

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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POTENT HINTS.

If They Hit You—Squirm!

And Then Reform at Once.

A Lecture Delivered

BY WILL C. HODGE

At Rochester, Ind.

There is no denying the fact that intemperance is the curse of the world, and the bane of civilization. Its victims can be found in every land, in every city, town and hamlet. It seizes its prey from among the learned as well as the ignorant, and lays its relentless grasp upon the rich and poor alike. No community is free from its withering blight; scarcely any family free from its inroads in some one of its various forms. Temperance advocates from time immemorial have portrayed, with matchless eloquence, the woes, the horrors of this death-dealing, hydra-headed fiend, and, as yet, there seems but little progress made, and little, if any, diminution of its victims. Statistics have been piled high detailing the ravages of the monster, and yet the evil has not been tamed. No tongue nor pen can possibly describe the amount of sorrow, wretchedness and crime resulting from the curse of intemperance. All men, so far as we know, without a single exception, agree that intemperance is a curse. Even its votaries will admit that it is thoroughly and entirely bad, without a single redeeming feature. It is the one thing which saint and sinner, christian and heretic, agnostic and Spiritualist, free-thinkers and infidels of every shade and opinion unite in declaring to be the deadly foe of humanity, and the worst feature of it is the fact that the innocent are the greatest sufferers by it.

The man who allows himself to become the victim of intemperance gradually loses all fine sense of feeling, his manhood departs, his brain becomes stupefied, and he does not realize the depth of his degradation, while the bitterness and agonizing sighs and tears that attend the agonizing struggle to get out of the clutches of the monster, and that he is seemingly fall upon the head of the transgressor, too often fall upon the heads of his wife and children. And here we ask, is this justice? We believe that upon the guilty head of the wrong-doer the penalty should be and eventually is meted out, how can we reconcile this statement with the fact that the greatest sufferer in the case is the least of the sufferers? Some temperance reformers have averred that the demon of strong drink will have away until there is a drunkard in every home, and when that time comes there will be such an uprising against the monster that it will be compelled to take refuge in dens and caves, away from the sights and haunts of men. The fact that the food prepared for a fever in the premises will account for the uprising on every hand of women who are banded together for the purpose of destroying the traffic which has wrecked their happiness and ruined their homes. Woman is surely and steadily coming to the front as a political factor, and when her rights under the law are granted, the open traffic in alcoholic stimulants will simply have to go. Woman has heretofore stood in the same relation to strong drink that Fred Douglass did in regard to slavery. If we were many years constant in prayer that God would give him his freedom, and might have been praying yet had he not conceived the idea of praying with his legs, and when he did this he succeeded in getting what he had prayed for. Woman has voiced agonizing prayers without number to the God of Christian theology that he would stay the ravages of intemperance, while the only effect has been the growing from bad to worse, and now, having come to the conclusion to demand the elective franchise, she is in a fair way of obtaining at no distant day what she has so long prayed for.

Thus far we have considered the question of alcoholic stimulants as a bane, as this is considered by temperance reformers the main feature of intemperance. While we admit that it would be utterly impossible to paint the alcohol-devil blacker than he is, still it is only one of the numerous forms of intemperance that curse the world to-day. Not only this, but we believe alcoholism many times to be but the effect of other forms of intemperance. We are not advocating prohibition, nor total abstinence even, although believing in it. We do not doubt but there are good men who can and do use alcoholic stimulants sparingly, but we also know there

are thousands who can not so use them, and for this class we would do all in our power to keep them out of danger by removing all temptation from their path.

Webster defines temperance to be the moderate indulgence of the appetites, while intemperance is the excessive indulgence of the appetites and passions. We would find intemperance to be the indulgence of any appetite or anything that tends to degrade humanity, or deteriorate the physical, intellectual or spiritual man. "Be ye temperate in all things," is a bible injunction, as well as the message of spiritual philosophy, and it is our purpose to mention other forms of intemperance, aside from the use of ardent spirits, and first as being in its deleterious effects only second to alcohol is the use of tobacco. All have heard the old dictum:

Tobacco is an Indian weed,
'Twas the devil sowed the seed,
It robs your pockets, spoils your clothes
And makes a chimney of your nose.

If this were all, we might well pass it by as hardly worth mentioning. But it is not all. The shattered nerves and ruined health of thousands can be attributed to the use of this poisonous weed, for that is just what it is, a poison. Any well-read physician will tell you that the long list of nervous diseases, neuritis and heart troubles, as well as rheumatism, are largely augmented by the use of the noxious weed, and this is not all. The use of tobacco lays the foundation for the use of alcoholic stimulants, in a majority of cases. True, some are addicted to the use of the weed who do not use alcohol, but where you find a man addicted to the use of whiskey, beer and the like, you will, ninety-nine times in a hundred, find a man who either smokes or chews tobacco, and frequently does both.

Now we are not going to say that every man who uses tobacco is a bad man, and there may possibly be cases where it has done good. We do say, however, that any man who uses the stuff would be cleaner, healthier and sweeter did he not use it, and we are willing to refer the matter to any man addicted to the habit for proof of all we have said regarding it. This habit is amazingly on the increase. Most of the growing boys can be found with a quid or cigar, or what is still worse, a cigarette, and will, on account of this detestable habit, arrive at the years of manhood deficient in physical strength, in intellectual power and spiritual unfoldment. Many declare the use of tobacco to be a curse, and the use of alcohol, and while it is not our opinion, still we do think constant use of the weed is far more than a moderate use of alcoholic stimulants. Many cases of softening of the brain, as well as cancer, can be attributed to tobacco, while there are cases on record of genuine delirium tremens from its use.

Another form of intemperance, and one which largely curses the human family, is the use of drugs. Many people, when anything overtakes them out of the ordinary course in life, are through their ignorance, perfectly helpless, and the only thing to do is to send for a doctor. The health of thousands has been impaired and well-nigh ruined by drug-dosing, and the epitaph on many tombstones might truthfully read, "Killed by medicine." This is only another form of intemperance, and the doctors are undoubtedly largely responsible for the existing state of things. Think of the alcohol, the opium and morphine, and chloral and what not, that has been prescribed for the sick for generations. This, of itself, is enough to make the curse of intemperance well-nigh universal. Not that medicine is not good in its place, for, when used judiciously, it is no doubt many times beneficial, still it is an open question whether the average duration of human life would not be lengthened were such a thing as a doctor unknown.

Another cause of intemperance lies in overeating, and in the use of stimulating foods and condiments. The average human desires the food prepared with a view of tickling the palate, rather than the effect it will have in producing muscle, nerve, blood and brain. Too many live to eat, instead of eating to live, and gluttony is only another form of intemperance.

Another way to be intemperate is by overwork, and while on account of constitutional tiredness on the part of many it is not likely to become epidemic, yet thousands are so situated in life that they are compelled to overwork the physical. This is true of thousands of women, whose cares are so numerous and whose burdens are so great that there seems no resting-place this side of the eternal world; men so driven are many times induced to resort to the stimulating effects of alcohol to help them to carry their burdens. Should the time ever come when all will work, thus lessening the burdens which now fall all too heavily upon the few, this form of intemperance will cease.

Gambling is another form of intemperance, and, to those addicted to the practice, becomes an overmastering

passion. Not only the men who frequent the faro-rooms, and play three-card monte and poker, and hazard their money on the throwing of the dice, but horse-racing and baseball, to say nothing of the more modern and popular forms of legalized thieving and rascality, the bucket-shops and boards of trade. There is no form of intemperance where the average man is more apt to lose his head and his money too, than on "Change, and if we would have a realizing sense of pandemonium let loose, we can find it on the board of trade in Chicago and in other principal cities. The mania for speculation is a very reprehensible form of intemperance, and yearly carries hundreds to destruction. The greed for gold in this mammoth-worshipping age is not only another form of intemperance, but in its results is one of the most deleterious. It lays tribute upon every man, woman and child throughout the length and breadth of the land. It spurs neither happy innocence nor helpless old age, out its cruel cry: "Give, give!" "More, more!" and is never satisfied.

Think of the stupendous stock-jobbing operations, mining schemes, the combines and the trusts that are the bane of the times in which we live. It is not confined to any class. God's anointed as well as the devil's own are in the ring. The best fellow is the one who gets away with the shekels, and the rising generation is taught to look up to the man with a well-filled purse, no matter how he obtained it, while he is a notorious fact that the Christian church nowadays looks far more closely to the social and financial standing of its members than it does to their morals. The principal thing to be sure about is that they are paying members. The gospel of the present time does not trouble itself to any considerable extent in regard to the poor.

Another intemperate use of a good thing is indulgence in amusements. Theater-going, card-parties, dancing, and the like, are all good and proper when properly conducted. But to spend any considerable time with cards and other games, to the exclusion of the reading of good books, by which we may become informed and educated, is to put an intemperate use on an otherwise harmless thing. Dancing has well been defined as the poetry of motion, and is certainly a harmless amusement as well as a graceful accomplishment, but when associated with late hours and late suppers and carried to an excess that harms the physical, it is only another form of intemperance.

There is no kind of harm in reading a good story; on the contrary, it is often profitable. Especially is this the case where the author possesses high literary culture and the narrative is made to illustrate the higher phases of character, but there is no estimating the mischief wrought by filling the minds of the rising generation with sensational love-stories, and the general trash which comes under the heading of dime novels. Such books in the hands of the young are a source of moral pollution, and to cultivate a love for and habit of reading such books is one of the worst forms of intemperance.

The habit of exaggerating, the use of slang phrases, the uncharitable and uncandid remarks regarding others, the habit of censure and fault-finding, the home circle, the cultivation of fretful disposition, these things have driven more than one son and daughter to grosser forms of intemperance and to ruin.

Let your communication be "Yea, yea!" and "Nay, nay!" for "Whatever is more than this cometh of evil," is a wise maxim, and well it would be if it would heed it. There is no surer indication of the true man or woman than the use of good language, and whenever you find a person who habitually uses it you will find a person who is all right in other respects. No person can be temperate without keeping a bridle upon the tongue. Tattlers, slanderers and scandal-mongers may properly be classed among the hopelessly inebriate, and the only remedy in their case would be the application of prohibitory principles, by resorting to the law provided in such cases. The man who has a hobby and continually rides it, is an intemperate man, and one of the most intemperate men we ever knew probably never used a spoonful of alcohol in his life, nor did he use tobacco. His hobby was temperance. He talked it morning, noon and night, in season and out of season, from the first day of January until the last day of December. No matter what the subject under consideration might be, if he opened his mouth (and he was pretty sure to do) he would talk temperance, and was an absolute danger to the cause. He was simply intemperate in that direction. One of the most prevailing forms of intemperance is in religion. When a man is bigoted, he is intemperate. When he sacrifices his reason at the behest of a creed, he is not only intemperate, but a lunatic as well. When a man is too pious to be honest, he is intemperate, and when he is so prejudiced that he is willing to starve before his congregation and indulge in all manner of slander, vituperation and abuse for Christ's sake, and will utter the most barefaced falsehoods for the glory of God, such a man is the almost hopeless victim of theological intemperance. Even Doctors of Divinity are not above this form of intemperance.

Talmage is a notable case in point, and quite often suffers an attack of religious theological delirium tremens, in which he sees as many devils as they are wont to see in other cases of the jim-jams, and we are perfectly willing to take the reverend slanderer's word for it, when he

says that "liars are the scavengers who drive their carts through every community."

Spiritualists are liable at times to make intemperate use of the divine gift of mediumship. When we form circles with a view of doing or receiving good, and make conditions for a class of influences who can instruct us and lead us into a higher life, it is time and effort worthily spent, but if we have no higher aspiration in the premises than to spend an idle hour in opening the door to any and every spiritual tramp who may wander our way, then we, too, are clearly the victims of another form of intemperance.

There is another form of intemperance, possessing tremendous power for evil, in the relation of the sexes, and because of intemperance in this respect, among the high and low, the cultivated and the ignorant, the world is filled with diseased bodies, weak mentalities and starved souls. Thousands are brought into existence with scarcely vitally enough to maintain a hold upon physical life, without mental force enough to become self-sustaining, and with predisposition to all manner of crime. Robbed, as they are, of their birthright at their very outset in life, they easily become the victims of all other forms of intemperance, and until the axe is laid at the root of the tree and woman becomes the rightful possessor of her own person, at all times, and under all circumstances, intemperance in its various forms will continue to curse the world. True temperance and true virtue consists in the right use of all things and of all our powers, and the abuse of none, and we cannot better close this article than by repeating the injunction, "Be ye temperate in all things."

Unseen Helpers.

"Take, oh boatman, thine eye thy fee,
Take—give it willingly—
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

"Can you give me a day's work?" asked a poor woman of a well-to-do matron. "You look very delicate," said the lady. "I need some one to wash, but you do not seem strong enough for the work."

"Oh, yes; only try me and you will see. I have been sick and got behind-hand, and my children need bread; besides, Charlie will help carry the water and lift the tubs," concluded the woman eagerly.

"Who is Charlie?" asked the lady of the house. "My husband, ma'am," was the low answer.

The woman was engaged, and did her work well, but there was something that troubled the mistress of the house greatly. As soon as she left the kitchen the woman would call Charlie, and she would hear her voice talking and laughing, and holding converse with some one, but when she went into the room there would be no one there. The water was carried, the tubs all lifted into their places, but the slight woman who was washed was the only person who was visible. When the lady of the house paid her she said, "Call your husband; I would like to see him."

"He wouldn't come, ma'am," said the woman simply. "No one ever sees him but me."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady in astonishment. "Why, ma'am, Charlie is dead himself, but his spirit comes and helps me; I could not work this way if it didn't; I could not move lift one of those tubs of water alone that you could, ma'am. He's come ever since I was sick and helped me that way."

The compassionate lady then placed another coin with those she had already given. "For Charlie and the children," she said, with tears in her voice, and she saw afterward that the sick and wearied mother was helped by living hands.

But there must be many people bearing burdens greater than they are able to, who are helped and made stronger by invisible guides—the memory of some dead Charlie, who lifts unseen the heavy load, with whom they commune as they work! How would the dull routine of daily life be glorified, could we for one moment see the angel helper at his duties to go out on a deed of mercy, he returned to find all his homely work done, and for one moment he saw in the door of his cell his Blessed Master smiling upon him! It may be only a vague theory, the delusion of a sick brain—and there is an infinite sadness in it—but surely

"It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our heads
Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead."

To feel that unseen hands we clasp
While feet unheard are gathering round;
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from Heavenly ground."

ZULIEKA.

This highly-interesting and fascinating story should be read by every advanced thinker in the United States. Spiritualists, you can aid in the good work, by soliciting subscribers, and then supplement your efforts by doing some missionary work, by sending the paper free to some person who will appreciate it. It will only cost you 25 cents for three months. The first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's story sent free to all new subscribers.

TEACHERS TAUGHT.

Ministers Ministered Unto.

Those self-elected conservators of the welfare of the dear public, the "evangelical clergy of our country, need some plain talk, and they received a healthy dose though unpalatable to them) when Mr. T. J. Morgan, a recognized leader among the organized working-men and the Socialists of Chicago, arose in their august and reverend presence to speak before the World's Columbian Committee, in Washington, in favor of an open Fair on Sunday. He, speaking in the name of the workmen whom he represented, not only administered plain, pungent truths—but, if we may be allowed the expression, he rubbed them in with all the vigor of a horny-handed son of toil.

It is truly a sight for gods and men to see these self-styled "evangelical" ministers, with their "puritanical, narrow brains stuffed full of crude ideas, posing as the divinely-authorized expounders of God's will, wishes and purposes against the "Sabbath" (as they call it) and electing to tell what the people should or should not have, must have or must not have, for their best good. As if they, "evangelicals," had any right, humanly or divinely derived, to force their dicta upon the public, willing or unwilling.

Of one thing they may rest assured: Be the World's Fair opened or closed on Sunday, the masses will not "go to church." Indeed, the indisposition on the part of "the people" to go to church is perceptibly increasing, year by year, and why? Because the people—the toiling, wealth-producing but not wealth-enjoying masses—see more and more plainly, as the years and seasons roll by, that, as a rule, the clergy and the churches dominated by them are not in sympathetic touch with the "lower classes"—the toiling, care-burdened millions that make up the most of the great seething mass of humanity. The clergy and the churches are not of the people; they do not voice the people's wants, and hopes, and struggling aspirations for better material conditions, which are necessary to the income of a better and higher spiritual life of humanity on earth. The church and clergy are not of and with the people, but stand aside and apart, on a self-erected pedestal of superior wisdom, sanctity and authority, and, as a rule, the clergy cater to the average sentiment and wish of their well-to-do financial supporters, whose aid in supplying "bread and butter," is essential to the continuation of their "spiritual" ministrations as purveyors of the "gospel."

How many ministers of the gospel in Chicago would dare to mentally put themselves in the place of the working-men and give a fair and sincerely conscientious consideration of the problem of life, from the toilers' standpoint, adjusting their mental lenses the while to the spiritual lens of Jesus, whose home and whose life were with and among the toiling lowly ones of his day,—how many, we ask, would dare to give this exemplification of true Christianity,—that is, the true Christ-spirit—and then arise in their pulpits, in the face of their high-toned, very respectable (and rich) congregations, and declare the whole solemn truth as they saw it? If the deeply-true spirit of the Christ should seize them and force them to speak as once of old he spoke, how many "whited sepulchres," who loiter in cushioned seats at ease in body and soul, would start in horror at the bitter, feeling outcry of a righteous soul against wickedness beclouded with sanctimonious appearances and veneered with this pretence to piety toward God: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers!—how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "Ye who devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers;" who repeat the "Apostles' Creed" and the "Lord's Prayer" in rhythmic unison, and sing the Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," with lazy unctious and gladness (because it is the end of the service, and ye can now go home to a good toothsome dinner—while the wicked "poor" man or woman has but scant to dine off).

Alas! they dare not do it. They dare not be faithful to "the Master" in spirit and example. They would soon be browsing on the commons—waiting for a "call" and not hearing any.

And so the world goes on without Christ, without Christianity, and with a church at which the masses look askance as at a wedding to which they are not invited and in whose feast they have no share nor part.

Well would it be for the church and the world if ministers would lay by their "evangelicalism," their "theology," their "orthodoxy," etc., for a season and take a course of instruction in the things that pertain to the temporal welfare of the toiling masses of humanity. They would then become not only wiser advisers to senators and congressmen concerning World's Fair—Sunday matters, but they would also become wiser and better spiritual guides, and more effective laborers for the good of humanity. They must come in rapport with the people before they can lead them into green pastures of spirituality, beside the still waters of living faith and immortality.

Let them take lessons of T. J. Morgan, the Socialist workingman, and they will find themselves drawing nearer to the masses, and the masses drawing nearer to them, and all drawing nearer to the true Christ and true Christianity, and "The world will be the better for it."

As things are, the Socialist workingman, T. J. Morgan, in respect of his sympathetic identity with the "under," toiling masses, rather than with the rich, the proud, the aristocratic, the "scribbled pharisees—hypocrites" of the day, is far more nearly in unison with the spirit and example of the Essenean Communist of Nazareth than are the great majority of those titled and untitled reverends who are vociferously demanding a closed World's Fair on Sundays. He said: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" and the "Sunday closers" would do well to study his words in the light of his example, which did not coincide with the views of the "orthodox" of his day, as will be found by referring to Matt. xii.; Mark ii.; Luke vi. J. C. U.

"Associations for the Benefit of the Poor."

TO THE EDITOR:—In a late issue of your invaluable paper, February 4th, appears an article under the heading, "Associations for the Benefit of the Poor," and notwithstanding that it is but a mere supposititious caption, the writer invites correspondence to a plan of co-operation among "wealthy persons" to found a suburban town or colony for ameliorating the condition of those who toil.

The author of this article is a woman whose heart—God bless her—is all right; but I fear that she is wholly unacquainted with modern ideas of self-help and progress, and judging from this premise that she is not familiar with the causes which lead up to the present condition of the poor, and being already identified with an association for the purpose above cited, I shall not attempt to criticize the goodness of heart which prompted the invitation for such correspondence, nor the suppositions that might lead up to a plan of organization, provided, however, that the "wealthy persons" who are supposed to embrace these same philanthropic ideas had them really enough at heart to discover themselves to the promoters of such an association did one exist.

We only know that we must take conditions as we find them and that we cannot legislate morals, nor manners, nor ideas, however philanthropic and desirable they might prove to the individual; but we can take any individual who is a sober and industrious wage-earner, and teach him a lesson in social economy and thrift that will enable him with the money that he now pays out as rent to be the happy possessor of his own home, without appealing to "wealthy persons" to aid in the effort, nor burden the brow with a thought derogatory to independence and manhood. True manhood doesn't want "charity," but justice; and equal opportunity, and taking the condition of things as they are into consideration, and knowing beforehand how prone is human nature to arrogate to itself the advantage of every opportunity, men of sense do not blame or even envy those "wealthy persons" the advantages which they enjoy, but rather are they the remark of pity for their shortsightedness and materialistic proclivities which wholly blind and bar them from the full measure of happiness they might enjoy in being considerate of the poor and in ceasing the strife for further gain, thereby crowding others from the advantage of equal opportunity.

One has not to go outside of present conditions to find this equal opportunity (not but that these conditions could be and will be bettered), but as things are they happily exist in nearly every community throughout the length and breadth of the land and may be found wherever Building and Loan Associations are doing business. These associations have become one of the representative fiduciary institutions of the world and are indigenous to all countries where land is bought and sold.

Let us mention at first the country with suspicion, it has stood the test and been found not wanting, and to-day are enrolled in its names some of the most prominent financial and professional men of our times. Its principles are so plain and the arguments in its favor are so convincing that he is, indeed, an obtuse man who cannot see the great advantage it offers to all alike, both rich and poor. Now, one or two illustrations and I have done: House in prospectus costs \$1,000; you save in a bank \$10 a month for 100 months \$1,000, how much has your house cost you—\$1,000? Let's see: \$10 per month saved 100 months, \$1,000; \$15 a month paid 100 months, \$1,500; your house has cost you \$2,500. Become a member of the R. F. B. L. A. of A. and borrow \$1,000. Buy your house and pay us \$10 principal per month 100 months, \$5 interest per month 100 months, \$500, and your house will cost you \$1,500.

Which is the cheapest, especially when we make your savings for you in case you should die and give your family a clear deed and at no further cost to them from the moment that death ensues. By our plan of operation the head of a family is enabled to secure a home at once and to pay for it out of his earnings by regular monthly payments not exceeding a moderate rent for the property, and throughout the term his family is insured against loss or forfeiture thereof by reason of death, thus making his home his best savings bank and his mortgage the cheapest and best policy of life insurance.

The compound interest profits on a loan of \$1,000 on our plan of investment are, for the first year, \$70.24; for the second year, \$34.36; for the fifth year, \$126.70; for the seventh year, \$200.43, or

more than twenty times as much as for the first year.

The growth of profit may also be illustrated by noting the constantly accelerating speed with which it moves toward maturity: If on our plan of investment a share of stock has become worth \$5 in a period only nine-tenths as long as it will be worth \$10, it will then require a period only five-sixths as long to be worth \$20; and when it is worth \$50, it will require a period of only four-sevenths as long to be worth \$100, or to become matured. If the stockholder should then elect to continue his holding or monthly payments (and certainly nothing could be more profitable to him), it would require a period less than half as long to make his stock worth \$200. Thus we demonstrate that with equal opportunity and at the same time taking advantage of conditions as they now exist in modern business methods, that through co-operation man can help himself independently of any set of "wealthy persons," however philanthropically they might be inclined. The management of the R. F. B. L. A. of A. has surrounded itself with some of the grandest and most noble men of our time, each one a true mystic of high development whose only aim is to be useful to his fellow, and each one of its board of directors and officers was chosen for his special fitness for the duties assigned him, and thus through a knowledge of modern business methods we hope not only to change the conditions of many co-operators with us on the material plane, but to teach mankind to value his neighbor as himself and thus awaken a broader concept of things spiritual as well.

GEO. P. MCINTYRE, Manager.
Reverend Building-Loan Association of America, 70 La Salle street, Chicago.

Is He Insane or Entranced.

Some time ago, as you will see by the clippings I enclose, our vicinity was tearfully aroused by the sad news that Brother Wilson, of Blue Hill, our adjoining town, had lost his mind. The saddest part was, his condition was not understood, and, of course, he was placed in the asylum for the insane. Mr. Wilson is a steadfast Spiritualist, has been sitting for development and has developed this phase. He is just as sane as any good medium. He was very proud of his hearing voices, as he expressed it, and invited me to his place to share the joys of his precious gift, if rightly understood. There are a great many Spiritualists around and about here, if only some good worker could help gather them into the fold.

A paper published in Nebraska says: It seems he was first apprised of his coming malady by a peculiar feeling about his left lung. From that part of his body he heard voices. A doctor whom he had known in the East, and who has been dead for some time, would talk with him, apparently from the region of the lung. The first time he heard the voice was some weeks ago, when he was out in the field at work. He would sometimes deny the doctor's conversation, pleading want of time. It is said the doctor told him strange things of a supernatural nature. It is also said that others could talk to their deceased friends and the voices would come from Mr. W.'s breast, while his lips never moved. It is, indeed, a strange affair, if all we hear is true, and the stories are related by truthful men and women. One instance may be given without giving names. A gentleman slipped into the room without any one knowing it. A lady present was having a communication with her dead mother. She asked her mother where this gentleman was, she not knowing herself. The reply came, "Why, he is in the room, by the curtains." Imagine her surprise to find him there. There is much talk and some excitement about Blue Hill and Ayr over the strange manifestations in the case."

MRS. A. C. LAWHEAD.

Ayr, Neb.

It would be well for the Spiritualists of Nebraska to take immediate steps to investigate this case. Mr. Wilson is probably sane. He may be suffering from nervous prostration.

Tragedy was first represented on a wagon by Theatricals, at Athens, B. C. 536. Ice made at zero temperature will last longer than that made at 18 or 20 degrees.

Two hundred and seventy-two textile mills were erected in this country in 1892.

A larger proportion of children survive their first year of existence in Dublin than in the twenty large towns of England and Wales.

A single mahogany tree in Honduras was recently cut into boards, which, when sold in the European market, realized over \$10,000.

The Simpson road, from Switzerland to Italy, was built by Napoleon's engineers in 1807. Over 400,000 workmen were employed at one time.

New York City is to have one of the largest public schools ever erected. About 2,400 pupils will be accommodated in the mammoth structure.

The Congressional Record recently delighted its readers by publishing thirteen solid columns of the titles of petitions in favor of opening the Chicago exposition on Sunday.

Theosophists favor cremation for two reasons. It is the common Hindoo method of disposing of the dead, and it is a convenient and expeditious way of letting loose the astral body.

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

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

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PART II.

CHAPTER XII.

An Earthly Hades.

FROM HUD TO BLOSSOM.

At last midsummer-day had come. "A very dream of summer," thought Zelda, as she contrasted the cool, gray tints and softened tones of the English landscape with the glory of Ceylon. Yet summertime it was, and very, very beautiful.

The verdure of England is not surpassed, not equaled in all the world.

Zelda and Armand stood on the parapet of the tower watching the picture of nature, aided by the hand of man.

"With all of nature's bounteousness in Ceylon, her prodigality, still is she kind and generous even here," said Armand.

"See, my beloved, where the river winds like a broad, silver ribbon from the base of the Castle walls beneath our feet, through the forests and the fields beyond, and is lost among the slopes of the hills, they, in turn, veiled by the enchanting mist or haze that ever drops from the sky, as if to ever remind us that heaven is near to earth," said Zelda.

"And, hark! I hear the cuckoo's note, and now a skylark mounts. See, he almost touched the Castle wall! And yonder a thrush—how joyfully and proudly he sings! Note, beloved, the villas and parks on the hills towards the south, and the immense walls of Clevedon Castle away to the east, as if guarding the ocean's gates of our beautiful home in Ceylon; and here, on our own domain, the gardens and terraces and groves are fair," said Armand.

"They are more than fair—they are enchanting," replied Zelda.

They looked beneath them to where the winding walks of the garden led away into the thickets, and there the ayah and Hiejoh were escorting their infant charge, Zulieka, and the air resounded with their mirth.

"It was paradise in our far eastern home; it is paradise here," said Armand, gazing in rapt and tranquil ecstasy at all the scene, and at the babe, and at Zelda.

"Because we take our paradise with us. The 'kingdom of heaven is within,' just as the great Christian teacher has said, and that kingdom is love."

They had come to the laboratory for an especial purpose, for Armand intended to look over some papers connected with his father's bequest, and he wanted Zelda by his side; besides, she could aid him.

He had not transferred the legal business from the firm of Metcalf & Metcalf, although the disappearance—the death—of the senior member of the firm, who was familiar with all the details of his father's vast business, threw a great deal of attention to detail upon Armand, who, next to Mr. Metcalf, knew most about the estates and the many complicated affairs in which the late earl was honorably engaged.

The rare loveliness of the morning had lured them from their labor, and they lingered long upon the parapet, Armand pointing out the boundaries of the estate belonging to the Castle.

"And there are still other and more vast tracts of land to the east, extending into ———, and including coal mines of great value," explained Armand.

"I do not like the idea nor the custom of these entailed estates under the law of primogeniture," said Armand, quite vehemently. "I cannot rid myself of the thought, amounting almost to conviction, that somebody is being wronged; that I have no especial right to hold these vast possessions while thousands of human beings here have no place, not a foot of ground that they can call their own, my Zelda. I cannot even part with these patrimonial estates if I would."

"And would you if you could?" asked Zelda, wondering not a little at his thoughtful and earnest manner.

"Undoubtedly; a man cannot live in a dozen places at once, and he is often prevented by his possessions from inhabiting the place where he most desires to dwell," said he.

"Tell me more about this law of entail, and primo something; I fear I do not know, although I have read English books," said Zelda, wishing to divert his mind a little, yet not to change the subject.

"The first-born son inherits the estates in England, and most of the estates are entailed, i. e., can never be disposed of, but must ever descend from father to elder son."

"But do not these estates permit of a great amount of good to the tenantry and the poor of the country, who might not otherwise have homes or employment?" said Zelda, a little doubtful about the logic of the statement as she went on, but advancing it because she had read it and heard it.

"I believe the law of primogeniture was the primal curse, my Zelda, and if ever I go to Parliament, or take any part in government affairs, it will be for the purpose of repealing this law. Darling, you ask about 'homes and employment,' why should not these industrious, frugal and intelligent people have homes of their own? I did not win these possessions by any act or labor of my own; these titles are not for any merit or performance of great or worthy deeds, and although my father did win much and far greater honors and praise than the landed estates of England can give, still he also inherited these possessions, and the family were proud to trace their lineage back to William the Conqueror, who, if he were an Indian rajah, and performed such deeds as gave him and the first 'dukes' the right of English possession, would be called a marauder, a heathen plunderer."

"My Armand, your words interest and move me beyond anything I have ever heard on this subject. Are you not in danger of becoming a revolutionist?" said Zelda, with deep sympathy in her voice.

"Not if revolution means bloodshed, fire and ruin; but if it means reform, by lawful and constitutional means, I am in favor of that, and perhaps that is my mission."

How long Armand would have talked, how long Zelda would have listened and questioned, it is impossible to conjecture, for Zelda had never seen or heard him speak so earnestly before.

THE DISASTER.

Hiejoh came in breathless haste, too excited to make his usual salaam—which, however, had become less and less frequent of late, at Armand's request.

"My master—my lady, pardon the intrusion—the steward requests your presence at once in the library."

Armand rose himself from Zelda's side; but she, too, was anxious, for Hiejoh's manner indicated a crisis of some sort.

The steward stood pale and trembling, waiting for Armand to appear.

"Your 'igness, the manager of the ——— mines, in ———, has sent a message by railway train to tell you that an explosion has taken place in the mines of your 'igness, and one hundred men are thought to be buried."

"One hundred men!" exclaimed Armand. "How far is it by rail to ———?"

"Twenty miles, your 'igness."

Armand saw the messenger, obtained full particulars; sent a dispatch to his manager; sent Hiejoh to prepare everything; saw Zelda and explained the situation, and in fifteen minutes was off to the station.

"Let me go?" said Zelda, imploringly, and at the last moment.

"You, darling—your 'igness, it would kill you; strong men shrink from the scene, from the excitement, from the horrors of such a catastrophe."

"But the women—they will need me," urged Zelda.

"Well, follow your promptings, darling; I cannot dictate. Bring Hiejoh and a strong English maid. I must go by the first train. If you must come, follow as soon as you are ready."

Quite calmly did Zelda make her preparations, for hers was a nature of great reserve force—a force of spirit calm in emergencies. Quite deliberate in manner did she see that Zulieka was properly cared for, gave her directions to the housekeeper, enjoined Hiejoh and the maid to be in readiness, and she was ready for the carriage that would take her to the station in time for the next train—a train that left one hour later than the one that conveyed Armand to the scene.

The scene that met Armand on his arrival beggars description. The worst fears were realized. The explosion had taken place early in the morning when the men had just gone to their work. The main shaft had been closed by the falling in of the earth, and for several hundred feet on the surface there were indications of the terrific force of the explosion.

The men who had not yet descended were horror-stricken, for it was almost certain that those in the mine must be suffocated before any aid could reach them.

The manager had promptly organized a band of excavators at each end of the mine, and had, as far as possible, obtained aid from the adjoining mines of men accustomed to the work.

The women, who had pressed around the scene of the horror, weeping, mourning and praying, were urged to withdraw, that they might not prevent the labor of rescue from going on.

"Oh," thought Armand, in the midst of his hasty inspection of the scene, "to think that Zelda will insist on imperiling her health here!" Yet of himself he thought nothing, only for the poor men struggling for breath in that awful cavern beneath; of the poor women and children, whose husbands, sons, brothers and fathers were immured in a living grave.

Very gently had he come; very quietly had he taken possession of the situation, and when it became known that the Earl of Montrose was there in person, superintending—nay, laboring with the others for the release of the unfortunates, every eye was turned to him for comfort and guidance, every hand governed by his potent mind and will.

He utilized the technical knowledge of manager and superintendent. He never seemed to take their work or responsibility from their hands.

He had intuitive knowledge of mechanics; he knew the best methods of arriving at results, but in the dark, this unknown foe that lurks in mines, how can this be met? Physical labor—patient, persistent, constant labor—this alone would set the imprisoned free.

Little progress had been made seemingly at sunset, but the long, lingering twilight of the midsummer day served for work; torches and fresh relays of men were ready for night work.

Every train brought throngs of people to the scene of the disaster, and Armand was obliged to call on the municipal authorities for a cordon of police to keep back the crowd, for they impeded the work.

The gentry from the surrounding country came in carriages, but were not admitted inside the gates; only those having something to do with the release of the unfortunates could enter.

AN ANGEL OF LIGHT.

What could the women do but huddle together, caring for their babes in gruesome fashion, alternately weeping and praying. Aye, they could do more, and Zelda knew what they could do.

She had ordered a fire built on every hearthstone, for even the summer nights are chilly, and they would need the fire. She had gone to the women, and in such a sympathetic and tender fashion removed their babes to the homes, guided by the elder children to where the babes belonged. She had such provisions brought from the neighboring village as would serve, and had ordered more from the Castle.

She had spoken to the women individually, saying: "The men who work for the release of your loved ones need food, and if the others are spared to your sight they will need rest, bandages, medicine, nourishment."

The women dispersed to their cottages, "homes" no longer unless their loved ones were restored to them; "homes" not at all, except by love, for custom and false pretence had named these damp, chill places homes, when they but served for mere shelter.

The women, inspired by Zelda with a gleam of hope, and with more fortitude, busied themselves with the preparations needed—with the supper for the workers, couches for the weary, with everything that the released men might need.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Nothing could lift the impenetrable and awful pall that had settled upon the scene.

If they were not soon reached they must perish—perhaps even now they were dead. Nothing could lessen the strain and tension of those who toiled for the release, and those who waited.

Armand urged Zelda to return to the Castle, while he must, of course, remain until a change had taken place—either favorable or the worst.

"It is useless for me to return, my love; I could not rest; I could do no good to Zulieka or anyone while these poor beings are in such agony. I will rest a little in some place if I can, but I must keep up the courage of these poor women."

The house of the manager had been placed at Zelda's disposal. She gratefully accepted the tea and ate a frugal supper, but she could not sleep. The moans and sobs could still be heard, ever breaking out afresh, or pressed back with great heroism.

At daybreak a fresh cause of horror was announced. The water in the mine was heard rising and might drown them ere they could be saved.

"But the water, if not too high, may prove a source of safety," said Armand; "lessening the danger of suffocation."

At noon an opening had been made, admitting the air, and through which food could be passed; in an hour they could begin to hope for rescue.

Some were known to be dead; some were dying; others revived at once when air and food were admitted.

Twenty were taken out at 2 o'clock, amid shouts and thanks, giving, amid mourning and tears. Fifty were released that day. The next day all but twenty were found. Of the men thus almost miraculously preserved, twenty were in a critical condition, and out of the eighty ten were dead.

The surgeons and their aids thought, as Zelda passed from house to house, ever attended and assisted by Hiejoh and her maid, ever most efficient and skillful; ever most kind and tender, that they had never seen so perfect an embodiment of an angel of mercy; and the women, mute with grief, found tongue to praise and bless the beautiful countess.

During the days that followed, days of suffering for those prostrated or wounded; days of suspense and agony for those waiting; days of grief for those whose all had been taken from them, there was a great stress and strain upon Zelda and upon Armand, a

nervous tension that might prostrate one or both when the reaction came.

Not a day passed that they did not revisit the scene of the disaster, encouraging, strengthening, ministering, helping the overburdened miners and the women to bear this terrible affliction that had come upon them, and all the while, in the minds of both Zelda and Armand, there was a new thought fashioning and taking shape from within, slowly forming from the horror and ruin, from the poverty and peril; from the labor and darkness; from the courage and strength; from the sturdy honesty, fealty and intelligence; from the duty and affection of these people, among whom destiny and disaster had thrown them, bidding them mingle their tears, heart-beats and sympathies; slowly forming a mighty impulse that would one day become a living purpose.

THE FINAL CRISIS.

Ten days had passed since the explosion—ten days of suffering, yet gratitude for those injured, yet rescued.

Ten days of prayerful praise for the restored and now once more active ones.

Ten days of suspense, amounting to agony, almost to madness, for those toiling without hope, yet urged on by a great despair to rescue the remaining men.

Ten days of such almost superhuman toil for those brave lads who mentally beheld in the fate of their comrades what might have been their own but for the merciful chance or Providence that had rescued some and detained others from entering the mine on that fateful morning; and now a shout announced the opening of the only remaining passage of the mine that had not been explored.

To pass through a small aperture, to carefully grope one's way, sometimes bent, sometimes on hands and knees, bearing a torch that might prove a fresh cause of danger; to stumble, perhaps, over dead forms, and be immured for awhile, or forever, in a living tomb; to drag the living—ah, what a mockery to suppose that any were living—half, three quarters or a whole mile through these narrow passages, to minister restoratives, refreshment, and be the strength for such as these, or to bear the dead! Ah, it would make the bravest quail in an hour of calm meditation to even contemplate such a scene; but when the opening had been made, and the shout went up and there was a call for volunteers to go down into the pit, and into this farthest and most dangerous passage, every able-bodied man sprang forward in response, "aye, aye, sir."

"By twos, then, and threes, come on, lads," said the kindly voice of the manager, quivering with emotion at the bravery and fortitude that led the noble "pit boys" on.

Thirty were chosen; each pair or trio were not to lose sight of the other, and each relay were to be within sound even of a whisper.

"The water—the water!" they could not proceed because of the water.

Several hours more of delay, and the pumps had made it safe for the men to proceed.

"Never let the life of communication be broken between you," said Armand, ready, if need be, to descend himself into the perilous passage.

Too heartrending for words the scene that followed. The suspense, silence, the dreadful certainty, as one by one the forms were laboriously brought to the light; the grief that could no longer be controlled, that with each added sorrow burst forth anew from all the bereaved ones. All were dead but three.

Three were alive in that living tomb? Impossible!

In a pocket of the mine, higher than the main passage in which the men had drowned, these three had crept at last, and there—two unable to speak, the third fainting as soon as he had made the rescuers know of their position—there their comrades found them.

"The living before the dead," said the leader of the rescuers.

Restoratives were applied, and a little—just a little—broth. The men were passed along the dark way from relay to relay, from strong arm to strong arm, carefully, lest the small remaining strength be exhausted. Hours and hours did it take, added hours and hours, to revive the faintest semblance of a breath.

When all was over, and out of this mighty horror seventy-two had been restored to light and life, when the burial service for the dead had been rendered, and the long, dark two weeks of agony was over, the miners and their manager stood with heads reverently uncovered in the soft glow of the summer twilight and sang, the women tearfully taking up the strain, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."

"For which have they most cause to be thankful, the living or the dead, my beloved?" said Zelda, through her tears.

"Since the 'living' are doomed by their birth and station to this 'death' in life, and the 'dead' are set free to see the light of God's love, were I in their places, my beloved, my praise would be for the dead," replied Armand, a deep sense of humility, almost of remorse, for what others had wrought before him taking possession of his spirit.

"Were you in their places, perhaps this shred of existence that they call life would be as precious to you as theirs is to them."

Thus, on their homeward way, these two lives and hearts, ever linked in one, conversed upon the scenes thus brought to their consciousness; thus through the soft evening twilight they were driven away to the Castle, to Zulieka, from whom they had been absent much of the time lately. Thus from garden and hill and parapet they gazed out upon the soft, undulating summer landscape, their eyes resting in deep thoughtfulness, in ever-welling light of pity, in great tender coming-tide of helpfulness and strength; for a mighty purpose was forming in the heart of each, a purpose that was one although they had not spoken.

"Was it not the Christ of Christendom who descended and preached to the 'spirits in prison?'" said Zelda, as her eyes wandered in the direction of the mines.

"Yes, my beloved; but not there is the prison into which Christ must descend and preach to-day, but there"—pointing toward the great metropolis, toward the great octopus that with its many arms extended was reaching out to swallow up the land. "To Castle, Palace and Parliament must the Christ of to-day descend and preach to the 'spirits in prison. God willing, I will be His messenger," said Armand devoutly.

"And I His handmaiden," said Zelda, and then all unaware of what they did they scaled this compact with a holy kiss.

REVOLUTION OR REFORM—WHICH?

"The fires are smothered but not quenched," said Mr. Broadbent, the manager of the mines, as he talked with his wife about a week after the disaster just closed.

"You mean not in the shaft," said the good wife, who had not recovered from the great shock, and expected some other new horror.

"Nay, nay; do not misunderstand? The boys have been o'er restless lately, an' could brook no longer the insults of the superintendent, who only comes whilst I am gone, and never has a civil word for anybody."

"But the earl—aye, and the noble lady, my good man—they have taken all hearts by storm! Surely, he will set matters right," said Martha Broadbent, while she emphasized her words with an extra jerk of her head.

"Naw doubt he maught try; his face is one I loike, an' 'wa never had a harsh word from the late earl, who was a most always away. God will help us to keep the boys to His will."

The times were full of monitions. The miners and agricultural laborers—in fact, all the artisans and operators connected with the vast estates of the Earl of Montrose had become dissatisfied. The steward in charge of the whole was a man possessed by a traditional and morbid clinging to power, idolatry to titles, position, caste.

"A veritable Hindoo, although born in England," Armand said, when he came to know him. And he insisted on the same idolatry from those beneath him in position. In fact, Mr. Shackles, the steward of all the estates of the Earl of Montrose, in that county, was a despot, diminutive in mind, crude in form, and covering his coarse instincts with a garb of cringing apocynophony to the rich and titled, and of overbearing haughtiness and condescension to the poor and lowly. He was a punctilious church member, never once ques-

tioning that the established church, with ritual, articles of faith and entire service had been handed down directly from heaven for the especial benefit of royalists, the nobility and the gentry of Great Britain, and that while a few heathens, converted by her majesty's government into servants, soldiers, and, perhaps, a few good Christians, still these would, without doubt, serve on the outskirts of heaven, while none but the very elect, royalty, nobility, and those who were their agents, could hope to enter the select society of the kingdom of heaven.

MR. BROADBENT

was Wesleyan; and most of the men under his supervision were also dissenters. There had been a silent warfare fought and won by the dissenters against paying church rates when they worshipped at another shrine, and after a few unsuccessful attempts at coercion, and many fruitless attempts at persuasion, the state church had abandoned the attempt, although the incumbents of parishes in that county found their "living" very much diminished.

The manager of the mines stood between the men and Mr. Shackles, but sometimes the second manager had met the steward in the absence of Mr. Broadbent, and there was threatened revolt after each of these meetings.

Besides, Mr. Broadbent held his position almost "at the point of the bayonet," to speak figuratively. The steward would have dismissed the manager long ago, but the men—all the men in the county—refused to work unless Mr. Broadbent was retained. In fact the steward was powerless, for all the miners were life tenants (at their own will) on the estate of the Earl of Montrose.

Mr. Broadbent had advanced from a pit-boy to the position of manager by merit alone—by the unanimous wish of the men.

There had lately been the formation of associations among miners, operators—in fact, the beginning of "trades unions" and "labor organizations."

The steward had fought these with all the weapons at his command, amounting to persecution concerning their religion, which the miners would not bear.

Just before the Earl of Montrose came home there had been a meeting of all the managers of the different mines, mills, farms and other branches of labor on the earl's estates, which included many villages, manufactories and other branches of labor.

It was unanimously decided at that meeting of the managers and superintendents to respectfully ask for "reform" from the Earl of Montrose, the first and foremost of which was the removal of the objectionable steward.

And this was why the laboring people gathered at the gate when Armand and Zelda drove to the Castle on their first arrival, and this was the reason that the laborers lingered in the twilight after the gentry-carriages had passed, and after the gentry had dispersed; and this is the reason why they said:

"Aye, aye! An' if he's as noble as he looks, wa maen trust him."

"But if he's hard loike the steward—loike Shackles, then——"

And this was why the devout, kind-hearted and faithful manager, Mr. Broadbent, said to his good wife, "The fires are smothered, but not quenched."

And this is why Zelda and Armand, having seen and felt and heard all that had passed in a two weeks of time that seemed an eternity of experience, resolutely turned their thoughts and hopes, their aspirations and plans for labor from the ever-longing and blissful memories of Ceylon, from all India, and set the compass of their hearts and spirits towards the new purpose.

"Much there is to do in India," said Armand, "much to undo; but here there is more."

THE NEW SHRINE IS A NEW ALTAR.

That night they sought the altar that they had made their place of worship, the little room adjoining the late earl's bedroom. After their devotions Armand gazed at his mother's picture, and asked Zelda to notice if she could detect any difference in its appearance.

"Yes, darling, as I look it seems as though the image of your mother grew to a living form and face—as though she were about to speak."

And speak she did out of the air above or the picture, or from their own hearts:

"Much there is to do in India, much to undo; but here there is more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PATHWAY OF ANGELS.

A LECTURE BY SPIRIT EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, DELIVERED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, BEFORE THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

THE LECTURE.—CONTINUED.

What though he portray with perfect accuracy and wonderful skill the evolution of planets and the unfolding of generic life upon the earth? Beyond that his thought does not reach; his scientific knowledge may not cope with the spiritual kingdom; he is still in the dark, and against the utter, bare, void and barrenness of material life he finds himself precipitated, unless the light from within, the celestial glory of inspiration and the promise of his soul, has told him of better things.

No age has been left voiceless; the spirit of prophecy and of inspiration have existed for them. The word of God in the mouth of His prophets and those who have been inspired has lived in every age, speaks in every human heart, and may be audible to every human understanding. That word, properly interpreted, not only gives knowledge of man's material and spiritual life on earth, but knowledge of all those wonderful laws that lie veiled from materialism, and that science can never expect to probe, and that human philosophy can never hope to fathom; only by the immeasurable power of spirit, only by the faculties of the soul, only by that perception which links man with the Infinite, can these heights be scaled and this space be bridged by the consciousness of thought and knowledge.

As an archway of light is fashioned of the rays that fall upon the clouds arising from earth, so an archway of spiritual splendor is formed of those thoughts that are broken to your understanding from the spiritual realm, falling on the external world so that they are visible to your vision. This is the bow of promise, and the literal rainbow in the heavens (which was but the symbol), but the spiritual archway fashioned of the reflection of spiritual light, and forming its glory in the clouds of earth, the clouds of sorrow, pain, experiences that bring consciousness of spiritual life and existence here. Through the long vista of past time, through the numberless ages that it has taken to form the world, to fit it for the habitation of man, and to make man understand somewhat of the external relations to external life, these glimmerings of spiritual life and truth have been made known, but veiled in the ancient prophecies. Modern interpretation refuses to recognize them, and upon the crown which Christ wore, traced in glorious letters, modern infidelity casts the blemish of its doubt and stain, while the lustre of spiritual life gleams brightly from beyond.

When, without aid of astronomy, you still contemplate the vastness of the material universe, has the thought ever suggested itself to your mind that each of those numberless worlds, each of those millions of systems, presents also a spiritual sun, and that the external is but the visible expression of which the spiritual is life and light and existence? And that each one of those numberless systems filling the firmament above and around may be peopled by sentient beings, having desires, aspirations and immortalities like yours, and all endowed with some attributes that relate them to the worlds in which they move, and the firmament beyond, and the spiritual kingdom that is the innermost of all? Has it ever occurred to you that this earth, in itself like a bird of passage, or like some barge that drives the spirit for a time into some new harbor, is but a resting place, and that the soul itself, immortal in its flight as in its heritage, endowed with knowledge and with power and with purpose, must explore every world?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The papers have been full, lately, of an awful tragedy that occurred at Paris, Texas, Feb. 1, setting forth that in that city on that day was meted out to the

perpetrator of the most horrible crime that can be imagined the most terrible punishment that could possibly be conceived by the mind of man, a punish-

ment ending in death, and equal to the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. Henry Smith, a big and burly negro, picked up little Myrtle Vance, aged 3½

years, near her father's (Policeman Henry Vance) residence, and giving her candy to allay her fears, carried her through the central portion of the city to Gibbons' pasture, just within the corporate limits. En route through the

ity he was asked by several persons what he was doing with the child. He replied that she was Mr. Williams' little girl, and he was carrying her to the doctor. Arriving at the pasture mentioned, he, with inhumanity too terrible to relate, first viciously assaulted the

erocious babe, and satisfying his
andish passion, brutally killed her.
hen, covering the body with leaves
and brush, he lay down and slept calmly
through the night by the side of his
victim. About 5 o'clock Friday morn-
g Smith awakened, went to the house

The Home Sanctuary.

If there is any place on the face of
disagreeable earth that is sacred or holy.

and: "I ain seen no white chile, and I had nothin' to do with no white chile." He was finally caught, and confessed the awful deed, and when informed of the terrible fate that awaited him he became the picture of misery and tears as the train drew into the prison depot, and he begged piteously to be shot, but said he didn't want Vance to shoot him. Every house-top and every vacant place was a seething mass of people, as far as the eye could reach. He was driven slowly around the public square, thence to the place of death. Thousands followed, and the streets and sidewalks were lined with other thousands. On the bare prairie a scaffold had been built. Four upright pieces supported, ten feet above the ground, a platform ten feet square. In its center a strong post was set and braced on every side.

the wron approached, Henry
nce, the father of Smith's victim, ap-
ered on the platform and formally
ed the crowd for vengeance. Smith
carried up a flight of steps to his
ul doom. He was stripped to the
nd placed against the stake. He
securely bound, and delivered over
Vance's vengeance. A tinner's furn-
e was brought and filled with iron
ed to a white heat. Taking one
ce thrust it under one side, then the
er side of the victim's feet, who,
less, writhed as the flesh peeled
the bones slowly, inch by inch. Up-
logs the iron was drawn, till it
eth his stomach. Then the wretch
ed silence for the first time with a
am that could be heard a mile
ly across and around the body,
ly upward traced the irons. By
s Smith screamed, begged, prayed
cursed. When his face was reached
tongue was silenced by fire, and
ceforth he only moaned or raved in
ld delirium. His eyes were then
ed out, and the hot irons put in their
th, completely searing it, and then
st down his throat as far as they
d reach or burn their way.
hen he seemed to be on the point of
ne up the ghost, oil was poured over

body of the poor wretch, and he was covered with oil-soaked cottonseed, to which a match was applied. The flames in a twinkling enveloped the lifeless and torture-shrivelled and were cheered by the mad thousands, who seemed to become crazed as their nostrils were assailed by the odors of the burning flesh. More was poured over the victim, and a substantial fuel was applied, until usually the body became reduced to a mass of cinders. During the process of incineration the wonderful powers of endurance of the negro were shown. When burned beyond recognition, having almost lost human form, as salt the hot oil penetrate his flesh, rolled and wriggled, and tossed out the mass, only to be pushed back by the people nearest him. He tossed out, and was roped and pulled back. Hundreds of people turned away, but were crowd still looked calmly on. The people will never become weary of attending to the "Spanish Inquisition." It

No language is adequate to express the horror of the tortures ordered by the Roman prelates. To now say that in this the nineteenth century, in Christian land, there is any humanly more brutal than the "Spanish sisters," is putting a low estimate on humanity at the present time. The man who so coolly murdered an inquisitive little girl was mentally, spiritually and morally on the very lowest level. He was like a hyena in his nature. The venom of the snake was worse than the poison which issued from his vile nature. Clasp a lovely

in his arms, in the most fiendish manner he tortures her, while her pit-moaning under the pains inflicted, is ushered into the bright realms of life. No words are adequate to describe a scene fraught with so much horror. It seems very strange that

anger and hatred: the magnetic currents of the body poison the blood; the polluted electro-magnetic currents which control the brain and nervous system, especially the heart and lungs, destroy the very centers of life and action.

Oh, why do so many get so very wrathful, and curse and storm and grow out of the venom of their wickedness? No one knows where it will hit—the evil current, once started, is certain to find a lodging place; maybe in the heart of some beautiful, unsuspecting sister, mother, daughter, or the one best beloved of all the earth.

I behold many tender, loving wives
fading, dying under the ban of the evil
disposition; and I see constant, trustful
husbands fill their lives with fear and
watchfulness; which gives them no
rest, nor hope, nor cheer, nor the ex-
pected happiness.

Yes, harmony is health, peace, rest,
love and happiness; while discord, in-
harmony, hate, anger, spread ruin, dis-
ease and death far and near.

How beautiful the thought of peace
on earth and good will among all man-
kind. To hasten the long-desired day
give us more exact, tested, truth-
ful knowledge, such as we find in
that little book, and in THE PROGRES-
SIVE THINKER.

But, alas! the people generally, ignorant and stubborn, groping their way through life like animals, blind to the suffering of the poor and the animals, waiting for the old iron bit to guide them. M. E. TRAVIS.

Faribault Minn.

Remember the Needy.

The severe weather of the past few weeks must recall to our minds the saying of the Nazarene: "The poor ye have always with you." It is not the beggars at the gate, who make gain for themselves by pushing their sores into public notice, who suffer most, under conditions like the present; but it is those who, having once been in fair circumstances,

are overpowered by ill-fortune, until under a little extra stress of hard weather they are put to it to know where the next meal or the ordinary expenses for fuel and rent are to be obtained. These persons are not telling of the agony that exists in the waste places of their hearts, but their intense suffering is none the less because they attempt to carry the whole burden thereof. And it is these who are loth to accept direct charity, or even indirect aid from their best, most loving friends, notwithstanding the fact that in earlier times with themselves and their hands and hearts were always wide open to the or of distress. But this fact does not release those who have wealth from the responsibility always attaching to the stewardship of this world's goods.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, for us as Spiritualists, that lacking thorough organization, we are not supplied with channels of collection and disbursement.

We have a measure forgotten that the giving to the needy is a joyful duty, and one that we should cultivate. The teaching of the Ancient Magi was always to do to and for thy brother as thou wouldst have him do for thee. He is most thy brother who hath most real need. Therefore more brotherly than ever was a whole people, when they were putting forth of the brotherly hand could prevent the coming of the extreme condition.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has several times mentioned the case of Margaret Fox-Kane, to whom we as Spiritualists owe such a debt of gratitude, and to whom we are needy and dependent. The response is not what a prosperous body of thinkers ought to give. Suppose

60,000 readers of THE PROGRESSIVE HINKER should donate 5 cents per month, 60 cents per year, to a charity and for those who need help. This systematic method would aggregate the money. Think of many of our suffering poor could be relieved by this aim, well managed by a responsible executive body. We should not then feel our cheeks blush hotly with shame as we hear of the need of our mediums and speakers, who, having "outlived their active usefulness" in working for truth and boarding themselves, are torn out and entitled to succor for themselves and their families. Who will take the necessary steps to found a charity in the name of the brotherhood the Seen and the Unseen!

Only One of Many.
That was a wise act of the Presbyteries, when they removed the serpent from their seal, which had disfigured it for several generations. Serpent-worship was one of the earliest forms of idolatry, and carries us back to that age almost savage life when ignorance bowed the knee with trembling awe to anything capable of harm. It was akin to devil-worship. Tree worship and sun-worship belong to the same class, and all should have disappeared together.

their respective symbols. Unfortunately, giving credit to the Bible narrative, when the Jews in their forty years' wanderings were bitten by fiery serpents, Moses had a brazen serpent lifted upon poles, or pole as the translators rendered it, and those who looked upon it were cured. It became an object of devotion under the reign of Ahas, and continued such for a long season, to which 'the children of Israel did burn incense.' A wish idol, of course it deserved a place on a Presbyterian seal, just as, say, and most other Christian churches, perpetuate the phallic symbol of worship in the towering steeple. Having removed one pagan inheritance it is hoped they will gradually drop others as the stars go by, then will disappear their dilance of baptism, the sacrament of

Lord's supper, their pagan hymns adapted to present needs, their love for the pagan Sunday, and numberless other customs which were honored by the old and nature worshipers of two thousand years ago.

A New Concordance.

Last week we published a page of ex-

Morality vs. Superstition.
The greatest mistake ever made by man was the separation of religion and morality. There can be no true religion without morality. Hudson Tuttle says: "The moral code and the religious are one." Morality involves all the relations of truth, justice and reciprocity between man and man. Religion, while it includes all these, has more especial reference to our relation and duty to God.

Any religion apart from, or without morality, is a spurious or abnormal growth, the development of an inherent

grown of one religious element inherent in the nature of man and deserves no better name than superstition, and such we unhesitatingly call all religions, however well organized and popular, which in any way interfere with the personal rights of the individual, or persecute, prosecute or ostracise any class of men for their opinions.

Here lies the secret of a well-founded opposition by all enlightened American citizens to religion in the public schools. It is not because they think religion bad, for they do not (and the greatest opposition comes from the most en-

lightened, but it is because the fanatics who want religion taught in the schools would sacrifice every human right, individual and social, to his ideal religion which he has received through immoral priestcraft, while he is dead to all sense of the beautiful relation and oneness of divinity and humanity.

But morality, that is, justice and truthfulness between man and man, cannot be denied by any; and besides, it is as necessary to the success and comfort of all as arithmetic and geography, and would, if made an indispensable part of the education of every child, soon make all men what the best educated are now.

We we led to these remarks by reading in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* a report of the Society for Ethical Culture which has our highest respect and is supplementing our work more than any of the churches, although they make higher pretensions and sneeringly say "mere moralists." We clip the following from the *Inter-Ocean*:

"For about three hundred years the Presbyterian people have looked upon the cross as a wholly unsuitable emblem for good Presbyterians to display on their neck to it, as every Frenchman once did before the Bastille," said Mr. Mangearin." Under the sway of the Westminster Catechism, the Presbyterian church, one of the noblest and most philanthropic in Christendom, needless of the 'Zeit-Geist,' has been taking its time from the old clock in Geneva, which has stopped going for 300 years. For three centuries and more this catechism has walked into every Presbyterian meeting-house, taken its place on every platform, looked down with its phantom-like eyes upon speaker and hearer, wedged its way into every council and assembly, and blown out with its breath every ray and promise of a new thought. But happily the Presbyterians, too, have discovered the error of the catechism, and have discredited and not discredited Calvinism and not Christianity. The thought that the living mind of man is a more sacred and a more trustworthy medium for the reception and the expression of the 'Geist'

that is" than any rigorously formulated dogma, has at last dawned upon all the church. While the very conservative disciples of Calvin regret the change, the younger generation is glad and grateful.

A Scientist's Opinion.

Mr. H. C. Hervey, of Maspeth, N. Y., a practical geologist and mineralogist, in remitting subscriptions for himself and a friend, takes occasion to add:

"We also send our earnest congratulations for your successful, bold, candid, untiring and persistent efforts in not only disseminating the truths of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, but in awakening humanity to a sense of the impending dangers which threaten their mental, moral and physical destruction through the wiles of priestcraft, which, like the siren's song, lure to certain destruction; or, like Mormonism, lull them into a sleep of delusive dreams, only to awaken to a true sense

Truly, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER proves to be the very *ne plus ultra* exponent of the principles of truth, love, justice and wisdom: and may it ever continue to shed an undiminished effulgence of light, truth and knowledge, on the souls of humanity."

one who is an intelligent observer of the silent though momentous movements of the day—notably, in this connection, the trend and operations of priestcraft, and the grand uplifting and enlightening work of Spiritualism—which is the most-dreaded foe that priestcraft has to encounter. As the great organ of the spiritual movement to-day, this paper stands foremost among the opponents of Romanism and priestcraft in every form and we are pleased to earn the appreciation of such men as Mr. Hervey.

Hon. A. B. French.
From the Columbus (O.) *Press-Post* of February 6th, we learn that Hon. A. B. French, of Clyde, O., on the previous Sunday lectured at the First Spiritualist Church on the "Facts, faith and Follies of Materialism." "Mr. French," says the above paper, "is an eloquent and

expressive speaker and for an hour and a half he spoke in favor of the immortality of the soul and closed his masterly address in defense of Spiritualism, showing in both the Old and New Testaments how Spiritualism abounded in hidden times. He mentioned many of the most illustrious characters in holy writ as being mediums, and particularly referred to Daniel, as he unraveled the handwriting upon the wall at Belshazzar's feast. A very large audience was in attendance, all of whom paid the closest attention to the eloquent man."

Spiritualism is having a boom in Columbus, and the ministrations thereof of Mr. French have proved a decided success.

IT IS A NOBLE PROJECT.

Bringing Heaven Near to Earth.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is deeply interested in all humanitarian projects, and is ever gratified to take note of new and special efforts in that line, as affording evidence of the evolution of man toward a higher moral and spiritual plane. The growth of "the humanities" is cognate with true spiritual growth; there is a chord of sympathy between

kindness, benevolence, and the inner goodness that prompts to unselfish effort to help the needy and helpless lowly ones of earth and place them in better, surer, self-helping conditions, constituting true spirituality. A kindly and unselfish regard for the temporal and moral welfare of the wails of humanity is a true and cheering indication of humane development, and upon the positive manifestation of that spirit of humanity may safely be predicated rich unfoldment of spiritual life and moral goodness in the world.

the thoughts and hearts of the susceptible; deeply-interested helpers on the other side of the thin veil that separates mortal and spirit-life, are bringing their benign influence to bear upon the minds and sympathies of those nearest them in the development of the humane and kindly elements of their natures, and the results of such influence are seen in the kinder and more highly humane efforts of to-day, having in view the best good of society, and more especially the good of unfortunate children.

From this point of view, it is with especial pleasure we note—and regard it as, a matter of general interest, that

crippled walls are to be given a comfortable home in Chicago. A society has been organized and incorporated with Mrs. Nelson Steele as president. It will be known as the Home for Destitute Crippled Children. The society has already been presented with an acre of land in Ellsworth, where buildings to cost \$250,000 will be constructed during the coming spring.

The promoters of the new institution are pioneers in the work. There is now no home of this nature in America, except a small refuge in Philadelphia, which admits only colored children. Nearly all of the clergymen in Chicago and a number of prominent business men are at the head of the movement.

At a meeting recently held for the furtherance of the project, the Rev. R. S. Martin said:

"As I look around, I see the forces of good flocking to one common center. We are coming to a better and brighter day. The evidence of this, we have, but to look around on this platform where men of widely different religious views are gathered to advance a great work of benevolence.

"There is a great and growing necessity for a home for destitute children. The mere mention of it awakens an interest in our hearts. There are in this city 3,000 destitute little ones who are lame, crippled or deformed, and we are

here-to-day to consider the best way of helping them. Get the waifs away from the filthy dark alleys, ash barrels and dry-goods boxes and you will find them under many a torn coat beats a tender heart. Then put them under different surroundings and they will develop into useful men and women."

NO HOME FOR CRIPPLED WAIFS.

The Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas followed with a brief address.

"There is something," he said, "peculiarly peculiar in the purpose and spirit of such an occasion. In the world of nature the law of evolution teaches the survival of the strongest. The greater oaks overshadow, crowd out and kill the young growths. Christianity

"Outside of humanity there is no such thing as deformity. Insects and birds are perfect, but in humanity, where there should be the most symmetry, we too often find the least. We have departed from nature. In lower life there are no instances of the young and poor being unprovided for. Yet in this city and others a home for healthy children can easily be obtained, but no one wants a crippled waif. Such an institution as we propose is not all an outgo of money, because the children are trained to labor."

and become self-supporting—it is a noble charity."

THE CHILDREN'S CENTURY.

"Christianity," said Bishop Fallow, "reverses completely the rule that the weakest must go to the wall. There is no question as to who is the strongest and the weakest. The noblest sentiment is love—and these crippled waifs often call out the deepest love of the human heart. Victor Hugo called his age the 'woman's century,' and we may appropriately call ours the children's century. The world is growing better and I refuse to listen to the Jeremiah of anybody."

The Rev. Dr. Canfield then read a letter from Rabbi E. G. Hirsch in which the writer said: "I am heart and soul in

Dr. I. Prince, the superintendent of the home, is a little man with flowing white hair. He stood up to answer the questions. There were ten children whose ages ranged from 7 to 14 years in the school. It costs in the neighborhood of \$3 a week for each child, and enough has been paid in so far to meet expenses.

"Our object," he continued, "is to teach the waifs to do some useful work so that they can earn a living and not be dependent on public charity."

The Rev. Dr. Gonsaulus was unable to present, but he telegraphed a subscription of \$200.

NEXT TO THE LAST THING.

The Rev. Dr. Withers made a speech

"The last thing in civilization," he said, "is the care of crippled children and dumb brutes. We are here attending to the next to the last, and if we succeed I should say the millennium must be near at hand." He made the statement that a well-known woman of wealth

had agreed to give \$50,000 to the new institution, and he urged some one in the audience to pledge \$25,000 more. While the plea was not successful, a number of interested people went forward asking for further particulars regarding large contributions. About \$2,000 was collected in baskets passed by the ushers and \$100 each was pledged by the Rev. Dr. Withrow and Prof. Swing.

While some of our readers will dissent from the views expressed by the reverend gentlemen concerning "Christianity," none will dissent from the fine humanitarian tone and spirit of their utterances. In this respect, as well as in the liberality of their financial aid, their example is worthy of emulation by Spiritualists.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR:—About two months ago, at my request, Mr. J. K. Perkins, of Kalamazoo, Mich., came to my house and made a negative of myself. I told him that I wished to see if any of my deceased friends or relatives in spirit-life could appear on the plate beside me. Mr. Perkins told me not to mention in his presence the name of the one of whom I wanted the picture; and said that upon developing the negative, should any form appear on the plate beside my own picture he would print and mail me a proof. A few days after I received a proof picture from the negative. Imagine my surprise to see beside my own picture a perfect likeness of my little granddaughter, Vera P. Sheffer, who passed to spirit-life at the age of four years. I am positive that Mr. Perkins knew nothing of the little girl, and certainly could not have known that it was her picture that I desired. Mr. Perkins was a total stranger to me, and I to him. We wish further to say that there was no negative ever taken of the little girl showing the position and dress that appears in the spirit picture taken by Mr. Perkins. We accept it as a grand proof of the conscious existence of our loved ones on the further shore.

MRS. R. A. SHEPHERD.
South Haven, Mich.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in Boston.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill., commenced her ministrations of two months at the Boston Spiritual Temple, corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, last Sunday, Feb. 5.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, a large and enthusiastic audience assembled at the magnificent building to greet her. Mrs. Richmond has always been a great favorite in Boston, and all the old-time Spiritualists are on hand to greet her and listen to the eloquent instructions of her guides whenever she is permitted to address them. So they, as well as the younger Spiritualists, flocked to the Temple to listen to her last Sunday afternoon. They all felt more than repaid for their efforts to be present. The subject chosen by her guides for their discourse, after answering a number of questions submitted by the audience was: "What is in a Name?" In a short and very logical discourse they proved to the satisfaction of every one present that Spiritualism by any other name would not be Spiritualism. The general expression of the audience at the conclusion of the services was that it was the finest thing they ever heard.

Mrs. Richmond has organized two classes for special teaching while in Boston: one for teaching Psychometry, or Spirit Healing, by spirit of Dr. Ben. Rush, meets every Tuesday evening. The other, for teachings on the soul, and its expression in human form, meets every Thursday evening. So Boston is preparing herself for a spiritual feast during Mrs. Richmond's sojourn.

Boston, Mass. C. A. M.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit-life from San Jose, Cal., Dec. 27th, 1892, Mrs. Sophia Pease, M. D., wife of D. A. Pease, M. D.; a native of Madison, Madison county, New York; aged 85 years, 8 months and 23 days. The deceased was the first lady to attend medical college in the State of Ohio, and the second in the United States. Old residents of Cincinnati will remember her as practicing medicine in that city during the cholera seasons of 1849 and 1850. Later, her husband opened a "Water Cure" five miles from Cincinnati, near Carthage, where wonderful physical manifestations were presented unexpectedly, which attracted the attention of many to the Spiritual cause. During a painful illness of over three months, Mrs. Pease was blessed with the presence of loved ones, feeling clearly and conversing with them frequently hearing sweet music as though many instruments were playing in harmony. She leaves a husband, son and three daughters to mourn her loss; the second daughter Mrs. Nettie P. Fox being well-known as a lecturer in the Spiritual cause.

S. M. P.

J. Brodie writes that Rev. F. Adams, a Universalist clergyman of Chicago, has become convinced that the philosophy of Spiritualism is true. Many church members were present at a seance last Tuesday evening, at 374 Bowen avenue, and the medium, Mr. Summers, gave excellent tests, including twenty-six full names, relationships, and descriptions of the departed ones. Skeptics are being convinced. Circles are held twice a week.

G. L. Clark writes that the Band of Friendship held a very successful musical and literary entertainment at 292 Dayton street, Chicago, on the evening of the 7th last. The program consisted of guitar solo by Mr. Birman and daughter Lulu, duet by Misses Peterson, poem by Mrs. Cora E. Wilson, select reading by Dr. Hammond, tests by Mrs. Dexter, etc., etc., followed by entertainment for the physical inner man, spread by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Duff. The ladies will give a ball on March 3, at Mayer hall, corner Slope and Sedgwick streets, to which all are invited. Mr. Clark concludes: "All went to their homes to dream of meadriem and the light fantastic, which is to be March 3."

THE SOUL, ITS NATURE, RELATIONS AND EXPRESSIONS IN HUMAN EMBODIMENTS. Given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, by her guides. A complete work which has been translated into its present form.



THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD-WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC.

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

Elizabeth Booker, of St. Louis, Mo., gives an account of wonderful manifestations at a trumpet seance by Mrs. Laroge, 807 Fifteenth street, that city. Independent voices spoke in German, French and Hebrew to individuals who could converse in those languages. Mrs. L. can speak English only. Besides, a gentleman present held his hand on the medium's mouth while the voices were speaking. The trumpet was carried to all parts of the room, up to the ceiling, etc. Those who had slates received messages.

A. G. Pigley, of DeFiance, writes: "I wish to present for the consideration of your many readers an account of a strange experience which occurred on the night of January 25th. I distinctly heard a voice call my name. In a moment my wife asked if I heard the voice, and I replied that I did, and asked her if she knew whose voice it was. She said she did not know. I said it sounded like my sister Martha's voice and asked where the voice appeared to be, and my wife replied that it was the voice of some one sitting on the stair-step. I said it sounded as though it came from an adjoining room. In a few moments I saw the shadows of the busts of two persons in the air near the ceiling at the foot of the bed. In the morning I mentioned the occurrence to my wife, and she disclaimed all knowledge of it. The point I wish to bring out is, I was awake and heard the voice of a living person, a woman, and who could not possibly be about the matter. My wife was asleep and heard the voice and spoke to me about it, I supposing her also to be awake. I have an opinion of my own, but should like to have some psychic researcher give his opinion."

C. Carter, of Lancaster, Ohio, writes: "We have two haunted houses in this neighborhood, in one of which the spirit persists in opening the door as often as closed. We propose to have the ghost in the woods preach to a large audience soon. I will send all news."

Correspondent writes from Dubuque, Iowa: The Progressive Spiritualist Association was never in as flourishing condition as at the present time; new members are added nearly every day, and interest is increasing. We have been greatly favored with the services of two of the finest mediums in the spiritualistic ranks, F. Corden White and Olive A. Blodgett, who need no introduction to your readers. The best people of the city are becoming convinced through such mediumship. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Blodgett's health will not permit her to do platform work, but we are fortunate in securing Prof. White for the rest of the month after the 13th ult. He is a grand worker, and has a host of friends here. In writing to our society all letters should be addressed to William Hamilton, Secretary, or Dr. O. G. W. Adams, President.

A. M. Cummings, Secretary, informs us that Spiritualism received quite an impetus by reason of a reunion held in Flint, Mich., Feb. 4 and 5. Delegates were present from Saginaw, Port Huron, Detroit, Lapeer, Grand Blanc, Mount Morris, Pine-Run, Schwartz Creek, Flushing, and other places. The speakers were Mrs. Sheets, Mrs. Nickerson-Warne, H. J. Olney and D. P. Dewey.

The last two are young in the lecture-field, and with good prospects for the future. Dr. S. S. Allen, of Flint, gave tests; also Mrs. Amidon, of Flint, gave tests; and Mrs. Warner, Sunday evening the G. A. R. hall was filled, and many went away for want of room. W. Miller writes that Spiritualism is holding its own in Baltimore, Md. The society has moved to a new and more centrally-located hall. During the season they have had Mrs. Colville, Mrs. Twing, and Mrs. Gladys, to be followed by Mr. Edgerly. The ladies are going to give a social and sale package party, in aid of the cause, on Feb. 22.

Dr. W. M. Foster, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Bishop Beals, the well-known lecturer and medium, drew my attention and on the 1st of last week gave an excellent paper a few weeks ago, and I have been delighted with the several copies which have come to hand since my subscription commenced. It is the cheapest dollar-a-year paper I have ever seen (there certainly can be no money in it for the publisher), and should be, unless the circulation is very large; there is a bright, crisp freshness about its pages, suggestive of liberality of thought and freedom of expression."

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock has just closed a very successful engagement with the First Spiritualist Society of New York City. The Ladies Aid Society connected with the above-named association, at the last meeting held during Mrs. Whitlock's stay in New York presented her with a very beautiful silver button-book. Mr. H. J. Nelson, President of the society, made the presentation, and in her speech alluded to the work of Mrs. Whitlock, so cheerfully done, and with the best wishes and love of the society bade Mrs. Whitlock to use the gift every day. Those who know Mrs. Newton can fully understand how well she could present the gift. Mrs. Whitlock was dumfounded for a moment, then rising to her feet she thanked the friends, one and all, for their kindness and love. It was a happy event, and long to be remembered by Mrs. Whitlock. She returns to New York in May, for a short engagement, and for a longer one next season.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph says: "Independent slate-writing and tests were given by Olive A. Blodgett. The meeting Sunday evening was under the auspices of the Progressive Spiritualists Association, was attended by many of the representative people of the city, and was a pronounced success. 'There is no death' was fully demonstrated. About thirty tests were given, in a clear, concise and convincing manner. Full names and descriptions were given, all being fully recognized. Those who manifested represented intelligent men and women, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sisters, brothers and children of all ages. The slate-writing tests—in bright light, without pencil—were satisfactory. A prominent citizen, very skeptical, sat at the table during the slate-writing, and afterwards stated to the audience that the slates were clean at the beginning, and was also positive the lady could not have written on them herself. The slates were examined both before and after the writing, by all who wished."

W. J. Colville will deliver a course of seven lectures on the "Divine Science of Health," and kindred themes, on Tuesdays, at 7:45 P. M., 11 South Sheldon street, near Randolph. Subjects: February 14, "Conquest Over Heredity"; February 21, "The Law of Prophecy—How Man Becomes a Law unto Himself"; February 28, "Spiritual Diagnosis of Needs—Spiritual Victory Over All Infirmities"; March 7, "How to Find and Use the Spiritual Knowledge in Daily Experience"; March 14, "The Science of Dreaming—True—How to Become Educated in Sleep"; March 21, "Transformation of Energy—Force Directed by Concentration"; March 28, "What Is Thought? How Is It Generated, and How Does It Travel? The True Relations of Will and Intellect—Their Relation to Health." Single admission, 25 cents. Opportunity given at the close of each lecture for the asking and answering of questions bearing on the topic of the hour. Mr. Colville will speak at Washington hall, corner Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Seats free. Answers to questions at 3 P. M.

E. E. Fisher, President, writes from St. Paul, Minn.: "A large audience greeted Mr. Edgerly on Sunday evening, January 29, at which time he gave his last lecture in St. Paul. The following resolutions were adopted by the members and friends of the Spiritual Alliance: 'Whereas, Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly has occupied the rostrum of the St. Paul Spiritual Alliance during the past five months with pre-eminence of ability, and to the entire satisfaction of those who have attended these meetings, therefore, be it resolved by the Alliance and friends who have listened during this long engagement to his pertinent and forcible utterances of truth, that they unanimously endorse him as a genial gentleman and one of the ablest speakers upon the spiritualistic platform.'"

Mrs. C. N. Poulsen, of Oakland, Cal., writes: "Bishop A. Beals has been with us a month, every Wednesday and Sunday evenings, lecturing. He will be with us during February. He has had large and attentive audiences, and every one is very much pleased. He is a grand lecturer as well as a true Spiritualist. I hope the societies wishing to engage a Spiritualist speaker will write to him. They may be sure of his success with them. Our is the Mission Spiritualist Society. It meets every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., also Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at Liberty Hall, 865 Broadway. A reception was tendered Mr. Beals at my house last week, and a very pleasant time was had. Mrs. Ladd Flinn, Mrs. Wermouth, Mrs. I. M. Sloper and others, all fine mediums, and many friends were there. A cordial invitation is extended to all mediums and Spiritualists visiting Oakland to meet with us."

W. J. Colville will give the following course of seven lectures at the office of the Christian Metaphysician, room 33, Central Music Hall, on Friday evenings, 7:45 o'clock. Subjects: February 17, "Universal Theosophy: Its Foundation and Teachings"; February 24, "The Theosophical Concepts of the Ancient Egyptians—The Hermetic Philosophy"; March 3, "Persian Theosophy, Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta"; March 10, "Hindu Theosophy, Buddhism and Buddhism"; March 17, "The Light of Asia and the Light of the World"; March 24, "Who Are the Masters? How May We Become Adepts?"; March 31, "The Way, the Truth and the Life; Through Death to Life Immortal." Single admission, 25 cents. Questions relevant to the subject invited after each lecture.

Dr. H. C. Benton, of Englewood, Ill., a healer, inspirational speaker and developing medium, offers his services free of charge on Sundays. His object is to establish a place of meeting for the Spiritualists in Englewood, and interest such as would become good mediums in the development of their spiritual gifts. Spiritualists, call on the doctor at 5599 Green street, corner of Sixteenth street, and give him your hearty co-operation.

Mrs. S. A. Burtis, a camper of over eighty-two years, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., is now at De Leon Springs, Florida. She writes: "At the far-off 'Sunshine' resort, where I have been for twenty-eight degrees, leaving zero weather at home, one can hardly realize such a contrast possible with three days' travel. The camp is fairly opened and made up wholly of friends from the North. H. D. Barrett is chairman, Geo. P. Colly is the speaker thus far, and others to follow soon. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is indispensable to me in this strange land."

A curious story comes from Marshfield, Wis., to the effect that a Mrs. Thurn, in her testimony in court, explained where they had secured the \$10,000 necessary to pay the premiums for the insurance on her husband's life—he being a poor mechanic—said that one evening in the garden she had been attracted to a certain spot by a small blue flame, and digging there had found a box containing \$11,000 in gold. After contesting her claims in court, two insurance companies have paid her \$10,000 each.

W. C. Roberts, of Washington, writes an account of a seance with Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, medium, whom he had never met before. In answer to written questions he related an interesting and characteristic slate-written messages from Charles G. Cook and William E. Rockwell, both of whom were former printer comrades of himself; also one from Jonathan M. Roberts, a distant relative.

C. D. Knight, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "The American Union of Spiritualists celebrated a fitting way an anniversary of the great patriot—Thomas Paine." The president delivered an inspirational address. Mrs. Lamont read sketches from his life from the pen of Col. Ingersoll. Mrs. Mell Spaulding also delivered an able address, and the meeting closed with "America." Thomas Paine is one of the spiritual guides of the American Union of Spiritualists. The celebration took place January 20th, his birthday.

Mabel Kildne, of New Orleans, writes that G. V. Cordingley made his first appearance on their platform Sunday, February 5th, speaking on various topics sent up by the audience. Prof. Carpenter, an old-time Spiritualist, also made some fitting remarks. A seance was held at the house of Dr. Benson, president, on the evening of the 7th last. Among those present were Mrs. Ulich, a fine medium from Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Woods of Texas, and Capt. Basley of Shreveport, La. The tests were excellent. Mrs. Ulich is pastor of the Spiritualist Church in Nashville, and is at present giving readings in New Orleans.

Mrs. H. C. O. Gorman, of a committee on resolutions, informs us that the United Spiritualists of Fort Worth, Texas, have recently been enjoying the helpful services of Mrs. M. E. Ulich, a fine medium from Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Woods of Texas, and Capt. Basley of Shreveport, La. The tests were excellent. Mrs. Ulich is pastor of the Spiritualist Church in Nashville, and is at present giving readings in New Orleans.

C. Young, of Geneva, Nevada, writes that he has a German Bible that he thinks is about 350 years old. It was compiled and translated by Martin Luther—the work of twelve years from 1522 to 1534. It contains the Augsburg Confession of Faith, and a biography of Martin Luther; is fully embellished with wood-cuts, and shows great age. The date on frontispiece is worn away by use. It was printed at Nuremberg, Germany.

Rolla Stubbs, of Long Lake, Minn., writes that their society has recently been favored with the services of W. H. Blair, of Minneapolis, who, he says, is quite a radical speaker, and when he gets to preaching the gospel of Spiritualism he wakes people up, and raises them out of the old ruts of theological beliefs." Mr. Stubbs says he has back numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for 1890 and 1891, which he would, on receipt of postage, be glad to send in packages of four to six numbers, to persons who are unable to subscribe.

"Veritas" writes from Lansing, Mich.: "That the city is alive to the subject of Spiritual phenomena, and private circles are being held with good results. One favorable indication is the fact that a Presbyterian clergyman is about up to vent his puny ridicule against Spiritualists and Spiritualism; when most people of sense would suppose he would be modest enough, in view of the serious troubles within his own sect, to hold his peace concerning Spiritualism, and attend strictly to the 'heresy' matters of his own churchly fold."

"Morton" writes an account of a materialization seance by Mrs. W. S. Thompson, 811 Main street, Keokuk, Iowa. After careful examination and strict safeguards against fraud, the circle was formed and soon forms appeared on the outside of the cabinet; among others a sister of Morton came out, led him into the cabinet, and placed one of his hands on the medium's, holding the other hand of a gentleman present in full dress suit and was recognized by one present as a brother. The forms talked to the sitters, and some joined in the singing. Mrs. Thompson is certainly a very worthy and honest medium.

Dr. C. R. Sanding, of Salt Lake, Utah, writes that they have had several mediums with them during the past year, all of whom have left their impression on the thinking people of Salt Lake. Mrs. Annie Slawson in particular, who came last summer, has done excellent service for the cause, being one of the best clairvoyant platform-test mediums and a good inspirational speaker.

Mrs. John Lindsay, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "For over twenty years I believe and serve as the Master as taught in the M. Church, but not until I became a Spiritualist did I comprehend who the Master was. Not until self-development made me ruler over self—sacrificing my selfishness for the good of others—did I fully comprehend the meaning of 'Master.' Now I can work with new zeal, work for the good of others, help open the gates of superstition and lay the blessed truths of Spiritual knowledge before the people, and from my own experiences, extending back for many years in the church, I can tell them how I longed and prayed for some positive evidence that my children and I had passed on still lived, and there was no evidence to me in the church. Suffering in doubt and unbelief, the spirit-world sent a savior, Maud E. Lord came to our city. Through her mediumship was fulfilled the saying, that their tears shall all be wiped away. In her circle my children took my handkerchief and wiped my tears away, and said: 'Ma, don't cry any more—we are all here; and are not you, and many other evidences of the truth spirit-world have given even from this time on to the present, gradually as I could bear it, the bonds of church creeds and dogmas have been broken, and now we thank the Spirit-world we are free; and now since my blind eyes have been opened by the ministrations of angels, I feel it my duty as well as pleasure to be an instrument in the hands of these blessed influences to help bring joy to the weeping world.'"

Mrs. Lindsay read and gave even in her infancy, physical manifestations, and she is now used to convince others of the reality of spirit-return.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, who completed her three months' engagement with the Albany (N. Y.) Spiritual Alliance, on Jan. 20th, will return for the month of April. She has been proffered the resident speakership by this society, for the season of 93-94. She gave a course of week evening lectures in the adjacent city of Troy, and re-engaged there for April 1st and 18th. She will speak in Akron, O., during March, and in Cleveland, O., the Sundays of June. All her camp-meeting dates are filled. Address for February, 24 Cottage street, Buffalo, N. Y.

IMPORTANT ANSWER.

Given to "A Friend to Mediums."

Mediumship Considered in Its Various Phases.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE MEDIUM'S STATUS.

"A Friend to Mediums" is anxious to learn all that he can concerning mediums, their expressions and the expression of spirit through them, and there is so much to say in regard to the matter, that I refer the whole matter to a guide or the guides, and let them write the answer, and if the answer is too long you can throw it aside.

In the first place, let me say that spirit manifestations scarcely ever appear to the world through a highly educated instrument of the human kind—simply because in educating that instrument it has become more and more intensely centralized and individualized, and the brain of that instrument has, as it were, been filled full of knowledge from the earth-plane, so that there is no room for a spirit to take possession of it fully and control it. The man, or woman, as the case may be, has had a perfect control of himself, yet spirit may have the power to enter his mind through the whole process of education; yet when this man, or woman, as the case of Mrs. Lillie, of Boston, delivers a fine and a highly instructive lecture, most of the outside world gives the Spirit-world no credit for it, yet her lecture is just as much a product from the spirit side of life as though it had been given in "gibberish" such as our friend quotes and the lecturer has given the world of man something to think of in the future, and has disgraced no one, but has educated the world by calling their attention to the fact that they were getting a lesson from the spirit. Thousands of our best writers and our best thinkers and our brightest of poets and statesmen, are far better mediums than the most outlandishly controlled mediums on earth. An expression of an ignorant spirit through an ignorant medium is simply ignorance combined, and the result is not of great benefit to our cause or to the human race, yet who of us that have always been in the front rank aiding every poor soul on the other side to express themselves through some medium, would say aught that would hinder them from doing the best that they knew how? I know it is discouraging sometimes, but let them come as they may through our mediums, and then work hard to teach them step by step, to make a progress up toward a better expression, so that some day they may thank you for the help that has lifted them up nearer the light.

Then let us look at the matter in another way: Many a medium has a very erroneous idea that they must not attempt to educate a spirit, and there is a bad condition and a bad combination. The spirit controlling is ignorant, childish, foolish, self-conceited, and is willing to stay so; and the medium is on the same plane, and is willing to stay there; and as Spiritualists are not an organized body, we have no rules nor regulations, either at their town halls or at camp meetings, there is as a natural consequence, no one to say what shall be given to the public through a medium, and the consequence is that we think we are disgraced by the exhibition of ignorance from the spirit side of life; yet we see worse, and more, a thousand times more, of the same expression through the masses of human spirits around us that are still in the form.

Jesus, of Bible times, was an uneducated boy, yet a splendid medium. All of his disciples were poor, ignorant fishermen, yet they were able to stay there; and as Spiritualists are not an organized body, we have no rules nor regulations, either at their town halls or at camp meetings, there is as a natural consequence, no one to say what shall be given to the public through a medium, and the consequence is that we think we are disgraced by the exhibition of ignorance from the spirit side of life; yet we see worse, and more, a thousand times more, of the same expression through the masses of human spirits around us that are still in the form.

St. Paul was an educated writer, yet saw visions and heard voices from that higher life. Moses was a medium and educated enough to rule his people. Mahomet was a glorious, good medium, and yet he ruled with a gentleness that has sent his name down the ages.

Joan of Arc was a simple peasant girl, yet she at one time ruled the destiny of nations; and the expression through her at times were of a simple, childish nature, and she would sit and prattle like a child, for a child expressed itself through her; and in the end the old Romish Catholic church, when it came into its power, condemned her to the stake and the fire.

Very many mediums are to blame when they allow such expressions or allow a spirit to express itself through them, in the manner that our friend quotes, and often times the medium is more to blame than the spirit is, and the language is often the language of a medium, and not of the strict words of the controlling spirit.

All mediums should strive to attain the best expression through themselves and not always exclaim, "I never interfere with my guides!" I do not like to interfere with my guides myself, but if my guides give through me an expression that is injuring the cause or my friends, or the world of man, then I shall not agree with them at all times, nor will I put these expressions before the world long a time. While I am willing to be guided, I am determined to be guided right.

I would say further to our "Friend," that if a few do get disgusted with our rather poor mediums and their controls, and what is given through them, there are also a great many well-educated lecturers and mediums that disgust thousands with their wild fantasies and high-flown theories that have neither sense, reason nor practicability in them. What was any one benefited by the theosophical high-flying mysticism where the plainest facts and plainest demonstrations are covered by the fog of mystery?

What better demonstration can you get or how much knowledge can you receive from a shysterling, old, half-educated person calling himself an astrologer, and sitting enveloped in a fog of smoke and mystery, with a piece of common glass in the shape of a globe highly polished that no one but the gods and himself are allowed to handle or look upon, and calling this piece of common glass a "Japanese crystal." I say, how much more knowledge or how

much better sitting can you get from this "crank" than you can from an old "Dutch woman" that I know of, who simply looks into a glass of clear water and reads you and your past like an open book? Not any! One is just as good as the other, for they both are mediums and both use the same means to accomplish the desired end, and that is, they both look at some object steadily until their minds become a blank and in a concentrated condition. Then the spirit takes hold and operates through them, and the only difference in the result is that the "old shyster" charges two dollars for his mediumship and his attempt to mystify, while the "old Dutchwoman" charges just a plain dollar for a matter-of-fact spirit communication.

My friend, "white man is a mighty uncertain article," and it does not make any difference what situation he occupies, or how he is educated—ignorant or educated, out of the body or in the mortal body, he is alike a mighty uncertain article; and don't forget that any trade on earth, or any business transaction on earth, always has just a little trace of a dishonest nature in it, or rather it has a whole lot of selfishness in it, and this fact should not be ignored in commercial mediumship. It can't be shut out and a spirit is nothing more or less than a mortal man without a body; that is all.

You ask the question: "Does like attract like among the unseen forces?" I answer, most certainly; and in all cases this affinity holds good. And if you have misnamed while here on earth and married the wrong woman, I assure you that over there you can find a soul-mate that you did not find on earth; and when the outgrowth you, or your wife, just so long, you find that they will return and control mediums on this plane of existence. And Beechers, and Lincolns, and Adamses, and Washingtons, and gods, and Christs, and Jesuses, and Pharoshs, will come through our mediums, and no man of any sense will accept them unless they show that they are the ones that they represent themselves to be. St. Paul says, "Try the spirits," and so we must.

If a loafer presented himself at my door on earth and told me that he was Henry Ward Beecher, I should demand his credentials, and if he should present himself in spirit I should demand the same. I would not enter my house or my habitation until he proved to me who he was.

I know a minister in my town that preaches for a Methodist congregation, and he does so under a dead control so far as the minister is concerned; yet let any one ask him if he is a Spiritualist medium and he spurns the idea, and will tell you that he is controlled by God. And I as a mesmerist can so interfere with this God control that the man will run away from me and declare that I am the devil; and then I always let him go away and send his hat and cane after him. So you see here is a case of a lying spirit doing a great deal of good in the name of God.

You say that people often become disgusted with these manifestations through our mediums. Well, why should they not be? Don't you often get disgusted with the spirits of mortals that you meet in everyday life, and as the condition of this plane of spirit-life is the same on both sides, you, of course, meet the same class on both sides of the dividing line. What one has been on earth, he must be the same over there. When I go down to do any business I avoid the hard side of town and do my business with the best class, for I do not wish to come in contact with the lower class, only to educate them to higher ideas, and a higher life. So when the spirit shall have become, as it will, better acquainted with the truths and beauties, and a higher knowledge of our beautiful philosophy, founded upon our certain knowledge, then will they ignore the "gibberish," and accept only the high and cultured medium and the high and cultured control.

But, my friend, in the meantime, don't allow the poorer class of mediums to be put down. You and I, and others, should take them by the hand and attempt to encourage them, and not allow them to sink any lower down. Lift them up, and the Indian-controlled medium can be a glory to her profession, and your reward will be given when in that other life they will both rise up and call you blessed and your cup of joy will be overflowing.

An "Indian camp-fire," that has, of late, been so much condemned, is not a Punch-and-Judy show. It is but the outlet of pent-up expressions from that spirit side of life that has started many a poor soul on the right path, and put them one step nearer the Divine. Let them come in; let them all come in, and let the Spirit-world take care of the matter, just as they have cared for it for the last forty-five years. Let them care for it as well as they have cared for it for forty-five years, and the world will be converted. It is converted now, and to convert the world to our Spiritualism has not cost one drop of blood. Its banner is pure and spotless white; there is no cross upon it; no blood; not a tear has it cost; not a woe, a fagot, a rack or a duncheon; and no "believe or be damned" is connected with it. No cannon plowed a way through shrieking masses of humanity, that our flag might follow. No loud-mouthed trumpet ever proclaimed that it was from God. It came in the silence of the night, with healing on its wings. It came in the name of peace, and it has touched the finest-tuned strings of our overjoyed souls. It came because we needed it—man, of coal, of electricity, of telephones, of telegraphs, and we hail it with joy. It came to fill a long-felt want.

It has brought to us THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; our "Bible of Bibles." It brings us joys and hopes that the world cannot give, nor can the world take them away. It comes to stay, and don't let the kickers forget it.

Let us keep it, and accept it for the good that there is in it; for the good that it has done; for the good that we

know that it will do, and let us take it with all its faults, with all its crudities; keep it and purify it; fight for it; camp on the battlefield, and if need be, die for it; and when we have won the kingdom, peace and joy shall be ours forever and forever.

J. W. DENNIS.

Sample of Romanism.

Our readers have recently had placed before them an account of a brutal attack by a Catholic mob on Prof. Geo. E. Rudolph, an ex-Catholic priest, for attempting to deliver an anti-Romish lecture in Lafayette, Ind. For a companion piece, and to keep the subject before the people, and to still further illustrate the animus of Romanism—its intolerant and freedom-hating nature as relates to all sects, churches, societies, institutions and peoples outside the pale of the Romish church, not authorized by nor obedient to the Romish hierarchy—we herewith present an account, copied from the daily press, of an incident that recently occurred in the capital of that intensely Catholic and priest-ridden country, Spain. It seems that some Protestants had the temerity to open a Protestant church recently in Madrid. This caused great excitement among the Romanists, and the Protestants were disturbed by a Catholic mob, and not permitted to worship in peace. Now comes a further report:

CATHOLICS IN MADRID INTERFERE WITH A PROTESTANT MEETING.

MADRID, Feb. 5.—The excitement caused among Catholics by the opening of a Protestant church in this city several weeks ago still threatens trouble. When the Protestants announced four days ago that they would meet this afternoon in the theater opposite the Jesuit College, the police feared a counter demonstration to the Catholic student riot in Barcelona on Jan. 29. When the Protestants assembled to-day they found a strong force of police and about 100 of the civil guard drawn up around the college. During the service a bomb exploded a few yards from the theater. Three policemen and a civilian were wounded. The services were cut short, and the congregation hurried in a panic from the theater. Nothing has been ascertained as to the identity of the person who exploded the petard.

This is a sample of the true spirit of Romanism, and shows what the octopus would do everywhere, if it had the power. Rome is everywhere and always the enemy of true freedom. Romish freedom is freedom for the Romish church—and that alone.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit-life, from Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Mr. Samuel Chandler, aged 98 years. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy for forty years, and passed on with the blissful assurance that the loved ones gone before were waiting to welcome him to his beautiful home in the summer-land.

T. B. CHANDLER.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

Mr. Francis J. Ralph passed to the higher life on the 12th of January, 1893. He was born in Cornwall, England, on the 4th of December, 1838. He had been convinced of Spiritualism for four years, and passed into the beyond in the enjoyment of that faith. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. L. Bertram and Rev. W. J. Lockwood, both of whom are Spiritualists in this city.

JOSEPH E. RALPH.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Passed to spirit-life, from Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal., Jan. 29, 1893, Mr. J. S. Pitcher, aged 72. Mr. P. was a fearless and outspoken Spiritualist. Born in the State of New York, he early embraced the new philosophy. Mrs. Prindle conducted the funeral services.

