



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

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IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Is Spiritualism a Religion?

It Is Comprehensively Answered
In a Lecture

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"But, first, of God above, or man below.
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what we see but his station here,
From which to reason or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered, though the God
be known,
The cure to trace him only in our own."
—Pope.

Religion is defined by lexicographers to be "A particular system of faith or worship," and in a large sense includes duty to God and our neighbor.

In this view, Spiritualism is a religion but not a creed. Duty to God, whose spiritual existence is manifested in the laws of nature, and duty to our fellow-men, are obligations acknowledged by all, and when faithfully performed by mankind the true millennium will come, and not until then.

Under the law of evolution, mankind has developed mentally, morally and physically. The conditions that have surrounded our race in the past have formed the minds of men, their morals and religion, as positively as their habits, their mechanical devices, their weapons of war, and the fashion of their clothing. A want, mental or physical, being experienced, straightway human ingenuity—impelled by an insatiable law—derived the best means of the times for its gratification. The religions of all past ages have been the peculiar beliefs best suited to the conditions of earth's multitudinous races when they were adopted. They were as much the offspring of the conditions, the times and people, as the stone arrow-heads, war-clubs, spears, guns, cannons, and war ships, of the different eras that produced them.

The various beliefs as to a future existence and its conditions, and the manner in which our earthly life would affect the life beyond, was the result of mental and moral growth under the law of development. "The survival of the fittest" has been as certain in religion as in the contests of the fens and fairs of earth for survivorship. The better has lived, the poorer died by extinction, while the best is yet to be—the offspring of the future.

In the early childhood of mankind, when our progenitors first had dim visions of an unseen power that governed the universe, the sun naturally became the god of their idolatry and worship. They saw in it the source of vegetative life. When this god smiled, the light of his countenance dispelled the darkness of night, and drove the demons of cold and storm back to their ocean caves or mountain fastnesses. When he frowned and covered his face with clouds, storms and tempests were the manifestations of his wrath; thunder was the voice of omnipotence, the winds his breath, and the lightning the flash of his eye in anger. When mankind first recognized the presence of unseen forces it was but natural that they should attribute them to unseen beings; thus were the earth, air and heavens peopled with the innumerable gods of mythology, and thus were framed the religions of primitive man.

The learned H. W. Bellows defines religion as follows: "In the widest reach of the word it comprehends all frames of feeling, all forms of faith and acts of worship which man is impelled by his fears or drawn by his hopes towards superhuman beings and powers or their visible representatives. It originates in his nature and circumstances, and is as early in its manifestations, as constant in its character, as universal in its influence as any sentiment or principle of action marking the history of man. Wonder born of ignorance, fear and weakness, unite to produce veneration. The sense of dependence, the awe of power; the curiosity as to the causes of effects, the play of imagination natural to man—above all, the suggestion of the existence of spirits greater than his own to a being who feels himself to be a spirit—these are sufficient to account for man's religious history.

"Outward nature, with her illimitable sky, her suns, moons, planets and stars, her oceans and mountains, her dark forests full of weird voices, her monsters of sea and land, with their roar and hiss—earthquakes, volcanoes, eclipses, fountains springing up in deserts, rivers running under ground, caves and catars, the change of the seasons, life and death; all these have from the earliest times prompted in man or forced upon him a belief in creative, mastering, inviolable or superhuman beings and powers, evil and good, demons and angels, for whom he has felt a shuddering reverence, a covering dread and an awe-struck desire to propitiate their favor or their mercy.

The ancient religions of the world, although born of errors and founded

upon the fears and superstitions of mankind, have concluded to his benefit. Absurd as many of them were in their tenets, and cruel in their demands upon their votaries, yet did they have a restraining power on the actions of their followers. Early half-civilized men had no conception of the principles of equity and justice that now form the basis of the laws of civilization. They did not recognize the plain principles of right and wrong that now are axiomatic and that to-day govern the intercourse of both men and nations. Might to do often made right what was done; and a physical power to enforce commands was a prerogative derived from nature, that made obedience a duty unquestioned by the weak in their conflict with the strong. Back of the selfish passions of men, it was necessary for the welfare of our race that there should be a restraining power to curb the spirit of oppression, and keep in subjection the tyranny of the rulers of the people.

During historic periods the religion of every nation has been a creed that was the best suited to their condition at the time it prevailed, and these opinions and beliefs have changed with the advancement of the people in knowledge and civilization. Every succeeding century, with its varying conditions and environments, has modified and modified the superstitious teachings of those that preceded it.

In ancient feudal times the nobles of a country were the rulers, responsible to no power but the church and the king. They had an abject fear of the one, while they often conspired in treason against the other. The lords of the soil held despotic sway over their retainers, and often doomed them to death or the dungeon for disobedience to their arbitrary demands. Seated in their almost impregnable castles, clad in impenetrable mail, and surrounded by their ironclad retainers, they feared no earthly power or potentate. War was their occupation in life, feats of arms in the tournament their pastime. Death had no terrors for them. They feared and defied it in pursuit of the phantom honor, as eagerly as modern knights of the political arena seek the honors and emoluments of office. And yet those warriors of the early centuries of Christianity, who, clad in their armor of steel, spurred all restraint from human laws, trembled with abject fear when a simple priest in cassock and sandals first admonished, then if unheeded, threatened them with the anathema of the church.

It is difficult for us, under the light of the nineteenth century, to fully appreciate the influence as modeled by the church and its priesthood during the early centuries of the Christian era. And yet this unquestioned and almost unlimited power inured to the benefit of mankind and the advancement of civilization. It was necessary to have a restraining force somewhere in the government of men in their early lawless condition, and as absurd as the anathema of the church appears to-day, yet there was a time when the terror of its curses held in subjection those who feared no human code or legislative enactment. The feudal rulers bowed their heads in reverence to what was believed to be the authority of God, delegated to his viceregents on earth. Disobedience to the commands of the church subjected the offender to the punishment of purgatory and the awful pains of an eternity in a lake of fire, where the doomed were tortured by demons and devils, and the never-ending venom of the "worm that never dies."

Perhaps but few of my hearers have ever heard an anathema of the Catholic church, as issued by the Pope in his official capacity, against those who have incurred its displeasure. A prominent priest of New York was but recently anathematized for disobedience to the papal authority, as follows:

"By the authority of Almighty God, the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost; and of the holy canon; and of the undivided Virgin Mary, mother and nurse of our Saviour; and of the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubims and seraphims; and of the holy patriarchs and prophets; and all the apostles and evangelists; and of the holy innocents (who in the sight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to sing the new song); and of the holy martyrs; and of the holy confessors; and of the holy virgins; and of all the saints, together with all the holy and elect of God—we excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented in eternal, excruciating sufferings, together with Babylon and Abimelech, and those who say to the Lord God, 'Depart from us; we desire none of thy way.' And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forever.

"May the father who created man curse him. May the Son who suffered for us curse him. May the Holy Ghost who gave us the law of love curse him. May the holy cross which Christ (for our salvation) triumphing over his enemies) ascended, curse him. May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother

of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him. May St. John the precursor and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all others of Christ's apostles, together, curse him. And may the rest of his disciples and four evangelists (who, by their preaching, converted the universal world), and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors (who, by their holy works, are found pleading to God Almighty), curse him.

"May the Choir of the Holy Virgin (who for the honor of Christ, having despised the things of this world), damn him; may all the saints (who, from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages, are found to be beloved of God), damn him; may the heavens and the earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him.

"May he be damned wherever he be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the high-way or in the by-way, whether in the wood or in the water, or whether in the Church. May he be cursed in living and in dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirsting, in slumbering and sleeping, in watching or waking, in standing or sitting, in lying down or working, in mingling and in blood-letting.

"May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in his hair. May he be cursed in his brains. May he be cursed in the crown of his head and in his temples. In his forehead and in his ears. In his eyebrows and in his cheeks. In his jaw-bones and in his nostrils. In his fore-teeth and in his grinders. In his lips and in his throat. In his shoulders and in his wrists. In his arms, in his hands and in his fingers.

"May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and in all the viscera of his body, and may he be damned in his veins and in his girdles; in his thighs and genital organs; in his hips and in his knees, in his legs, feet, and toe-nails!

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his members. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot may there be no soundness in him.

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His Father, curse him, and may heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him—curse and damn him!

"Amen. So be it. Amen."

Under the light of advanced thought, it is difficult to understand that there ever was a time when the civilized world feared the dire consequences pronounced in his most blasphemous anathema—by one who was himself nothing but a man, against a fellowman. It seems to have been copied in spirit from the 109th Psalm, in which that most virtuous Ruler of Israel, King David, denounces his enemies and calls on his Creator to assist him in their overthrow and destruction. And yet this Church, with its millions of adherents, professes to not only follow the teachings, but to worship the very personification of the world's greatest philanthropist, who taught his disciples to return good for evil; and when they had received a blow on one cheek, to turn the other for a like indignity; to reward the robber who forcibly took their coats, by giving him their cloaks also; and who bade his followers to love their enemies—not to curse them.

Yet there was a time, and that not long gone by, when this horrible belief was universal among all civilized nations, and was really the only protection the weak had against the strong.

It protected Rebecca, the Jewess of Ivanhoe, from the unholy passions of the powerful Knight Templar, "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," who acknowledged no governing power on earth save that of his Church and its priesthood. It had a restraining power on such border rangers as the knight Malvoisin and Reginald Front de Boeuf, who although but characters of fiction of the great novelist, are yet correct representations of a class of lawless freebooters of those times, who feared no earthly power, and who were only stayed in their course of rapine and murder through fear of the anathema of the Pontiff at Rome. The protection of the Catholic Church was in those distant days the only city of refuge to which the oppressed could flee for safety. The superstitious belief in its power to bind or loose mankind, to secure to them the pleasures of paradise or inflict on them the awful tortures of Hell, was the only restraining power against the avarice and passions of men; and so far it was productive of good. For a number of centuries during the Middle Ages the cassock was a more certain protection than a coat of mail; an anathema a more effective weapon than a spear, mace or battle-axe. The scandal of the priest pressed upon the neck of the emperor, the lance of the Pope gripped the scepter of the King, and the Papal mitre was above the diadem of an Emperor.

The superstitious reverence of men for the church and the sanctity of its oracles and priest-hood, was the chief protection of the oppressed against the oppressor. Anathema from us; we desire none of thy way.

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"May the Choir of the Holy Virgin (who for the honor of Christ, having despised the things of this world), damn him; may all the saints (who, from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages, are found to be beloved of God), damn him; may the heavens and the earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him.

"May he be damned wherever he be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the high-way or in the by-way, whether in the wood or in the water, or whether in the Church. May he be cursed in living and in dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirsting, in slumbering and sleeping, in watching or waking, in standing or sitting, in lying down or working, in mingling and in blood-letting.

"May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in his hair. May he be cursed in his brains. May he be cursed in the crown of his head and in his temples. In his forehead and in his ears. In his eyebrows and in his cheeks. In his jaw-bones and in his nostrils. In his fore-teeth and in his grinders. In his lips and in his throat. In his shoulders and in his wrists. In his arms, in his hands and in his fingers.

"May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and in all the viscera of his body, and may he be damned in his veins and in his girdles; in his thighs and genital organs; in his hips and in his knees, in his legs, feet, and toe-nails!

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his members. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot may there be no soundness in him.

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His Father, curse him, and may heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him—curse and damn him!

"Amen. So be it. Amen."

Under the light of advanced thought, it is difficult to understand that there ever was a time when the civilized world feared the dire consequences pronounced in his most blasphemous anathema—by one who was himself nothing but a man, against a fellowman. It seems to have been copied in spirit from the 109th Psalm, in which that most virtuous Ruler of Israel, King David, denounces his enemies and calls on his Creator to assist him in their overthrow and destruction. And yet this Church, with its millions of adherents, professes to not only follow the teachings, but to worship the very personification of the world's greatest philanthropist, who taught his disciples to return good for evil; and when they had received a blow on one cheek, to turn the other for a like indignity; to reward the robber who forcibly took their coats, by giving him their cloaks also; and who bade his followers to love their enemies—not to curse them.

Yet there was a time, and that not long gone by, when this horrible belief was universal among all civilized nations, and was really the only protection the weak had against the strong.

It protected Rebecca, the Jewess of Ivanhoe, from the unholy passions of the powerful Knight Templar, "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," who acknowledged no governing power on earth save that of his Church and its priesthood. It had a restraining power on such border rangers as the knight Malvoisin and Reginald Front de Boeuf, who although but characters of fiction of the great novelist, are yet correct representations of a class of lawless freebooters of those times, who feared no earthly power, and who were only stayed in their course of rapine and murder through fear of the anathema of the Pontiff at Rome. The protection of the Catholic Church was in those distant days the only city of refuge to which the oppressed could flee for safety. The superstitious belief in its power to bind or loose mankind, to secure to them the pleasures of paradise or inflict on them the awful tortures of Hell, was the only restraining power against the avarice and passions of men; and so far it was productive of good. For a number of centuries during the Middle Ages the cassock was a more certain protection than a coat of mail; an anathema a more effective weapon than a spear, mace or battle-axe. The scandal of the priest pressed upon the neck of the emperor, the lance of the Pope gripped the scepter of the King, and the Papal mitre was above the diadem of an Emperor.

The superstitious reverence of men for the church and the sanctity of its oracles and priest-hood, was the chief protection of the oppressed against the oppressor. Anathema from us; we desire none of thy way. And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forever. "May the father who created man curse him. May the Son who suffered for us curse him. May the Holy Ghost who gave us the law of love curse him. May the holy cross which Christ (for our salvation) triumphing over his enemies) ascended, curse him. May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother

of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him. May St. John the precursor and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all others of Christ's apostles, together, curse him. And may the rest of his disciples and four evangelists (who, by their preaching, converted the universal world), and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors (who, by their holy works, are found pleading to God Almighty), curse him.

"May the Choir of the Holy Virgin (who for the honor of Christ, having despised the things of this world), damn him; may all the saints (who, from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages, are found to be beloved of God), damn him; may the heavens and the earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him.

"May he be damned wherever he be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the high-way or in the by-way, whether in the wood or in the water, or whether in the Church. May he be cursed in living and in dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirst

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. RICHMOND.

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

Rajahatti was a consistent and intelligent follower of Zoroaster as interpreted by the most liberal learning of the East, and possessed a mind and spirit wholly free from bigotry.

When Zelda came he shared in her education and aided Margaret in her efforts to allow Zelda the untrammelled choice of worship so rarely permitted in any land.

Zelda was carefully trained in the English language, in every department necessary for an enlightened understanding of the literature and society of England, and most carefully taught, in all that could be taught, of the principles of Christianity, as set forth in the Church of England. She was also as carefully instructed in the religion of her father, and in other Oriental ideas.

Margaret had concluded quite early in life, as she said to her husband, Rajahatti, that the religions of India and the East, especially that of Zoroaster, divested of the idolatry that age and ignorance have thrown around them, hold most of the truths that are sacred to mankind enshrined in their wonderful depths, and "I can never quite persuade myself," she would say, musingly, "that Christianity, as I read it in the church service and in history, is wholly free from superstition. I think the history of Christian wars and persecutions most painful and revolting."

Such sentiments she often uttered in younger days, in the presence of her severely-devout English mother, and they became more and more confirmed as time wore on, and Zelda came into their lives, to receive their teaching.

Zelda's father taught her of Ormuzd, the divine principle of good, symbolized in the light, especially the sun. Of the immortality of the soul, of which the sacred fire (the flame or breath of life from Ormuzd) was the symbol. He did not fear Ahrimanes, as many of the ignorant do, but held the shadow to be a portion of the light, or but the shadow of the light.

During all her young life Zelda heard and saw the service of the English church in Bombay. She had long conversations with bishops, rectors, missionaries, scholars; all people sent out by the mother church to convert the heathen, and bring the Christian sheep within the fold.

But Zelda's favorite place of conversation and instruction was on a low footstool by her father's side, where, clasping his knees in her slender arms, and with hands intertwined, she would gaze into his face and listen for hours to his musical voice as he read and interpreted the sacred books of the Zend-Avesta and gave her the true meaning of the Zoroastrian lore, and his interpretation of the Eternal Light, the divine good.

"I will make me a religion out of all that has been taught, and all that I know from within," she said. "The Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule shall be my guide, and the Light of Ormuzd shall illumine my pathway to eternity."

Zelda wove for herself a beautiful garment of religion in her life, wove it from within the soul, and she ever wore it. Zelda's religion was like herself, beautiful.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIRTH OF ZULIEKA.

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light."

THE CYCLONE.

The tropic night was full of splendor. The southern cross gleamed and shone like a jeweled sceptre in Urania's hand. Sirius had sunk to rest in his bed of waters, and Luna, with wonderful beauty, shone like a burnished shield—round, full and perfect.

The air was almost intoxicating, laden with most delightful odors of the orange and lemon trees in bloom; of the starlike incense of the lime trees; of the rich cape jasmine, and the thousand other tropic flowers that ever exhale their breath in more perfect sweetness at night.

Armand paced the broad verandah that led to the entrance of Zelda's apartments. His face was very pale, and an unusual anxiety overspread his countenance with a look of deepest solicitude. Love, sympathy, tenderness, hope, all were concentrated in the expression of the fine features and luminous eyes.

Attendants came to and fro on various errands with almost noiseless footsteps, conversing only in very low tones or whispers.

The sun had shone with unusual splendor all day, but at night a sense of heaviness was in the air, which Armand attributed to his anxious state of mind.

It was still early in the night when masses of clouds gathered toward the south and east, and came rolling in large columns like the advance guard of a mighty army.

The air was still, but Armand's accustomed senses detected the approach of a storm.

Could it be a cyclone? The Lord of Light forbid! Cyclone was rarely visited by these ravagers, but it might be there was one coming.

Armand seldom gave way to excitement; he never yielded to fear; but now his solicitude for Zelda amounted to agony.

His face disclosed his great anguish and suffering in the huge drops of perspiration that Hiejoh had never seen there before.

Armand suddenly commanded Hiejoh to close all the shutters at once, and to bid the servants and the entire household to make ready for the storm.

Hiejoh passed along the corridors and into the inner court whispering, with great clearness, this one word: "Toofan! Toofan! Toofan!"

Armand rushed to the protection of Zelda; All the servants and dependents of the household fled to the inner court. This court, or inner room, was a stronghold, and was almost impregnable, unless the cyclone was absolutely desolating.

While Armand held Zelda in his arms, physician and nurse remained motionless, and Hiejoh firmly held his position in the small corridor, guarding the entrance to the rooms of his mistress, refusing to seek any other place of safety.

Not a moment too soon were the preparations made. The storm was upon them with ever-increasing fury. The wind howled and shrieked among the trees like a legion of lost souls.

The waves, lashed to a fury by the storm, seemed roaring like ten thousand demons, and—worst apprehension of all—they did not know but that the waters would be impelled by this vortex to the very height of the cliff!

The habitation shook and creaked and swayed. In ten minutes all was calm again, and the moon burst through the meridian as the shutters were thrown open to admit the air. Armand saw that all was well with Zelda. "God bless you,

my beloved," he said, and he withdrew, to be recalled in a short time.

The nurse approached, placing in the arms of Armand his infant daughter, while the lips of Zelda, whispering, said: "Zulieka, Zulieka!" And Hiejoh, whose face grew absolutely radiant, repeated, "Zulieka, Zulieka! She has come at last."

Zelda sank into a sweet sleep. After Armand had returned the babe to the arms of the nurse, he gently pressed Zelda's forehead with his lips, and passed out into and across the garden.

He was too preoccupied with the great events of this night to note the effects of the storm.

He sought a little shrine, reared for meditation and prayer, to which he and Zelda had been accustomed to repair for their personal worship.

The door yielded to his fairy touch, and, allowing the full moonlight to enter, he knelt on a sort of altar and thanked the "Great Giver of all Good, the Eternal Lord of Life and Light," for the new blessing that had come to him; for the safety of Zelda; for the manifold wonders of this night.

Was he Christian? He did not know. Was he Parsee? More than half; but wholly he was reverent, full of praise to the All-bountiful, All-glorious, by whatever name declared.

Nor did he mourn, as is sometimes the case in the Orient; nor did he sigh, as is the fashion in England, that his first-born was not a son.

He had no English pride for a "son and heir," nor the supposed Oriental disregard for woman.

Somewhere he had learned to prize woman as the equal, the true helpmeet of man. Somewhere he had found the true social ethics, the ethics of perfect love. Zelda was his companion in all ways and themes; his best beloved.

Next to Zelda was now enshrined this precious babe, this daughter, Zulieka.

Nor until the day broke and the sun shone round and golden above the Eastern sea and across the island did Armand withdraw from his seclusion.

As he passed out and again traversed the winding path of the garden, he noted the effects of the storm—broken and twisted trees and branches of trees, leaves without number, and perfect drifts of blossoms; several poor birds caught in the storm and whirled from their repose, but all else was unscathed.

Armand hastened to Zelda, who was awake and asking for him. "Ah," she whispered, "there you are, my beloved!" And the careful nurse placed a finger upon her lips to enjoin perfect quiet.

Armand kissed her tenderly and gently, saying: "My precious wife, my more than all things or beings on earth, I love you more than ever."

And again he lifted the babe in his arms, saying: "I cannot tell how she looks, but she is most precious, next to you, Zelda. You are my sweeter, diviner self; but this little being, she is a dew-drop, a star-beam, a bud of lilies, a pearl; nay, she is our dove after the storm, our menat; she is our storm-bird, borne to us on the wings of the tempest. Isn't she the dearest, most precious being?"

"Armand, she is our treasure, our blossom of love," and Zelda again was warned to be quiet.

Armand left the room full of a surpassing peace and joy.

Turning once again, he said to Zelda: "I gave thanks at the altar, dearest, for this precious gift that is ours."

"I knew you were there," said Zelda, "for I saw you."

And Armand, who was accustomed to hear such sentences from Zelda, was not surprised, for he understood.

THE MYSTERY.

As soon as Armand reached the garden he heard the peculiar shuffle and uncertain sound that always denoted the approach of Hiejoh.

Armand turned to ask what was his errand, when Hiejoh, with his usual very low salaam, that brought him close to the earth, prostrate before his master, said:

"Forgive me, my master, if I interrupt you, but I have something for my master's ears alone."

And again Hiejoh bent to the ground, nearly touching Armand's sandals with his forehead.

"Well," said Armand, "speak it here and now."

"Will it please my master to come farther away? No one should hear."

"Come hither, then," and Armand led the way to the terrace arbor where he and Zelda had been sitting when we first beheld them.

Hiejoh was delighted to be admitted to this place, and he gave the same strange sound of pleasure that he had uttered when he saw Armand and Zelda there together, as though his imprisoned and stunted nature recognized the atmosphere of beauty and love.

"My master remembers the 'toofan' last night, when Zulieka came?"

Armand motioned him to proceed.

"Well, my master, just before the storm burst upon us, and while my lord was with the Lady Zelda, a messenger arrived. All was confusion, and he was glad to escape the storm. I motioned him to pass into the inner court, and whispered that I would tell my master of his arrival when the storm passed away. My master, when all was hushed again I sought the stranger everywhere, but I could not find him, and among all the people in the household no one has seen him; they were so full of fear that they did not even notice him among them. Again I have sought him everywhere this morning, before and since the sun came forth, and I cannot find even a trace of him. Perhaps he was a *choor* or a spirit."

Armand was perplexed and a little annoyed, but he replied, quickly: "No; he was neither a robber nor a ghost."

He well knew that if the messenger bore any document of State he would soon hear of it, he said to Hiejoh assuringly.

"Search again. Perhaps he was assigned to some room by the servants, and may have slept late."

Hiejoh made his usual salutation, and hastened to fulfill his master's orders.

"How very strange," thought Armand. "I do not like to feel that someone is 'secreted' in the garden or house. 'Tis absurd to think so. He has slept late, or came in to escape the storm, and left before sunrise."

Armand could not shake off the anxiety he felt about Zelda and the babe. "If any harm should come now, when so great a danger has been safely passed, it would be dreadful," he murmured.

As the day wore on and all was well about the dwelling, he forgot this little incident of his talk with Hiejoh on the terrace. He tried to do some important writing, when he fell asleep.

THE TOWER.

Suddenly, however, Armand awoke with a start, and there flashed upon his mind an incident of the preceding night.

Preoccupied as he had been with the important events that had been crowded into a few moments of time, this incident had entirely passed from his mind.

On the southeastern portion of the strange and somewhat fantastic house was a tower rising to a height of thirty feet above the surrounding roofs, pagodas and turrets that ornamented the other portions of the dwelling.

The top of the tower was finished with a beautiful pagoda, and fitted up as an observatory, the room beneath being used for a study by Armand, and for charts, telescopes and other scientific apparatus.

This room and observatory were thrown open at such times as Armand and Zelda wished to view the sea, the hills, the rare scenes spread out beneath them, or the starry heavens—a most beautiful picture by day, a vision of enchantment at night.

Armand now recalled that on the previous night, when he was crossing the garden to visit the little shrine, he had seen a light in the upper room of the tower just beneath the observatory.

He knew that the rooms in the tower were rarely occupied unless there was an unusual number of guests. He thought he knew that no one ever occupied that upper room.

A strange superstition pervaded the minds of his servants, and all the attendants about the place, concerning that room.

Whether the scientific apparatus and charts kept there aroused

their wonder, or whether there was some strange story or tradition among them about that portion of the building, he did not know.

Armand summoned Hiejoh, and asked, quite abruptly: "Have you searched the upper room in the tower for the missing messenger?"

Hiejoh's dusky face grew almost ashen as he replied, bending low: "My master, perhaps, knows that none of his people venture there. It is well-known that strange lights have been seen there at night, and strange sounds have been heard?"

"Come with me, then," said Armand, kindly.

He knew too well the superstitions of these people to endeavor to remove them by ridicule.

Hiejoh, although still trembling, obeyed.

They passed out of Armand's apartments by an opposite door to the one that opened near to Zelda's rooms.

They entered a small square room at the end of a corridor. After Armand had carefully locked the door behind them, they passed up a winding and rather narrow staircase that followed closely the outlines of the tower, until they came to the fourth landing. Here the stairway was more narrow, and the next landing brought them to the door of the room.

Here Armand paused, and motioned to Hiejoh not to fear.

Armand tried the door, but it was fastened. Then he remembered that the key always hung on a hook at the righthand side of the door, out of sight, but within easy reach.

"We will now capture both the messenger and message," said Armand, smilingly.

The key was not there!

Fearing the noise would alarm Zelda if he threw his weight against the door and burst it open, he desisted, murmuring, as if to himself, but really for Hiejoh's ears: "This is very strange and foolish. Probably the fellow was frightened at the storm, and locked himself in; now, in the reaction, he is sleeping all day. I suppose when he awakens we shall receive his message and his apologies."

Armand thought, but did not speak: "I will have the tower watched from the lower room, so no one can enter or leave without my knowledge."

Then he said to Hiejoh: "You can go now, but say nothing about this, and come to my room in five minutes."

Hiejoh leaped down the stairs like a frightened cat, only too glad to be away from the haunted room and the tower.

Armand sought to avoid all excitement to Zelda, and did not wish the fears and superstitions of his native servants to be aroused, so he sent by his English messenger a request that the commandant of the port kindly send him two strong men for special duty.

Armand's relations were such with the commandant—indeed, with all officials, either native or of the Home Government, that he men were sent without question.

In less than an hour two rather burly-looking fellows, dressed as guardsmen, approached.

Armand went to meet them, taking them into the room on the first floor of the tower. This room formed the only approach to any portion of the tower.

He said, to the guardsmen: "Do not leave this room until you have my permission. Do not make any noise." And pointing to the staircase, he said: "I suspect a large-sized rat is concealed above; see that he does not escape."

The men saluted him most respectfully, almost reverently. He motioned them to divans; asked them to smoke and make themselves comfortable, and said: "Your meals will be served here."

He knew their love of games, especially of cards and dice, and that these would afford them ample amusement.

And he knew that his reward for their services would be such as to amply repay them for their luxurious imprisonment.

Armand arranged that the guards could communicate with him instantly at any hour of the day or night, in case any discovery was made. As he left them he said:

"Be faithful, be vigilant; do not use your weapons unless necessary."

"We heed and obey the commands of his lordship."

They gave him the usual salute, and he left them, to attend to pressing official business, fully believing the matter would turn out an unimportant affair after all.

Although Armand passed as much of his time with Zelda as his duties would permit, he made no mention to her of the guard, nor any matters pertaining to the scenes in the tower.

He cautioned the servants to secrecy, but did not tell them his real reasons for the presence of the men. It was supposed that they were there to receive orders or dispatches of an official nature.

On the second day of the watch Armand was by the side of Zelda's couch, holding her beautiful hand in his, never wearying of the study of her lovely face, constantly thinking how more than perfect a picture she made, she and the babe.

"No wonder," he thought, that Christians worship the Madonna! "No wonder that the mother of Christ is most sacred and revered, and that in Egypt Isis is the symbol of all life, as Sarasvata is in India," he said, aloud.

"You are as beautiful as the Madonnas in Italy, my darling. I would have your picture thus, as I behold you."

Zelda smiled most sweetly, and seemed more than beautiful. There was almost a halo around her as she spoke:

"And would you have our babe here for a seeress, for a divinity, my love?"

"Who knows, or who can tell?" he said, reverently. "The Divine Life and Love may wear any form of earth; perhaps hers is that of an Avatar. She bears no common life, I am sure, for it seems to me the gates of paradise have opened, to allow her to pass to us."

Then Zelda said, suddenly changing the subject, as though it had previously troubled her:

"Darling, I am greatly puzzled and not a little troubled about Hiejoh, his manner is so unusual, and there is a peculiar and strange expression in his eyes. He seems reluctant to leave my room except when he must go, and he has a half-terrified appearance all the while."

Armand had noticed the change in Hiejoh, ever since the incident of his accompanying him to the tower, but he replied evasively, and to reassure Zelda:

"Does he seem different to you, dearest? I always thought him a strange, weird, half-wild creature, but have trusted you to know him better than I could, and have believed that you understood and could govern him. But tell me about him, and I will try and aid you to fathom his changed mood."

"Well," replied Zelda, "he seems frightened at almost every sound. When he enters or leaves the room he crouches as if afraid, and he hovers near, looking at our babe with such a strange expression. She is so precious. I would not wish to harm Hiejoh, but he must not look at her with that wild expression in his eyes."

"Bravo," said Armand. "Nothing arouses her, except it touch the darling of our hearts; but concerning Hiejoh, perhaps he became alarmed on the night of the arrival of our storm-bird, although he seemed courageous enough then. He would guard you then, and kept watch outside even when all the people flew to the coast."

Zelda heard, but answered musingly: "I never saw the same expression in his face before excepting once, and that was at a time when the good Javannah, the Parsee priest, came to see my father. Hiejoh had seen him many times before, but on that occasion he seemed to have an unexplainable awe—almost a fear—of the holy man. I know there must have been something unusual to affect him now."

"Darling, my love, do not let this disturb you," said Armand. "He may be himself again in a day or two." Then he carefully asked: "Do you imagine he is a prophet, or sees visions?"

Zelda looked up with an expression of relief on her bright face as she replied: "I believe he does have visions, and I know he can foretell events, for several times he has warned me of approaching events, and once—" Here Zelda flushed with joy at the recollection of a prophecy, now so sweetly fulfilled—"once he told me of on who was coming to be my love, my lord, my husband; and when I

laughed he said: 'It is true, my lady Zelda.' When you came, he said: 'This is he, my lady's lord.' Is he not gifted with prophecy?"

Armand tenderly kissed her, and said, most earnestly: "Whatever or whomever he may be, I bless him for that prophecy. I, too, am a seer," he said with a smile; "for the first time I saw you I knew you were my love, and I meant to win you to be my wife."

The eyes of Zelda were full of tears of tenderness, and Armand's voice was tremulous with deep emotion as he bade her good evening and walked slowly away, pondering upon all that Zelda had told him.

Armand recalled how strangely Hiejoh seemed affected when he mentioned the light in the tower, and his terror when he proposed to solve the problem at once.

Then he wondered if there was any connection between Hiejoh and his visions, and the mysterious events that had occurred on the night of the storm.

A SURPRISE.

Armand was immersed in a complication of affairs. Messengers bearing dispatches hurried to and from the government offices to him. He had many private matters to arrange, but occasionally, even in the midst of his papers and books, and concentration of thought, portions of his conversation with Zelda would flash through his mind.

He was always pervaded by Zelda, a sort of double consciousness, that knew all that was necessary to know about his business, and left the whole luminous background of his mind and spirit free, free to be possessed by her. He never thought of life without her. She seemed always to have been a part of him. He never contemplated a future that did not include her.

Thus occupied and prepossessed, the door opening into the corridor that led to the room where the two guards were stationed was suddenly flung wide open.

Both the men stood before Armand. The faces of both were ashen, and neither could speak at first.

In a low tone of command Armand said: "Speak! What has happened?"

At last the smaller of the two men faltered:

"He has escaped! He has gone!"

"You allowed some one to escape? You should have stopped him, were he man, or devil or angel," said Armand excitedly.

He collected himself, however, before uttering any more words of reproach.

Rushing past the men, he almost flew along the corridor into the deserted room, up the stairway to the upper room.

The door was wide open. No instrument or chart was disturbed—not even the small couch where one might sleep, if weary. The key hung in its accustomed place by the door.

Who had opened the door? Who had gone past the guards? Who had been there? The mystery was still unsolved.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

Zulieka, pronounced Zuliekah.

Hiejoh, pronounced Hayshaw.

Salaam, salutation; ceremonial bow.

Parsee, domestic and traveling servant.

Moonshee, interpreter, or teacher of languages.

Parsees: It is well known fact to all students and observers of castes in India, that the Parsees are, in almost every sense, aliens. Driven from Persia by the successors of Alexander the Great, they sought refuge in the island of Ormuz; but here again, fearing the persecution of the Mahomedans, they set sail and found themselves on the coast of Goorgerat, in India, in the kingdom of Jays Deva, who, perceiving their many virtues, adopted them into that kingdom—if they would abandon their native dress, adopt the Indian costume and wear a sort of turban, and eat no meat of the ox. They conformed with these requirements, and became loyal and most valuable aids to India. Since the possession by England, the Parsees, whom the English attracted to Bombay, have most readily adopted the manners, dress and customs of Europeans. They are most intelligent and progressive, and have attained exalted positions, both under the Oriental and English governments. Their religion is almost free from ceremonials, and absolutely free from image worship. They do honor and homage to nature as expressing in symbols of life the Divine Light of Ormuzd—the sun, planets, moon, sea, trees (especially the coconut tree), and the sacred Homa—every form of life that brings blessing to man; but chiefly do they worship fire. The women are not bound by the same traditions that enslave the Hindoo women; particularly are they more free since the English have made it possible for that liberty to be manifested. These followers of Zoroaster have proven themselves to be of a superior and enlightened race, and, having now full opportunity of expression, will do much to redeem and restore the India that they have so long served.]

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

Toofan: Storm, tempest, cyclone.

Javan nah: Pronounced Yah-van-nah, the Parsee priest.

Choor: Robber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEDIUMSHIP.

Mediumship is essential to the intercommunication of the two worlds at the present time. All forms of knowledge that the world possesses to-day upon the subject of the spirit-life have been received through mediumistic expression. Prophets, seers, sages and oracles of ancient times were the mediums of manifestation then. Various forms of mediumship are to-day the methods of manifesting the power of the spirit over man, and while many are mediums who are not aware of it, the distinct form of mediumship, as presented in Modern Spiritualism, is that it announces itself, that the Spirit-world proclaims its presence, that an individual, identified intelligence manifests its power and capacity, and that this betrays a purpose and intention, the presence of an active and overruling intelligence that intends this manifestation for the especial benefit, knowledge and uplifting of mankind—not discovered apparently, as geology has been, by man; not outwrought, as sciences have been, through study and external culture. It has been a spontaneous overflowing or inflowing from the spiritual world into humanity, selecting here and there, and in various places, those who shall be the fitting instruments of its expression. No grade of life, no condition of mind, no form or expression of constitution, no particular hereditary tendency designates those who are mediums. There may be ten or one hundred in this room who are mediumistic; they do not resemble each other in any degree. You could not pick them out from a mingled assemblage; there is nothing by which they betray any essential tendencies to mediumship. They are designed; they are not the result of the organic process, because to all apparent view they do not differ essentially from their fellow being who sits by the side of them, yet who is not a medium, who seems to have no power of spirit communion, and who wonders at this power that is manifested through the other individual.

It is oftentimes asked by persons: "Why can not I be a medium, who so much desire it?" It is not the desire that creates the mediumship; it is the adaptation, and you may desire it, but the Spirit-world may perceive that you are not the one to be employed for their use. I do not mean by this that mediums are selected with reference to any particular higher or lower degree of moral or spiritual education, that it is not that which constitutes the nature of selection. The selection is made with reference to the adaptation to certain work, and that work is a distinct line of work for each medium so employed. With one medium it is a line of physical manifestation, that goes on, apparently, in full tide of satisfaction and success to a certain point, then public attention is diverted either by what seems or claims to be an exposure, or by another form of manifestation taking its place. Yet no one pretends to doubt that the manifestations thus given up to a certain period, were manifestations of genuine mediumship. The reason of this is that the Spirit-world selected the instrument for a certain work. When that work is completed the instrument can not by

FIFTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH OF ROME. A Remarkable Book.

This is a remarkable work by FATHER CHENEY. It exposes even to the minutest details the corruption that exists in the Church of Rome. It is a work of 322 pages, and should be read as a matter of course by every Spiritualist. The following is a partial list of the table of contents:

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WAKING AT WILL.

It Is the Result of a Fixed Intention Imparted to the Mind and Reflected on the Spirit.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is a curious fact that most people can wake themselves precisely at the hour resolved upon. The following contains some useful hints in explanation from the London Spectator: A discussion has been going on in the Society for Psychical Research as to the existence and the nature of the power by which so many people manage to wake themselves precisely at the hour at which they have resolved to wake themselves the previous night. There is no question as to the fact. It is a matter on which probably the greater number of people can convince themselves. You may fix a time when no clock strikes, so that it cannot be a half-heard sound which wakes you.

You may fix five minutes before the hour in a house in which no clock strikes the quarters, or even in a house in which there is no striking clock at all, and no church clock within a couple of miles, and yet not one person only, but a great many—we might perhaps say the majority of persons past middle age—can wake themselves at the right hour if on the previous night they go to bed with the resolve to do so strong on their minds. It is a power which belongs to all sorts of persons—not only persons who have been in the habit of getting up at given hours, but to persons who have not.

Most nurses have it, most servants, most laborers, most professional men. Yet it is very difficult to account for, for when you wake you have no distinct, nor, indeed, indistinct, recognition of the time on you. You only know what time you ought to have been awake, but are not in the least conscious this time has arrived, though when you look at your watch in a fright you find, as a matter of fact, that it has arrived, and only just arrived. We believe that the same power would apply to the daytime under the same conditions, namely, that you fix firmly in your mind some hours, or at least some considerable time, earlier than you are to do something specific, and to be roused to a sense of the time at a specific minute; only people notice this less, since there are so many things in the daytime which warn us, and thus put us on the watch as to how time is flying.

The curious thing is that, though you can arrest your own attention and wake up at the required time, you never seem to have the least assurance that it is the right time without consulting your watch. If you do really "divine" the time, you have no power to recognize that you have "divined" it. You feel as if you had merely guessed it, and very probably guessed it wrong, until your watch confirms the guess.

It is not by a keen sense of duration that you compute the hour, for that would imply that you knew of what time you made the resolve—at what time you went to sleep with the resolve on your mind—and this is often just what you do not know. If you measured time by the organic processes which go on within you, by a general sense of the number of pulsations of your heart, or the number of breaths drawn, then you would require to know accurately what the time was when you first resolved to awake and you would measure only by the length of the thread subsequently drawn out. Not only would that be a very complicated process, but it is almost certainly not the actual process, for you may be quite unconscious at what hour exactly the resolve is formed. It seems to be a sense of time, as quite distinct from a sense of the duration of your sleep, or of the length of any organic process which has gone on since the resolve was made. Yet it is extremely difficult to imagine that the individual mind can be so closely identified in feeling with the revolution of the earth on its axis as would enable it to say at what hour A. M. or P. M. you have arrived. The mind measures duration chiefly by the succession of its own thoughts; but, as we have seen, it is not duration, but something quite different from duration, of which it appears to be conscious; thus it can wake the body at any given hour without even knowing (consciously, at least) how much time has elapsed since the resolve to wake was first formed.

In the Journal of the Society of Psychological Research for August we are told of a lady, "well-known to the editor," who chronicled her experiments in this manner during a part of last July, and for July 5 she makes the following entry:

"July 5.—Order given, again casually, with none of the seriousness of intention which I should have associated with it had I been going to act upon the sequence instead of merely experimenting upon it. This time I said: 'Wake me to take a journey at 4 o'clock,' meaning wake me at 4, but not saying so. I was awakened with a struggle of consciousness, could not remember where I was, or anything; but seemed to be down in a deep place like a well, and I heard an inner voice say, 'wake and get up, it's just 3 o'clock; you need an hour to prepare for a four at 4.' Still I was but half conscious when the words were repeated, 'it is 3, not 4.' But you said, 'wake me for a journey at 4.' By that time I awoke completely, and the clock struck 3."

The editor regards this power of discerning the time as due to what he calls "the subliminal consciousness;" in other words, the consciousness which lies below all the acts of mere superficial consciousness of our life, and connects them when they are at variance with each other, by its survey over all alike. We have never thought that Mr. Meyers has explained anything by this assumption, and in the present case he has, if he can fully trust his witness' accuracy, only invented a new difficulty for himself by it.

For it is quite evident that either the "subliminal consciousness" in this case was not subliminal, and was no party to the trick which the lady had played upon the agency commissioned to awake her by speaking of a

fabulous journey which was to be begun at 4, when she really only wished to be awakened at 4—or else, if the "subliminal consciousness" was aware that 4 was the time intended for waking, and not 3, it determined to play a trick upon itself by taking the lady's words and rejecting her meaning. This is a highly improbable explanation, so improbable that, far from being an elucidation, it is a complication of the problem. The agency which awoke this lady at the wrong hour because her words had been inaccurate, either had a grudge against her and took advantage of her slip of the tongue to awaken her before she needed, in which case it could hardly have been her deepest self which did this, or it was really misled by her language, in which case it certainly was not her deepest self, for it took her at her word, and not her meaning, though, if it had been her deepest self, it would have known her meaning. On the whole, the theory that it is a "subliminal consciousness" which gives us a knowledge of the lapse of time certainly explains nothing, and makes it more, instead of less, difficult to explain such a misunderstanding as this. It would be much easier to explain the incident as a confused dream, in which the dreamer had caught up the words of her last resolve and enlarged upon them without remembering her own meaning; but a confused dream is certainly not what Mr. Meyers means by a "subliminal consciousness," a consciousness at the base of all our various acts of superficial consciousness.

How we are to explain our consciousness of time as distinct from knowledge of duration—and, indeed, that we have in sleep any knowledge of duration, we see no clear evidence, a very short time often appearing to us very long if it is crowded with a multiplicity of impressions, and a long time often appearing very short if a single impression has persisted throughout—we do not know, but that there is some transcendental power of discerning the time without external sounds to guide us, we feel no doubt. Of course there are plenty of cases where the power fails. Indeed, the present writer may assign the present article as a consequence (one of very many) of the power of waking at the exact hour desired, an hour which is often varied in accordance with the urgency of the case, so that it cannot be ascribed to the habit of waking exactly at the same hour. It is a very curious power, for which we can assign no parallel. We certainly have no similar power of waking ourselves on a journey at any exact point in space on which we may previously determine. If we resolve to wake up at the moment the express train in which we are traveling passes a particular point from which, suppose, a striking landscape is visible, we should not manage it unless the train were so punctual that we could effect it by determining to wake at the precise minute when the train was due there, though in that way we believe it might occasionally be effected. But there certainly are multitudes of persons who appear to carry some kind of clock about with them in their inner mind; though whether it be the clock of the house or the clock of the neighborhood it would be well to find out.

In the present writer's case it is not the clock of the house which is kept fast, but, as near as he can judge, what he believes to be right time—i. e., railway time; though if he were, say five minutes wrong in his impression of what right time is, it is probable that he would awaken by the time of his impression, and not by railway or Greenwich time. Psychological research must bring in the spirit to make the explanation complete and satisfactory. The impulse given to it by the mortal mind may be the incentive which awakens one at a particular time. No one can ignore OLD RELIABLE.

Wonenoc Spiritualists.

TO THE EDITOR:—Wonenoc Spiritualists, are again jubilant over a "feast of reason" furnished them by G. H. Brooks of Elgin, Ill. He has just finished a month's engagement with the society here. His efforts have been edifying and instructive. He is a strong, earnest worker, and as a speaker imbues his hearers with a share of his zeal and energy. He has been with us but a short time, yet he has accomplished much aside from his specified work. He has organized a Ladies Union and established a Children's Lyceum, leaving them in good working order, and if they degenerate again into chaos, the fault lies not with him.

His afternoon lectures were given from subjects or questions proposed by the audience, and were highly entertaining. An interesting feature of his evening services were his psychometric readings acknowledged satisfactorily in every instance. He was accompanied by his wife, who shares with him our esteem and kindest wishes for future successes in whatever direction duty calls. MRS. EVA H. POTTER.

"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.

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

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

"The Spiritual Evangelist," a new song book, full of catchy melodies and appropriate hymns, for Spiritual meetings and circles. By G. F. Perkins. For sale at this office. Societies and conductors of meetings should order a hundred copies at once. \$10 per hundred; \$6 for 50 copies. 15 cents single copy.

A Dream.

There are times when a dream delicious
Steals into a musing hour
Like a face with love capricious
That peeps from a woodland bower;
And one dear scene comes changeless—
A wooded hill and a river;
A deep, cool bend where the lilies end
And the elm-tree shadows quiver.

And I lie on the brink there dreaming
That the life I lead is a dream—
That the real is but the seeming,
And the true is the sun-flecked stream.
Beneath me the porch and the beaver sail
In the dim, cool depths of the river;
The struggling fly breaks the mirrored sky,
And the elm-tree shadows quiver.

There are voices of children away on the hill;
There are bees through the flag-flowers humming;
The lighterman calls to the clock, and the mill
On the farther side is drumming;
And I sink to sleep in my dream of a dream,
In the grass by the brink of the river,
Where the voices blend and the lilies end
And the elm-tree shadows quiver.

Like a gift from the past is the kindly dream,
For the sorrow and passion and pain
Are adrift, like the leaves on the breast of the stream,
And the child-life comes back again.
Oh, the sweet, sweet pain of joy that died!
Of a pain that is joy forever!

Oh, the life that died in the stormy tide
That was once my sun-flecked river.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Sad Story of Elder Jones.

The Somerville Journal says: There never was a better man than Elder Simon Jones. He reeked with goodness even to the marrow in his bones; and he'd have been beatified long years ago, I know, but for his fatal tendency to say: "I told you so." No matter what might come to pass, no shadow of surprise was ever seen by anyone in Elder Jones' eyes. He'd simply listen to the tale of gladness or of woe, and when it all was finished he'd remark: "I told you so." A more exasperating man, the neighbors all agreed, they never knew, however good he was in word and deed; for when the most unlooked-for things had set them in a glow, the stolid Jones would only nod and say: "I told you so." Well, finally the elder died, as even good men must. His mortal frame was laid away to mingle with the dust. But when his soul to judgment came, its course was turned below, and all the angels shook their heads, and said: "I told you so."

Letter from Mattie E. Hull.

TO THE EDITOR:—Letters and letters are coming to me, inquiring what I am doing, what are my arrangements for the winter, etc. As I have little time for social correspondence at present, I want a little space in your bright journal to make a few statements. I would say to my friends, I have not been idle since my return from the East. I have delivered two addresses nearly every Sunday, dividing my time between some of the societies in this city. By the way, never, since my acquaintance with Chicago, has Spiritualism had so encouraging an outlook as at present; never so many excellent meetings, and active, well-working societies, and there is room for more.

I have addressed good audiences in the beautiful hall on Thirty-first street. These meetings are ably conducted and largely attended. The meetings at Bricklayers' Hall, under the auspices of the State Association, are well attended. I occupied the rostrum two Sunday afternoons and one Sunday evening during the present month.

Every Sunday night in October I was at 681 West Lake street, in the neat little hall fitted up over a year since by Mr. A. H. Williams, one of the oldest workers in our ranks. The meetings had hitherto been run mostly as conference meetings, and the majority of the attendants had been more interested in "readings" and "tests" than lectures, but the audience steadily increased each Sunday night during the month, so much so that I consented to lecture one Sunday night this month, on which occasion we were greeted by the largest audience of the season. The last Sunday night of the present month I lectured before the North Side Society, and the first Sunday night of December at 681 West Lake street, which will be my last work in this city for months to come.

I have promised to spend several days in Memphis, Tenn., en route to Texas. I shall spend one Sunday there (second Sunday of December), as I have been announced to commence my work in Fort Worth, the third Sunday of December. Shall probably spend the remainder of December and a portion of January there. Have numerous calls from different points in Texas, but cannot arrange definitely until I have reached Fort Worth and investigated the various routes in the state.

Mr. Hull sends cheerful news from Washington.

I cannot drop my pen, Bro. Francis, without saying that it is my "impression" (and you know I am a medium) that much of the "revival spirit" now manifested in Chicago, on behalf of Spiritualism, is due to your wonderful success in connection with the glorious PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is phenomenal; but, then, the Spirit-world is back of you. The work had to be done, and you must have been the chosen instrument. Possibly, while I am in "The Lone Star State," I may find one spot where the PROGRESSIVE THINKER is not; if so, I'll put it there. I found it wherever I went in the East.

Now and then I'll send a "jotting" after I am on my route, and I earnestly pray the shadow of your journal may never grow less.

MATTIE E. HULL.

Swedenborg Visits the Planet Mars.

HE RELATES SOME CURIOUS EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR:—As a good deal of discussion is going on nowadays in regard to the planet Mars, and, among other things, whether it is inhabited or not, and certain well-known astronomical authorities assert their belief that there is human life upon that planet, and that sometime men of this earth will be able to assure themselves of the fact, it might not be out of place to quote what was written over one hundred years ago upon Mars: "Its Spirits and Inhabitants." From the works of Emanuel Swedenborg these extracts are taken, published in London, 1855, entitled: "The Earths in the Universe and Their Inhabitants," also "Their Spirits and Angels;" from "What Has Been Heard and Seen." The following extracts will be read with more than a passing interest:

It was granted me to know that the speech of the inhabitants of Mars was different from that of the inhabitants of our earth, in that it was not sonorous, but almost tacit, insinuating itself into the interior hearing and sight by a shorter way, and, consequently, that it was more perfect, fuller of ideas, and thereby approaching nearer to the speech of spirits and angels. The essential affection also of the speech is represented among them in the face, and the thought thereof in the eyes, for the thought and the speech and likewise the affection and the face, with them act in unity. They account it wicked to think one thing and speak another, and to will or desire one thing while the features of the face express the contrary. They are altogether unacquainted with hypocrisy, and likewise with fraudulent pretence and deceit.

On a time while the spirits of Mars were with us, and occupied the sphere of my mind, there came some spirits from our earth, and desired also to infuse themselves into that sphere; but instantly the spirits of our earth became as it were insane by reason of the utter disagreement between them and the spirits of Mars. They were in idea turned to the world and to self, whereas the spirits of Mars were in idea turned from self to heaven and their neighbor; hence came the contrariety. But at that instant there approached some angelic spirits of Mars, and at their approach the communication was closed, and thus the spirits of our earth retired.

The angelic spirits discoursed with me concerning the life of the inhabitants on their earth, informing us that they are not under any forms of government, but that they live arranged into greater and lesser societies, and that they are associated with each other according to their agreement in mind, which agreement they discover instantly by the face and speech, being seldom deceived in their judgment herein, and that then they are instantly united in friendship. They informed me further that their consociations are delightful, and that they discourse with each other about what passes in their societies, and especially about what passes in heaven, for several of them have manifest communication with the angels of heaven. Such among them as begin to think perversely in their societies, and thereby to incline to evil, are disassociated and left to themselves alone, in consequence whereof they lead a most wretched life, out of all society, in dens or other places, being no longer regarded by the rest.

Every one on that earth lives content with his own property, and every one with his own share of honor, accounting it enough to be reputed upright and a lover of his neighbor. This delightful and tranquil principle of mind would perish unless such an incline to evil thoughts and dispositions were banished from the rest, and unless a prudent but severe check was given to the first encroachments of self-love and the love of the world; for it was owing to these loves that empires and kingdoms were first established, under which establishments there are few but what desire to have dominion, and to possess the property of others, there being few who do what is just and right out of real love thereto, and still fewer who do good from a real principle of charity, being rather influenced by other motives, such as the fear of the law, and a regard to gain, honor, reputation, and the like.

In regard to divine worship as practiced by the inhabitants of that earth, they informed me that they acknowledge and adore our Lord, saying that He is the only God, and that He governs both heaven and the universe, and that every good thing is from Him, and that He leads and directs them; also that He often appears among them on their earth. It was then granted me to tell them that Christians also on our earth know that the Lord governs heaven and earth, agreeably in His own words in Matthew, "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth," xxviii, 18.

They acquainted me further that with their earth the inhabitants believe that with themselves there is nothing but what is filthy and infernal, and that all good is of the Lord; yes, they added further, that of themselves they are devils, and that the Lord draws them out of hell, and continually keeps them from falling into it again. On a certain occasion when the name of the Lord was mentioned I observed that those spirits humbled themselves in such inward and profound abasement as no words can describe.

There was presented before me an inhabitant of that earth. His face resembled the faces of the inhabitants of our earth, but the lower region of the face was black, not owing to his beard, for he had none, but to blackness instead of a beard; this blackness extended itself underneath the ears on both sides; the upper part of the face was yellowish like the faces of the inhabitants of our earth who are not perfectly fair. They said, moreover, that on that earth they feed on the fruits of trees, especially on a kind of round fruit which buds forth from the ground, and likewise on pulse; and that they are clothed with garments wrought from the fibrous bark of certain trees, which has such a consistence that it may be woven, and also stiffened by a kind of

gum which they have among them. They related further that they are acquainted with the art of making fluid fires, whereby they have light during evening and night.

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J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

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As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and then, when they find it so useful, they will want to get a larger supply, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to send several others to unite with them, and thus form a club. A large number of these clubs will make a large sum total, and this extra fund of our labor and material. The same suggestion will apply to all cases of renewal of subscription—advise others to add in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without this valuable information imparted through each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pass on and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only twenty-five cents. For that amount you obtain one hundred and forty copies of our valuable, soul-saving and mind-enriching reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book.

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

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

Annie Besant Is Coming.

Annie Besant, the apostle of free thought and free speech—the woman who, all England well knows, would sooner go to the tortures of martyrdom than willfully utter a lie, is coming to Chicago to lecture. She cannot be called strange, but she certainly is remarkable. Her life has brought to her many changes and varying circumstances. But wherever placed, she has maintained the right to think and act as her conscience dictated, without let or hindrance of any power on earth. Born of Irish parents, married to a clergyman of the Church of England, forced, for conscience sake, to eschew the communion; driven from home and children by the bigotry of a cruel-for-God's-sake husband; throwing herself among the poor of London, working for the destitute, the outcast and the oppressed; always striving for freedom of thought; associated with agnostics and protestors of all sorts; co-laborer with Charles Bradlaugh for the Secularists; member of the London School Board; student, writer and orator; and always a philanthropist, she has in these later years devoted all her inherent force and acquired ability to the Theosophical movement.

Those who know her best esteem her most. Once beautiful, now showing marks of the many battles in which she has taken part, she is still, and always will be, attractive, interesting, fascinating. Wavy gray hair makes a far from unpleasant background to a most mobile face, and the most honest and intrepid of clear brown Irish eyes—eyes that can look at one both penetratingly and searchingly, as well as sympathetically and kindly.

Those who have watched her career know well how bravely she has borne herself, always and everywhere. In the face of a mob; before armed men; on the platform with a hostile audience before her; with voice and pen; by word and deed, she has not once failed to show unflinching courage. This is the foremost woman orator of the age, whom Chicago will have the privilege of hearing in her tour across the Western continent and back. She will speak in Central Music Hall, this city, December 9; subject: "Theosophy and Recent Science." December 10, subject: "Hypnotism, Mesmerism and Theosophy." It is likely to be both her first and last visit to the West. The rate of seats will commence at the ticket office, Monday, December 5.

Is Spiritualism a Religion?

That question is fully answered in this week's issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, by Hon. A. B. Richmond, and in a manner well calculated to excite a great deal of interest. Although it is long, the interest in reading it will not flag in the least. It will hold the attention through the entire address. Whatever may be the various views aroused by perusing it, our readers will thank Mr. Richmond for sending it to us for publication.

ZULIEKA.

This highly-interesting and fascinating story should be read by every advanced thinker in the United States. Spiritualists, you can aid in the good work, by soliciting subscribers, and then supply them with the paper by doing some missionary work, by sending the paper free to some person who will appreciate it. It will only cost you 25 cents for three months.

Any one having a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of November 21, 1891, for sale, please send postal card, with price, to O. P. Hinchings, Winfield, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Perkins will hold meetings in Lincoln, Nebraska, the first Sunday in December, on their way to Salt Lake. They have been visiting friends at Marshalltown, Iowa.

Jennie B. Hagan Jackson will lecture the two last Sundays of December at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Mrs. Foye the Sundays of January, 1893. They lecture at Elk's hall.

An Aged Veteran.

TO THE EDITOR:—Did you think I needed a great big card to remind me that I should renew my subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—not much! So long as you keep up the battle with the enemy—or enemies, I should say, for they are legion—of Spiritualism, so long you shall have my support while here in the body, which will not be for long, as I have passed the seventy-four mile-stone, and of necessity must soon pass over, and what I may be able to do on the other side I cannot tell until I get there and get my bearings and see how the land lies; but if you receive help from the other side, and I surely believe you do, then shall my mite be added thereto, for I am satisfied this nation has yet to pass through an ordeal that will nearly blot it out as a republic—an ordeal to which its children's play, and when I see this state of things being gradually brought about by the politicians of this country pandering to the foreign element to obtain votes, it makes me tremble for my country's weal; and not only the politicians but the churches in their fancied security are helping on the work of destruction. I came onto the stage of action as a voter fifty-three years ago, hence took part in the anti-slavery crusade, and I was asked many times: "How do you expect to get rid of slavery?" Surely you do not expect to abolish it by law? My answer was: Man's laws require an executor, but God's laws execute themselves, in just what manner I do not pretend to say; but so sure as justice and right is to prevail, so sure will slavery be wiped out in some way. In looking back I find that nearly all great reforms have been brought about through bloodshed, more or less, and I have almost come to the conclusion that the only way in which ambitious, headstrong men can be brought to a sense of what is just and right, is through suffering, and that the individual can only aid my example and influence for the right and abide the result.

S. M. RICHARDSON.

We are glad to have a word from this aged veteran. Most assuredly we intend to present a bold front to the enemy, and continue on in our aggressive course. Brother Jonathan's weekly talks are exciting widespread interest and compelling the people to think. As the dropping of water will gradually wear away the hardest granite, so will this constant presentation of the manifold evils arising from the Octopus, gradually awaken the people to a sense of the danger that surrounds them. We hope, however, that the forthcoming revolutions will be inaugurated and carried through successfully without bloodshed. The time has arrived when the pen should be the only weapon of offense and defense. Let us hope that the world will soon be elevated to that exalted plane where the necessity for war will no longer exist.

A Startling Assertion.

TO THE EDITOR:—Enclosed find \$1.00, for which please send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, along the only Christian Advocate and Journal published, to John J. Uech. He is a new reader and convert. A. B. RICHMOND, Mendota, Pa.

The announcement that our good brother makes in the above note to us was at first most startling—almost paralyzing us. We finally, after duly meditating, came to the conclusion that he intended to pay us one of the greatest compliments. There is something grand and beautiful in pure, unsullied Christianity; something that is soul-elevating and eminently well calculated to illuminate the mind. Christianity, divested of all its crudities and false statements, and viewed from the standpoint of the highest civilization, is all that can be desired. Primitive Christianity, while it had its basic errors, also had its manifold spirit manifestations. As a Christian Advocate and Journal, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER stands foremost. It has no burning hell, no vicarious atonement, no method of baptism by water, and no hidebound creed. The paper believes that every good deed brings its own reward, and that every evil deed has a tendency to darken the spiritual nature. It believes, too, that to be good and do good is the great end of existence. As the only genuine Christian Advocate and Journal published, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will ever be on the alert for something fresh, startling, instructive and soul-elevating. If while catering to the public in the future we succeed in meriting the approbation of Hon. A. B. Richmond, we shall feel that we have triumphed to the fullest.

In the meantime Spiritualism will be what we shall advocate and sustain, always endeavoring to bring the churches to it.

The Pope's Bull.

Your paper, with the Pope's Bull to the Catholics of the world, is creating quite an excitement here. I gave my paper to the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city, and on Sunday he read it to his people. Now I want to know if our government officials are aware of what the pope is going to do next year? Can you tell me what per cent of our government officials are Catholics? T. B. SIDELINGER.

A Note from the Hub.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am pleased to see the elevated spirit and progression of your paper. It has charity for all, defends the wronged, gives hope and good cheer to the lowly. Wherever I am, I do not miss a single number.

L. A. HULSE.

We are always delighted to hear from the Hub. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has its friends and admirers there. They like the spirit it sends forth, and cannot help from enthusiastically speaking words in its favor. We are getting a large number of subscribers in Massachusetts and in the East generally. Just think of it, we are sending over twelve hundred copies of our paper weekly to New York. One meeting in New York City orders sixty copies weekly, and thus the good work goes on.

FREE TICKET TO CALIFORNIA.

For conditions and full information about California, address A. Phillips & Co., Excursion Agents, 104 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The Torch of Liberty.

TO THE EDITOR:—I rise to congratulate you upon the new and improved condition and appearance of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I thought it grand and soul-inspiring before; but like its name, you have quickened the spirit, and clothed upon and beautified the whole form! It now stands forth, as the "Torch of Liberty, Enlightening the World!" Its pearls of science, its gems of philosophy, and its sweet and beautiful "Religion of Humanity," illuminating so many heart-stones and radiating outwardly over the deserts and gardens of the human race, must cause it to ever hold the foremost position in the grand and stately march of human history!

PROF. SILAS W. EDMUNDS.

Prof. Edmunds is now laboring efficiently in Pennsylvania. As a natural consequence he feels interested in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He finds that it is a central magnet, from which radiates an exalted influence, the tendency of which is to elevate and spiritualize the world. The paper, as the Professor well says, stands forth as a "Torch of Liberty Enlightening the World." That torch will continue to burn with a steady radiance, illuminating the pathway of mortals to a higher plane and grander realizations.

A Grand Good Paper.

You are making a grand, good paper. God speed you in the work of mental and spiritual enlightenment! I showed number 155, containing Brother Jonathan's suggestive talk on the "Encyclical" letter of the Pope, to several neighbors, among them a Presbyterian preacher. The latter opened his eyes wide.

By the way, these "Comet" times, and may we not look for another "bull" against the "Aerial Traveler" by the present successor of St. Peter, as of old? E. STAFFORD.

Glad to hear from you, brother, and to learn from your pen that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is doing an effective work in Colorado. The Spirit-world is so near to this now that manifestations of a most surprising character are constantly greeting us, and that man must indeed be spiritually and mentally blind who closes his eyes and understanding against them. As we look over the past and carefully and comprehensively trace the records of history, we find that the teachings and general course of the Catholic church is in complete harmony with the views set forth in the Encyclical.

The Infamous Sunday Law.

How is it that a small minority of the population of the United States can get religious laws enacted overriding the constitution, persecuting good citizens for conscience sake, and trampling under foot the inalienable rights of man, and seemingly nothing done to check this usurpation. The religious fanatics now boast that they have a Sunday law in every State in the Union except our glorious California, and they are working hard to get one here. I suppose you are aware that in some of the Eastern States they not only have such a law, but good citizens are being arrested, fined, imprisoned, and then worked in the chain-gang for violating that infamous law.

T. J. HOUSE.

We are well aware that the statute-books of nearly all the different States are disgraced by laws abridging the rights of the people in reference to Sunday. The time will come, and at no distant day, when all these laws will be a dead letter. Some of the blue laws enacted in the early history of our country are still on the statute books, but it would be impossible to enforce them. It is a fact that, strictly speaking, there is no difference, whatever in the days of the week, only so far as manifested by climatic changes. A cold day in winter is different from a beautiful June day, with its green grass and flowers in the garden. We hope and pray that every vestige of barbarism connected with the days of the week will eventually cease to exist.

Finds It Everywhere.

How in the name of common sense you succeed in getting THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER into so many families, I can't see; they all take it. I wish you good luck, and more success, and lots of it.

Marshalltown, Iowa. J. W. DENNIS.

Our good brother Dennis is traveling over the country a good deal, and I venture to say that nearly everywhere he goes, he will find more of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER than all the other free-thought papers combined. That is the report we are getting from the North, South, East and West. Of course we feel gratified at this result. A paper that has been sustained by a truly honest and radical spirit ever since its first inauguration, always favoring the right and condemning the wrong, as a natural consequence must have a large following. Brother Dennis is full of genial magnetism, and wherever he goes we hear good reports from him.

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Further About Heaven and Hell.

The idea advanced, incidentally, that hell and the New Jerusalem were just reached by rail was so strange and novel many readers are hardly satisfied with the brief statements. They want more. Throughout the Bible it is taught Jerusalem was to be the "throne of the Lord." Jer. 3:17; that all the world was to visit Jerusalem yearly "to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts," Zech. 14:17. Says Isa. 24:23, "the moon shall be confounded and the sun ashamed when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and Jerusalem." Ezra 7:15 said: "The habitation of the God of Israel is in Jerusalem." And Psalms 135:21: "The Lord dwelleth in Jerusalem." Revelations 3:12 informs the reader that "The name of the city of God is New Jerusalem."

Smith's Bible Dictionary, article Gehenna, copies in a note, with seeming approbation, a quotation from the apocryphal book of Enoch showing that this "accursed valley of Hinnom" is for those who shall be accursed to eternity, and follows it with the following, which, it is evident, was from the pen of some orthodox divine:

"The [last] judgment, it is plain, was to take place near Jerusalem; and while the temple hill was to be the citadel of reward to the pious, the punishment of the wicked, to be in sight [see Isaiah 66:24], would take place in the valley of Hinnom below. This spot, it is quite evident, is not figuratively referred to, as furnishing a name and symbol for the penalties of another world, but are literally designated as their real topographical seat; precisely as the neighboring heights are taken to be the proper metropolis of the chart. Both physical and historical causes inclined the Jewish imagination to select this particular valley for the fatal purpose. Stretching towards the volcanic district to the south, it is said to have emitted at times a smoke which betrayed subterranean fires, and which would receive from the Jew the same penal interpretation that his Scriptures had already put on the convulsions of the asphaltic basin [the Dead Sea valley]. And as the frequent scene of the rites of Moloch, it was associated with many horrors."

A great effort has been made to find the geographical location of the Christian heaven, as also their hell. They borrowed the idea of the Greek Elysian, and placed their heaven above the clouds. As hell was the antithesis of heaven, that was placed under the earth. Modern science has swept away both these mythical regions, the seats of empire for the soul, so we said them with a revival of the belief Jesus is said to have taught, with his gehenna fire, undying worm, his weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; and right across the great chasm, in actual sight of the yawning gulf of everlasting fire, on Mount Zion, the early Christians located their heaven of eternal bliss, which was to be modernized with golden streets, and bear the name of New Jerusalem.

Now, with long trains of railroad cars, each loaded with a thousand visitors to heaven or hell, what more fitting than the new name? We can well imagine the captain of a Mediterranean steamer, on entering the ancient port of Joppa, announcing:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You will now disembark and take the morning train, waiting at the wharf, only three and a half hours to Gehenna; thence, if your tickets are so indorsed, by omnibus to the Judgment Seat, on Mount Zion, only half a mile beyond hell, where you will find excellent hotel accommodations, conducted on the French plan. Water is scarce, and hotel accommodations are very rude for those who stop short of the heavenly city, so I hope your tickets are all good for Zion."

Have Heathen Any Rights?

The missionaries in Bombay, India, are meeting with unexpected hostility. They have been circulating hand-bills among the native population, making vile representations in regard to Krishna. The worshippers of the latter assembled in great numbers in Thakord-war Temple recently, and denounced the act as a gross outrage on their religion. They claim that Victoria, the Empress of India, issued her proclamation in 1858 protecting religious freedom, and hence no one, not even missionaries, had any right to interfere with their religious duties. They resolved to convene a monster meeting and memorialize the general government, asking redress. The new question now comes up: Have heathen any rights a Christian is bound to respect?

Can't Understand.

The demon of the storm does not limit his destructive work to Christian churches. At Chang Chow, in China, in September last, a temple collapsed in a severe gale, and eighty soldiers, who had sought escape from the storm, were buried in its ruins. Christians can understand why "God" destroys heathen temples, but it is inexplicable why he demolishes structures built and dedicated to him to advance his glory.

A Trite Sentence.

"Can't aside and the shepherd's interest in his flock is based on the profits derived from mutton and fleece." It is feared the worldly newspaper advancing the above idea had the clergy in mind when that trite sentence was penned.

The Pope.

The Pope, the successor to the apostle Peter, and the representative of God on earth, is said to be the wealthiest man in Rome. The heavenly powers have changed front in regard to money affairs since the early days of Christianity.

L. S. B. writes: "Dr. Juliet H. Severance spoke on last Sunday at Fraternity Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., a packed house, on the subject of 'Crime and Vice, their Causes and Treatment.' Although Dr. Severance has so often for many years past lectured here, she never fails to draw a crowd to listen to her logical, radical and eloquent discourses."

Reason for Opposing The Public Schools.

Homer told us that while Ulysses and his victorious companions were on their perilous return to Ithaca from ancient Troy, which the Greeks had destroyed, soon after their adventures with Polyphemus, the Cyclop, they sailed away and came to the floating island of Eolus, around which was a brazen wall. Eolus, the god of the wind, gave the Greeks a cordial welcome, and for a whole month entertained them in his gorgeous palace. When about to resume their journey by sea, he gave Ulysses a bag, in which he confined the winds, to the end they should not blow the wanderers away from their loved home to which they had so long been strangers.

The companions of Ulysses suspected the bag contained gold, and determined to open it while the commander slept. As they loosened the cord and rushed an enchantress, and gave freedom to all the winds at once, which drove the ship skeltering over the boisterous sea in every direction save towards Ithaca.

The above is the substance of an ancient fable, written nine hundred years before the Christian era. It is one of the great misfortunes of the present age that ideas quite as silly are still prevalent in regard to the winds. The Bible teaches that God "hath gathered the winds in his fist," that he sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest. All through the book it teaches the winds are employed as messengers of Almighty wrath. The same idea springs from the pulpit, and the faithful believer sees in the destructive element evidences of God's avenging hand.

Science teaches that the winds are produced by unequal temperature in various parts of the earth; that as the air is heated it expands and rises to attain its equilibrium, while the cold and denser air rushes in to supply the partial vacuum. This air in motion we call wind. Its velocity, from a zephyr to a tornado, depends on the extent of the vacuum produced by the rising air—as water increases its flow, the greater its fall. Cyclones are winds moving in circles, are caused by currents passing in different directions, diverted from a straight line.

The ignorant see in these destructive elements the hand of God, and pray him to turn aside his anger. The ancients sacrificed to him their choicest possessions, even their first-born, hoping thereby to placate his fury. The philosopher finds these winds, as already shown, creatures of natural law, obedient to the causes producing them. The causes removed, an equilibrium is established, then the winds are in repose.

Like all other forces in nature, when properly understood they are in no way the instruments of wrath, though thus represented by priests, the better to impose their crumbling creeds on the credulous. And this is one of the reasons they wish to keep the people in ignorance.

Vices of the Mother Church.

The Rockford Register Gazette publishes in its issue of the 28th ult. the substance of a sermon given the day previously by Rev. W. W. Leet, of the First Congregational Church, on the religious phases of Columbus's age and work. After recounting the great physical development of the 15th century, he mentions the burning of more than 10,000 persons at the stake for heresy, and that of Joan d' Arc, who had rescued France from the siege of Orleans by her bravery, under conviction of being a witch. Here are a few passages from this orthodox sermon, in strict harmony with many similar expressions in these columns. We only wish the good divine had elaborated and shown that from the time Christianity became a state religion under Constantine, A. D. 325, down to—when shall we close the period?—the same state of facts prevailed. It did not end with the reformation! Has it fully ended yet? But to the quotations:

"With all its learning, Columbus's age was one of low morality. Lorenzo, the magnificent, was infected by weaknesses and vices of the flesh. The times, especially in Italy, were hideous in debaucheries and unblushing in their wickedness. Tyrants reigned in cities. Monks went through Europe to sell indulgences for sins, and priests and popes at home committed sins without indulgences. We find in this age a semi-paganism."

"The church within this period was in a strange position. No less than three popes were hurling anathemas at each other. Three reforming councils were held, without reforming anything. Once the popes settled quarrels among princes, but now princes must set the popes to rights. The dignity of every church office was lowered in the eyes of Europe. The pope who held the crosier while Columbus patiently watched his compass out at sea was the most depraved and wicked of mankind. What, then, could be expected of the lower order of clergy?"

"Ignorance is baneful, but a society indolent and licentious, though it be most elegant, is damning."

The picture is a brief one from a Protestant standpoint. If a Catholic were to give his opinions of the reformers, then the presentation of the Christian character would be complete.

Another Victory.

The University Museum, of Cambridge, Mass., is now to be open to visitors from 1 to 4 o'clock of each Sunday throughout the year. Thus the Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoology, the minerals and the meteorites stored there, may be looked at on the Fagan Sunday. Will not God frown on such wickedness?

Was It a Cross or a Tree?

The world is now convulsed with the question: Who carried the cross on which Jesus was crucified? Three of the gospels say Simon carried the cross, and the fourth one says Jesus carried it himself. With such discrepancy in statements, is it not well to inquire whether a cross was employed? Acts 5:30 says he was "hanged on a tree." This statement is repeated Acts 10:39. Acts 13:29: "They took him down from the tree and laid him in a sepulcher." 1 Peter 2:24 corroborates this tree statement. Paul, too, has given his testimony in favor of "hanging on a tree." Gal. 3:13. From these variant statements, was Jesus hanged or crucified? Another faction reasons that the whole story is a fiction, else the Bibliographers would have agreed in statement.

How very unfortunate that there is no outside historian who has given the solution of these troublesome questions. Psychometrists, in the opinion of many scientists, cannot be trusted to decide on such weighty matters. Are we all to be damned for not believing correctly? That is what THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is anxious to know.

A Welcome Heresy.

"This I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my father."

Two of the greatest heresy trials ever recorded are in progress; but at this writing they have not been decided. One is Prof. Smith of Lane University, Cincinnati; and the other the celebrated Briggs case in New York. Both are talented and honorable men, holding high positions and strongly entrenched in the love and sympathy of the community, and every day gaining friends. Why we take so much interest in these trials is because it is not simply these men, but the cause of truth and free thought that is on trial; and whichever way they terminate there will be a gain. If they are acquitted the Presbyterian church, and will necessarily be liberalized, and if they are expelled, or obliged in honor to themselves to leave that church, it will be a great gain to the cause of freedom of thought, without which there can be no progress.

The concessions already made and the numerous friends they have gained are ominous; but the terrible hold of superstition on that church is hard to fight against. Dr. Briggs said in answer to the statement that he thought himself to be familiar with the scriptures and standards, that he had studied those volumes for twenty-five years. "But," said he, "I am not familiar with the intellectual processes of the prosecuting committee. You can not ask me to agree to answer all the interpretations of these books which the committee may add. If this evidence is admitted I shall insist that the whole scripture, the whole of the standards, and the whole of my works be read."

Both of these gentlemen are making a hard fight and have our sympathy; but why they should want to stay in such a church is what no freeman can understand—not free to teach the grand truths unfolded to their expanding minds. We hope to be able to give in our next issue the result of these trials.

A Valuable Holiday Gift.

There are thousands of our subscribers who are desirous of showing their good will to some friend or acquaintance, and are at their wits' end to know what gift will be most expressive of their good will, and yet not seem to lay the recipient under too heavy an obligation, during the coming holidays.

For all such we recommend a subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. An ordinary gift will bring you to your friend's mind once, or perhaps a dozen times; but our advice will cause your memory to come into his mind fifty-two times in a year at least.

Does it occur to you that every number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER contains reading matter enough to make a 250-page book, that would cost in paper cover at least 60 cents. There will be during the year, fifty-two of such books, worth \$26.00, and all for \$1.00. Nor will they be formed nor porvaded by the thought of a single mind, as is the case in a book, but they will be the freshest, ripest thoughts of the most advanced thinkers of the age. In addition to this, will be the latest news from camps and fields, from home and abroad of the spread and growth of Spiritualism on every line. If every word doesn't suit everybody, that's because there are so many to suit, but there will be a big book for all, even if there are "many men of many minds."

But just think of it, 52 books of 250 pages each, 13,000 pages, nearly 36 pages a day, all for \$1.00; 130 pages of the broadest Spiritualism in the world for a cent! Is not this a gift worthy of any one's friendship?

Which will you do, spend five dollars on some gaudy nothing for your friend, who hardly delighted at the reception, will deprecate your effort to please, as beyond your ability, or will you put this amount into subscriptions, which going north, east, west and south, shall by the search-light of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, help spread the light of the truth over the whole country? Try it for a year, and report to us, in the holidays of 1893.

W. H. Bach, who has achieved quite a reputation as a speaker and developing medium, has located in this city, at 20 York street, where he can be addressed for engagements. While here he will hold public developing classes every Tuesday and Friday, at 8 P. M., and ladies' classes Wednesday and Saturday, at 3 P. M. Will also hold a class at 3235 Calumet avenue, Thursday, at 8 P. M.

Zulieka.

This story, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will prove of great value to every Spiritualist, and all advanced minds. Make some progressive friend a present, of the paper for three months, and thus aid in the good work.

Woman in Scotland.

Miss Florence E. Kollock, in a two-column article in the Chicago Tribune, is our authority for saying that the great Universities of Scotland, Glasgow, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Berkeley, have opened their doors to female students on equal terms with men. This law went into effect February 22, 1892, as the result of twenty-five years agitation. Who shall say that female suffrage is a hopeless cause when old, religious Scotland has cast aside her prejudices and corrected the mistake of her ancestors, the early Christians who considered it sinful for women even to learn the alphabet.

This reminds us of Prof. Small's address on Thanksgiving day before the union meeting of the Liberal Alliance congregations. He made a powerful speech about the average man, but said not a word about the average woman, and was promptly corrected by Rev. Dr. Thomas, the conductor of the meeting, who is ever on the alert for woman's rights.

What is the great University of Chicago, in which Mr. Small is a Professor, going to do for woman? We hope for the honor of Chicago, but above all for the cause of justice, that it will follow the example of good old Scotland, whose oldest professors did all they could for the good cause. Good old Scotland forever! Poor old England still lugs behind, but will be forced forward. Miss Kollock says so.

In Line with "The Progressive Thinker."

The Spiritualists of Dubuque, Iowa, are in line with the teachings of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The Herald of that city states that the Spiritualist Association conceived the idea that there were a good many poor children there who ought to be given a good dinner on Thanksgiving day. It was no sooner conceived than a majority of its members were not only in favor of it, but were enthusiastic over the happiness it would give them. Committees were appointed, and they went to work with a will. The dinner was a perfect success in every respect, in point of abundance, beauty and quality; and the committees, with the help of the president and Sunday-school scholars, deserve all the credit for the good that has been done for the poor little ones who were fed—something over three hundred in number. A number of merchants donated considerable to the dinner, and the society feel grateful to them for it. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the president of the society has fed over two hundred outside of those at the hall. A good many of them, in all probability, had not tasted such food for a long time before, if ever.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would call the attention of your numerous readers in the city to the remarkable series of spiritual experiences by eminent divines now being given, each Sunday evening, through the organism of that wonderful medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Washington Hall, Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue. Two of the series have already passed—the first by the spirit of the great reformer, Martin Luther; the second last Sunday evening. At present the name has not been revealed, but the personality was so strong that the general opinion was it

appears in the paper each week. It is founded on facts, as revealed to her by those high in spirit-life. Call your neighbor's attention to it, and supplement your efforts by sending the paper three months to some friend, as a Christmas present.

THE DIAKKA.

THE DIAKKA AND THEIR EARTH by Victoria, by the Sea. This is a very interesting and suggestive work. It is an expansion of much that is false and repulsive in Spiritualism, and includes some important recent interviews with James Victor Wilson, a resident of the Summer-Land. Price cents. For sale at this office.

A spirit, and herefrom an important lesson is learned. He visits the homes of the fallen, seeking to bless some of them. His colloquy, as he enters the dark valley, is very interesting. He accosts a sorrowing spirit, and by kindly advice leads him to the Temple of Progress. His philanthropic work is vividly portrayed. This work contains sixteen chapters of valuable information. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office.

