

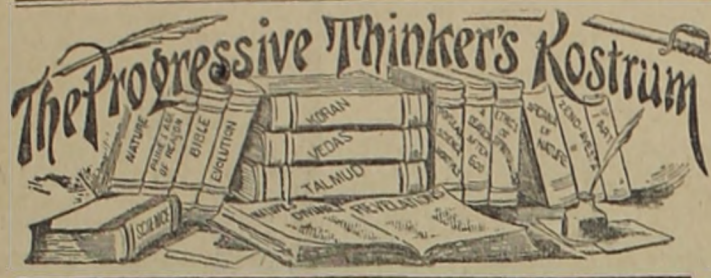
# PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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## THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Children in the Spirit-Land.

Their Reception and Education.

A Lecture Delivered

BY MRS. H. T. BRIGHAM

Before the Ethical Society, Brooklyn.

"Progression in the Spirit-World." There is a kind of natural prophesy expressed in the world all about you. Any one can prophesy at sunset that after the night which is sure to follow, another day will dawn, and he will find believers. He judges from that which has preceded. The past instructs him, and he trusts the lesson it gives. Any one can prophesy when the yellow, rustling leaves are falling in the autumn, that after the frosts and snows of the winter the leaves will come again and the flowers bloom; that under the soft blue skies of May the woods will grow vernal and fresh. It is a prophesy based upon the evidence of the past, and one which we may trust. All the world is prophetic of growth. Nothing really stands still, and among the many things that seem to retrograde the spirit of progression is at work; and nature must have its fading and its decay to have its freshening and its bloom. There can be no beautiful infoldment of material life, save as it is bathed from the fountain of death, whose waters are cold but clear, and in falling, those murmuring music, those who drink find ever-lasting life. There are those who doubt the truth of continuous evolution, believing the world is dropping into slow decay, and that humanity, attainted by its highest, sinks into a backward, until its golden age lies far behind it; that its light is going out in the darkness of its wandering and sin—but as we have learned here and elsewhere, the slope of life is upward and onward. He who climbs a mountain learns a lesson. If you wish to reach the summit of Mount Washington you will find the commencement of the ascent miles away, and you might start from the shore of the ocean and begin this gradual ascent until you reach the foot of the mountain itself. It is not a direct and even ascent, but rising and falling again, until at last you reach the summit, and the clouds are below your feet in the valleys and the clear sky is over your head. So it is humanity climbs, only we see no end to this climbing, and there comes back to us the refrain of an old song of long ago: "It is hill all the way." And we answer, yes. All the way upward and onward, rising and falling in the mountains, but forever and ever climbing, and as we rise we not only find clearer skies, but through the changeable hours the budding and blooming of still brighter flowers, and though it is up hill all the way, the path leads ever into brighter and more perfect day. Thus, when we consider this earthly journey, the gradual progress we find, we are encouraged. The world may be slow to appreciate a truth, but it is certain, it may be cold and indifferent to the thoughts of the best thinkers, but only for a time. There comes a time when the persecuted and the rejected, when the rejected is accepted, if it be true and right. The world responds from its blindness, slowly but surely, and with this lesson of progress all about us we realize that humanity is wiser to-day than it ever was before; that it has the impetus of all the ages preceding, that it stands upon the pedestal of all previous information attained through the struggles of the past; and with this knowledge of earthly life, what is there beyond the veil of death? What is there in the after-world? In this earthly life there is childhood and youth; there is adulthood and womanhood; and what then? One says there you have found the summit of the mountain, and then commences the descent. It is old age, decay; it is death. But when the machinery of the body no longer answers the demand of the spirit, it does not follow that the spirit has failed; it is only looking through a veil, and we in gazing upon it behold the veil, and can not clearly see the face. It is the body that fails, not the spirit; the machinery that wears out, not the wonderful life that operates and makes itself, and so we see this saying that the spirit is not growing old and passing into second childhood; losing its force and strength. It only loses for a little time the possibility of expressing itself as best; that is all, and then there comes the release. It is not the end of the journey, but of one stage of the journey. If you have ever purchased a bird and had it placed in one of the little wooden cages that are considered large enough for its removal, when you reach your home, you remove it from its small prison and place it in a larger cage, where it can have breadth and freedom; it will flutter and fly about wildly as you seek to remove it. It does not realize that it is to have a better place; but you understand, you appreciate this. You, in this earthly body, are like the bird. When death opens

earthly life are loved in the Spirit-world. Questioning mortals ask: "Will these little ones who enter the spirit-land find those who will care for them and love them, and who will have them in charge?" You are sometimes answered: "Jesus comes and takes these little ones in his arms as a good shepherd does the lambs," but how can this be? Think how many mothers are grieving, think how every day and night the little ones are passing out from this earthly life.

"For thick in every graveyard the little hills are, And every hillcock represents an angel in the sky."

Shall we believe that one individual can hold in his arms all the vast multitude? That is only a poetical saying and you can set it aside as such. But you still ask: "Who, then, receives them?" You may be assured not one alone in that realm of brightness is appointed to receive all the little ones who die. "Who receives them?" Those who love them. It may be some one from your own home. It may be that your mother who passed away long ago is watching over you, and waiting and ready to take the little child when it is born into the spirit-land. It may be some gentle sister, some old companion, some schoolmate whom you have loved long ago. It may be some one you have never seen, but who knows you, who is attracted to you by some wonderful sympathy, and so drawing near to you and to your child, this loving spirit receives it there. Never is one born into our world but what its coming is well-known and looked for, and there are always those who are full of love and gentleness and tenderness to take them, especially the little waifs who come lonely and sad, "the fetsam and jetsam," one has said, of the sea of life. In the spirit-land there are many who have never known maternity as you understand it, and in whom the power of mother-love dawns and brightens, and receives those who go from the land of the unwelcome on earth. They take them into their arms and they are there welcomed and blest with love.

These things are well understood there. Maternity is a divine gift, but there are some who on the earth have been called mothers who are only so-called mothers, who never have known the deeper, diviner meaning of maternity in the world of love according to spirit. This must be developed in their lives some time in the vast future.

You ask if these little ones so received are quite happy? Certainly they are. A little child of a pious father and mother was very ill and they feared she was going to die, and the mother thought she ought to talk to a little. She said: "My dear, you know you are very ill, and you may die; would you not like to see Jesus and the beautiful angels?" and the little child, after thinking a moment, turned away and said: "I do not want to die. I do not know Jesus and the angels, and besides that, I was always afraid of strangers."

There is nothing in the world so magnetic, that so springs from heart to heart, as love. If you go where there are animals, if you love them they will respond to you, and if you dislike them they go from you. If you go where there are little children and you love them, they will smile at you. When one looks at you with searching gaze and then reaches its hand out to you, you may well be proud, for it has found you worthy of trust. So as it opens its eyes in the Spirit-world it meets this love at once, and it finds the warmth, the comfort, the tender, shielding influence of "perfect love which casteth out fear."

Little children in the spirit-land are always received by children. We do not mean exclusively so, but whatever angel comes to receive a little child there are angel children in attendance with smiles of love and songs of gladness, and they are taken into their lovely homes. Then commences that wonderful education. Did you ever realize that in this earthly life you are constantly limiting children? You are always telling them they must not do this, they must not touch that. You are constantly saying, "Don't." You know of a little child who, on being asked its name, answered, "I don't know, but mamma calls me 'Charley Don't.'" In the spirit-land that word drops almost into forgetfulness. It is rarely used. They can touch anything, and the little fingers will only make it more fair. And yet, the little children in the spirit-land, though they are learning and developing, learn more slowly, develop less rapidly than your little ones here. And there are some things that they must learn from our earth, some things that they cannot learn in that land; and for these things they are brought back and they mingle with your children, and your little ones sometimes see them and call them by name, and you will find them referring to them, and asking them questions. Many a mother has said, "That child has ever known," but if you could only understand you would find your child is only a little medium, and that it sees spirits and actually has angel playmates. As the poet once said, "Heaven lies all about us in our infancy." It is true, but as you grow older, and the world claims your attention, you grow away from the spiritual, and the natural membership of childhood fades. Prof. Stowe saw spirits and talked with them in his childhood, and as he grew older, this power did not depart, but he continued in communion with spirits invisible to others but perfectly visible to him. Your little boys and girls in that fairer land, in the wonderful schools that they have there, find learning the greatest

delight. You who remember the monotony of your early education may rejoice that in this more progressive age you have the kindergarten, which is like the shadow of angel schools. The little ones in the spirit-land have gone where they no longer need our poor protection, and they are in the Christ principle which is the ruling spirit of that wonderful school where they are learning and growing.

Longfellow understood this truth and expressed it in his most perfect poem of "Resignation." That is the lesson of supreme progression. Then comes the question, if they grow as you say they do, do they increase in stature as they would here on earth? Why should they? There are some who imagine when an infant dies that, perhaps, sixty years after, if the father and mother should happily find heaven, they may find their little infant there, a child yet; they never stop to think how unnatural this would be. Why should these little ones grow no taller in the spirit-land, but always remain as little children? Would you not think it very strange if to-night you could suddenly pass and find in that vast company of the arisen ones, if you should find some child creeping among the fadeless flowers, and ask, "How old is this little one?" and they should answer, "Two hundred and fifty years old." Do you not think you would be surprised? And yet if the old idea was true this would be what you might expect. They grow to the full stature of manhood or womanhood, as they would have been at the very best of life's possible development if they had remained on this earth.

Nature's ideals are always beautiful. If you are not beautiful in figure, in face and feature, it is because you have never reached the measure of this unfoldment. It is because your development has been arrested somewhere along the line of life. Is it not a lovely thing to believe that each one, in his or her own order, will be as perfect in loveliness as the flowers? We do not mean that you will look like each other any more than you do now, in the Spirit-world; very different but beautiful in life's fair development you will all stand in the country of the "by and by."

You know Beethoven in dying said: "I feel that I am dying, but I feel that I am not dying, for I feel that I am becoming more and more like a shadow." But one asks, "If stature increases to maturity, will we not grow old as we do here?" Old age comes here as it does there, and is to be regretted. The cheek loses its bloom, the eye its light, with its shadows, wrinkles come on cheek and brow; the erect form, losing its old-time grace and symmetry, bends towards the earth from whence it came. Does a spirit grow old? Years, as you count time on the earth, may pass by, but in the land where the shadow of the earth does not necessarily fall, they will grow older but not weaker, not with face wrinkled and bloom departed, and figure stooping. The advance of time will only refine, glorify, purify and make more beautiful the spirits in the better land.

A time will come when you will understand these things more thoroughly—sometimes you may gaze upon some radiant spirit, its face shining with beauty divine, and grace and glory in its expression, and you will ask, "How long has that spirit been in the Spirit-world?" and they will tell you that he has been there for centuries; refining, growing purer and wiser, for it is the world of progression, not of fading and dying. There is anguish and suffering, but there is not a pain that does not mean peace afterward. There is not a tear but holds in its radiant prism a thousand rainbows of hope and promise of good. Progression in the spirit is the growth from that which on earth is like a seed, but which has its fairer and fuller unfoldment in the land of the hereafter, in the region of the by and by.

## ZULIEKA.

A Child of Two Worlds.

Of one thing we are very certain. All should read the story by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond now being published each week in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Everybody will recognize therein an excellent vein of spirituality. When we are publishing something that is eminently good we are exceedingly anxious for everyone to partake thereof. Mrs. Richmond is a medium of rare powers, and her controls are of a high order. The story which she is now writing will interest as well as instruct. There are millions of Spiritualists in the United States who take no Spiritualist paper. We wish to reach them. Whenever you come in contact with one, call his attention to the paper, and convince him that it is his duty to subscribe for it, and thus aid in elevating the world to the higher plane. We are now sending to new subscribers the first five chapters of the story free.

William Lloyd Garrison's statue in bronze, of colossal size, will be unveiled in Newburyport next 4th of July.

## FUNERAL SERVICE.

Benj. F. Evans' Obsequies  
Attended by Unseen Guests.

A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN BURIED WITH SPIRITUALIST SERVICES—HIS DAUGHTER A FINE MEDIUM OF MANY YEARS' STANDING—STRANGE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN THE HOUSE—A FOUR YEAR OLD MEDIUM—HISTORY OF THE FAMILY.

TO THE EDITOR:—According to more than one of those who attended the funeral of the late Benjamin F. Evans, which took place last month from the house of his son-in-law, H. C. Royston, 1403 North Mount street, there was a much larger attendance than appeared to those uninitiated in modern Spiritualism, says the *Sunday News*.

It is said that more than one representative of the unseen world was present while the last solemn rites were performed over the remains of the deceased. They did not come there by invitation but were none the less welcome for as that, as all who were there believe in their power to revisit their earthly haunts and minister to the comfort and spiritual welfare of the loved ones they leave behind.

The deceased, whose daughter, Mrs. H. C. Royston, once Miss Henrietta Evans, is a spirit-medium of acknowledged power, was a native of this city. With his brother, the late Thomas Evans, he founded, and for some years conducted, the present fruit and vegetable commission house of Thomas H. Evans & Co., at 214 Light street.

Thomas Evans died two years ago. Benjamin Evans, who at his death was 79 years of age, was a consistent member of the Columbia Avenue M. E. Church for thirty years, but finally embraced Spiritualism through the solicitations of his daughter, the present Mrs. Royston, after the death of his youngest child, George, who departed this life forty years ago.

The cause of Mr. Evans' death, a week ago last Thursday night. The service which was conducted in connection with Mr. Evans' funeral is deemed to be a most novel and impressive one. It began with the singing of his favorite hymn, "Angels' Footsteps on the Floor," by three of Mrs. Royston's children—Misses Jennie, Emma and Nellie. The last-named are twins.

Next Mrs. F. H. Hall read the poem, "Shall We Know Each Other There?" after which Mrs. Rachel Walcott, the spiritualist lecturer, went into a trance, at the head of the casket, and while in that state, delivered what all describe as being a beautiful eulogy on the late Mr. Evans. She spoke of his religious and noble character and his Christ-like love for humanity, and concluded with a prayer for the spiritual well-being of those present.

It is not known what spirit is supposed to have spoken through Mrs. Walcott, but Mrs. Washington A. Danskin, the Spiritualist that Baltimore ever saw, declares that while the discourse was being delivered she distinctly heard raps on the piano, and Mrs. Royston and several more of her friends who were present also heard raps in different parts of the room.

Mrs. Royston also declares that while the white casket containing her father's remains was being lowered to its last resting place in London Park Cemetery the birds in the park sang loudly and joyously, ceasing only when the coffin had touched the bottom of its grave. Mrs. Walcott spoke again at the cemetery and it is claimed that while she was talking some of the mourners standing around the grave saw the spirit of the wife of the deceased hovering near the spot. The pall-bearers were Dr. E. T. Kirby, Charles Haffke, George Cloutworthy, Thomas Burgess, William Wright and Jacob Schoott.

Mrs. H. C. Royston, the medium through whose means these extraordinary manifestations are supposed to have been made, was born in Winchester, Va., about forty years ago. Her father went to Winchester and engaged in the confectionery business some time prior to her birth.

From the time she was eleven years old she gave unmistakable signs of her selection by the spirits as a medium for their operations among mortals. W. A. Danskin heard of her when she returned to Baltimore with her father, and it was he who first "brought her out."

At the very first spiritualistic circle she attended she went into a trance and spoke so eloquently the words of the spirits who successively possessed her that she soon became a pronounced fervent by Baltimore Spiritualists. It is said that her father, while much interested in these manifestations of his daughter's power, was not fully convinced by them until George, his youngest child, died at the age of seven years. While the child lay in his casket on a table with a marble top in the parlor of his house on Lexington street, Mr. Evans and his daughter stood beside the casket talking softly to each other. Suddenly the table on which the casket stood began rocking violently to and fro, and loud raps were heard on the coffin head. Then Mr. Evans became convinced that there really was something in Spiritualism, and embraced that faith soon afterward, continuing steadfastly therein up to the time of his death.

His daughter says that while she, Mrs. Danskin and others were prepar-

ing his body for burial, she remarked that "the poor old soul would not come back if he could." As the words left her lips she and Mrs. Danskin heard the words "No, no, no!" in a loud whisper, by which manifestation startled her very much.

She also claims to have seen the spirit of her father leave the body at the head in a column of bluish vapor, while the figure of her mother stood near and moved her hands as if to accelerate the passage of the departing soul to the other world.

Mrs. Royston, who apparently believes most sincerely in the truth of all she relates, has, for some time, presided at spiritualistic circles at her home, 1403 North Mount street, on Monday and Thursday evenings. Her claims to the mediumistic include almost the entire range of a finished Spiritualist's attributes.

She is, she says, both clairvoyant and clairaudient, a trance and rapping medium, the hearer and producer of independent voices and mistress of the etherization, or the power of making spirits appear in the form of tangible vapor.

She relates many instances in her long experience in proof of her extraordinary power as a medium. These she tells in such evident good faith that it is impossible to disbelieve her own faith in herself and in the strange religion of which she is priestess. Among other things she claims to have converted to Spiritualism more than one clergyman of different denominations who have attended her seances.

One of these divines was Mr. Forbes, who, at the time she knew him, was the rector of an Episcopal Church on Fulton avenue. Mrs. Royston says that the reverend gentleman came to her father's house to hear her play the piano, she being considered in her younger days an expert upon that instrument.

As she played she suddenly became entranced, and turning around upon the piano-stool and facing her visitor, she began to deliver to him a message from his little girl, whom death had claimed some time before. Mr. Forbes was afterward converted to Spiritualism, for which faith he forsook Episcopalianism.

Mrs. Royston's father-in-law, the late one of the largest of his family, was in this city, was crippled, his "hand" in such a peculiar manner that no one could look at the hand without remembering it. She has on several occasions induced the spirit of her father-in-law to reproduce his crippled hand in paraffine for the enlightenment of herself and friends. The test is performed in this manner:

A quantity of melted paraffine is poured into a bucket of hot water. It is thus kept in a liquid state. The spirit circle is then formed about a table and the lights in the room are turned down. When the spirit raps and voices begin to be heard, the medium asks for a mold of the hand or foot of some spirit present designated by her.

When the lights are turned up again, Mrs. Royston declares, a glove of paraffine is found in the bucket of water under the table. This glove is a perfect model of the hand or foot of the spirit who produces it. It is made, she says, by the materialization by the spirit of the member indicated, which is then thrust into the wax.

After the substance has thoroughly covered the hand or foot the latter is dematerialized and withdrawn, leaving the paraffine shell which incrusts it partly to preserve the entire and keep it from breaking. It is then treasured by the relatives of the spirit as a memento.

The fact that no coating of wax, paraffine or tallow can be removed whole from the hand or foot of a human being, but must be broken into bits before it can be taken away, is, in Mrs. Royston's opinion, proof positive that these paraffine moulds are actually made by the spirits according to the method first described.

She has several of the moulds; all are beautifully made. One of them is of the crippled hand of her dead father-in-law, which is so formed that it seems impossible for any mortal to have made it and afterward withdrawn his hand, leaving the frail, white glove intact.

Another mould she has is that of one of her Indian Guides, Osceola, a Seminole chief, who is reported to have died at Fort Moultrie of a broken heart.

Little Mollie gave this manifestation of spirit lights appear, spirit raps and voices are heard and many other remarkable manifestations of the truth of Spiritualism are produced.

Her four children, all girls, live in a constant spiritual atmosphere, but contrary to what might be supposed, they are totally devoid of all fears of the sights and sounds which surround them and walk intrepidly through the house in the dark at any hour of the night.

The youngest, little Mollie, a pretty and particularly bright dandel of four years, is somewhat of a medium herself. She is accustomed to walk up to a table, place her hands upon it and ask for a communication from her infant sister Mamie. She usually gets it, too, in the form of raps from unseen hands which are quite sharp and well-defined.

Little Mollie gave this manifestation in broad daylight, yesterday, for the benefit of a reporter of *The News* who visited the house. Mrs. Royston was quite weak from the nervous strain to which she had been subjected by her father's death and burial.

Nevertheless she also consented to give a token of her power and, placing her hands on the large extension table in the dining-room, the spirits produced audible sounds like the tapping of a drum and the burr of rattling bones.

These, she explains, are made by the spirit of her brother George, whose portraits in Zouave costume are seen in several rooms of her home. George is the child beside whose casket his father, the late Benjamin Evans, received the manifestations which led to his conversion to Spiritualism.

George was born at Winchester, Va. His favorite costume was the Zouave dress and his favorite pastime the beating of a toy drum and the rattling of bones. Hence he always makes himself known to Mrs. Royston and her children who seem to be on very intimate terms with him, by tapping in imitation of the instruments mentioned.

He does this at his own sweet will, by day or night, anywhere about the Royston residence; and the little Roystons are yet unterrified.

Baltimore, Md.

## THEISM AND SCRIPTURE

From the Standpoint of John Wetherbee.

I. Sometimes I am moved to write on some special subject, and to such a degree that I think it is a spirit influence sometimes I know it is, and this influence tells me to write on this dry subject. I will follow this impression or influence. I do not propose to write a dry article and undertake to show what and where is God, for I don't know, and nobody does, either spirit or mortal; yet I claim to be a religious man and a believer in God. It occurs to me that there may be some who would like to know my ideas, or the ideas of my dictating influence, on this dry but profound subject, so I will briefly state them in a few short articles. This first one will be of an introductory character, but I think, before I get through, I will clearly and interestingly state my ideas. I am aware I am no authority, and if spirits are influencing me, they are no authority on this unknowable subject, but it may be true, all the same, and is, to me.

I have a great respect for the Christian religion, and I think we are more readers of Christian books than we are of any other. I have read the "Starred Sentinel" and "Night Thoughts" by Young, in his "Night Thoughts" says:

"An undevout astronomer is mad,"

and the same may be said of any other department of science; so the reading of that line from Young should be "an undevout scientist is mad." But scientists generally are undevout—do not believe in a God, or any other life after this mortal one is over; and believe everything has a material basis; they know no spirit, but all that is, is matter. Herbert Spencer, the head of the order, and a believer in the law of evolution, starts everything from "a primordial force"; everything is evolved from that by the law of evolution. No God or creator is needed—evolution has done it all, from this primordial force, and it has produced the universe as we see it to-day. It finds, however, mind in the product, which it cannot account for—certainly not from matter. Spencer's famous is material; for a stream can rise higher than its fountain; and Spencer's idea is illogical, and he will have to underlie his "primordial force" with intelligence, and then the law of evolution will account for the universe in its wholeness, as we see it to-day. I think the law of evolution a better solution of the problem of the universe than God as the creator of it, who is inside, and not outside of it; there mind being found in the stream of events which could not come from matter. The leading scientists, though materialistic, have to admit that the invisible and intangible forces are mightier than all we can see and handle; and it proves, also, that all the so-called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy that we cannot think of or figure as material; by this it seems that science is very near from necessity of underlying Spencer's primordial force with something higher than matter, and it must be intelligence; then, finding mind in the outcome is accounted for.

Quite prominent in the scientific world are those who are now investigating psychical matters, and they have demonstrated telepathy to be a fact; that is mind-transference without sensory or physical contact; they have demonstrated the fact also of clairvoyance, and also that of mesmerism, under the name of hypnotism. These phenomena are beyond the boundary line of matter, even if found in connection with matter; and are more in that undiscovered country, the Spirit-world, than in this material world; they are thereby listening to the "Footfalls on the boundary of the Spirit-world," perhaps without knowing it, and will soon find that Spirit-world, and become, as we have said, theistic instead of atheistic.

I have for myself found that Spirit-world and a future life for man when (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)



# ZULIEKA

## A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

### BY OLIVER

#### Through the Mediumship of

#### MRS. CORA L.V. RICHMOND.

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## PART II.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## The Shipwreck and Rescue.

## WINGS.

"Fleet and far, deep and high, dip your wings, O ye birds!  
Bend and swirl, O ye vultures, over the Tower of Silence.  
Swift and far, O ye eagles! fly to your mountains.  
Iber, sail and sweep.  
Songbirds, flutter and sing.  
Doves! O ye doves! never weary of your cooing; fly to your mates.

Strong seabirds! come, bear me company; we will away.  
The enchanting scenes of my childhood no longer hold me.

Malabar Hill and the palms, gardens, terraces, palaces, pavilions of pleasure, Byculla and the bazars; Managor, Fort, temples, spires, domes, minarets; banners, groves—ye are no longer mine; ye cannot enchain me; I am not yours! Farewell, India! farewell, beautiful Bombay! I go to my beloved!

Be strong and staunch, thou ship! Breathe deep and loud, ye mighty steam-horses! Ye masts and sails, do your uttermost; strain and stretch your wings!

Swiftly speed, thou Leviathan of the deep! Plough the waters; make a furrow into which the sunrises and moonbeams may fall and yield their jeweled harvest. Bear me to my love!

Had Armand's emotions been set to thoughts, and his thoughts to words, and his words to music, the harbor and peninsula of Bombay would have resounded with an anthem of praise; an oratorio of devotion; a psalm of joy, love, triumph. He was going away from India—away from Bombay—and this time going joyfully, for he was going to Zelda and Zulieka, his heart's home, the shrine of his spirit.

Amid plaudits that he did not hear, banners that he did not see; homage and respect and honors that he did not feel, the successful ambassador, the peaceful, strong conqueror sailed unto his own.

## HIS MISSION.

At last the long, arduous and wearisome pilgrimage was ended.

The times were full of peril for the stability and permanence, nay, even for the temporary possession, so dearly won, of the English government in India.

The various tribes were dissatisfied; many had never Friday evening. The p of the entertainment wajsahs were still defiant in spirit, and a few feet. The ladies will be a certain end the gent had been one of peace, conciliation and chase a raft of feet to all qualified as he to perform so difficult a task; to see in guarding against possible ambush or surprise.

Hiejoh was his watchful and inspired monitor. The silent secretary was his interpreter.

His English secretary had gone with Zelda, to look after her welfare on the voyage, although the entire ship and its officers and crew were at her service.

Armand had refused to take a military escort, even although urged to do so at the very last moment in Calcutta by the Governor General.

"Will you, then, plunge into the very jaws of death, my lord?" said the chief officer in command of India. "Some of the tribes are in revolt; others are ready to join them."

"For that very reason, and with all deference to the opinions and kind solicitude of your excellency, I must decline a military escort. The objects of my mission would be utterly defeated if the hated uniform of her majesty's troops, or the still more hated presence of the Sepoys, were thrust among them. If I am to conquer a peace, I must do so with my own weapons."

And he did. Through what perils and privations, through what trials and homage, would form a book of wonders equal to the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

Somewhere this pilgrimage must have been recorded, although modestly withheld from the public by Armand, who would never consent to be a hero, and who thrice on that memorable tour refused to be a King or Rajah.

Whatever he had to tell, and his love had stored away precious things in his memory, must be told to Zelda.

Hiejoh was more than delighted when they were fairly on their way. He never intruded his presence or service, but was watchful, attentive and faithful; he knew and anticipated every want. His face was absolutely radiant; his eyes shone, and his agile form seemed to bend and then become erect, as though he would express his joy in action. He was ubiquitous.

When they were alone, Armand said: "Hiejoh, are you not sad at leaving India? That has always been your home."

"My master does not know where the home of Hiejoh has always been, but he knows Hiejoh's affection and duty are with my lord, and Hiejoh's love and devotion are with Lady Zelda and Zulieka."

"Then you are also going home, Hiejoh. I am glad you are pleased to go."

"My master's footsteps mark my pathway; my Lady Zelda fixes my habitation, and the Princess Zulieka governs the kingdom of my small service."

"You are lavish with your titles, Hiejoh. If these loyal English subjects were to hear you they might suspect us of being in conspiracy with some of those splendid Rajahs to aid their revolution and to form a kingdom of our own," smilingly said Armand.

"In which case, my master, I am ever at your service," replied Hiejoh, with so profound a salaam that Armand laughed aloud.

Hiejoh was certainly diverting, as well as most useful and profound.

## COMPAGNONS DU VOYAGE.

No one is formal on shipboard excepting, of course, officers and men. These, from highest to lowest, have three terms constantly before their minds, instilled into their spirits, and made a part of their existence—respect for those in command; obedience to those in command; service from those under command.

Armand was the honored guest, the nominal commander (by courtesy) of the ship.

The real commander was a most loyal son of a titled English family, who had entered the Royal naval service in youth, had been trained in every department, and had more than half a century of naval experience. As stern as iron when at his post of duty; as fierce as a lion when at war; as urbane and as courteous as any gentleman when not at his post of command.

The subordinate officers and crew were from some of the best and most honored families in the British kingdom.

There were on board officers and men in the military service, invalids, broken down with the fever, the result of the dread miasma of India; there were commissaries and envoys, and a few merchants and tourists.

Among the passengers Hiejoh's quick eyes and supernatural intuition soon detected Mr. Metcalf—changed surely, possibly disguised, but none the less the solicitor of the Earl of Montrose.

"I will wait and watch," thought Hiejoh, "before I tell my master. Perhaps he, too, will discover this man."

An aversion amounting to almost hatred existed between these two. Whatever Mr. Metcalf's thoughts or feelings were towards Armand, he had a deep dislike to this peculiar and weird little being, whom he could never question, and yet whom he knew always read him through and through.

Among the passengers Armand found, to his great delight, his friend the Buddhist, who, for the first time, had cast aside his traditional dislike of visiting a new and, to his mind, semi-savage country, and had consented to enlighten the *litterati*, and, possibly, the theologians of England, concerning the ethics of Buddhism. Some days had passed, and they were together continually.

"What fortunate circumstance or overruling power could have arranged a meeting so delightful?" exclaimed Armand, as he greeted the Buddhist fervently, without offering his hand—a greeting that in tone and gesture was full of fraternal fellowship.

"My friend honors me by his expression of joy at our meeting, which joy I most fully reciprocate, as my friend well knows," quietly but sincerely replied the Buddhist. "The more do I feel this as I am journeying to a strange land, unfamiliar with its language and people; but I am learning English, and my friend will make me feel that I am not a stranger in this far land towards which we are going."

"Always remember I am thy friend and brother, if one may claim that endearing title who is not related by ties of consanguinity and not wholly kindred in belief, but may really be one in faith," said Armand, earnestly.

"Are belief and faith different in your language? I have been led to think they were one; still, I might perceive a distinction," the Buddhist said slowly, as if meditating.

"Clearly," at once answered Armand, "there is a difference. Belief is the form of which faith is the spirit. Forms may change, but the spirit, the soul is forever. There cannot be belief without some foundation in faith, even though they do not resemble each other, but there may be faith without belief. I may say that I have profound faith in the All Good, but I am wholly without any form of belief."

"I perceive most clearly the distinction made. Possibly my friend may bring me to accept it, for he has brought to me many new ideas and interpretations," replied the Buddhist.

"My friend gives me too great praise," said Armand, deprecatingly. "I am but a student in those deep subjects with which my friend has been familiar from youth; but there are many subjects connected with Buddha and his teachings concerning which I fain would ask my friend."

Here a clergyman, evidently returning from a foreign mission—doubtless in India—came near to them, with apologies for so doing. He, nevertheless, asked permission to join them and listen to the conversation.

Armand recognized in this clergyman one who had been long a resident of India, and lately of Ceylon, and he introduced the Rev. Samuel Sleeper, former rector of St. Mark's, —, England, late missionary to Ceylon, to his friend, Mahahvida, the Buddhist scholar and philosopher.

They resumed their conversation in the Hindoo tongue, as the Rev. Mr. Sleeper was familiar with the language.

"I was about to ask my friend if the followers of the Lord Buddha accept, as the primal basis of their religion, the Brahminical idea of the Most High, and the abodes of the gods, as well as of the intermediate tutelar deities and states of souls," said Armand.

"My friend will pardon me," said Mahahvida, "if I do not fully understand his question, for I am able to say this, although the people of India—I mean the Hindoos, both Brahminical and Buddhist—are seemingly idolatrous, the latter, I regret to say, apparently as much so as the former, still, they in very truth worship only the one God, the Creator, the Heavenly Ideal, the Eternal Good."

"Then how is it there are three divinities, only two of whom are worshiped, and so many tutelar deities and devas that one is bewildered by their number and names?" asked Armand.

"The Buddhist rejects these tutelar or terrestrial divinities except as servants of the just, and commends the faithful followers of our Lord to a life of victory over the senses, and to the worship of the Supreme Good through Vishnu, of whom our Lord was the accepted incarnation," answered Mahahvida.

"Tell me, then, about the heavens, the abodes of the gods," said Armand.

"The description my friend will best understand," said the Buddhist, "is to be found in the beautiful poem of Meru, and is, in substance, as I will relate."

## THE INDIAN HEAVEN.

"At the heart of the mystic lotus that supports the universe, and which springs from the bosom of Vishnu, is the Soumeru, a mountain of gold of immeasurable height. Its sides are adorned with jewels of a thousand colors, resplendent as the rising sun. Everywhere are seen flowers in richest profusion, with such varied coronets as never could enter the vision of man.

"Amid the groves are the abodes of the gods, who, shaded by trees that grow densely on Meru, live with their wives in perfect and eternal happiness.

"On the summit resides Brahma, the god of gods, whose habitation is shrouded by vaporous clouds.

"On the east is Indra, in his chariot of fire, who presides at the banquets of the gods, and pours out the ambrosia, while around him press the heavenly company.

"The seven Rishis (the stars of Ursa Major), with their glittering crowns; Agni, the fire-god, on a throne composed of a thousand glittering metals; the sublime Yama, on his elephant; Siva, the magnificent, with his sons Ganesa, god of wisdom, and Kartikeya, god of war; Rhemha and her attendant nymphs, the children and incarnations of the divinities; the sacred serpents, the stars—in fact, all things that are great and beautiful are assembled on Meru to sing the praises of Brahma, the Great Creator.

"Encircled by river's rolling waves of pure gold is a forest, every tree of which diffuses the sweetest perfumes, and in the center of it is that mysterious tree of magic power, adored by gods and men, the Tree of Immortality."

"How wonderfully beautiful!" exclaimed Armand.

"One must not confound Brahma, the creator, the god of gods, with the Brah or Brihm, the most high, the uncreate, to whom no temple is reared, no homage given," said the Buddhist.

"But are not these scenes eminently adapted to appeal to the senses, and do they not encourage corresponding indulgences in human life—love of gold, jewels, gardens, nymphs—all things that the Hindoos prize?"

"Undoubtedly, if interpreted to the senses only; but our Lord Buddha taught a more divine and inner meaning, and taught the conquest over the senses, over the desire to live, by making clear the pathway to Nirvana."

"But," interrupted the Rev. Samuel Sleeper, "if I may be allowed to speak, we have no right to regard these books or their interpretation as other than mythological, and clearly forbidden. Our Lord Jesus Christ presents the only way and means of salvation, and the Bible contains the only sacred word. These Oriental poems are alluring to the scholar and pleasing to the senses, but we can never read them or look upon them as sacred—never except as forbidden."

"Are books, then, sacred instead of principles?" asked Armand of the clergyman. "And must we accept the Christian Bible or your

authority more than the Vedas or Shastras or sacred books of Buddha?"

"The Earl of Montrose will pardon me, but there can be but one way to salvation; the church preserves that way, and our Lord declared it."

"I find, however, much that appeals to the senses in the versions of the Christian Bible that I have seen," observed the Buddhist. "The description of the sacred city in the vision of John, if I remember correctly, contains much gold, also many jewels and precious stones, and a sacred tree by the river of life—in fact, I was struck with the resemblance of the City of Zion to the description of Meru, and it almost seemed to me that one was a little different version of the other."

The Rev. Samuel Sleeper was becoming somewhat restless under this double fire of Armand and the Buddhist, and there might have been some bitter and vehement words spoken by him had there not been

## AN INTERRUPTION.

Armand and the Buddhist exchanged glances of mutual surprise and interest when, wearing similar suits of traveling clothes as before, with exactly similar gestures, intonations of voice, and a peculiarity of manner all their own, the two strangers stood before them who had once before interrupted and amazed them when they sat near the sacred *pey-pul* tree in India, and were conversing then as now on themes of deep and solemn import.

The younger of the two men, with eyes closed and a soft expression of countenance, addressed the Buddhist in the choicest Hindoo language, not the language of the street or bazar, but of the scholar.

Mahahvida's face gave no sign of recognition or of understanding, but other words were added in the Cingalese dialect that Armand fully understood, as, in fact, he did a portion of the first, but the Buddhist gave no sign.

Turning to Armand, the young man said, in English: "Your father is again with you; your mother is by your side; heed well the warning she will give you this night; do not even disregard the smallest particular."

He then turned to the clergyman, and said: "The late bishop, your father, is here. He bids me say to you that the papers you seek will be found in the vestry-room of the St. — Church, —, in the town where he lived in England. The key to the desk is in the room that was his study, in a small mahogany box, in his private dressing-case."

Turning again toward the Buddhist and Armand, the young man said: "There is one here who seems very remote in the period of time he lived on the earth. He was very wise, and he bids me say: 'There can be no warfare between Truth as a whole, and Truth in its several parts. The Infinite, as unrevealed, is absolute good. The Infinite becomes finite when revealed, but is still good. Let there be no warfare over the revealed good, since forever the Infinite is the light of all souls.'"

To the three now all standing near the young man, he said: "Accept the universal love and truth of God, under whatever name it is given, and the fraternity of man."

The Buddhist whispered: "The fraternity of man."

The young man opened his eyes, gave an exclamation of surprise and embarrassment, and the latter gentleman, bowing politely, said: "Gentlemen, this power is something that I do not understand, and no one can govern. Whatever the intelligence or force may be, it takes possession of him and talks."

He said this with a sort of nasal accent and an air of stating an unpopular fact, which he was ready to defend if necessary, and led the young man away.

Several of those on board had been drawn to the spot by the unusual nature of the scene. One ejaculated, "electricity;" another, "mesmerism;" another, "sorcery," and the Rev. Samuel Sleeper said plainly, within the hearing of all: "This is the work of Satan; he would 'deceive the very elect.'"

Armand fully resolved to ascertain who and from whence these very singular men might be; they dressed, acted and appeared

At the instant, however, he turned to speak to his friend. The Buddhist had withdrawn, and Armand must wait before asking him concerning the truth of what the young man had spoken.

Nor did he again see this singular pair during the voyage.

He started to leave the deck for his cabin, when among those who had been attracted by curiosity to the scene was a face and form familiar, yet changed; one who had not made any sign of recognition to him, and, therefore, must wish to be unknown; one who had surprised him before, and who must have some reason for traveling in this disguise. Metcalf! yes, he was sure. But Armand neither paused in his measured pace, nor changed one muscle of his countenance, as he passed to his own cabin.

## MORE DISCOVERIES.

Hiejoh was soon by his master's side.

"Do you know, Hiejoh, the man with long side-whiskers and blue glasses, who is a passenger on this ship?" asked Armand.

"I think I know, my master. I knew him the first day we came on board the ship, and I have waited for my master to tell me if there is anything he wishes me to do or to say about Mr. Metcalf?"

"No, Hiejoh, there is nothing. I suppose it is some caprice or whim that causes him to travel in disguise. Great people often do," said Armand.

Hiejoh, who did not think the solicitor a great man, wondered if Armand spoke in jest or earnest.

"But, my master, there is another on this ship also disguised, who travels as the solicitor's secretary—a small, dark man, with snake-like eyes. My master, and here Hiejoh's voice shrunk to a whisper at a motion from Armand, "Vinola!"

"Tell me if you discover anything further," said Armand, with great composure, but he was really much disturbed.

When Hiejoh withdrew, he had time for reflection.

He thought Mr. Metcalf's presence, in the companionship of Vinola, very suspicious. He had no charges to make against his solicitor; he could, if he chose, make charges against Vinola. How dared they to thus embark on the ship that was officially his own, and in disguise? Evidently there was some unworthy—aye, perhaps some criminal plot.

"Foolish Metcalf! blind and stupid Vinola! England, and even the world, would be too small to hide you if there is any cause for all this mystery," thought Armand.

He was thus meditating. It was night. He heard the steady pace of the officers on guard. He had long since heard the evening drill of the men, and their dispersion to their regular posts of duty, and now he resolved to seek his berth, and, if possible, sleep.

Why should he be troubled by what the strange young man had told him, or by the discovery of two fellow-voyagers in ill-assorted companionship and foolish disguise?

"Vanish, ill-omens and troubled thoughts; come, sleep; come to my dreams, Zelda, my own! Do I not hasten to thee, my beloved?"

## THE VOICE.

As soon as Armand was quiet, as soon as he heard only the heart-beats of the great steam-motors, only the pulses of the ship; only the tread of sentinels; only the sounds of the sailors' song, he heard a voice—the one voice that had ever admonished and kept him from danger.

"My son, an hour of peril is near. Thou wilt do thy duty. Guard well thy life, for the sake of the loved ones. Thy throat—guard thy throat!"

Strange admonition; insoluble prophecy. Still did Armand force himself to sleep.

## FULFILLMENT AFTER MANY DAYS.

The night was perfectly clear and calm. The waters of the Mediterranean were lighted by myriads of stars that seemed to be reproduced a thousandfold in the crisp furrows of foam that rolled and tumbled away from the bow of the ship as she sped on.

Armand had left his cabin, and gone out upon deck, and up to

where the second officer was in command. The latter recognized Armand, and gave him a very deferential salute, then said:

"I fear your lordship does not rest well, although the sea is quite calm. I hope the Earl of Montrose is not ill?"

"I fancied the air would be fine, and I found my cabin quite close. Thanks for your solicitude," replied Armand.

"There has been a storm to the westward," replied the officer, "and the sea is troubled ahead of us, but the storm itself has passed southward."

Armand felt the change in the ship's motion, and noticed a peculiar gray line along the horizon to the westward.

"Are you quite sure that the storm has passed away from our track?" he asked of the officer. "The horizon wears a threatening aspect."

"We shall feel the change of air and motion, nothing more," replied the acting commander.

The officer and Armand conversed occasionally, and the latter grew calm and even buoyant beneath the glory of the night, and the influence of the balmy yet invigorating air.

The voyage had been one of peculiar comfort. The officers and crew had been more than deferential, and the passengers, few in number, but with the exception of the disguised Metcalf and Vinola, very entertaining.

Hiejoh had entertained them with exhibitions of his skill in Oriental adeptship and sleight of hand that almost seemed miraculous; there had been games and stories, concerts and theatricals, in which all the parts were played *perforce* by the men and boys on board.

"They were nearing the rock of Gibraltar; they would soon pass the straits into the open sea; they had passed Scylla and Charybdis, would soon say hail and adieu to Spain, and then the shores of La Belle France, and then welcome Albion, home, Zelda—"

An exclamation from the officer broke in upon Armand's joyful reverie of anticipated bliss.

"Rockets! A ship in distress; a wreck; sinking rapidly! Such are the signals!"

The acting commander called all hands on deck; the commander of the ship was awakened; a hasty consultation, and the ship was headed in the direction from whence came the signals.

The waves were now very turbulent. All was excitement on board, yet there was perfect order. Officers and men and crew all at their posts.

"Bear down on the wreck!" and as they bore down they could see the dark hull, dismantled, lying very low, with the stern almost submerged; they saw spars and rigging, and heard shouts beneath and around them.

"Make ready the boats!" Every one in turn, according to their number, was ready for the command. "Lower the boats!"

The passengers, including Armand, were ordered to one small portion of the lower deck.

"The Earl of Montrose understands? We must have all the room for action."

"I understand," said Armand; "but command me if I may serve the ship or the unfortunates there."

Small time for courtesies. The boats were lowered, and far on their way to the sinking ship; one was returning, having picked up a few from floating mast and spar.

Orders, cries, shouts for help! Armand could wait no longer. He could care for those who were taken on board, and he at once offered his services to the ship's surgeon, depriving himself of the excitement—awful, yet sublime—of seeing the wreck sink—sink out of sight.

The sea was running very high; the rocks were just to the south and west of the sinking ship. Not a furlong further could they go in safety.

The ship was held against the wind, and one by one the boats came laden with their freight of human beings.

Terrified, nearly drowned, bruised human forms in every degree of suffering, in all stages of insensibility.

Everyone on board was pressed into service. The ship became a floating hospital.

O, but the groans and cries! Would they never cease? The sound of the waves! Would they never be still?

At last a mighty groan, like that which might arise for pity to the Throne of Grace, went up from the ship. Every man shuddered as this groan went forth, for they all knew the wreck had sunk.

Armand had no time to note this; busy with the dying, with those who could be resuscitated, he worked and patiently toiled until, in the midst of this excitement, when close pressed on every side, Hiejoh darted toward his master, and a voice, the voice, said: "Guard your throat!"

Armand put up his hand, there was a flash of a knife close against his hand, but in a second Hiejoh had sent some one sprawling to the deck. In another instant the baffled fiend started up, saw that his attempt had been in vain, jumped to the side of the deck, and flung himself, with an oath, into the sea. It was Vinola! There was a great cry of indignation and terror among those who saw this "a would-be murder, a suicide." "Who and what can he be?" "The excitement has driven him mad."

Hasty congratulations to Armand on his escape, a hasty inspection by the surgeon of his hand that had saved his throat from the assassin's knife. "Only a flesh wound," was the verdict, and he went on with his labor of love and tender mercy as though nothing had happened.

And Hiejoh became the hero of the occasion, for he had undoubtedly saved the life of his master.

The Buddhist, too, was there, all night and day, among the moans and sighs and groans, among the white faces, among the prayerful voices—"saved, thank God, saved!" and then some of them would fall to weeping for the first time, overcome by the reaction and joy for their deliverance.

"How many were lost? How many saved? The name of the ship? And whither was she going?"

These and a thousand other questions were eagerly passed from one to another, and when the morning sun shone mockingly fair on the royal steam corvette —, in her majesty's Indian service, the decks and cabins and every available space were filled with the rescued.

The officers, men and passengers of the corvette were all safe except the two, "Mr. Meredith" and his "secretary," whom Armand and Hiejoh knew were Metcalf and Vinola. They were seen no more.

The following paragraphs appeared in the London papers on the evening of March 25, 18—, and the two succeeding days:

"Despatches via Havre announce the arrival at Barcelona, Spain, of her majesty's steam corvette —, from India. The — encountered heavy seas when off the island of —, in the Mediterranean, and rescued from death a hundred of the passengers and crew of the Vinola, a Spanish merchant and passenger ship in the India spice and silk trade, wrecked off the coast of —. It is thought about one hundred lives were lost. The ship and cargo are a total loss, but were heavily insured."

"A Mr. Meredith and his secretary (name not given), on board her majesty's corvette —, were lost overboard during the storm and excitement of rescuing the wrecked passengers of the Spanish steamer Vinola, on the night of the 20th inst."

"E. Cornwall Metcalf, of the legal firm of Metcalf & Metcalf, was one of the passengers on board the ill-fated Spanish steamer Vinola, and it is now feared that he was not among those who were rescued by her majesty's steam corvette —."

"During the excitement attendant upon rescuing the survivors of the wreck of the Vinola, the Earl of Montrose, on board her majesty's steam corvette —, narrowly escaped death at the hands of an unknown assassin, who attempted the life of the noble earl with a knife, aiming at his throat. A faithful Indian servant of the earl—a clever dwarf—saved his master's life. The would-be assassin was undoubtedly mad, as there was no motive for the crime, and he plunged headlong into the sea."

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)









## YARROW EXPERIENCES.

Excerpt from "The Yarrow" by  
J. M. W. Turner.

## CHRISTIANITY.

## SURVEY CONTINUED.

## FREE! FREE! FREE!

## SEE FOR FLORIDA

## IT IS INTERESTING





## A Practical Question.

To THE EDITOR.—For several weeks I have been an interested reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and have noticed many undoubted testimonies, both from scientific and unscientific sources, tending to prove the reality of phenomena manifesting the possibility of communication between this world and the Spirit-world.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and its contributors profess to be scientific, are outspoken, and evidently believe in liberty of thought and freedom of speech, and these are some of the reasons why I like them; but there is something unsatisfactory to me about the whole thing, at least so far as I understand it at present.

I believe in phenomena proving communication with the spiritual, the unseen. But what are to be the conditions of my spiritual existence? What are the conditions of existence of the spirits already in the Spirit-world? Every organism must have its natural environment, the necessary conditions for its existence, its complement. It cannot exist apart from its natural environment; neither can a spirit exist apart from its complement, whether it be the spirit of a Christian or the spirit of a Spiritualist. All spirits must have the same necessary conditions of existence and cannot exist apart from these. The difference, then, must be, in the name given to the spirit's environment respectively by the Christian and by the Spiritualist.

"As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." This is a poetic utterance of a scientific fact. As the animal organism seeks its natural environment, its complement, the conditions necessary for its existence, and cannot exist apart from it, so the spirit seeks its complement and cannot exist without it.

Could anything be more scientific than this "Blessed are the poor in spirit," indicating that one of the first conditions of entrance into the Spirit-world is the possession of the child spirit, the child heart, that state of dependence on its natural, spiritual environment, and the impossibility of existence without it. Substantially the same idea underlies the numerous passages in which Christ affirms that he has not come to call the righteous, but sinners; to repentance, sinners meaning those needing their natural, spiritual environment, and manifesting the same by the possession of the child spirit, the child heart.

The same great teacher, with increasing emphasis of the same scientific truth, and manifest conscious power of supplying the necessary spiritual environment, declares: "I am the vine, ye are the branches; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." As well expect the natural fruit to flourish without air, heat, soil and sunshine, as the spirit to thrive without its required complement. Paul defines the relation with still greater scientific accuracy when he says: "Ye are complete in Him." This scientific truth applies to the spirit of every human being that ever lived, no matter what his or her belief during life was. The Agnostic is right when he proclaims his incompleteness. The despair of the Atheist is negative proof of man's incompleteness. The whole of Bible anthropology is summed up in this—the completeness of man, spiritually, in God—his incompleteness without Him. If there is anything in spiritualistic experience or literature to place these matters on a more scientific basis than that I want to know it.

A. STAGHOUSE.

Kingston, Canada, Dec. 27th, 1892.

## Items from Washington, D. C.

To THE EDITOR.—We wish to let the large and increasing number of your readers know that the First National Association of Spiritualists, of the national capital, have the finest hall in Washington (Metropolitan New Music Hall), that our society is a growing and harmonious body, and that Spiritualism is attracting very much attention and steadily gaining ground. The best people of the city are getting interested in the cause, and the time is fast passing when to be known as a Spiritualist is to be called a "crank." Many persons high in official and civil life are investigating, and the truth of Spiritualism once fairly and honestly investigated means a new convert. All we ask is investigation.

We had with us for speaker in December Mrs. A. M. Glading, of Doylestown, Pa., the well-known and popular trance medium, whose discourses are of a high order and always well received. She is kind enough to give to our society the month of December, which she has done for many years. Her worth and beautiful lectures have made her a host of friends. Next December we expect to welcome her again. She goes hence to Baltimore, to fill a three months' engagement. We have many good mediums in our midst, all doing their different work; among the most notable is the world-renowned slate-writer P. L. O. A. Keeler. Our society have had, to follow our speakers each Sunday night, that very remarkable and wonderfully gifted medium, Miss Maggie Ganley, of Baltimore, whose tests are of the most convincing kind, giving, as she does, names in full of spirits.

I am only too glad to say the cause is progressing with us, and trust such is the case everywhere. We congratulate Bro. Francis on the success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and wish it and its many readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

GOVT A. HALL,  
Secretary.

## Harmonious Music.

Harmonious music at Spiritualist gatherings is supposed to be of the utmost importance, if we would secure the best results. If this is true—and who doubts it?—how in the name of common sense can this be attained, when old, dogmatic theological hymns are sung. No matter if the music be ever so good, and the singers be well up in both voice and culture, yet the harmonizing influence is all lost, and the reverse of that is felt by nine-tenths of all present who have experienced the liberalizing

and soul-inspiring influence of the spirit of truth.

Why do the Spiritualists of Denver and many other places continue this ridiculous nonsense, when our liberal publishing houses are full of liberal, soul-inspiring song books, arranged especially for such gatherings, at prices within the reach of all, and divested of all discordant inharmonious orthodox tomfoolery?

WM. H. C.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 9th, 1892.

## THE LA GRIPPE

From a Mental Standpoint.

CAUSE AND CURE OF LA GRIPPE.

The first cause for this new-named but old disease is a mental one. Either disappointed purpose, ambition or affection, or a sudden depression from fear, or being the subject of another's hate or jealousy, lies at the root of this malady. The first sign of the reaction on the physical is a relaxed, nervous or changeable temperature. Circulation is impeded; the heart feels like lead, or beats with sudden starts of heat, then shrinks with cold; the blood-vessels begin to congeal; the head and chest are central points of attack. These are the great batteries that do the mental work, for the front brain and chest are intimately connected. Whatever excites or depresses the one is immediately responded to in the other. Given this condition the second cause is not far to seek, and that is a departure from regular habits of life; either or all of these, viz., food, sleep or the activities that have hitherto kept the machinery of the body in equilibrium. Whoever seriously is disheartened, or fears something, does not sleep well, does not care for food, or for the usual order of life. Now comes la grippe, and is master of the situation.

In proportion to the intensity of the mental cause will be the severity of the disease. To the thinker the cure is obvious. The patient must first, if possible, grasp and hold the thought that in his own mind he is sovereign, and not subject. This thought fully dominating him, he can rise above depression or fear from any cause; but if he is so constituted that he cannot maintain a central thought long enough for it to become an energy within him sufficient to set all the wheels in motion, then some simple tonic stimulants, also a lubricating oil, must supplement the thought until supremacy is gained. He must certainly first drop the tenuous mental hold he has taken on the producing cause, and with a philosophy born of the truth that what is lost to-day the future may, with right energy, regain; that all things come to him who can fearlessly work and wait; or, if the subject of another's hate or scorn, he must relate himself to the good he can find in that other, and utterly refuse to reflect on what seems evil in the one who hates or scorns; thus he will establish a positive guard about himself against the poison darts.

Only good or just thought gives strength. As soon as a hopeful or pleasing attitude of mind is established, the patient naturally returns to his regular habits of life, and health returns accordingly.

The disease is more common to adults, but young children who come under its influence do so because unconsciously dominated by the mental states of those they are most in sympathy with. That which arouses and fixes the attention of such children pleasantly and permanently is the panacea while under this domination, which should be removed as soon as perceived.

A gloom or alarm in the parent or guardian is very soon communicated to the child. "Words of wisdom are like apples of gold in pitchers of silver."

CRETE.

## Slate-Writing with Mr. Campbell.

To THE EDITOR.—The common saying of this age is that the world is growing weaker and wiser; but it is astonishing how ignorant the masses of humanity are of some of the grandest natural phenomena ever brought to the knowledge of mortal man.

A few months ago I even heard a learned M.D., one who is elevated to the station of Cook Co. Physician, make the statement under oath, in a court of justice, that he considered it the first symptom of insanity for any person to believe in the possibility of establishing communication with our spirit friends—and still that man is retained in a public office where he has the power of putting people into an insane asylum who are much more intelligent and sane than himself.

On Dec. 23rd, I called on Mr. A. Campbell, of 2434 Park avenue, to investigate the spirit phenomena coming through his mediumship. He took me into a dimly-lighted room and produced two slates which were washed perfectly clean and a rubber band placed around them to hold them together; he held one side of the slates and I held the other. In about half an hour he told me to take them apart, and on opening the slates I was astonished to see one of the most exquisite oil paintings that I have ever seen—the painting completely covered one side of the slate—and on the other slate was a message written with slate pencil. The painting was an exquisite bouquet of pansies painted in oil colors which, while fresh, would rub off with a touch, and when dry was like any other oil painting. I will challenge any artist to produce such a painting in anything like the time taken for this operation, and he must be a first-class artist if he could produce such a picture at all.

The passing of paints and oil through the slates and placing them on the surface in an artistic manner defies material laws and bewilders the materialistic scientist; but passing matter through matter is not contrary to natural laws, for natural laws extend into the spiritual world and only those who are bigoted and blinded by prejudice need remain ignorant of these glorious fields of spiritual knowledge which are now opening to every intelligent seeking soul.

R. E. INSTATOR.

863 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

## No Danger Yet.

To THE EDITOR.—There is no danger from Catholic or Protestant methods or influences, as long as the present agitation—heresy hunting—is maintained; danger is in the direction of ignorance and neglect, of those outside the churches.

In the present Sunday opening or closing question, the Protestants have the advantage over numbers, justice, and the broad and liberal thought of this age, because of neglect.

The Sunday closing law was passed almost without protest (the liberals were napping) and it will not be repealed without a struggle, and by the Protestants; the Catholics mostly favor opening.

Personally I have no fear for liberty, for the country, or for liberal religious views and opinions, from either branch of the Christian church. Why? Because they are grossly material; they try to live, but starve on shadows; they are of the earth earthly; they cannot live in the light of the spiritual; they are weak in all spiritual things; they grope in darkness and are trying to live on the husks of the past; they have destroyed their God, savior, and heaven, by placing a limit upon them; their three-headed God, visionary heaven and hell, have all been destroyed by their own hands; the day they limited the Infinite to human conceptions, they destroyed their God.

To know God, or the Infinite Spirit of life and love, eternity, spirit, heaven, or all of growth and continued life, would be their literal destruction; to limit any of the attributes of the Infinite, is to destroy their power to uplift humanity. It is plain to be seen that the present expressions of Christianity are weak and powerless before the light, power, and influence of the Spirit-world; they cannot resist this mighty spiritual tide.

Our duty as Spiritualists is to maintain our honest mediums, sustain the spiritual press and rostrum, encourage all to be independent and fearless in all efforts to advance the glorious truths of Spiritualism, and especially may all encourage the recent efforts of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to furnish their readers with attractive stories, which are very charming and fascinating, as well as instructive; the ideal is the home of love, and the unfolded spirit; this phase of spiritual instruction has been too long neglected.

We reason and think ourselves into material darkness quite as often as into spiritual light. I often wonder if the condition of the honest ignoramus upon reaching Spirit-life may not be preferable to the intellectual gymnast.

A gross, sensuous, and sensual church, with all its material pomp and show, and limited interpretation of their God-given holy book, amounts to no more than a rope of sand, or a measure of chaff that is blown away by the passing wind, when confronted by the light, life, and power of the Spirit-world—the spirit of truth.

Agitation must be our watchword; the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have in the Editor an able, independent, fearless agitator. An aggressive—not combative—position should always be maintained, sufficient to invite progressive spirits from this and the Spirit-world; the disintegration of creeds, dogmas, and old moss-grown superstitions, will go forward in spite of all the efforts of clergy, priests, popes, and their bulls.

The experience and progress of the great spiritual movement of the past forty years is full of encouragement; there are no discouraging signs; all is bright and we may rejoice because of remarkable changes relating to spiritual freedom and advancement, the direct result of modern Spiritualism.

DR. M. E. CONGAR.

Permanent Address: Box 328, Chicago.

## Excellent Test in Spirit Photography.

To THE EDITOR.—Having seen an advertisement in your paper lately, of E. S. Manville, a spirit photographer, stating that he would photograph one picture for any person sending him two dollars and a lock of hair of the person desiring a spirit picture, my wife and I agreed to send for a picture. Sitting at the table, we called up John Billings, a brother-in-law of my wife, who told us, by tipping the table, that he would surely go with our letter to Mr. Manville, at Chicago, and give us his picture. "Now," said I, "John, I wish you would choose two others, whom you may see fit to choose, and let us have three pictures instead of one, and although my wife may recognize you and the other, I wish you to materialize a hand held up so that I may know of a certainty that it is you. Will you do so?" His answer was: "Yes, I will!" In due time we got our photos, three pictures, and also the materialized hand as promised. My wife recognizes two of the pictures, and says they are true pictures of her brother-in-law and a sister, Amelia, who passed away in France several years ago.

My wife cried for joy. She says John Billings (who was a sea captain) and her sister's picture look as natural as life.

Oh, that all might see and know something of these blessed truths. My wife and I are both aged, and waiting patiently for the boatman to cross us over to the sun-bright clime. We were once Methodists, in good standing, but when we were visited by our immortal friends, our joy and gladness were full. They have materialized themselves in our own home, and we have been kissed by them, and we now spread the glad tidings that there is life beyond the tomb.

WM. D. AKERS.

MABY ANN AKERS.  
Spring Valley, Wis.

## 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.

## Cassadaga the Great.

To THE EDITOR.—In the brief summer months much is said about "Cassadaga the Great," the beautiful popular resort and Spiritualistic camp ground. This is as it should be, for Cassadaga camp and its most efficient management merits all that can be said or written in its favor.

But during the months that intervene between each camp season, little, if anything, is published regarding this wonderfully picturesque and wide-awake young city among the giant pines on the shores of the placid lake famous for its name and beauty, and the work being accomplished here.

This is not as it should be, for the cause and growth of Spiritualism here does not, as soon as the season is over, go into a ten-months' dreamless sleep, with the inhabitants hibernating the same length of time. Far from it!

This has been called, and justly so, the cradle of modern Spiritualism in this section of the country. Be that as it may, this infant of modern birth being the welcome, long-wished-for child of love, is not a dwarf, but of fine proportions, rapidly outgrowing cradle and crib, and has made long strides toward full-fledged manhood. Still he needs care and parental attention, and it is right here that he receives it—in his native nursery.

We are a thriving, prosperous people, who dwell here the entire twelve months of the year, and were it not for the work planned and accomplished from September to July first, the delectable feasts in the way of literary attractions, the beauties and comforts that make a sojourn here each successive season so enjoyable and greatly to be desired, would not be the well-established surety the annual tide of pilgrims and visitors have learned they can depend upon.

In our admiration of brass buttons and epaulets we should never forget how much the victory was due the brave boys in the ranks, who carried the muskets, and, unheralded, patiently bore the heat or cold of long, weary marches heroically, with face to the foe, falling in battle, thus paving the way to victory for others, and winning freedom for those still in bondage.

With all due appreciation of platform oratory, like the ornamental epaulets, it could not win the victories were it not for those in the ranks who are making this a life-work, the friends and supporters who, having consecrated themselves to the cause, bear heavy burdens, vexations and cares that the blessed light of truth may shed its illuminating rays abroad, freeing those still in the bonds of superstition, doubt or cheerless unbelief.

Never since the dawning days of Cassadaga have there been such important changes and improvements in a short time as are being commenced and will be completed between the seasons of 1892 and 1893. Lavish preparation for the comfort and entertainment of those who yearly frequent the camp, and the influx of visitors expected as the result of next season, being the World's Fair. After a visit to Chicago there may yet remain a feeling of dissatisfaction, an intangible something longed for and not found even amidst the mammoth display, the gorgeous glitter and glamor, the wonderful, marvelous and grand. All such, we think we can safely assure, if they will come here they will find all their anticipations realized, so far as the good things of this life are concerned, and the comforting promises of the life beyond, for in our careful preparation of material comforts we do not neglect looking after the wants and needs of the spiritual part, making it a careful study to select and secure the services of the best speakers and mediums the country produces.

I shall be pleased to acquaint you at intervals with the movements of the association's management, and the social and spiritual life of the campites at Cassadaga.

HAZEL KIRK.

## Items from St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly has entered upon the fifth month of his engagement with the "Spiritual Alliance" of this city. His fine lectures attract the more intellectual class of the community, and large audiences attest to their interest and appreciation. On Thursday evening, Jan. 5th, the annual meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held at the residence of Dr. House.

Mr. M. L. C. Flower, who has served the Society so long and faithfully as president, declined the nomination, and Mr. E. E. Fisher was elected to that office. Dr. House, whose heart and soul are in the good work, was chosen vice-president.

Mr. Sauer, who has been the efficient treasurer of this organization almost from its inception, was unanimously re-elected, for no one could do this part of the work in the spiritual camp as well as he.

Our good brother, Mr. Flower, in retiring from office, does not retire from active service in the cause so dear to his heart, while life and health remain.

He was one of the first to bear the name of Spiritualist in this Northwestern country, and has ever devoted himself with untiring energy to the dissemination of the grand truths of spirit return and the life beyond.

We hope the good angels will keep him yet on earth many years, to bear aloft their banner, and lead to greater victories.

MRS. E. R. HALL.

## More Light! More Light!

That is what we are constantly looking for—more light! We presume that each one of our thousands of readers is also desirous of finding more light, and while so feeling they should try to impart some light to others less fortunate than themselves. We are now sending the first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's remarkable story to each of our new subscribers free. Bear this in mind whenever you meet one of your neighbors.

## The Spiritual Philosophy.

The beauties of the spiritual philosophy can best be appreciated by those who have passed by degrees from the very material or the orthodox plane of thought into the most beautiful light and truth that now seems to permeate all peoples and countries; and, in fact, there is not a city, village or hamlet but what has felt the benign influence of the new dispensation. It is beautiful! It is grand! and will eventually be the basis of all men's considerations and actions.

When humanity becomes more familiar with God's natural laws, and men are actuated in all their dealings from a sense of their personal duties and responsibilities toward their fellows, we will have reached a more elevated plane, and many of the perplexing questions of life will be more readily adjusted. Progression and evolution are the natural order of things. We have, at this time, reached a high state of development in things material and intellectual, but much of this has been attained at the expense of the spiritual. Knowing as we do the life within us is spirit, and that we are as much spirit to-day as we ever will be, why not give the same attention to the spiritual as to the intellectual development?

"Born into this world by no will of our own," we must again be born into other conditions by the same unchangeable law. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," was meant in the spiritual and not in the material sense. The time has come, and now is, when man's spiritual unfoldment will be more marked than in any of the past ages. It is true many of the manifestations known to us to-day were practiced by philosophers and teachers in all past ages. Communication between the material and spiritual worlds has ever been a demonstrated fact; yet it is only within the past few years that this spiritual heaven has been at work among the masses, and it has now penetrated all classes and conditions of people. Notwithstanding the iron-bound creeds and dogmatic orthodoxy, our philosophy is creeping into the sermons of the preachers, and is getting them into serious trouble with their brethren of the cloth.

What mean all these heresy trials? They are certainly one of the "signs of the times" that the world is progressing. To the man of broad and liberal mind there is great significance attached to the commotion among the churches. These men who are undergoing trials for heresy are not among the lower lights of the church, but are the most advanced thinkers and best educated men they have. The indications are that the churches will have more of these trials on their hands during the next five years than they have had to contend with in the past fifty years.

In past ages the stake, the rack and the thumb-screw were among the arguments used to overcome heretics. Very material arguments these, but that such things were generally practiced is well-attested by the history of the church in past ages. John Calvin was versed in this sort of argument, and used them very effectively against some of his opponents who dared to offer anything more liberal than his own narrow conception. The spirit of persecution, though of a milder form, is still to be found in the church, as is manifested in some of these trials.

The flood of spiritual sunlight and truth that now encircles the earth will eventually harmonize the race, and obliterate all these differences of opinion regarding religious beliefs. Spiritual philosophy is the only religion that has ever demonstrated the fact of the immortality of the soul. This one truth alone given to the world has raised more hope in the heart of man than all the creeds, dogmas and confessions of faith together. The spirit of truth so manifest among the people of the earth to-day was not brought about entirely through the efforts of our teachers and philosophers who now inhabit this plane, but is rather the effect of all causes through all past ages, and comes as a natural consequence of evolution. The good poet, Burns, has said:

"Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that;  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that;  
That man to man the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

DAN.

## The Early Owl.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree, and he was as wise as wise could be; The branch of learning he didn't know Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow. He knew the tree from branch to root, And an owl like that can afford to hoot, And he hooted—until, alas! one day, He came to hear, in a casual way, An insignificant little bird Make use of a term he had never heard. He was flying to bed in the dawning light, When he heard her singing with all her might: "Hurry! hurry! for the early worm!" "Dear me," said the owl, "what a singular term, I would look it up if it weren't so late; I must rise at dusk to investigate, Early to bed and early to rise, Makes an owl healthy, stealthy and wise!" So he slept like an honest owl all day, And rose in the early twilight gray. And went to work in the dusky light To look for the early worm at night. He searched the country for miles around, But the early worm was not to be found; So he went to bed in the dawning light, And looked for the "worm" again next night, And again and again and again and again He sought and he sought, but all in vain, Till he must have looked for a year and a day For the early worm in the twilight gray. At last in despair he gave up the search, And was heard to remark as he sat on his perch, By the side of his nest in the hollow tree: "The thing is as plain as night to me— Nothing can shake my conviction firm— There's no such thing as the early worm."

—San Francisco News Letter.

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

## ANTIQUITY UNVEILED.

The Most Important Revelations Concerning the True Origin of Christianity.

Reader, is brought to your notice ANTIQUITY UNVEILED. It is with the object that you are earnestly looking for the truth, regardless of any other consideration. It is a book that will give you the best description you will desire, with to give the work a careful perusal.

An important step toward the light is taken when we become interested enough to read the true history, instead of accepting through blind faith, the teaching of others, those being led into the darkness of error, and away from the light. At the present time, history of Christianity has been shown in much research and investigation regarding its origin as to the last decade, the result of which has caused many of the leading and more progressive religious views to be presented, which are better adapted to the needs of the present than the "old" teachings. This book contains a full and complete history of the Christian religion, as well as the history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present. It is a book that will give you the best description you will desire, with to give the work a careful perusal.

The details and progress of Christianity is fully described, bringing to light the interpolations and forgeries committed by the church, and the true history of the Christian religion, as well as the history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present. It is a book that will give you the best description you will desire, with to give the work a careful perusal.

The author's manner in which the communications are revealed by the late J. M. Rogers, Esq., editor of the Chicago and Western Daily News, is so clear and so simple, and so full of light, as to be grasped from the pages of history. In words worth the candid consideration of the reader.

## TESTIMONIAL.

"Readers, I am a Christian. I have read 'ANTIQUITY UNVEILED' and I am convinced that it is the best book I have ever read. It is a book that will give you the best description you will desire, with to give the work a careful perusal."

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