. P. BAKER.

Jamestown (N. Y.) Notes from a Veteran Worker.

To THE EDITOR:—I think the PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best paper now published in the interest of our cause. I suppose it is because it is in accord with my views that I like it so well. We are holding meetings at Jamestown every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Fraternal hall, Main street. The interest is increasing and it now looks very favorable for a good work to be done here this winter. W. H. Cole, one of our earnest and enthusiastic Spiritualists, is building a brick block on Baker street, and will furnish us a hall on the second floor when it is completed, free of charge. We think we shall feel more free and independent when we get into our own hall.

I have moved my family to Falconer; it is only three miles from Jamestown, and we have electric cars running between the two places, so we can go and come at pleasure.

E. W. SPRAGUE.

Have Animals Spirits.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—Miss Ada Hoyt, now Mrs. Ada Foye, some thirty or more years ago lived with her father and mother in Chicago, and gave tests of spirit presence. A friend of mine by the name of Silas K. Reed, and myself, had a sitting with her and received excellent tests. After the sitting Miss Hoyt said: "I would like to relate a circumstance that occurred with me a few days ago, and ask you if you believe that animals live after death and can show them selves. A gentleman rang the bell and I went to the door. I noticed he had a very fine and large greyhound with him, and so I let them both in. After the sitting, in which he received many tests, I asked him if that was his dog. 'What dog?' he asked. I said, 'That beautiful greyhound.' He said, 'I have no dog.' I described the dog, including a collar he wore, and told him the initials on the collar. He said: 'I have no dog, but you have described correctly a dog of mine that died two weeks ago.' How could she do it if there was no dog there?"

J. W. BAILEY.

Do Animals Have Spirits.

DEFIANCE, Ohio, Oct. 12, 1922.

ED. PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—Concerning the question of "Do Animals have Spirits?" I submit the following: Years ago, early one frosty morning, my father saw a favorite cow standing in the orchard, and wondered how she succeeded in getting in. Upon going to the yard soon after, he found all the cattle asleep, and no trace whatever of steps of any kind on the frosty grass in the orchard. In two weeks the cow sickened and died. Was it an apparition of the cow's double he saw, or what was it? My mother, who developed into a writing (automatic) medium, and clairvoyant, and clairaudient, when 50 years old, a few evenings since saw two pet canary birds flying about the room and singing merrily, the birds having died several years ago. Did she imagine she saw the birds; was it an optical illusion, or what? She had not been and was not thinking of the birds. If all the animal family have not souls and spirits, some one please give a good, logical reason why. Hoping this will be read by some one who thinks he can give me "light, more light."

U. G. THOLEY.

"Gleanings from the Rostrum," by A. B. French, is a most excellent work. It is full of gems of thought, and should be read by everyone. Price one dollar. For sale at this office.

"What Would Follow the Establishment of Christianity?" By George Jacob Holyoake. This is a most valuable contribution to Free thought literature. Bound in paper with good likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

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

"God in the Constitution." By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Colonel Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

"Standing Up for Jesus," or what the editor of the Freeholder Magazine thinks of him. Price, 4 cents; twenty-five copies for 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Ingersoll's Great Address on Thomas Paine, at the late Paine celebration in New York City. Price, 6 cents; ten copies for 50 cents. For sale at this office.

FORGIVEN TO GOD. BY EMMA BOND. A beautiful book of poems of a soul. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Something in Reference to the Gods.

To THE EDITOR:—In regard to the "Gods, Infinite Intelligence Theories," published in your super-excellent PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we believe there is no better way to arrive at the truth of these questions than by a proper course of inductive reasoning—reasoning from the known to the unknown—from a limited range of facts offering what will hold good in an unlimited range. We infer all things not known by actual trial or ocular demonstration may be known by an inductive operation, thereby obtaining conclusions much larger than the premises, adventuring into the sphere of the unknown, and pronouncing upon what we have not seen. For the sake of brevity we will not conform to syllogistic rules of argument, but will endeavor, nevertheless, to arrange the propositions in as concise and comprehensible style as possible. It being universally conceded that nature's laws are immutable, that the same forces and principles now in operation, producing the wonderful and various phenomena we everywhere behold, have always existed, and will always continue to exist—consequently, like causes must always produce like effects; therefore, nature's laws or forces are immutable and eternal.

1. The real known direct cause of intelligence is sensation; and sensation, life; and of life, motion; of motion, matter, for without matter there can be no motion; without motion there can be no life; without life no sensation, and without sensation no intelligence. In the regular order of progressive development there is, first, matter; second, motion; third, life; fourth, sensation; fifth, intelligence.

2. Matter, in an organized condition, pre-existed organized matter, but possessed motion, resulting from the innate principles or forces of matter, namely, attraction and repulsion; negative and positive, commonly named magnetic and electric forces; and from these inherent properties of matter all organic forms and conditions of existences have emanated.

3. All matter originally being one homogeneous mass, uniformly possessing the principles of motion evolved from the one great illimitable mass, one Infinite Intelligence, God, possessing all the substance, principles and essences of matter; and in its boundless power wisdom and love is able to govern all subordinate conditions of the entire mass of matter—the universe.

4. Finite intelligent beings, miniature gods, mankind, were evolved through the same forces—positive and negative—and are fitted to control the limited amount of matter of which they are composed, possessing in a very limited degree, undeveloped, the same attributes as is possessed by the Great Infinite Intelligence, who, through his superior or infinite power, wisdom and love, is able to control a universe.

H. C. HEAVEY.

Marpeth, N. Y.

His Dead Father's Face.

IT APPEARS AT HIS DEAD DAUGHTER'S COFFIN TO CONFUTE A FRIEND'S DISBELIEF.

To THE EDITOR:—"I stood alone, looking at the unconscious face before me, which was distinctly visible, though the light was heavily shaded to keep the glare from the dying eyes," says a writer in the Arena. "All her life my friend had been a Christian believer, with an unwavering faith in life beyond this, and for her sake a bitter grief came upon me, because, so far as I could see, there was no ground for that belief. I thought I could more easily let her go into the unknown if I could but feel that her hope would be realized, and I put into words this feeling.

"I pleaded that if there were any of her own departed ones present at this supreme moment, could they not and would they not give me some least sign that such was a fact, and I would be content. Slowly over the dying one's face spread a mellow, radiant mist—I know no other way to describe it. In a few moments it covered the dying one's face as with a veil, and spread in a circle of about a foot beyond over the pillow, the stranger paled as white light, all the more distinct from a partial darkness of the room. Then from the center of this, immediately over the hidden face, appeared an apparently living face with smiling eyes, which looked directly into mine, gazing at me with a look so full of comforting assurance that I could scarcely feel frightened. But it was so real and so strange that I wondered if I were temporarily crazed, and as it disappeared I called a watcher from another room and went out into the open air for a few moments to recover myself under the midnight stars. When I was sure of myself I returned and took my place again alone. Then I asked that if that appearance were real and not a hallucination, it would be made once more manifest to me; and again the phenomenon was repeated, and the kind, smiling face looked up to me—a face new to me, yet wonderfully familiar. Afterward I recalled my friend's frequent description of her dead father, whom she dearly loved, but whom I had never seen, and I could not help the impression that it was his face I saw the hour that his daughter died."

London, Miss.

Answered.

Senator Stanford has announced that his life interest is settled in the university at Palo Alto, which is founded in memory of his son. He means, he says, to give away most of his fortune during his lifetime and see if he cannot spend the money as well as any one else. The bulk of the great fortune will probably go to the university.

Dr. Theodore Martin is to have the first refusal of the Post Laureate and the Queen's decision will certainly be acceptable to Mr. Gladstone as there has been an intimate acquaintance for many years between him and the genial and accomplished author of the life of the Prince Consort, who was also one of Tennyson's close friends and they saw a great deal of each other.

Psychometry Soul or Mind Measure.

To THE EDITOR:—On one occasion the Rev. J. H. Ecob gave an interesting discourse at Albany, N. Y. taking for his subject Psychometry. He said that there were three definitions of the word. The first definition is strictly scientific, the meaning and application of the word being soul or mind measure; that is, taking the measure of the action of the mind. This the speaker illustrated by the experiments of Dr. Francis Galton. The second definition, he said, was to enlarge materially our definition, and shift the point of view. Instead of thinking of the soul as a somewhat dominant force to be measured, we now think of the soul as an active power, going out to take the measure of the material world. Instead of stretching our measuring line upon the soul, the soul is abroad stretching its measuring line upon matter. This gives us the meaning of psychometry in its present popular use.

Then Dr. Ecob, to make himself clear, went into an extended explanation, saying: We must get distinctly before the mind the fact of the sensitivity of matter, a sensitivity refined and subtle almost beyond credibility (not brute or leaden matter), first, by photography, and second, by other facts which the doctor presented.

The second thing to get clearly before us is the fact that the human organization (body and soul combined) is gifted with the power of detecting these subtle and apparently inscrutable changes in matter. If matter has great sensitivity, the soul is greater, and like a master, gives out among material things, taking the measure of their hidden life. This is the nominal gift, the birthright of every soul. But some have the gift in greater perfection. "Sensitives" is the term used in psychometry. This the doctor illustrated with letters, geographical specimens, etc.

The third definition, the final boundaries of our word psychometry, is soul measuring soul. In this region the sensitive does not measure material things, but measures other souls. Under this definition we explain all the phenomena of our latest psychical research—hypnotism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, telepathy, etc.

On the one hand are spiritual or psychic phenomena, and on the other hand, sensitives, or persons gifted with the power of seeing, measuring, interpreting these phenomena. This branch of the subject is very thoroughly, scientifically studied in England, France, Germany and this country.

"What about Spiritualism?" asked the doctor. Then he answered: "I see no reason whatever for contesting the principal claims of Spiritualism. If we have proved that human spirits may, while in the body, hold communication with each other, affect each other, determine each other's action, independent of all material laws, much more may a disembodied spirit come into distinct contact with our spirit. This on purely scientific grounds.

As a minister, he desired to see this science progress. Astronomy, he said, was contested at the outset, but it went on giving facts and facts. So with geology and chemistry. The spiritual life must and will in like manner be demonstrated.

Here we have a minister of the Gospel taking an advanced position in regard to Psychometry and Spiritualism. Verily the world is moving onward.

REPORTER.

A Scientific Problem.

A few years ago my youngest child, a little girl of eight years, manifested a desire to engage in chicken-raising. On being told that she might have the entire proceeds for her own use, she embarked in the enterprise. After two or three years, a friend suggested the propriety of trying some ducks, which in due time were placed under a hen for hatching. Three days later another hen, waiting to set, was supplied with hen's eggs and furnished a nest on the same tier with the other hen. Both hens settled down to business, coming off daily for food and water, and, when supplied, each one returning to her respective nest. Now it happened that three days before the chickens were hatched both hens left their nests at about the same time, and on returning changed nests and remained thus until both broods came off. When the chicks came off, they, with their foster-mother, were put into a coop and seemed the very picture of domesticity. Four days later the hen and ducks were taken from the nest and put in a coop 20 feet from the chickens. As soon as the hens began their accustomed cluck, cluck, both broods left in a body and changed places, and all efforts to convince them of their error proved unavailing. After they had retired for the night the hens were changed and all remained quiet until morning, when the broods again changed places. Now the reader will observe that any knowledge that the ducks could have had of the hen they claimed as mother must date back seven days before they were hatched.

C. E. M.

A Christian.

To THE EDITOR:—We see in your paper, from different writers, many accusations made against "Christians," when, in fact, there can be no foundation for accusations to be made against a Christian. Then, to be considered by all, it would be well to qualify the term, using "professed Christians" or "nominal Christians." Christ was a pure, spiritual being, and in the one great center to which the human family is spiritually attracted, and when the people have made sufficient spiritual progress to take up their abode on the Christ line of love, they will be living in the immortal age. All the mediumistic power demonstrated in the world to-day is only an outward demonstration of an internal power which sustains all life. Then we should all look to the internal source, and not become blinded by the outward manifestations of men. We can become sectarian no matter on what line of belief we may build our outward forms.

G. W. BOWMAN.

EVOLUTION.

Animal Spirits Considered.

TO THE EDITOR:—Observing in the last number of your most estimable spiritual paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, a brief, though comprehensive article, entitled "Evolution from Lower Conditions," through the hand and pen of Sister N. D. Hahn, and thinking that perchance, through hard study and prolonged investigation of some of the more principles of psychics and science, that we could, through the combined powers of mortal and spirit, assist the sister in answering the question in a former issue, "Have Animals Spirits?" we have concluded to offer the following: Science has demonstrated, and she is continually adding fresher and more corroborative testimony to the grand truth, that man is an evolution from the lowest to the highest forms of life; that this evolution or unfoldment has gone forward in gradual and successive changes, and it matters not in whatever form life is manifested, we shall invariably find that it varies with its environments. If in the vegetable kingdom we look for a change of family or species, it will be found in the character of soil and kinds of climate. Should we discover a modification in the animal kingdom, especially in that stage below man, it must be attributed largely to habitat and kinds and character of food; nor are we safe in asserting that even these of themselves are capable of producing the phenomena of life development as we find it to-day, unassisted by the great modifying power of magnetic forces.

Again, if we carefully and critically examine those animals "under domestication," we shall find that they can be, and moreover are, greatly improved by and through the grand and sweeping intellect of the master—man! Upon the other hand, taking the wild specimens, we find them changing less rapidly, as nature works unassisted by the hand and brain of man in less active lines. Then once more, if we attempt to teach the domestic animals as a class some of the more simple acts of the human master, they are found to be more susceptible to his wants, and, moreover, they not only exhibit what has erroneously been called "instinct," but they do absolutely manifest in manifold instances actual bona fide intelligence.

Among those animals showing the larger capacity for training are the horse, dog, elephant, several kinds of birds, etc. The lion, tiger, monkeys, and some other kinds of wild animals, are also susceptible, but their voracious and bloodthirsty nature, especially the two former, are so prominent that they cannot be trusted without being caged or chained. In this element their habits and character are very imperfectly studied, and yet enough has been learned about them to form a basis for future investigation.

Quoting Sister Hahn in a single instance, "All life, and life is—must be—progressive." Then predicating this truth as our foundation, this force we call life is—not may be—yes, absolutely is, endowed with Intelligence. Let us write it with a capital "I," because it is symbolic of such a great and grand thought. Then let us go back a little farther, or, if you please, to another hypothetical proposition—that the basis of all things is the "Infinitesimal" atom which was not created, but always was, and always will be; that it is always endowed with the germ of intelligence, and hence, as its inherent birthright, it possesses capacities and capabilities for the highest unfoldment of being! Given the proposition of any form or expression of life, and by this formula it is explained and the truth made manifest. Special creation having failed in toto, then what? Let us seize upon a working hypothesis! Spirit always is life, and vice-versa. Spirit moulds and fashions its life expression according to its advancement along the line of progress, intelligence being everywhere manifest, for upon no other theory can we solve the question of man, his origin and destiny.

Calling in the assistance of our twin sister of astronomy—geology, she tells us of the myriad forms of life that animated this old planet, earth, millions upon millions of years ago, age succeeding age, epoch following epoch, cycle following cycle, its spiral circuit, and recording upon the volume of nature the grand secret of life. But what does this "Testimony of the Rock" disclose? One of the great lessons it teaches is that of the "survival of the fittest," or the predominance of the stronger and more powerful against the weaker. We also learn that in the three kingdoms of nature, and more especially in the organic, the "genus," "species" and "family" took upon themselves the leading characteristics of the preceding types. Now the races and types of all forms manifesting life, to say nothing here of the organic world, could have come forward only by and through the spirit within, permeating and unfolding its inherent powers, hence we ask: How could this ceaseless building and transforming, this growing, maturing and dying, go on through countless ages without the spirit does re-incarnate or re-embodies itself in the new and successive forms of life? Then, with this hypothesis, it is easy to bridge over the chasm of unfoldment in this grand workshop of nature. Every form of life is imbued and permeated by spirit, and when it ceases to animate the "clay-house," it is passing its life of development in a spiritual condition, and when it has advanced as far as its terrestrial experience has gone, it must again and again pass through the crucial test of the earth-born, and become a denizen of the terrestrial plane.

Then when our brother, seeking for light, speaks of "animal spirits," why, yes, certainly, they do exist. Where are our pets when they have passed the rubicon of death? Shall we find them again? Why not? Was not "Prince" a noble animal, even though he was a horse? Did he not have a broad forehead, shapely limbs and a sleek coat? Was he not intelligent? Could you not teach him

tricks, and did he not manifest affection, hate, anger, pain, etc., as you, an intelligent human being, do? You have a spirit, and it lives beyond the change called death; can you, or do you, expect less of your pet, Prince, whom you class as foremost among the noble animals?

We trace the ancestry of genus homo backward to our pre-historic ancestors, where the cave of the cave-bear and hyena was the hearthstone, and the primitive songs of mother-love, even though crude and inarticulate, lulled the pre-historic babe into quietude and slumber.

The spirit has gone on evolving now and higher forms, while the earth has changed her magnetic and astral conditions, and thus the organ, the thinker, has passed from hunter to shepherd; from shepherd to tiller of the soil, and a weaver of the finer threads of human destiny. Reversing the picture, take the orohippus, found in theocene rocks of Wyoming, a diminutive animal, the progenitor of our noble family of which Prince is a member. This far-away ancestor was but little larger than a fox, and though resembling the horse's body, yet it had three well-defined toes upon each foot, with the vestige of another; and one beside has been left behind, for our ancient Wyoming horse had an ancestor whose foot was armed with five toes; hence orohippus must have been a station somewhere on the road from a five-toed to a one-toed, hoofed animal.

Again, in the miocene rocks of Oregon, and other localities in the Rocky Mountains, has been found a higher evolution of Prince's ancestor, scientifically called "architherium." In this animal the foot is considerably modified, in that the vestige is entirely gone, and the others, save the third toe, very much reduced.

Still further, in the pliocene rocks of Oregon and Nebraska, appear the modified remains of another still higher evolution towards our pet, Prince, in which specimen hipparion was closely related to his nearer ancestor, architherium. In this peculiar horse the middle toe is much more prominent and the others very much reduced. They could not possibly have been of any kind of use to hipparion, as they did not reach the ground, and still they bore little hoofs like the "dew-claws" of a reindeer. So as time flies and newer developments occur, the more modern horse comes upon the stage of action. The third toe is much enlarged and the companions upon each side have been vanishing, vanishing, vanishing; are vanished; the "splint bones," as they are familiarly called, are the only reminiscences of the orohippus, architherium and hipparion.

But even orohippus could not have been the foremost in the chain of evolution leading up to the horse, since it had only a vestige of a fifth toe, as a horse's foot still retains the shadow of the second and fourth.

Thus it is evident that the first of that series must have been, in the language of one of our lamented scientists, Prof. Gunning, "a five-toed, generalized plantigrade." The foot rested on the ground from heel to toe. The last member of the series is one of the most specialized of all animals, in the foot the most specialized of all animals. All the toes are suppressed except the third, and nothing but its hoof reaches the ground.

We have called in the aid of science to show us the outward expression of life in the horse; now let us take the spirit processes leading up to the nobility of animals. In tracing his ancestry away back in the twilight of recent geological strata, periods, etc., that orohippus of theocene or early dawn was not the first in that series, but somewhere back on the same ancestral road was, and must have been, a five-toed progenitor, and over the spirit of that faraway parent was truly as active in its manipulations of the formative forces of nature as is the present horse or any future evolution of the equine forms; so the spirit forces, being endowed with intelligence, sought out a higher development, and orohippus was the result. This specimen flourished—how long we know not—but until it could reach a higher plane of development. So orohippus evolved into architherium, and architherium into hipparion, and finally from hipparion onward and upward into the horse. As the spirit man advances by successive reincarnation, so has the horse, as well as all the animals of the earth's fauna, passed along similar and identical lines. All life is spirit, and it must progress. There is no other alternative. We are surrounded by a maze of human concepts; a million-hued congeries of opinion weigh them in the balance of reason, and mark their value. Opinion may change with every zephyr, be modified by every passing breeze, and trampled under foot in a moment, and eternally lost in oblivion; but Truth never changes; only its varied aspects; it may be crushed, but it will rise and assert itself.

We, as human spirits clothed with flesh, are in a most wonderful universe of law; supreme justice rules, her face always turned toward the light, her finger pointing to the constellations of star-gemmed beauty; ours are grand lessons, and somewhere on the eternal road of life and being is it not safe to predicate that we shall find the true answer to those mixed questions? To the querist asking for light, we would say: "Study well the Book of Nature, and from her voiceless volume of star, cloud, constellation and system gather the gems that fall at thy feet, and pluck the flowers of love that blossom in beauty around the home and hearthstone."

PROF. SELAS W. EDWARDS.

Bonny Prince once had a chance talk of some length with Tyson in a public conveyance. "In Memoriam," proving the subject of most of it. When it became necessary for them to part the poet took the professor by the hand affectionately and said: "Who are you? I must know who you are." But Bonny Prince said, "No, I'm nobody," and the story is so told as to indicate that he did not reveal himself.

The Pole Star of Our Earth.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have just read in one of your issues of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER Prof. Richmond's lecture on Astronomy, a subject to which I have given much attention. Where he says, of the "Observations of Bel," which were found in the ruins of Nineveh: "These records date back forty-five centuries, to that far-off time when Alpha, of the constellation of the Dragon, was the pole star of our earth," the learned professor makes a trifling mistake of some 10,000 years, as I will proceed to show. What is termed the precession of the equinoxes is a slow motion of the earth which causes the north pole to make a complete circuit of a portion of the heavens once in 25,876 years. In that circuit it passes over only two large stars, one of which is our present north star, and the other is Alpha, of the Dragon. It is now about 14,000 years since Alpha was the pole star, and as our present north star has only been such for about 2,000 years, it was Alpha that was referred to by those ancient records. So it is nearer 14,000 than 4,000 years that the records of Bel refer to.

The Veddas also refer to a north star, making them much more ancient than is usually supposed. Confucius, who is supposed to have lived 550 B. C., refers to a north star; but he was only a compiler, and not a law-giver, as Moses is said to have been. It shows how antiquated the Chinese records are. In about 12,000 years hence Alpha will be pole star again, and as the present star will only remain a pole star for about 1,000 years longer, there will then occur another hiatus of many thousands of years. The earth will be without any such guiding star as these were prior to 2,000 years ago. C. D. HAY.

THAT POLE-STAR.

MR. RICHMOND'S ANSWER TO C. D. HAY.

TO THE EDITOR:—In the above communication, by Mr. C. D. Hay (which you kindly referred to me), I notice a criticism upon one of my lectures. Mr. Hay quoted the statement of mine as follows: "These records date back forty-five centuries, to that far-off time when Alpha, of the constellation of the Dragon, was the Pole-star of our earth." He then says: "The learned professor makes a trifling mistake of ten thousand years, as I will proceed to show." Mr. Hay continues with several surprising statements relative to the star Alpha, and makes them with such confidence that a casual reader would be very apt to believe the gentleman had given much attention to the study of astronomy, as he remarks in his article, and was, therefore, familiar with the subject. Mr. Hay must have trusted too much to his memory, or his astronomical works must be greatly in fault. My statement that "Alpha, of the Dragon, was the Pole-star of our earth about forty-five centuries ago" is correct, as can be proven by a reference to any modern astronomy.

The precession of equinoxes causes the equinoctial points to make a complete revolution in 25,817 of our years. The position of the north-pole is gradually and imperceptibly changing. It is now distant from Polaris about one and one-half degrees, and it will continue to approach it until they will be not more than one-half a degree apart.

"Four thousand five hundred years ago the Polar-star was the bright star Alpha in the constellation Draco." (Steele's New Astronomy, p. 106.) If this is authority, Mr. Hay is some ten thousand years out of the way, as to his assertions concerning the star Alpha. It is probable Mr. Hay has confounded Alpha of the Dragon with the brilliant star Vega of the constellation of Lyra, which will become our Pole-star about twelve hundred years hence. I hope to soon publish another lecture upon this subject, so will not enter more minutely into it at present. O. H. RICHMOND.

Twins of Doubtful Origin.

TO THE EDITOR:—What greater absurdity has drifted down time's stream into the present than the nondescript Christian God? How much the Father, Son and Holy Ghost resembles in character the Santa Claus, Kris Kingle and Buma Dickie of our childhood days. Both were veritable persons, male gender, manly in proportions and wonderfully human in character and disposition. Both kept well out of sight, but God's voice could be heard in the thunder, and the tinkle of Santa's bells we have often heard as his reindeer and sleigh drew near with the annual donation of Christmas gifts. Both had a wonderful knowledge of grown and little folks; good and evil deeds and deserts. Well we remember how our dear, good mothers warned us that if we were naughty boys "Kris" would leave a switch instead of the goodie-goodies we so much desired. No matter by which name either was called, it always referred to the one omnipresent or annual-present dispenser of blessings or curses, and each claimed the right of way through chimney and keyhole. In fact, there is little mention made of what either could do.

It would be useless to hunt for a date of the origin of these absurd creations; but it is gratifying to know that Santa Claus (like other fairy tales) loses his personal identity as the years go by; and the same is true of all personal gods when enlightened reason crowns our manhood.

Whoever questions this will clear away many a doubt from the minds of truth-seekers by explaining how an omnipresent personal god, in whose image man was made, and whose presence fills a boundless universe, can possibly have other, circumference or shape.

Man's bloodage all from God descended:
Each single hair bears number.
If man is saved, in heaven he's praised;
If lost, ah! where! I wonder.

"Santa" attends to children's needs:
He knows our name and number.
Cookies and candy for good deeds,
The bad boy catches thunder.

D. S. MAYNARD.

The Churches Becoming Spiritualized.

A religious paper publishes approvingly the following from the sermon of a Presbyterian Minister of Pittsburgh:

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

"One of our pastors" in a discourse upon the passage, 'Are they not all ministering Spirits sent forth for him who shall be heir of salvation,' used the following language, from which many will draw comfort and consolation. He said:

"Ministering Spirits is a pleasant theme to consider, whether we apply it to our friends who come to our relief in time of trouble, or to our loved ones who have entered into the heavenly state, or to those celestial visitants which are sent to comfort and sustain, to guide and cheer us. While the text undoubtedly refers to those angelic beings which have never tasted of human sorrow and human sin, it does not yet preclude the thought that our own flesh and blood may prove such to us, nor that the disembodied spirits of our dear ones are permitted to minister to our peace and welfare. We all realize that a friend who has passed through sorrow is best fitted to minister to us in times of trouble, and it seems only natural that the heavenly Father should send our friends from the other world to soothe, cheer and counsel us in time of need.

"While it is a fact that angels have never known sorrow or pain or weakness, it is yet true that they are swift to bring timely aid and comfort to tired and suffering mortals. It strengthens one in time of sorrow and suffering to reflect that ministering spirits are dispatched to our relief with kindly words of cheer and tender offices of love, and judicious counsel.

"Angels have been employed in performing the most important missions from the very beginning of human history. It was an angel that found Hagar by a fountain in the wilderness and succored her and her dying child. Angels visited Lot in Sodom, and warned him of its impending doom; rescued him from the violence of the mob in its streets, and conducted him and his family to a place of safety. In his flight from home, Jacob, in a vision of the night, was permitted to see a ladder, stretching from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. It was the angel of the Lord who met Balaam on his way to curse Israel, and rebuked him. When Elijah lay exhausted under a juniper tree after his long flight from Ahab, an angel touched him and said: 'Arise and eat,' and on the strength of that food he traveled on for forty days.

"What angels have done in the past in the way of sympathy, help and deliverance, they are doing to-day. Let us accept their kindly offices, and so live that when we have laid aside these garments of dust, we may become ministering spirits to our fellowmen, who are struggling upward toward the same blessed realization of our hopes."

I understand the object of our friends who have left the mortal, in coming to us, is to enlighten our minds and spiritualize our lives so that we will not build another sect.

We have known a Yankee girl to receive \$25 and expenses for reciting at a camp rhymes no way superior to street doggerel, not a line of it having a particle of spirituality. What the preacher said seems to me much more spiritual.

G. F. LEWIS.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

One that Should Not Go Unheeded.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am moved once more to make an appeal to Spiritualists in behalf of Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane. Of the three sisters she alone remains among the living—the last link that binds cause to its origin, the Hydesville rappings. Friends, let us not fail of our duty to this very unfortunate sister. I much regret that the demands of many duties preclude me from further acting as the intermediary between the generous readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and Mrs. Kane, but I have no hesitancy in recommending Brother Titus Merritt as one who will render the most conscientious service as trustee with regard to any funds committed to his care. He has the time to attend to the duties devolving upon anyone who undertakes to look after Mrs. Kane's affairs, and with him such duties constitute a labor of love. Dear brothers and sisters, send Brother Titus Merritt whatever you can spare for Mrs. Kane, and he will give a faithful account of his stewardship. In time I trust this matter will be placed in the hands of a permanent committee. Brother Merritt's address is 319 West Fifty-fourth street, New York City.

FREDERICK T. COOK.

"The Spiritualist Evangelist" is a collection of hymns and songs to be used in public and private Spiritual services, with Introductory Circular, setting forth the basic principles of Spiritualism and system of organization. G. F. Perkins, compiler. For sale by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, office, 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill. Price, 15 cents.

"Memorial Oration by Colonel Ingersoll on Roscoe Conkling." Delivered before the New York Legislature, May 3, 1882. Price, 4 cents. For sale at this office.

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

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

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM. By G. W. BROWN. 2 vols. Price 50 cents.

HOW TO MESMERIZE. BY PROF. J. W. CRAWFORD, one of the most successful mesmerists in America. Amateurs and students instructed by correspondence. An indispensable work. Price, paper, 50 cents.

Working in Behalf of Organization.

TO THE EDITOR:—Allow me to inform your many readers through the columns of your most excellent paper that the report concerning my going to California this fall was a mistake; it was Mr. Allen who contemplated that trip, and has now entered upon it. I shall remain for the present in this part of the field, and expect to devote my efforts more especially to the States of Missouri and Kansas, being duly authorized and commissioned by these two State organizations respectively as their organizer and agent. I hope, therefore, to accomplish some good, not only to organize new societies in connection with my general rostrum work as lecturer and platform test medium, but to try and cause older local societies to realize the advantages in being auxiliary to the State organization, and thus become an organic force within the State for the accomplishment of much good. As an organized body of liberal and spiritual thought we can meet the organized forces of orthodox oppression, which are, and always have been, the enemy of human liberty and true spiritual progress. With properly conducted State organizations we shall become able to maintain a successful National organization. Thus the local societies become auxiliary to the State organization, and the State organization becomes auxiliary to the National organization, constituting one grand composite whole, with a platform or basis as simple and as unpersonal as truth itself.

Shall we not, therefore, arise as a body of appreciative minds and accept the hand of co-operation that the Angel-world has extended to humanity for the last half century in breaking the psychical fetters of superstition that have infested the human spirit for so many long, dark ages of the past? When the obstructions are removed the human soul will be free to expand and blossom out the spiritual sunlight of fraternal kindness and co-operation.

This may seem to some a gigantic undertaking; the very magnitude of such an accomplished result tend to discourage individual efforts in the minds of some who compare such individual efforts with the ideal result. But let us assure all such faint hearts within our ranks that all grand results are made up of many individual efforts—not spasmodic and fitful efforts, but continuous and persistent, such as result from a deep conviction of right and a religious duty to practice the same. Thus we would urge upon you, Spiritualists everywhere, the great necessity for organization and systematic co-operation with the Spirit-world to bring order out of chaos and homogeneity out of this heterogeneous condition that we have in our ranks at the present time.

In conclusion, let me say that I shall be pleased to visit any community within the States mentioned above and vicinity in my mediumistic capacity, and do for them the best that my inspirational and test mediumship will allow; and to all such as are not in condition to guarantee me regular remuneration, I will repeat the offer that I made before through the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER: If they will furnish me a hall or church to speak in, attend to and pay for advertising, give me entertainment while among them, and charge ten cents at the door to the lectures, and give me the total door receipts, I will come and take my chances for remuneration.

With best wishes for the prosperity of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and the hope that I may hear from many of the friends of our cause, both as relates to organization and the work generally, I remain fraternally,
MRS. M. THERESA ALLEN.
Cherryvale, Kansas.

W. H. Bach's Work at Marshalltown, Iowa.

TO THE EDITOR:—We are enjoying a feast of good things, with W. H. Bach, of St. Paul, Minn., at the helm, in his second month's engagement in our new Temple. The renewed engagement expresses the appreciation of his rostrum services by our association, and I can safely voice the sentiment of our society in commending him to all societies, both old and new, in the building up and advancing of their interest wherever engaged. But among his many gifted phases for any society is the development of mediums by his mesmerism process. Among a number who have been turned over to spirit influence since his short stay with us, I will briefly give my own experience. For seven years my family have been mediums, more or less, but have always found a something wanting, and after spending a great deal of money and time, had grown almost disgusted with the thought of outside aid, and had finally concluded to wait the natural growth of development. But attending a few of his public developing circles soon convinced us that our long-looked-for aid was near at hand.

At my second sitting Mr. B. mesmerized me (and, let me say, it never could be done by anyone before), and handed me over to spirit control. He did the same with my wife. She had been for over one year almost at a standstill, only partially controlled; but from her first sitting in his circles she began rapidly to improve, and the controls can now take possession of her quite readily.

A number of others had the same experience at first, second and third sittings. We believe anyone in the least mediumistic can save months, and sometimes years, by his new process of development.

Our society would be pleased to hear from speakers and mediums who are passing this way, with a view to securing their services.

T. J. COWAN, President Psychic Investigation Society, Marshalltown, Iowa.

ZULICKA, a Child of Two Worlds, given by Orlina, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. This will prove a rare attraction. In sending in your subscription, solicit your neighbor to do likewise. The paper only costs 25 cents for three months.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished, until further notice, at the following rates, payable in advance:

One year	\$1.00
Three months	.30
Six months	.50
Single copy	5c

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

CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only ten or twenty cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a single copy, to send several others to friends with them, and thus be able to read from \$1 to \$10, or even more, than the price of the paper. A large number of these would make a large sum, and thus extend the field of our influence. The same suggestion will apply to those who receive a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing subscriptions to the paper. The price of the paper is so low that the cost of the paper is almost nothing, and the value of the information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

Take Notice.

1. At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No idea will be sent for the paper.

2. If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us and we will address it to promptly forward, and sending others supplied gratis.

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

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

As you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just please and order for a month what we have been calling from that special investor will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of most excellent, well-edited and well-illustrated reading material, equal to a good novel.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

Increasing Interest in the Cause.

A devout and spiritual lady who is wholly identified with the cause of Spiritualism, and whose benevolent impulses constantly lead her to champion all the allied efforts to lessen the world's griefs, and make men better, in speaking of the increasing interest at one of the spiritual centers of force in this city, said:

"They are having a regular pentecostal time. The hall is crowded and everybody is wide awake."

We know this to be true in hundreds of other places. Before THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER hung its banner to the breeze, all was apathy, distrust and despair; mediums were maligned and misrepresented; mud-slinging machines were run at high pressure, to befoul all who should dare even to turn their thoughts toward the sublime doctrines of our philosophy. Traitors within our camp, like cancoers, were slowly eating away all the vitality of our cause, leaving nothing in its place. But in how short a time has the *roule* been changed into a victory. At the first firm blast of the bugle-call of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by the poor, tired fugitives stopped to listen; then, as again and again the soul-stirring strains peal forth, they advance with no uncertain sound. The vibrations, defiant of everything opposing the truth, have aroused new courage in the hearts of all who believe in the presence and power of the invisibles.

No one, anywhere where the THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is known, and it has subscribers everywhere, who is in touch with man and life, can fail to be assured by every single issue that it believes in the doctrines of Spiritualism, and in Spiritualists themselves as a class. It believes that psychics instead of being classed as tramps and jail-birds should be regarded as persons having rights the world is bound to respect. Instead of being hauled into the courts and to prisons by its manager, they are treated as worthy of a hearing, to prove whether the message they have for us is the truth or not.

Is it any wonder that the circulation has so rapidly run beyond the ten-thousand mark. Is it not the duty of every honest Spiritualist to add another unit to the total, so that those who sit in darkness may see the great light, and be blessed by the benign influences of those who, in the invisible, hold the potency guiding and directing its policy and action?

Is it any wonder that the day of the Spiritual Pentecost is upon us. Let every true believer take heart of grace, and work, daily, hourly, in the great vineyard of the truth.

Col. H. T. Van Horn.

This journalist, ex-Congressman, Colonel, politician, magazine contributor, etc., was in the city last week. The Colonel is progressive, and is ever on the alert for something new. He has been investigating the nature of those occult forces that are demonstrated by Olney H. Richmond in the Temple of the Magi. He, with two advanced thinkers (one from Buffalo, N. Y., and the other from Pittsburgh, Pa.) witnessed some interesting occult manifestations last week.

The State Society.

It has been in session during the past week, and celebrities from various parts of the country have been in attendance. President Genifer made it a success. The Secretary will probably furnish a report next week.

We publish in another column an account of spirit pictures given through Miss Della Adams. Several have written letters to us, complaining that they have not seen Miss Adams a remittance, but can get no answer from her. What is the matter, Miss Adams?

D. Boynton, Dr. Howard, and numerous other parties from Michigan and other States called at our office last week.

Bishop A. Beals has an engagement at New Orleans for November only. Mr. Beals has been filling a successful engagement at Louisville, Ky.

Spiritualism at the present time in Chicago is represented by some of the best mediums the world ever produced.



ZULICKA: A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS.

By OUIA, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Yes, there has been something in the air, as heretofore announced, and it has at last crystallized and assumed definite shape, and is designed for the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We are glad that it is just what it is, and nothing else, for it will prove a great attraction, and be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. We advertised this attraction as "something in the air," and so it was, for the wise beings, the exalted spirits, who brought it to earth, were in our atmosphere imparting their inspiration and making their preparation for the grand work. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man, ever on the alert for attractions, knew this fact, and the result is now before our readers. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of the grandest mediums who ever lived on this earth, is the instrument through which this "something in the air" so crystallized that it could be brought to the notice of mortals. ZULICKA is the title of the story that will be told, and it is founded on absolute facts, the important scenes of which are located in India.

We take especial pleasure in announcing this story—if such it can be called—it being founded on realities instead of fiction. It is by OUIA, Mrs. Richmond's poetic control, and she will weave the narrative together in a fascinating manner.

Now, Spiritualists, let us hear from you. Our attractions for the Fall and Winter will be large and varied, and each one should act as missionary to aid in the good work. Don't let a single Spiritualist escape you. Of course there are a few Spiritualists who will not take any Spiritualist paper, to aid in redeeming the world and advancing it to a higher plane. You can do nothing with them at present.

Our Fall and Winter campaign will be most brilliant, most attractive, and well calculated to do a grand work for the cause of Spiritualism and humanity. We are doing our part, and now, Spiritualists, Free Thinkers and Mytics, do yours. Interest your neighbors in the paper; tell them that it will only cost them two cents a week, and that they should contribute that amount to the general good of humanity. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads all other free-thought papers in the extent of its circulation, in the brilliancy of its attractions, and in the uniqueness of its methods. Other Spiritualist papers have from time to time tried to copy its methods, but in so doing they could not, of course, begin to equal the original; they were only copyists.

ZULICKA, a Child of Two Worlds, will be one of Mrs. Richmond's grandest inspirations, and the Spiritualist who fails to read it will miss a rare treat, and in some respects will be left in the rear. The following constitute the heads of the twenty-four different chapters:

PART I.

Chapter 1—An Earthly Paradise.

Chapter 2—Zulicka's Birth.

Chapter 3—A Strange Visitant.

Chapter 4—A Prophecy.

Chapter 5—The Moon-Stone.

Chapter 6—The Sacred Tree.

PART II.

Chapter 7—The New World.

Chapter 8—The Rescue.

Chapter 9—Meeting and Parting.

Chapter 10—Visions, and

Chapter 11—A Realm of Wonders.

Chapter 12—An Earthly Hades.

PART III.

Chapter 13—Earth-bound.

Chapter 14—Glimpses.

Chapter 15—Certainties.

Chapter 16—The Orphan.

Chapter 17—The Search for Heaven.

Chapter 18—Home-building.

PART IV.

Chapter 19—Found at Last.

Chapter 20—The Shrine of Love.

Chapter 21—Spirit-Life and Labors.

Chapter 22—Step by Step.

Chapter 23—World-making.

Chapter 24—The Kingdom of Heaven.

The winter months are now approaching; the evenings will be long, and all true Spiritualists should have on their table a Spiritualist paper. They should try to have their neighbors enjoy this spiritual feast also. Call their attention to the fact that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER combines cheapness and excellence, and it is furnished for one dollar per year, or three months for 25 cents. Surely anyone can afford the latter sum.

Zulicka, a Child of Two Worlds.

This narrative, founded on realities, and given to the world by that brilliant spirit OUIA, will be commenced in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER soon after the conclusion of Hudson Tuttle's story. It will be one of the main features of our Fall and Winter campaign. Mrs. Richmond has many admirers throughout the United States, and they should bestir themselves at once, and see to it that our subscription list is greatly augmented, enabling us to do a correspondingly greater degree of good. Spiritualists everywhere begin to realize that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads, and that it is the one paper which is entitled to their unlimited confidence. When the paper refuses to grow any more, the present editor will call a meeting of the stockholder of the paper, and he will be discharged at once. The paper, however, is in a healthy condition, under its present management. He has an unlimited number of attractions to draw upon. He has at least a dozen already on hand, with many others still "in the air," which he will catch on to in due time. The long winter evenings are coming and every Spiritualist should have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to read. The story by OUIA will be worth ten times the price of subscription of the paper.

Mrs. Nellie Baade, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, who is doing an excellent work, writes from Detroit, Mich.: "We are having a very successful series of meetings here in the city. Many are attending regularly who never heard a Spiritual lecturer before, although they have had every opportunity; but they were prejudiced, and supposed all lecturers directed their time and talents in ridiculing the Bible and abusing church members. Our guides seem to have the happy faculty of sifting the wheat from the tares and feeding hungry souls upon spiritual truths, no matter where they find them, believing that through the ages of the past there has been a vein of spiritual truth, if properly understood, running through the Old Testament as well as the New, and for one we are always willing to accept truth wherever found, on Christian land or heathen ground."

"We have some of the finest talent to assist us in our spiritual work, and one of the choirs of the city. Our organist is an ex-disciple minister, a fine musician and singer, and he also acts as President. He is developing as a very fine healer and medium, doing all in his power to aid the cause of Spiritualism. Brother Marsh, of Boston, now a resident of this city, is assisting in the choir, and in various ways to build up the cause on a solid foundation, and with a few more such earnest souls to assist in rolling on the Car of Spiritual Progress, we shall expect a regular pentecostal shower. Oct. 11th we lectured at Thornton, to a large and appreciative audience."

Is There Any Hope for the Cannibal?

The English mind, Zebuhr said, could hardly conceive the condition of the Niam-Nyam people. They had no God, no prophet and no law. One man worshipped a tree, another his chickens, some fire, some water, some the buffalo, some the serpent. They had no occupation but hunting and fighting one with another, and they were cannibals. Cannibalism prevailed among them to such an extent that when he first went down they ate none but human flesh. Men, women and children were killed in the market, cut up and sold, as Europeans sell beef and mutton. All prisoners of war were eaten, and ill-behaved persons; also men who grew too fat to be good for anything else, and persons who died a natural death. A young Niam-Nyam, who was in attendance upon the Pasha, explained, apropos of this, that it is not the custom to eat your own relations. If your mother, for instance, is supposed to be dying, you negotiate with some one of a neighboring village to give a certain sum for her body. If she recovers, the bargain falls through; if she dies, the fact is notified immediately to the man who has bought her, and she is taken away, to be decently eaten at a distance.—*Contemporary Review*.

Absolute barbarism still prevails on this planet earth, as vividly outlined above, and it would be pleasing to fully understand the exact status spiritually of the Niam-Nyam people. Do they possess, each one, an immortal soul? Will they, when their physical bodies shall have ceased to act, awaken on a plane in spirit-life where they can in a measure comprehend their exact condition, and if they so desire, commence immediate improvement? Yes, to both questions. The highly-enlightened member of this, the nineteenth century, eats with perfect impunity nearly all kinds of wild and domestic animals, and he is considered as occupying a very high plane, spiritually and intellectually. The Chinese preserve a certain kind of insects in sugar, and they are regarded as a great delicacy. Locusts and honey in olden times often constituted a savory meal. In France the diseased liver of a goose is sometimes held in high repute, and in China rats are considered excellent as an article of diet. Various tribes of Western Indians make soup of grasshoppers, a species of locusts that sweep down from the Rocky Mountains. As an article of diet, any animal, however low in the scale of existence, would be considered by one who is in the least degree enlightened as more desirable than human flesh.

A cannibal is looked upon in this section of the civilized world as a monster—vile, slimy, devilish, and containing within himself everything in God's vast universe that can be regarded as diabolical. It must be admitted, however, that all things—not one thing, class or species—are embraced within the grand creative process inaugurated or controlled by God or Law. The cannibal is the legitimate outgrowth of certain well-defined conditions, and as outwrought or evolved by them, he must be considered as within the beneficent scope of Divine law and providence. It is difficult to conceive of illegitimates in any department of God's kingdom; if illegitimates there, then there must be another creative power responsible therefor; hence the one generally regarded as God could only be a partial sovereign.

If all are within the domain of sovereign law—the wise sage, the grand old philosopher, the warrior, the statesman, and the vile man-eater and cruel barbarian—who among them occupies the most secure position? Which one stands on holy or consecrated ground, from which all the others will forever be excluded? Which one is the favorite child of God?

Is it not probable that every being, in any part of God's vast universe—is within the domain of law, and occupies the exact plane to which he or she is adapted spiritually, morally and intellectually?

Probably the gulf that intervenes between the cannibal and those who are considered as highly enlightened, is not as large as generally imagined. Christian nations cruelly murder each other when war exists between them. See the large standing armies that menace each other in Europe to-day, waiting for an auspicious moment to commence their bloody work. Indeed, how much inferior is the cannibal to such men as Napoleon Bonaparte, John Calvin, who burned Servetus, or the thousands of supposed heroes who have devastated the world in brutal wars? Indeed, we are inclined, after looking at the terrible wars and religious persecutions that have prevailed from time to time, to say that the cannibal's opportunities in the future are pretty good; for he, too, is a factor of the universal plan, and his final growth, development and salvation is certain. One thing in his favor, he has never learned the nature of religious persecution; and never formulated a sectarian creed.

The Morals of the Clergy.

The New York Sun says: "The advocates of disestablishment in England are calling attention to a summary made up by a newspaper reader, of the number of clergymen who have appeared in court as defendants in the past year in the kingdom. These are the figures: Breach of promise, 14; cruelty to animals, 18; bankrupts, 254; elopements, 17; drunkenness, 121; assaults, 109; various other charges, 84; and twelve more committed suicide. This is an appalling showing. Indeed, Spiritualists are the most moral people in the world."

Science is making rapid strides just now. The doctors are discovering new diseases faster than the patent medicine bottles can get the names on their labels.

Prayers for Congress.

No doubt that body needs them, and needs them badly, providing they possess the efficacy attributed to them; but that, of course, they do not, for if they did Congress and the world generally would to-day be perfect. Since the celebration of the Catholic services for the dead over John S. Barbour in the Senate, says an exchange, the question has been frequently asked, "Has a Catholic chapel ever been elected by either house of Congress?" There is no record of a Catholic priest in the capacity of Congressional chaplain prior to 1839; in that year the Rev. Constantine Pise, D. D., pastor of St. Matthew's Church, was, at the instance of Henry Clay, unanimously elected Chaplain to the Senate. The Rev. Dr. Pise was a native of Maryland, born at Annapolis on November 22, 1801, his father being an Italian and his mother a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at Georgetown College, and on graduation entered the Society of Jesus, going to Rome to study theology, where he was made a doctor of divinity by the College of the Sapienza in 1832.

In 1840 the Rev. Father Rider, S. J., president of Georgetown College, opened the Senate with prayer on two occasions. The records show that Father Boyle was the last priest who said prayers in the old Senate Chamber, now the Supreme Court room.

The House has never elected a Catholic priest chaplain, though on several occasions when the House failed to elect a chaplain Father Boyle alternated with two Protestant ministers in offering the opening prayers. Father Aiken was the first priest to make the sign of the cross in the present Representatives' Chamber. On January 24, 1858, the Rev. Charles Stonestreet, S. J., then pastor of St. Aloysius, in this city, opened the house with prayer. Speaker Orr conducting him to the Speaker's chair. On February 9, 1859, he opened the Senate with prayer. On Sunday, January 9, 1859, the Right Rev. John England, D. D., first Bishop of Charleston, S. C., delivered an address in the Capitol.

A Catholic priest was once elected to Congress and served through one session. He went directly from a prison-cell to the House of Representatives. The Rev. Gabriel Richard was a delegate in Congress from the Territory of Michigan in 1825-6. He was a Roman Catholic and a man of learning. He was born in France, October 15, 1764; educated at Angiers, and received orders at a Catholic seminary in Paris in 1790. He came to this country in 1798, and for a time was professor of mathematics in St. Mary's College, Maryland. He labored as a missionary in Illinois, and went to Detroit in 1799. During his pastorate of St. Ann's Church in Detroit he became his duty to excommunicate a parishioner who had been divorced from his wife. For this he was prosecuted for defamation of character and fined \$1,000. This money he could not pay and his parishioners were poor French settlers who could not pay for him. Consequently the priest was thrown into prison. While confined in the common jail he was elected the delegate to Congress of the Territory of Michigan. This, of course, opened his prison doors, and he went from his cell to a seat on the floor of Congress. He was a man of middle size, with sharp features, a bulging forehead and wiry frame. He took snuff, which he carried in a gold box.

To Help Humanity.

The Dubuque (Iowa), Association of Progressive Spiritualists filed articles of incorporation with County Recorder Kearns a few days ago. The articles define the objects of the Association as follows:

1. To help the poor and needy.
2. To advocate the charitable, moral and religious life as the only life consistent with true Spiritualism.
3. To enlighten the members thereof in the philosophy of spiritual development.
4. To teach psychical law for religious advancement, and promotion of morals in this life.
5. To inculcate the scientific truths pertaining to the spiritual development of the soul, that the liberal religion of Spiritualism may predominate in the land, uniting the people in close communion and greater sympathy.
6. To preach to the people the tenets of the religion of this society, causing to be proclaimed by its teachers, professors and ministers the sciences, phenomenal and philosophical, demonstrating the unity of life here and hereafter, being not a broken, but a continuous, progressive existence, and that life in such continuity is the immortal life, and to the end that all these duties may be undertaken for the benefit of mankind, this body corporate is empowered to receive donations, acquire, hold, transfer and convey property, real and personal.

OFFICERS.

President—O. G. W. Adams.
First Vice-President—Mrs. F. C. Steinbart.

Second Vice-President—J. C. Kaufmann.

Treasurer—P. S. George.

Secretary—Geo. Ferris.

Trustees—Rufus Rittenhouse, C. C. Kilder, Mrs. Clara Dixon, and Henry Ferris.

The Society occupies Library Hall, in the Grand Opera House building.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Linus P. Whitney passed to the higher life, Oct. 9, 1892, aged 22 years 8 months and 22 days. He was a kind and affectionate husband, a loving father and true friend. Their only child had preceded him to the Summerland of the soul. He had been married just three years the day of his funeral; the young wife, parents and only brother have the sincere sympathy of a host of friends in their hour of trial. Services were conducted by Mrs. Nellie Baade, of Detroit.

The Psychopoeic Society.

The article last week analyzing the Psychopoeic Society was a masterly production. It showed in a comprehensive manner the general trend of psychic societies. Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, eminent as an author, speaks as follows in reference to the article: "Hudson Tuttle's 'Psychopoeic' article is a masterly piece of sarcasm. Splendid!"

Dr. W. T. Parker, magnetic healer, is located at 532 West Madison street. He holds meetings every Sunday evening at No. 11 North Ada street.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Perkins are now in Kansas City, Mo., where they are making things lively, from a spiritual standpoint. Their address is Hotel Glenmore, 116 West 10th street.

Frank N. Foster, the spirit photographer, is now located at 252 West Madison street. See advertisement in another column.

Last Sunday Prof. J. R. Buchanan gave an address on the "New Education," at Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. J. Held, psychometrist, test and trumpet medium, is now located at Butte, Mont.

A. B. French lectures at Cincinnati, Ohio, the first two Sundays of November. The first Saturday and Sunday of December he will be at Paw Paw, Mich.

James Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., and his son, were in the city last week. Mr. Riley's home has become quite a Mecca for Spiritualists.

G. W. Kates and his estimable wife were in the city last week. They were on their way to fill an engagement at Aspen, Col. They are efficient workers.

G. W. Brown, M. D., the eminent author, was in the city last week, witness the dedication.

Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, the prominent ex-Catholic priest, passed through the city last week, to fill several engagements in Iowa.

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Crawford, of Denver, Colo., two prominent Spiritualists, were in town last week, seeing the sights. The former invested in a large amount of spiritual literature.

Thousands of Spiritualists were in the city last week. Of course THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's office was the center of attraction. There were too many of them to make personal mention.

Dr. Bigelow, of Skowhegan, Me., has a good word for A. E. Tisdale, the blind medium. The Doctor claims that if the Spiritualists will unite in one brotherhood the gates of the World's Fair will be opened wide.

C. P. Perry, M. D., one of the live Spiritualists of Denver, Colo., will receive subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. Kate Gull is back to her post in Cincinnati. During her absence she had a "Spiritual love feast of good things."

G. W. Kates and wife have accepted a call to spend the winter in Colorado and the West. Their address during November will be Aspen, Colorado.

Mrs. H. S. Lake has resumed her work at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, being welcomed thereto by a large and sympathetic audience on Sunday, Oct. 2nd. She will speak in Albany, N. Y., during November.

Van Willetts writes: "We need a Bible, a volume containing Thomas Paine's 'Age of Reason' as first part, Col. R. G. Ingersoll's book on the 'Gods,' and Humboldt's 'Individuality and Heretics,' as second, with provisions for family records between books, and each book interspersed with appropriate engravings of events connected with their lives, and in the Bible we need a list of the names of the Congressmen who voted for and against the closing the World's Fair on Sunday. If some one would prepare to publish some such a book or Bible, we think it would meet with good sale, and be of great benefit to mankind."

Mrs. Colby Luther was in the city last week, visiting friends. She speaks at Duluth, Minn., during November. She will be at her home during December. She is not engaged for January. She can be addressed for engagements at her home, Crown Point, Ind. Mrs. Luther is a great favorite as a lecturer.

E. J. Bowtell speaks at Worcester, Mass., October 23rd; Lowell, 30th; Plymouth, November 13th; Malden, December 11th. He may be addressed concerning other dates at 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, whose rendition of beautiful poems from celebrated authors is so well known, and so widely commended, is about to issue, in response to repeated and numerous requests, a compilation of these gems, gotten up in holiday attire, and finely edited. Those who have attended the lectures and listened with so much pleasure, will send in recitation of these poems, will send in their names and subscription price of \$1.00, and they will receive a copy postpaid. Address: Publisher, 38 E. River St., Hyde Park, Mass.

G. W. Kates writes from Darrowville, Ohio: "Mrs. Kates and self are holding large meetings in the Grange Hall, located in this village, to conclude Sunday, October 16. The presentation of Spiritualism is quite a novelty to this section, although a number of years ago meetings were held here. M. C. Danforth, President of the Mantua camp, resides here and has induced our presence and arranged for the meetings. This excellent family are entertaining us in a good Western Reserve manner of hospitality. We hope to see this section become what is now being labored for—a circuit of continuous work. In our experience in northwest Ohio we have found that hearty spirit which insures to the worker a stability and protection. May our good friends in this section realize perpetual good from their loving spirit friends is our ardent hope."

F. C. Stimbat writes from Dubuque, Iowa: "Our society is progressing finely. We have organized a large Sunday-school. People are getting interested in Spiritualism. You have a medium in your city, F. Cordon White, from Oakland, Cal., whom I would like to reach through your columns. Last summer while at camp at Clinton, he gave a sitting to a young lady at my cottage, and he told her there would be a death in the family very soon, and she being somewhat skeptical, could not see how it could be true, as her friends were few and she had no one sick. To-day I am in receipt of a letter from her saying that her father was dead, as she styled it. Truly the spirit world can see farther than we can, yet we are often slow to accept the truth."



MESSAGES WRITTEN IN CLOSED ENVELOPES OR HEARD CLAIRAUDIENTLY.

PHENOMENAL.

Through the Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

This week the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will have the privilege of reading the addresses spoken at the Carrie Miller Circle by Edward Everett, who was contemporary with Daniel Webster, and passed to Spirit-life "full of years and honor," on the 19th of January, 1893; Orlando, an Atlantean chief, whose earth-life career was ended 15,000 years ago; and Menkara, who, as he describes himself, was an Egyptian king, one of the Pharaohs who lived in the years 401 to 450 B. C., and was contemporary with Alexander the Great.

The manifestations of spirit presence and power which are continually occurring at the Carrie Miller Circle, are furnishing the evidence that the great and good of all ages—historic and prehistoric—are returning to Mother Earth, their true place, for the noblest purposes that the wisest spirits or mortals—for ethical and humanitarian work.

Edward Everett commenced his brilliant public career as a Unitarian clergyman. This field of labor proving too limited for him, he entered public life, distinguishing himself in all the positions that he filled, that of Congressman, U. S. Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, and Secretary of State under President Fillmore.

The Edward Everett address is second in interest and importance to none that I have sent to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The Menkara address, in comparing the civilizations of different eras, is of abounding interest. This is a subject on which we want light, more light! And this light is now coming to us with a clearness and brilliancy never before anticipated.

In describing Orlando's appearance, Mr. Cole stated that this spirit of gigantic proportions had placed his hand on a copy of my "Gallery of Spirit Art." In that magazine was Orlando's portrait, drawn by that incomparable spirit-artist, Wella P. Anderson, accompanied by a biographical sketch, written through the mediumistic hand of Dr. Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio.

For my efforts, feeble though they were, in furtherance of the purpose of the Atlanteans and other ancient spirits to manifest and make their power felt in the mortal world, they were very grateful; and it is a source of great satisfaction to me to know that now when I furnish the requisite conditions, those spirits will respond to my call as certainly and as promptly as the light of day follows the rising sun.

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

EDWARD EVERETT'S EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

During my mature years of earth-life, my name had become familiar in connection with the many addresses I had made, and lectures which I had given in the various cities of this country.

The subject of Spiritualism, though known to me as a belief, was never fully investigated, nor had I other knowledge of the subject, except that acquired from the recital of the experience of neighbors and friends.

Since my advent to Spirit-life this truth has burst upon me, as the sun bursts through a cloud, revealing facts of which I was ignorant, and yet so simple in themselves, that I wondered how I could have ignored them in mortal life, and plodded through a dreary experience which contributed less than nothing to the advantages of a life I had entered upon. Spirits stood beside me who were comparatively unknown in mortal life, yet they were so advanced that they passed entirely from my view, and left me standing, regretting the opportunities I had wilfully squandered, to obtain a knowledge of the immortality of the soul-life beyond the earth-scene, and an existence which, however, I knew to be inevitable, yet through my want of spiritual knowledge, I was wholly unprepared to follow.

Since my advent to the higher phase of existence, I have had much theological teaching to unlearn and much practical knowledge and many irresistible facts to become acquainted with. I may say that my knowledge in mortal life consisted of three elemental principles, viz.: theology, materiality and philosophy.

These, therefore, were my only passports, my only recommendations, to a high, pure state of life, that lives a contradiction to every principle that I have named.

My position can thus be understood. Helpless, weak and ignorant, surrounded by spirits who in earth-life were unknown to the great majority, yet whose experience at spiritual seances had qualified them for the preliminary stages of an eternal existence.

From what I have mentioned it must be apparent that the object of this communication is to induce mortals to acquire all the knowledge they can of what is termed spiritual phenomena, become acquainted with the ever-changing phases of their manifestations; and thus lay by material which they will find of the greatest importance after they have laid down the mortal and taken on immortality.

Spiritualism is neither a philosophy nor a science—it is a truth sublime in every aspect and transcendental in every consideration. The great who have filled the mortal world's annals with their fame are no less great because they are of another life. The scene has only

changed from the narrow and contracted limits of three-score years and ten, to the endless realms of never-ending time. From mad ambitions, jealous rivalries, unequal struggles and unnatural opposition, to the broad and clear fields of fraternal love, unlimited aspiration and unnumbered possibilities, Caesar is greater as a spirit than as a mortal of two thousand years ago; and what is true of one is true of all.

Spirit life is not an idle scene. Every spirit has its own peculiar mission, whether among spirits or mortals, and all tend to the accomplishment of some one object, which shall harmonize with the life and character of the experience. I may say definitely, there is no retrogression. All is progress and onward, ever advancing upon plane after plane, and seeking through their representatives, who manifest for mortals, to prepare the way to facilitate the attainments of the spiritual period of those who were left behind.

It is in consequence of this arrangement that I am here to-day communicating with the mortal world, hoping thereby to contribute at least an atom of spiritual knowledge, which shall be of advantage to mortals when they arrive upon my side of life.

It is inconceivable, as I view the question from my standpoint, that so many should be ignorant of a truth which is the most vital of all truths to their creation, continued existence and final spiritual experience.

Though those who are enjoying, permit me to say basking, in the sunlight of this great knowledge, are yet, comparatively speaking, but few in numbers, yet the force, the frequency and the character of determined spiritual manifestations promises much for the future.

Let every city, town and hamlet throughout the vast extent of this noble country have their spiritual halls, and media for the propagation of spiritual knowledge. Let but a per centum of the time spent for the pursuit of theological and commercial science be devoted to spiritual knowledge, and my word for it, moral people will become better qualified for the affairs even of mortal life than they now are.

The great difficulty of this era has been that people have been dis-educated instead of educated. The mind has rather reached out for fable than fact. The convenient solution of mystery has been given to problems which in their limited condition they have failed to understand, and though in special mechanical arts mortals have advanced, yet in real knowledge they have sadly degenerated, and this is attributable to the influence exerted by the few and unscrupulous over the many. Mortals are supposed to be free and equal and have rights inherent in themselves. Hence it is extremely anomalous that John cannot have his house unless his theological master gives him permission to do so.

It is this influence which has drawn the curtain across the horizon of spiritual life and hid the true state and purpose of an existence which is the inevitable sequel to mortal scenes, that we manifest to destroy, and permit mortals to see the light of life in their own way and not through the eyes of theological teachers.

In conclusion permit me to ask all with whom this communication may come in contact, to rise from the condition of passive indifference and awake to the startling fact that too many years of earth-life have already been squandered in grasping for something which is far beyond their reach simply as they have receded from rather than advanced toward it. Every mortal who has become cognizant of this truth and has enjoyed the precious moments of communion which the knowledge of that truth involves, would not hide it, with trembling and fear, but should manfully, honestly and fearlessly assert the knowledge with which the spiritual world has honored him.

Finally, dear friends, as I may not have an opportunity of communicating again with the mortal world for a long time, I close this communication with the assurance that you will be what you were created to be, men and women, and not feeble tools to work out the ease and elegance of lazy, and yet hard taskmasters.

EDWARD EVERETT.

PRE-HISTORIC TIMES.
Here is a spirit, a gigantic man draped in long robes of different colors, blue and gold. He has long, flowing hair. (How he keeps his hand on your "Gallery of Spirit Art.") He has a girle around his waist. He has a large face, a mild suave manner, and his address is pleasing. He is a giant now. He gives his name as Orlando, one of the chiefs of Atlantean tribe. He is all ready and now he speaks:

In appearing here in this day from a period of some sixteen thousand years ago, I am fully cognizant of the skepticism mortals will entertain as to the fact of the existence of a people of whom I am the representative spirit. To mortals in earth-life whose individual years are but three-score and ten, sixteen thousand years seems a lapse of time almost beyond the limits of credence; yet, permit me to say, to a spirit, whose term of existence is as unending as time itself, sixteen thousand years appears as so many fleeting moments.

My manifestation on this occasion is for the purpose of contributing my quota to the general fund of spiritual knowledge, braving as I do a public sentiment, grasping facts which are only immediate to its peculiar surroundings. I can safely assert that what has been gained in the past from such source has not decayed nor washed away, but has taken root, grown, flourished and now bears fruit of which mortals of every sect and creed may partake and learn the lesson of a life which is their common heritage, but which many, it is sad to say, have no conception of. Spiritualism has gone among mortals to educate and refine, point out the paths leading from one state of existence to another and make it possible for friends who had passed and gone to that life beyond to meet their mortal friends half-way on

those paths, provided only if the latter could have the courage of their convictions, and avail themselves of the many advantages Modern Spiritualism holds out to mortals in these times.

As I view the situation from my standpoint, figuratively speaking, I see studied along each pathway cabinets whose spiritual and mortal friends may meet and receive the relation sundered by timely or untimely mortal death.

During my earth-life existence, in my land, over whose cities now swells the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, what you now term Spiritualism was a favored, though a common custom. We had our media for the manifestation of our spirit friends; they, indeed, were our friends; it was through them we received our highest education; through them, also, was it that the sciences and arts were advanced, discoveries made and a general civilization, with all its benefits, maintained and protected. Our spirit friends had much freer access than have your spirit friends to-day, for the reason that those upon whom dependence is placed for spiritual manifestations are all objects of suspicion and neglect.

Spirits, under such conditions, find it, indeed difficult to make manifestation, and unless there are faculties and inclinations peculiarly adapted to the negative principle of mortal life spirits cannot manifest at all. Hence the few in number of media upon whom Modern Spiritualism depend for its advancement. If Spiritualism is to have the same advantages theology was favored with in its earlier stages, it will be necessary to accord to media the same privileges that have been accorded to priests and ministers; yet with all the disadvantages, with all the opposition Modern Spiritualism encounters, it has far outstripped whatever theology has accomplished, and stands pre-eminently to-day the young giant of the nineteenth century.

Materialism, philosophy and ideology are all relative terms; they all mean an abstract something, an indefinable quantity. They fill space with substance; but they have nothing in common with time. Spirituality means all; it dominates all and has the same relation to eternity that material substance has to space.

Deduct the spirituality of life from the material world, what remains? Will the tree in the forest and the fields without life clothe its branches with green leaves and bear fruit? Will the domestic animal without the spirit of life perform the services for which it was intended? What would mortal man be without the life-spirit within him? What would the entire globe, known as the earth sphere, be without the spirit? The animal, geological, mineralogical and vegetable structures would wither and crumble, and the beautiful world, which revolves in the ether-blue of space as a bright and beautiful gem, would crumble, disintegrate and fall in dust to increase with dead matter some other sphere, and, perhaps, blight its existence by accumulations of useless quantities. And yet materialists will tell you of life and spirit, even when life and spirit are synonymous terms, one meaning the other. The very arguments they bring forward to combat the truths taught by Spiritualism operate against themselves, exhibiting to the world a want of intelligence that is as surprising as it is phenomenal.

The movement commenced, comparatively speaking, but a few years since, has never been arrested in its onward course. Like a mighty river swollen by the mountain stream, it sweeps down and over every obstacle, and will finally reach the great sea beyond, carrying upon its bosom those of every sect and creed, friend and foe, until at last there shall be but one name to designate immortal life and that name shall be Spiritualism or the life of the Spirit.

ORLANDO, a Chief of the Atlanteans.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM COMPARED.

I, Menkara, the Assyrian, better known to mortals of this age as Pharaoh, of the land of Ham, whose body has lately been discovered, now address you. Descended from the race known as the Atlanteans, some of whose spirits, I have been informed, have already communicated with you, my offspring are known upon this continent as the Asiatic and Indian races. It will thus be seen that the present can look back into the past many centuries of time, and find the same race of Menkara on different continents, with different names, at different times.

Among the Egyptians, of course, you are aware that the land of Khem is none other than the land of Egypt. So well known and so familiarly practiced was what you term Spiritualism that the mortal bodies of the deceased were preserved, that their spirits could go thereto and return therefrom, as their pleasure might suggest. What to the moderns are known as the pyramids of Egypt are but vast sepulchers, with myriads of catacombs, containing almost countless numbers of preserved bodies of what were once the mortals of the tribe of Menkara.

The Osirians were a tribe who had escaped from the continent of Atlantis, and conquered the inhabitants of what is now known as Egypt, and all the northern coast of Africa bordering upon the Mediterranean Sea. The subjugated people were held as slaves, doing domestic, agricultural and other labors, while the tribe from which I descended occupied the places of trust and constituted the army for offensive and defensive purposes.

During the time of Alexander the Great, of Macedonia, I was young, gathered my forces and joined my army to his, and at his demise, after having conquered the world, my race (family) was perpetuated unto and including Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

As I before stated, what you term Spiritualism among the Egyptians was carried to a far greater extent than it has attained in this age. Public opinion courted communication with departed spirits, and did not condemn it. Seers, of which the modern name is medium, were public officials, and occupied positions of honor and trust. There was not a family but had communication, either direct or indirect, with their departed friends.

Mediums visited families in my day, much the same as physicians visit families in your day; though the former were for the spiritual well-being, while the latter sought for the physical well-being.

I will now speak exclusively upon the phenomena, which are the same to-day, virtually, as they have ever been. Permit me to say, however, that the descendants of the children of Egypt (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)



COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

SCINTILLATIONS.

They Are from the Incomparable Col. Ingersoll.

It has been a pathway of struggle for many years; now it is freedom. It has been a time of suffering for months and years; now the pain has vanished. The great sunshine of his nature has steadily and constantly held check over his suffering lest he mar the tender flower by his side. It is a wonderful thing to have a nature that can thus conquer pain, for the sake of the loved one. It is a wonderful thing to meet death in the night and make no sign, and give no token lest the loved one be disturbed. It is a great thing to pass with calmness and serenity into the presence of the immortal realm, and yet to feel that the dearest treasure is left upon earth. But if the treasure were left in the shadow, if there could be no token sent from the invisible realm, if God had not given testimony to man, if angels and ministering spirits had not attended in every age, if each household did not have its altar of prayer and communion with those who have passed beyond, then would human life be mockery, human powers and capabilities would be a burlesque and a terrible satire upon existence, and human love would be terrible. But into the shadow of this earthly state love enters as the great triumphant life-giving power, and to say that love, that strength and that testimony are here in your midst.

God will not permit the shadow to fall too heavily nor the blow too keenly upon a heart like this stricken one, and angels and ministering spirits will not permit that this life shall be too suddenly and severely smitten into the measureless life of the immortal realm.

The glorious arisen spirit finds its freedom, finds all its possessions, and is the more perfect and able to aid and strengthen the dear ones who are left behind—the dearest one who is left behind.

Let us say to you this day that our brother's life was an inspiration and sunshine, and that it is an inspiration and a sunshine in the heavenly kingdom; let us say to you this day that great as were his human attributes, and wonderful as were his powers, they are transcendently greater in the light of the freedom that has come. It was "through a glass darkly," as you all must see each other here, and now is "face to face," and soul to soul in the risen condition of the spirit.

Has he gone into a far-off heavenly kingdom? Has he passed into the silence of the sleep, to be awakened by-and-by? Is there a void between the loved here and the loved there? We answer, No. In the full consciousness of all that the words imply, we say: Our friend and brother is here. The garment of flesh is cast aside. The spirit is arrayed in its own brightness. The imperfections and pain of the mortal form are no longer his, and in the great strength of that perfect love he abides in your midst; he is here with the beloved.

Heaven would not be heaven if the arisen ones were shut out from a knowledge of those who are left behind, and the privilege to minister to them. And so, in the light of that surpassing estate, we say, he is here.

Could he speak he would say: Friends, Sisters and Brothers, such of you as have been in this strange city friends to those two who were almost in exile; such as have given aid and strength and assisted in these last months and weeks, and now in the last hours of mortal life—great thanks and loving baptism from his spirit. You have been as friends unto those who were almost strangers.

Unto her to whom he was more than life, he would turn and say: The veil shall be lifted, my beloved; the shadows shall not engulf you; the strong heart will be your refuge; the strength and love that is ours will abide forever; it will not depart; it will hold you in its keeping; it will uplift and strengthen you; it will make of your life a testimony for that truth that is divine and perfect. The heart will not break, but will grow stronger by the baptism of this great sorrow; and the love that endures forever will encompass and enfold thee round about, and there will be no departure from thee.

TORTURE BEHIND THE CREED.

In this college of Louis le Grand they did not teach geography, history, mathematics, or any science. This was a Catholic institution, controlled by the Jesuits. In that day the religion was defended, was protected, or supported by the State. Behind the entire creed were the bayonet, the ax, the wheel, the fagot, and the torture-chamber.

While Voltaire was attending the college of Louis le Grand the soldiers of the King were hunting Protestants in the mountains of Cevennes for magistrates to hang on gibbets, to put to torture, to break on the wheel, or to burn at the stake.

There is but one use for law, but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty—to give to each man his own, to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thoughts. Liberty is the breath of progress. In France the people were the sport of a King's caprice. Everywhere was the shadow of the basile. It fell upon the sunniest field, upon the happiest home. With the King walked the headman; back of the throne was the chamber of torture. The church appealed to the rack, and faith relied on the fagot. Science was an outcast, and philosophy, so called, was the pander of superstition. Nobles and priests were sacred. Peasants were vermin. Idleness sat at the banquet and industry

gathered the crumbs and crusts.

At 17 Voltaire determined to devote his life to literature. The father said, speaking of his sons Armand and Francois: "I have a pair of fools for sons, one in verse and the other in prose." In 1713 Voltaire went to The Hague attached to the French Minister, and there he fell in love. The girl's mother objected. Voltaire sent his clothes to the young lady that she might visit him. Everything was discovered and he was dismissed. To this girl he wrote a letter, and in it you will find the key-note of Voltaire: "Do not expose yourself to the fury of your mother. You know what she is capable of. You have experienced it too well. Dissemble: it is your only chance. Tell her that you have forgotten me, that you hate me; then, after telling her, love me all the more." On account of this episode Voltaire was formally disinherited by his father. The father procured an order of arrest and gave his son the choice of going to prison or beyond the seas. He finally consented to become a lawyer, and says: "I have already been a week at work in the office of a solicitor learning the trade of a pettifogger." About this time he competed for a prize, writing a poem on the king's generosity in building the new choir in the Cathedral Notre Dame. He did not win it. After being with the solicitor a little while, he hated the law, he began to write poetry and the outlines of tragedy. Great questions were then agitating the public mind, questions that throw a flood of light upon that epoch.

IN PRISON NOT KNOWING WHY.

Louis XIV. having died, the Regent took possession, and then the prisons were opened. The regent called for a list of all persons then in the prisons sent there at the will of the King. He found that, as to many prisoners, nobody knew any cause why they had been in prison. They had been forgotten. Many of the prisoners did not know themselves, and could not guess why they had been arrested. One Italian had been in the Bastille thirty-three years without ever knowing why. On his arrival in Paris thirty-three years before, he was arrested and sent to prison. He had grown old. He had survived his family and friends. When the rest were liberated he asked to remain where he was, and lived there the rest of his life. The old prisoners were pardoned; but in a little while their places were taken by new ones. At this time Voltaire was not interested in the great world—knew very little of religion or of government. He was busy writing poetry, busy thinking of comedies and tragedies. He was full of life. All his fancies were winged like moths. He was charged with having written some cutting epigrams. He was exiled to Tulle, three hundred miles away. From this place he wrote in the true vein: "I am at a chateau, a place that would be the most agreeable in the world if I had not been exiled to it, and where there is nothing wanting for my perfect happiness except the liberty of leaving. It would be delicious to remain if I only were allowed to go." At last the exile was allowed to return. Again he was arrested; this time sent to the Bastille, where he remained for nearly a year. While in prison he changed his name from Francois Marie Arouet to Voltaire, and by that name he has since been known. Voltaire began to think, to doubt, to inquire. He studied the history of the Church, of the Creed. He found that the religion of his time rested on the usurpation of the scriptures—the infallibility of the church—the dreams of insane hermits—the absurdities of the fathers—the mistakes and falsehoods of saints—the hysteria of nuns—the cunning of priests and the stupidity of the people. He found that the Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife Fausta and his eldest son Crispus the same year that he convened the Council of Nice to decide whether Christ was a man or the son of God. The council decided, in the year 325, that Christ was consubstantial with the Father. He found that the church was indebted to a husband who assassinated his wife—a father who murdered his son—for settling the vexed question of the divinity of the Savior. He found that Theodosius called a council at Constantinople in 381 by which it was decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father—that Theodosius, the younger, assembled a council at Ephesus in 431, that declared the Virgin Mary to be the mother of God—that the Emperor Marcian called another council at Chalcedon in 451 that decided that Christ had two wills—that Pognatius called another in 680 that declared that Christ had two natures to go with his two wills—and that in 1274, at the Council of Lyons, the important fact was found that the Holy Ghost "proceeded" not only from the Father but also from the Son at the same time.

WHAT THE GREAT FRENCHMAN MOCKED.

So Voltaire has been called a mocker! What did he mock? He mocked kings that were unjust; kings who cared nothing for the sufferings of their subjects. He mocked the titled fools of the day. He mocked the corruption of courts; the meanness, the tyranny, and the brutality of judges. He mocked the absurd and cruel laws, the barbarous customs. He mocked Popes and Cardinals, Bishops and priests, and all the hypocrites on the earth. He mocked historians who filled their books with lies, and philosophers who defended superstition. He mocked the haters of liberty, the persecutors of their fellowmen. He mocked the arrogance, the cruelty, the impudence and the unspeakable baseness of his time. He has been blamed because he used the weapon of ridicule. Hypocrisy has always hated laughter, and always will. Absurdity detests humor and stupidity despises wit. Voltaire was the master of ridicule. He ridiculed the absurd, the impossible. He ridiculed the mythologies and the miracles, the stupid lives and lies of the saints. He found pre-terse and manducated crowned by credulity. He found the ignorant man controlled by the cunning and cruel few. He found the historian, saturated with superstition, filling his volumes with the details of the impossible, and he found the scientists satisfied with "they say." Voltaire had the instinct of the probable. He knew the law of average; the sea level; he had the idea of proportion, and so he ridiculed the mental monstrosities and deformities—the non sequiturs—of his day. Aristotle said women had more teeth than men. This was repeated again and again by the Catholic scientists of the eighteenth century. Voltaire counted the teeth. The rest were satisfied with "they say."

THE APOSTLE OF COMMON SENSE.

We may, however, get an idea of the condition of France from the fact that

Voltaire regarded England as the land of liberty. While he was in England he saw the body of Sir Isaac Newton deposited in Westminster Abbey. He read the works of this great man and afterwards gave to France the philosophy of the great Englishman. Voltaire was the apostle of common sense. He knew that there could have been no primitive or first language from which all other languages had been formed. He knew that every language had been influenced by the surroundings of the people. He knew that the language of snow and ice is not the language of palm and flower. He knew also that there had been no miracle in language. He knew it was impossible that the story of the Tower of Babel should be true. That everything in the world had been natural. He was the enemy of alchemy, not only in language but in science. One passage from him is enough to show his philosophy in this regard. He says: "To transmute iron into gold two things are necessary. First, the annihilation of the iron; second, the creation of gold." Voltaire was a man of humor, of good nature, of cheerfulness. He despised with all his heart the philosophy of Calvin, the creed of the somber, of the severe, of the unnatural. He pitied those who needed the aid of religion to be honest, to be cheerful. He had the courage to enjoy the present, and the philosophy to bear what the future might bring. And yet for more than a hundred and fifty years the Christian world has fought this man and has maligning his memory. In every Christian pulpit his name has been pronounced with scorn, and every pulpit has been an arsenal of slander. He is one man of whom no orthodox minister has ever told the truth. He has been denounced equally by Catholics and Protestants.

Priests and ministers, bishops and exhorters, presiding elders and popes have filled the world with slanders, with calumnies about Voltaire. I am amazed that ministers will not or cannot tell the truth about an enemy of the church. As a matter of fact, for more than 1,000 years almost every pulpit has been a mint in which slanders were coined.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW BIBLE.

Continued from First Page.

which everything indicated the intelligent cultivated taste of its owners. An old but sweet-faced and handsome lady stood on the top step of the veranda, and as my conductor led me up to her and said: "It is he, mother," she placed her arms about my neck and kissed me, and while the tears fell from her eyes, she said: "God bless you, my son; may He always prosper you."

I did not get away that day, nor the next, and when I did leave on the third day, forced by pressure of business, I left behind me friends whom it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to visit.

T. BOYD.

The Last Sentences Uttered by Famous Men.

Rousseau: "Throw up the window, that I may once more see the magnificent scene of nature."

Cicero: "Here, veteran, if you think it right, strike."

Louis XIV.: "I thought that dying had been more difficult."

Mirabeau: "Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."

Anne Boleyn: "It is small, very small," alluding to her neck.

Mozart: "Let me hear those notes, so long my solace and delight."

Marco Bozzaris: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

John Adams: "Independence forever."

Nelson: "I thank God I have done my duty."

Walter Scott: "I feel as if I were myself again."

Raleigh: "It matters little how the head lieth."

Franklin: "A dying man can do nothing easy."

Winfield Scott: "James, take good care of the horse."

Cromwell: "Then I am safe."

Goethe: "Let the light enter."

Phillip Sidney: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

Christopher Columbus: "Into thy hands, oh Lord! I commend my spirit."

John Randolph: "Remorse! Remorse! Write it! Write it! Larger! Larger!"

Socrates: "Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius; pay it soon, I pray you, and neglect it not."

Hood: "I am dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wishes to earn a lively hood."

Sir Thomas Moore on the scaffold: "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself."

Michael Angelo: "My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my relatives."

Horace Mann: "When you wish to know what to do, ask yourself what Christ would have done in the same circumstances."

Grattan: "I am perfectly resigned. I am surrounded by my family. I have served my country. I have reliance upon God, and I am not afraid of the Devil."

A Cogent Illustration.

The Churchman says: Fuller says that illustrations are the windows, and arguments the pillars of a discourse. A Roman Catholic priest in Victoria recently exhibited his skill in pulpit illustration in a remarkable way. He took a walnut into the pulpit, and said that nature had given to man in this nut a vivid figure of the present condition of Christianity in the world. The shell, he said, hard, barren and unprofitable, represented the Methodist. The skin, bitter and useless, Presbyterianism. "Now," he proceeded, "I will show you the holy Roman church."

Placing the nut on the edge of the pulpit, he took a book and cracked it. But the kernel, representing the Roman church, was rotten!

This certainly was an example, in the last portion of his illustration at least, of the inspiration either of Balaam or of the beast he rode upon. Who can wonder that the ass of the son of Boshor spake, when even a rotten walnut, in the present instance, just as plainly "forbade the madness of the prophet."

GOSPEL OF NATURE. BY M. L. Sherman and W. F. Lyon. A book replete with spiritual truths. Price \$1.00.

HOW TO MESMERIZE. BY PROF. J. W. Caldwell, one of the most successful mesmerists in America. Ancient and modern intricacies explained by mesmerism. An invaluable work. Price, paper, 50 cents.

Portrait of Confucius Obtained.

INTERESTING RESULTS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF DR. ROGERS.

To THE EDITOR:—Being led through independent slate-writing received by aid of Dr. Henry Rogers, of No. 238 Park avenue, Chicago, Ill., to expect a portrait to be executed by spirit artists, I desired that the preliminaries and result might be witnessed by others, so that I might have corroboration of my statement *pro bono publico*. Accordingly Mr. G. L. S. Jenifer, of this city, and Mr. A. Campbell, late of England, were invited to be present. Tuesday evening, October 11, at 8 o'clock P. M., Dr. Rogers and wife, and the two above named gentlemen, and myself, entered a small second-story room, about eight feet wide by ten long. After all the doors were locked, we examined an extemporized cabinet, made by placing a fire-screen some three feet from a solid wall of the room, upon which some curtains had been tacked, and which were drawn down and extended over the top of the screen. Inside of this cabinet a chair was placed to be used as an easel. A painter's canvas, stretched on a frame some sixteen inches wide and twenty long, having been examined by each one holding it between their eyes and the gas-light, we found it to be entirely free from paint or blemish of any kind. An irregular piece having been cut from the canvas and given to the writer, so that this particular one might be identified, it was placed upon the extemporized easel or chair, and a board some six inches by fifteen, with a number of daubs of various colored paints upon it, was also placed on the chair; also a saucer of paints was placed under the chair. We then all took our seats, the doctor near the door of the cabinet. The song, "Shall We Gather at the River," was sung. The doctor was entranced, rose to his feet and took his chair inside the cabinet. The gas was lowered somewhat, but we could plainly see the faces of all in the room.

We were asked by the doctor's control to see ourselves as passive as possible, and, consequently, we engaged in conversation. A time was noted when the doctor entered the cabinet. After some twenty minutes had elapsed he spread the curtains apart, and lo and behold! there stood a materialized form beside him. "See the spirit artist," said the doctor's control. He was dressed in what seemed to be a white linen flowing robe; the right arm had the sleeve thrown back, and he had his right hand on the doctor's breast, he sitting in front of the cabinet, facing us, with his back to the easel. One hand of the doctor's was just above the artist's hand, the other just below. The hair of the spirit was white, with a long white beard extending down to his breast; his feet were bare, with sandals on. After some two minutes of scrutinizing the apparition, the doctor drew the curtains together, and so held them the rest of the time, with his right hand in sight. In about ten minutes more a voice with an Irish brogue said: "The work is done; and sure a fine piece of work it is. The man has something on the top of his head which will look to you like a tassel, but it is not; it is a ruby, indicative of his high rank."

About thirty-five minutes had elapsed when the curtains were opened and directions were given to slowly raise the light, so as to prevent injury to the doctor, coming out of a deep trance.

At forty minutes past 8 o'clock the doctor came out from the cabinet, and lo! a portrait in oil of an Oriental was painted on the canvas. A cap of royal purple surmounted his head, and on the crown stood the ruby. The coat was also of royal purple, and both the border of cap and coat was ornamented with threads of gold. A well-plaited pig-tail came down from behind his ear on to his breast. A wonderfully calm and intellectual face; eyes which seemed to have a tinge of sorrow, yet appeared to have a penetrating power, and to emit a magnetic influence; aquiline nose and arched eyebrows constitute a meagre description of the portrait of Confucius.

Scientists may take notice, if they will, that disembodied spirits can materialize now as well as nineteen centuries ago. If you cannot accept the ill-reported accounts of the spiritual manifestations occurring to the illiterate fisherman in a barbarous age of the world, as true scientists you should listen to the corroborative testimony of the occurrence of spiritual manifestations given by some of the great scientists this century has produced, a century which has seen greater scientific advancement than that of the preceding twenty or more centuries. I allude to the testimony, among others, of Wallace, Crookes, Varley, Flammarion, Arago, Zoellner and Hare.

If you will investigate you will find that disembodied minds are masters of the chemical action of the atoms and forces of nature, and handle them in various ways, not only to produce the much-debated, simple rap, but to vocalize their thought through the mouths of sensitives, and also to paint on canvas. To do this they require human magnetism; that is the life-force or nerve aura of the medium, as illustrated in the use of that of Dr. Rogers for portraits and independent slate-writing, and a Campbell for flowers, landscapes and portraits, as well as an Edison to bring the long-hidden light into our world.

"Why need mankind walk in darkness when the light shines for all?" came between two slates held together in my hand, in Doctor Rogers' presence, and signed "Darius."

Despite the light many have eyes and see not; have ears and hear not. The days of hemlock, the rack and fagot have passed, and yet, as it has been handed down, Shakespeare's language, "Conscience makes cowards of us all," should be enlarged to read, "Customs, conventionalities and popular opinion makes wretched and miserable cowards of us all."

There is something better than popular applause, better than success in worldly affairs—it is one's own self-respect.

EDWARD SHIPPEN.

I, the undersigned, declare that the above description of the seance with Dr. Rogers and

ourselves is substantially correct.

A. CAMPBELL, late of London, England.

A day or two before the picture or portrait was given, Confucius intimated that he wished to give an independent slate-writing communication after the portrait was obtained. October 12, I had just about finished writing the above when Dr. R. called me to come and sit for slate-writing. Three slates were fastened together with India rubber bands; one lengthwise and the other crosswise of the slates, when I took them and held them in my hands until the three raps inside the slates indicated the writing was finished. The sound as of the grating of a pencil was heard coming from within the slates during the writing. On taking off the bands and parting the slates we found four of the sides of the three slates covered with the following:

MY MORTAL BROTHER:—It may seem surprising to the world at large that spirits of our time and era should return and manifest their presence to mortals of this modern time. To you who have been instructed concerning the law it is comprehensible enough, but to the great body of people who shall look upon my portrait, it will be vague and unintelligible. We say, then, for their instruction, that the order of nature is to repeat in cycles of time, and by ever-ascending circles, the whole order and series of events which you know as the manifestations of life on your planet.

So it is, my brother, that as a part of the plan of the Infinite Mind, many who have been actors on the plane of events which have constituted past civilization, are again, through the law of change and development, brought into the field of active operation for the unfoldment of the higher or spiritual principle in man; not as embodied entities, but as incarnated spirits we come, seeking to impart to mankind, through varied phenomena, mental and physical, a consciousness of the indwelling power of the spirit, which waits but the sincere effort of man to grow into a mighty spiritual wave of thought which shall lift the race out of its degenerate darkness into the light of spiritual truth and universal brotherhood.

For this we come, for this we manifest our presence in such ways as shall appeal to your material senses. Thy brother in spirit,

CONFUCIUS.

While at Cassadaga this summer, Ben Hamin, who calls himself my guide, wrote, through the hand of Mrs. Dickenson, of Milwaukee: "You will be pleased with the boy's picture." This was incomprehensible to me, until in a sitting with Dr. Rogers, B. H. told me he was contemporary with the building of the pyramids.

EDWARD SHIPPEN.

Spirit Pictures—Experiences of a Materialist.

To THE EDITOR:—Through the instrumentality of your paper I have at last received indisputable proof that death does not end all. In your issue of July 23 there appeared an article, by Charles Manville, descriptive of phenomena occurring in the presence of Miss Delia Admuns, at Great Falls. Being a materialist of a most pronounced type, I doubted the spiritual agency in the production of the pictures. However, being of an investigating nature, and ready to receive truth in whatever garb it might present itself, I decided to investigate this young lady's powers. The resolve once made, I immediately acted upon it, and within twenty-four hours stood in the presence of this wonderful woman. She was busy making pictures from locks of hair that had come in the mails, but instructed me to procure dry plates and return. This I did, very much pleased that I was to be allowed to furnish the materials for the experiment. On my return I was given a seat at a table, and the room made very dark. A red lamp was now lighted, and I was told to unpack my plate, and hold it under the table. The red lamp was allowed to burn, and as Miss Admuns sat at the opposite side of the table, her every movement was plainly visible. Her right hand lay on top of the table, while with the fingers of the left she held one side of the plate beneath the table. We sat thus perhaps one minute, when raps were heard which Miss A. said indicated that the process was completed, and that I could withdraw the plate and pack it up. This I did, the plate not having been out of my hand from the moment I purchased it. I at once repaired to a photographer's, and had the plate developed. On it were three faces—that of my father, an uncle and an Indian that I never knew or saw before. This was done without a camera, and ought to have satisfied the most unreasonable of skeptics, yet the following day found me in Miss A.'s presence again with another plate. This time I had her use the camera. Going into the dark room she instructed me how to place the plate in the holder. We now went into her operating room, and I was permitted to seal the plate-holder in the camera, besides sealing fast the lens-board. She now exposed the plate, I sitting for a picture in the ordinary way. This plate I carried away as before, and after development I was delighted to find the face of a sister, dead many years, the face of a child I once knew well, and the same Indian that appeared on the other plate. Why these Indians should appear is a mystery to me. These are the facts plainly stated, and I think none who may read will wonder that I have dropped my materialism for something infinitely better, since it is undeniably proven as true. Having found one who could and can demonstrate satisfactorily that man lives again, I feel that I should make my discovery known, and thus help my fellow-mortals out of their gloomy, dismal materialistic belief.

JAMES BRADSHAW.

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



Brother Jonathan's Suggestive Talk to Our Readers.

BROTHER JONATHAN: The placing of Cardinal Manning's picture beside that of George Washington was an insult, because Washington's last charge to the army, and his last message to the people, said: "Beware of that which is called Roman Catholicism and foreign interference."

This declaration, says the *News Record*, was made by the Rev. R. S. Martin, of Grace Church, Chicago, Sunday evening, October 16, during a discourse on the subject, "America to the Rear; or, Why I Shall Not Attend the World's Congress Auxiliary Meeting at the Auditorium." The church was crowded to the doors, and many people stood up in the aisles. A large silk American flag completely covered the pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Martin was frequently interrupted by loud applause.

"I need hardly say to you that we have come to a period in the world's history the like of which has never been seen before," said he. "Big gatherings have been held, but nothing so great as that which is now upon us. On Friday evening there is to be a meeting of the World's Congress Auxiliary, a representative gathering of all nations. There seems to be a tendency to relegate some good things to the rear, and push others to the front."

BECAUSE CATHOLICS WERE HONORED.

"Need I tell you why I shall not attend the meeting? It is because America, with all that we love, has been relegated to the rear, and Rome brought to the fore. The truth is, there has been an effort to crowd everything that is American to the rear, and bring everything else that is Roman and foreign to the front. At the great parade that is to take place the man who wears the little bronze button will be absent. But the militia, that never smelled powder, will be there, with its new uniforms, its highly polished guns and its polished boots. It seems to me that America has little connection with this demonstration, and especially that of Friday night. I will tell you why I will not attend that gathering: Because a certain man, with another certain man on the platform, is to be the only speaker of the evening. He is none other than, as the invitation says, his grace Archbishop John Ireland. I have nothing against the man. It is because of the system that he represents, which is contrary to the freedom of this country. No system ever opposed learning and freedom as does the one which he represents."

NOT THE FRIEND OF LIBERTY.

"The Roman Church is not the friend of liberty and learning. At the New York demonstration his highness Archbishop Corrigan was the only speaker, and now he must be brought here to conclude the ceremonies with a prayer. Was there no one in all this broad land who could have graced the occasion as well?"

"Have we no senators, no governors, no masters of learning who could have done as well? I tell you there was a design somewhere to put these men in the front. I am opposed to the church because it is opposed to every other church in the world. The system is one which would close up every public school-house, and turn out every non-Catholic teacher."

"The Roman Church is the sworn enemy of every society other than its own. It is op-

posed to the nation and state. I may be criticised for saying that, but I will repeat it. It is designedly and incessantly opposed to this great nation. At a recent banquet in this city the speakers were all priests. On the wall was a large picture of Columbus. That was all right, for he should be everywhere. On one side was a picture of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and on the other those of Cardinal Manning and the Pope. There is a man in this town, Justin C. Fulton, who says that he can prove—I do not say it—that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln—that underneath this matter of Wilkes Booth and the Ford theatre—there was a Jesuit hand."

READ SENSATIONAL DOCUMENTS.

The speaker then read some extracts from a document which he said emanated from the Pope, and which was dated Dec. 25, 1891. Some of these were as follows:

"The United States has been filled with books containing the most flagrant heresies, of which the Protestant version of the Bible is the chief."

On naturalization, he said: "Oaths have been demanded to uphold the Constitution of the United States with its nefarious teachings. We find, moreover, that crime has increased. We are now, with deep regret, forced to invoke the arm of justice against the nation. The sentence is that all shall be excommunicated from the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. I proclaim that the people of the United States have forfeited the right to rule the country. Any one who has taken the pledge to the Constitution may be absolved on or about Sept. 5, 1893, as we expect to deprive all Protestants of their pretended claims to the United States."

The Rev. Mr. Martin said this circular was only intended for Jesuit localities, and that it had come to him accidentally. In conclusion he said: "It is time the Columbus celebration recognized Columbus more and the Pope and Catholicism less. I hope I see the day coming when there will be other Martin Luthers who will rise up and say that this thing is false, and that Popes must be as other men are."

Thus it is that the Octopus is squirming here. See the trouble it has caused in Italy, France, Germany and Mexico; and in this country it is casting out its tentacles to grasp the nation. Protestants are relegated to the rear, whenever that it is possible, while free-thinkers must stand on the outskirts. But here, as everywhere else, the tentacles of this Octopus will be finally clipped. In the meantime one feature of our Fall and Winter Campaign has crystallized, and others are yet in process of formation. Every Spiritualist and every Mystic who is actuated by a humanitarian feeling will aid THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in this work of redeeming the world; those who are not so actuated and are not striving for the general advancement of humanity, will take no free-thought paper; they will stand by and look on while others struggle for the general good. Let all the friends of human progress unite in extending the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The good it will do is incalculable. It now leads by far in circulation all other Spiritualist and free-thought papers. Its Fall and Winter Campaign will prove of great interest.

A Kindly Feeling of Welcome.

To THE EDITOR:—On Saturday evening, October 15th, a large gathering of Spiritualists and friends of the cause gathered in the spacious parlors of the Hotel Glenmore, Kansas City, Mo., to express their kindly feelings of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who had just arrived from Chicago. Speeches, songs, dramatic readings and tests comprised the programme, which seemed to be heartily enjoyed by all present. The proprietors of the hotel are not Spiritualists, and the fact of their expressing a willingness for the affair to be held in their parlors, and further, to lend their aid in the programme, is worthy of commendation and notice. Dr. Buchanan entertained the audience by relating amusing anecdotes, and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins rendered songs appropriate to the occasion. Tests were given by several mediums.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

At the Gate of the Beautiful Land.

I stood at the gate of the beautiful land,
With the red sunset glow in the west—
That fine after-glow of an evening bland—
Tho' old earth in her white robe was drest.

My faltering steps were lingering there
With bated and panting breath,
For the way had been long, and the journey bare
Of much that we covet ere death.

Should swing wide the gate—the mystical gate
Tow'rd which all our striving but tends,
And to which but few of life's pilgrims are late
On the earth-road that thitherward wends.

The journey was long, the end kept in view,
Tho' mountains and glens intervened;
And forests whose gloom no ray could break
Through
Of the sunlight behind it that gleamed.

Yet oft I would hear from those met on the way—
Some speeding to cheer friends behind—
Of the glimpses of beauty reveal'd day by day
By the immortal to mortal mind.

And that when the last "lone wood" of life should
be pass'd,
With its tangle of briars and vines,
Out on a vast plain of verdure at last
Would meet and commingle life's lines.

And behold! just beyond in the roseate glow
Would the beautiful gate be espied,
Down dropp'd in the west like the opaline glow
Of a cascade between ledges wide.

Formed of agate and pearl, and each radiant hue
Of the "twelve manner'd" stones set therein,
Interlaced as a lattice, where glimmering through
One beholds all the fruitage within.

Some fair garden of earth, with the grape and
the peach
In purple, and emerald, and rose,
Hanging high beyond pliffing fingers to reach
Between the high walls that enclose.

But the gardener cheerfully opens the gate
A slight way to the little ones' gaze,
And tenderly biddeth them patiently wait
Till the ripened fruit falls, beauteous always.

Thus we're warned that this "kingdom of heav'n"
should be
Not taken by violence or force;
And its gate, tho' ajar, as through distance we
see,
By reverent hands, shunned, perforce.

Yet the bloom of this paradise send their perfume
To scent all the air of our Eve;
While illumined faces beam out on the gloom
Of the night we are hastening to leave.

Now a shadowy form flitteth past,
As on wing doth a fluttering bird from the
wood,
While a voice mellifluous the syllables sing
Of our name in accents understood.

How comforting just those brief tokens of love
And these visions of beauty so rare;
Engraven as if by the sunlight above,
On hearts smooth attrition'd by care.

II.

There, quivering, expectant, the sovereign com
mand,
"Enter into the rest that's prepared!"—
Awaiting we backward glance over the strand
Where are pilgrims who've quite illy fared.

O'er the turbulent sea of life's troubles deep,
And are struggling, halt, weeping and faint;
Tho' clasping we hands and small forms asleep,
Yet murmuring in whispers their plaint.

Of woe, and despair of e'er reaching the goal,
Bereft of all help 'neath the skies,
Ev'n of those who had vowed "the whole strength
of the soul
Should be vouchsaf'd as far in them lies."

"As far!" O, how weakly they falter'd so soon,
Unwitting wherein strength doth lie;
In unselfish endeavors ere passing life's noon—
In forgetting self ere one should die.

So we turn from the alluring scenes just in sight,
Stretching out feeble hands to the faint
And the lowly, blindly groping for light,
Who ceaselessly moan their complaint.

Calling, "Halt not; look starward! no night e'er
so dark,
So obscured by tempestuous haze,
But there glimmers above, in some rift, a bright
spark,
To arrest your terrestrial gaze."

"A star it may be, as of Bethlehem of old,
Shimmering down on some savior below,
Who, once driven to hide in a manger as cold,
Therefore, all of your sorrows doth know."

Thus we hail to them there from the beautiful gate,
Tho' slight strength may be left for endeavor;
Yet with countenance set tow'rd the ones who
await
The help of the redeemed forever.

—Lucie Oliver.

New Thoughts.

Some new thoughts, rambling through the air,
Once on a time,
Concluded to call on thoughts that were
Way past their prime,
But found these ancient notions vain;
Though ill at ease,
They would not stoop to entertain
Such young ideas.

They went to see a preacher
Who was overfed,
Yet asked each man, as preachers do,
For daily bread.
"Pass on!" the parson yelled; "you can't
Come through my gate.
Our creed, that's old and vigilant
Keeps separate!"

"You daze the pastor with some doubt—
A devilish trick—
Then leave the church to fight about
Their heretic.
My pious head with aged lore
Long since was crammed,
And I try to crowd in more
I will be damned!"

Upon an M. D. next they called
For half an hour;
This doctor, whose conceit they galled,
Toward them grew sour.
Quoth he: "Should folks adopt your plan
Few would be ill,
And I'm undone unless I can
Run up a bill!"

Next lived a poet, gray and grim,
Of no renown.
They took a freak to call on him,
Ere they left town.
This bard believed to welcome truths
Was not a crime,
So at the threshold met these youths
With friendly rhyme.

—E. D. Shaw.

Max Muller finds a rival to Columbus in Sir William Jones, who, in the last century, opened the way to Oriental scholarship. He told the Oriental congress in London six weeks ago that the discoverers of that old, that prehistoric world, deserve our gratitude as much as Columbus and his companions.



LIZETTE.

CAMILLE.

The People Who Are "Damned."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

Fred and Gaskell reached Cambridge, and traversed the streets familiar to the latter.

"Here is the old place," he said, stopping before a weather-stained, moss-grown stone mansion. "My grandfather built it, my father always resided in it, and has ordained that I pass my days quietly therein. Because I will not, there is the rub."

He let fall the massive knocker, and they listened to the echo within; presently a neatly-dressed maid opened it partially, as far as a heavy chain would allow, and looked out. "Is Mr. Gaskell at home?" asked the returned son.

"Certainly," she replied. "We have called to see him."

"I will present the gentlemen's cards."

"Have you a card?" asked Gaskell. "I never thought we were coming into a region where formalities are of more consequence than life or religion. I haven't a bit of pasteboard to write my name on. Have not used a card in a long time. I had forgotten they were used by sensible people."

"I have one of my own," replied Fred. "Write your name over mine, with urgent business under both. There, that will do."

The girl received the card with distended eyes, and was evidently not favorably impressed with the style of Gaskell. After a considerable interval they heard her coming, and a voice calling her. "That's father's voice," said Gaskell. "Hard customers, did you say, Betty?"

"Yes, sir, one of them is a dreadful-looking fellow."

"Then you call the coachman and have him ready. If it is not my son, we will hand him over to the police."

She was again absent. "Nice way to receive one!" exclaimed Gaskell; "coachman in wait, girl takes me for a ruffian, and preparations made to hand me over to the police! We are again back to civilization!"

She unlocked the chain, and opening the door, she led the way into the parlor. There, seated in common easy chairs, sat a man and woman of sixty-five and seventy years of age. Their hair was snowy white, the man was smoothly shaved, as though he passed every day through the hands of a barber. Her hair was elaborately arranged, and partially concealed by the smallest of caps, from the front and sides of which it fell in white curls.

As they entered, both arose and formally bowed. Gaskell was in advance; his black hair fell from his bronzed face to his shoulders, and his tangled beard to his breast. Tall, square shoulders, with the muscularity of an athlete, he retained little resemblance to the pale, sickly, overwrought youth of twenty-two, who five years before, in opposition to their wishes, had departed for the West in a fit of anger. His father and mother gazed at him earnestly, and their faces expressed first disappointment and then displeasure.

"Who is that I have the honor of meeting?" said the old gentleman with frigid dignity.

"I sent you my card," said Gaskell with mock gravity. "You did," was the stern reply, "and I have to say to you that you are a swindler. You have not the least resemblance even to my son, and if this is your business I order you at once to leave the house." He was indignant and strongly excited.

"But, my dear father, I shall not go," replied Gaskell coolly. "Don't you know me, mother?" he asked, advancing towards her.

"Know you, you horrible creature? Go away and leave us!" She was trembling with agitation. "Well, dear mother, I shall not go away. I am coming to ask forgiveness for going away five years ago, and to kiss you till you do forgive me." He caught her up in his arms, as he would a child, and kissed her a dozen times, while she screamed at the top of her voice.

The old gentleman meantime was dancing around, calling: "John! John! put him out! put him out!"

Gaskell set his mother carefully down, and turned toward John, the coachman, a big, burly fellow, who came stumbling in. He caught him by the collar and spun him like a top until when he let go of him he sank on the floor, holding his head to keep it from whirling off.

"Police! Police!" shouted the old gentleman.

"Be quiet until I explain," suavely said Fred. "You are quite mistaken in us. This is your son Francis, as sure as you have a son. We came from the West together, and can prove our claims to your satisfaction. You can question him if you please, and convince yourself."

"Now I have had my joke," said Gaskell. "I will prove to you that I am Francis." Thereupon he began the family history, and detailed so many events that they were convinced. His

mother came to him shyly, and closely examined his face.

"You must be our son," she said dubiously, "but I can scarcely believe it."

"I have many times," said his father, "fancied your returning, and meeting you at the door and embracing you, and this manner of receiving you seems all wrong, and as though you had not come."

"What in the world makes you wear your hair and beard in such uncouthness, and such an outlandish suit?" asked his mother.

"I've been for five years where there is nobody to cut hair but Indians, and they cut it too close to suit me. On the plains, such a coat as this makes me a Cheaterfield, and as for my pants, I took them from a chief I shot, and wear them to keep his memory green."

"Oh Lord," cried his father and mother in one breath, horrified by the statement, "did you kill him?"

"Why, of course I did. He made a close shot on me; see this nick in my ear? That was cut out by his bullet."

"Oh Lord!" they again exclaimed, "and you are alive?"

"Yes, I am alive and lively. This friend," turning to Fred, "I want well entertained, for if he had not taken me from a snow-drift last March and thawed me out, I should not be here now."

"Both were profuse in thanks, after which their minds again reverted to their son."

"There is just a reminder of our Francis, father," said Mrs. Gaskell, "but it is unreal! Such a great strong fellow, with such robust health."

"Just as I was at his age," proudly said his father.

"Really you begin to seem like our Francis, and I am not so afraid of you. We have, father and I, talked and talked of this time. Now we have you, we shall not easily let you go again. You will stay, and maintain the respectability of the family for another generation."

"Have you preserved the heiress for me?" he asked with a laugh.

"No, you naughty boy; she married a poor schoolmaster, a man of no social standing, out of pure love, they said, and he has managed her affairs, I must allow, remarkably well."

"She showed her good sense."

"What, in marrying one below her in social position?" exclaimed his mother.

"Social position? Imbroglio! If they loved, that brought them to a level, did it not? and it appears she was not blind, as you say she has ability."

"Well, well, we will not differ about that. I have no one selected for you. You will stay, and marry whom you please."

"And eat my plate of baked beans on Sunday," replied Gaskell in a scornful tone. "I cannot endure it. I delight in the free border life; when I weary of it I will return."

"Oh, Francis, you are so wayward and unconventional, you will ruin us all," said his mother. "You know that your father and I married late in life, and you are our only child. We depend on you in our old age."

"I know, mother," he replied, in a bantering tone, "father was an old bachelor, and you a lady of nearly forty, and you married to keep this old mansion in the family."

"How ungrateful!" exclaimed his mother. "We married for pure love, and your father did not appear a day older than you do now."

"I'm glad of it," said Gaskell, "because when I marry it will be for pure love, and this brings me to the point. I have found a daughter for you, and an heiress. She will own by next year ten thousand head of cattle, and has a pasture big enough to graze them on."

"Merciful Lord!" exclaimed his father.

"She is in Boston now. I must return West in two weeks, and desire to take her with me."

"Not before you marry her!" exclaimed his mother, expectant of some unheard-of and outlandish freak in her son.

"Of course not; we will be quietly married at her hotel."

"Abominable!" she cried, "a son of ours married at a hotel! Never. You shall be married here, in our own home, and it shall be a select affair."

"Well, mother, as you like; if I am married, that is enough for me. You may arrange everything as you please, invite whom you please, have your own minister, if you leave to me the selection of the bride."

"Two weeks, that is an unheard-of time to prepare for such an event. Can you not postpone it a week?"

"Not a day, dear mother. I must return to the West."

"Why, Francis, there will not be time for a wedding suit to be made."

"I want no wedding suit," he replied. "Gracious Lord, you will not be married in that heathen suit, will you?" she asked, starting from her chair in her great surprise.

"It will be just as legal, will it not?"

"Certainly. But what will our circle say?"

"Well, as for your social circle or set, I am sure I do not know what they will say. If it startles them, it may force a new idea into some of their heads. I do not wear my clothes to please them, but myself."

"It does not seem possible that I could have such a son," groaned the old gentleman. "Full to the brim of strange freaks. I have been expecting every moment an outburst of communism, or something worse."

"Well, he is your son, there's no denying that," said his mother, coming to the rescue. "And I see in him the same freaks I early observed in you, but I nipped them in the bud, and kept careful guard over you! If, Francis, you say the wedding must be in two weeks, it shall be, and the arrangements shall be made."

"You have our thanks again," said the father to Fred, "for saving the life of our son. For this great service, consider our house your home during your stay in the city. When you wish to retire you will have a room provided."

"Thank you," replied Fred. "but I had no intention of remaining."

"Not a word, not a word," said the old gentleman imperatively.

"Give him my room, father," said Gaskell.

"Yours! Where will you sleep?"

"Give me a blanket, and I'll sleep in the back court. I have not rested an hour while in the musty hotels. I want to lie down on the ground, with the sky for a roof, and stars for watchmen."

"Unheard of," said his mother. "You will have to get used to a room when you are married."

"I do not know. If we herd these

cattle, we probably shall have to throw down our blankets and sleep where night overtakes us."

"Mercy on us! Has she herded cattle?"

"Never has, but will have to, because we shall not want to be separated, and if I am out on the plains she will be with me."

"Is she as terrible a woman as you are a man?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Hush, mother," he whispered, "this is her brother."

"Are you in earnest about sleeping in the court? You will be murdered out there, and I shall not be able to close my eyes to-night."

"Well, if it distresses you, I will not. Fred and I will bunk together."

"Will do what?"

"Sleep together."

"Why did you say bunk? What heathen words you use! It is quite horrible!"

When they were alone in their room, Gaskell said: "I'll not bend one hair's breadth to the conventionality of these moss-grown aristocrats, who think they are the cream of civilization. I will teach them a lesson, and when I return, I'll teach them another. I will return after a couple of years and wake them from their Rip Van Winkle sleep of inane respectability, by showing that there is more than one way of doing a thing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHENOMENAL.

Continued from Fifth Page.

spread all over the face of the globe, and still carry on their mediomistic avocations in derogated forms. But in whatever form it may be considered, it is still mediomistic phenomena, superinduced by the presence of departed spirits.

If back in prehistoric ages, in times of antiquity, crowned heads and kingdoms could sustain and honor the manifestations of spirits, exciting the admiration of the most celebrated philosophers and scholars, should not the few of this day, in this country and in this age, blush for the opposition they are offering to the manifestation of a truth that is of as much, if not more, importance to them than it was to a people whose refinement, civilization and power depended thereon?

As I come within the aura of the people of this age, I am filled with astonishment that in spiritual matters the mortal people should have so far degenerated. What is applicable to spiritual matters is also applicable to other matters.

The people of the nineteenth century are but wise in their own conceit. The art of preparing steel to fashion a Damascus blade has been lost, and modern intelligence has been insufficient to effect its discovery. The machinery for lifting weights of a hundred and even a thousand tons to great heights are now unknown. The pyramid of Kham, some five hundred feet in height from the base line, is surmounted by an apex capstone weighing in modern figures between three and four thousand tons. What machinery of modern times can lift even one-fifth of its weight?

There was no artificial stone, no made stone in those days, but it was solid, quarried from the rocks of granite, and from the mine near Kaomac, and on the Delias.

I may go on indefinitely in these comparisons and prove that since mortal people have sought the material rather than the spiritual they have descended very far in the scale of intelligence that God had intended man to possess.

It may be noted that even in the more recent times of antiquity, before the apostasy from man's better self, literature, fine arts, warfare, scientific research and discoveries were far more important in their results and far reaching in their effects than what you will find in the sensual and materialistic age of the nineteenth century.

When the consciences of men could be controlled by an interested, grasping and ambitious priesthood, at that period the intelligence of man ceased to be individual, free and independent, but became the servile implement in the hands of an unscrupulous taskmaster.

Through the ages of your time and up to the period when George Washington effected the independence of what you term the United States of America, mortal men were politically, socially and spiritually enslaved.

The American Revolution threw off the shackles of monarchy and gave to mankind equality of rights and freedom of speech, liberty of conscience, and protection in the enjoyment of the inalienable rights which belong naturally to every mortal man. From this condition of affairs arose the possibilities of the rights of conscience, and some years subsequent—fifty years, I believe, or thereabouts—spirits made manifestations that arrested the attention of the civilized world.

The effects of the Revolutionary war made these manifestations possible; they were to instruct man in a knowledge that had been lost for many centuries of time, and to teach him the importance of looking beyond his mere earth surroundings, and holding intercourse with the wise and great of present and past ages.

The opposition to which I have alluded, to spirit manifestations, is a most humiliating satire on modern intelligence; but as the mists of the morning, as the great and bright light of truth arises in the eastern horizon, will be scorched, dried, and finally consumed, under the blaze of a knowledge that can no longer be hidden from the face of the earth.

Great as has the progress been in the last few years, it is as nothing to what the knowledge of spiritual life, from experience, through intercommunication, will be in the few years that are to come. As in my time, the good, the great and the wise had their seers and mediums for communication with the departed great, so will the moderns have their mediums for communicating with their friends who have preceded them to the beautiful land which, though not visible, is yet near.

MENTARA, the Osirian.

The Puget Sound oysters are the largest known, being sometimes two feet across, and weighing, inclusive of the shell, as much as sixty pounds.

A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the oxygen of the air has been restored to it.

Ex-Gov. Masson Jumps on the Canadian Parochial Schools.

The last meeting of the Catholic school board at Quebec, Canada, was one of the most important ever held. The question arose as to whether all the teachers in the province, whether ecclesiastical or laymen, should not be called upon to pass examinations and secure a certificate of proficiency. The bishops held that priests and friars should not be subjected to this rule, but laymen said they should, and the opposition was headed by no less a personage than ex-Lieut. Gov. Masson.

Bishop Laflèche, of Three Rivers, interrupted Mr. Masson, remarking that the bishops alone had jurisdiction in such matters.

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Masson, "we are more concerned than you, for we have children and you have not. When we complain of the ridiculous system of education in your classical colleges you reply that those colleges were founded to form priests and not practical men, and yet when we withdraw our children from your schools to have them educated in Protestant institutions you threaten us with excommunication. Do you suppose you can brave much longer the Catholic population, and remember that the Guyot scandal may be the last straw which will break the camel's back."

All the bishops voted against Mr. Masson, and all the laymen for him with one exception, Mr. E. Crepeau, of Arthabascaveille.

Several laymen being absent the motion was lost. The cardinal was not present.

We are pleased to see that the people of Quebec are getting tired of being tyrannized over by a gang of over-fed, arrogant priests; when Mr. Masson, however, asserts that Bishop Laflèche has no children, he makes a statement, we regret to say, that he is unable to substantiate.—The Patriotic American.

Forces of Nature and Spirit Force.

Prof. R. H. Thurston says in the Forum that the greatest of all our problems to-day is the making of the utilization of the forces of nature more general, more efficient, and more fruitful. Could the engineer find a way of producing steam power at a fraction of its present cost; could he transform heat energy directly and without waste into dynamic; could he find a method of evolution of light without that enormous loss now inevitable in the form of accompanying heat; could he directly produce electricity, without other and lost energy, from the combustion of fuel—could he do these things to-day, the growth of all that is desirable to mankind and the advancement of all the interests and powers of the race would be inconceivably accelerated. Every animate creature is a machine of enormously higher efficiency as a dynamic engine than his most elaborate construction, as illustrated in the 20,000 horse-power engines of the Teutonic or the City of Paris, or in the most powerful locomotive. Every gymnast living in the mud of a tropical stream puts to shame man's best effort in the production of electricity; and the minute insect that flashes across his lawn on a summer evening, or the worm that light his path in the garden, exhibits a system of illumination incomparably superior to his most perfect electric lights. Here is nature's challenge to man! Man wastes one-fourth of all the heat of his fuel as utilized in his steam boiler, and often 90 per cent as used in his open fire-places; nature, in the animal system, utilizes substantially all. He produces light by candle, oil lamp, or electricity, but submits to a loss of from one-fifth to more than nine-tenths of all his stock of available energy as heat; she, in the glowworm and firefly, produces a lovelier light without waste measurable by our most delicate instruments. He throws aside as loss nine-tenths of his potential energy when attempting to develop mechanical power; she is vastly more economical. But in all cases her methods are radically different from his, though they are as yet obscure. Nature converts available forms of energy into precisely those other forms which are needed for her purposes in exactly the right quantity, and never wastes, as does invariably the engineer, a large part of the initial stock by the production of energies that she does not want and cannot utilize. She goes directly to her goal. Why should not man? He has but to imitate her processes.

But while dealing with the forces of nature, it would be well to consider spirit forces, which are still more potent, and which, for the present time can not be controlled by puny man. In fact, spirit forces are beyond the reach of human agencies. They control us, and we can never probably control them.

Even in India.

F. L. Oswald states that the sanitary precautions of the Hindoo consist chiefly in self-torture and liberal contributions to the temple funds, whose managers contrive to predict the outbreak of the epidemic (probably by their conjecture of its real cause) and warn the public that the lack of faith and self-denial is about to result in another visitation. In the temple of Behar, near Patna, the voice of the Goddess Kali announces the approach of the pestilence. Portents in the form of white serpents crawl through the doomed hamlets, and are sometimes captured and exhibited to promote the financial effect. The Bombay Gazette enumerates various other omens, such as the sudden appearance of swarms of vultures, or the flight of less microbe-proof birds—pigeons, parrots, and daws. In the Jumna valley fakirs go from house to house to organize penance committees, and for a modest compensation superintend the requisite operations. Martyrs suspended, head down, by a sort of meat hook, forfeit the merit of their ordeal if they ask to be unhooked before the expiration of twelve hours. Near the public highways exemplary devotees may be seen squatting between two charcoal fires, with their bare heads exposed to the glare of the summer sun. Less ostentatious penitents retire to the jungle and sit there a couple of hours in an ant hill. Others are tied hands and feet, and in that condition roll across the fields to considerable distances, now and then pausing to pray for a sign of atonement. If their prayer is not answered the failure is ascribed to the omission of some preliminary ceremony, or the selection of wrong days and hours, and the penance has to be repeated under less unfavorable auspices. And all this nonsense is brought prominently to the surface in the land of Buddha. When will the world advance on to a plane above mere superstition? Not until Spiritualism has leavened the whole lump.

AGNOSTIC.

FRANK N. FOSTER,

THE CELEBRATED

Spirit Photographer.

WHOSE WORK IS WELL KNOWN

FROM MAINE TO TEXAS. He never travels under an assumed name, has many imitators, but no superiors. 263 West Madison St., 8th Fl., Chicago, Ill. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

EUCALYPTUS TEA.

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER known. Regulates the Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys. Cures Malaria, Constipation, Rheumatism, etc. By mail, 25 cents.

Eucalyptus Cream.

Never fails to cure Catarrh, Neuritis, Echin Disease and Piles. By mail, 25 cents. Liberal return to agents. Address Dr. Haskins & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Infallible Dyspepsia Powders 25 cents per box. 106 West Fourth Street, New York.

DR. MARY SELLEN, VITAPHOTIC.

Physician; cancers, tumors, rheumatism and mental diseases positively cured; diseases diagnosed and letters and lock of hair, consultation free. No. 106 West Fourth Street, New York.

SEND TEN CENTS IN SILVER.

With lock of hair and stamp, and receive Little M. Farish, 354 South Division Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY—EDGAR.

Developed by the use of the genuine Oriental process, second floor, near Fortieth Street, Chicago. Spirit pictures taken from lock of hair, photograph or letter with the best of results. \$1.00 per sitting, or three sittings for \$3.00, in advance. Mail orders promptly filled when sent in. He will also hold sittings on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays evenings. Magnificent treatments given also. Address all letters simply Edgar S. Mayville, Box 306, Central Park, Illinois.

CLAIRVOYANCE CAN BE RAPIDLY

developed by the use of the genuine Oriental process. For particulars, prices, etc., apply enclosing stamp to P. DAYTON, JR., Louisville, White County, Georgia.

WANTED—BY A RESPONSIBLE

spiritual healer and teacher, in respectable family, two or three good sized rooms, with bath or unimproved; must be near West Madison street car line. Please write me 22 Oakwood Avenue, City. Mrs. E. Martin.

MRS. LORA HOLTON, MUSICAL.

Life Reader, Vicksburg, Michigan, will answer questions on business or give life readings. Send lock of hair, with name, age, sex and \$1.00.

SEND TEN CENTS, LOCK OF HAIR,

age and sex to the magnetic and spirit healer, physicians, Drs. Abbott and Boyd, who will diagnose your case, free of charge. Terms of treatment send for circular. Box 315, Marshalltown, Iowa.

ONE DOLLAR

EVERY HOUR

Is easily made by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. We fit you out complete, so you may give the business a trial without expense to yourself. Write and see H. HALLETT & CO., Box 1750, Portland, Me.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

HAVE YOU THE CATARRH, WEAK eyes, impaired vision, or indigestion? My treatment will cure you. Magnetic Catarrh Remedies, 101 Magnificent Compound, for the eyes, 60 cents; prescription for the blood, 20 cents. There is no better blood purifier than mine. When all are ordered at the same time, will send, post paid, for \$1. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

HOW TO BECOME A MEDIUM.

Mrs. J. A. Biles 1904 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill. will send you a pamphlet, revised, improved and complete, also a sealed letter designating all your phases of mediumship, and a spiritual song book of 32 pages, all for 30 cents.

WRITE TO DR. J. C. PHILLIPS

for an unparalleled psychometric reading, examination or advice on business matters, enclosing lock of hair, giving name, age, sex, and \$2.00. Send 2-cent stamps. Satisfaction guaranteed. Clinton, Iowa.

NEW YORK

College of Magnetics.

An Institute of Refined Therapeutics, including the Science of Vital Magnetism, Electricity, Mind, and a higher science of life. Chemical affinity and basic principles developed with their marvelous application. Students in three continents are now pursuing the college course. The college is chartered and confers the degree of D. M., Doctor of Magnetics. By a system of printed questions students can take the college and receive the diploma at their own homes. Address: E. D. BABBITT, D. M., Dean, 4 W. 14th St., near 5th Ave., New York.

THE WIDOW OF E. V. WILSON

will give Psycho-readings upon receipt of picture (to be returned or destroyed). Terms \$2.00. She also solicits orders for E. V. Wilson's Book—"The Truths of Spiritualism"—from the many friends who remember his work. Address 127 Courtland St., Chicago, Illinois.

A LIBERAL OFFER! BY A RELI-

able clairvoyant and magnetic healer. Send four 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, and sex. We will diagnose your case free, by independent spirit writing. Address, Dr. J. S. Loucks Shirley, Mass 180

THE SICK ARE HEALED. SEND

three 2-cent stamps for private letter of advice from the Spirit-world. W. F. Phelon, M. D., 619 Jackson Boulevard Chicago, Ill.

PROGRESSIVE THINKER AND SPIR-

itual books for sale by Titus Merritt, 319 W. 54th Street, New York.

THE BLIND MEDIUM, PROF. H. W.

Stinchfield, will send you by letter a life reading of the past and future with dates. Mail a lock of hair and one dollar. Address, Prof. H. W. Stinchfield, Room 208 278 Union Street, Lynn, Mass.

PSYCHOMETRIC AND BUSINESS

Reading of six questions answered, 50 cents and three stamps. MARGUERITE BURTON, 1472 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

POWERFUL SPIRIT MAGNETIZED

paper. Heals all diseases. Testimonials from Maine to California. Send 50 cents to Orin Woodbury West Farmington, Maine, for a package with directions.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER!

SEND THREE 2-CENT STAMPS lock of hair, age, name, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. Dr. A. B. Dobson, San Jose, Cal.