



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

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THE CREAM OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES

THOUGHTS FROM FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

They Will Prove An Intellectual Feast!

And Bring Our Readers in Touch With the Old World

They Will Give You a Comprehensive View of Spiritualism.

You Will Thank The Progressive Thinker for its Eclectic Magazine.

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

THE NEW REFORMATION.

As Presented by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE PORTMAN ROOMS, BAKER STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The speaker, after a warm reception by the audience, delivered a short but touching invocation to the "Great Spirit," and spoke in substance as follows:

This is essentially the age of reform. The need of reform is recognized in every department of life; in trade, commerce, labor, law, and legislation. The cry for reform is heard from the rank and file of society everywhere, and extends even to the settlement of national rights between the various lands of civilization; and all the time, whilst reformers are striving to meet the universal demand by temporary expedients and modifications of the existing order of things, they entirely overlook the most potent of all impulses to reform, and fail to apply that mightiest of all motive powers that has ever stimulated the human mind to action, namely, RELIGION. We are aware that the very utterance of such a word, treating, as it is supposed to do, only of seventh-day observance, and entrusted to the administration of a set of highly-salaried and exclusive officials, may seem to be an anachronism, and out of place in an address purporting to deal with world-wide elements of popular reform; but as we propose to show that true religion is THE REFORMATION OF REFORMS, and that false religion underlies a vast amount of the wrongs under which society now labors, so we desire to define accurately what we mean by "true religion," and point to the perversions of these terms in present-day acceptance. Religion *a priori* consists of a logical and philosophical definition of a "First Great Cause"—an "Alpha and Omega of Being," vaguely called "God," whose laws, rule, government, and purposes are stamped upon all His works in every portion of the universe, from the mightiest galaxy of suns and systems to the smallest atom of inanimate matter. The second element of religion is the discovery and application of God's laws, not only in good or evil between man and man, nation and nation, but also to man's rule of life in relation to every creature and every thing which the Creator has made and entrusted to human observation and government.

The third and last purpose of true religion is to define the destiny of man in the hereafter—if, indeed, there be one, beyond the irrevocable and silent mystery of death—and to discover, if possible, the relations between continued existence beyond the grave and the life actions which have preceded it. For aught more than this, religion is nothing but man-made forms, idolatrous ceremonies, priestcraft, ritualism, bell, book, candle, and human invention to extort money from busy work-a-day people, stimulated by fear and mystery, to pay priests to do their thinking for them. And let it ever be remembered that the true religion, as we have briefly defined it, is not the teaching of books, churches, or priests. Religion is an original primordial writing of the Creator on the reason and mentality of the creature. It is the spontaneous thought of man arising in his mind with the very dawn of reflection, and urging him to ordain priests to study out and teach it; to build churches wherein to proclaim it to the people; and to write books to stereotype the best thoughts that can be formulated into the definitions of religion.

Thus the earliest forms of religious worship on earth were the adoration of a wife and benevolent Creator through His works—or in other words, the worship of the powers of God in nature: the formation of national laws to promote the exercise of good and the restraint of evil, and an untaught but immovable faith in life beyond the grave, wherein the good or evil deeds of each should ensure the happiness or misery of the soul hereafter.

[Here the lecturer illustrated her position by reference to early religious systems, such as the worship of the powers of nature amongst the Egyptians, Hindus, Persians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, etc., contrasting in stern and unanswerable terms the fundamental principles of natural, primal, and practical religion with the unwarrantable and arrogant assumption of priestcraft, the introduction of ritualism, awe, mystery, vicarious penalties for sin, sacrifices, and burnt offerings—systems

equally degrading, cruel, and blasphemous when applied to the Creator of the innocent creatures. He was supposed to command to be sacrificed, but profitable enough to the corrupt priesthood whose greed and avarice were fed by such barbarous rites. She recited with rapid and energetic utterance the commandments claimed to have been given by the Creator of the universe in person on Sinai, and the direct contradiction to those commandments imputed to the priests of that same Creator when he is represented as instructing Moses how to steal from and "spoil the Egyptians;" when he is claimed to have commanded Joshua to KILL men, women, children, and even harmless cattle, and to legislate for slavery and adultery, provided the victims were to be the enemies of the cruel and remorseless "chosen people."

Claiming that the God who was a SPIRIT never left himself without a witness on earth, the lecturer pointed to the totally opposite teachings of the inspired prophets and the greedy and rapacious priests, citing in evidence the Levitical institutes for rapine, plunder and murder, and the prophetic utterances of the prophets in which burnt offerings, sacrifices, fasts, feasts, and every form of priestly ritualism is sternly denounced, and practical good, simple truth and pure life are equally sternly enjoined.

After quoting the multiplicity of contradictions and other all-too-human edicts even to this day put forth by the priests of civilized lands as the infallible word of God, the lecturer went on to say in details which can only be rendered now in brief:

The first great reformation effected in this terrible and tragic record of a petty nation, audaciously handed down to posterity as the chosen people of God, was when an obscure and humble man of the people was inspired to arise and teach all who would listen to him a purer and better way. To those accustomed to think of the Creator as an angry despot, whose "fiery wrath" against his erring creatures was to be placated by the prayers and intercession of priests, or by burnt-offerings and sacrificial rites, Jesus taught of the Creator as the FATHER of men, showing in the sweet and gracious parable of the Prodigal Son, that man was the child of a loving and merciful Father, but that pardon for wrong was only to be obtained by the penitent retracing his steps in the path of right, and that not through another, but through his own personal efforts. To a people accustomed to worship only in specially "consecrated" places, and on Sabbaths and at special seasons, Jesus made of every place a church, and every day and season a fitting time for good thoughts and holy exercises.

The long prayers, loud amens, and ritualism of Jewish worship he superseded by a brief, simple prayer to the heavenly Father, and all the cumbersome exercises, forms and ceremonials, instituted by priestcraft, he swept away in exchange for one, and only one, commandment, that "Ye love one another." Of the life hereafter, Jesus taught in many a parable that its rewards and punishments were to be wholly determined by the good or evil deeds done on earth; by the mercy, charity, pity and forgiveness exercised between man and man; the great Teacher declaring that all good done to the least of God's creatures was done unto him, and the failure to do such good was equally a rejection of God's own appeal to man through his creatures. Without any learned disquisitions concerning the Messianic claims set up for Jesus of Nazareth, independent even of all considerations of historical time, place, or personality, we affirm that the teachings recorded in the four books of the New Testament present a Delty only as man's loving Father; life as a probation for the good that can be done; worship as acceptable to God when rendered in deeds of love and helpfulness to man; Heaven as a place of happiness and love, typified by the purity and innocence of a little unconfirmed and unbaptized stranger child, and finally, above all, belief in Jesus, his teachings, and his doctrines, to be shown only in keeping his commandments, and doing the same works of the spirit that he did—opening the eyes of the blind, straightening the crippled limbs, healing the sick, reading men's thoughts, and performing signs and wonders impossible to mere mortality, unless performed by those IN THE SPIRIT, through whom spiritual powers could be manifested. As to demanding worship for himself, he again, and yet again, refused all attempts to render it, and the last words recorded of him, when one of his disciples would have had him believe in

his affection, plainly proved how he would have that affection rendered in the touching words: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs."

[Once more the limitations of space necessitate condensation of the subjects dealt with. The speaker affirmed that whilst the church of Christendom for nearly two thousand years had set up, on most questionable authority, the life and death of Jesus as a vicarious atonement for all the guilt and iniquity of those who in every age, and for all degrees of crime, worshipped him as God, and for those who could believe in such a doctrine, Jesus himself died simply for a political offense, that is, for suffering himself to be hailed as "King of the Jews," contrary to the edicts of the then prevailing rule of the land, while his very death on the cross at all actually lacks historical proof, and is the subject of doubt and denial from many earnest students of Bible records and Oriental traditions. After reviewing the irreconcilable departures which the church of Christendom had made from their alleged founder—after analyzing the Athanasian creed, the foundation of hundreds of different sects, all slaying and persecuting each other in the name of him who gave but one short spoken commandment, and never wrote a line for sect, creed or dogma to be founded upon—the speaker pointed to the horrible persecutions for witchcraft, when millions were done to death in fire and torture only for giving "the signs" their Master had commanded in evidence of faith in him. She described the history of the Protestant Reformation, the horrors which followed it, the countless millions of lives that had been sacrificed in the warfare of sects—Christians against Christians—and closed her terrible summary of Historical Christianity by a no less stern arraignment of the present attitude of the Christian church, inviting her hearers to accompany her in the spirit to the bench of so-called human justice, where assembled crowds of dark felon faces bore the all-too-prevalent stamp of crime and guilt, and whilst the presiding judge, assuming the cap of death, prepared to pass a sentence on the murderer by imitating his crime and murdering HIM, the speaker asked: "Which of you would take by the hand your purest, most innocent, and well-beloved child, and say, 'Take him! kill him! and let all these go free?' And yet that is God's plan, according to the Christian's creed. Are the laws of earth better than the laws of God, that you dare not imitate them? Are the people of earth better than the people of God, that they would rather to pieces any magistrate in the world that would dare to follow the example which the church alleges to be God's plan, and destroy the innocent that the guilty may go free?" After those and many more analyses of the dominant creedal faith, and a comparison of the wealth and luxury of the church with the self-sacrifice of its founder, "a man of sorrows," that "had not where to lay his head," the speaker turned to the other side of the picture, and entered upon the wonderful history of the New Reformation and the Church of "God the Spirit" and His Ministering Angels.

Tracing up the preparatory steps for the inauguration of this church, let down from heaven on the basis of God's word of eternal life, the speaker revealed from the realms of immortality, and the unanswerable logic of facts, the speaker traced up the visions of Swedenborg, the stupendous discovery of the "soul of things" by Mesmer; the clairvoyant flights to the life beyond; and the glorious proofs that the dead were all alive again, as demonstrated through clairvoyance by Mesmer's followers, culminating in the working of the sublime Spiritual Telegraph between the realms of life here and hereafter, closing with a thrilling description of the night of the first Spirit circle of the age; of the high and the low, the illustrious and the obscure spirits who filled the humble cottage at Hydesville on the 31st of March, 1848, who formed part of the council of the immortal beings who had planned and inaugurated this Spiritual Telegraph, and who came to earth to establish the Church of the Divine Humanity in which all nations should worship and acknowledge the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.] They went forth from that place [continued the speaker] in the dim grey dawn of a March morning, all changed men and women, and when some ten years later your speaker commenced her investigations in Britain and many other lands, visiting the burning South, the frozen North, the ancient East, and the far West—everywhere she found Spiritualism there before her, the cry echoing through every land, "The Spirits have come, and we shall all live for ever," whilst the beacon fires arose blazing on every hilltop, lighted by no human hands, and the white standards of immortality were waving, planted by him with a perfectly natural liberating force, reforming the permanent self into the possibilities of a higher plane of being.

It puts an end to nothing but a certain physical organism, which is so constructed that it cannot live except by dying daily, and which in the very nature of things must ultimately decay as a separate thing, and mingle gradually, atom by atom, with the world of material forms out of which it grew. The very wonder of the process fills him with a sense of its strange beauty, and therefore provides us with a new artistic treatment of death at his hands, a treatment infused with a beautiful solemnity that partly affects us like some impressive scene in Nature, and partly like the magnificent religious music which thrills the soul's most secret fibres at the celebration of the Mass.—WILLIAM CLARKE, M. A., in *Light*, London.

If it be asked how can we venture to cite doctrines acknowledged to have been taught by the good and true of all ages as "a new reformation," yet—even though it may be owned that the Christ of eighteen centuries ago is not in the creeds or churches of to-day, still the doctrines now advocated by Spiritualism are only his original teachings revived—we answer, the strength and power of

these doctrines REVIVED are in the fact that they are now declared as present-day living truths; not the echo of voices hushed for thousands of years; also they are taught no more by one Reformer whose teachings may be received during his life and perverted after his death, as Christ's have been; but they are being taught and declared as "truth" by those who are living now in the experience of what they teach, and they are all based upon such principles of fact, phenomena, and science as will never die, and place religion upon the ground-work of proof, and establish the principles of nature as the only bible in which God and his laws can be read and applied. As for the reformation inevitably destined to grow out of this great spiritual outpouring, its future may be absolutely foreshadowed, thus: Prove the conditions of life hereafter as growing out of the conduct of life here to Governments, and they will not dare to abuse their powers over the governed, but for their own souls' sake act and stand as God to their people. Prove it to the legislature of the land, and they will no more dare to make unjust laws or strive only for place and pension, whilst those committed to their charge are oppressed and ruined. Prove it to the workers, and they will no longer dare to coin the flesh and blood of the laborer into wealth and luxury for themselves. Prove it to the great landowners, and they will no longer absorb forest and plain, field and park, for the mere pleasure of chasing harmless creatures to their death, and calling that sport, but they will parcel out God's earth to the homeless and outcast who have not where to lay their heads, and give fresh air, gardens and flowers to the children of the slums and alleys where crime and disease are now festering. Prove this to the magistrates who imitate the murderer's crime by murdering him, and they will no longer wait to hear the dread question hereafter, "Cain, where is thy brother?" but they will endeavor at least to reform their criminals before sending them to the land from which they will only return as demons to tempt and incite men to repeat their crimes. Prove it to all nations, and follow up the world-wide propagandism commenced by the spirits, and instead of devoting wealth and talent to the invention of instruments of war and slaughter, the rulers of earth will only strive to fulfill their trust by providing for the peace and prosperity of the people committed to their charge.

"The sword will be beaten into the ploughshare," who can say with the long-promised king, "I will indeed come in power and glory to the hungry, the outcast, the overburdened toiler, and the antagonistic ranks now arrayed against each other in ruinous strikes and vain efforts at mutual conquest. Capital and labor will be the right and left hand of the body politic of every nation. The New Reformation is no mere man-made effort to reform seventh-day systems of worship. It is the inauguration of true, vital, practical religion for every day, every life, and all grades, classes and nations of men, and though humanity is asked—nay, imperatively required—to be the active agents and instruments of establishing this mighty reform, the reformers themselves are the millions of the higher spheres of being, who can say with the revealing angel of old: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore. Work is worship. Be ye as we are if ye ever hope to establish the new earth and the new heaven."—The Unseen Universe, London.

WHITMAN'S DEATH-POETRY.

The Last Enemy No Enemy at All.

In the death-poetry of Whitman, the "last enemy" is presented as no enemy at all, but a friend, an object of wonder, beauty, and desire, an essential part of an infinite world-order, which is viewed, as the philosophers say, *sub specie eternitatis*, and which is, therefore, found to be all good and perfect. Shakespeare, still under the dominion of medieval thought, leads us in "Measure for Measure" to the grinning Death's head of the charnel-house, and in "Hamlet" to the brink of a possible penal abyss. Milton sees in vision his beloved Lycidas joining in the "inexpressive nuptial song in the meek kingdoms blessed of joy and love;" but he is alternately filled with Puritan and with an unusual classical sense of death. Shelley, in "Adonais," comes nearer to a natural view; for in his mind the soul of Keats "has outsoared the shadow of our night." But Whitman is beyond them all. Beyond the dim shadowy forms ferried over the dark river and flitting by in the joyous meadows of asphodel; beyond the chasm and priestly absolution, the hell, purgatory and paradise of medieval thought; beyond the Puritan Judgment-day and the triumphant reign of the saints. Death with him is a perfectly natural liberating force, reforming the permanent self into the possibilities of a higher plane of being.

It puts an end to nothing but a certain physical organism, which is so constructed that it cannot live except by dying daily, and which in the very nature of things must ultimately decay as a separate thing, and mingle gradually, atom by atom, with the world of material forms out of which it grew. The very wonder of the process fills him with a sense of its strange beauty, and therefore provides us with a new artistic treatment of death at his hands, a treatment infused with a beautiful solemnity that partly affects us like some impressive scene in Nature, and partly like the magnificent religious music which thrills the soul's most secret fibres at the celebration of the Mass.—WILLIAM CLARKE, M. A., in *Light*, London.

BEARING WITNESS.

Spiritual Experiences and Testimonies.

JESUS OF NAZARETH—PETER—MOSES—GERALD MASSEY—SOCRATES—THE KORAN—LECKY.

The story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth is the story of a spiritual medium, who did many wonderful works. A sort of glamour, however, seems to enshroud men and women in connection with the words Jesus, Christ, Christian. We throw away our reason at the mention of the names. We believe a story without evidence which needs the fullest amount of evidence to be credited. The Old Testament has less of the belief in a future life than the nations around; indeed, there is but the faintest glimpse from first to last. Moses, skilled as he was in the learning of the priests, by whom he was trained, did not, in borrowing a ritual, borrow also the spiritual ideas which it typified. The grand doctrines of immortality and spirit agency find no real place in his writings. The destiny of spirit he never alludes to. But with the advent of Jesus there is a change. He was, according to Peter, "A man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." At his birth we are told the wonderful happened, and after his death we have a record of a gathering which is very like a spiritual seance, "when suddenly there came a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and they began to speak as the spirit gave them utterance."

Whether he was a myth, as Gerald Massey, the Rev. Robert Taylor and others make him out to be; "a man approved of God," as Peter said he was; or God, as so many intelligent people believe, concerns not my present purpose. Certain records are at hand which describe spiritual phenomena, spiritual appearances, clairvoyance, etc. Could we get away the romance, at bottom there must have been something to rivet the attention of his age, and cause followers to link themselves to certain teachings. We want more testimony for an uncommon event than for an ordinary one, and if certain things recorded, such as body and bones—the physical man—ascended into heaven, well, we must set this down to the materialistic thought of the people, rather than as a historical event, but the Acts of the Apostles, the writings of Paul and the epistles ascribed to James have very much that looks like our modern phenomena. The "natural body" and the "spiritual body" of Paul, his trances, the gift of tongues, and healings, and prophecies, all show that Paul was a Spiritualist. According to Gerald Massey he was a Gnostic, one who knew of spiritual mysteries, but that his writings have been so altered that it looks as if there were two voices at work. We are told to try to test the spirits; not to accept their teachings except they are of a particular pattern; but there are no doubts set down to the fact that spirits spoke. Rev. R. H. Haweis, a Broad Churchman, a declared Spiritualist, has these words in one of his popular volumes, entitled "Current Coin": "I adhere to my opinion that many of the miraculous phenomena reported in the Old and New Testament bear the closest resemblance and affinity to the alleged phenomena of modern Spiritualism." But, I might add, that with Spiritualism, we have thousands of living witnesses, who can testify as to what they have seen or heard, whilst the other might be largely traditional.

Socrates, who preceded Jesus by 400 years, is really to us a man whose existence no man acquainted with the facts concerning him could doubt. He seems like one of us—a genuine flesh and blood human being. But the life of Jesus, written apparently by men who never saw him, and who regarded him as a supernatural being, has an air of unreality about it that leads the critic to doubt his real existence. The Mohammedans regard their Koran with a reverence which few Christians pay even to their Bible. It is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and practice, the message sent direct out of heaven. We are told, and can readily believe, that its origin was spiritual; that it was dictated to him by some one; that Mohammed listened to the voice and wrote down much of it on shoulder blades of mutton. "It seems to us," says Carlyle, "a wearisome, confused jumble," and yet for 1,200 years has its voice kept sounding through the ears and hearts of so many men. Undoubtedly he was of the type of men who always at the foundation of all religious systems, a man acted upon by spiritual influences, and made to speak the words which were given him.

According to a statement ascribed to Jesus in the New Testament, his followers would do greater wonders than he had ever been able to do, and according to monkish legend there are innumerable marvelous things which were said to have transpired in the Roman Catholic Church. Undoubtedly much of this is bound to have been exaggerated, but we are compelled to admit that, recognizing the more spiritual forces at work, and given the conditions, they would be as likely to transpire then as now. Lecky, who is undoubtedly a great writer, and whose "History of Rationalism" and "History of European Morals" are bound to live for the great amount of deep insight

they show, of course utterly ignores the possibility of anything transpiring other than what has come under his ken, or which of modern Spiritualists were utterly opposed to the possibility of phenomena of a spiritual nature occurring; nay, the facts forced upon them made conviction the only possible thing. Wm. Crookes and A. R. Wallace were not destitute of the critical spirit. Professor de Morgan saw and heard certain things which forced upon him the necessity of speaking out; Robert Chambers, who wrote such a profound work as the "Vestiges of Creation," was surely not bereft of the critical spirit, nor the thousand and one men and women of eminence in literary and scientific ranks whose cases I will cite later on. Theodore Parker, one of the most rationalistic of men, has a larger view of miracles than Lecky, and one which I think will appeal to the most reasonable minds. He says, "A miracle may be a transgression of all known laws, but obedience to a law found work as the 'Vestiges of Creation' was surely not bereft of the critical spirit, nor the thousand and one men and women of eminence in literary and scientific ranks whose cases I will cite later on. Theodore Parker, one of the most rationalistic of men, has a larger view of miracles than Lecky, and one which I think will appeal to the most reasonable minds. He says, "A miracle may be a transgression of all known laws, but obedience to a law found work as the 'Vestiges of Creation' was surely not bereft of the critical spirit, nor the thousand and one men and women of eminence in literary and scientific ranks whose cases I will cite later on. Theodore Parker, one of the most rationalistic of men, has a larger view of miracles than Lecky, and one which I think will appeal to the most reasonable minds. 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Progress, the Universal Law of Nature: Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

THE DREAM OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

Thoughts from Foreign Exchanges.

They Will Prove An Intellectual Feast!

And Bring Our Readers in Touch With the Old World

They Will Give You a Comprehensive View of Spiritualism.

You Will Thank The Progressive Thinker for its Eclectic Magazine.

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

THE NEW REFORMATION.

As Presented by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE PORTMAN ROOMS, BAKER STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The speaker, after a warm reception by the audience, delivered a short but touching invocation to the "Great Spirit," and spoke in substance as follows:

This is essentially the age of reform. The need of reform is recognized in every department of life; in trade, commerce, labor, law, and legislation. The cry for reform is heard from the rank and file of society everywhere, and extends even to the settlement of national rights between the various lands of civilization; and all the time, whilst reformers are striving to meet the universal demand by temporary expedients and modifications of the existing order of things, they entirely overlook the most potent of all impulses to reform, and fail to apply that mightiest of all motive powers that has ever stimulated the human mind to action, namely, RELIGION.

We are aware that the very essence of such a word, treating, as it is supposed to do, only of seventh-day observance, and entrusted to the administration of a set of highly-salaried and exclusive officials, may seem to be an anachronism, and out of place in an address purporting to deal with world-wide elements of popular reform; but as we propose to show that true religion is the reform of reforms, and that false religion underlies a vast amount of the wrongs under which society now labors, so we desire to define accurately what we mean by "true religion," and point to the pervasions of those terms in present day acceptance. Religion *a priori* consists of a logical and philosophical definition of a "First Great Cause"—an "Alpha and Omega of Being," vaguely called "God," by whose laws, rules, government, and purposes are stamped upon all His works in every portion of the universe, from the mightiest galaxy of suns and systems to the smallest atom of inanimate matter. The second element of religion is the discovery and application of God's laws, not only in good or evil between man and man, nation and nation, but also to man's rule of life in relation to every creature and every thing which the Creator has made and entrusted to human observation and government.

The third, and last purpose of true religion is to define the destiny of man in the hereafter—if, indeed, there be one, beyond the irrevocable and silent mystery of death—and to discover, if possible, the relations between continued existence beyond the grave and the life sections which have preceded it. For aught more than this, religion is nothing but man-made forms, idolatrous ceremonies, priestcraft, ritualism, bell, book, candle, and human invention to extort money from busy work-a-day people, stimulated by fear and mystery, to pay priests to do their thinking for them. And let it ever be remembered that the true religion, as we have briefly defined it, is not the teaching of books, churches, or priests. Religion is an original primordial writing of the Creator on the reason and mentality of the creature. It is the spontaneous thought of man arising in his mind with the very dawn of reflection, and urging him to ordain priests to study out and teach it to the people; and to write books to stereotype the best thoughts that can be formulated into the definitions of religion.

Thus the earliest forms of religious worship on earth were the adoration of a wise and beneficent Creator through His works—or, in other words, the worship of the powers of God in nature; the formation of national laws to promote the exercise of good and the restraint of evil, and an untaught but immutable faith in life beyond the grave, wherein the good or evil deeds of each should ensure the happiness or misery of the soul hereafter.

[Here the lecturer illustrated her position by reference to early religious systems, such as the worship of the powers of nature amongst the Egyptians, Hindus, Persians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, etc., contrasting in stern and unanswerable terms the fundamental principles of natural, primal, and practical religion with the unwarrantable and arrogant assumption of priestcraft, the introduction of ritualism, awe, mystery, vicarious penalties for sin, sacrifices, and burnt offerings—systems

equally degrading, cruel, and blasphemous when applied to the Creator of the innocent creatures. He was supposed to command to be sacrificed, but profitable enough to the corrupt priesthood whose greed and avarice were fed by such barbarous rites. She recoiled with rapid and energetic utterance the commandments claimed to have been given by the Creator of the universe in person on Sinai, and the direct contradiction to those commandments impiously attributed to that same Creator when he is represented as instructing Moses how to steal from and "spoil the Egyptians;" when he is claimed to have commanded Joshua to KILL men, women, children, and even harmless cattle, and to legislate for slavery and adultery, provided the victims were to be the enemies of the cruel and remorseless "chosen people."

Claiming that the God who was a SPIRIT never left himself without a witness on earth, the lecturer pointed to the totally opposite teachings of the inspired prophets and the greedy and rapacious priests, citing in evidence the Levitical institutes for rapine, plunder and murder, and the prophetic utterances of the prophets in which burnt offerings, sacrifices, fasts, feasts, and every form of priestly ritualism is sternly denounced, and practical good, simple truth and pure life are equally sternly enjoined.

After quoting the multiplicity of contradictions and other all-too-human edicts even to this day put forth by the priests of civilized lands as the infallible word of God, the lecturer went on to say in details which can only be rendered now in brief:

The first great reformation effected in this terrible and tragic record of a petty nation, audaciously handed down to posterity as the chosen people of God, was when an obscure and humble man of the people was inspired to arise and teach all who would listen to him a purer and better way. To those accustomed to think of the Creator as an angry despot, whose "terrible wrath" against his erring creatures was only to be placated by the prayers and intercession of priests, or by burnt-offerings and sacrificial rites, Jesus taught of the Creator as the FATHER of men, showing in the sweet and gracious parable of the Prodigal Son, that man was the child of a loving and merciful Father, but that pardon for wrong was only to be obtained by the penitent retracing his steps in the path of right, and that not through another, but through his own personal efforts. To a people accustomed to worship only in specially "consecrated" places, and on Sabbaths and at special seasons, Jesus made of every place a church, and every day and season a fitting time for good thoughts and holy exercises.

The long prayers, loud amens, and ritualism of Jewish worship he superseded by a brief, simple prayer to the heavenly Father, and all the cumbersome exercises, forms and ceremonies, instituted by priestcraft, he swept away in an exhortation for one and only one commandment, that "Ye love one another."

Of the life hereafter, Jesus taught in many a parable that its rewards and punishments were to be wholly determined by the good or evil deeds done on earth; by the mercy, charity, pity and forgiveness exercised between man and man; the great Teacher declaring that all good done to the least of God's creatures was done unto him, and the failure to do such good was equally a rejection of God's own appeal to man through His creatures. Without any learned disquisitions concerning the Messianic claims set up for Jesus of Nazareth, independent even of all considerations of historical time, place, or personality, we affirm that the teachings recorded in the four books of the New Testament present Delly only as man's loving Father; life as a probation for the good that can be done; worship as acceptable to God when rendered in deeds of love and helpfulness to man; Heaven as a place of happiness and love, typified by the purity and innocence of a little uncorrupted and unbaptized stranger child, and finally, above all, belief in Jesus, his teachings, and his doctrines, to be shown only in keeping his commandments, and doing the same works of the spirit that he did—opening the eyes of the blind, straightening the crippled limbs, healing the sick, reading men's thoughts, and performing signs and wonders impossible to mere mortality, unless performed by those IN THE SPIRIT, through whom spiritual powers could be manifested.

As to demanding worship for himself, he again, and yet again, refused all attempts to render it, and the last words recorded of him, when one of his disciples would have had him believe in

his affection, plainly proved how he would have that affection rendered in the touching words: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs."

[Once more the limitations of space necessitate condensation of the subjects dealt with. The speaker affirmed that whilst the church of Christendom for nearly two thousand years had set up, on most questionable authority, the life and death of Jesus as a vicarious atonement for all the guilt and iniquity of those who in every age, and for all degrees of crime, worshipped him as God, and for those who could believe in such a doctrine, Jesus himself died simply for a political offense, that is, for suffering himself to be hailed as "King of the Jews," contrary to the edicts of the then prevailing rule of the land, whilst his very death on the cross at all actually lacks historical proof, and is the subject of doubt and denial from many earnest students of Bible records and Oriental traditions. After reviewing the irreconcilable departures which the church of Christendom had made from their alleged founder—after analyzing the Athanasian creed, the foundation of hundreds of different sects, all slaying and persecuting each other in the name of him who gave but one short spoken commandment, and never wrote a line for sect, creed or dogma to be founded upon—the speaker pointed to the horrible persecutions for witchcraft, when millions were done to death in fire and torture only for giving "the signs" their Master had commanded in evidence of faith in him. She described the history of the Protestant Reformation, the horrors which followed it, the countless millions of lives that had been sacrificed in the warfare of sects—Christians against Christians—and closed her terrible summary of Historical Christianity by a no less stern arraignment of the present attitude of the Christian church. Inviting her hearers to accompany her in the spirit to the bench of so-called human justice, where assembled crowds of dark felon faces bore the all-too-prevalent stamp of crime and guilt, and whilst the presiding judge, assuming the cap of death, prepared to pass a sentence on the murderer by imitating his crime and murdering HIM, the speaker asked: "Which of you would take by the hand your purest, most innocent, and well-beloved child, and say, 'Take him! kill him! and let all the world go free?' And yet that is God's plan, according to the Christian's creed. Are the laws of earth better than the laws of God, that you dare not imitate them? Are the people of earth better than their God, when they would tear to pieces any magistrate in the world that would dare to follow the example which the church alleges to be God's plan, and destroy the innocent that the guilty may go free?" After those and many more analyses of the dominant creedal faith, and a comparison of the wealth and luxury of the church with the self-sacrifice of its founder, "a man of sorrows," that "had not where to lay his head," the speaker turned to the other side of the picture, and entered upon the wonderful history of the New Reformation and the Church of "God the Spirit" and His Ministering Angels.

Tracing up the preparatory steps for the inauguration of this church, let down from heaven on the basis of God's word in his works, preceded by revelations from the realms of immortality, and the unanswerable logic of facts, the speaker traced up the visions of Swedenborg, the stupendous discovery of the "soul of things" by Mesmer; the clairvoyant flights to the life beyond; and the glorious proofs that the dead were all alive again, as demonstrated through clairvoyance by Mesmer's followers, culminating in the working of the sublime Spiritual Telegraph between the realms of life here and hereafter, closing with a thrilling description of the night of the first Spirit circle of the age; of the high and the low, the illustrious and the obscure spirits who filled the humble cottage at Hydesville on the 31st of March, 1848, who formed part of the councils of immortal beings who had planned and inaugurated that Spiritual Telegraph, and who came to earth to establish the Church of the Divine Humanity in which all nations should worship and acknowledge the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.] They went forth from that place [continued the speaker] in the dim grey dawn of a March morning, all changed men and women, and were some ten years later your speaker commenced her investigations in that and many other lands, visiting the burning South, the frozen North, the ancient East, and the far West—everywhere she found Spiritualism there before her, the cry echoing through every land, "The Spirits have come, and we shall all live for ever," whilst the beacon fires arose blazing on every hilltop, lighted by no human hands, and the white standards of immortality were waving, planted by the power of the immortals themselves.

Once more the doctrines of good and truth as spoken and taught by every good and true man of all ages and climes were reiterated as the sole end and aim of earth-life. Once more the first and last natural religion of humanity was summed up as the belief in "God the Spirit," a practical, vital, everyday life of good and use on earth, and eternal life and progress beyond the grave.

If it be asked how can we venture to cite doctrines acknowledged to have been taught by the good and true of all ages as "a new reformation," eye—even though it may be owned that the Christ of eighteen centuries ago is not in the creeds or churches of to-day, still the doctrines now advocated by Spiritualism are only his original teachings revived—we answer, the strength and power of

these doctrines REVIVED are in the fact that they are now declared as present-day living truths; not the echo of voices hushed for thousands of years; also they are taught no more by one Reformer whose teachings may be received during his life and purveyed after his death, as Christ's have been; but they are being taught and declared as truth by those who are living now in the experience of what they teach, and they are all based upon such principles of fact, phenomena, and science as will never die, and place religion upon the ground-work of proof, and establish the principles of nature as the only bible in which God and his laws can be read and applied. As for the reformation inevitably destined to grow out of this great spiritual outpouring, its future may be absolutely foreshadowed, thus: Prove the conditions of life hereafter as growing out of the conduct of life here to Governments, and they will not dare to abuse their powers over the governed, but for their own souls' sake act and stand as God to their people. Prove it to the legislature of the land, and they will no more dare to make unjust laws or strive only for place and pension, whilst those committed to their charge are oppressed and ruined. Prove it to the sweaters, and they will no longer dare to coin the flesh and blood of the laborer into wealth and luxury for themselves. Prove it to the great landowners, and they will no longer absorb forest and plain, field and park, for the mere pleasure of chasing harmless creatures to their death, and calling that sport, but they will parcel out God's earth to the homeless and outcast who have not where to lay their heads, and give fresh air, gardens and flowers to the children of the shins and alleys, whose crime and disease are now festering. Prove this to the magistrates who imitate the murderer's crime by murdering him, and they will no longer wait to hear the dread question hereafter, "Cain, where is thy brother?" but they will endeavor at least to reform their criminals before sending them to the land from which they will only return as demons to tempt and incite men to repeat their crimes. Prove it to all nations, and follow up the world-wide propagandism commenced by the spirits, and instead of devoting wealth and talent to the invention of instruments of war and slaughter, the rulers of earth will only strive to fulfill their trust by providing for the peace and prosperity of the people committed to their charge.

"The sword will be beaten into the ploughshare," "the desert will blossom like the rose," the long-promised kingdom will indeed come in power and glory to the hungry, the outcast, the overburdened toiler, and the antagonistic ranks now arrayed against each other in ruinous strikes and vain efforts at mutual conquest. Capital and labor will be the right and left hand of the body politic of every nation. The New Reformation is no mere man-made effort of reform seventh-day systems of worship. It is the inauguration of true, vital, practical religion for every day, every life, and all grades, classes and nations of men, and though humanity is asked—nay, imperatively required—to be the active agents and instruments of establishing this mighty reform, the reformers themselves are the millions of the higher spheres of being, who can say with the revealing angel of old: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore. Work is worship. Let us as we are if ye ever hope to establish the new earth and the new heaven."

—The Unseen Universe, London.

WHITMAN'S DEATH-POETRY.

The Last Enemy No Enemy at All.

In the death-poetry of Whitman, the "last enemy" is presented as the enemy at all, but a friend, an object of wonder, beauty, and desire, an essential part of an infinite world-order, which is viewed, as the philosophers say, *sub specie eternitatis*, and which is, therefore, found to be all good and perfect. Shakespeare, still under the dominion of medieval thought, leads us in "Measure for Measure" to the grinning Death's head of the charnel-house, and in "Hamlet" to the brink of a possible penal abyss. Milton sees in his beloved Lycius joining in the "Inexpressible" song in the meek kingdoms blessed of joy and love; but he is alternately filled with Puritan and with an unreal classical sense of death. Shelley, in "Adonais," comes nearer to a natural view: for in his mind the soul of Keats "has outstepped the shadow of our night." But Whitman is beyond them all. Beyond the dim shadowy forms ferried over the dark river and flitting by in the joyous meadows of asphodel; beyond the children and priestly absolutism, the hell, purgatory and paradise of medieval thought; beyond the Puritan Judgment-day and the triumphant reign of the saints. Death with him is a perfectly natural liberating force, releasing the permanent self into the possibilities of a higher plane of being. It puts an end to nothing but a certain physical organism, which is so constructed that it cannot live except by dying daily, and which in the very nature of things must ultimately decay as a separate thing, and mingle gradually, atom by atom, with the world of material forms out of which it grew. The very wonder of the process fills him with a sense of its strange beauty, and therefore provides us with a new artistic treatment of death at his hands, a treatment that cannot live except by dying daily, and which in the very nature of things must ultimately decay as a separate thing, and mingle gradually, atom by atom, with the world of material forms out of which it grew. The very wonder of the process fills him with a sense of its strange beauty, and therefore provides us with a new artistic treatment of death at his hands, a treatment that cannot live except by dying daily, and which in the very nature of things must ultimately decay as a separate thing, and mingle gradually, atom by atom, with the world of material forms out of which it grew.

According to a statement ascribed to Jesus in the New Testament, his followers would do greater wonders than he had ever been able to do, and according to monkish legend there are innumerable marvelous things which were said to have transpired in the Roman Catholic Church. Undoubtedly much of this is bound to have been exaggerated, but we are compelled to admit that, recognizing there are spiritual forces at work, and given the conditions, they would be as likely to transpire then as now. Lecky, who is undoubtedly a great writer, and whose "History of Rationalism" and "History of European Morals" are bound to live for the great amount of deep insight

BEARING WITNESS.

Spiritual Experiences and Testimonies.

JESUS OF NAZARETH—PETER—MOSES—GERALD MASSEY—SOCRATES—THE KORAN—LECKY.

The story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth is the story of a spiritual medium, who did many wonderful works. A sort of glamour, however, seems to enthrall men and women in connection with the words Jesus, Christ, Christian. We throw away our reason at the mention of the names. We believe a story without evidence which needs the fullest amount of evidence to be credited. The Old Testament has less of the belief in a future life than the nations around; indeed, there is but the faintest glimpse from first to last. Jesus, the skilled as he was in the learning of the priests, by whom he was trained, did not, in borrowing a ritual, borrow also the spiritual ideas which it typified. The grand doctrines of immortality and spirit agency find no real place in his writings. The destiny of spirit he never alludes to. But with the advent of Jesus there is a change. He was, according to Peter, "A man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." At his birth we are told the wonderful happened, and after his death we have a record of a gathering which is very like a spiritual seance, "when suddenly there came a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and they began to speak as the spirit gave them utterance."

Whether he was a myth, as Gerald Massey, the Rev. Robert Taylor and others make him out to be; "a man approved of God," as Peter said he was; or a God, as so many intelligent people believe, concerns not my present purpose. Certain records are at hand which describe spiritual phenomena, spiritual appearances, clairvoyance, etc. Could we get away the romance, at bottom there must have been something to rivet the attention of his age, and cause followers to link themselves to certain teachings. We want more testimony for an uncommon event than for an ordinary one, and if certain things recorded, such as body and bones—the physical man—ascended into heaven, well, we must set this down to the materialistic thought of the people, rather than as a historical event, but the Acts of the Apostles, the writings of Paul and the epistles ascribed to James have very much that looks like our modern phenomena. The "natural body" and the "spiritual body" of Paul, his trances, the gift of tongues, and healings, and prophecies, all show that Paul was a Spiritualist. According to Gerald Massey he was a Gnostic, one who knew of spiritual mysteries, but that his writings have been so altered that it looks as if there were two voices at work. We are told to try to test the spirits; not to accept their teachings except they are of a particular pattern; but there are no doubts set down as to the fact that spirits spoke. Rev. R. H. Haweis, a Broad Churchman, a declared Spiritualist, has these words in one of his popular volumes, entitled "Current Coin": "I adhere to my opinion that many of the miraculous phenomena reported in the Old and New Testament bear the closest resemblance and affinity to the alleged phenomena of modern Spiritualism." But, I might add, that with Spiritualism we can testify as to what they have seen or heard, while the other might be largely traditional.

Socrates, who preceded Jesus by 400 years, is really to us a man whose existence no man acquainted with the facts concerning him could doubt. He seems like one of us—a genuine flesh and blood human being. But the life of Jesus, written apparently by men who never saw him, and who regarded him as a supernatural being, has an air of unreality about it that leads the critic to doubt his real existence.

The Mohammedans regard their Koran with a reverence which few Christians pay even to their Bible. It is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and practice, the message sent direct out of heaven. We are told, and can readily believe, that its origin was spiritual; that it was dictated to him by some one; that Mohammed listened to the voice and wrote down much of it on shoulder blades of camels. "Because to us," says Carlyle, "a wearisome, confused jumble," and yet for 1,200 years has its voice kept sounding through the ears and hearts of so many men. Undoubtedly he was of the type of men who are always at the foundation of all religious systems, a man acted upon by spiritual influences, and made to speak the words which were given him.

According to a statement ascribed to Jesus in the New Testament, his followers would do greater wonders than he had ever been able to do, and according to monkish legend there are innumerable marvelous things which were said to have transpired in the Roman Catholic Church. Undoubtedly much of this is bound to have been exaggerated, but we are compelled to admit that, recognizing there are spiritual forces at work, and given the conditions, they would be as likely to transpire then as now. Lecky, who is undoubtedly a great writer, and whose "History of Rationalism" and "History of European Morals" are bound to live for the great amount of deep insight

they show, of course utterly ignores the possibility of anything transpiring other than what has come under his ken, or that of the men whom he recognizes as authorities. "When men are destitute of the critical spirit," he says, "when the notion of uniform law is yet unborn, histories of miracles are always formed and always believed, and they continue to multiply until these conditions are altered. Miracles cease when men cease to believe and expect them."

But really this is foreign to the facts. We do know in this scientific age the bulk of modern Spiritualists were utterly opposed to the possibility of phenomena of a spiritual nature occurring; nay, the facts forced upon them made conviction the only possible thing. Wm. Crookes and A. R. Wallace were not destitute of the critical spirit. Professor de Morgan saw and heard certain things which forced upon him the necessity of speaking out; Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, who wrote such a profound work as the "Veilings of Creation," was surely not bereft of the critical spirit, nor the thousand and one men and women of eminence in literary and scientific ranks whose cases I will cite later on. Theodore Parker, one of the most rationalistic of men, has a larger view of miracles than Lecky, and one which I think will appeal to the most reasonable minds. He says, "A miracle may be a transgression of all known laws, but obedience to a law which we may yet discover, or in conformity with some law out of our reach." The explosion of gunpowder, the production of magnified images of any object, the phenomena of mineral and animal magnetism, are miracles in one age but common things in the next. Science each year adds new wonders to our store. Finite man as yet cannot understand all the modes of God's action.

All the credible writers amongst the early Christians believed that spiritual wonders continued in great vigor in their time, and especially the miracles of St. Bernard, who lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and which have been corroborated by eye-witnesses—men known to us by the testimony of others. There is much more evidence for the miracles of St. Bernard than for those mentioned in the New Testament. Of course we should take all these statements with great caution, repeated though they may be age after age, and be inclined to place little value on them, were it not that the same kind of occurrences have knocked at our own door. Where there is a deal of smoke and no clear flame it argues much moisture in the matter, and yet it witnesses certainly that there is fire. Roger Bacon, the accredited inventor of the telescope, a Franciscan friar of the twelfth century, disturbed the Church much by his seership and his science under the controlling influence of the Spirit-world. He was especially gifted with the power to discern future events, being highly mediumistic. His prophecies embrace the suspension bridge, the diving bell, steam navigation, the railroad, and the steam plough.

The Protestant Reformation did good work in dissipating the power of Rome, and though Luther said and did much for freedom of thought, undoubtedly a rule the reformers rejected in principle and in practice the idea of religious freedom. Liberty of conscience was a sentiment spoken of, but the story of the martyrdom of Servetus gives the lie to this. Liberty was only given to think in the lines of the new school. Calvin throws a dark shadow on his own and subsequent times. The Romish Church had affirmed that within its church the gospels and epistles still continued, while the new school repudiated this in its entirety, and assumed that all inspiration and all spiritual gifts similar to those of Jesus's time had ceased and were withheld by God.

If we accept the truth that Nature's laws are unchangeable, and that the wonders of Christ's time took place under spiritual laws, then there could be no reason for saying that they had ceased. The spiritual gifts of the apostolic age were not isolated phenomena, but a continuous series for one century and a half. St. Augustine, who was copied closely by Luther and Calvin, who lived 355 A. D., gives minute details of miracles worked in his day. The reformers threw away too much; they sought to separate the wheat from the chaff, but they retained too much of the latter and lost much of the former. Their rejection of the continuation of spiritual gifts was a fatal error, and yet Luther himself, as can be seen from his "Table Talk," had a personal belief in angels watching and protecting him. Because he accused the Catholics of manufacturing sham miracles he was afraid to claim to have the power of working true ones, in case they might retort. His experiences and confessions in "Table Talk" reveal that he had much in the way of spiritual manifestations. As Robert Dale Owen and Dr. Peabody alike say in treating of this subject: "This Jesus in the Catholic Church has all along been a killing frost, destroying every beautiful flower of Paradise."

Will any one say that the Catholic Church is decaying, and that the Protestant Church is gaining ground? The facts are all the other way. Luther had too much communion with the Devil. According to his own account "The Devil sniped with him, slept with him, watched with him, spoke to him in all his calamities and misfortunes." This so-called Devil, whoever he might have been, evidently intensified his will and strengthened him in his reformatory work. "As a man thinketh so he is." Columbus, it is said, when wrestling

with sorest difficulties, heard an unknown voice whispering in his ear: "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and give thee the keys to the gates of the ocean, which are closed with strong chains."

Tasso, the first of Italian poets, was a Spiritualist. He daily conversed with inspiring spirits, and his poems abound with beautiful pictures of angels and loving demons, who not only peopled the realms of his imagination but constituted the reality of his life.

Jacob Boehme is still a name that is heard and listened to, though he has gone onward for nearly three centuries. He is called a "mystic," a "Theosophist," because there is much in his writings hard to understand, but there is the clear acknowledgment throughout his life that he was visited by spirit and led to do the work he did.

Sir Thomas Browne, in "Religio Medici," strongly and clearly expressed his spiritualistic thoughts, though no one would call him a Spiritualist. He was colored by a belief in the power of the Devil. "I do think," he says, "that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits, for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow natures on earth." And again, "Therefore for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence that I could easily believe that not only whole countries but particular persons have their tutelary and guardian angels. If not manifestly of heaven in Scripture, yet it is an opinion of good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life." "They that to refute the invocation of saints have denied that they have any knowledge of our affairs below have proceeded too far, or what is the meaning of that piece of Scripture, 'At the conversion of a sinner the angels in heaven rejoice?'"

I could give you scores of quotations of a similar kind from this writer, who is almost a classic. I am not proceeding perhaps in chronological order, but all who have read the story of Joan of Arc can only make out of it that there was a case of genuine spirit control. France, crushed down, defeated and hopeless, is raised again by the efforts of a humble shepherd girl. Her story is credible that she was forced on her mission by angel voices, whom she meekly and tearfully obeyed. Our own Shakespeare did not understand her, did not see that there was the loftiest manifestation of heroism, but considered her a child of the Devil. The old story was repeated in her case—a savior buried as a witch. She was surely spirit-guided when she mounted her steed and led to victory so often the armies of France.

George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, is another clear example of the spiritual medium. His life reveals a great similarity with that of Jesus as given in the gospels. Born in 1624, at nineteen years of age he conceived that he was honored with a special commission from heaven. He heard a voice which told him to forsake the world. It was a voice that directed him not to put off his hat to high or low. Many cures were wrought by him which the early Quakers did not scruple to call miraculous. These are just as well known facts as, or even better than, the cures of Jesus. If you put them in a pel form they would read almost alike. He could also read the internal condition of people, a quality ascribed to Jesus, particularly in the story of the woman of Samaria, and a spiritual quality with which we are perfectly familiar in these days. (I have had personal experience of this of quite as marked a character as ever recorded.) He was also prophetic, like many spiritual mediums.—Jas. Robertson in *Two Worlds*, London.

Something About Heaven.

Can we imagine our poor sectarian distinctions and barriers and denunciations in what we call "Heaven?" Indeed, if we indulge the hope that in the life to come we shall remember what we thought here, it is worth while asking ourselves how we shall regard some of the ideas that now seem to have such sway. If the angels can be amused (and I hope they are, and know not what there is to prevent them) it must surely amuse them to think of the old quarrels about words and creeds, and especially of the old imagining that Heaven would be peopled only from these favored churches on earth. But perhaps they are too sorry for us to be amused; and think of men who are condemned to work for life in the mines, and who come at last to judge of all things by the light of their own poor lamps.

How it must astonish a real Calvinist—I mean a human being with all the spiritual limitations of Calvinism—to find himself surrounded in the Heavenly world (when he gets there) by men and women whose portion he believed would be in outer darkness! I like to picture to myself the meeting between Cyril and Hypatia; or the meeting between Servetus and Calvin; or the meeting between John Wesley and Theodore Parker. I suppose they all have to make the best of it when they find that the great God is not a partisan—that the Creator of us all loves us all—that the Father is not as partial as some men believed Him to be. But of this we may be sure, that if any of the children do not fall in with the Heavenly Father's way, He will not send any of their brothers or sisters away, to place them, so John Calvin will have to make it up with Servetus, or go on wandering in the dark until he does.—J. PAGE HOPKINS in *The Coming Day*.

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

Through the Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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PART I.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sacred Tree.

CALCUTTA.—THE DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Armand was surprised on his arrival at Calcutta to find at the quay, as if expecting to meet him, Mr. Metcalf and Hiejoh.

The former he had thought was far on his voyage to England; the latter he had left at Montrose Towers.

In the midst of his profound salaam Hiejoh managed to say quietly to Armand:

"My lady is quite well, and my young mistress, Zulieka, is as beautiful as the dawn. I will explain all when we are alone."

Armand turned to Metcalf, and said, inquiringly: "How is it that I meet you here, and now, Mr. Metcalf, instead of six months hence in England?"

"Your lordship may well be surprised, but a change of plans and the opportunity to forward my legal papers to England by a trustworthy hand, enabled me to visit the capital of India."

"You were fortunate indeed," said Armand, "and now that you are here I suppose you will cross India to Bombay, and see the whole width of the country?"

"I am not quite sure," said Metcalf. "When does my lord return to Ceylon?"

"My stay here will be very brief, but I may go to Benares."

"In that case, my lord, if I have the permission of your lordship, I will also go to Benares."

"I will speak with you further on this matter." Then he added, hospitably: "I presume you are comfortably lodged here?"

"Perfectly so," said Mr. Metcalf, "or as comfortably as this climate affords." Handing Armand his address, Mr. Metcalf said: "When my lord wishes to see me on business or otherwise, please command me."

Armand thanked the solicitor, who seemed now out of his service in his new role of tourist, and followed by Hiejoh, he entered a carriage that was in waiting for him, and proceeded to the official quarters of the Governor General.

He motioned Hiejoh to enter the carriage, and take the low seat opposite to him, for he longed to solve the problem of Hiejoh's presence in Calcutta. Without waiting an instant, he said to Hiejoh: "How and why are you here?"

"I came by a convoy that arrived after my lordship had sailed; a much faster vessel, for we left several hours later, and were here several hours earlier than your vessel. Why I am here is because my master is not wholly surrounded by friends, and has need of me."

"And your charge at the Towers?"

"Ah, my master, the Lady Zelda and Zulieka are as safe as if folded in your arms. Had I not been sure of this I could not have come."

"But in what way am I in peril? How can you help me?"

"My master will not ask when he knows that I have never yet deceived him. Trust me, my lord."

And Armand did trust him. There was something about Hiejoh's manner that convinced Armand of his earnestness and good faith.

"How did you obtain passage?"

"My Lady Zelda gave me a letter to the commandant of the port, who in turn gave me a pass upon the vessel then in harbor. My lady's letter explained that I was in your service, as everybody knows, and that I must join my master with valuable papers."

"And where are the valuable papers, Hiejoh?" and Armand smiled at Zelda's innocent ruse.

"Here, my master," and he took a small package from his inner pocket.

A letter from Zelda; more valuable than all the official documents in the world. So thought Armand as he thrust the precious package into an inner pocket next his heart, and waited until his official business was finished before perusing. He must wait, for the carriage had already drawn up to the entrance, and he was at the foot of the wide stone steps leading to the public offices of the Governor General.

But the building seemed deserted, and when a solitary officer came in response to Armand's summons, he was informed that the court (?) had not yet returned from Simla, where, as Armand well knew, they passed six months of the year.

"They are later than usual in returning, are they not?"

"Yes, my lord; for the damages by the cyclone, over a month ago, have not been repaired sufficiently to permit of their return."

And for the first time, so absorbed had Armand been in listening to Hiejoh, he noticed the great destruction recently wrought in Calcutta.

Not so terrible as on one other occasion when, in his boyhood, Armand had been there immediately after one of these fearful disasters, but sufficiently destructive, Armand thought.

"I suppose in the poorer quarters there is great suffering?" he said to the officer.

"Very great, your lordship; and we have been obliged to send and receive couriers with dispatches continually concerning these poor people."

Armand's first act was to drive through all the streets to see the extent of the damage.

Most of the lighter buildings of the natives, many of the bungalows, and even the stronger dwellings of the Europeans, were swept away. The bamboo tents of the natives had been entirely destroyed. And they were busy—much time as they could spare from other labor—constructing new ones. In fact, as Armand proceeded to the outskirts of the city he found quite an army of natives engaged in rebuilding the tents. Some were under government orders, but he thought there was little method.

He passed gardens that were completely ravaged; where beautiful groves had been were now unsightly roots and broken trunks of trees.

Calcutta is certainly in the track of the cyclones, and seemed doomed every few years to partial or entire destruction. So thought Armand, and so think many who study the winds and tides of this ancient peninsula—India.

ZELDA'S LETTER.

When Armand was alone in his own suite of rooms, which were always reserved for him at the palace of the Governor General, he took the first opportunity of opening the precious package brought by Hiejoh. Scented with many commingling odors, it seemed pervaded by the very presence and person of his beloved; her hand had traced the words and pressed the paper; her arm had rested near the favored sheet; perhaps a tress of her hair had escaped its fillet

as she was writing, and caressingly touched the page; her eyes—ah! he could see them now as she wrote, suffused with light, and—yes, he was sure there were tears—tears upon the page; tears of tenderness and sacred love. He read words too tender and sacred to be transcribed here.

Then he came to this passage: "You will be surprised, my beloved, that this letter reaches you by the hand of our faithful Hiejoh. He came to me so full of anxiety and fear for your safety, saying he had received warning of great danger that surrounds you, that I consented to his departure; especially as he told me there was an English ship in port, bound for Calcutta, that would overtake you. He never seems mistaken. I can spare him, so he goes to warn you, to be near you, and I pray our Lord of all Light to protect you."

When Armand had read all her words of tenderness and endearment, all that told him what he more than knew of her devotion to him and to Zulieka, he turned again to that portion quoted above, and re-read it most carefully.

"I cannot think what this may mean," he mused. "True, there are perils everywhere, by land and sea, yet this points to some especial danger, and I promised Hiejoh not to question him." He could find no solution to this new mystery.

Two things he recalled that had produced a decidedly unpleasant impression on his mind since his arrival in Calcutta—the presence of Mr. Metcalf was unexplainable, especially as the solicitor seemed rather to avoid Armand than to seek his presence. Perhaps, Armand thought, he is now reserved and waits for my invitations, as he is a tourist and not a "confidential adviser."

And he smiled to think of Mr. Metcalf acting in any confidential capacity except on matters of legal advice only.

He then recalled that he had seen Mr. Metcalf twice in conversation with a Spanish trader, or merchant, as he styled himself, whom Armand had on more than one occasion prevented from robbing the natives in his dealings with them, he had noticed this fellow on board the vessel that had brought him (Armand) to Calcutta. Of course Mr. Metcalf could seek general information from anyone with whom he chose to converse, still one sometimes feels when one is the subject of conversation, and as Armand had seen these two men talking together they saw him passing in his carriage, and turned their faces away, as if to hide their thoughts and words from him; he felt certain they were speaking of him.

He resolved, however, to think no more about it, and trust to the God of all Good for protection, and to Hiejoh for warning. One can only go forward and do one's duty. There can be no real danger in this course, even if—but he could not bring himself to contemplate a possible danger, and so dropped the subject and dismissed it from his mind.

He fully resolved to send for Mr. Metcalf on the following morning, and talk over some matters of business and the proposed trip to Benares, and possibly to Gaya. He heartily wished to avoid the presence of Mr. Metcalf on that journey, since he would then be free to converse with his friend, the Buddhist; but he saw no alternative if the legal tourist wished to accompany him.

THE WARNING VOICE.

A difficulty had arisen between some native dealers in silks and spices and a foreign purchaser. The officers of the government assigned to the port could not settle the trouble without orders from the government in the mountain retreat at Semla.

Armand's presence was hailed with delight, as he could act in any official capacity involving the interests of the Bengalese merchants. He hesitated to undertake so delicate a mission, but was assured that his voice and presence would quell the disturbance at once.

It was quite late when he retired with this upon his mind as the first duty of the morning.

At night—it must have been past midnight—he was awakened by a sound of music—soft, like voices chanting low, then clearer; as he started from sleep he thought it some funeral dirge, and wondered at the hour chosen for this solemn ceremonial.

On opening his eyes—and he believed he saw before his eyes were open—he beheld a wonderful light in his room, and saw—for the first time in his life since her demise—the form of his mother—as young, as fair as when he saw her in his childhood, and her face so overspread by a divine light and peace! She drew near, touched him gently with a soft hand, that thrilled him with delight, not fear, and said distinctly, the voice sounding in his breast:

"My son, beware on the morrow! Speak to the man with dark looks calmly, but firmly! Beware of thy speech!"

The same voice, the same sense of nearness, unto which vision was aided, and, impossible imagining; another face, another form, his beloved, his Zelda! He reached out his hands to clasp her to his heart, and the vision vanished.

No, Zelda was not dead. He recalled how she had told him of visits made in sleep, and that she had promised to be near him.

"Yes, beloved, the realm of sleep and the realm of death are strangely mingled—sleep is the rose-tinted portal that leads to the whiteness of eternal life. Ah, my mother! I will obey your monition; I will heed your warning!"

No more sleep visited the eyes and brain of Armand that night, and on the morning he repaired to the court room or chamber where the hearing was to take place.

The natives welcomed him as their friend; the officers of the government as their authoritative ally; the traders—No wonder Armand gave a slight, involuntary start when he saw the Spaniard, Vinola, as the one with whom he had to deal. And no wonder that when Vinola saw Armand he turned ashen with rage, and ground his teeth, muttering something, and then sinking into sullen silence; but he had made a slight motion—a motion detected by Hiejoh—toward his side, where the hilt of a rapier was seen, and this Hiejoh remembered.

More remarkable and surprising than all, Mr. Metcalf was there. Could he have been attracted by his overweening curiosity? How did he gain admission?

Armand had no time for mental speculation. The matters in dispute were stated. Armand advised a settlement of the difficulty without litigation, and explained to the Bengalese traders their rights and their true position. He turned his eyes toward Vinola, and explained to him, in Spanish, that his course was, under the English law, penal, and that by withdrawing honorably from the transaction he would avoid a criminal process. His speech was firm but friendly, and Vinola saw it and yielded.

The officers congratulated Armand on the success of his intervention, and all parties hastened to offer their thanks and congratulations except Mr. Metcalf. Even Vinola was compelled to thank Armand for his escape from detention and probable imprisonment.

Had the warning voice so pervaded Armand that even the hatred of the Spaniard was turned to peace? Time will tell.

THE BODH TREE.

The Buddhist had decided to go to Gaya first and then to Benares, and Armand wishing to pursue further his conversations upon those profound themes that so interested and entertained him, decided to go also to Gaya.

Mr. Metcalf had disappeared, leaving word for his lordship that he was called away by dispatches from England.

As soon as Mr. Metcalf departed, Hiejoh expressed himself as ready to return to Montrose Towers by the first ship that left Calcutta.

"Vinola has gone, and the Englishman who brought sad news to my lord. I will now return to the Towers."

"And was the danger connected with Vinola of which you came to warn me?"

"My master does not know that before the scene in the chamber of the Governor's palace, when my lord settled the dispute between Vinola and the merchants, I twice discovered Vinola following my master stealthily—once in the darkness when we had been to the aid of some of the poor people, and once in the marketplace. As soon as he saw me he slunk away. I saw his rapier glint on the night that he followed my lord."

"Then I did him a service for his ill-will, and he is now gone," said Armand in a low voice, while he remembered his vision and the warning; "and thou, Hiejoh, hast most likely saved my life."

And this is the way Armand arranged his affairs. His secretary went to Simla to await his coming; Hiejoh returned to Ceylon; Armand and his faithful attendant the Buddhist to Gaya.

By usual method of conveyance (then available) from Calcutta to Patna, thence the post-palanquins, borne by eight men, and traveling by day and night, a maula lighting the way with torches. Then by elephants and partly by boats. In the bungalows provided for travelers they found pkanasamah and peon when they stopped for meals.

Not for the sacred waters of Phalgor, nor for the footprints of Vishnu, in Vishnu-pad; not for the sights that forever brings a procession of pilgrims to this spot, sacred alike to Brahmin and Buddhist, came they.

A little to the south of Gaya are the ruins of ancient Buddhist establishments, monasteries, temples once erected around the *pey-pul*, the sacred tree of Buddha.

Hither, on the top of a terrace that clearly shows by the fragments of its balustrade its authentic age, repeating as it does the style of Sanchi, stands the tree, or its successor, now nearly despoiled of leaves, and with many dead branches.

The Buddhist had exchanged his traveling costume for the simple yellow garb worn by the faithful followers of Buddha. Armand followed reverently the footsteps of the Buddhist, who gained him access to many places Europeans are not permitted to enter.

After they had seen all—the tree; the brick-tower, built 250 years before the Christian era, by Asoka; the chambers or grottoes, hewn out in the rocks, small, square rooms cut in the hard, syenitic granite, and (as nowhere else in India) smoothly polished on the inner surface.

Then did the Buddhist withdraw with Armand apart from others, who came as pilgrims or tourists.

Seated beneath a fig-tree, offspring of the sacred tree they had visited, the Buddhist said: "Doubtless, my friend, all this seems 'image-worship' to you, as in one sense it does to me. While I hold it true that all our Lord Buddha attained were states that no place served to hinder, none to aid, when the great power came upon him to conquer the ten chief sins of Mara; that when he at the last attained the threefold height and held the golden key to Dukhasaty, opening the 'noble truths' that tell the meaning of all human woe and bliss. The lesson of that sorrow that befalls us here, and the vast knowledge that Abhidjina gives; when all that wonderful attainment once was his, no place nor earthly thing could help or mar that triumph all complete. Remembering this, and reading of it all in sacred books, still I come thither doubting not his sacred feet have trode here; doubting not the visible earth and all things here, of beast, or bird, or flower, or tree, were more blessed by his presence."

"We have nothing left but our relics," continued the Buddhist. "Our master's abolition of caste, of condition, as denoted in his life, as revealed in his sacred attainments and teachings, have been steadily overcome by the caste-loving Brahmins, and by the image-worshipping tribes and people. I come, scarcely knowing why, to silently protest against this sense-worship that we have seen to-day at Gaya, that is seen at all the shrines in India, and, alas, as if in mockery of our dear Lord Buddha, seen mostly where our Lord most dwelt—at Rajagriha, at Sanchi or Pawapouri, and here, as at Benares—everywhere."

"But dost thou not see in this, and in all that now broods over India, a promise? Does not the visible ever take flight by violence or decay to prove what thy Lord Buddha so clearly taught and wrought, the conquest over sense? Not the scorn of torture such as the acetics and yogis Bramacharis and Bhikshus win—by self-torture and pain infliction, but victory, conquest by knowledge, by holding and subduing all the sense with the uses of the soul."

"My friend," exclaimed the Buddhist, "thou, being a Christian born, dost preach to me and teach me a better knowledge of our Lord and his work than I am wont to hear."

"Do I presume," said Armand with quick apology. "I seem to perceive the spirit of Buddhism rise and take on a new meaning, not only for India, but for the entire enlightened world."

A STRANGE INTERRUPTION.

Charmed by the conversation and the scene, the sacred associations of the spot serving to make more impressive their talk concerning Buddha, a sense of Divine nearness seemed to pervade both Armand and the Buddhist; a feeling wholly dispelled when they had mingled with the crowd of pilgrims at Gaya, or even the smaller number near the *pey-pul* tree.

Two strangers approached them as they sat musing during a pause in the conversation. Both were dressed in the usual garb of European tourists, with a difference—although they were evidently English—perhaps, of a provincialism in manner and accent, as Armand afterward observed.

One was a tall, rather pale and angular-looking man, with very refined features, wearing his hair rather long, and a full, long beard that gave him a patriarchal appearance, although his beard and hair were untouched by any silver threads of age. He was a man of singular and impressive appearance.

The other, shorter and younger, wore his hair and a partly-shaven beard in the prevailing style of Europe. His face was round, and gave no evidence of deep thought or study, but as he approached, with closed eyes, both Armand and the Buddhist thought he was blind.

They soon discovered their mistake, and were both wondering if a religious mania had suddenly seized a foreign tourist, as was not unusual among the Hindoos, when the young man approached the Buddhist, and commenced to address him in the purest language of India; the language of scholars and sages; the language of the Shastras and the Bhagavatgita. Armand saw that the Buddhist was interested—nay, more! that he was moved.

A light was upon the young man's face, and Armand knew, as he followed some portion—not all—of the address, that there must be a deep significance in what was said.

He spoke of Buddha; of the true meaning of his teachings; of the value of the perfect knowledge to bring about the perfect life. He went deeper into the mysteries of the solemn truths than Armand and the Buddhist had been able to penetrate. He said all religions had a common origin in the Infinite Good; that according to the needs of every age this good was poured out upon the world in the words and works of prophets, seers, teachers; that philosophers and poets, sages and Saviors were born when the nation or world were in need of more light.

His manner then changed; he spoke to the Buddhist in the language then common in Ceylon; spoke of his family; his affairs; of the dear departed; of their names and presence, and predicted a great work for the Buddhist in reforming the people, and in giving light to the nations of the West concerning Buddha.

He then turned to Armand, and said in English: "My lord, your father, the late noble earl, is here; he comes not with titles or earthly honors now; he comes to bless you. Your mother, long in spirit-life, has watched over you from childhood; heed her warnings ever; they are your safe guidance. You have lately escaped some great danger, and you will do well to heed both sources from whence the warning came."

"You are not yet past peril from the same source, and you are on the eve of most important changes. Great trials and great blessings are yours. In two nations you will wield a mighty influence. The government officials have returned to Calcutta, and when your business is finished you will return at once to your home, and not proceed to Benares, as you had intended. Your mother says, 'God bless you, my boy.'"

The young man opened his eyes, blushed with confusion, and turned away. The elder gentleman, speaking with a peculiar nasal twang, but perfectly correct English, hoped they had not intruded, and said the young man was "often taken that way." They both walked away before Armand had recovered from his surprise.

"Although a foreigner," said the Buddhist, "none but an adept could speak as he did, or perhaps it was a deva who spoke."

"All that he told me was perfectly correct, as far as has transpired," said Armand. "May I ask if this was true concerning what he told you, my friend?"

"Of the future I do not know, of my family and affairs, and past events, yes, perfectly correct. Of the sacred word and works his wisdom and knowledge were wonderful."

The Buddhist did not seem inclined to pursue the matter further.

They returned to Gaya, and resumed their palanquins. On their return journey they parted company, the Buddhist intending to go to Benares, but having yet a little journey to make in this region.

"I shall ever feel grateful to you, my friend, for this glimpse of your religion—this more than glimpse that you have given me—and I shall ever feel the name of Buddha more than ever."

"And I shall ever feel that I owe to you," said the Buddhist, "the birth of a new hope concerning the future, concerning the spirit of Buddhism."

And thus they parted, giving the threefold signal.

Armand hastened on, pressing his palanquin-bearers night and day until he reached Calcutta. Here he found that an unexpected event had caused the return of the Governor-General and his suite two weeks earlier than was intended.

He was received with the greatest honors and distinction by all the officials, who, however, did not fall in their remembrance of the late Earl of Montrose. Some of the older attaches had known Armand since his boyhood.

Every effort was made to induce Armand to remain after his official business was completed. He remembered, however, that thus far every word spoken to him by the young man, near the Bodh Tree had proven correct.

He could not doubt that it was best for him to return at once. Love, duty, all things combined to hasten his departure. He found that his secretary had returned with the government, and without delay he set sail for Ceylon; for Montrose Towers; for the beloved of his heart and soul—Zelda and Zulieka.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI.

Gaya: Near which is the sacred Bodh Tree—the *pey-pul*—is amid the scenes of Buddha's triumphs, and forms the central place around which center most of the sacred traditions. Here the divine prophet resided for forty days, the demon, Mara (illusion), and conquered.

The best and most authentic records of Buddha are found in the Chinese and Cingalese languages—not in the writings of India.

The caves of Behar, carved in the Syenitic granite, are among the treasures of this vast realm. It was in one of the largest of these caves where the first Buddhist synod, composed of five hundred prelates, was held.

And over the plains and mountains of Behar are scattered the ruins of the *chaityas*, *topes* and *viharas* of a remote age.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mystical Numbers, Especially the Number Twelve

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

BY AN ANCIENT SAVANT.

Given Through the Organism of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

CONTINUED.

Lines of light from the sun's rays are affected measurably by this twelve; and it was believed in ancient times that under whatever constellation a human being was ushered into life, such constellation would hold sway over his destiny, as well as that the individual would be under the dominion of certain planets in the solar system, the constellations themselves exercising the great power with reference to the position of the earth and the sun. It is believed, also, and has been incorporated upon some secret societies, that twelve represented the number of man's absolute trials upon earth; that there were twelve great temptations; that these belong to man in his pilgrimage in existence, and that these once vanquished he becomes as God—that is, he completes the circle of existence, having conquered all life, and all physical being, and is then equal with the gods or the angels.

Twelve distinct dynasties were supposed and are believed now to occur upon the earth before the fulfillment of the entire period of the earth's existence, and yet these dynasties culminate religiously as well as temporally. It is believed that there will be twelve Messiahs, who shall come to the earth in successive periods of two thousand and a few hundred years, representing the longer and larger cycle of existence. These Messiahs also personify the principle of light and justice not capable of being discovered by man in the Infinite, but broken to him in this form that he may perceive it. These dynasties variously represent essential principles of truth. As Christ was the impersonation of love, as the Mosaic dispensation was the impersonation of wisdom, so the spirit of truth, as promised by Christ, will be the next impersonation, and following these in successive order will be the various impersonations of truth, until man shall have the complete circle of truth broken to his comprehension, and translated and interpreted by those who have the exact principles and method at their command.

The various forms of science do not represent absolute truth, but are only methods of approaching more nearly to a comprehension of the truth. There is no essential principle in mathematics; it is a form and means, not an end. There is no essential principle in geology, in chemistry, in any alchemy or any astrology, save that these are means of arriving at ultimate problems of existence. You would know the place, the position, the measurement of the stars, not because that in itself is valuable or important, but because it leads to that which is valuable and important, namely, the effect which these planets may have upon human life; the effect which these planets may have upon the life which inhabits them, and you are seeking these methods of obtaining knowledge by circuitous pathways of intellectual culture and growth instead of the more direct method employed in ancient times of the oracles. There were classes of men set apart for the interpretation of science as for the interpretation of religion, and these held converse not only with deific beings, but were ministered to by angelic powers; held converse with angels and spirits from other worlds, and knew of the methods and forms of life of which they spoke. There are those at this day who do this, but these are not accepted by science; are pronounced insane; are not given their accorded and well-deserved place among the interpreters of truth to the world. Therefore, science goes on unaided by inspiration, and the world is barred of results that she aims at. For instance, without the dual life of soul and body there can be no existence. While you have the form of life in mathematics and science, the soul is neglected, and there is nothing but the form; you have the highest body of the firmament, the skeleton of the universe, but not the spirit that inhabits it.

Religion has refused to ally herself to inspiration; she retains the lifeless body of theology, but forgets the soul. The dual nature is there again forgotten, and while men worship the triune God, they forget the essential principle of the trinity; while men worship the God that is one they forget the essential principle of the unit, body and soul. You worship the body; it is dead! There is no soul.

In the ancient days the mystical number twelve was supposed to complete the number not only of the Messiahs, but of the angels accompanying each Messiah to the earth. The twelve apostles were chosen with reference to this number. Twelve elders in the churches were chosen with reference to this number, and this mystical number was frequently employed in Egypt and in the Orient, as twelve maidens were designated frequently to worship in the temples of Isis and in behalf of her presence, the better that the earth might yield her favors and productions to mankind. To-day the great meanings are lost. Man only remembers the numbers, but not what they implied. The stepping-stones to science are now over the tortuous pathways of intellectual growth merely. While you cultivate the body and the supreme structure of the universe, you forget those interstices that are to be filled with the living spirit. You forget the veins and sinews, blood and life, nervous force and mind that must animate the structure that is reared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN BEINGS.

Have They Been Raised from the Dead?

SPIRITUALISM A REVOLUTION—THE SILVER CORD—WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS—JESUS, PAUL AND LAZARUS.

Spiritualism is a terrible innovator. Mr. Frederick Cook in his "Rationale of Spiritualism," one of the most suggestive and instructive publications in the whole literature of Spiritualism, truly says that Spiritualism is not merely Reform, it is Revolution. What a revolution it is effecting in the realm of mind and the world of religious thought! There is a striking analogy between the work and influence of Spiritualism and the construction of a railway. One aim is kept in view, viz., to create, as far as possible, a level and easy track, upon which shall be laid parallel lines of rails that shall be mathematically true and perfect. Everything has to submit to this object. Hills, valleys, rivers, woods, all yield to the ruthless and uncompromising plan. Short work is made of pathetic lamentations over the despoiling of the beautiful landscape and the destruction of the splendid scenery which has excited the æsthetic enthusiasm of generations. We can imagine the snort of contempt with which the magnificent locomotive, if it were a living thing, would regard your cherished romance about the old stage-coach and other traditional motifs of travel. As to the railway itself, it exists for the practical comfort and convenience of the community, and for the facility of transit of people and goods.

Very analogous to this is the relation of this new and glorious movement known as Modern Spiritualism, to the realm of mind and of spiritual life. Its one great aim is to make known the truth concerning spiritual things, and to give mankind practical knowledge and direction in relation to their higher and immortal life. In doing this, it shows small sympathy with ancient traditions and venerable faiths; it will enter into no compromise whatever with what is false, however long it may have imposed itself upon the human mind as pretended truth.

In regard to this question, "Have human beings ever been raised from the dead?" Spiritualists will at once answer "No!" Such a thing has never been; such a thing cannot be. We mean, of course, the restoration to the physical form of the spirit that has been separated therefrom. The "silver cord" that constitutes the vital link may become attenuated to such an extent as to leave the body apparently dead—really in a comatose or trance state—and to enable the spirit of the person to consciously enter the spirit spheres, and to travel to immense distances; but this vital link once severed can never be reconnected; decomposition of the body, when once begun, can never be arrested. To say that the Creator could raise a person from the dead is to talk at random; the Creator does not stultify himself. Laws of Nature, with which we are familiar, are subject to the action of other and more subtle laws; but all work consistently and harmoniously, and none of those laws are ever reversed. The evolution of the universe, and of the ultimate purpose of the Infinite, goes steadily on through thousands of ages, subject to no retrogression and no caprice.

At this point we are confronted with a vital article of Christian belief, viz., the testimony of the Bible that Jesus and others "raised the dead." I must observe, at the outset, that it is not of the slightest use merely to tell Spiritualists that the Bible says this and that. The Bible says a good many things, but how much is fact and how much is fiction will probably take Christians themselves a long time to decide. Spiritualists are accustomed to subject the Bible to the test of that reason and independent judgment which they exercise in relation to all other books and things. Now, as an illustration of the uncertain value of the theory that people were in former days "raised from the dead," we will turn to Acts xx., 9, 10, which says that during Paul's long sermon Eutychus went to sleep, fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. But what did Paul say? "And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him!" In the face of this, every orthodox preacher informs his audience that Paul raised the young man from the dead! We shall probably be assured that he was dead, but Paul restored him to life; but this only shows the puerile artifices bigots resort to to uphold a theory. Paul simply said, "His life is in him."

Very similar to this act of embracing by Paul was the action of Elijah, 1 Kings, xvii., 19-21, in the case of the child whom his mother thought dead. Elijah laid the child upon his own bed, then stretched himself upon the child and revived it. Now turn to Matt. ix., 24. Of course it is the universal Christian belief that Jesus raised Jairus's daughter from the dead. But what are the facts? Jesus said, "Give place, for the maid is not dead but sleepeth, and they laughed him to scorn." Of course they did. They were simply the prototypes of the orthodox bigots of all ages, who can only utter scorn and anathema against those who refuse to accept as truth the fictions of orthodox belief. By Paul and Jesus the simple truth was expressed, and they each brought their strong magnetic power to bear for the restoration of their patient to conscious life. This beneficent power is in analogy with the attracting power of the atmospheric air upon water through a vacuum, recalling the patients from their comatose condition. How about Lazarus? John xi., verse 11, Jesus says, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may wake him out of his sleep." Of course, I shall be told that he afterwards said: "Lazarus is dead," but it is not ours to reconcile the contradiction. Remember that in the case of Jairus's daughter, he said "She is not dead." Now in the case of Lazarus, there is every reason to suppose, both on a priori and

a posteriori grounds, that this was another striking case of suspended animation, or of trance, lasting several days. This phenomenon is only too common in these days, and many, no doubt, have suffered a terrible fate through it. As seership becomes more fully developed, such cases will be discovered and the persons restored, as was the case with Lazarus. I spoke of a priori and a posteriori evidence in this case. Jesus distinctly said, "Lazarus sleepeth, and I go to awake him." And then Martha said, "By this time he stinketh," etc., which would be the case in those hot countries; and yet there was not the slightest sign of decomposition when he appeared. He simply obeyed the magnetic voice and awoke. If the theory we are combating is still obstinately held, we must remind the orthodox that the burden of proof still rests with them as to the authenticity of the narrative itself. Spiritualists are always willing to accept what is reasonable in these ancient records, but will not accept what they know is contrary to the whole course of nature. There are two solitary cases left, that of the widow of Nain's son, Luke vii., 11-14; and that of Dorcas, Acts ix., 40. Taking the latter case first, look at the simplicity of the narrative. "Peter kneeled down and prayed, and then turning to the body said, 'Tabitha, arise.' And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter she sat up." Does any one believe she was really dead? How far had she gone, that she should open her eyes immediately she was called? If she had been really dead, Peter might have called long enough before there would have been a response. Magnetic power again recalling the person from the trance state.

In the case of the widow of Nain's son we would like to ask why this is recorded only by Luke? Did the others not think it worth while to mention it, or did they not know of such an occurrence? This makes the story very dubious to begin with. Then it is remarkable that Jesus came in the nick of time, when they were evidently about to bury the young man prematurely—as we believe, before he was dead. Jesus recalled him from the trance state. This is in accordance with natural law, and with the possibilities of present-day experience.

I think my readers will acknowledge, that in view of the above-named facts and arguments, the theory of "raising the dead" by Jesus, Paul, Peter, etc., is in a very rickety state, and scarcely tenable on any reasonable grounds. Something more than a few dubious cases is necessary to substantiate the theory of human beings ever having been raised from the dead. If Jesus or Paul had gone to a cemetery and had recalled the whole deceased inhabitants thereof to life, there would have a more substantial basis for the doctrine to rest upon. With regard to the "resurrection" of Jesus himself it is sufficient to say that flesh and blood cannot enter the spiritual world, and that that "resurrection" was of the same character as will be ours when our earthly life is ended. My only object in writing the above is to elicit the truth, for when we know the truth the truth will make us free.—Rev. C. Ware, in *Two Worlds*, London, Eng.

A Dream of the Dioscuri.

A VAST FOREST—THE PROSTRATE MAN—FACE OF A LION AND LAMB—WAR IN THE LAND.

In a dream I found myself in the depths of a vast forest, the silence whereof seemed to be that of ages. No wing of bird clove the air above the brooding trees, no sound of beast echoed through the silence; no wind stirred the heavy leaves of the serried masses of ancient oaks. Hill rolled on beyond hill, covered with dense wood, the foliage of which appeared to clothe the distant hillsides as with moss rather than with leaves, so uniform, so unbroken was the forest.

In the centre of this solitude I beheld, seated upon a crouched stone—prostrate, and covered with hoary lichens—a man clothed in a long white garment. Now his face was as the face of a Lion—and now as the face of a Lamb—in so far as the spirit of these creatures seemed alternately to shine forth. Though his features were the features of age, yet had the countenance of this man, the clear complexion, the lustrous eyes, and the expression of youth.

A large ancient book lay open upon the man's lap. Curious and mysterious characters and pictures were to be seen upon its pages, which, one by one, without uttering a word, the man showed to me, in my dream.

I knew that this volume was the Book of Mystery—also the Book of Tradition.

Even as he exhibited the pages of the book, the old man, raising his right hand, pointed towards the depths of the forest, saying, "Behold, they come! The mighty Brothers—the mystic Twins! They who must take part in every conflict in the world since the world began! Even Castor and Pollux—Hengest and Horsa—the Twins called by new names in each succeeding age!"

Whilst he spake, I was aware of a great white light approaching through the depths of the wood—which I then recognized to be the vast Teutonic Forest. The white light approaching, revealed clearly and sharply the huge stems of the ancient oak trees, and cast upwards a weird illumination amongst their curled and twisted branches. I caught a passing glance of a mighty presence—of white wings, and of white horses of colossal size, and of a pair of knights clad in armor of pale gold, their forms youthful and strong and moulded even as the form of the gods. Their face I saw not; neither could I catch sight of their helmets, for they rode so loftily amidst the leafage of the oak trees. But even as it had been an *aura* around the riders, went forth a sense of their mighty strength in the great flashing of the white light which encircled them. The sense of strength was at once a mingled terror and delight to my soul.

Filled with a shuddering of awe, I awoke, and knew that there was war in that land. And it was so.—A. M. H. W., in *Light*, London.

AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

The Spiritual Consequences.

A GALICIAN POLE—A JEWISH MAIDEN—A PLAN OF MURDER—ANOTHER PRESIDING JUDGE.

Thoughts followed by acts, which may be called materialized thoughts, seem to permeate the atmosphere. No sooner has one unfortunate duellist been sent to his long home by the superior skill or the better luck of his adversary than another one steps in and gives me, through the mouth of the Sensitive, his bitter experiences, his cruel end, and his feelings towards his still living antagonist.

There is a wonderful difference in the feelings expressed by the different controls on realizing eternity.

Some of the spirits seem to have sunk in eternity all bitterness of feeling against their antagonist, whilst others retain to the fullest extent all the animosity they felt immediately before passing away.

The present control is one of a Gallician Pole, whose transit to eternity, according to his account, was but a few days before the date of the control.

The Sensitive, under control, said:

A great deal has been said of late in respect of the display of athletes, which took place in the theatre of New Orleans, and more especially of the last event between John Sullivan and his younger antagonist, who weighed less by several stones than the burly giant to whom he was opposed. Yet the invincible world champion acknowledged himself thoroughly thrashed by his young opponent—this proving that in the manly English mode of fighting both have an equal chance.

This is not so with duelling. The result of many duels is simply so many murders, perpetrated under an aspect of fairness, and free, unfortunately, from judicial punishment.

Many here in England have perpetrated injury on their fellowmen, openly and fearlessly, for the simple reason that they were clever with the rapier or good with the revolver. One who is now given back to legislative standing owes his immunity from punishment to this reason alone.

I myself fell a victim to one of these honorable murderers, one of a class of men whose youth and early manhood had been passed either with the "maître d'armes" or in the shooting gallery. The circumstances leading to my murder and the destruction of my earthly body were many and peculiar.

At the age of thirty-seven, I, Eugene Brotsky, a Gallician, born in Limburg, by profession an advocate, fell in love with a Jewish maiden, a ward of court, and married her. She was a wealthy orphan, and her money was bound up in its sum total, but its interest was for me during our married term, and to revert to her in the event of my prior death; there was an appropriate portion for our children, if any.

God permitted one child to be born, but to live only for a twelvemonth, and then to pass away from time, stealing from her mother's breast all womanly tenderness, leaving her hard of heart, and indifferent to all forms of endearment. This speedily changed to loathing and hatred of myself, repelling all advances I might make. This she admitted at the trial, and said: "At that period I began to look for consolation away from my husband, whom I hated."

Amongst my college friends was one who had taken his medical degree, and who was well-known as Dr. Constance Medweg. He was noted at college for his handsome looks, his calm, impassive nature, and his passionate love of every form of athletic exercise. His contempt of his own life was proved by the fearlessness displayed by him, so often imperilling his life in the chase, during those unhappy conditions of things at home.

Knowing how true a friend he had proved during our college career, and knowing his undoubted skill in his profession, and justly thinking it was some form of malady that had so altered my wife's feelings towards me, I invited him to Triberne House, my home, for a long stay, and he agreed. There was plenty of hunting and shooting in the adjacent woods. This was what he alleged he desired the most, and with regard to my wife's moroseness, he said it was an attribute of a mother's grief at the loss of her first-born.

Thus Dr. Constance Medweg came within my home circle. My sister, who was about the same age as my wife, was her chosen companion. Little did I think that two women, so liberally endowed with personal beauty, could calmly and deliberately plan my murder. That they did so I know from having heard in spirit-life their conversation after the cruel deed had been accomplished.

I held money in trust belonging to my sister, according to the will of my father; both wife and sister had, therefore, a motive in accomplishing my death—to get money and obtain freedom from my control.

This Dr. Medweg became a willing accomplice. What man is there who can withstand the wiles and blandishments of an amorous woman? At all events he seemed to make no effort, and it came as an unpleasant truth that the voice of slander was raised against Dr. Medweg and my wife.

Accidentally on one occasion I returned home at an unusual time, far more early than usual. From what I saw I became convinced of the criminal relationship that already existed between my false friend and my dishonored wife. There was but one result, which was the result that had been planned. It was but a farce, acted for me alone on my behalf, the carrying out a plot, planned through all its cruel detail, by two abandoned women and a coward holding a gentleman's name and position, and got up with but one tangible result, which was that I should challenge him. This of course followed.

We went but a little distance from home—not far from the beaten track through the woods—and faced each other with repeating revolvers, advancing and firing—a duel à la Russe to the death. I was shot through the

heart, yet even then I was not wholly unconscious, although past the power of speaking or moving. I heard one of the seconds make this remark: "It is an unfortunate incident; Eugene Brotsky is dead; see that the place of his fall be clearly set forth, so that the body may be found and receive decent interment." This my rival failed to do, and for nearly a fortnight my spirit was flitting backwards and forwards, from my body to my home, and vice versa.

It was during this interval that I heard the conversation to which I have before referred. It was my sister speaking to my wife; she said: "It is strange we hear nothing of the result of the duel. Constance is said to be at Pesth. If so, he must have succeeded in killing or wounding Eugene, and if so, do you not feel his absence and his neglect?" My wife answered: "I care for him as little as I did for your brother. He was but the means for the end, and if he has accomplished that which we wished, I do not care if I never set my eyes on him again."

Here was proof positive that they had planned my murder, and that in a few hours their hopes would be accomplished, and they would know that my legal control as guardian was over, and that the reward for which they had stained their souls would, after a few preliminary forms, be within their grasp.

I do not say that mine was a life highly useful or valuable to humanity. I do not intend to convey the idea that the world missed me as it would have missed a Stanislaus or a John Sobiesky. I had led but a useless life, not thinking a great deal of the world's duties or the duties due to my fellowman; not living as a free and faithful child of God; not knowing as I know now the certainty of immortality.

Had I so known it as I now know it I would have led a different life, for I now believe that there are problems respecting this world's time and humanity without trying to solve the glory that awaits the soul in the life that never ends. Thus I fell away from life into the everlasting very little missed; yet the crime was just as great as if I had been the ruler of a nation's destiny.

What is honorable duelling? There is no such a term. In Gallicia duelling between civilians is a criminal offence. It is permissible only to army officers. There is some spirit of fairness in this condition. The officers in the army are supposed to be equally expert with cavalry sword, rapier or revolver. What would the world have said had General Boulanger killed his opponent, who was civilian? The one well-versed and trained in arms; against all expectation the civilian's sword pierced the general's throat by a tricky and unskillful thrust. Such fortunate accidents are very rare. It is generally the expert alone who leaves the ground uninjured, and he knows that it will be so.

Under such circumstances the chances are unequal. The duel ceases to be honorable, and the result, as in my case, becomes murder. One of the French nobility was tried for the murder of Captain Meyer Poa, and was acquitted.

I stood in spirit whilst the doctor and the seconds were charged, as civilians, for fighting a duel against the laws of Gallicia, and which resulted fatally. They were gently reminded that Medweg's talent was well-known as an unerring shot, and as having in fencing a wrist of steel; and also that his dead opponent possessed none of these qualifications. So punctiliously had the arrangements been carried out and in such perfect accord with the well-known rules of honor, that the seconds were acquitted by the judgment of man.

There is another Law, and another presiding Judge, at whose seat of justice I have cried, and still do cry, for vengeance. Immortality is a boon and a joy only to the contented spirit, and I am not contented now. One does not like to be cut off at thirty-nine years of age ruthlessly and deliberately, making me leave a healthy body, a comfortable social condition, and the home which had been the home of my forefathers, and under the garb of friendship to find an assassin.

Man may acquit him, but the judgment of God is as sure as is His eternal law. Already his punishment has begun. Regret, remorse, and disappointment in his mercenary aims follow him. These are a part of his punishment; his expiation will end when he receives my forgiveness, and although there is a statement that vengeance belongs to God, yet many a sun will rise and set ere my wrath ends or my wrongs are forgiven.

There is no greater danger in the world than a wanton woman or a false friend. Take the statement of one whom I had to leave outside of this circle by the order of my doctor; a major in the English army, who has been cruelly beaten by his mistress, a wanton woman. The poor man's bruises would never have been discovered had not his brother, a captain in the army, demanded that a coroner's inquest should be held over the body.

God help any man weakened by age, or of weak physique, who places himself unreservedly in the power of a wicked woman. Such a man becomes an accessory to his own death. Such women win confidence only to betray the easier. They demand perfect confidence; they pray for it, act for it, live for it, so that they may not only deceive their victim, but the world at large.

Sudden death is a terrible event, if my experience is the same as that of others. I can understand spirits being gradually prepared for immortality by the long delay of sickness. I can understand that they may be cool and collected when their immortality reveals itself through consciousness out of the body. In my case, however, it was like a man taken from a dark cell and placed suddenly in broad sunshine. I was troubled, dazed, confused and afraid. I did unreasonable things. I tried to put my body in a sitting posture. I found myself wholly incapable, and grieved that it should be so. I ran after my antagonist and their seconds on their homeward route, only to return again to my inanimate body.

It was a relief to me when my body was

found and interred. I see that even in spirit-life superstition reigns, and that even then I considered that it was better decomposing in a grave. The sacredness of the rites of burial affects millions of spirits, who linger near their unbred bodies until the last of their bones crumble into dust. This they do because of their hope that their remains might even to the last be found, and be placed in consecrated ground. Now I know it is only superstition.

I was a Roman Catholic in faith in earth-life, and I upheld the ceremonies and sacraments of my church. I now know that what I accepted as veritable truth was but the baseless assertion of priestly rulers. If I have one regret it is that I might have drawn my wife nearer to me in sympathy. I might have avoided controversial arguments on her Jewish faith and my Roman Catholic doctrines. My weakness may have caused her to despise me, for now I realize that the Jews hold a freedom of faith unknown to the Roman Catholic Church or any of the dissentients therefrom.

Dear sir, may God grant that your useful life may be spared; for, unlike me, you would be missed by many. I only passed away about a fortnight ago. May God bless you. Thanking you for your patience, I bid you good night.—*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

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.

DREAMS AND VISIONS.

A DREAM OF SHIPWRECK AND SURVIVAL.

TO THE EDITOR:—Dear Sir—I often see some very extraordinary accounts of "Dreams" reported in your paper, and I should like to offer another instance of a remarkable nature. Having just received my weekly budget of letters and papers from Australia, I read in the *Australasian*, of Sept. 3, that the cook on board of the ill-fated barque, "Newfield," dreamt a very prophetic dream, and thinking it may interest many others of your readers, I submit it to them. The following are the chief heads:—

The "Newfield" sailed from Sharpness Point. Some mistake was made in the dead reckoning; they imagined themselves on one side of King's Island and not the Cape Otway side. According to the carpenter's statement, the cook, a man named Jones, was made aware, by a vision in the night, of the doom that was impending over the vessel, and he imparted his fears to several of the crew the day before the catastrophe. It was related that he saw in his dream the vessel lying wrecked upon the rocks, and a spectral crew was scrambling into the life-boat lying by the side of the ship, and then back into the vessel to regain her deck. He told his shipmates this beforehand, that when the vessel was lost, as he was convinced she would be, he himself would be among the number saved; and his presentiment in this particular was, happily for himself, correct. The look-out man, when first he alarmed the captain by the cry of "land ahead," ridiculed the idea, but he soon heard the keel of the vessel grinding on the rocks, where she soon became fast. Then the captain, seeing as he thought a favorable chance for their lives, ordered the life-boat to be launched, and it was near an hour before this could be done, as the gear was so stiff and the iron-work rusty, and when it dropped into the sea, the line that held it to the vessel broke, and the three occupants were not seen after. Undeterred, they launched the second life-boat, and all hands that possibly could scrambled into her. Then followed the scene he saw in his dream. The fatal mishap added to the increased death-list. The painter of this life-boat was made fast to the barque, and all effort to part it failed, and as this small boat was on the seaward side of the "Northfield," so wave after wave rolled in on them with tremendous force over the reef, and so dashed her against the side of the steel-plated ship. But nothing could withstand the strain she was subjected to. Unfortunately eight seamen and her captain were drowned, who had sought refuge in her. She sank until her gunwales were awash in the water. Then for an hour there went on the struggle for dear life, men grasping wildly with bleeding hands, and torn by striving to catch hold of anything over the sides of the barque, in the vain effort to regain her deck. One by one they gave up the contest, and as they fell back into the water—some being crushed between the boat and the vessel—the life was speedily crushed out of them. Some of the strongest reached the deck, and helped in every way possible to assist the others. But after a time the painter broke, and the boat then left the ship's side, and they were lost that remained in her. The cook was saved, as he dreamt he should be.—*Silverpen*, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

A Great Inducement.

The fact that we send the first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's story free to all new subscribers should add at once ONE THOUSAND new readers to our subscription list. Speak to your neighbors in reference to this liberal offer, and try and get their subscriptions.

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

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

TRIAL OF HYPNOTISM.

A Case of Great Importance.

HYPNOTISM IN COURT—STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS—BRAIDISM—INDIAN FAIRIES.

The *Daily Telegraph* says: Everything seems to be possible in judicial procedure in the United States, and there has just been enacted at the trial of one Edward Livernash, at Santa Rosa, the capital of Sonoma county, some fifty miles from San Francisco, a dramatic episode so weird and so ghastly that it seems to have been borrowed bodily from the trial scene in "The Heli." Livernash was called as a witness in his own defence. After he had taken his place on the stand, and had been sworn, he was thrown into a hypnotic trance, by an expert, and he then proceeded to tell and act again the story of the feelings, emotions, and incidents which had preceded the crime. It must be premised that the hypnotized witness is a young man tolerably well known in the Western States as a brilliant newspaper writer, who had edited very creditably several journals published on the Pacific slope. Some weeks ago, it is alleged, he endeavored to make an old man named Etheridge drink a glass of wine drugged with sufficient prussic acid to kill a dozen men. He afterwards fired several shots at Etheridge. The defence was to the effect that Livernash is subject to hypnotic influences, and that while he is in an artificially somnambulistic condition he is practically a lunatic with a strong homicidal mania. It was the medical gentleman for the defence who hypnotized the accused man. He passed his hand several times in front of the face of the subject, whose eyes became half-closed and devoid of lustre and whose features grew pale, while he never winced when prussic acid was poured into his hands, cheeks and ears. The expert who was present in the interest of the prosecution was incredulous as to the state of hypnotism having been produced, and aimed a violent blow at Livernash. Still there was no sound or indication that he felt the percussion. This is not altogether in accordance with the ordinary methods of hypnotism, since experts, from the time of Braid downwards, have been unanimous in their agreement that the best way to bring about a cessation of the hypnotic trance is sharply to strike or shake the patient, or suddenly to make a loud noise, such as the discharge of a pistol, close to his ear. He may be awakened, also, by gently blowing on his eyelids.

Gradually Livernash was led up by ingeniously-directed questions to the time immediately preceding the crime. He rambled through his story like a half-drunken man, describing all his movements prior to the act of homicide of which he was accused. He narrated all his actions, and stated that he had fired at the old man Etheridge because the latter had refused to bequeath his property to him. A number of interrogatories were pressed by the prosecution, and these Livernash answered readily. The hypnotizer afterwards called the prisoner back to his normal condition, and the main witness, who had been at the pins out of his flesh, became sane once more underwent a complete change, and he became alert, keen, and suspicious. It must be very clear to unprejudiced students of this extremely curious case that the theory of the defence as to Livernash being subject to hypnotic influences, and in that condition being liable to homicidal mania, is radically vitiated by the circumstance that, before he yields to such blood-thirsty impulses, it is necessary that he should be thrown into a hypnotic trance. Hypnotism is not a natural, but an artificial somnambulism; and there was no evidence to show that Livernash had been hypnotized prior to his offering Etheridge the poisoned wine and then firing several shots at him.

Is artificial somnambulism, or "Braidism," as the hypnotic state was formerly known by foreign savants, a kind of artificial madness? It is not assuredly accompanied by any cerebral lesion; since it disappears with such rapidity that it is not remarkable to find that many appreciable structural changes have taken place in the nervous system of the subject while hypnotized. Hypnotism seems to have existed from time immemorial in the East; and the amazing faculty possessed by the Indian fakirs, who for a protracted period will remain in abnormal positions while plunged in a state of complete insensibility, and without the slightest movement, without the slightest change of position, is in all likelihood due to hypnotic influences. These fakirs, it is said, can bring themselves into a condition analogous to that of catalepsy, by looking with fixed and continuous attention at the extremities of their noses—a device which, oddly enough, is one of what are called "old woman's remedies" for insomnia; although in such cases the nose must be looked for in the dark, and the act is consequently fatal to the patient's physical one. Other Indian sectaries, habitually self-hypnotizers, have received among European students of these phenomena the pseudo-scientific names of "Omphalopsychists" and "Ombicants," and these grotesque fanatics are undoubtedly in close affinity with the Quilists of the Greek monastery of Mount Athos, whose hypnotic visions have been described with exquisite Indian cynicism by Gibbon, who minutely explains the process of self-hypnotism as practised by an abbot who flourished in the eleventh century. "When thou art alone in thy cell," says the ascetic teacher, "shut thy door, and seat thyself in a corner; raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy head and chin on thy breast, turn thy eyes and thy thoughts toward the region of thy navel, and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless, but if thou persevere day and night, thou wilt feel an ineffable joy, and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light." The first cause of "sitting in a corner and looking at the middle of one's stomach" would be, in all probability, the setting in of what is called a state of what is called "hebeude," that is to say, chronic dulness, stupidity, and indifference to external objects; and if the Quilist monks of Mount Athos passed their days and nights in complete, or almost complete, solitude, their isolated condition may possibly have been a sufficiently happy one. We have, however, no record of any suggestions having been made to them while in this semi-comatose condition; nor have Oriental travelers favored us with any detailed accounts of

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

FUTURE ELECTRICITY.

A Visit to Benjamin Franklin in Spirit-Life.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA, AUTHOR OF "THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY," "OCEANIDES," "A PSYCHICAL NOVEL," ETC., ETC.

After we had builded our home among the angels we desired to visit some of those beautiful temples of wisdom which we had passed on entering in at the gate of the shining city.

As we were near a completed angel, our thoughts and desires were one; although we bore two forms, yet, like the two hemispheres of the human brain acting simultaneously for the elimination of thought, our two spiritual bodies, the positive and the negative, or male and female, acted in like manner, in perfect unison and harmony for the elimination of thoughts and desires on a grander scale than is possible for a spirit or a man or woman living.

As earthly man's thought, at best, is an imperfect half-thought, although powerful and positive; a woman's thought is an imperfect half-thought, although a shade more spiritual, more interior and less positive, but when the true union of the right positive and negative takes place, as it invariably must before an angel can be formed, then the thoughts which are eliminated from the blending become round, full, perfect, harmonious in all their parts, and may be compared to beautiful, ivory-like perfect children, which they represent.

The great, unchangeable, natural law is, that until the true union takes place an angel cannot be the result; they are yet but wandering spirits, seeking to become angels—desiring to enter the angelic cities. Such had been Mary, such had been Solon—such never more to be. The angel was perfected, their thoughts and desires were one; and thus our thoughts went forth as one thought, our desires as one desire.

We desired first to visit a shining temple which we had observed on our way hither. As all the temples which we had seen differed from each other, we had no difficulty in remembering the appearance of the one we wished to enter first.

This temple had dazzled us with its beauty and brightness; it had appeared to our sight something as the sun appears to the eyes of man, or rather, as a rising sun when but half its disk appears from the horizon. It was in the form of a great rising sun, shooting forth innumerable rays of dazzling light, each ray penciled in all the exquisite colors of the rainbow, and yet a thousand times more delicate and refined than the heavier, coarser colors of the earthly rainbow.

The temple was in the form of a perfect half-globe, its base resting on a bank of rosy clouds; for the earth of the angelic city was not more dense than the clouds of earth, and these clouds were piled up like an earthly hill, or mountain—terrace upon terrace, cloud upon cloud—and the door of the temple was reached by many, very many steps of palest shining gold. We observed, as we approached, a beautiful banner flying from the apex of the temple, formed like a kite, and as we inspected it more closely, we saw that the long, golden string of the beautiful kite was held in the hands of a tiny statue, appearing like pale bronze, the face upturned, the eyes looking earnestly at the flying, dancing, warbling kite, as it pitched and tossed about upon the shining white surface of the kite were the following words: "The truth shall make us free."

Over the arched amber entrance to the interior of this beautiful temple was the name, written in words of flaming light: "Benjamin Franklin," and upon the door: "Electrical Institute," and in a half-circle, over a small white button, the following words: "Whosoever desires to enter, let him touch this button. Touching the button, the door at once opened wide, and we entered immediately, finding ourselves within a vast space, for the half-globe, forming the temple, was very large—so large indeed that it appeared very much as the domed heavens of earth appear, the interior being a pale blue.

We looked around with eager curiosity. There being no vestibule, the thought entered our mind that Franklin's economy would not admit of anything which could be called superfluous. That which met our gaze was wonderful indeed. In the center of this vast circular room was a raised dais or throne, and standing upon it were two forms which we recognized at once as those belonging to [the angel] Benjamin Franklin.

The dais was revolving slowly around, so that Franklin's eyes could successively take in all the details of this vast workshop, as we may call it, and no part escape his scrutinizing glance—for he was personally directing all this intricate business.

Immediately there flashed out on the blue walls of the temple, in letters of the living gold, the following sentences:

"Electricity is the motive power which revolves this dais. All halcyon lights, as well as revolving lights, will yet be lighted and worked by the aid of electricity. Electric cable wires will be run to all shoals, dangerous reefs, rocks and small islands—and groups of the same together will be instantly lighted by the touch of a finger; this appertains to the earth's electric power."

Again, other sentences flashed out on the blue vault:

"All signaling will yet be done after the manner of this writing—it will be projected by electrical apparatus from some high tower against the atmosphere for even hundreds of miles out over the sea. Towers will yet be erected all over the globe, and from these stations messages of various import will be projected into the atmosphere, to be read by thousands of people at once."

"Immense electrical flash-lights will at some future period reach the moon and the inhabitants of Mars; pictorial representations will be hurled into their atmospheres, and responses from the inhabitants of Mars will be obtained. The moon is not inhabited by man—nothing as yet but a few of the lower reptiles. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

Franklin now descended from the dais, and with welcoming eyes and smiling lips, approached us; our hands met in sympathetic clasp.

"We feel honored," he said, "that this institute should be the first to be visited by a new-made angel. Will you come with us and take seats upon the

dais? It will be to you as an observatory."

We gladly consented, and soon found ourselves, together with Franklin, slowly revolving as the dais swung around.

"Electricity," he said, "is the pivot or motive power on which all worlds swing within their orbits. Electricity will yet be the motive of all machinery that will move on earth, and the earth will soon be circumnavigated entirely by means of electricity. Behold! all cars will be run by electricity; all ships will plow the oceans and seas; all cities of all kinds will be moved by its power; all printing will be done by its aid; everywhere where fire is needed, there will it be called into requisition, and the whole world will be lighted by it. We are now speaking of the earth, on which we once lived."

"Every ray which shoots forth from all suns is purely electrical, and electricity is the principle, or moving power, of all life and growth, wherever found. Electricity will yet carry ships swiftly around the earthly globe, and transport its inhabitants from one point to another; and 'poor, crazy Ben,' as he used sometimes to be called by cavilers at his experiments, will receive his just meed of recognition."

"My dear Solon, you will readily understand that if the electrical rays from the sun can paint the clouds in all imaginable colors, likewise an electrical light may be so arranged that it can at first paint the clouds by the projecting of colored rays, arranged in the form of letters or pictures, and as people grow wiser still, they can thus paint the evening sky, and, last of all, the clear, blue dome of the heavens."

"Think not, my Solon, that Franklin is idle, or ever has been since he left the earth; for, as fast as he could think out or discover a new method for the cure of disease, he immediately put it into practice, and put himself en rapport with some person yet on the earth who had a brain fitted to receive the impressions conveyed, work them out and give them to the world. What did he care whether such person bore the name of Thomas Edison, or any other? What is in a name, after all? It is light and truth which the people on the earth want. The man who gives it is but the medium between the heavens and the earth; names are of little account."

"We asked, 'how about the air-ships?'"

"Look!" he replied, and we looked.

Ah, yes; it was all clear at once. "Powerful magnets, placed on high eminences, will draw the electrical current as straight as the needle to the pole. Manage your air-ships in that way, and they will soon become a success. A powerful magnet placed on the highest eminence in New York will draw an electrical air-ship in a straight line from Boston, and set on from place to place around the globe; and the picture of the representation of this was what we were looking at as he pointed."

"Now we come to pictures," continued Franklin; "we paint all our thoughts as pictures on the brain of sensitive still on the earth. They say that they see such and such scenes, or that they are impressed with this and that; many laugh and sneer at them."

"O! ye thick-heads—whose brains are, in comparison, as coarse, brown paper, to that finely-prepared sensitive paper of the photographer, laugh not, neither sneer at such acts but proclaim their own obtuseness. Look in a mirror, laugh and sneer at the reflection it gives you, and you will have a boon companion for what gives you back your own reflection or picture? Electrical rays; nothing more, nothing less. Electrical rays, which you call light, strike first, your sneering face, from thence dart straight on their course, where? oh, sneering face!—straight for the great magnetic globe, the counterpart of the sun; they cannot get through the sun, for some cunning hand has placed an impenetrable shield at the back of the glass; they cannot get through that way, therefore they bend or are deflected from their straight course and throw the picture of your sneering face back on your own obtuse brain, through the camera of your haughty eyes; the rays do not stop there, but once more deflect, after leaving the picture or impression; they are not slightly robbed; a thousand other rays are carrying the picture straight on, to impress it on whatever is impossible; the same rays which have shown you the picture soon join their comrades, and your sneering face has, perhaps, been photographed a thousand times before it reaches the great magnetic globe; here it is at last absorbed, and changed from a sneer to wonder and amazement; for neither the mind of man, spirit nor angel is able to conceive of the working of this great laboratory; herein, as with the brain of man, are stored all the pictures which the electrical rays of its counterpart, the sun, have ever brought to it."

"More than this I am not able to present to tell you, my dear Solon. All pictures, whatever their nature, will yet be painted by the use of electrical rays, which will make them so lifelike that they will only need a living spirit within to cause them to move and speak; and all printing will eventually be done in the same way."

Franklin looked at us with his great, beautiful, brown, searching eyes, and the massive dome of his grand head arose above him, shooting forth rays of fire, electric light, as shoot forth the rays of the sun, but the two brains acted alike (as a magnetic globe, the other electric, male and female, positive and negative).

We left the dais. Franklin bade us adieu, and we departed to our home among the angels, within that shining city we had so long waited to enter.—*Medium and Daybreak, London.*

ZULEIKA.

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 first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's story sent free to all new subscribers.

Mr. Gladstone, within the most exclusive official circles in the English Government, is known as plain "Mr. G."

LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT.—A work by Mrs. Mary Richmond, is about to be issued in reference to the Summer-Land. Price \$1.00.

AFRICAN MAGIC.

Particulars in Reference to It.

The negroes of the West Indies appear to have a knowledge of occult powers which are impressive while they are exceedingly unpleasant. An article on "African Magic," signed M. H. Korah, appears in the *Theosophist* for this month. The article begins by a reference to an editorial of the *Trinidad Public Opinion* of July 12, 1892, where the reported arrest of a witch excited the West Indian print to talk of the assumed wisdom in this way:

The witch, in common with others of her class, was said to have passed in through keyholes, practiced her death-dealing arts on the unfortunate inmates of the houses into which she had entered and by uttering certain incantations had caused ruin to follow upon those connected with the unfortunate families.

These were some of the sayings amongst the crowd, and from the manner in which they expressed themselves it is to be feared that even in this enlightened age the lower orders amongst us believe in witchcraft, and that they particularly believed all that had been said of this mysterious witch.

Most probably they did, and, perhaps, with more reason than the editor of the *Trinidad Public Opinion* supposes. The writer of the article in the *Theosophist*, however, takes the opportunity of recording some curious stories from the writings of Pere Labat. The following is one of them:

In 1698, one of our negroes had been ill for a long time of a malady unknown to our own surgeons, and, as I suspected slow poison, I forbade her to receive any medicine from any one but our own surgeon. One evening I was told that there was a negro in her hut giving her medicine (as had been forbidden). I immediately took steps to chastise and drive him away. As I approached the door of the hut stopped, and looked through the wattlework of which the hut was built, at what was going on. I saw the sick woman extended on the ground on a mat, a little figure of earthenware was on a little altar in the middle of the hut; the negro "doctor" was on his knees before the figure, and seemed to pray with much attention. After a little he took a "cony" (a half calabash) in which he had some fire, put some gum (resin of *Bursera balsamifera*) on it, and set it alight. At the same time several incensings and prostrations he approached it, and asked it whether the negroess would recover or not. I heard the question, but not the answer. The negroess, who was the most interested person, and several negroes who were near her, I heard it, and began immediately to weep and cry. At this moment I threw open the doors and entered with five or six others. I caused the sorcerer, and also some of the spectators who did not go to our village, to be seized. I took the figure, the cony, the medicine-bag and the cat, the paraphernalia; I asked the negroess why she cried, and she answered me that the Devil had told her she would die in four days, and that she had heard his voice come out of the little figure. The other negroes (spectators) confirmed the same.

To undeceive them I said that it was the negro "doctor" who had spoken in a counterfeit voice, and that if the Devil had been there to reply to him, he would also have warned him of my presence and intention of catching him. Then I had the "doctor" seized up and given about three hundred lashes with the cat. He yelled like mad, and our negroes begged me to let him off; but I told them sorcerers did not feel pain, and that he only yelled to mock me. Then I had a seat brought, set the figure upon it, and told the "doctor" to pray the Devil to deliver him out of my hands, or to carry away the figure; and that if he did not do one or the other I would give him some more of the cat. The negroes, who were all now assembled, trembled, and told me the Devil would kill me, and that he would burn me with his fire, and that nothing I could say would persuade them otherwise. At last, to show them I feared neither the Devil nor sorcerers, I kicked the figure in pieces, and smashing up all the sorcerer's equipment, I put it all into a fire; and having burnt them I threw the ashes into the river. It seemed to me that this slightly reassured the negroes.

But the annoying part of this adventure was that the negroess actually died on the fourth day; may her imagination have been struck by the reply of the Devil, or perhaps she felt that her illness ought to carry her off by that time. Anyhow, I took care to confess her. . . and had the consolation of seeing her die a good Christian (!).

And the following is another: Mons. le Comte de Genes, commanding a squadron of the king's ships, having taken the Port of Greece (West coast of Africa), in 1798, lost two of his ships, with negroes, whom he found in the captured English factory, and sent them off to the French W. I. Islands. One of these vessels had some negroes on board who were highly skilled in the sciences diaboliques; who, to escape the voyage, so effectually delayed the vessel, that with a fair wind she was unable to accomplish in seven weeks the distance she usually covered under a life current in forty-eight hours. Such an extraordinary event frightened the officers and crew, who were unable to discover the cause of this mysterious delay or to devise a remedy for it. Water and provisions began to run short, the mortality among the negroes increased to such an extent that they began to throw a part of them overboard. Some of them complained, while dying, of a certain negro, who they said was the cause of their death, because since she threatened to eat their hearts, they had been driven to despair by severe pains. The captain of the vessel caused some of these negroes to be opened, when they found their hearts and livers dry, and full of air-filled bladders, while the rest of their organs were in the ordinary state.

After some consideration, the captain had the accused negroess made fast to a gun and severely flogged, to make her confess the crimes she was charged with. As she did not appear to feel the blow, the surgeon of the vessel believing that the provost did not apply the cat properly took it himself and struck several blows with all his strength. The negroess still showed no signs of feeling any pain, and asked the surgeon why he ill-treated her so without reason or right; and said she would make him repent it, would eat his heart. About three days afterwards the surgeon died in great agony,

and on holding a post mortem examination, they found his *porties nobles* as dry as parchment.

When this happened the captain did not know what to do. He could have strangled the negroess, or thrown her overboard, but he feared that she was not alone, and that by doing so the rest would be driven to the last extremities. He concluded to treat her well and made her the finest promises in the world, provided she would cause her devils to cease. They negotiated, and agreed that if he would put her ashore with two or three others whom she named, she would make the vessels go; and to show the officer a little more of what she could do, she asked him if he had any fruit. He told her they had some watermelons. "Show them to me," said she, "and with-out my touching or even approaching them be sure that I will eat them within forty-eight hours."

He accepted the offer and showed her the watermelons at a distance, and immediately locked them up in a coffer, the key of which he put in his pocket, not trusting it to any of his people. The second morning thereafter the negroess asked him where his melons were. He opened the coffer in which he had locked them, and had much pleasure in seeing them quite entire; but the pleasure was short and soon changed into vast astonishment, when he lifted them to show them around; they were immediately locked up in a coffer, the key of which he put in his pocket, not trusting it to any of his people.

They were obliged to return to land (Africa) to revivify and take in water; there they landed the sorceress and her company, after which the vessel started again and made a fortunate voyage.—*Light, London.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Radiant with the Glow of Heaven.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN SPEAKS IN A LANGUAGE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

"I still love to compose *Geschichtchen* for children," said Hans Christian Andersen, speaking through the mediumship of Mrs. Harris, on the evening of the 15th of September; and then he proceeded to deliver the following narrative:

"Although the ministry of the spiritual world is great and powerful, when employed in the fulfillment of momentous purposes, the Father of Spirits oftentimes loves to use simple messengers, fitted for the needs of his children on humbler occasions. Just now I am looking upon a series of incidents which I will describe to you. I see a little maiden kneeling in her night-dress on the bare floor of a poorly-furnished room. Her long hair is shining brightly on her shoulders, as her head is bowed in prayer, and a ray of moonlight streams in upon the little white figure through the casement. She is praying to the father of the fatherless for bread; not for herself, although she has sore need of it, but for her poor, sick, suffering mother, whose wasted form lies upon the bed close by. And now it seems as if the roof of that small chamber had disappeared, and in its place I see the figures of three angels, who have been sent by the Father in answer to her prayer; and they have come so near her that their glistening garments almost touch her golden hair."

"I will watch how that prayer is answered. She returns to her own little couch, and though it is scantily covered, she falls into a deep slumber, and sleeps the sleep of faith; for she has told all her trouble to her heavenly Father; and over her recumbent form the beautiful angels are keeping watch and communion with each other. One of them when on earth was the soul of song, who held multitudes spellbound by the power of her voice, and exercised her supreme gift for the enjoyment and happiness of others, and not for personal gain or glory."

"And now I perceive the light of dawn stealing into that chamber, and the silf of a great city begins to be audible outside, growing more and more noisy as the morning advances. The child puts on her poor apparel, moving about very softly, so as not to awaken her sleeping mother, and stealthily and quietly steals down stairs into the street. For she feels that her prayer has been answered, and she knows when, or where, or how. The people she meets appear to be well fed and well clothed; and as she passes the window of a baker's shop filled with loaves of white bread she wishes—oh, how earnestly—that she could procure some for her mother. Presently, as she passes through a narrow, dirty street, connecting two broad thoroughfares, a restive horse swerves aside at the moment she is crossing, and there is a sharp, shrill cry, a sound of many feet rushing towards the prostrate figure of a little child, and all is still again. Some one lifts her fragile form, and discovers that she is unhurt. She has only fainted. A carriage is passing, and stops on the instant. At a gesture from the lady who is seated inside of it the child is lifted into it, and lies on the breast of a sympathetic woman, whose arms are folded round her, and who says to her: 'When she recovers and looks up into the face that is bending over her own, she mistakes it for the countenance of an angel. But over her is poised a real angel, invisible to all eyes. Her story is soon told; and the child is taken home, and there is no more want in the abode of her widowed mother; for the father has heard her prayer. In a little while the mother dies, and the orphan is taken to the heart of the lady, who is childless, and is assured that her mother is not dead, but continually watches over her from her heavenly home; and the angel, who had been the soul of song, remains with the ward and her guardian throughout their lives. Then it is discovered that the young girl is also divinely gifted with voice of rare melody and power; and she is taught and trained and disciplined, until in the course of time, she, too, captivates the world as an exquisite singer; and her angel mother never leaves her, but shares in every emotion inspired in her daughter's mind by the delight, the enthusiasm, and the rapturous passion of the marvelous beauty of her voice. And thus, my dear brothers, did the Father answer the petition of the child: 'Give us this day our daily bread.'—*Hamberger of Light, Australia.*

HISTORY OF ATHARIEL.—A history of Athariel, Chief Priest of a Band of Akim. This pamphlet, containing 31 pages, was written by the celebrated U. S. Elder, and is a rare and valuable work. It is a history of a man of rare and trained and disciplined, until in the course of time, she, too, captivates the world as an exquisite singer; and her angel mother never leaves her, but shares in every emotion inspired in her daughter's mind by the delight, the enthusiasm, and the rapturous passion of the marvelous beauty of her voice. And thus, my dear brothers, did the Father answer the petition of the child: 'Give us this day our daily bread.'—*Hamberger of Light, Australia.*

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THE POET SHELLEY.

The Grandeur of His Soul.

HIS UNSELFISHNESS—HIS LOVE OF MANKIND—HIS VARIOUS VIEWS.

No poet in modern times has written more obviously under inspiration, or has possessed medial gifts in a higher degree, than Percy Bysshe Shelley. And his life in many respects, although not in all, was even more beautiful than his writings; for it fulfilled the highest law ever given to man—the law of love and of self-effacement. Byron declared him to be "the best and ablest man he had ever known," adding, "The truth is, Shelley loved everything better than himself." Trelawney says, "He was totally devoid of selfishness and vanity." Mr. J. A. Symonds speaks of that intense and glowing passion of unselfishness, which throughout his life led Shelley to find his strongest interests in the joys and sorrows of his fellow creatures, which inflamed his imagination with visions of humanity made perfect, and which filled his days with sweet deeds of unnumbered charities." Medwin, Jefferson, Hogg, Leigh Hunt, and all, indeed, who knew the poet intimately, bear similar testimony to the complete subjugation of his selfhood. A vegetarian, a water-drinker, his human organization, with its wonderful beauty and delicacy, seemed to belong to a fairer and purer world than that upon which he walked for the short space of nine and twenty years.

And there was always in his mind a consciousness of pre-existence, and a sense of the presence of spiritual beings, coupled apparently with the possession of the faculty of clairvoyance, only imperfectly developed, perhaps one of his biographers tell us that "he would stop in the streets to gaze wistfully at babies, wondering whether their newly-imprisoned souls were not replete with wisdom stored up in a previous life." Conversing with Leigh Hunt on one occasion, he said: "Some of us have, in a prior existence, been in love with an antique, and that makes us find full content in any mortal tie."

At a private circle in Melbourne recently, Shelley was present among the company, and to one of the sitters who from boyhood had been an enthusiastic lover of the poet's works, he thus expressed himself:

"Following the example of Mother Nature, each human soul seeks for itself a mate; without whom its being is incomplete. Standing, as I did, amidst the beauties of the visible world, as they revealed themselves to me in the grandeur of the ocean, in the august forms and solemn aisles of the forest, in the majesty of the mountains, in the roar of the cataracts, in the glories of sunset and sunset, in the towers of the temple, the wild rush of the whirlwind, and in the tranquil loveliness of the summer calm, all fragrance and warmth; and weaving into verse the ideas with which I was inspired, I felt—and O, how strongly—that I could woo and win the beautiful, if only love were mine; and I almost repined at Providence for denying me that which I so passionately longed for. Once, indeed, I loved—or thought I did so—but though the flower was fair the fruit was bitter. Therefore I continued to stand alone, craving for sympathy and companionship, and finding none. And in this loneliness of soul I was drawn towards the angels."

You who are happily wedded can sympathize with this solitariness of feeling, and can understand the desolate condition of my heart. Yet, in this world, have I found what I vainly sought on earth; and great and deep is the compassion I now feel for those poor souls upon the mortal plane who love and suffer, whose yearnings are unfulfilled, and who crave for sympathy, but stand alone, secluded from their kind."

"This is one of those rugged paths just spoken of by a brother poet (Walt Whitman) among which some men most painfully travel from boyhood to the grave. You can feel for those who lack that love; and O, bless the Father for having bestowed upon you the rich gift of wedded love. Here there is a sphere in which the unsatisfied yearning for this completeness is universal. It is filled with spirits whose condition is that of loveless loneliness. This is the punishment they have incurred by the misuse or starvation of natural affection towards their fellow-creatures. If you could witness the unhappiness of these poor creatures, how it would stimulate you to leave no effort untold to bless and brighten lonely lives by the power of sympathy, and the influential example of beneficent acts and a blameless existence. I pray that I may be thought worthy to return to the earthly life, but the call will come in God's own good time, although it may be centuries hence. Since I entered this world I know in your world have come into ours; but many also have gone out from it, to be reincarnated, and to fulfill their appointed missions on the earth."

On re-reading the "Life of Shelley," after receiving this communication, the transcriber of it was much struck by the confirmation which it supplies of the poet's loneliness, both in his single and married life; as also his longing for sympathy in an ideal love. M. Symonds remarks that Cythra, the heroine of the "Revolt of Islam," is the helpmate he had always dreamed of, the woman exquisitely feminine, yet capable of being fired with male enthusiasm; and adds elsewhere that "he sought through the world the one whom he may love." But we may be certain that he was never really alone, and that the appointed guardian of his life was continually by his side, and received his spirit on that fatal 8th of July, 1822, when a sudden storm swept his boat to destruction in the Gulf of Spezia. He himself has told us in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," how

"While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead."

And it is interesting to add, on the testimony of a biographer by no means friendly to Spiritualism, that at "no period of his life was Shelley wholly free from visions which had the realities of facts."

Finally, if any proof were wanting that Shelley wrote under spiritual inspiration, it would be supplied by the introduction to Queen Mab, in which is to be found the most vivid and literally accurate description ever penned of the astral body when detached from the physical body when the latter is in a state of trance. And what renders the

following passage still more remarkable is that it was written and published upwards of thirty years ago, and therefore three decades before the literature of modern Spiritualism had begun to make its appearance.

"Sudden arose
Janth's soul in naked purity.
All beautiful in naked purity.
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
Instinct with inextinguishable beauty and grace,
Each state of earthly things
Had passed before it, it resembled
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin."

Upon the couch the body lay,
Wrapped in the depth of slumber;
Its features were fixed and meaningless,
Yet animal life was there,
And every organ yet performed
Its natural functions; 'twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The selfsame lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there:
Yet, Oh, how different! One aspires to heaven,
Pants for its sempiternal heritage;
And ever changing, ever rising still,
Wanders in endless being.
The other, for a time the unwilling sport
Of the transient passions, struggles on;
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly;
Then, like a useless and worn-out machine,
Hots, perishes and passes."

DEATH, DENIAL, DESIRE, DELUSION,
DEVIL, DANGER, DEATH, DESTINY AND
DELIGHT—AN ALLEGORY.

Death had claimed for his own a dearly-loved child, and had laid low in the high house of the parents. Hitherto they had firmly believed, or rather, believed that they believed, the usual orthodox dogmas of the churches, but now they experienced unusual pangs of fear and despair. Their faith had received a disastrous blow, and the uncertainty as to the fate of their darling filled them with dread. After death, what? Dark doubts spread like clouds across their mental sky, and quenched the star of hope. They sought counsel and advice from those of the nature, only to hear materialistic denials of spiritual existence by philosophers and savants. The chill winds of death's winter seemed to pierce them through, and the specters that haunt the valley of shadow hung over them in triumph as they vainly groped for light until, faint and fearful, they well-nigh abandoned hope.

But there was that within them which would not be denied. Though sense, science and seeming combined to declare the dead shall rise no more, their light had gone out, there is neither power nor device in the grave, "the dead know not anything," "neither shall they continue to be," still, love demanded its fulfillment, and would not be comforted. Thus desire prompted them, and they set forth in search of the land of light and love.

As they journeyed they passed beneath the threatening cliffs and crags which overhung their way, and came out into a fair, green valley. Before them stretched a path which gradually ascended the hillside and was lost to their gaze in the distance, and gave promise of enabling them to reach the open country beyond. They inquired of a stripling as to whether their surmise that it would lead them into the great world beyond was correct, and while he assured them that it would, a bystander rudely interrupted, and declared that there was no such road. It was a mere "mirage, a delusion. There was no way of reaching the country beyond, for the simple reason that no such country existed." The youth protested that it was "quite true that a fertile world was spread out before them, the hills which circled the valley, because, occasionally visitors from that land had been seen—indeed he had spoken with them." Thereupon the stranger contemptuously pushed him aside for "a fool and a madman," and urged the wayfarers "not to be deluded by such irresponsible chatter of a brainless, beardless boy."

While this altercation was in process our dead-hearted pilgrims felt kindly disposed to the frank-faced and manly youth, and the feeling of aversion which he had towards the assertive and intrusive stranger; but before they could quite decide what course to pursue, a venerable-looking individual, in a persuasive tone of voice, declared, "It is most certainly true that there is a fair and beautiful land beyond these peaks of sleep and silence which surround us, but that is not the road to it. Give no heed to the lad; he means well, but is indeed deluded, and would direct you to your destruction. The visitant who he refers to belongs to a race of enemies, adversaries of our kind, servants of a false prophet; be guided by me, and I will show you the only true way."

At first, the wayfarers were inclined to heed the voice of this seeming sage, whose soft-spoken words appeared fair, but on looking upon the open features and into the clear eyes of the youth, they elected to trust him. On making this decision manifest, the demeanor of the aged man changed, and harsh and strident tones, bitter words of denunciation fell upon their ears. He declared that they were "of their father, the Devil, deceived and entrapped by devils," and he and the first bystander sought to slay the brave boy, who proudly raised his head, and strode past them. But the way was barred, ere he had taken many steps, by another, who addressed these weary-hearted wanderers thus: "Seek ye to reach the land of wisdom? Would ye walk the path of attainment? Know then, that the way is hard and rough, many dangers beset you from beast of prey and spectral shades. Give no heed to the assurances of this youth; prepare for conflict, and cast out from thy nature all desire, all personal feeling, all emotion and affection, for by the sacrifice of these, only by pure intellect and conquest of the lower self can you reach the heights at last." "But," answered they whose hearts were sore from grief, "We long for reunion with our own. We hope to meet again those who have gone from us beyond the valley. We desire to live in peace and joy in the companionship with our departed, and with them continue our course until we stand in the presence of the all-wise."

"So you can and shall," exclaimed the youth eagerly. "Even now they stand by your side. I see a young child smiling upon you and beckoning you on; he cries, 'Father, mother, I love you still, and am preparing a home for you.'"

"Pooh! nonsense," exclaimed the one who stayed their progress. "He knows not of what he is talking. There is no child there, 'tis merely the thought-form projected upon your own brain. There is no world beyond, such as ye

dream of. It is all a dream—a delusion—your child was not your child, merely a temporary personal form of some soul returning here for a time; he has now gone back to Maya, the land of illusion, to dream until he returns here again to awaken and gain more experience as the offspring of some other parents—perhaps the great-grandchild of your daughter's child. He not misled by this foolish boy, he lacks years and discretion; listen to the voice of wisdom and avoid the dangers he counsels you to run; trust to me, let me teach you the hidden wisdom; let me guide your steps, direct your thoughts, instruct your minds; warn and lead you into Maya at last, that you may cease your foolish repining and abandon your childish affection and limited love, and return from dreamland—Devachan—to this earth, to perfect your character 3,000 years from now."

This prospect seemed no more inviting to our path-seekers than the utterances of the would-be guides, who had already sought to dictate the course they were to pursue; neither were they charmed by the cold and somewhat supercilious manner of the man, his assumption of superiority and dignity not commending him to their confidence. They turned with relief to the stalwart youth, whose eyes were flashing with indignation, and yet around whose lips a smile was playing. Addressing them he said: "Strangers—or friends, rather, you shall elect for yourselves. I boldly affirm that the path you see before you leads into the world you seek. I have seen that world; I have in spirit been there. Many of its people visit this valley, but the mists around our people hide them from view. I know this; but I do not ask you to believe me; I do not ask you to let me guide you or instruct you. You shall prove the truth of what I say. It is somewhat difficult, I grant you. There are some dangers, but they are not more than beset every path of knowledge. There need be no mystery, everything may be learned openly. I will help you if you wish, but you must walk the path yourselves. Will you try to discover the home? Will you open your eyes to see your boy? Will you listen to his voice? Fear hath tormented; mystery and superstition have ever gone hand in hand. Will you be led into hidden ways, abandon your liberty, be frightened by threats, and be shut up in this valley because you are too weak to go forward and prove the truth of life immortal and love

TENNYSON AND THE BIBLE.

Something of the Great Poet.

He Despised the Thought of Literal Hell-Fire.

CHRISTIANS OVERDID THEIR PRAISE OF THE POET—HE PROCLAIMS HIMSELF A UNIVERSALIST—HIS PICTURE OF HIS BOY.

We owe no apology for speaking of the dead poet as "Tennyson." This is how he will be known by posterity. The rank is but the guinea's stamp, and in this case it was not requisite. A true poet's gold can neither be made more precious nor more current by empty titles. In our opinion it is a degradation instead of an honor for one of nature's aristocrats to herd with the artificial nobility of an hereditary peerage. We also take the opportunity of regretting that Tennyson ever became Poet Laureate. The court poet should not survive the court dwarf, and the court jester. It is painful to see a great writer grinding out professional odes, and bestowing the excrement of his genius on royal nonentities. The preposterous office of Poet Laureate should now be abolished. No poet should write for a clique or a coterie; he should appeal directly to the heart of the nation.

Tennyson's funeral took place at Westminster Abbey. The heads of that establishment, following the example set by Dean Stanley, now act as body-snatchers. They appropriate the corpses of distinguished men, whether they believed or disbelieved the doctrines of the service read over their coffins. Charles Darwin's body is buried there—the great Agnostic, who repudiated Christianity; Robert Browning's, too—the poet who said, "I am no Christian" to Robert Buchanan. Carlyle took care that his corpse should not join the museum. Tennyson's, however, is now in the catalogue, and it must be admitted with more plausibility than in the case of Browning; for far more than in the case of Darwin.

Christian pulpits all over the country have been shouting their praises of Tennyson as a Christian poet. They are justified in making the most of a man of genius when they possess one. We do not quarrel with them; we only beg to remark that they have overdone it. The Christianity of Tennyson is a very different thing from the Christianity they vend to the credulous multitude.

There is no real evidence that Tennyson accepted the legendary part of Christianity. Even "In Memoriam," which was published forty-three years ago, the thought is often extremely Pantheistic. It is nearly always so in the later poems. God, not Christ, became more and more the object of the poet's adoration. "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love"—the first line of the earlier poem—does not necessarily mean Christ; while the exclamation, "ring in the Christ that is to be," is more symbolic than personal. There is also a strong hope, rather than the certitude of a future life. No thoroughly convinced Christian could have written of

The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.
Nay, the very deity of Christ is held loosely,
if at all, in the thirty-third section, where he

Whose faith has center everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,
is bidden to leave his sister undisturbed
when she prays, the poet exclaiming:

Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

In the last line of the next stanza this "sacred flesh and blood" of Christ (it is to be presumed) is called "a type," which is a wide departure from orthodox Christianity. And what shall we say of the final lines of the whole poem?

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Like other passages of "In Memoriam," it is a distinct anticipation of the thought of "The Higher Pantheism," "Flower in the Crannied Wall," "De Profundis," and "The Ancient Sage."

Much has been made of the "Pilot," in one of Tennyson's last poems, "Crossing the Bar."

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

This has been treated as a reference to Christ; but a friend of Tennyson's writing in the *Athenaeum*, says that the reference was really to the poet's son, Lionel Tennyson, who "crossed the bar" of death some years previously. How much more natural and human is the reference in the light of this explanation! Tennyson most assuredly revolted against the brutalities of Christianity—which, by the way, are countenanced by very explicit texts in the New Testament. He did not approve the text, "great is your reward in heaven." He was above such huckstering. He sang of Virtue:

She desires no tales of the West, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky.

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

A noble petition, though in the teeth of a too patent destiny!

The doctrine of eternal hell he first turned from, then denounced, and finally despised. It was for wavering as to this hideous dogma that the Rev. F. D. Maurice got into trouble with his college. He was godfather to Tennyson's little boy, and the poet invited him in exquisitely charming verse to share his hospitality.

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the friend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college counsels
Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you?

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

Tennyson had already, in "In Memoriam,"

proclaimed himself a Universalist, as Browning did afterwards in his powerful lines on the old morgue in Paris. He had expressed the hope

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Such a poet could never see the divinity of the wicked, awful words, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." He denounced it in "Despair," a poem of his old age. Well does he make the Agnostic cry out to the minister:

What! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?
Infinite cruelty rather than made everlasting hell!

Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own;
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan!

This is fierce denunciation, but it pales before the attack on hell in "Rizpah," that splendid poem which is perhaps the very noblest of Tennyson's genius, outweighing hundreds of Balacava charges and sea-fights; outshining the flawless perfection of "Maud"—a poem written in heart's blood and immortal tears, with a wondrously potent and subtle imagination, and a fire of humanity to burn up whole mountains of brutal superstitions.

The passionate words of the poor old dying mother, full of a deathless love for her boy who was hanged, go straight as an arrow to its mark, through all the conventions of society and all the teachings of the church.

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well;
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in hell.

And if he be lost—but to save my soul, that is all your desire;
Do you think that I care for my soul if my boy be gone to the fire?

Tennyson gives the very essence of the moral revolt against hell. Human nature has so developed in sympathy that the sufferings of others, though out of sight, afflict our imaginations. We loathe the spectacle of Abraham and Lazarus gazing complacently on the torture of Dives. Once it was not so. Those who were "saved" had little or no care for the "damned." But the best men and women of to-day do not want to be saved alone. They want a common salvation or none. And the mother's heart, which the creeds have trampled upon, hates the thought of any happiness in heaven while son or daughter is agonizing in hell.

It is perfectly clear that Tennyson was far from an orthodox Christian; quite as certainly he was not a Bibliolator. He read the Bible, of course, and so did Shelley. There are fine things in it, amidst its falsehoods and barbarities, and the English version is a monument of our literature. We regard as apocryphal, however, the story of Tennyson's telling a boy, "Read the Bible and Shakespeare—the one will teach you how to speak to God, the other how to speak to your fellowmen." Anyhow, when the poet came to die, he did not ask for the Bible, and he did ask for Shakespeare. The copy he habitually used was handed to him; he opened it at "Cymbeline," one of the most pagan of Shakespeare's plays; he read a little, and then held the book until death came with the fall of "tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

It was a poetic death, and a pagan death. There lay the aged, world-weary poet; artificial light was withdrawn, and the moonlight streamed through the window upon his noble figure. Wife and son, doctors and nurses, were silent around him. And as death put the last cold touch on the once passionate heart, it found him still clasping the book of the mighty magician. Let it also be noted that no Christian priest was at his bedside. He needed not the mumblings of a smaller soul to aid him in his last extremity. Hope he may have had, but no fear. His life ended like a long summer day, slowly dying into night.—G. W. Foote in *Free Thinker*, London.

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The Octopus in England.

I, BROTHER JONATHAN, desire to illuminate the minds of the people, and I shall continue to do this in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER so long as I can see danger ahead. I give Bessie Russell Davies, of London, England, the Rostrom, and she will tell you something of the Octopus from her standpoint:

We must begin at the beginning, and the beginning and root of all evil is the Roman Catholic Church, with its soul-enslaving tyranny. It is like a gigantic octopus, stretching out its feelers or numberless arms in all directions, and whatever and whenever it touches saps the life of its victim by absorbing the heart's blood. The Roman Catholic Church acts the part of a "tender mother." But it is the tenderness which was exemplified in Catherine de Medici, who poisoned one child to advance the other. The mother of a race of kings? Yes: so is the Roman Catholic Church, "the mother of a race of kings," and so ambitious a mother, that she will never be satisfied unless she and her family have the monopoly of King-dom. But we of the 19th century don't care quite so much to be ruled and governed by priestcraft: we think it time to begin to think for ourselves a bit, to use the intellect the blessed Creator has bestowed upon us. Let us stand up, men and women together, and assert ourselves as the children of God, needing no vicarious atonement, no priestly tricks, candle-burning, Ave Marias, and the thousand-and-one little tricks of the trade of priestcraft, to reconcile us to a Creator from whom we have never been estranged.

The time is now at hand for work and not words. Popery is once more spreading with rapid strides through our beloved land: and in the none-too-distant future a cloud is growing denser day by day, which will at last burst, and once more deluge us with blood and fire. What are the people thinking about? Is it possible they have forgotten the Smithfield fires, the torture-chambers of the Inquisition, the horrible deaths dealt out to delicate women, girls and children? The unspeakable and unthinkable cruelties practised by the Romish Church in days gone by must now rise up in judgment against the "tender mother." We have another representative of the "Holy Mother Church" in one of her dear and dutiful daughters, that most exemplary and pious Roman Catholic, Mrs. Montague, who for the sake of its soul tortured her sweet baby to death! My friends, do not delay, for the sake of your children. Make every effort to check this wave from Rome; let us secure for our children freedom of thought and conscience. Let us teach them so that they require no priest to keep their conscience for them in the box of the confessional. Teach them that their first duty is to God; the second, to themselves; the third, to their neighbor. They will want no priest nor parson then to guide their footsteps and hold their parastings. Go to a priest to confess?—Yes, dear child, you must do penance for that breakfast to day of a red herring, and pay so much for a candle, and so much for an extra fee by your priest; and a little more, and instead of the red herring you may have smelts, now-laid eggs, muffins and toast. But, my child, you must give of your worldly goods (i. e., gold), or the blessed virgin cannot intercede for you. Our first duty is to God, the all-pervading Spirit, and in doing our duty to Him we do our duty to our neighbor and ourselves. Our duty to God is best shown in making the best and most of this natural life, without having an eye on the "main chance" in the future and spiritual one. Let us rejoice and be merry, bearing our own and other people's burdens cheerfully and bravely; and even while the load seems heavy, instead of asking: "What have I done to deserve this?" and "Why has the Lord so afflicted me?" ask, "What is this intended to teach me?" "What new lesson have I to learn?" Cultivate that charity which "thinketh no evil." If you can't speak well of your neighbor, leave him alone, in mercy, for he is of God, an emanative of the divine light. Cultivate to the very utmost your intellects, and those of your children and friends. Spread learning and knowledge, wherever and whenever you have the opportunity, and study your own nature. Learn to know yourselves. Treat your bodies as the temple of the soul.

We require no popes, no parsons, no blessed virgins or screeching thumbprayers to reconcile us to or help us to God. Let us help ourselves by our lives, by our learning, by self-cultivation. Study the laws of God. Keep your minds from thinking evil, practise kindness and clean and sober the temple of the soul, and we shall build up such a solid wall priest can ever scale or break down. Down with popery, parson-craft, and the compulsory supporting by the people of a parcel of lazy parsons, who think it their mission to live in palaces, and eat and drink of the fat of the land.

When I wrote denouncing Roman Catholicism, I did not for a moment forget the Church of England's fat bishops, their enormous incomes extracted out of the body and soul of England's backbone—the workingman.

I had in my mind, at the very moment of writing, the Archbishop's Palace at Croxford, and also the alms I had passed through on my way one day to see the bishop's home. My blood boiled, and I asked myself: Are the English people mad, that they quietly submit to such an imposition as this one man being permitted to monopolise so many miles of lovely country, which might be made the means of feeding thousands of hungry men, women and children? I was answered: No! The time is coming when the parsons will be made to understand there are men in the land, not a lot of feeble women, too foolish to throw off the yoke which has been so successfully thrown upon them, principally by the priests. —Medium and Daybreak, London.

SPIRITUALISM'S BASIS.

A Review of Its Status.

THE NATURAL BODY—THE EYE—THE HUMAN SOUL—THOUGHTS IMPORTANT FACTORS.

The natural world is but the ultimate expression of that spiritual world from which, and in which alone, it has life.

I believe that the essential man is a spirit; that spirit is an organized substance, but as different in point of material from what we ordinarily understand by matter, as light or electricity is. The material body is, in the most literal sense, a vesture, and death consequently no interruption of the living man's existence, but simply his extrication from the natural body.

Any person who weighs the consequences of these positions will probably see their practical bearing upon psychical science. When man's spiritual sight is developed by cultivating the latent powers of vision, he is enabled to see things of another life as clearly as things of this life may be seen.

It is evident that external sight depends upon internal vision, and this upon still more internal perception.

The human eye is adapted to receive variations of light and shade. If all were light, or all were shade, the eye could take no impression from either, but, by the modification of light by shade, the eye, through its structure, receives as a lens a true impression of what is presented before it. The impressions so received are, by means of the optic nerves, conveyed to the brain, and the mind becomes conscious of that which is before the eyes; thus the modification of light is the cause of all optic vision. The reason why things of the higher life are not so readily seen is because of the transparency of spiritual beings and things. Ordinary modification of light and shade is not adapted to their being made visible, but by modifying the light to suit the requisite conditions, or by closing the eyes and by trying to look with the soul-sense rather than by the natural organs, we can cultivate our spiritual sight.

By the above method we shall be enabled to conceive of impressions being made upon the developed nervous tissue, and conveyed to the mind's consciousness, without the aid of the natural eye. This is what is termed spiritual vision.

This is no vague speculation, but real scientific fact, which can be demonstrated by observing and conversing with the blind. Having lost either the sense of sight by the natural eyes, or through the optic nerves not conveying the impressions made upon the retina of the eyes, they are led to cultivate their inner, or soul, sight; and they can and do receive clear and vivid impressions of the nature, form, size, and often the color of natural things by which they are surrounded. And the only reason why they do not see spiritual things is because their minds are taken up in looking for natural objects through their spiritual, or soul, sight. But they who possess natural sight, and are at the same time anxious to develop their spiritual vision, must cultivate that latent power of their minds.

To comprehend the things belonging to the spirit world, they must shut up their natural sight and try to exercise the spiritual that lies behind it. Thus, beyond doubt, the instrument of external sight is the eye. The seat of internal vision is the nervous tissues of the brain, immediately above and surrounding the eyebrows.

The cerebro-nervous fluid contained between the arachnoid and the pia-mater (the two inner coverings of the brain, which act as a pad or buffer, protecting it and at the same time containing the properties necessary for the building up and sustaining the nervous tissues of the brain), this cerebro-nervous fluid, almost transparent in nature, and said to be spiritual in its essence, forms a basis upon which spirit beings act. It is the one thing we have in common with spirits, and an influx of this fluid at the seat of external vision forms a surface upon which disembodied spirits operate, and thus is established a means of communion between the natural and the spiritual worlds. Therein, too, is established a basis of imagination.

The imagination has been thought to be something unreal, but nothing in existence has more reality about it. It is an image of something real being presented to and upon the internal sense of sight, not a phantom or an illusion. The imagination is the soul's eye, and it is through this faculty that immortality and heaven are conceived of and made acceptable to natural reason. Could it be possible for any object to be presented to the mind without such object having a real existence?

The writer was sitting at a developing circle held at the Spiritualist Hall in Bridge street, Sheffield, quite a stranger to most of the sitters, and a severe skeptic with regard to spiritual manifestations, but when sitting one night, having given myself wholly up to any influence that might be exerted upon me, this is what happened: First, my eyesight failed. I beheld everything through a faint mist, which assumed fantastic shapes. By-and-by a more defined form appeared, and at last it resolved itself into a white house with a green

bank at the back. There were a man and woman standing in front, and so near and natural were they that I could see every motion of their features. Now I thought this was a delusion of the sense of sight, or a trick of the imagination; but while I was trying to explain it away to my own satisfaction one of the other sitters saw the same house, the same people. I knew them to be the same by the description he gave of them, but I never told any one at the time I had seen the same vision. This convinced me that nothing can be presented to the mind but what has a reality about it.

Six months ago it would not have been possible for the writer to have conceived that disembodied spirits visit this earth, but now I am as much convinced of the fact that I shall continue to live after the change we call death as I am that I live at this moment. I shall live for ever. The stars may fade out of heaven, the suns may become dim with age, Nature may shrink and decay, but the immortal soul shall flourish in perpetual youth, clothed in its own principles and dispositions by which its identity will be established.

The human soul, with its capabilities, its faculties and powers—in a word, everything that ever belonged to it—will forever continue to be. The words "temporal," "transient," "fleeting," ought to be expunged from the dictionaries. Every thought, word, or deed exists forever in some form or another. No man lives to himself; he could not if he would. The covetous man has a miser for a son. The light woman paves the way of shame for her daughter to travel in. The drunkard infects a whole neighborhood with his vice. The unclean man poisons the whole workshop with his lecherous imaginings. The swearer finds his little girl or boy, scarcely out of babyhood, uttering blasphemous oaths and shaping tiny lips in blasphemies which are the common speech of their home. We live in a huge whispering gallery, and our whispers grow louder as they travel from ear to ear. Who can tell how far a word may go? When it has left us it has gone forever. It has floated away on wings of its own, and we cannot recall it if we would. It has set new thoughts stirring in a thousand different minds. The word spoken may be forgotten by us, it is remembered by others; dismissed by us, it has leaped into life elsewhere, and on the threshold of another world, where every idle word is known, the speech of a life rolls back upon the spiritual ear. Just as the photograph treasures up every delicate inflection of the human voice, and produces it at the will of the operator, so a thousand minds have received the impression of our words, and if they were evil they will share with us the iniquity, but if they were good they will share with us the blessings resulting from them.

Is not human character formed and built up by impressions made upon the mind by influx of thought? Do not thoughts force themselves upon us involuntarily, and it is for us to decide as to those thoughts which we will receive as welcome guests, encourage and cherish, and carry into action. Thoughts, whether they be good or evil, are important factors in forming our real character. Let us be very careful in our choice of associations. Let us examine the influence they have upon us. Let us encourage the higher, the noble, and the good, and as we would that our spirits should become exalted and made fit for the association of good and pure spirits, let us seek for, cherish, and treasure up the exalted influences of thoughts transmitted to us from the spirit-world, where noble and exalted spirits are ever seeking with sympathy to encourage us, and so lift us to their own glorious sphere of usefulness and excellence.—J. E. Smart, in *Two Worlds*, London.

ZULIEKA.

When we have a good thing we want everybody to enjoy it. This story, ZULIEKA, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will not only prove interesting, but it bears with it a spiritual influence that will do you good. Circulate the paper and act as missionary in the good work. Be good and do good is our motto. Send a paper free to some one who will enjoy its pages. It will be sent three months for 25 cents. The first five chapters of "Zulieka" sent free to all new subscribers.

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

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

Franklin W. Smith, of Boston, is still agitating the establishment of a national gallery of history and art in Washington to cost ultimately \$1,000,000.

John W. Grantham, a resident of Johnston county, N. C., has seven grown daughters, six of whom are married, all to men whose baptismal name is John.

President Diaz takes a great deal of stock in Mexican affairs. He is said to own shares in every railroad, telegraph, telephone and electric light company in that country.

Ex-Speaker Reed is reputed to earn \$3,000 a year by his pen. It is this income that insures him the comforts and luxuries of life for he has no other income besides his salary as Congressman.

Gen. R. A. Alger, Warner Miller, George West, Smith M. Wood, H. H. Warner, H. G. Burleigh, and several others, have recently purchased a tract of land in Canada embracing 128,000 acres. It is located about 200 miles east of Quebec, along the banks of the St. Lawrence River. The syndicate is negotiating for another tract of 260,000 acres.

HELL! HELL! HELL!!!

It Is Various Illustrated.

As Described by Those Who Have Seen It.

SWEDENBORG—REV. HAUGHTON—MILTON—JESUS—WILLIAM WHITE.

Of all moderns, Emanuel Swedenborg has most fully seen and described hell. About April, 1745, having, as he records in his diary, eaten too freely—perhaps pork chops—he saw snakes, reptiles and other vermin under his table, and heard a voice saying, "Eat not so much." Henceforward heaven and hell were open to him. He became an inhabitant of two worlds beside his own. We are free to confess Swedenborg's hell was the most sensible and comfortable establishment then invented. His hell was, in the words of Shelley, much like London. Indeed, his heaven is a good deal like London too. Between heaven and hell there is direct communication, as between Chicago and London. Swedenborg's work, entitled "Heaven and Hell," is a masterpiece of homely imagination. He describes these places and their inhabitants as Defoe describes the island home of Robinson Crusoe. Hell, like heaven, is a place of delight. It consists of the delights of evil, as heaven does of the delights of goodness. The Lord casts none there, but each gravitates naturally to the sphere for which he or she is fitted. Of course the sexes are there, and brothers. He knew no fallen angels. All devils had been men and women, and essentially are men and women still. Consequently, despite what Jesus Christ says as to there being neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven, Swedenborg gives his testimony as an eye-witness that there are pure marriage unions in heaven and connections of an opposite character in hell. Swedenborgians explain the Gospel passage I have mentioned as meaning that there were in heaven no such marriages as the Sadducees were thinking of.

"There are hells everywhere, both under the mountains, hills and rocks, and under the plains and valleys. Most of the hells are threefold. In the upper parts they appear quite dark, because those dwell there who are immersed in the falsities of evil; but the lower parts appear as if on fire, because they are inhabited by those who are immersed in evils themselves; for darkness corresponds to the falsities of evil, and fire to evils themselves; and in deeper hells reside those who have acted from evil but more internally; more externally; and those who do this, act from the falsities of evil." In some hells are ruined cities, in the milder ones, rude cottages; in some, brothels—"full of all sorts of filth and excrement." "The hells are so distinctly arranged in order, according to the difference of every evil, that nothing more orderly and distinct can be conceived." Mr. William White, the Swedenborgian author of "Other World Order," goes beyond this and says (p. 78): "Hell is a kingdom characterized by the most rigid propriety, where any infraction of order is severely repressed, and where manners and morals are developed to exquisite perfection."

A sometime Swedenborgian, the Rev. G. D. Haughton, B. A., in a work "On Sex in the World to Come," holds that sex maintains itself in after life, but, like his master, is not clear on the question whether breeding is permitted. However this may be, there is reason to suspect that many prisoners and paupers on this earth would prefer a sojourn in Swedenborg's hell to their present detention in jails and work-houses, where compulsory rigidity is enforced. Swedenborg calls the women in hell harlots; but, as he says of the men, "he is forbidden, on pain of punishment, to connect himself with more than one," it would seem that the term is misleading. The great all-informing idea of Swedenborg is that man's surroundings reflect his inner state. Milton suggested a similar thought when he made his hero say:

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.

Kit Marlowe, in his "Faustus," gives utterance to a like idea:

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be.

Those in hell, being interiorly dark, have no sun, but only artificial light. They have bodies, needing food exactly as on earth; but Swedenborg omitted to tell what proportion of hell's inhabitants were devoted to agriculture, or how they otherwise supplied their bodily necessities.

Swedenborg admits connecting passages between the hells and heavens, but holds out little hope of the denizens of the former settling to the latter, for he holds that the good are continually becoming better and the bad worse; the former destined to improve, and the latter to degenerate—a doctrine surely at variance with some of the facts of human nature. Burns, with his apostrophe to

And Nickie, Ben,
O, wad ye tak' a thocht on men,
has the advantage over all the theologians.

Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is a wonderful amalgam of Free-thought and mysticism. It begins: "As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent, the eternal hell revives. And lo, Swedenborg is the angel sitting at the tomb; his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Without contraries is no progression. Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, are necessary to human existence. From these contraries spring what the religious call good and evil. Good is the passion that obeys reason. Evil is the active springing from energy. Good is heaven; evil is hell." He goes on somewhat in the style of Swedenborg: "As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyment of genius, which to angels look like torment and insanity, I collected some of their proverbs; thinking that as the saviors used in a nation, mark the character, so the proverbs of hell show the nature of infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments." Here are some of the proverbs of hell: "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees; the busy bee has no time for sorrow; if the fool would persist in the folly, he would become wise; shame is pride's cloak; lions are built with stones of law; brothers are built of religion; the nakedness of woman is the work of God; joys impregnate, sorrows

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

