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WISDOM OF THE PAST

Modern Discoveries Justify the Ancient Alchemists.

Mysteries of the East.

Mrs. Besant Lectures on the Fifth Natural Element.

PROF. CROOKES'S EXPERIMENTS.

ALL THINGS CAN BE REDUCED TO A SINGLE SUBSTANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER keeps its readers abreast of the times, in line with all advanced thought; in fact they come in touch with the whole Spiritualistic world, and vibrating therewith they are more rounded out than those who possibly do not read its soul-inspiring pages. Mrs. Annie Besant, of London, Eng., is in many respects a most wonderful woman. Though a Theosophist, many of her thoughts impinge closely upon those entertained by Spiritualists, and are so nearly allied to them that one can hardly tell the difference. Every Spiritualist should hear what she has to say. To the student of government, says the reporter of the *Tribune*, Mrs. Annie Besant is the radical "Topsy" of British politics. He has no explanation of her except that she "grows." To a religious mind that investigates she is a woman who has suffered much in the search for truth and now found temporary refuge in Oriental mysticism. The model matron of the day regards her as the black beast of polite society in two continents. Observers of events know that Mrs. Besant's personal character was unscathed through all her social battles, and that with all the different times of view she has taken at different times she retains the respect of many of the leading minds of England. Furthermore, this is a fact—the working-people of London idolize her.

When she faced the audience at Central Music Hall the Rev. Dr. Thomas accompanied her. He introduced her in a few simple words to the effect that she was a distinguished writer and lecturer, and a worker in several philanthropic enterprises. She took her place beside the reading-desk which is used Sundays by a liberal preacher. Carved in the top of the panel facing the people is the symbol of the cross. Was it an omen? It suggested that the woman who now stood beside it, who had been in turn a member of the Anglican Church, of the high church wing, a Theist, an Atheist, a materialist, and now a Theosophist, had to take only one more step to arrive at the starting place from which she had traveled in a circle—to Christianity.

Of medium figure, compact, with brown hair streaked with gray, she seemed physically fitted to speak of the discoveries of modern science. She was exact and precise in her utterance; her manner was assured, as so it might be in one who repeatedly addressed the multitude in Trafalgar square. Every sentence reached its objective point, though it was not embellished by graceful gesture. She who has done the office of an orator in many causes, where is her power, one could not help wondering. One found it in her peroration. While arguing she was in manner a mathematical demonstrator; when in the appeal for universal brotherhood she moved her audience visibly, she spoke from heart which until then she had kept in subjection.

It was quite evident that there are two racial elements in Mrs. Annie Besant's composition which probably explain why she has been such a puzzle and such an apparent contradiction to her countrymen. Only once or twice she indulged in a semi-humorous reflection, and then the dull gleam in her eye was certainly Celtic. And then when she abandoned her Saxon reasoning there was a gleam of Gaelic fire in the soulful sentences that leaped from heart to heart. There are many public speakers in Chicago who might go to school to Mrs. Besant in the matter of elocution.

If there was an inconsistency in her address, did it not give that speculative effort a sort of womanly grace? Her line of thought had been to glorify the latest discovery of modern scientists, which she believed, realized certain foreshadowings of the alchemists of the Middle Ages. Scientific she was in manner and language, although her form of reasoning by analogy was constantly lifting her above the solid earth of demonstration. At last she confessed that the Wise Men in the East would not reveal what they knew of ethereal laws because the modern world would misuse the mystical powers to oppress the masses of humanity.

There was but one remedy, therefore, for the present diseased condition of the world: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Is, then, was Theosophy?" "It sounds like" Christianity.

MRS. BESANT TALKS ABOUT THE FIFTH NATURAL ELEMENT—WISDOM OF THE EAST.

Ladies and gentlemen: The present age has very fairly and rightly been called the age of science, and more and more as investigations have proceeded, more and more as those investigations have become complicated in their character, those who are engaged in scientific research have found themselves obliged to concentrate their thoughts and their efforts along narrower and narrower paths. It is one of the characteristics of our time that men of science are specialists. They know almost everything that is to be known about some branch of natural truth, but the very accuracy and detail of their knowledge tends to make them specialists and so tends to more and more obscure the general line of advance. So that one of the functions of those who try to bring to the notice of busy men and women some of the intellectual fruitage of their time is to take the field of science as a whole and try to show the generalizations that may be drawn from it, to point the direction in which the advance is made, and so to give a certain coherence to our thought and to learn something of the general tendency as well as of the particular details.

To-night I am going to try to lead you very rapidly over the field of science in its most modern investigations, and to present those investigations to you as a co-ordinated whole: to show you that differing as they may in their details still the outcome of them is one, and that, speaking in the most general sense, the outcome of these investigations is to lead man nearer and nearer to those realms of nature which hitherto have been hidden from the majority, so that what in the past and in the present has rightly been called "occult" science is now more and more opening its gates before the investigations of the modern Western thinker.

I hope to be able to show you that if you desire to follow these investigations so that they shall leave a clear impression on your mind, even if it be taking it only as a working hypothesis, you will do well to take that hypothesis from one of the most ancient philosophies in the world; in fact, from the most ancient of all, known in modern times under the title of "Theosophy," or the "Esoteric" philosophy, or the "Wisdom Religion," as it was called in the ancient days, took this realm of the occult as being especially the one which was worthy of human investigation.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.
From the knowledge gained in these regions it built up the science of the soul. From their investigations they found realities, laws, eternal truths, which formed the basis of their religion, the groundwork of their philosophy. To-day in the western world—and I use the term "western world" to include the whole of Europe as well as America in contradistinction to the world we all speak of as "the east"—in this western world the line of scientific advance to-day among the most acute thinkers, amongst the most successful experimentalists, amongst those whose theories gain most largely the ears of the modern world, you will find that the outcome of their investigations, the goal toward which their researches are tending, is the goal which shall give back to the invisible world its supremacy and dominance over the visible world, but not by way of the superstition, that is based on ignorance, rather by way of that true science of the spirit which is based on knowledge and therefore is fatal to credulity.

If you will take European history through the Middle Ages and then onward in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there is one striking fact that comes out, especially during the Middle Ages. There are men of that dark time who stand out from their fellows, and they were treated with honor and the other with contempt. So far as the chemical investigations of Roger Bacon are concerned, all acknowledge his genius so far as his assertions proved to have been based on the real knowledge of nature, but the knowledge that was the most useful and that held the most promise for the future were the theories, said to be absurd, of a single element out of which all elements were built, the theories of a single substance by which the worlds were gradually rolled together, and all systems were but the manifestation of this one eternal substance underlying. He spoke of it as hell, a universal substance, and on the theory of this substance he naturally took the discovery of opium and other transmutation of metals, etc. Modern chemistry has rejected the theory. Modern chemistry has cast scorn on the alchemical ideas.

DISCOVERY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.
So when you deal with Paracelsus—another mighty light of the Middle Ages, from whom modern medicine has been glad to take the discovery of opium and other anesthetics, you will find that chemistry refused to receive from him the addition to its knowledge of several fresh elements

discovered by him. They turned aside with scoffing from the subtilties of his theories, and only to-day in some of our Paris hospitals and in some of our English and German laboratories are his theories of animal magnetism being demonstrated, and some of his ideas going somewhat farther than animal magnetism are now rejected and ostracized as animal magnetism once was. These men were the fathers of modern science. They added to the knowledge of their age in substances that they discovered, for which all the world is wealthier to-day; but side by side with these accepted discoveries there is a mass of rejected learning. And within a few years we almost every month see these theories coming nearer to their justification, and some of their subtlest declarations of natural forces are beginning to be justified by the discoveries in modern thought.

Roger Bacon claimed that out of hell every element was built, so that what modern chemistry has called an "element"—those things like carbon, iron, hydrogen, oxygen, and so forth—any of the substances that hitherto chemists have failed to decompose—he claimed that the whole of these are nothing but compounds built up from a fundamental substance, and it is being shown in a fashion that is beginning to be pretty nearly understood. So that our greatest chemist, Prof. Crookes in England, has proposed a theory of what he calls the "genesis of the elements," one of the most magnificent contributions to science that the present century has seen.

Prof. Crookes asks us to travel back to a time when there were no stars, no suns, no planets, when through infinite space homogeneous matter spread, filling every portion. He has traced this step by step, resulting in that homogeneous substance, and a force akin to electricity moving in spiral lines formed first a single element, the matter assimilating to itself a small medium of electricity. Then, that the formation of the first atom made the formation of other atoms inevitable. The twisting of this electrical force passing through space built up atoms more and more complex, and after a while reversed the process, forming negative instead of positive atoms. Then the building together of negative and positive. Then the gradual formation of an element more and more complicated in its structure until that which was thought to be an indissoluble body is shown to be only a compounded substance. He has gone so far as to break up some of this into pieces and to show the fashion into which they may be built into the atom of chemical science.

DREAM OF THE ALCHEMIST JUSTIFIED.
So that in speaking of this theory, he has gone back to Roger Bacon and taken his word "hell" to describe the substance. He has borrowed Roger Bacon's description of the first substance, therefore, "protell," and the protell he characterizes as a "substance." He has taken the very name given by the ancient philosopher. Speaking of the way in which these elements are compounded, he said that before copper, for instance, can be transmuted into gold, it would have to be carried back to a simpler and more primitive state of matter, and then, so to speak, "switched" on to the track that leads to gold. That is the old alchemy come back under the guise of modern chemistry. This Prof. Crookes has done in the capital of modern thought, justifying the derided dream of the alchemist, and proving that what we call "elements" are nothing but compounds, and therefore transmutable the one into the other, only the detail of the knowledge being lacking to the completion of the discovery. So that modern science has gone far to clear the names of the old alchemists from derision and to show that after all there may be more in their speculations than modern ignorance has been willing to admit.

Passing from chemistry, suppose we go with Prof. Crookes on to electrical science, which contains the promise for the future than anything else. There is a growing unity of opinion among electricians who are investigating the force itself as to its nature. The Professor draws attention to the fact that the investigators of this force place it as manifested through and by the ether. Helmholtz and others speak of it as atomic. Part of our theoretical theory is that man and the universe evolved in distinct marked stages; that of these stages of evolution four lie behind us; that we are to-day in the fifth stage; and that two more lie in front of us before the completion of this cycle of humanity. So that we are naturally on the "knot" for the fifth element in nature—the word "element" in the ancient sense, and we are the fifth race. The ancients speak of four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. Ether is the fifth of the elements, as you will find in the ancient Hindu books, which dealt with the seven

stages and the seven elements belonging to them.

READY FOR THE FIFTH ELEMENT.
So that we are just at the stage of human evolution where the fifth element, or the ether, ought to come, and in a very definite manifestation, which existed previously in higher planes, but manifesting itself to the fifth race as part of its orderly evolution. So that it is not surprising that modern science is investigating specially the properties of the ether, for it is the conquest of the etherial realm which will be the greatest triumph of the race which we belong to. And with the development of the fifth element there will be a development of a sense enabling us to perceive it.

Coming back to Prof. Crookes and his "ether," he draws our attention to the fact that we are surrounded by this ocean of ether which is constantly being thrown into waves of different lengths. Now, how different may be the results of waves of different lengths in the ether will at once be apparent to you if you will remember for a moment the enormous differences in the results obtained by the old fashions of generating electricity and those which have been brought before your observation by the investigations of Tessler. Tessler's waves are short, and he can place himself unhurt in the midst of a current one hundredth part of which would kill a man. The difference between his wave and that of the modern investigator is that the modern wave is longer than his.

On the question of transference of thought this question of the difference of length of waves becomes very important. Crookes says it is not difficult to conceive of beings existing under conditions different from our own, who are not able to receive vibrations of light which we receive, but they are able to receive others to which we are not sensitive. Suppose our eyes were sensitive to vibrations of electricity, but not sensitive to rays of light. Those vibrations reaching inward reach the perception of the thinker, as the sight is reached by light. Light which fills the universe is not bound down to those vibrations that you and I are able to sense. All that we recognize as light is the difference of the rays of the solar spectrum. Beyond the violet our eyes are blind. You can pour upon an ant rays of ultra violet light. To man those rays are but darkness. To the ant, whose eye is differently conditioned, those ultra violet rays are brilliant light, and he can see where man is blind.

SHOULD SUSPEND JUDGMENT.
Now, applying to an organism different from man, to the universe appears different from what we think it is. So instead of denying forces that are beyond our responding, we ought simply to suspend our judgment until we are able to investigate; and there are probably myriads of worlds, millions of intelligences, who are cut off from our perception by the narrowness of our means, who might be reached by our knowledge if we could open our inner senses and perceive them.

Prof. Crookes says that among other intelligences than ours glass and crystal would be opaque. A telegraph wire would be a long hole drilled through a solid body to connect intelligences. Electricity can pass through a metal plate, but not through dry air, and if we change our senses without changing our intelligence the hole in a tube filled with dry air would be to us a solid mass and the metal plate would be a hole. Our intelligence is located in a mass of matter which compasses us about. We can catch a glimpse of the universe here and there, but the opaque matters shut us out and blinds us, and the growth of man's intelligence is the triumph of the soul over the body. We will give to man the senses that are now lacking and open up to him vast stretches which are to-day incognizable because to-day he lacks the senses to respond to them. [Applause.] It is not a discovery itself which changes things, but it is the effect of the discovery on the mind of man.

One of the points upon which theosophists have been denounced as cranks and frauds has been the certainty of the existence in the world of the possibilities of transmitting and receiving intelligence by means of other currents capable of manipulation. The whole process of manipulating those currents has been familiar for thousands of years in the East. In fact, the manipulation of those currents was an explanation of what was noticed during the Indian mutiny—that by some unknown and mysterious means intelligence was sent from town to town in India faster than the electric telegraph could carry it, and across districts where all the wires had been cut.

WIRES NOT NEEDED.

Not more than a year ago the whole English press were distressed and disturbed because Mrs. Besant had said that there were currents capable of being manipulated; that did not need batteries and wires, and all the clumsy apparatus which we have to make them available for human use. The English papers spoke of her as the dupe of those with whom she had been associated, and now this modern scientist, Prof. Crookes, shows how it was possible to manipulate those electric waves or currents. Prof. Crookes shows that all we need is two machines, one to create the current and another to receive them, and no other machine will receive them. So you may send out your electrical currents everywhere into space. These currents will strike, amongst other things, this receiver of your absent friend, and in that receiver are recorded those vibrations. So if you adopt a code like the Morse code and agree on the length of the wave you are going to use, without any trouble as to distance or direc-

tion, this possibility of communication is opened up before our scientific men, and we expect that those investigating it have emerged from the realms of speculation into those of sober fact. So says Prof. Crookes. He has taken part in experiments where such messages were sent and duly received. [Applause.] Prof. Crookes has thrown out one suggestion which shows how this generator and receiver may be discarded in the progress of discovery. In the electroplating with the bath there is a precipitation of silver or gold, and science has so far advanced that you can transmit a picture or certain marks from one end of a wire to the other. Accepting the fact that those waves can be generated and sent out, is it carrying you into the realm of the miraculous if this current should be made to deposit upon any spot you may desire matter which is in diffusion around it in the atmosphere, all that is needed to render it visible being to force it into aggregation—to mass it together?

Precipitation of silver or gold would be miraculous to a savage, and the difference between so-called miracles and applied science is that applied science uses force which the majority understands, and the miracle-worker uses force which the majority does not understand. Nothing is supernatural once it is understood. [Applause.] These forces are capable of such manipulation, and when the precipitation is formed it is largely formed out of some substance which is handy to the place where it is to occur.

PROCESSES OF PRECIPITATION.
[Mrs. Besant held up a page of printed matter and continued:] A person who understood the process and wished to make appear on the margin of this page words by way of precipitation would use for the purpose a precipitation of some substance that was convenient. It might be chalk or black lead from a pencil. All your trees are nothing more than outer manifestations built up by the vegetable process of precipitation.

Prof. Lodge says he has faith in the intelligibility of the universe. When he came to the action of mind on mind he came back to the perennial ether, which in this fifth race cannot be disputed. He says our brains are immersed in ether. Certainly one mind can affect another mind without using any physical means for the transmission of ideas. Prof. Lodge said this to a scientific body. He said he had seen mind communication with mind without any material method of communication. Without going into what thought is, we are all agreed that correlated to thought there is a vibration of the physical molecules of the brain. The materialists say the physical vibration is the cause of thought. Others will say that it is the vibration that gives rise to the physical vibration.

I hold to the latter, that the thought gives rise to the physical vibration. All are agreed on the fact that the two things are found together. That where there is physical vibration there is thought; that where there is thought on a material plane there is vibration; that physical vibration must make the ether vibrate. These ethereal vibrations pass out through this medium. They strike another brain which may be specially sensitive, which may be attuned in sympathy with the one that generates the thought, which may have been thrown into a state in which it is passive and receptive. In these conditions the vibrations set up in one brain reproduce themselves in the other, just as speaking into a telephone, the vibrations are caused by the voice, and are reproduced in similar vibrations, which are translated into words as originally spoken. So the idea retranslates itself in the receiving brain.

I have often been asked why it is that those who hold this knowledge do not make it public to the world. If we can use this more rapid method of communication, why do we keep this knowledge within so limited a circle, instead of throwing it out broadcast to our civilization, so that all may understand and use these forces for convenience and for service? The answer is: From the standpoint of the Eastern teacher, no such control of this force is desirable, except as the control is utilized for the general good. No discovery in nature is judged to be useful unless the discovery tends to the general happiness and the general good of humanity. The forces which are yet to be discovered, and which we are now beginning to discover, are the forces that may be used for evil as much as for good.

MRS. BESANT'S THEORIES AND FAITH—HYPNOTISM AND MESMERISM AS EXPLAINED BY THEOSOPHY.

A middle-aged, medium sized, robust-looking woman, dressed in a plain black gown, with a soft silk front, the golden double triangle of the Theosophical Society at her neck for a brooch, the myrtle fingers of Mme. Blavatsky, with its large, oval, bloodstone setting, glittering on the second finger of her left hand, and a rich gold watch-chain almost concealed in the folds of her dress; her head crowned with luxuriant dark brown hair, almost turned gray, pushed back from her forehead; a pair of small hazel eyes, kindly, indeed, but restless, penetrating and intelligent; a face that once was beautiful, but now somewhat faded, with an expression of shrinking modesty, and yet intense, defiant, intrepid, and determined, a low voice, and a rapid, rather indistinct utterance—such was Mrs. Annie Besant, the great English Theosophist, lecturer and agitator, as she sat in George E. Wright's parlor, No. 747 West Monroe street.

Mrs. Besant, who is on her third lec-

turing tour through this country, but is paying her first visit to this city, arrived at 4 P. M., unattended, from Port Wayne, and was quickly surrounded and warmly welcomed at the Union depot by a select coterie of Chicago Theosophists, among whom were George E. Wright, her host, President of the Chicago branch; Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus M. Smith, Mrs. Anna B. Leonard, Miss Leolin Leonard, Alfred Eury, Miss Annie M. Stabler, Mrs. M. L. Brainerd, Mrs. Julia Darling, and Mrs. Clara Robertson. The train was late, and by the time Mrs. Besant could be driven to Mr. Wright's residence she was somewhat weary with her journey, and the hour of lecture was near at hand. Still she cheerfully consented to devote a short time to an interview.

"My first impression of Chicago," she said, in answer to the usual interrogatories, "was decidedly foggy. From the length of the journey after I reached the city limits I was duly impressed with its great size, but the mist and gloom were in striking contrast with the clear and beautiful atmosphere of this country. They reminded me much of Birmingham. However, I am glad to be with you, and on a closer view expect to have all my expectations of the city's beauty and prosperity more than realized."

"Has your tour so far been successful and agreeable?"

FINDS MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

"Quite so. I have lectured at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Toledo, and Fort Wayne, and everywhere I have been I have found my audiences large and responsive. I have been pleased to observe also a marvelous improvement since I was in America a year or more ago in the attitude of the American mind toward Theosophy. When I was here last, the subject invariably met with ridicule. The moment I reached the doctrine of reincarnation in my lectures a ripple of laughter would pass over the audience. Well, there is just as much opposition manifested now as then, but it is of a serious and earnest character. Ridicule and laughter have given place to solemn and labored argument. The change is remarkable, and to us, of course, very gratifying."

"What is the character of the opposition to Theosophy in England?"

"There is little laughter there, either, but a good deal of earnest and even bitter opposition among religious people. This opposition comes mainly from the Roman Catholic church. The ministers of the established church, in isolated instances, attack us, but to the Catholics we are a standing annoyance, and for a singular reason. The Catholic church is built on miracle, and Theosophy furnishes a rational explanation of its so-called miracles. The Catholics do not read the Protestants who simply deny the truth of these miracles, but when the Theosophists come along, admitting the phenomena, but attributing them to hypnotism, the priesthood gets furious. For example, the stigmata which appear in the hands and feet of the monks sometimes, and which pass for a divinely-produced imitation of the wounds of Christ, excite the deepest reverence. But when we prove incontrovertibly that exactly the same phenomena are produced in persons by hypnotism, the reverence vanishes. Then the Catholics rail at us, and say that the effects of hypnotism are the work of the devil."

"What is the Theosophical doctrine of hypnotism and mesmerism?"

"It is simple. Theosophy teaches that there are three stages of matter. The first of these is physical matter, such as we cognize by our senses. The second is astral matter, in which magnetic and electrical forces work, and which scientists are beginning to speak of only under the name of ether. The third is mental matter, not fully recognized by science, but quite necessary to a true theory. In all these three stages there is motion; but in the physical plane it is objective and familiar; in the astral plane it is electrical and magnetic force; and in the mental plane it is thought."

A SUBTLE CONNECTION.

"Now, between all these planes there is a subtle but intimate connection, so that by affecting one you can affect all. Hypnotism and mesmerism do this, so to speak, in opposite directions. Hypnotism, beginning with the physical, works upon it by mechanical means, weakens, confuses and dominates it, and then works up through the astral to the mental plane, affecting the will. Mesmerism, on the other hand, works in an exactly opposite direction. The will of one person works upon the will of another person, transfers a thought in the mind-stuff, and with it works down through the astral to the physical plane. Hypnotism is objectionable, because it exhausts and prostrates the subject and becomes a sort of nervous rivetation. People are most susceptible to it who are subject to nervous disorders, and these disorders are aggravated by hypnotism. But mesmerism, rightly used, is capable of magnificent results."

"Does Theosophy attempt to explain the life and miracles of Christ by hypnotism and mesmerism?"

"It does not. Nothing as low as hypnotism could be predicated of Christ, and his works barely impinge, I think, on mesmerism."

"Do you think a belief in hypnotism will ever become general?"

"I have no doubt of it. There is now, I admit, a general skepticism concerning it. But the French investigators, who advance no theory of it, and apparently do not care to explain it, are piling up such an immense quantity of well-attest-

ed facts and phenomena in proof of it that it is perfectly certain that skepticism must go down before them."

"Do you call yourself an atheist?"

was asked Mrs. Besant by a rather abrupt transition from the subject of hypnotism.

"Atheist?" she said. "O, no, pantheist."

"And is your pantheism a being of mind as well as body, and of heart as well as mind?"

"That is a question I could not answer with any brevity. I am a pantheist, but you know there are many kinds of pantheism. As to the question whether God thinks, feels, pities and loves, you must see that those terms are entirely anthropomorphic, and inapplicable to an infinite being. To tell you exactly what kind of a God I believe in would involve quite a long discourse."

THOSE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS.

"Can you tell me something, Mrs. Besant, in regard to those mysterious letters which you are said to have received?"

"Well, that happened in this way. There have been so many charges of fraud made against Mme. Blavatsky in regard to the letters which she received in the way called 'miraculous' that I said in one of my letters that those charges were exploded by the fact that I had received similar letters myself, and so I have."

"Have you got them with you, Mrs. Besant?"

"Well, is that any of your business?" she replied with a sudden displeasure that quite alarmed her interrogator.

"Well, madam," he said, "it is as much my business as anything that I have asked you. I have no right to require you to answer any of my questions, of course. I would like to ask, however, if these letters are written on paper, and what they are about?"

"Yes," she said, "they are written on paper, and they related to matters in which I needed counsel and advice at the time."

"Pray, did they come by post, or did you find them on the table, or how did you get them?"

"Well, there are a great many ways in which letters can be received," she replied in a manner indicating that the subject was dismissed.

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE!

An Analysis of the Change.

"I was reading an article on how it feels to die," said Dr. W. H. Epworth. "No living man can tell how death feels or whether the actual act of dissolution is accomplished by sensation or not. A man who, through disease or casualty, has lost consciousness—has become, to all appearances, dead—and is then resuscitated, can really tell us nothing about it, for he did not die. The machinery did not come to a complete standstill—the life force did not leave the body. It may be that the post has dipped deeper than the physician into the awful mystery of death. It may be that he has described terrors not visible to the eyes of the medical man, who in its interests himself only in the condition of the animal mechanism. I have stood, by the deathbed of men who told me they were going to hell and saw them pass peacefully to their long sleep. Does have looked at their dead faces a few minutes later and saw thereon a look of fear, of horror, that was not visible when the heart gave its last faint throbs and then stood still."

"I have had others tell me almost with their last breath that they were going to heaven. They passed away with worn, weary faces that were pitiful to contemplate, but before they became rigid a smile sweet as an angel's dream overspread the pallid features. The deep lines of suffering faded out and the aged looked almost youthful, the weary and worn became radiant. What causes this change, which every physician has noticed? When does death occur? We say when the animal machinery stops, when the breath and pulse cease. That is what the doctor calls death, but it may not really be death after all. The spirit may not leave the body, may not take its departure from earth with the last breath, the last faint heart-beat. It may cling for some moments to its shattered tenement before it takes flight, before it faces those terrors or enters into those transcendent glories which the post has painted. The death of the body, with which doctors only deal, may be but the prelude to a more important act, the departure of the spirit. Science has gone far, but it has not yet lifted the veil of mystery which the Almighty has hung over the couch of death."

H.

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 supplement your efforts 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.

The Woman's Publishing Company of Minneapolis, Minn., publishers of "The Housekeeper" will pay 5 per cent. on its first semi-annual dividend January 1st, 1893. All stock fully paid up before that date will participate. What more appropriate Christmas present than a few shares of the capital stock of this company?

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

Through the Mediumship of

Mrs. Gora L. Richmond.

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PART I.

CHAPTER IV.

The Prophecy.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

Armand sought Zeldia one morning earlier than was his wont, and with a clearly defined purpose in his mind.

He found her in her own beautiful garden, the fairest flower among all the flowers there.

This garden was separated from the other portions of the grounds by a high trellis, that was made absolutely impenetrable with masses of vines, trained and interlaced so closely that even the smallest bird could not have passed through. A dense, leafy wall, more than one foot in thickness, composed of every variety of flowering vine, so interspersed and blended and intertwined that their blossoms made a rare mosaic of color. A most fragrant and beautiful barrier.

Quite close to the vine-wall were planted all choice fruit-bearing trees and aromatic shrubs of every variety of bloom and fruit. Arbors and pavilions; shaded nooks, with divans, for repose; hammocks and cushions and rugs of every description were tastefully and beautifully interspersed.

Along the northern boundary was a row of stately palms, the guardians of so beautiful a place—sentinels, keeping guard over the garden of love.

Along the velvet avenues, grassy and closely cut, starry day-flowers sprang up as if to be pressed by the feet of beauty once and die in bliss.

Near the center of the garden a musical fountain ever played into a rare basin, made of many colored stones, the waters pouring from the chalices of sacred lilies, symbols of the pure thoughts of Zeldia's heart. Lotus buds and betel nuts, carved in perfect imitation of nature, gave forth each a spray of water, while from the beak of an immense bird poured the center stream high into the air. Birds of rarest beauty, trained to remain amid these delightful shades, in sweet and tuneful bondage sang their lives away.

Armand knew where to find Zeldia in her own favorite bower. Seated on a dais of soft cushions, with her babe upon her knees, Zeldia, the queen of beauty, seemed literally enthroned in love.

As Armand approached his eyes most eagerly drank in the loveliness of the scene, and he folded both darlings in his arms. "See, my beloved," said Zeldia, "is she not already the fairest and sweetest of buds?"

"I saw the fairest blossom as I entered your bower, my Zeldia, my queen of all lilies, my empress of roses; but Zulieka is the fairest bud. She is the priceless pearl in our crown of love. How wonderful and mysterious is this little life entrusted to our care. How vast the realm from whence the spirit comes, and toward which it is ever tending. I long to solve its problems. But," continued Armand, "I came to talk with you about important matters. Are you strong enough, my love?"

Zeldia said, "Perfectly strong," and motioned to the ayah to take Zulieka, but to remain in the garden within sight of her loving eyes.

So the ayah took Zulieka in her arms, and sat beneath the graceful shade of a tamarind tree, watching the fountain and brooding like a dusky but tender bird above her charge.

Then Zeldia turned her radiant face, glorious in the twofold light of this twofold love—wife, mother—and said: "Now, darling, begin."

HIEJOH.

"I have many things to speak of, Zeldia, but first, tell me all that you know about Hiejoh."

"About Hiejoh?" echoed Zeldia. "Is there anything new about him?"

Armand said: "No; nothing new," and glanced assuringly to where Hiejoh had crept, softly, to the side of Zulieka, and was watching her while she slept.

"Ah! you are converted to my view of him at last?" said Zeldia, day-inquiringly.

"I had no need to be converted. I accepted your regard for him on faith; but I have especial reasons for wanting to know all about him, if I may."

He said the last part of the sentence like a child asking for a favor, and Zeldia laughed, saying: "Since you are so good and dutiful, I will grant your request, and tell you all I know about Hiejoh." She placed her hands caressingly upon his head as he half reclined beside her, and then said, half aloud: "All I know; and yet one knows sometimes what there is no proof of or indication to others; one knows what one does not know."

They both laughed aloud, and Armand said: "What wisdom is this, my Zeldia? Paradoxes like the one you have just uttered are very enlightening."

Zeldia then commenced, more seriously: "I never remember the time when I did not know Hiejoh. My father would always keep Hiejoh near him, and was equally fond of holding me in his arms or seating me by his side. In my childhood Hiejoh's funny face, quaint ways and lively antics amused and entertained me beyond anything. For hours he would devote himself to my diversion—stand on his head; climb the trees in our garden; disappear and reappear; mimic all the sounds of the birds and animals; yet, in the midst of this, if my father called him, he would as readily place himself in an attitude of obedient service, or, at my father's request, help the latter to decipher a difficult manuscript, or read to him from some printed page."

"How very extraordinary," exclaimed Armand. "I never knew when Hiejoh learned to read and write. I once asked my father if he had taught him, and he replied that he had attempted to teach him, but Hiejoh seemed to know it all before."

"And yet," interrupted Armand, "your father must have known him from his birth?" This was partly a question.

Zeldia resumed: "He seemed to have my father's utmost confidence. I have known him to entrust Hiejoh with large sums of money that he would not have placed in the keeping of any other person in his service, not even his private secretary. This was partly because he was fleet, agile and very watchful, as well as faithful, and partly because his deformity protects him from the natives, who believe he is a *grise* of some sort, or the soul of some great prince doomed for past sins to the imprisonment of a deformed body."

But do you know nothing of his origin, his parentage?" asked Armand.

"Absolutely nothing. I once asked my father, and he replied something about a 'sacred trust,' and changed the subject. Then Hiejoh told me about you," said Zeldia, the soft tint suffusing her

face. "He described you exactly, and also more than a year before she came he predicted Zulieka, and told her name."

Armand pressed Zeldia's hand, and motioned her to proceed; he did not wish to interrupt her.

"About a year after we were married, beloved, my father gave all of his possessions, except what he had reserved for me, to charity, and withdrew from the world, as my mother no longer lived on earth. All this you perhaps knew. My father then said: 'I shall none the less love you and watch over you, my child, but the light of earthly life is fulfilled, and I now must turn to the heavenly light.'

"You will never part with Hiejoh," he said, 'whatever befalls you, my daughter; keep Hiejoh in your household, near you—near to yours, and this is all I know about Hiejoh.'

"All you know," said Armand, musingly. "I wish you knew more."

"Yes, it is all I know, except that he has never failed me—never failed me—in the smallest particular. He has been faithful in every detail, and sometimes I have asked him to perform very difficult things."

"He seems really to bear a charmed life," said Armand.

"He never was a servant or menial. His deformity prevented that. He was more like a petted favorite, who refused to be spoiled, and he took upon himself the duties of a servant or attendant."

Armand then recalled, in mental retrospect, the three years of their married life, and he knew what Zeldia said was true—Hiejoh had never failed them, even in the smallest duty, and had often performed services of the greatest importance.

"We must certainly never part with Hiejoh," said Armand; "but one thing is strange—he never accepts money from me or from anyone; perhaps he does from you, darling? And yet he often spends money for me, and returns the change."

"I know about that," replied Zeldia. "My father left him a small bequest. I never knew how great a sum exactly, and this Hiejoh takes delight in as his own. He will not allow me to pay any portion of his expenses, except what he does in our service, and of course his personal wants are few."

"So he really is a prince in voluntary service," said Armand.

"It seems like a page from romance."

"It is a page from real life, and what romance can equal the reality?" earnestly spoke Zeldia.

"But what of the other knowledge," asked Armand; "the things that you know and yet do not know?"

Zeldia smiled and said: "I mean to tell you, love, all those experiences, but they are so evasive, so occult or mysterious, that when I try to describe them words seem inadequate."

"Hiejoh has seemed lately as he was when he was making the predictions concerning you, and later the coming of Zulieka," she said. "All my recent anxieties concerning him have vanished."

"But you said, darling, that he predicted the coming of Zulieka, and told her name. Do souls have names in the beautiful hereafter as well as in the hereafter?"

"How can you ask?" said Zeldia. "The pre-existent state is surely clearly revealed in the sacred Zend-Avesta, and the good Javannah, as well as my father, often explained to you and to me the true interpretation of the divine breath of life or sacred flame. Even our Christian ancestors taught that the spirit came from God, and is not every breath or pulsation of the life of Ormuzd a living soul? I know Zulieka came from some realm of perfect light and love, for I can read it in her eyes."

"Never a mother looked into the eyes of her babe who did not see the same sign," said Armand fondly.

"Which is conclusive evidence of its truth," laughingly responded Zeldia.

"Zulieka, Zulieka," repeated Armand, pronouncing the name with increasing interest and effusion. "Have you solved the meaning of this pretty name, my love?"

"Not fully," she answered; "the meaning is somewhat veiled to me, but Hiejoh said I would understand it later on, and I can wait; but you have other important matters to communicate," said Zeldia, looking at Armand with loving sympathy.

Armand thought then, as he had thought a thousand times before, that he never saw her so beautiful as now; a new and tender light within her eyes; an expression of almost angelic sweetness upon her face. He folded her in his arms, and said:

"You know I have other matters to communicate, my Zeldia, my precious one; how did you know?"

"I read it in your face, or—divined it," she said, speaking softly, and with much deliberation.

"Can you bear quite a painful surprise? Are you strong enough, my love?" and Armand now spoke with much emotion.

"Speak to me freely, my beloved. I am strong and can bear everything. Have you not already withstood it? If am by your side there can be no shock."

"First," and an expression of sadness came over his face.

"Do I not know?" said she quickly. "Your father—your noble father, is gone. You must go to England?"

"You knew it! Did Hiejoh—did anyone tell you?"

"I have known it since the news of the event left its trace on your face, and you forbore to tell me, fearing I could not bear the excitement?"

"Yes; my father's confidential adviser came to Ceylon to bring the tidings and valuable papers; he was here several days, and we talked about all the matters of business."

"I knew that also, but I did not know who was here. But that troubles you less now than the fact that you must first go to Calcutta, and leave your darlings. You must go at once," said Zeldia.

"My Zeldia, you surprise me. I came to break this news to you carefully, and to tell you all my plans; now you are telling them to me. The Hebrews would have regarded you as a prophetess, or a—witch," he said, smiling.

"Which?" and Zeldia also smiled. "But I do not know when you go to Calcutta."

"To-morrow, darling; for the first time I must be torn away from our paradise—from you, my beloved. Then when I return we must prepare to leave our beautiful home, our beloved Ceylon."

"My paradise is here," said Zeldia, nestling close to his heart, and placing her soft arms about his neck. "Together we will go wherever duty or fate may call us, and find our paradise in one another's love—in our precious babe."

"Angeli! my heart is brighter, for I find my darling is as brave as she is loving and beautiful. I must leave you now for a few hours; to-night we will talk further."

HIEJOH'S PROPHECY.

Not a moment too soon did Armand leave, for the young mistress, Zulieka, had already taxed the ayah to the fullest extent to keep back her cries, and gave decisive evidence of her partly human origin by refusing to be comforted until safe in Zeldia's arms.

Zeldia, holding her babe close to her heart, had ample time to ponder over all that she and Armand had conversed upon, regretting that there had not been more time while they were speaking of Hiejoh for her to relate some of those strange experiences that were almost of daily occurrence in her life, yet that baffled description and formulation. "I wonder if he will think me visionary and strange," she thought, "when I tell him all these things. I have told him much, but there is more, much more."

She was thus musing and pondering upon that time when they would leave this beautiful place, but still be blest in each other's presence and love, when she saw Hiejoh approaching. He always waited for a signal from Zeldia, giving permission to advance. When that was given he came forward with an expression of great happiness on his peculiar little face. Zeldia noticed as he came nearer that he walked more than leaped; that he seemed to be able to almost stand erect. After he arose from his salaam, she noted a new expression of intelligence upon his face that she had never noticed before. He seemed sedate, almost dignified in manner.

"Has Hiejoh a new decoration from the Rajah, or a new honor from the governor, that he seems so stately to-day?"

"Aye, my lady; Hiejoh ever has a new honor daily when he

beholds my lady's face and touches her robe, and when he may hold the babe for a moment in his arms—the beautiful babe, Zulieka."

"Hiejoh is a courtier to-day, and pays homage in a truly knightly manner," Zeldia said, with a gentle smile. Then she held out the babe and placed her in Hiejoh's arms. He sat on a low footstool near Zeldia, and looked first at Zulieka and then at his mistress.

"My lady will pardon me if I speak too freely," and when she motioned him to proceed, he spoke:

"The Lady Zulieka will be very fair; will be much praised; will be persecuted because of her gifts; will have sorrow and joy greater than other lives; she will be guided by a genie, who has come to watch over her; she will be very great and good," and as Hiejoh spoke almost a moment passed between each sentence.

Zeldia listened with breathless attention, waiting to hear more; but Hiejoh returned the babe to her arms, and disappeared among the foliage of the garden.

Zulieka expressed her disapproval of his departure in a truly energetic cry, for it was well known to Zeldia and the nurse, as well as the other women, that Hiejoh was the first one to receive a smile of recognition—an actual smile—from the babe, and that would bring, according to their traditions, all manner of blessings upon him; but it meant that her life would be much clouded.

Zeldia repeated the sentences just uttered by Hiejoh, as if to fix them firmly in her mind; then the ayah took the babe, and they entered the house, leaving the garden a thousand times less fair because of Zeldia's absence.

MUTUAL REVELATIONS.

Armand finished his business and preparations for departure on the following day, and then hastened to Zeldia.

She was waiting for him in the arbor on the terrace where we first saw them, as beautiful—nay, more transcendently lovely than ever; almost a halo surrounded her. So thought Armand as he hurried along the garden to meet his beloved, and saw her half expectant, half reposing, awaiting his coming.

She was arrayed in some fabric of finely-spun gold, a gauze-like raiment of fleecy golden light, the exact color of her hair. A tropic lily, whose petals were tinged with gold, was upon her breast, and a fillet of the same color and texture as her dress half bound, half released her radiant locks. The loose drapery of her robe revealed her arms—long, slender, yet beautifully formed; ivory-white, or, more truthfully, the creamy white of the sacred Arums' cup; her hands and arms lovingly extended to her beloved.

A great pang shot through Armand's heart as he thought of the morrow and of his first parting with Zeldia. He kissed her tenderly, and when both were seated where they could watch every tint of the sky and sea, he at once resumed the conversation of the morning.

"After Mr. Metcalf, my father's confidential adviser and solicitor, had completed the more pressing and urgent business that brought him to me, he narrated the remarkable prevision that I am now about to repeat to you, my Zeldia. I think I recall every particular of this extraordinary story, and I will relate it as recited to me."

MR. METCALF'S STORY.

"About a month before the noble earl was stricken with the illness that nearly proved fatal two years ago, he summoned me to the Montrose Castle, and, after dinner (on those occasions we always dined alone), he related this to me:

"On each of the three nights preceding the one then passing, he had been awakened by the sound of music and the appearance in his room of a very bright light. The light so illuminated the face of the clock that stood on the mantel that the earl could see the exact time—12 o'clock, midnight. The music came nearer and nearer, and the light came more and more till it overspread the room."

"Close to his bedside a form, arrayed in light, bent over him, and a low voice spoke to him: 'I promised to watch over and guard you, my husband, if permitted to do so by the Heavenly Father. I have fulfilled that promise, and now I break the silence, for the welfare of our child and his loved ones, and for your happiness when the mortal life is over. You will be very ill in one month; for weeks your life will be despaired of. You will recover, but never be perfectly well, and in two years you will come to me. Arrange your business now while you have strength. Attend to every detail, and when the final hour approaches, convey to our son this message: 'My son, my Armand: You will be in great peril at sea.'"

"Here Mr. Metcalf paused, and said: 'I must omit the next sentence; you will find it in the written statement by the noble earl, which you are to open in one year from the time of his decease.'"

"He then resumed: 'You will be betrayed by one who professes to serve you. You will be warned by one lowly in position, but great in spiritual power.' Three times in succession did this vision appear, ere his lordship summoned me; he said: 'I have never spoken of my beloved wife since she faded from my mortal sight, but the form and face that bent above me were hers.'"

"He then proceeded to arrange all his affairs calmly and quietly, from day to day, taking up every part of the business, and writing with his own hand all the messages and papers for his son, your lordship."

"At the precise time predicted, one month from the date of the first vision, he was taken ill. The physicians pronounced it a paralytic seizure, and thought it would prove fatal."

"Slowly, however, the earl recovered, and at the expiration of a year became comparatively well. He never spoke to me again concerning the warning, and for a time I thought it had passed from his mind, and that he had set it aside as one of a class of unexplained psychological coincidences, until one month before his death."

He was then at the Abbey, as before, having left London for the autumnal season. He was sitting in the same place as when he first had sent for me on this matter two years before. He said: "Three times has the beloved apparition come to me; this time revealing other things concerning my son. I have written them all, faithfully transcribing them word for word, as the voice dictated. These, with other private matters, are safely locked in my desk. This key will open the compartment containing those papers. To you, Mr. Metcalf, I entrust them, to be delivered to my son Armand, in Ceylon, and may God deal with you as you fulfill this trust."

"He then passed on to conversation and instruction on other matters, and never again referred to the visions or papers until the day before his death. The physician was there, having been requested to be in attendance; the household, not knowing how serious the illness, were in suspense. He was sitting in his library, and when I entered, he said: 'The key that I gave you unlocks that drawer; you will find there the papers of which I have told you. I have placed duplicates elsewhere in case anything befalls you. Remember my injunction to deliver them safely to my son.'"

"That night, at precisely 12 o'clock, he breathed his last. To no one else did he ever reveal what I have told you, my lord."

When Armand had finished the account that Mr. Metcalf had given, Zeldia gave a great sigh of interest and relief—relief from the tension of listening. Then she asked Armand:

"Did you ever have a warning, beloved?"

"If a sort of brooding sensation, a premonition of coming danger, is a warning, I have a monitor, Zeldia, within my breast, and a gentle presence ever guiding me, and three times a distinct voice has warned me."

Then he related to Zeldia how he had been guided and guarded by the voice and presence of his spirit-mother, giving her a concise account of the three occasions while he was a youth and at school.

"Has your monitor given you any warning or admonition recently?"

"No, not distinctly; but before this news came of my father's death, I felt that it was coming. Even when I spoke to you here, my love, of leaving our beautiful home, it almost seemed a premonition."

"I, too, have something to tell you. As I once told you, Hiejoh is a seer and a prophet. There has never been an important event in my life that he did not predict. To-day, after you left the garden, he came into the garden, with dignity and grace of manner,

and a new look of intelligence upon his face. After asking Zulieka in his arms, as he always loves to do once each day, he bent his face above her head and uttered prophetic sentences."

Zeldia repeated the exact words Hiejoh had spoken.

"As a sort of an accompaniment to Hiejoh's prophecies, I have visions, or glimpses of another realm, and of people who are absent or in another room."

"On the night that Zulieka came I saw you at the shrine. I saw Mr. Metcalf and you in the library when he told you of your father's death; and later I have seen your mother's spirit—I know she must be your mother, for you are like her—hovering and brooding over you—over us—with tender solicitude."

"Can it be that she has come to warn us of any danger?" Armand questioned. "Does she speak to you, or convey any message?"

"Nothing," replied Zeldia, "only there seems a solicitude, I suppose, because of all the changes that have come and are coming."

"But see! the sun is sinking to rest in his golden, billowy bed. Already it is evening. I must return to Zulieka, the most imperative of dear despots, if not the dearest."

There is no twilight in the tropics. You look at the sun; it is setting; you turn to gaze at the tints of the sky, the sun is gone, and it is night.

As they walked lovingly towards the house, holding hands as fond children do, with fingers interlocked, Armand said:

"To-night, love, before retiring, let us visit the Shrine together. I have a strong prompting to kneel there with you before my departure for Calcutta."

"We will go together, my Armand, as soon as I can leave our babe. Usually she sleeps well from sunset until day." Then pervaded by the spirit of the scene, she said: "See, beloved, how silently the darkness has filled the cups of the flowers with the nectar of night. How softly the familiar shadows, like harmless spirits, have crept into their accustomed places; how gently the night folds all her children to rest, and bids them drink the honeydew of sleep, and dream of a fairer, brighter life. Sometimes I think the realm of sleep and the realm of death are akin."

"My poetess, as well as my prophetess," said Armand, as he pressed her hand to his lips, and led her to the door of her own boudoir.

They parted for awhile, to meet again at

THE SHRINE.

Zeldia and Armand had finished their devotions and their communings—devotions and communings too sacred to bear intrusion, when, with thoughts intent on the morrow that would bring the dreaded hour for their first parting, they walked slowly toward the verandah.

"I shall leave all there is of me, my better part, with you and our babe, my love," said Armand, drawing her closer to his side.

"And I shall go with you, beloved, for my spirit often wanders when my body is sleeping; often visits scenes that I can but dimly recall when I awaken. But, Armand, see! what light is that in the tower?"

Their eyes had perceived the light at the same instant. "No one occupies the tower," said Zeldia, "and you—have you sent Hiejoh for anything?"

Armand was deeply agitated, but he spoke soothingly to Zeldia:

"Let me see you to your room, darling, for it is late. It may be Hiejoh, searching for something; he is great for finding everything, you know," and he laughed as he said: "I will investigate."

Zeldia was startled but not alarmed, and allowed Armand to take her all the way to her boudoir.

Armand said, "good night," and tenderly bade her seek repose, not too hastily, lest she perceive his eagerness to investigate this brooding mystery.

As he hurried along the corridor Armand severely blamed himself for not remembering this haunting and haunted tower, but in the hurry of preparation for departure he had entirely forgotten that he had determined to solve this mystery alone.

Before he opened the door leading to the first stairway, Hiejoh was by his side, and said:

"My master, I can partly solve the mystery of the tower. The private secretary, the silent one, is fond of study; he watches the stars, and I think he visits the tower at night to study—"

"But," said Armand, greatly and visibly relieved, "how did he obtain access to the rooms in the tower? I have the keys, and they have not been out of my possession for a moment since you and I were there together."

"But, my master, there might have been duplicates long ago." Armand hesitated; if it really were his secretary, and none other, he would not disturb him for the world. He knew his great love for study, and the cause of the sensitiveness that had made him morbid and so silent.

Hiejoh was no longer afraid of the tower, and had his master wished, he would have gone thither without hesitation.

The more Armand reflected, the more he felt convinced that the suggestion made by Hiejoh furnished a plausible solution of the mystery. Especially when Hiejoh added that on the night of the storm the secretary was still writing when all the household, including Mr. Metcalf, had fled to the court.

"If you feel satisfied that it is he who is there, then I will not disturb him nor allow anyone else to do so; but keep vigilant guard, Hiejoh, and should it prove to be an intruder, or anything fraught with danger to—"

"My lady, sir, I understand; I have had this in mind ever since my lord entrusted me with his confidence on this subject. I do not think there is any danger, but I will be most vigilant."

And Armand went to sleep that night feeling sure that the mystery of the tower was explained.

"No wonder S. S. is so pale and silent if he works all day and studies the heavens at night," thought Armand.

Once before retiring Armand passed out into the garden where he could obtain a clear view of the tower. The light was extinguished; there was no sound of anyone astir, and he was satisfied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERLUDE.

An Indian Lullaby.

Ye balmy south winds blow—
Blow from the isles of the sea,
From the vales of the beautiful blest,
Where gentle doves all keep
Their watch; baby, sleep.
Shine, ye stars, softly shine! Shine,
Ye cannot disturb his repose.
He is where the dream-stars shine—
Where the dream-gods abide—deep,
Deep, deep, is his sleep.
Feed him with nectar, ye flowers—
Feed him with honey-dew sweet;
Fan him, ye long, drooping sprays;
Let his eyes never, never more weep;
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

A BENEDICTION.

Oh, matchless mover of the worlds above,
Oh, thou Creator of all living things!
Upon our hearts with mighty fervor move;
Uplift, sustain, support with Thy blessed wings,
And make mankind a pathway for their flight,
Even unto Thee within the realms of light,
And make these gifts and offerings of grace
A shrine and sacred altar in love's holy place.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

Creedal Beliefs.

Not long since we overheard the following scrap of a conversation:
"You are not obliged to believe what I say, or think as I do."
"Yes, I know, but I want you to think as I do."

That is the keynote of two-thirds of the world's misery to-day. "I want you to think as I do." If consenting, the endeavor is made, then comes inharmonious within, compression, distortion, and all the terrific effects on the physical body.

If the fiat is resisted, sooner or later the attempt is made to coerce or crush, if need be. It has always been "the sword or the Koran," whether the threatening force was always as outspoken or not. From the time when the Jews, men of Gilead, demanded of their brothers, the Ephraimites, that they say "Shibboleth," and when they said "Shibboleth" instead, fell upon them and slew forty and two thousand, even down to the present time, the attempts to direct thought by force have been constant and intense, and have drenched the world with blood. In religion, in politics, in science, in medicine, he who dares to hold a separate thought, or to express himself outside of the grooves of ostracism, and then of denunciation, which amounts to murder, on the thought-plane. This is always the line of action of the Rutilles, in their expression of malignity toward those who have had moral strength and thought ability enough to lift themselves out of the ruts.

Nor are we, as Spiritualists, free from this falling of the human make-up. We intend THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER shall ever deserve its name, by presenting the best product of the unfolding thought of all ages, past, present and to come. We ask no one to believe, or to make its columns a touchstone of opinion.

Although we have plainly stated this again and again, every little while some earnest friend, measuring the universe by the seven-by-nine limit of a particular horizon, writes us a letter of dictation, laughable, pathetic or intolerant, as inspired by the inner nature of the individual, insisting on some non-essential Shibboleth. While we love our friends and respect their earnestness, we know there is no sectarian so unfeeling and cruel as a Spiritualist who has become a bigot. This must be, from the very nature of the case, for spirit is always imperious, and impatient of all control of any nature whatever.

We intend that so long as our hand is on the helm of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, its columns shall be a consensus of all broad thought, seen from the mountain watch-tower of general observation, and not the view from the narrow, rock-bounded valley. Those who write, hoping to persuade us to narrow our limits, had better save their stationery and stamps. A "Merry Christmas" to all.

Fortunate Event.

Four murderers were hanged at Louisville, Ky., on the 9th inst. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER does not state this fact as a news item, but to adorn a tale. Says the dispatch to the press: "Religious exercises were held in the cells of the four from the first streak of dawn, and all the condemned participated in them with fervor." And why not? The condemned found an abundance of leisure. To have had to receive an eternal crown, I have of course they believed and Christ had been swung from the gallows to glory. In his early every murderer travels the because road, while the victims of their parlymes, stricken down all unprepared lieve he the change, go direct to hell! Is doomed this transit to everlasting joy a redemption for guilt? Had these unfortunates died a natural death the chances would be, according to popular theology, they would have gone down to absolute. The murderer, however, was not, for it was the means of his redemption.

An Impudent Question.

Reader, did you ever stop and think? "An impudent question," you reply, "for all persons of sound mind must necessarily do some thinking." Granted, but we would qualify our inquiry by asking if you have stopped to think what the outcome of the revelations of nature will be? That man must be the veriest simpleton who, in this age of almost universal intelligence, believes that this boundless universe, with its millions of suns, and all their retinue of planets and satellites, were spoken into being by an almighty fiat only six thousand years ago. He certainly shows a very weak mind if he believes man was fashioned as the potter moulds his urn of clay, and that some superior power breathed into the senseless form, and it became a living soul. Is it not quite as silly to believe that the mighty creator became angered because his creature partook of an apple against his will, and that in consequence he doomed all the world to death and to endless woe?

If these propositions seem inconsistent with the doings of creative energy, then is it not equally silly to believe it fathered a son and caused him to be sacrificed on a cross to appease his own anger? If that creator never required his son, begotten of a Jewish maiden, to die on a cross, or in any other manner, then it would seem the whole doctrine of original sin, man's fall, total depravity, an endless hell, with the atonement by death, were inventions of designing priests, to accomplish some personal end.

These facts fully established by earnest thought, what is the destiny of the church whose prayers and hymns and praises have been employed ostensibly to tickle the ear of the great Father, but whose real object was to wheedle the credulous into generous contributions, to aid in building palaces and temples for popes and priests to live in, under the false claim that they were dwelling-places of the eternal God, or to supply them with food and raiment while the producers starved and were clothed in rags?

The pews are beginning to think, and the pulpits cannot always supply brains to the multitude. The end of priestly rule must necessarily follow. "And there was joy in heaven."

Credulity Against Scepticism.

Credulity is believing without evidence; it is the adoption for truth of whatever is asserted by another, without ability or desire to investigate for one's self. It is the relation of the child to its parents, who has no opinion of its own, but believes as its parents believe and thinks only in the same line of thought its parent thought. The parent was frightened or scorned to believe as the priest taught, but the child inherits its belief and has not the ability to throw off its childhood inheritance and education.

The word skeptic seems to be the opposite of credulity. In its original it signified thoughtful, reflective, favorably to investigation, to examine critically, to look about carefully. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," says: "To skepticism we owe that spirit of inquiry which during the last two centuries has gradually encroached on every possible subject; has reformed every department of practical and speculative knowledge, has weakened the authority of the privileged classes, and has placed liberty on a sure foundation; has restrained the arrogance of the nobility; has chastised the despotism of princes, and has diminished the prejudices of the clergy."

With these facts it is difficult to understand why the clergy are so bitter on the skepticism of present times? They would perpetuate and make eternal the old; while the bold sceptic doubts, investigates, discerns the truth, and would substitute it for what has been. Skepticism makes the scholar; credulity is satisfied with what has been and is, and hence, is the outcome of ignorance and superstition.

The Jewish Law of Divorce.

Dr. Adam Clark in his commentaries on Matt. 5:31, thus states the Jewish law regulating divorce:

"The Jewish doctors gave great license in the matter of divorce. Among them, a man might divorce his wife if she displeased him even in the dressing of his virginals."

Rabbi Akiba said: "If any man saw a woman handsomer than his own wife, he might put his wife away; because it is said in the law, 'If a man find not favor in his eyes.' Deut. 24:1."

"Josephus, the Jewish historian, in his life tells us, with the utmost coolness and indifference: 'About this time I put away my wife, who had borne me three children, not being pleased with her manners.'"

Such was the practical working of one of the laws given by God, through Moses, to the Jews. It would have delighted Brigham Young, and shows the authority the skipping clergy have for lighting out with some young lamb of the flock. If the Jewish law "Remember the Sabbath day" has any moral force, why not that other law emanating from the same high source and at the same time, which permits him to give his wife a bill of divorce because "she finds no favor in his eyes."

"New Thought."

New Thought for December has a good word for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, as follows: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the largest and most aggressive and for its large size altogether the cheapest spiritual paper in the world." Moses Hull, the editor of New Thought, knows what constitutes a first-class spiritual paper and speaks accordingly. New Thought is a monthly magazine, of which we have often spoken and recommended to the people. Its editor is irrepressible. He moves along in the even tenor of his ways, ever sowing good seed and trying to elevate humanity to a higher plane.

Catholics Checkmate Slattery.

SEDALIA, MO., Dec. 11.—Ex-priest Slattery and wife did not lecture in Sedalia to-night, nor will they be heard to-morrow night, as advertised. Dr. H. W. Wood canceled the contract after a number of prominent Catholics had agreed to pay to him the amount he had received for the rent of the building, and also giving him an indemnifying bond to protect him, in case a suit was brought against him for damages. The ex-priest and wife left at 3 o'clock this afternoon for Kansas City.

Suppose Spiritualists should resort to all manner of subterfuges, falsehoods and violence to prevent priestly denunciation of their practices and teachings, what inference would the honest thinkers draw from the acts? Would it not be just to conclude they did not want the truth to go to the public?

Wherever the wickedness of the Catholic church is exposed, violence is threatened or attempted. How long will this condition continue in free America? If the leaders of the church possessed good sense they would be conscious that they are hastening the day when violence will not be limited to one side. They may flatter themselves that their numbers are so great that they can re-enact the role of the Middle Ages in this country, but we believe it can not be done with impunity.

Catholic Arrogance.

From no source did Columbus meet with so great and persistent opposition as from the Catholic church. It was hereby to believe the earth was round or that the sun did not go around it. It was like a decree of fate, quite inscrutable, that Isabella rose out of the darkness of superstition, above the dictation of the priesthood, and assisted the impatient adventurer. After the new world was discovered, Pope Alexander VI., in the plenitude of his infallible authority and arrogance, issued a bull which "from certain knowledge and plenitude of apostolic power, and by virtue of the authority of omnipotent God, and of the vicarship of Jesus Christ, which we exercise on the earth," all the country discovered and to be discovered belonged to Spain. The gift was not backed by infallibility and was respected by no power, and for nearly a century the Spanish court has had scarcely a foothold on this continent.

The discovery was made before the reformation and had no religious significance; but with sublime arrogance the Catholic church claims America by right of discovery and forced itself to the front as the standard-bearer of progress! If Columbus had been a Chinaman it would have set up the same claim, and it is to be expected that the Pope will issue an infallible bull wherein the earlier Norseman will be said to have brought the cross to the shores of Massachusetts.

Been Suspended.

Prof. Smith, of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, after a long trial for heresy has been suspended from the Presbyterian ministry, and will appeal to the Synod of Ohio. The Briggs trial is still on, and seems more like Dr. Briggs trying the Presbyterian Church than the Presbyterian trying him. Dr. Briggs said:

"As the Pharisees of old were rebuked by Christ for maintaining that they alone possessed all goodness, so now should these modern Pharisees of the Presbyterian Church be rebuked for denying salvation to the millions who do not subscribe to their narrow belief." Continuing he said: "The reason is acknowledged to be the greatest endowment God has given to man. It is the holy of holies of human nature, the presence chamber of God within the soul into which the divine spirit enters when He would influence the man, and in which our Savior dwells." Permission was given Dr. Briggs to print his reply to charges 4 and 5 and submit it to the members without reading it. This part of the reply, the Doctor said, would require a week to read."

Dr. Briggs is making a vigorous defense, but we think he cannot escape the fate of Prof. Smith. What a shaking up orthodoxy is getting.

The Catholics are keeping their affairs secret as far as they can; but this church is also divided against itself. Rev. Father Corrigan, of Hoboken, N. J., has given offense to his clerical brethren and superiors by his outspoken views on the pretensions of the church, and is being tried by a Diocesan Criminal Court, on a charge containing twelve counts. The trial commenced on December 12, and is secret. It is quite likely that Father Corrigan will meet the fate of Father McGlynn. The *Inter-Ocean* says:

"It may be said that the trial this afternoon and the causes which led up to it are the most extraordinary events in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. The result and the developments of the trial will affect the very life of the church in this country. The growth and prosperity of the church of Rome in this country have thus far been truly remarkable. Its rapid expansion has kept pace with the increasing progress of American civilization. It was but natural that in the course of years a large element in that church should catch something of the American spirit. While every steamer that landed immigrants on these shores brought new additions to the number of Catholic believers, the second and third generation of American Catholics began to feel the influence of American genius and would be wrong to suppose that the American Catholics harbored even the remotest thought of disloyalty to the church. As Americans, however, they began to look with disfavor upon the efforts of Catholics, as well as of other citizens, to characterize the church to which they belonged as a foreign institution. Of the same kind were the Roman Catholics, aliens or naturalized citizens, who appeared to regard Americanism as their natural enemy. Their attitude has been described by Father Corrigan as one of actual hostility to the country. These two forces in the American church of to-day met in decisive battle this afternoon."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"The Progressive Thinker." We take great pleasure in wishing our readers a "Merry Christmas." While we do not attach any special significance to the day itself, there are many things connected therewith that render it particularly interesting. The deeds of benevolence done on that day; the many social and friendly reunions; the good nature generated, and the hospitable feelings generally prevalent, make it a day that tends, independent of any doctrinal belief, to elevate the world to a higher plane.

Now, a few words in reference to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER: Our aim is to make it a MAGAZINE OF ADVANCED THOUGHT. In order to accomplish that it will be ECLECTIC in its character, publishing only the best. On account of its size, we can give you more of Spiritualism than any other Spiritualist paper, and at the same time sandwich articles in our columns of special interest, and with which you should be familiar. Our ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, containing extracts from leading spiritual journals in Europe, will be of special worth the coming year. It will contain nothing but the richest cream; nothing but the choicest intellectual viands,—in fact, it will glisten with diamond-like brilliancy. We ask that each of our readers will co-operate with us in greatly enlarging our subscription list. The story, Zulleka, by Mrs. Richmond, should be read by all Spiritualists and liberal minds. No story has ever appeared in our columns of greater interest; in fact, in many respects it will prove an unparalleled attraction. Founded on actual facts and revealed to Mrs. Richmond by a high order of spirits, it will carry you into regions not before so fully traversed by any other writer.

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The Temple of the Magi.

About one year ago we devoted four pages of our paper exclusively to the Temple of the Magi, and now we devote one page to it with illustrations. That the Temple of the Magi in this city marks a new era in the history of the world, we are certain. That it is under the supervision of those high in spirit-life, we know, and the time will come, we verily believe, when it will overshadow the whole earth. Eminent lawyers, journalists, physicians and masons of a high degree have joined the order and are delighted with the manifestations of occult forces that they witness as they advance through the various degrees. It has members in Washington, D. C.; in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Minnesota, Colorado, California, Texas and many other States.

The existence of certain occult forces are demonstrated in each degree, and a knowledge of their existence has a tendency to broaden the mind and give each one a higher and grander conception of the universe. A manifestation of these occult forces is always intensely interesting; and when it is realized that they are supplemented with grand spiritual truths, the order must be considered a great agent to advance the world.

Astronomers, particularly, will find the Temple of the Magi a never-ending source of reflection. They will have demonstrated right before their eyes the existence of a force never revealed to them by the telescope or chemistry, and of whose existence they are wholly ignorant, and which will give to them a grander conception of God's vast universe.

Olney H. Richmond, who presides over the Temple, is the right man in the right place, and he is planting seeds that will eventually overshadow this entire earth. He can be addressed for particulars at 1910 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., where the Temple is located.

Mrs. Melissa Kemp.

To the EDITOR:—Spiritualism has received a little "boom" here. Mrs. Melissa Kemp, a genuine, full-form materializing medium, has been giving us a few seances at the residence of the writer. Many full forms were seen and recognized by persons in the circle. Among the noted ones was our talented theatrical friend, Miss Lucille Walters, well-known to the public thirty years ago. She appeared in full stage costume, and talked freely with our correspondent. She sometimes sings beautifully. I might remark, *en passant*, that Spiritualism does not build churches, but it converts the home into a sanctuary; it rears no altar, but it transforms the hearthstone into a shrine; it has no self-appointed clergy; but heaven anoints the inmates of our households, and let our sons and daughters prophesy, and let our young men and maidens dream dreams; and upon the lyres of the human spirit the lyrics of the Summer-land is played. Thus, where we least expect it, the voice of the spirit is heard, and the light of the angels chases away the shadows from the valley of death. Immortality is a fixed fact.

C. H. MATTHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Thanks, Brother Mathews, for your report, which is as expressive as it is concise. Let others who report materializing seances dive for the main points of interest, and leave uninteresting details in the background. There can be many things of interest stated on even one page of foolscap paper.

A. W. Moore.

On the third page of our paper this week will be found an able paper by the above-named gentleman. Mr. Moore is one of the leading journalists of Rochester, N. Y., and the article he gives will be read with deep interest.

Well, What Next?

A movement was attempted, some time ago, on the part of the Catholics, to canonize Columbus, for the great service he had rendered the church, but it was found Columbus had a mistress, in the person of Beatrice Enriquez Arana; that this act was so grossly in violation of holy sacraments it would never do to beatify the great discoverer; but news now comes that a remedy has been found, which will remove the objection of the devil's advocate, who is always heard on such occasions. The offending parties, though dead for near four hundred years, are to be formally married, then the *advocatus diaboli* will be silenced, and the heroic explorer will be plumed a saint. The practice of canonization was borrowed from paganism. The old Romans used to apotheosize, that is, deify their heroes, and place their names among their gods.

A Series of Tracts.

In accordance with the repeated solicitation of Dr. Swearingen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., we have concluded to combine in one paper—eight large pages—a series of tracts on special subjects of great interest to investigators especially, and which can be used for missionary purposes. Some time—perhaps one year—will be required for the accomplishment of this work. Each tract will be first published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and then the eight pages will be combined in one paper and furnished to those who desire them for about two cents. The eight pages will be equivalent in reading matter to a book which sells for one dollar.

Chronology.

The Christian era was a device of Dionysius Exiguus, a native of Scythia who became a Christian monk and located in Rome. He is represented as a teacher in a monastery, hence his opportunity about the middle of the 6th century, indorsed by the pope and his successors, to fasten the present system of chronology on the world.

Complimentary.

The Seekers After Spiritual Truth hold forth in the "Typographical Temple," Washington, D. C. Nov. 16th complimentary resolutions were passed with reference to Mrs. R. S. Cowing. She is represented as a most excellent test medium, and as she will take a journey soon through the southern states, this society recommends her in all respects.

General Survey.

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

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, an active Spiritualist, of Albany, N. Y.: "Mrs. H. S. Lake is doing a good work for our society. She is an earnest associate and an intelligent exponent of Spiritualism as it relates itself to life here in the mortal. She is also a fine psychometrist, and at the close of each meeting her gifts are used unsparingly with much success. Certainly no one can listen to the grand ideas and soul-inspiring truths given from time to time by the intelligences through her organism without being lifted in spirit with a desire and purpose to attain all possible and to elevate and spiritualize the world."

Dr. J. C. Hennessey and wife are at Salt Lake City, Utah. They advise all mediums coming to Salt Lake to stop at the Cliff house, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, Spiritualists.

Last Thursday evening, at the Grand Pacific, Mrs. Lois Walsbrook delivered a lecture on "Perfect Motherhood." Mrs. W. always has something to say on that subject, of deep interest.

A grand literary and musical entertainment, to conclude with a Christmas tree, will be given by the E. S. A. Lyceum Christmas night, Dec. 25, at 8 P. M., at Bricklayers' hall, 93 S. Peoria street. Tickets for sale by the children at the Lyceum, and at the different halls. Those wishing to place presents on the tree will please consult the Conductor at 232 West Madison street, at their earliest convenience. Tickets ten cents.

The Illinois State Spiritualists' Association will hold a regular Spiritual conference and mediums' meeting every Wednesday evening. Services commence at 7:30 P. M. sharp, Bricklayers' hall, 93 S. Peoria street. Good speakers and mediums of all phases will be present on all occasions to demonstrate their special gifts. All mediums and investigators are cordially invited to attend and become instructed and interested in the exercises. Good musical selections rendered. G. L. S. Jenifer, President.

A. M. Cummings writes: "Our little society of Spiritualists at Flint, Mich., is prospering well. We have made use of our home talent, which has kept up our Sunday evening meetings weekly; also Thursday evening societies. The attendance is larger, and quite a revival of spirit is being manifested by the children. We are working generally for the summer. D. P. Dawey, of Grand Blanc, is speaking for us now. Just now, some of the friends here are talking with adjoining societies for a reunion of Spiritualists in January next, near the 15th, or later in the month, as we can arrange with speakers of the same. I would like to correspond with a lecturer who gives good platform tests and get his terms. I thought we could best reach such a medium as our finances would allow through your grand paper, which reaches far and near, and thus save much valuable time and writing. Address me at 420 Eight street, Flint, Mich."

W. S. Rowley, M. D., 9 Glen Park Place, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "Prominent Spiritualists have arranged for a spiritual camp in Central Florida for this winter, with good speaking, music and local amusements. The lowest round trip rates on railroads have been secured from the principal cities east of the Mississippi River; also very low rates at hotels, for furnished rooms and rooms for light housekeeping. Excursion is to start about January 20, 1893. I will cheerfully answer all letters of inquiry."

Mrs. B. Ireland, trance and business medium, is now located in this city at 343 Washington boulevard, where she may be engaged for sittings. Mrs. Ireland is said to be a most excellent medium.

A Dubuque (Iowa) correspondent writes: "The Liberal Sunday School at Liberty Hall was very largely attended Sunday afternoon under the leadership of Dr. Adams, President of the association, who has aimed to establish a Sunday school that all poor children could attend. After the classes, the exercises consisted of fourteen recitations from the platform by the little ones, whose red cheeks and shining eyes made our hearts warm. Happy voices joined in the closing song, and as we passed out, we felt we had made one step more up the steps of eternal progress."

Frank T. Ripley is doing work in Cleveland, Ohio, at 215 Broadway, Thomas Hall. Large audiences greet him and his lectures and tests are well received. Mr. Ripley will remain in Cleveland during December. He will lecture and give tests in Akron, Ohio, for January. He can be engaged for February and March; also for week evenings in the State of Ohio, on liberal terms.

G. F. Perkins writes as follows from Denver, Colo.: "We have just arrived from Lincoln, Neb., where we had a very successful week. We will stop here probably until next week, then on to Salt Lake City. We found a family of George's at Lincoln who are loyal to the cause, as is the branch in Dubuque, Iowa. Such good workers are like an oasis in the desert to a traveling missionary."

Warren Harris writes from Madison, Neb., speaking in high terms of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Peck, of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; both of them are clairvoyant. Mr. Harris was delighted with their mediumship and recommends them to others. S. M. B., of Denver, Colo., speaks in high terms of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, and gives an account of a reception given her wherein she received many valuable gifts. She alludes to a materializing seance where some fifteen forms came out of the cabinet. She hopes that Mrs. Reynolds will remain a few weeks longer so that many who have not witnessed the grand manifestations given through her may have an opportunity of doing so.

J. R. Alter of Stuttgart, Ark., writes to this office expressing his high esteem for H. Pettibone, a materializing medium. Several materializing hands appeared at the aperture of the cabinet; sometimes four or five at a time. The drummer boy greatly amused and interested the audience.

Mrs. Mabel Aber's address is now at 1415 Charlotte street, Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Aber has been doing a most excellent work in the west. Mrs. Nellie S. Baele, 411 13th street, Detroit, Mich., can be addressed for future lecture engagements; will also speak at funerals.

M. D. Cowdery, of Lake Geneva, Wis., writes: "We have recently given several lectures given here by George H. Brooks, of Elgin, Ill. He is an energetic worker, a deep thinker, an excellent speaker, and a fine medium, and his lectures have awakened a new life in those who listened to them. His charges are reasonable, and he should be kept constantly employed."

C. L. Clark, President, writes: "The North Side Spiritualist Society has secured the services of F. Corden White, an excellent platform test medium, for this month (December). The society meets every Sunday evening at Schlott-haure's hall, corner Sigel and Sedgewick streets." Mr. Clark is an ardent worker in the cause. His influence is felt on the North Side.

The spiritual services at Hamilton, Canada, are growing more popular every week, and investigators who have been privileged to attend Mr. Walron's free sittings are no longer in doubt on the subject. They have witnessed a power and an intelligence quite outside of the medium or sitters present. Sitting in full light, and with no mercenary countenance, in the shape of fees, have induced many educated people to attend, with the result that even prejudiced minds have been relieved of the doubts and shadows they hitherto experienced on the subject. Mrs. Jacobs, the trumpet medium, is with us, giving satisfactory seances to many anxious and earnest inquirers. Quite a few have already had unmistakable evidence of spirit communion. Mr. Walron's guide, "Hamadryas," gave a most eloquent discourse on "Omniscience," "The Spirit Home," and other subjects handed up by the audience.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance writes: "Allow me to correct a typographical error made in the obituary notice I sent you of Lewis Trudy. He was a resident of Waukesha, and not of Milwaukee." Mr. Lyle, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "The meetings at Garrison Hall, 3300 Easton avenue, are drawing great crowds, eager to witness the phenomena produced after each lecture. All our meetings close with tests and various demonstrations of spirit power. I would like to see any good test medium who is traveling around to send me his or her name, as we want to keep up the good work now so auspiciously begun, and we require good mediums for that purpose." A correspondent writes as follows: "Your Chicago readers should have their attention drawn to a fact of more than usual importance—least those who have time to forsake their homes occasionally and pay some little heed to the SPIRIT. I do not report the good and uplifting things heard at 51 Aberdeen street every Sunday evening without money and price. I simply hope to induce those who thirst for a little nearer approach to the Divine Presence to undertake the beautiful journey with Dr. Thatcher at the stated moments, when man who is filled by the fire of love and the truth transcending the flesh, is royally glad to distribute his kingdom among those whose hearts are in need of his bounty. The writer of this speaks with gratitude of the blessings received and must share them with his brothers in the spiritualistic field of God's beautiful domains."

W. F. Peck is at present engaged at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The friends there gave him a royal welcome on his return to the rostrum there.

A. D. Rainier, speaking of a spiritual song book, says: "I do not think the Spiritualists can use the same words, now so generally employed in orthodox hymns, to express their understanding in spiritual things."

J. H. Richardson, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Allow me, on behalf of the young Spiritualists of St. Louis, Mo., to extend thanks to Rev. Geo. V. Cordingley and Milton Lyle, for their unceasing endeavors to organize a Young People's Society of Psychic Culture. Brothers Cordingley and Lyle have had much to contend with, especially among the fossils, but at last their endeavors have been crowned with success, and the hall is now crowded. The object of the society is to educate and elevate the young. The lectures are in keeping with the audience, and are supplemented by spiritual phenomena. The meetings are held every Sunday night, at 7:30, at Garrison hall, 3300 Easton avenue. Young Spiritualists are especially invited to attend."

The Spiritualist Society in Duluth had for their lecturer in November Mrs. A. H. Luther, and they will have her again for the month of January. This month this society has for its lecturer Rev. W. H. Harrington, of Minneapolis, who for some dozen years has been one of the best-known and most popular Universalist clergymen in the State of Minnesota, but who has become thoroughly convinced during the past year that the philosophy of Spiritualism is true. The new departure of this gentleman will not be without its influence in Minnesota, where he is so well and so favorably known. By the way, while referring to the now famous young city above, it might be stated that a genuine and first-class slide-writing or materializing medium could find there a fine field for operations.

Dr. Lee, of Wichita, Kan., writes: "The interest in our beautiful spiritual philosophy is still rapidly on the increase in Wichita. Last night the hall would barely hold the people that came to my lecture, and my Spiritual Culture Class has increased in numbers from thirteen to twenty-four members. All are pledged to work in private and in public meetings for the building up of our cause. Church members, lawyers, physicians and merchants attend both the class and the public meetings."

A. O. Brown, living in the State of Washington, expresses his conviction that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is too severe on the Catholics. Mr. Brown living where he does has no adequate conception of the dangers threatening our country from the well-organized Catholic Church. He is not in touch with that danger, and of course cannot feel it.

J. W. Chism, of Albany, N. Y., writes: "At present we have on our platform the remarkable inspirational speaker and medium, Mrs. H. S. Lake of Boston. This is her fourth engagement with us and she is more popular than ever before. She is a treasure on the spiritual platform. The subjects she discourses upon are of burning interest to all thinking minds, and ripples of applause greet her during every discourse. Last Sunday night every seat was filled with a brilliant audience to listen to 'Romanism as Viewed from the Standpoint of Spiritualism.' It was a grand discourse. Many Catholics were present and acknowledged that no fault could be found with her statements, for they were true in every detail."

M. W. Packard, of Bloomington, Ill., has a good word for Abby A. Judson. Her lectures there Sunday afternoon and evening were well attended and excited

TEMPLE OF THE MAGI.

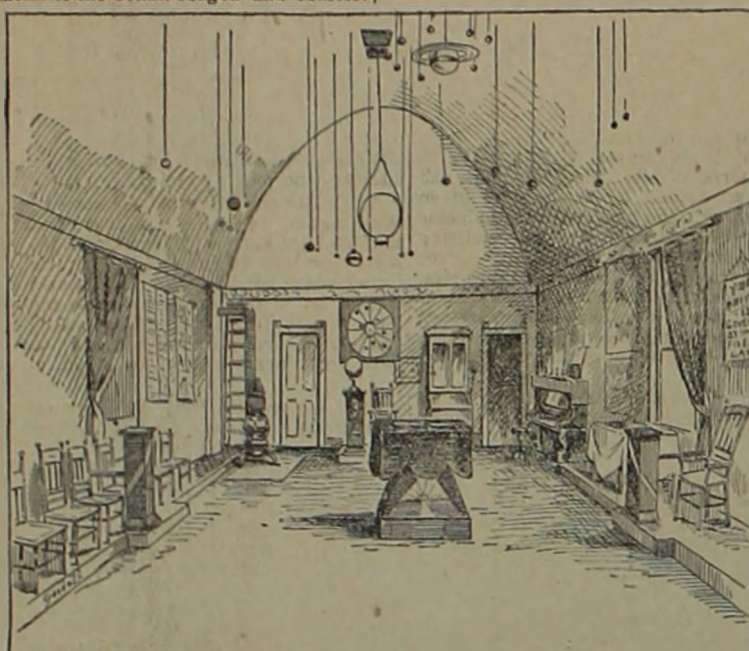
Religion of the Stars as Practiced Here in Chicago.

VISIT TO THE MYSTIC TEMPLE ON WASHINGTON BOULEVARD—ASTROLOGY AS PREACHED IN MODERN TIMES—THE STORY OF A PACK OF CARDS SAID TO CONTAIN THE SYMBOLS OF SECRET ASTRONOMICAL FORMULAE—THE MASTER MAGIA AND HIS CLARIS—OLD-EST RECORD BOOK IN EXISTENCE.



Most of people there is a fascination in the mysterious and occult. The atmosphere of child-hood which gives greatest delight is in the stories of fairies, gnomes, hobgoblins, and monsters who fitly meet disaster by the valiant hand of a hero whose fortunes are followed with breathless interest. How with bated breath and creeping feet have some of us listened to the weird tales of ghosts and phantoms, the recital of which was only equalled by the belief that all of it was absolute truth. The awful mystery of human life itself provides a text that has no parallel within the mind of man.

Here in bustling Chicago, out on Washington boulevard, far away from the thunder and roar of ever-ceasing traffic and hurrying humanity, there lives a quiet man who has spent his life in the study of the occult. It is here that weekly assemble hundreds of enthusiastic, intelligent men and women, who constitute the membership of the first modern temple of the Ancient Order of the Magi, of which Olney H. Richmond is the Grand Magea and Master.



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE.

He claims that the knowledge possessed by the ancients, away back, thousands of years before the Christian era, has been in the keeping of a chosen few, who during the centuries before and through the dark ages have transmitted the secrets of this mystic order down to the present.

"What is the order of the Magi and what does it teach?" was asked. "This order," returned Mr. Richmond, "teaches the religion of the stars, based on a knowledge of astronomy, geology, mathematics, and other sciences. It is a scientific religion which accepts nothing as a fact until proven, and every proposition we make is susceptible of mathematical demonstration and proof. I not only believe in a hereafter and heaven, but have absolute proof of a life to come and know exactly what it is: this religion is Christianity, with the absurdities of a bodily resurrection, a material heaven, and an endless hell left out. It is theosophy, with the wild and untenable speculations of dreamers omitted. It is spiritualism of the highest type, with the false communications and ignorant teachings of unadvanced beings on the other side ignored. It is science, which does not place a limit on infinity. It is transcendentalism in its best form, which ignores nothing real while giving due prominence to will force and mind or the psychic powers. It teaches us to cultivate only the best, honesty, purity, sobriety. We try ever to bear in mind the great law of life, that we cannot raise ourselves by the downfall of others."



OLNEY H. RICHMOND.

There is no mystery about the Grand Master, no cap, no gown nor flowing beard; there was no attempt to mystify his visitors; there was the cordial greeting of a plain, unassuming business-man, whose boundless enthusiasm in his favorite study which he has made the work of his life was manifest in every expression. The beginning of his work in the study of the occult would read like a fairy tale. The temple is an oblong room of large dimensions, fitted up very much like a Masonic lodge. On entering the mystic temple the visitor beholds a miniature representation of the solar system, which is in a more comprehensible and tangible shape than he has ever before seen. Suspended from the ceiling of the hall from end to end are the heavenly bodies tilted at various angles to the

plane of the ecliptic, thus illustrating their polarities, while at the same time various satellites revolve around their primaries. Old Jupiter is represented by a big red globe and his four satellites move in orbits in a plane with their primary, while some of the other planets are widely divergent. Uranus has four satellites revolving in orbits at nearly right angles to the ecliptic, which Mr. Richmond says has been brought about through the gradual change of their place during untold millions of years. In the case of Uranus this change has proceeded until the tilt is at more than right angles, so that the motion of the moons is actually retrograde. The great planet Saturn, with its rings and eight satellites, is a globe suspended in mid-air by invisible wires. The sun is a great electric-light globe in the center of the room which illuminates this miniature system of worlds.

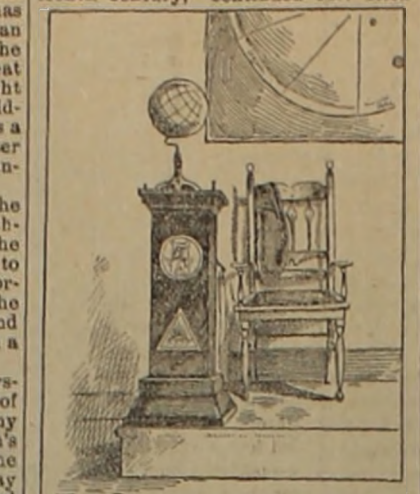
"Everything in this work," said the Master Magea, "is under strict mathematical laws, and the movements of the planets are traced with accuracy even to a second of an arc. Time is an important element in the calculations, as the revolutions of the earth on its axis and its polar magnetism are calculated on a time basis."

Mr. Richmond has over 200 "mysteries" which can be exhibited as proof of occult knowledge. Among many other things he can delineate a person's horoscope and tell him things that he has forgotten, or is yet to know, the day he was born, giving year, month, and hour from his astral number which is contained in books which he has made through eighteen years of labor. "Under no circumstances," said he, "will I cast a horoscope for any one. This knowledge came to me through a source which I am not at liberty to divulge, and was given me as a sacred trust, and I cannot use it for the purpose of gain or to satisfy the idle curiosity of any person. My time is wholly occupied with my duties as master of this temple, and these demonstrations can be made only for the benefit of members."

"Every person born in the world," continued Mr. Richmond, "has a planet

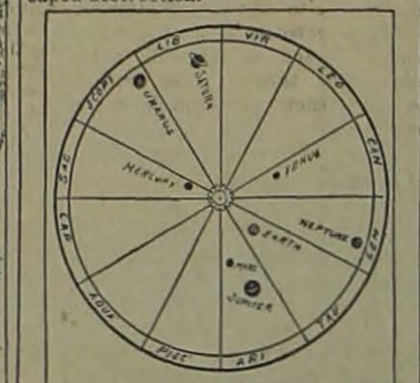
mine a scientific or astronomical fact, but in the minds of most persons are associated with gambling, trickery and legerdemain. For hundreds of years cards have been used for base purposes, and had apparently almost lost their wonderful value as aids and accessories in working out the problem of human life.

"It is generally believed that cards were invented for the amusement of King Charles IV. of France, in the fourteenth century," continued Mr. Richmond.



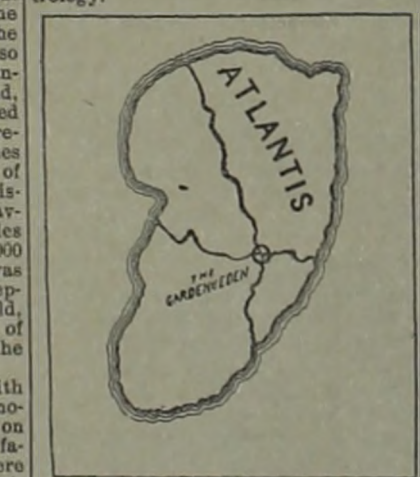
THE EAST—THE MASTER'S STATION.

mond, "but nothing could be farther from the truth, for cards are the oldest book of record in the world, and bear upon their face to-day not only the portraits of ancient kings, queens and courtiers of Egypt, but the secret symbols of the Magi and priests of Isis." There is a tradition that away back in the shadowy past there existed somewhere in the billowy Atlantic the kingdom of Atlantis. This was so far down the corridors of time that Egypt, which seems ever old, was but a youth. In the temple of the Magi there is a map of the great continent of Atlantis, which is divided by four rivers flowing toward the four cardinal points of the compass, and it is at the junction of these rivers that Mr. Richmond locates the garden of Eden. Atlantis was ruled by four kings, and it is these kings and their courts that the twelve court cards represent. By volcanic or other eruption of nature the kingdom of Atlantis was sunk beneath the waves, and the knowledge possessed by the Atlanteans was transmitted to the Egyptians by a few wanderers of that kingdom who had escaped destruction.



THE TRESTLEBOARD.

"I will give you," said Mr. Richmond, "some facts about cards which are not generally known. From the time when in ancient Egypt they were painted on thin sheets of ivory, engravers and printers ever since have reproduced them exactly. Wandering tribes of gypsies have the secrets of cards as emblems of planetary motion, time, etc., but without the higher knowledge of why they have these wonderful properties. But in this old yet ever new religion of the stars there is abundant evidence to show that cards were used by Egyptian priests as sacred emblems of astronomical time and combinations of the solar system. Astronomy was the basis of the religion of the Egyptians, and cards were mathematically constructed and had symbolical reference to time, planetary motion, and the occult calculations and mysteries of the Magi. What x, y and z are to algebra, so are cards emblems of heliocentric astrology."



"The fifty-two cards correspond to the weeks of the year. The twelve court cards to the months and signs of the zodiac. The three court cards in each suit represent the three houses of a quarter of the zodiac. The four suits represent the four seasons: Spring, summer, autumn and winter. Thus hearts in the first quarter symbolize spring, also love and friendship."

Clubs in ancient times represented a clover leaf or shamrock, but this particular suit has been given the name of clubs at a modern period, and is emblematic of summer, also knowledge, learning, religion, heat, temper, quarrels and lawsuits.

"Diamonds in the third quarter stand for wealth, power and trade, and spades in the fourth quarter symbolize winter, cold, darkness, hardship and death."

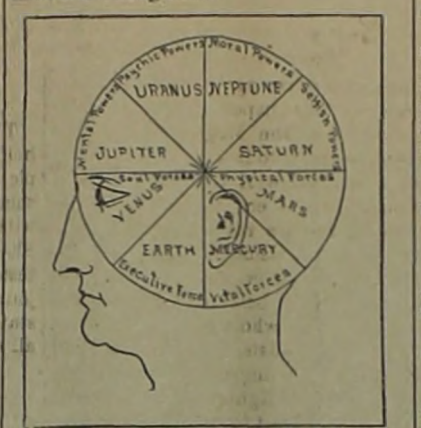
"Everything has its ruling or emblematic card, every day in the year is a ruling card, and even the minutes are represented by a card which is called the 'minute card of time.' According to the ancient calendar, there were but 364 days in a year. The odd day was given up to amusement and pleasure, and, giving each card a numerical value, counting the ace one, to the king, which is thirteen, the total of the four suits make 364, which corresponds exactly to the number of days of the ancient year. So as each card rules a day under each of the seven planets during a year, the fifty-two weeks multiplied

by seven gives a product which also equals the number of days in the year.

"Seven, in all ages and all religions, has been regarded as a sacred number. It is a natural division of time, based upon the quadrature of the moon, which is a very important thing to the earth. It is the center, reckoning downward from the king, and upward from the ace, of each of the suits of cards. Seven is also the center, reckoning up or down, of the lunar circuit."

Many attempts have been made by manufacturers and others to change the form of cards, by adding to or lessening the number, also in adding to or substituting other characters for the spots and figures for the court cards, but without success. The still retain their ancient character and significance. A card called the "joker" has been added in recent years, and is now placed in every pack. This card, however, has no numerical or astronomical value, and I am therefore unable to perform many of these mysteries on the last day of the year. It is also singular, but nevertheless a fact, that if you place a pack of cards containing a joker before a party of players, a majority will object, and attempt to throw it out as soon as seen. Above the master's station in the east of the temple is a circular chart called the "trestle-board," on which are movable representations of the planets which are kept from day to day exactly corresponding to their prototypes in the heavens. The work of the temple is laid out upon the trestle-board in the temple of King Solomon. The illustration shows the trestle-board with the planets, as arranged on the day of the visit.

In the center of the temple is a large altar, and it would appear that upon that altar the most important work and mysteries are performed. The top is embroidered in silk, and it is said that the symbols used upon this altar have been found engraved upon stone dug from the ruins of temples in Egypt, Persia and other mystic lands. The four sides are covered with velvet, which is also embroidered with mystic emblems, consisting of pyramids, ovals and rising suns.



THE ASTRAL PHENOLOGICAL CHART.

A chart shows the relations of the heavenly bodies, as applied to the science of phenology. A glance at the picture of this chart will show the parts of the mind, as ruled by the various planets, together with the characteristic powers of each.

Olney H. Richmond is a plain, common, every-day sort of a man. He would not be picked out of a crowd as an especially interesting figure. It is only when you sit face to face and talk with him that the wonderful powers of his mind unfold. Without knowing why, you immediately become interested in the man. The magnetism of his presence makes you feel in five minutes that you have always known him, and you listen with delight while he takes you on an intellectual journey among the stars. During his talk he will occasionally drop some homely expression, such as "abides with those whose early life has been spent amid rural life and scenes, a flavor of outdoor sights and sounds, and country homes. He is unquestionably one of the foremost of masters of the science of mathematics to-day. He will make a statement concerning some idea which the world in general supposes to be outside the pale of human knowledge, and then will fairly paralyze you by a quietly proving it by figures."

The complete story of his beginning the pursuit of occult knowledge rivals any fiction, and could not be told within the limits of this article. When but a lad he joined the Fourteenth Michigan Infantry, and served four years in the late war. It was while on picket duty one night near Nashville, in 1864, that he was approached by a stranger, whom he had never seen before, who called him by name, and informed him that he had been selected as one of the "keepers of the world," in fulfillment of ancient prophecies. The next night he went to a place appointed in the city of Nashville, and was there initiated by this stranger, and invested with the work and secrets of the order of which he is now the head in America. Mr. Richmond says for many years he had no idea of what it was all about, or what use was to be made of the information which had been given him. Eighteen years ago, however, he began an active study in mathematics, and applied to the science of astronomy, during which time he has compiled many books, logarithmic rules, and tables showing the movements of the planets for the next hundred years to come. The fullness of time disclosed the object of the stranger's visit, and the culmination of the prophecy came with the establishment of the first modern temple of the Magi in the year 1890. It is claimed that the first temple of this order was dedicated 13,000 years before Christ, and the present year of the Magi would therefore be 14892.

It is generally conceded that Masonry is the oldest secret order in the world, and much of the work in the first three degrees is based upon astronomy and other sciences. But to those who are most familiar with the order and have given it much study there is a conviction that something is missing to complete the chain of the exact sciences and teachings. At the building of King Solomon's temple Masonry had reached its highest state of development, but shortly before the completion of that edifice the mystic Masonic word was lost, and there is no authentic record that it has ever been restored. From that time the secrets of Masonry, as understood by its votaries, have come down through all the successive generations by word or mouth; perverted undoubtedly, and changed to conform to the miserable power of the church, it has lived through centuries and is the

most powerful and intelligent secret order in existence today.

The order of the Magi, however, makes the claim and offers proof that it antedates Masonry thousands of years, and also claims to be in possession of the original Masonic word. This is in conformity with the prophetic Masonic records that a substitute word will be used until future generations shall find the right. In substantiation of this claim, many of the secret signs and emblems familiar to Masons are to be seen in the temple of the Magi. Even the "goat," which has always figured as an expression of derision, or to terrorize the neophyte, who is supposed to perform some queer feat in connection with this animal, is not a myth, but a Magea understands that the goat is symbolical of Capricorn, one of the signs of the zodiac.

Among the members of the first temple of the Order of the Magi of the nineteenth century are many well-known Masons, not only of Chicago, but throughout the United States, men who stand high in the confidence of the fraternity and the public, and are the most enthusiastic devotees of the new "religion of the stars."—C. S. Nichols in Chicago Tribune.

REINCARNATION.

The Evolution of the Soul Under Environment and Embodiment.

A Lecture Delivered BY OLNEY H. RICHMOND Before the Grand Temple of the Magi, Chicago.

VIEWS GIVEN IN ANSWER TO QUESTIONS—SPECIAL CREATIONS CONSIDERED—PYTHAGORAS HELD VIEWS ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH OURS OF TO-DAY—DARKNESS FOLLOWING LIGHT—THE LIGHT ONE MORE SHINES—HAIL TO THE LIGHT!

"Except ye be born again ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." So much comment has been made, and so many questions called out by my two lectures on "The Astral Body" and "Soul of Man," published on page 80 and 102 of Temple Lectures, that I deem it best to devote this lecture to the further elucidation of the subject and the answering of questions.

What is the great fundamental fact or keynote of continued existence?

Evolution. What does evolution involve? General advancement, differentiation, constant change, new experience under new environments.

Then you do not believe in special creations?

I certainly do not.

Can anything or any organized existence in the universe spring from nothing?

I believe not, as such a thing would contradict the fundamental laws of science and fact.

Then everything that exists has been brought to its present state of advancement by a preceding series of differentiations and improvements?

We can arrive at no other conclusion. Is the human-soul an organized existence?

It must be such, or it could not think, plan, reason and carry on the thousands of processes it is capable of.

What is unorganized matter?

The ultimate uncombined atoms, such, for instance, as hydrogen, oxygen and carbon.

Then you think those were created?

I do not. They are uncreated and uncreatable, having always existed from all eternity.

Is a chip of wood an organized existence?

It is. Oxygen, carbon and hydrogen are there combined in regular and definite proportions. There was a time on this earth when these elements could not have combined in such proportions, hence wood could not have existed on this particular planet.

Then a chip is a product of evolution?

I hold that such is a fact.

What constitutes the real man?

The soul, or astral man.

Is not the organized and highly differentiated body known as the physical body part of the real man?

We hold that it is not. We admit that it seems to be the man, but when we consider that as soon as the spiritual man deserts it entirely, it becomes nothing but a mass of flesh and bones; we must see that it was not the man. To illustrate this, I think how utterly absurd it would be to say of a friend who had lost a leg: "Part of my friend Smith was amputated the other day."

Then you hold that the part amputated was not part of the man?

Yes. The real man is all there yet.

Of what use, then, is the physical body to the astral man?

It answers as a home for the astral, or as a vehicle for the gaining of new experience in controlling matter, by the spirit occupant.

Why should the astral gain new experience of that kind?

In order to evolve it to a higher state, and to give it power to withstand the disintegrating forces that constantly tend toward the destruction of organized forms.

The degradation to a lower state. Thus a table can be transformed by man into a pile of boards; the boards into kindling wood; the kindling wood can be transformed by fire into ashes.

The chemist can then transform the wood into a salt of potash, and then by further decomposition to carbonic acid and potassium. Then we can drive another vibratory wedge into each of these products, thereby splitting one of them into oxygen and carbon and the other into the metal potassium and oxygen.

Thus we have found our old friend Oxygen playing a double part in this family, and our black friend, Carbon, whom we drove out from his relations with another group of a higher character, some time ago, is again brought to light in a gaseous composition instead of a solid. But our good friends do not like this separation, it seems, for Mr. Potassium will seize onto Oxygen at the first possible opportunity, so ravenously as to take her from the metallic gas hydrogen as combined with oxygen to form water, thus taking the fire out of it. It would seem that Carbon, then, cry out for his soul-mate and will reunite with her willingly, but, like some males of a higher order, leave him a

little while single, and he will run off with some other element, and he may become such a confirmed old widower that he will not so much as look at Oxygen. He will even form a co-partnership with another male under the firm name of Hydro-Carbon & Co. But he will not do this except under compulsion. This lamplight by my side is a visible dissolution of such a co-partnership, and Mr. Carbon, under the potent influence of the fire-love, is eagerly welcoming his former bride. The crude elementary combinations of matter can not retain their individuality except for limited periods. The highly organized and evolved entities of the astral realm can alone preserve their continuity as individualized existences. Some high vibrating entities, however, those which contain but a small amount of matter with a high rate of vibration, can withstand the disintegration of the material form quite a time.

Pluck a fresh rose and place it in a box. Months or years pass and the delicate leaves have crumbled into dust, perhaps; but though the physical form has disappeared from our sight we know that the rose contained a principle much higher in the scale. This vibration, which we call odor, required many millions of years for development; for science has shown that plants were flowerless for long ages, and that flowers, when finally developed, were odorless for many ages more.

We would reason from this that this higher principle would withstand the degrading forces much the longest time, and on examination we find such to be the fact, for the subtle perfume can be detected for years and years after the rose has passed away.

Course of higher manifestations of life and force, such as light, heat, magnetism, electricity, odor and all that class of imperceptibles, are not spirit, and do not have the properties of spirit; but they are far enough up towards the astral end of the great spectrum to answer as illustrations to help lead our minds to grasp the higher knowledge of the immortal life.

MYSTICS OF PAST AGES.

In all ages of the world since man developed to a civilized mortal there have been mystic philosophers who have understood the great fundamental truths of reincarnation, while the ignorant world at large has as invariably been blind. For instance, Pythagoras, who lived some five hundred years before Christ, held views regarding the reincarnation of the human soul almost identical with those held by the Order of the Magi to-day. Listen to the views enunciated under the title of the Pythagorean philosophy:

"Then death, so-called, is but new matter drest

In some new figure and a varied vest.

Thus all things are but altered, nothing dies.

And here and there the unembodied spirit flies;

From tenement to tenement is tossed,

The soul the same; the figure only, lost,

And as the wax new scales receives,

This face assumes, and that impressions leaves.

Now called by one, now by another name

The form is still changed;

The wax is still the same.

So death, so-called, can but the form decay,

The immortal soul so cast in empty space,

To seek her fortune in some other place."

The Pythagorean philosophy has the following regarding the general ignorance of mankind and the necessity of teaching them:

"To look from upper light, and thence survey

Mistaken mortals, wandering from the way,

And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state

Of future things, and trembling for their fate.

These I would teach, and by right reason

To think of death as but an idle thing."

Is it not wonderful, dear friends, that the great and grand philosophical deductions and scientific reasonings of such men as Greece gave to the world centuries and centuries before the Christian era, should or could be nearly blotted out of existence by the soul blightings and absurd dogmas of the dark ages that superseded? But such is the melancholy fact. By the persecution of wise men and the wholesale destruction of innumerable works that had been laboriously gotten up by these devoted philosophers during ages and ages, the church hierarchy managed to plunge the whole of Europe into mental darkness which has given the world the black record of the Inquisition and the loss of millions of human lives through religious wars and persecutions.

Once again, however, poor Terra—this earth—has arrived at a point in her onward progress where the light can penetrate into the dark, dank recesses of the caves of superstition. Once again can the glorious work of redemption go forward. Once again can the grand re-embodied astrals of past ages of wisdom find a field for their labors upon this planet.

Though the outside world may scoff at us and even persecute us, we know that those old grand men and their no less intelligent sisters have been quick to seize upon the opportunity, and that they are here among us.

Concealed within the bodies of thousands upon thousands of the present generation are personages that once ranked high among the sons and daughters of Atlantis, Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, Greece, Arabia, China and other mystic lands.

They are here for a purpose that has been foreseen during more than two thousand years past. The records of the ancient times bear in their hidden symbolism many prophecies of the coming time in the far future. The world does not understand this hidden record, but these unseen ones do, and they are here to help us, brothers and sisters. And they and we are also assisted by millions of others that are waiting upon the other shore for their turn to take up the great work where we leave it, and thus will the light be spread. Thus will the grand old Religion of the Stars regain its foothold upon the earth and re-establish the kingdom of God which is eternal in the heavens.

We are fully aware that in accepting and advocating these advanced views we are ahead of this day and generation as a whole. But we cannot help it; we must put ourselves on record for the highest and truest and best light obtainable, and we are forced by the sternest logic and by necessity to recognize the progression of both souls and bodies by evolution and repeated embodiments.

The very idea of any future state of existence whatever, in my opinion, depends upon the facts of re-embodiment; that is, the fact of Carbon, then, cry out for his soul-mate and will reunite with her willingly, but, like some males of a higher order, leave him a

made out of nothing, every time a babe is born.

Why? It is as absurd as the fable of the creation of a man out of the dust, and a woman from a bone. It is just about as logical. But just suppose, for the sake of argument, that by some unheard-of process of reasoning we do come to such a conclusion, where are we then? Why, we are only at the beginning of absurdities, for we have, as a natural sequence, the corollary, that, if a child die, as so many do every day, when but a few minutes old, it has already been able to disintegrate, differentiate, set up and give power to a high spiritual entity, capable of sustaining an existence to all eternity.

Think of it, my mystic friends, and let this fact sink into your souls. You must, in other words, conceive of a thing with only one end. One end is here with this little lump of humanity, who has only enough mentality to cry for his dinner; the other end is—where? Nowhere! It extends onward and onward, does this life, in an everlasting eternity as a finished soul.

The fact that this doctrine of special creation involves, a few months or a few years; a few days or a few hours; a few minutes or a few seconds of experience in the control of matter in the form of flesh, blood, bone and nerves, then a vast, never-ending eternity in the spirit or astral form.

WHY LIVE IN A BODY AT ALL.

Why should we be born on this earth at all, or on any other earth? If immortal souls can be manufactured so easily and expeditiously, what a terrible waste of creative and governing force do we find here. What is the use of living here anyhow? Why not go right over to the other side at once and gain all our experience there, where we are not obliged to fight a cold world for our bread and butter, during years and years of wear and tear of the flesh. Ah! why not?

Because we know that our life is just as necessary now and here as it ever has been or ever will be, in any other life.

We do not expect all our members, much less the outside world, to see as we do. We know all cannot see alike.

We also know that some great truths are purposely withheld from men until such time as they can appreciate them.

We know that certain books are "sealed" for a time. "But go thy way, Daniel, for thou shalt stand in thy lot when the day cometh."

Men must progress in light and understanding as well as in material knowledge. It was a long step in advance when men conceived of a future state of existence of any kind.

Step by step they have advanced ever since. Millions on millions are yet so mind-darkened, benighted and steeped in priest-ridden ignorance as to believe that this old house of flesh is saved or resurrected from its decomposed condition in the grave, and by some great hocus-pocus of divine power given back to them to occupy during an endless future of existence. But this stuporous absurdity is fast going, never to return; fairly argued out of court by the proofs furnished by modern research and advancement in the departments of biology, chemistry, philosophy and physiology.

With it must soon go the other crude beliefs and ideas belonging to the "Childhood of Races."

Oh! the Light! the glorious Light! That illumines the soul.

When men begin to see the truth

The universal pole.

Where the guiding star Polaris

Of the spirit realm of mind,

Shines independent in the heavens,

Where those who seek may find.

Then, indeed, do we realize that the eyes of the understanding are opened.

We hold the magic key in our grasp that unlocks the mysteries of existence unto us, that we have not before.

Who that hath this light would part with it for gold? To they that hath shall be given, while those who hath not, that which they have shall be taken from them."

Can you unridle this mystic prophecy that was made nearly two thousand years ago? It has a deep meaning, my dear friends, and it was made for the times we are now living in. But to you brethren, let me say: No matter how few or how many are with us, we have the truth, and we know that one man with the sword of truth is a host in himself.

The immortal Darwin stood up alone, nearly, amid the petty jeers and the malignant sneers that came from twice ten thousand despised but he lived to see the jeers turned to looks of concern and the sneers to frowns as the truth began to percolate through all the dark recesses of theology, and to force the occupants of those pulpits to overhaul their musty beliefs and creeds and to attempt the impossible task of reconciliation between truths and dogmas. So we need not fear but that the grand, glorious and wonderful fact of the "Evolution of the Soul," the new "Descent of Man," will hold its own. It has come to the planet Terra to stay. No longer shall she walk in darkness. No longer shall she lead the blind, while they all fall into the mire of ignorance together.

Then lo! the dawn cometh! and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of bright angels of light stand waiting to carry the glad tidings of joy to other worlds than ours, that Terra is redeemed. Well may the poet exclaim:

"Hail to the Light of Love and Truth,

Which shines upon our way.

Rejoice, oh, mystic traveler;

Rejoice in Truth, our guiding Star,

Transcendent as the day.

"Armed with the Light of Living Truth

DEFINITIONS OF A FRIEND.

The Question Answered from a Spiritual Standpoint.

Definitions are deemed so interesting by London *Tit Bits* that it has been offering a series of prizes for the best explanations of the meaning of certain words. For instance, the word "Love" was taken up and made a target of by scores of people, and the result was admirable. Now again comes *Tit Bits*, the subject this time being "A Friend." The winning definition is herewith framed in little stars:

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

The following are some of the best definitions submitted:

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help, and love.

When your pocket's empty, when your heart is sad,

When fellow-men distrust you, your name and credit bad,

The man or woman who will then stand by you and defend

Must surely be without a doubt a true and noble friend.

The image of oneself reflected in the mirror of mutual esteem and affection.

One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

One who loves you and lets you know it; Who hates your faults, but does not show it.

The Triple Alliance of the three great powers: Love, Sympathy, and Help.

The essence of pure devotion.

A safe in which one can trust anything.

The link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.

A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.

One who understands our silence.

A volume of sympathy bound in cloth.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who smiles on our fortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.

One who, having gained the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

One who in prosperity does not toady you, but in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children.

The jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.

Friendship is the personification of love and help.

The ripe fruit of acquaintanceship.

The sunshine of calamity.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.

A harbor of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.

One who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable.

Your second self.

God's earthly representative.

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tightrope of life.

A good banking account.

A second right hand.

The holy of life; whose qualities are overshadowed in the summer of prosperity, but blossom forth in the winter of adversity.

He who does not adhere to the saying that No. 1 should come first.

A watch which beats true for all time, and never "runs down."

An insurance against misanthropy.

An earthly minister of heavenly happiness.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin, the closer he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

The same to-day, the same to-morrow, either in prosperity, adversity, or sorrow.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

The best plaster for the sore cuts of misfortune.

One who acts as a balance in the see-saw of life.

A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.

A link of gold in the chain of life.

A stimulant to the nobler side of our nature.

One who guards another's interest as sacredly as his own, and neither flatters nor deceives.

A nineteenth century rarity.

One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

One truer to me than I to myself.

Nearly all the above definitions are very fine, but each one fails to grasp the spiritual significance of a friend. The true friend, from a spiritual and humanitarian standpoint, is one who, while he extends the hand of helpful sympathy, tries by all the means in his power to remove those obstacles which brought disaster to the object of his care, and thus prevent a like recurrence.

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pe The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into Arzen chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 95 cents. For sale at this office.

He



BROTHER JONATHAN ALLOWS LYMAN C. HOWE TO OCCUPY THE ROSTRUM.

THAT ENCYCICAL!

Is It a Pious Joke?

A CRITICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—FACTS POINTED OUT SHOWING THE ENCYCICAL TO BE IN HARMONY WITH ITS TEACHING.

The Encyclical of Pope Leo which appears in No. 155 of the PROGRESSIVE THINKER—Nov. 12th—is an eye-opener. The startling character of its claims and threats, though in keeping with the history of the Romish hierarchy, is such as to cause a careful thinker to inquire: "Is it genuine? Did Pope Leo really issue such a document in sober earnest on the 25th of December, 1891?" "Is it not a Protestant forgery to make capital against Roman Catholicism? Do the Catholics of this country accept it as authoritative?" If they do not deny it, silence gives consent. The *Patriotic American* is an anti-Catholic organ, is it not? This Encyclical reads like a political document in the heat of a presidential campaign, invented by the opposing party just before election to excite prejudice and win the party prize by a *coup d'etat*. This Encyclical, of course, reads as if the forger understood the theological tactics and religious-political sentiments of Rome and was attempting to play upon the prejudices of Protestant heretics by a grim practical joke—a sublime religious burlesque.

Thousands of Spiritualists, Free-thinkers, and Protestant Christians are morally certain that all of this harangue about the dangers threatening this Republic—the villainous designs of the world's greatest religious combine—is mere wind; a bit of morbid sensationalism, incubated by a clique of fanatics and fools, and that no such possibility as Roman dominance in this country exists. If it does not, we should be quick to ascertain the "true inwardness" of all this excitement, and hush it by a fair and rational exposition of the true status of the Romish political theology, and the animus of the Catholic movement. In this effort to be just, every class of evidence should have a hearing and be assigned its true value. The question is too momentous to be superficially treated. If there is danger; if all the "signs of the times" that are so rapidly developing are genuine; if this *Encyclical* letter accredited to Pope Leo XIII., so fresh and frank in uncovering Papal designs, is a bona fide document and "means business," it is time the sleeping drones were shocked into their senses, and the real issues of the hour blazoned abroad in such ways as shall most effectually arouse and educate the honest patriots of this country and arm them with facts and enthusiasm adequate to the demand. If this latter Encyclical, following in the shadow of Pious IX., is the real voice of Rome and expresses the sentiments and purposes of the reigning Pope and his horde of willing dupes and slaves, that alone should be sufficient proof that this Republic is in imminent danger; that this nation is on the verge of an active volcano, whose sulphurous fury may break forth in an awful storm of devastating ruin at any day; and the thunders of religious war inaugurate such a revolution as the world has never seen. We have lived in peaceful possession of religious liberty so long, and the growing spirit of toleration that always follows or accompanies liberal education and scientific advancement has so obscured the shadow of the crouching tiger, that we have grown deaf to his growl, and blind to the bloodstains of a million martyrs that haunt the dismal pages of medieval history; and we think the race has outgrown the conditions that made such horrors possible. Let us hope it has. But while we revel in the peaceful blessings attained under the guardianship of a free secular government, we have no right to ignore the logic of events, and tamely and lazily look on in serene contentment while the spirit of the thirteenth century deliberately plans and executes a diabolical crusade against all the principles and practices of liberty secured to us by the "godless constitution," sustained by the educated conscience and intelligence of the people, whose intellectual and moral life is the secular school system of the United States.

We would fain believe that Romanism shares the spirit of progress and general enlightenment evolved under a free secular government; and that the age of persecution for religious opinion is forever past; that the horrors of the Inquisition can never be repeated; that no class of men have any disposition to re-enact the scenes that have made the name of Torquemado hateful to all good people. We can hardly believe that the cruel expulsion of the Jews and Moors from Spain finds an apologist, much less an advocate, even in the church, in these days of mental liberty and scientific toleration. In this the facts are against us. What was the attitude of the Roman Catholic authorities toward the demonstrations in honor of the martyred Bruno? When the monument to his memory was unveiled amid the shouts of thirty thousand freemen under the very shadow of the Vatican, did the Pope join in the glad acclaim? Did the thousands of cardinals, bishops and priests who represent the spirit and letter of the Roman Church join in the chorus, and thus demonstrate to the world that the martyrdom of the great thinker was not in accordance with the present principles entertained by the Roman Catholic theology? Here was a splendid opportunity for the church to vindicate itself against the suspicion that it is still as savagely intolerant towards scientific and religious heretics as at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Did it improve the golden hour by joining the exultant freemen and thus acknowledging its disapproval of its great crimes in the past? On the contrary reports came across the sea that the Pope shut himself up for three days and fasted and mourned at the ungodly exhibition which thus honored the name and memory of one of its murdered victims! Besides it was stated that in his solemn humiliation he received sixty thousand telegrams from his subordinates all over the world sympathizing with him in his great, pious sorrow!

What was the matter? Simply that Bruno, the heretic, was recognized and honored; and, of course, by this act the conduct of the church that murdered him was openly disapproved.

This was a terrible crime against the supreme right of the church to torture, burn, starve and kill whomever it would! It was an open hint that the church authorities had, in the long past, made a mistake, and therefore could not be considered infallible. That was too bad! The Pope could not face daylight with such a shocking spectacle of human depravity honoring the memory of the scientific apostate whose dying agonies fed the exultant appetite of his persecutors. Can anyone point us to a single instance in which an orthodox Roman Catholic expressed approval of the Bruno monument and the demonstrations that accompanied its unveiling? Does any sound Romanist express disapproval of the burning of Bruno? Do they express disapproval or regret for any of the horrid cruelties practiced under the auspices of the church? Do they repudiate as unchristian and unkind the blood-curdling cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition? Do they criticize and rebuke the murderous madness exemplified in the career of Torquemado?

Some frank and unequivocal avowals from Roman Catholic dignitaries are in order now. If we misjudge them, let them declare their sentiments to the whole world so plainly that no one can mistake their meaning. But, so far as I have read their declarations, all sustain the charges made against them. They reiterate the dogmas and demands of the fifteenth century. They insist that Roman Catholicism is the only true religion; that the authority of the Pope is supreme; that all obligations to the state are subject to the higher authority of the church; that no pledge or oath is binding upon a Catholic against the commands of his religious master. This startling Encyclical is a plain, bold reaffirmation of all this. Moreover they still maintain a strict religious censorship over all the writings of Catholic authors, and, of course, spurn and repudiate all Protestant books that do not agree with their own. Their historians are required to submit all their manuscripts to the inspection of the Congregation of the Index, and to cancel and expunge any facts or data that the censors may deem inexpedient or dangerous to the reputation of the church. It is a mark of mental weakness or moral defect for a Catholic historian to credit Protestant heretics with any redeeming virtues, or concede any wrongs in the lives of Popes.

Prof. E. P. Evans, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December, refers to the criticisms upon Cesare Cantù's Universal History as an index of the attitude assumed by the church censors. Although Cantù's work was submitted and resubmitted to the sifting processes of the Congregation of the Index, it still presented grave objections to the Jesuit Father Giuseppe Brunengo, who reviews it with sharp censure, because the author had endeavored, within the permitted limits assigned him, to state the truth as forced upon his convictions by strictly orthodox evidence. Cantù had ventured to describe and condemn the proceedings of the Spanish Inquisition, because, as he thought, it was not of the church, but of the state. Had he regarded it as a church measure, of course he would not have dared to question its righteousness. But "Brunengo declares this view to be wholly untenable, and proves conclusively that the Inquisition in Spain was not a political, but an ecclesiastical tribunal, created and conducted by the apostolical authority of the Pope in the interests of the Roman hierarchy." Nor does this orthodox Jesuit Father hint at any wrong or impropriety in all the diabolical cruelty and inhuman tyranny thus perpetrated in the name of religion in the interest of the church. On the contrary, he wholly justifies it as "an immense boon to Spain," that "whatever material loss may have been incurred by the expulsion of the Moors, and other skillful and thrifty artisans, was more than made good to the nation by the great treasure of religious unity which the Holy Office secured." "Holy Office!" Holy crocodiles! Holy murder! Holy plunder! Holy vice! Holy lying and debauchery! Holy Conclave of incestuous Baccanals!

Is it not amazing that in this twilight of the nineteenth century the high dignitaries of the church can face an intelligent civilization with apologies and justifications of such infamous chronicles of human depravity executed under the authority of "the Holy Office?" Let us not forget that this justification is not a sixteenth century document. It is the voice of this decade. It expresses the Roman Catholic Orthodoxy of 1891! They promise us a repetition of the Spanish Inquisition in these United States. Do they mean it? Unquestionably they do; and they have already

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sufficient control of municipal affairs and of political party leaders to make a warm time of it if they should strike to-morrow. I am no alarmist. I have great faith in the spirit of liberty and the good sense of American citizens. But there is an organized conspiracy to reduce this government to the religious-political dictation of the Pope of Rome. No one who has observed the signs of the times, and read the declarations of orthodox Catholics, including Pope Leo's Encyclical letter, can reasonably doubt the animus of the diplomacy that is moving with steady determination against the life and genius of American institutions, and making ready to take formal possession of the government founded by the patriots of the revolution, and subvert it to the authority of the Roman Catholic church. In Spiritualism is the greatest hope. It is the only power the Romish authorities fear. They know it to be a reality equipped from on high. They cannot handle it as they can all other agencies. The vigilant millions unseen are touching the keys of human life as never before, and awakening the people to a realization of the situation and arming them with intelligent patriotism and instinctive revelations that may avert the calamity. But there is no time to be wasted in parleying; no easy indifference to stupidity and betrayal. We may take courage from the Spiritual philosophy and trust in the law of progress; but the situation demands that we watch as well as pray.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Cause at Rochester, Ind.

This pleasant little town, containing between three and four thousand inhabitants, has a goodly number of earnest, progressive men and women, who, having cut loose from the creeds, dogmas and superstitions of Christian theology, are striving in all possible ways to advance the cause of the new dispensation of Spiritualism. Like all the others who have the courage of their convictions, they have been compelled to run the gauntlet of ignorance, bigotry and social ostracism made manifest everywhere by the modern church. Nothing daunted, they have flung their banner to the breeze, and relying upon the angel world and the omnipotence of truth, they are boldly and earnestly pushing forward the car of progress, letting their light shine amid the darkness, although the darkness comprehends it not, and by their courage and persistence have made their influence felt despite the most intense opposition. They own one of the finest halls we have ever had the pleasure of occupying, and which does credit not only to the cause of Spiritualism, but to the earnest souls who have put shoulder to the wheel and have made sacrifices in securing a place for meetings which is attractive and an honor to the town. It is nicely carpeted, lighted by electricity, and seated with opera chairs, which are beautiful as well as comfortable. It contains a fine organ, and with suitable pictures on the clean, white walls, makes a place for congregating alike desirable for mortals and spirits. The ladies have taken hold of the work in earnest and have established a weekly reading circle as well as for social converse, in which they invite the counsel and co-operation of the spirit intelligences. They are ably assisted for the present by the efforts of Mrs. Dora Downey, of Indianapolis. A regular sociable is also held every Friday evening which is made very entertaining with readings, recitations and social games. Major Bitters, editor of *The Republican*, and an old-time Methodist, is chairman of the meetings and leads the singing, bringing the old-time enthusiasm into the new work, which with the earnest co-operation of others insures success. Many of the members of the society having come out of the churches, they naturally cling to the forms and ceremonies of the church, which in due time they will outgrow and relegate to the shades of oblivion along with the old creeds and dogmas. It is a pleasure to meet so many people who, having the light, are working harmoniously to extend the teachings of the angel world to others, and who seem to feel under obligation to make their philosophy practical, by doing something here and now for the benefit of their fellowmen. What has been accomplished in Rochester can be done elsewhere where there are earnest souls willing to labor and make sacrifices for the grandest truth ever given to a priest-ridden and creed-bound world. Wake up, friends, everywhere, and let your light shine. Form societies and, if you can do no better, hold conference meetings and circles and develop your home talent. You owe this to yourselves, to your fellowmen and to the Spirit-world. Freely have ye received, freely give. Pull together for the truth and the right, and the truth and right will prevail. The meetings are well attended and members are investigating. We are heartily cared for in the home and pleasant family of John M. Davis, who is a thorough Spiritualist and President of the Society. Any parties desiring my services, please address me at Rochester, Indiana.

WILL HODGE.

ZULIEKA.

Those who don't read this remarkable story by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will miss a rare treat. You should now do some missionary work for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and aid us in the great work we are doing. Call your neighbors' attention to the paper, and then supplement your efforts by sending it three months to some one who will appreciate it.

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