



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

VOL. 7.

CHICAGO, MARCH 11, 1893.

NO. 172

## ABOUT NEW THINGS.

### Startling Statements and Conclusions.

#### The Old Concept of God.

A LESSON IN SCIENCE—ELECTRICITY—CHEMICAL AFFINITY—LIGHT AND ELECTRICAL EFFECTS PRODUCED WITHOUT WIRES, GLOBES OR CONDUCTORS—A FLAME WITHOUT HEAT—THOUGHTS FOR THE STUDENT TONDER.

We do not wonder that medieval power burned people who would persist in thinking, at the stake. To find the carefully-guarded privileges of centuries broken up by a vagrant student of things was as hurtful to egotism as it was destructive of prestige and pelf. For after all, our modern political rings are only a development of the same human nature under different environments. We can't put men to death now for keeping us from the control of taxation and its consequent powers and privileges, but we can cheat them at the polls, or seize upon the forms of law by fraud and live upon the public.

And so it is with modern professionalism—people who live by telling what somebody else thought or discovered. A thinker to this class is a terror and an ogre until his ideas become popular enough to earn a salary for repeating, and then he becomes an infallibility, enthroned in a text-book. The only real trouble from these people is the effect of their iteration on the mass of mind. Practical people have not the time to devote to original investigation, because they have not only to provide for themselves, but for the immense class of non-producers. The effect is that the mass are taught narrow, dogmatic, uncreative theories as to nature and the creative power, that is a controlling obstacle to the discovery of truth and its benefit to humanity.

The most diabolical pretense of these men is that when a truth is discovered they say it is dangerous to give it to the people, as they would abuse it—that the mass need restraint, and that the only safety is keeping them under the control of those who know they are keeping the whole truth from them. In this way the creator of the universe, the power in nature, has been dwarfed into an intelligence in harmony with infantile conceptions, and the phenomenon of life, which is the key to all knowledge, has been reduced to the whims of this dwarfed conception. Men—some men—seem to act in the face of a newly-discovered truth in nature as if they were about to lose their God. In one sense they are, but the God revealed by these discoveries is so infinitely beyond their ideal that the world doesn't attend their funeral. In this we are not speaking of theology or theologians alone, but of men who think themselves scientists and teachers of the people.

In no department of knowledge has this conservative inertia been more apparent than in the so-called scientific profession itself. And with all the great service of such really great men as Huxley, Haeckel, Tyndall and others, to the world, they are as unreasonably dogmatic in some directions—those which upset their deductions—as the veriest ecclesiastical dogmatist. It is now 150 years since Franklin made his electrical discoveries, and 125 years since Priestly discovered oxygen, yet it was not till the dentist Morse and the operator boy Edison came in contact with one fact that it was made useful, and science still persists in calling oxygen a "gas"—a term that dwarfs its nature as much as the old theological idea of the Dark Ages dwarfed the creative power. Sir Humphrey Davy made this point very clear in what he said of Franklin: "That he seeks rather to make philosophy a useful inmate and servant in the common habitation of man than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces." This describes the two classes of men we are considering in this review.

Two remarkable discoveries are on the eve of potential activity, both in the material and mental world, and that cannot fall of pushing ahead the light of thinking, as radically as did the earlier discoveries in the same direction. Chemistry is fast developing up from the analytic to the synthetic—and synthetic chemistry is no more, and less than the science of world-building—the method of the Creator. We are on the eve of the demonstration that electricity is the dynamic force, and chemical affinity the method of world-building, of planetary formation, and the channel through which organic life is and is to be. And as intelligence has found this fact, and by following its law produces like conditions, or "creates" like results, the fact of intelligence behind nature is axiomatic. But what an immeasurably greater, grander intelligence than that imprisoned in metaphysical creeds, based upon a knowledge of nature, animal in its ignorance compared to these modern facts. There is no use in objecting. All the shades of the scholastic will not avail. Even infallible dogmatists die, and the new age knows better than they, and will recognize the new progress. One of the best arrangements of an infinite providence is that the influence of these obstacles to the progress of knowledge is not professionally immortal. If that had been the law of planetary life, this earth of ours would have been a dead world ages ago.

The discoveries we allude to are those of Tesla in electricity and of Dewar in chemistry. We will try and make them plain here, though in another column we give a fuller account of the work of Dewar. Tesla produces light and other electrical effects without wires, globes or conductors—or, in short, takes all these from the "empty air" that scholastic wisdom has been for centuries talking about. Again, he has overcome friction, so as to produce a flame without heat, and that does not consume. What becomes of that dogma of the scientists, that no such thing or anything is produced without a corresponding destruction, or "expenditure of energy"? We sat one day in the presence of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and saw the foremost scientist of his time spread out a chart by which this expenditure of energy was measured, yet he was dumb before a Brazilian freely that gave a light to read by without any expenditure whatever that could be measured by an instrument so fine as to register the southeast corner of a breath. Yet here is Tesla with his demonstration already.

And now comes Dewar and liquefies common air. Of course the "professor" will now take hold of this fact and so cover it up with technical terminology that the average mind will be more confused than ever—and pay more to listen to the wonders of verbiage. But the simple fact is that air, or the atmosphere, becomes liquid at a given degree of cold—when artificially confined and cooled in a glass bottle. Whereupon "science" asserts that if the "sun" were withdrawn the atmosphere would fall to the ground and form a liquid layer of about thirty-five feet deep—showing that in the face of this revelation the professional mind runs in the old rut as to the sun and the source of heat and light. It can't see the lesson.

Is not the fact inevitable that at a distance from our earth where this degree of cold is mathematically knowable, the atmosphere ceases, and space assumes its normal condition as it was, and as it is, "in the beginning"? It is not in a glass bottle, hence does not stop at the degree nor assume the form of liquefaction; but as the cold is measureless, its primal state is simply what it must be—the air matter in solution. Or, putting it in better words: "World matter in solution." All that science has now to do is to find the method by which this world matter in this form, which we call space, is condensed into a world, and such method chemistry has discovered in the law of polarity or chemical affinity.

This chemical affinity begins to operate as the atoms, as we call the ultimate form of substance, are brought together, and the power or force that so brings them we call electricity, or magnetism. But in the philosophy of first causes or fundamental force we call it the vortex—or as present science insists, gravitation. The name is a sound, but the concept it stands for is the thing important.

Now, this concept requires another hypothesis—that each planet or sun manufactures its own light and heat. Mathematics tells us that the chemical results of the condensation of substance, or matter, produces friction, or heat, and that heat, under certain conditions, produces light. Of course, this friction from condensation is in the planet itself, and its radiation into space modifies the cold to a degree that at somewhere about 400 mathematical miles begins to increase as the center of condensation is neared until we have the tangible fluid form of our atmosphere, and ultimately the solid globe itself. Or in other words, we have the method and the agents of world building.

Heat and light are therefore effects of chemical action, and chemical action is the result of condensation from electric force, and electric force is the action of the vortex current, or the world matter in solution we call space—and which Dewar has shown it to be by liquefaction. We have so often referred to this vortex theory and its possibility by the tests of physical science that we need not repeat it here, and only refer to it because it is one of the dual forces of creation; the other being chemical affinity.

We think this theory or hypothesis has been stated so the ordinary intelligent reader can understand the question raised by these new discoveries. Electricity is pervasive and by Tesla has been demonstrated to be universal and independent. It uses matter, instead of being produced by matter. The method of this use of matter is by chemical affinity or by forcing together the normal elements of space, which in its grasp becomes suns and worlds—solid or fluid, owing to the degree of force employed, and rock, water and air, owing to the form of this chemical combination and the force at the time of formation employed and continued. And this expression of force is—from the chemical conditions of the planet—outward.

It is hardly necessary here to go into any speculation or analogous deduction from these premises as to the office and influence of suns, or systems of worlds, one upon the other, as the mind will readily recognize a common creative law for the universe. Tesla shows our air to be a reservoir of electric force, and its fluid condition can only be from the elements of space of which it is but a more tangible form to our means of knowing. And the forces conducted by the air are conducted by the same substance in space, so that the action and reaction of these outward forces must reach other worlds and be potent more or less. And as atmospheres are lenses, these forces are subjected to the same law of refraction, and doubtless this is the origin of all astronomical phenomena. The suggestion is all we have room for,

and is enough for the present purpose. The thoughtful mind cannot but sense in advance the mighty changes these discoveries prophesy. The old concept of God cannot live in this new atmosphere, but man will none the less worship a creative power enlarged as a knowledge of creation inspires, and with a reverence as comprehensive as these facts enlighten the mind as to the author of the universe and of the laws so grand and yet so simple. Man begins already to see that he has been called on to worship a creative power too small, too narrow and too confined for the nature he now explores and better understands. He sees there is a universe controlled by one universal power, a power that reaches out into illimitable space and marshals worlds into order. This power is too large, too great, too high, too infinite for one age, or one race, one nation or one creed to comprehend or teach. And so he comes to Tesla and Dewar, and thanks them in the name of a liberated humanity, as in their sphere saviors in their knowledge and mental freedom. —R. T. Van Horn in *Kansas City Journal*.

## A STRANGE INCIDENT.

### A Very Remarkable Dream.

TO THE EDITOR:—On the night of Friday, January 20th, I retired to my bed in the rear of my office at about 10 o'clock, and quickly went to sleep, and slept soundly until about 1 o'clock, when I heard the falling through the magazine of my stove, and being a light sleeper was in an instant wide awake. I heard the office clock strike one, and turned over, the only light in the room being that of a base-burner, when I saw the form of my father (who has been dead almost seven years) standing by my bedside, and without any preliminary he said to me: "You and Bill Speer go to the farm to-morrow and in the horse pasture, north of the barn and just south of the pool, you will find a double locust tree. Cut the south tree down and in it you will find a three-cent silver piece with a hole in it." By this time I was thoroughly scared and jumped out of bed, seized my clothes and rushed into my office. Not being contented, I went to my hotel, but I could not gain admittance. I then came back to the office and sat up until daylight, when I told my partner, Mr. Hendrixon, of my strange experience, and he advised me to go to Mr. Speer and lay the case before him; and after much argument I finally consented.

On the morning of Saturday, January 21st, I went to the bank of Princeton, where Mr. Speer is president, but did not have the courage to tell him my errand; but finally told him to stop at my office as he went home after business hours. He stopped and I laid the case before him; and he said, "I'll go." Sunday came and we went, cut the tree, and imbedded under twenty-nine or thirty-years' growth of the tree, without scar or blemish on the outside, found the coin—a three-cent piece with two holes in it—to the astonishment of us both. The coin was about an inch from the exact center of the tree, a plug about two inches long had been driven over it, and over the plug was three inches growth of solid wood. I have a portion of the tree out of which the coin was taken, which can be seen at my office at any time, together with the coin.

The farm on which the tree stood is three miles west of Princeton, Mercer county, Mo.

I am twenty-seven years of age and had never been told or had any knowledge in any way or manner of the coin.

DEBO SHANNON.

State of Missouri, Mercer County, ss.: On this 8th day of February, 1893, personally appeared before me the above-named affiant, who, being duly sworn by me, declared the foregoing statement to be true as he verily believes. My term will expire December 17, 1894.

J. B. EVANS, Notary Public.

On January 22, 1893, I went to the farm referred to in the above statement, with a Mr. Debo Shannon, and with a laborer who did the chopping, and another tenant; saw the tree chopped down, split open, and one of the halves split again, when all four of us saw the three-cent piece referred to taken out.

WM. SPEER.

THE Mystic Numbers will puzzle you, no doubt. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the start has been a "puzzle" to leading minds, and will continue to be in the future. Tell your neighbor of the numerous attractions of the paper, and that he ought to subscribe for it. If he doesn't he will be left in the rear.

Princess Marie, in marrying the Crown Prince of Roumania, endows all hope of succeeding her royal grandmother, Queen Victoria. Ferdinand is a Roman Catholic, and the British Constitution does the rest.

For leaving his regiment—the First Uhlan—without leave, Prince Alois Schwarzenberg, has had a court martial and received a four months' imprisonment. The young "war lord" of Germany is no respecter of persons.

Of 184,382 recruits received into the German army and navy recently, only 24,441 could read or write. There were 129,880 who could both read and write, German, and 3,022 who could read and write only in a foreign language.

M. Clemenceau, the French duelist, rides a bicycle, and is fond of it as a means of travel.

## WHAT IS IT?

### Universal Brotherhood.

Words of Pearl Strung on a Cord of Gold.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having been a reader of your excellent paper for some time, and having observed with pleasure the many improvements you have made, feeling to congratulate you upon the success you have achieved, and desiring to see you accomplish still greater things, I take the liberty of making some suggestion which I hope may lead to grander results in at least one direction.

I have observed for a series of years that there is a class of Spiritualists who become satiated with even the grandest and most wonderful phenomena, and also with the most beautiful descriptions of the spirit spheres, and the homes therein of the happy arisen ones. They desire a greater definiteness in presenting and defining the subject of immortality; true, phenomena proves continuity of life, but it does not prove, only argues unending life, and does not even hint at pre-mundane or pre-spiritual life, on which alone can immortality be predicated with any show of logic. They question whether or not the present physical life is a unit, a duality, a trinity, or a septenary union of basic principles; they desire to know whether or not the spirits, the real authors of genuine manifestations, are organized beings or unorganized entities; whether or not they had a beginning at death or at some point in physical life, and if the latter, at what point?

They look over this present existence, and view the unending variety of human character, the result of as widely varying conditions of entrance and exit to and from this stage of life, and they wish to know the what, the why and wherefore of it all, and not finding answers in the cult of Spiritualism, have gone over to the fold of Theosophy, which in too many regards embodies a mangled presentation of Buddhism; notwithstanding which, the ranks of Theosophy are being filled largely by this class of spiritual believers. Hence I would suggest that you adopt some plan to arrest this exodus of spiritual thinkers; call on the readers for sharp, concise articles answering the queries of this class of Spiritualists, for I assure you they are not few in number, and are fast increasing, especially on this coast.

I hand you herewith an article copied from an address by an advanced spiritual thinker. Please give it a place in your paper.

E. R. ROCKWOOD.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD—WHAT IS IT?

As Theosophy is indefinable, being to each his highest conception of a wisdom religion, so universal brotherhood is indefinable, being to each his highest conception of an earthly environment. To two persons, therefore, can the conception be the same, so that it becomes to each a hope, a dream of Utopia, a vision rising angel-faced and seraph-winged before eyes that are tired of tears; but, alas! for it, the evangel is so dim in the distance of the far-away future, and people are so far back in the dark of the present, that not a feature of its shining face can be clearly discerned. For a closer vision we must rest in hope as we are gathered to our fathers.

Universal brotherhood! Who can picture it, even to himself, and limited to an earthly environment? When and where will the lion and the lamb lie down together, and the little child lead them? When will the refrain of the angels drop from heaven to earth again, to remain and harmonize the lives of mankind? Will the light of the blessings: Glory to God among the highest created intelligences; on earth, peace; toward men; good will?

Universal brotherhood! Ere it can come to bless mankind, the spirit of understanding shall have spread over the whole earth. The breath of this spirit must be absolute usefulness of all in doing not merely as you would be done by, but in all things elevating one another. Life must become an anthem, grand in all its soundings, harmonious in all its parts—a Christmas anthem, a Christmas anthem, not merely for one day in the year and in the cathedral and around the priestly altar, but everywhere and at all times; and thus shall Christ be born, not in the manger of Bethlehem, but in the hearts of men, threatened and endangered, but in the warm, loving, giving, bounteous hearts of all mankind, and everybody shall partake of the feast of universal abundance.

Then shall nation war no more against nation, for all nations will have become one nation, and the greatest among men shall rule over all who are most faithful in ruling over the little things that go to make up his own life. Then shall the spirit of Christ be abroad, and continually acting on the hearts of men as they go about doing good. Right shall dwell everywhere. Innocence shall not hide for fear of rapine, nor virtue conceal itself from lust; and there will be nowhere these long processions of the high priestesses of humanity, trailing dusty robes, because damned for and by the sins of mankind. The social city shall no longer be sewered through the homeless, that homes may be kept from pollution.

The coming of universal brotherhood shall bring home the prodigal son; prodigal still, but not of waste.

The foolish virgins shall then have oil for their darkened lamps; and when they shall knock at the door of the bridal chamber of earth and sky, if the door opens not unto them, the wise virgins will raise the windows, reach down and lift them in. Then shall the New Jerusalem descend, wherein dwelleth righteousness; and beneath its throne will be abysed no hell.

Universal brotherhood! What is it to thee, brother? To thee, sister? Dost thou long for it? Wouldst thou search for it? Wouldst thou recognize it, if found? Wouldst thou enter in and dwell with it if the door were opened to thee? If thou lovest for it and wouldst find it, go not forth upon the street, nor in the thoroughfares, nor yet in the lanes, alleys and byways; for in none of these shall thou come upon it. Nay, go not in thy search into brotherhoods nor sisterhoods; nor unions; nor churches; for thou shalt not find it in the temple nor cloister nor conclave. Look not down for it, nor yet up; for it cometh not from beneath, nor doth it descend in visible presence. Thou shalt not find it in the books; for, like God, no one hath seen it to write it out. But remember, thou shalt not find here nor in the beyond, now nor hereafter, in earth nor in heaven, in man, angel nor God, what is not in itself.

So, if thou wouldst know universal brotherhood; if thou wouldst recognize it when found; if thou wouldst abide with it, find within thyself perfect manhood, perfect womanhood. Then, and not till then, shalt thou find it even here on earth, for it will be throned in thy life of abiding love and unbounded charity; and it shall tune thy being to the keynote of universal life.

The world is very big and very broad; but upon its surface the lines of human life, in its search for the good, often meet and diverge, to again come together and cross, and again go their various ways; but humanity is broader and bigger than the world, since, go where you will, even throughout immensity, you take it with you and you find it there before you. It is the child of the Infinite; all one family, which, when perfected and brought home, will constitute universal brotherhood.

There are upon earth points of magnetic polarity, lines of no variation for the needle of the mariner. There are points upon the planet of soul magnetisms, centers towards which all human faces may turn for direction in tracing out their lines of life, as the mariner to the needle pointing toward the pole. One of these points is high in the Himalay mountains, and is seldom reached save by the initiate; more seldom still is the temple opened, save by him who knows how to swing the door. The ground of this polarity is not large, but they cannot extend their temples over more than one-half of it, nor can they build all upon the other half. The temple there standing is dedicated to the purification of man. Woman has no part in it. Universal brotherhood can never stand beside its altar.

There is on this coast a second point of soul polarity; and those with visions cleansed who stand there and look down the corridors of time see there a temple not yet come into objectivity, but perfect in all its parts and covering the whole point of polarity. Here the negative and positive are built together, while the Oriental temple covers the positive pole only. The Occidental temple will yet be built; and from its double altar will rise a flame so bright, so pure, so free, so beautiful, so grand, and rising so high that it will attract the Magi of all nations, as the light of the subjective temple draws the eyes of the seers of the whole world to-day. The Orient has but a titling of the truth; the other nine-tenths will be given to mankind from the Occident as the years go by. Here may be formed indeed a nucleus for a universal brotherhood.

Through the coming of the dawn and the light of the morning sun is cheering and enlivening, though the sun at its meridian height is the beauty and glory of the day, to him who sees the sun go down upon a day of labor well spent, and the night of rest at hand as the gleaners come in with their sheaves at the call of the Master, and hear the "well done"—the evening is much more than the morning, or pure noon. So it is fitting that universal brotherhood should come, not of the morning, nor yet of the noon, but with the evening glow and sunset of earth's great day.

Baron Hirsch has only eight horses in training, but his last season's winnings amounted to \$105,000.

Pastor was affected to tears by the warmth of the reception tendered to him on his 70th birthday at the Paris Institute.

Gen. Trochu is a descendant of Racine. He is writing up his memoirs, which will be interesting as pictures in the closing scenes of the Franco-Prussian war.

The Sultan has ordered a competitive trial of Krupp and Calé cannons. The latter are used by the French army, and the Ottoman army has been using the former.

King Leopold, of Belgium, who has been on one of his periodic visits to London, is reported to have spent a great deal of his spare time making a round of the music halls.

It is said that the Czarowitz of Russia manifests his sympathy for Germany in many ways, and that he has his rooms decorated with portraits of the late emperors William and Frederick, and of Moltke, Bismarck, and other German notabilities.

## SPIRITUALISM.

### It Is Considered a Religion.

As Viewed from the Standpoint of John Wetherbee.

I read lately an article somewhere stating that not one in a hundred of all the religious sects is really religious, and yet the word "church" is magical in its power and influence over nine-tenths of the people at large; and this writer thinks Spiritualists ought to organize as a church. I like the idea that this writer advanced, but we may not be ready for that yet; for less than one-half of well-informed Spiritualists are agreed that Spiritualism is a religion. But I consider it a religion, and it is my religion. I am aware the word religion has been so spoiled by its evil associations and traditional persecutions that, with the many, I have preferred to consider Spiritualism a Science (which in the phenomena it really is), founded on facts that appeal to the senses; it is a science as much as astronomy, geology, or chemistry, and those objective phenomena are its only distinguishing feature; everything else is common property with all other forms of religion.

There is a religious side to science well expressed by Young in his "Night Thoughts," where he says, "an undevout astronomer is mad;" and it leads me to say that an undevout Spiritualist is mad. The devout side of Spiritualism has impressed itself on me by my own experience; "The world is my country and its good is my religion." It may be a glittering generality to say religion is love of God, or God is love; for the human mind is not a unit on God, or love; but all these ideas are pointers to a definition. If death ends all, religion is a superfluity; it necessarily connects with a future life for man.

Religion and morality, though always in connection, are not synonymous. The future life as taught and believed in the churches has been vague and based on hope and faith and so-called revelation. Revelation would settle the matter if divine, or reliable, but the Bible has lost its hold on the modern mind as a divine revelation, and a future life has been only a hope and a faith, and they have been the stimulating factors of the Christian religion. Now knowledge can be added to faith and hope; modern Spiritualism with its little rap prove by supermundane intelligence that man survives his physical dissolution. Now, if hope and faith are the strong factors of religion, then when this modern knowledge can be added, that when a man dies he shall live again, it becomes a religion in the superlative degree—a religion surpassing all other forms of religion. The Rev. M. J. Savage, who is very hospitable to Spiritualism, closed a late sermon with these words: "The one thing that we want to-day is a knowledge that death is not the end; for this alone can tell us what we are and lift us to our birthright as sons and daughters of God." Spiritualism, if true in its basic claim, does that; and those who know from experience that it is a truth, know also it is a religion before all others.

I do not object to the name of church for an organization of Spiritualists, but I think the Spiritual gatherings will be in time in the churches, so the name will come legitimately; so I never like to hear any of the "visible supply" say they will call the body of labeled Spiritualists, bear hard on that venerable institution the Christian church, which has its bad as well as its good history. Its dogmatism, its bigotry, its persecutions, its superstitions, have all been obstacles to human progress; and yet it has progressed, and the church to-day as a whole is a more rational institution than it ever was before, and is growing more so, and I think it is because of the influence of spirits and Spiritualism. That many in the church are enlightened—pretend to believe what they really cannot in the nature of things believe to be true, I have no doubt; but every year such things are dropped, more or less, and more rational ones taken on; and when comparing epochs we see the general trend is in the direction of light, truth and knowledge, and the rear guard is now where the van was a century or two ago. Even Theodore Parker, the arch-heretic of half a century ago, is now a saint to those who persecuted him for heresy; and his ideas are quite in the rear of the more radical preachers of to-day. Just compare the funeral

services to-day with those common fifty years ago. Then it was: "Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

In the same evangelical church the minister lately said at the grave, where the body was laid: "Look not there for your dear departed—they are with other invisibles in your own home." Now, that is a modern spiritual idea, and dates from nowhere else; it is spirit revelation, not Bible revelation; and the old idea has lost its consolation. Among the seekers of modern Spiritual truth church members come by thousands, hungry for the consolation that the church does not afford; and the pastors have to meet such a want, and use our thunder for the supply, and make their sermons correspond with modern Spiritual ideas, which are in the air; and the most popular preachers to-day are those who are hospitable to and favor modern Spiritualism—not always calling it by its name, but their ideas are full of it, and one gets, at many of the liberal churches, as good Spiritualism as from Spiritual platforms. No one who notes the signs of the times can fail to observe this tendency; and so many Spiritualists are inside of the church that this liberal tendency manifest in the pulpit generally must be considered a part of this great modern Spiritualist movement.

I think a large part of Spiritualism is in the churches to-day, and getting more and more so; and the pulpit more and more teaches it; and it will continue and increase, and the churches in time become practically Spiritual in the modern sense, and the better portion of Spiritualists be found there. One must remember the social element of the churches is the important and sustaining element of them, much more than their religion; and many Spiritualists see it and are wise enough to hold on to it. Respectability is a great factor in this life, and the churches have almost a monopoly of it; it is too valuable to be scattered and lost, and will not be; for in time the churches will adopt Spiritualism and it will be only adding proof positive to its every-day assertions.

There is no danger of Christianity going out in smoke; it will change for the better, as it has changed and is changing. I think that the influence that has done it is the Spirit-world, which has always been our overruling providence, long before 1753, though it seems to have been more practically manifest in these latter years. There are more Spiritualists in the city of Boston than ever before, yet the Spiritual gatherings are no larger—nor even as large—as they were fifteen or twenty years ago; but don't for one moment suppose that Spiritualism is on the wane; it will change, and as many Spiritualists in the churches to-day as there were fifteen or twenty years ago, and they are good Spiritualists, firm believers, interested in the phenomena; they do not feel like disconnecting themselves from the churches—social matters are too attractive, and besides there is no necessity for such disconnection. They appreciate the Bible more for what Spiritualism has taught them than they did its fables and its improbabilities explained. Spiritualism into facts and probabilities, Church creeds, particularly orthodox, if they were as they were two hundred years ago, would kill the institution; but the rational change has scared them and will continue to scare them; and eventually the modern Spiritual idea will be adopted and be the stone which the builders rejected and which will then become the head of the corner.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Jan. 30, 1893.

## Marguerite St. Omer.

The case of Marguerite St. Omer is still attracting attention. She states that with all the language at her command she can never describe the suffering she endured and still endures, but she hopes soon to be able to return to Birmingham and continue her course of lectures against Rome's infamous plot to capture America, and their sowing the seeds of pollution and immortality. Dr. Gridley, one of the physicians called to her aid, says:

"On the night in question Miss St. Omer ate her supper as usual, but was shortly afterward taken with a pain and violent burning sensations in her stomach. Antidotes were administered for arsenical poisoning, but Miss St. Omer is very weak, and is still suffering from the effects of her illness. She had every symptom of poisoning, and her sickness could not have been caused by indigestion or other complications, but there was certainly some kind of poison taken into the stomach."

M.

STUDY the Mystic Numbers that appear in another column, and see if you can solve their hidden meaning. Especially do we call the attention of mystics to them. Many of them are gifted with rare intuition, and probably they can see the inner light. To get their full benefit subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Alfred Rothschild keeps four chefs in his kitchen.

Prussia has a treasury deficit of nearly \$14,000,000.

The silver wedding of the king and queen of Italy will be celebrated April 22.



# ZULIEKA

## A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

### BY OLIVE

#### Through the Mediumship of

#### Mrs. GORR L.V. RICHMOND.

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## PART II.

## CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED

The light was burning, but even while they gazed it was extinguished.

"The secretary is in London, and I am not aware that he knows of our new atelier," said Zeldia.

"But Hiejoj—is he not there?" asked Armand, with a slight revival of the feeling that had come over him whenever he had seen the mysterious light in the haunted tower in Ceylon.

"Ah, yes! Hiejoj's charts and sacred books are there; and to-night—yes, the moon must be full. Perhaps—perhaps he is consulting the moonstone," dreamily responded Zeldia, and she wondered if she closed her eyes if she, too, might see with that other vision?

Leaning her head on Armand's shoulder, encircled by his arm, she slept and awoke at the doors of the Castle.

## CHAPTER XV.

## Certainties.

## PALPABLE.

Three telegrams reached Armand on the morning of the same day; a day ever to be remembered by Armand, by Zeldia, by all at the Castle who were aware; and when did rumor of ill ever fail to find a thousand dusky pinions to speed it on, a thousand tongues, hushed, mayhap, to a whisper, to give it voice?

He had been busy, over-busy, with some needed work that he must perform with the steward.

It wanted now but two days to the end of the week when he must give his final answer to the East India Stock and Loan Company as to the purchase of their bank, a purchase to be made for the sole purpose of shielding the name of his late solicitor, and protecting from ruin the living firm and family of that dead but most unfortunate man, but which all the officers and directors of the company thought would be made to protect his private secretary "Mr. Unpronounceable Spigg," as the junior vice-president and general manager of the bank designated the silent secretary.

The three telegrams were as follows:

## The First.

"The Hall, at Melville Manor, is totally destroyed by fire. Lady Melville is much prostrated by the shock. She and her grand-niece remain at the Mause, under the care of my humble household."

SAMUEL SLEEPER, Rector St. Mark's, etc."

## The Second.

"Will arrive at Montrose Castle early tomorrow. Mr. Moss accompanies me. Important or we would not trouble your lordship."

STONE.

"Trouble!" exclaimed Armand, as he re-read the dispatch. "It is a direct answer to prayer that they come now."

## The Third.

"Your lordship's private secretary has disappeared, taking duplicates of checks, copies, memoranda—all made by himself—but taking nothing of value except forged checks."

HAWKS, Manager East India Stock and Loan Co.'s Bank."

"Impossible, impossible! There is some mistake! He will not leave us now without his valuable aid, aid that he alone can render!" and Armand paced up and down the library. "Unless those fiends have uttered a suspicion against him or threatened arrest, or some villainy of that sort."

Armand was deeply troubled, so deeply that he did not notice the soft footsteps nor the presence of Zeldia until her gentle hand was laid on his arm; a touch that thrilled and soothed his sense like the fall of a roseleaf upon a troubled stream, and her voice, full of loving solicitude, asked:

"Do I intrude upon you here in your office which you have named your 'den of mammon'? You are very pale, love! Are you ill? Is there another disaster at the mines?" and Zeldia clung to his arm as though if such a calamity were again to come it would be too much for any of them to bear.

"No, darling, calm yourself; have no fears for me," and he put aside two of the telegrams. "I was just planning how I could accomplish some very important business with Shackles, and attend to these welcome visitors at the same time," a hasty plan to meet all these emergencies having at once presented itself to his manifold mind.

She read the telegram from the Hon. Mr. Stone, and said, with a smile:

"What a remarkable coincidence! The very men whom you wished to meet at Edgemont! But merely this did not cause that deep look of anxious thought, almost pain."

"No, my darling—Shackles troubles me. I must keep him until I obtain from him all the knowledge that I require concerning the estates of which he has had absolute supervision. But he annoys me almost to exasperation. I really think if there were no way of getting rid of him I would join the 'lads' over at the pit in a forcible revolt against him."

"He is a disagreeable fellow, but do not let it trouble you so deeply, darling."

And he allowed her to lead him away. After he had carefully locked the two other telegrams in his desk, she said:

"Had you forgotten, love, that Hiejoj had something to tell us this morning in the laboratory?"

Armand had not forgotten, but when in all his busy morning could he have found even a moment? Even now Shackles might return. He said:

"No, dearest, I have not forgotten; but one cannot be quite ubiquitous, even in spirit, and I also have a feeling that I ought not to enter our new place of communion with so many worldly cares upon me as I find waiting for me to-day."

"May it not help to lighten the burden? Hiejoj is ever helpful. Lovingly and soothingly she said this. "I feel that Hiejoj has some important matter to communicate, for his face has worn the same expression that he used to wear when in his mystic moods in Ceylon and in Bombay."

They were now at the laboratory, where they found Hiejoj poring over a mystic page and waiting for them.

Hiejoj saluted them, then led the way, half asking permission by his manner, half taking it as a matter of course, knowing, no doubt, that he would never be refused.

## OCCULT.

"My master, my lady, I have never given you a word of warning or voice of prophecy that has not proven true; have never sought

to arouse the curious or alarm the fearful. Since the sacred stone has been my priceless possession I have implicitly followed the directions accompanying it. The revelations that have come to me are, briefly:

"There will be danger and loss, by fire, to some one in my lady's house—not here, but related to my lady; no lives are lost."

"There will be danger of illness to my lady; averted, possibly, with great care."

Armand glanced at Zeldia's glowing cheeks, at her face, radiant, expectant. "Ah," thought he, "health and happiness are great preventives."

"To my lord, many and serious difficulties, under which my lord, my master, bends but does not sink."

"Betrayal of trust, long continued and concealed, but at last brought to light."

"Supposed crime, and, close at hand, legal entanglements involving large sums of money; a possible loss that might be ruin to another, but my lord is guarded, for mysterious messengers will arrive, and my lord will be warned in time."

"Some one suspected of crime is insane; my lord will hear of this."

"To-day the tablets say: 'For the lord of the house: Take up four difficult and tangled lines in the order that thy mind has arranged them. Thy star leads, at last, to a solution of all vexed questions.'"

Shackles had arrived and must communicate with the Earl of Montrose at once.

As Armand very reluctantly withdrew, Hiejoj closed the sacred book from which he had, and had not, seemed to read.

Zeldia passed out upon the parapet to think for a few minutes upon all that Hiejoj had said.

Armand knew where to place the most of those sentences of prophecy and revelation. "The danger of loss by fire" to one of Zeldia's house—that was the loss at Melville Manor. "Illness to my lady that may be averted!" "Aye, guard her and guide us all to avert this," prayed Armand. "Many and serious difficulties"—he knew them, they were upon him now. "Betrayal of trust"—aye, Metcalf. But here his memory failed him, and he was at the door where Shackles awaited him.

Zeldia pondered on the parapet. Deeper import than she knew did the sentences of Hiejoj contain. The most of them she did not even try to solve, but she recalled the predictions of trouble and anxiety for Armand; recalled the restless, troubled, careworn expression she had seen on his face when she had found him in his library, and that she had noted for many days, and she returned to kneel at the altar where they had mutually knelt, the same altar whether in India or England, love-lighted and filled with the baptism of God's love and peace.

The picture above the altar seemed to share Zeldia's fervent appeal, and Zeldia fancied she heard a whispered prayer following word for word her own voice, and a sigh as of sympathy from those lips that never could speak, but ever seemed ready to break their long silence.

Calm now, and reassured by Hiejoj's bright eyes, that seemed to foresee the dispersing of the clouds he had so lately foretold, Zeldia passed back again to her apartments, and busied herself, or tried to do so, with some simple duty there.

Ever anxious about Armand, knowing now how Shackles annoyed him, ever listening for his footsteps, and at last, weary with waiting, she flung herself upon her couch and fell asleep.

"When did my Zeldia ever sleep at midday, except in India, where her sisters, the lotus blossoms, sleep?" said Armand softly, as he entered her room.

Zeldia awoke with a start and a look of terror; to find herself safe in the arms of love.

"Oh, my darling, how glad I am to be awake, and have such a horrible dream proven only a dream! I was in a dreadful place, a dungeon, and there were all kinds of creeping things about. One poor wretch who were trying to save from among all the others; the secretary was there, and he alone seemed to have the power to release that pitiful creature and aid you both in escaping."

"I prefer to be imprisoned here," said Armand, carefully noting her dream, and endeavoring to apply it to what he knew of the situation, and thinking of "spirits in prison." "I have come to tell you that we are now expected to take the lunch that was ready two hours ago, after which we drive over to —, where I must go, and I knew you would be glad to accompany me. We will previously make all our preparations to receive the two visitors from London, for I have another telegram that they will be here to-day—this afternoon instead of to-morrow."

He did not tell her that he had sent a telegram asking them to "come at once," and had received an affirmative answer.

## BEYOND SEMBLANCE.

They drove, after lunch, to the place indicated by Armand, where he found the whole village in angry and sullen revolt against Shackles. A new cause of grievance had come to them, and they thought his lordship was going to retain the unpopular and oppressive steward regardless of their wishes.

"Aye, he be a faine favored one o' fair speech, but he have nae feeling for such as we."

"The lad yonder said he maen be with us to-day."

Almost before the sentence was finished a shout from the far end of the village denoted his lordship's presence, and that he had not forgotten his promise to see these men to day.

"Resume your work, my good lads," said he. "Your superintendent alone shall dictate to you, and he shall receive his directions from me."

Then, lowering his voice, he called the superintendent and managers of squads of men to him, saying:

"I do not wish to make this matter public, but in your lodge meetings please communicate to the men, under secrecy, that I shall dismiss the steward as soon as he has made me familiar with all the duties of the various matters that he has so long had in charge. You are reasonable men, and know that this cannot be accomplished in a day. Tell the lads they have no better, truer friend than I, nor one who will serve them better and think it a privilege to right every wrong."

The managers were more than pleased, they were delighted; they crowded around the earl to express their gratitude; and the crowd beyond, seeing the beaming faces of their leaders, sent up three cheers for the noble earl, who was their friend after all.

On their homeward way Armand explained to Zeldia that but for this timely visit, "the whole works of the iron mills at — would have been closed. And the worst of it is, Shackles told me the matter was all settled."

"How did you chance to know otherwise," asked Zeldia, deeply interested.

"I had private information from the superintendent of the works, who knew my purposes about Shackles, and the cause of the delay."

"You will soon be able to make it all right," said Zeldia, thinking more of a deeper suggestion within her spirit than of what she was saying.

"May the powers of light aid me—aid us—in this work," said Armand.

They were now at the station, and the train was due. It almost took the breath of Mr. Stone and Mr. Moss to find the Earl of Montrose waiting for them in his carriage at the station. And still greater was their surprise to find that the beautiful countess occupied a seat in the carriage also, and that they were to be *vis-à-vis* with the noble and lovely couple all the way to the Castle.

There was a slightly provincial restraint and shyness about Mr. Stone that was quite charming to Zeldia, who had been rather repelled by the blazen air of all the gentlemen she had seen in London—in fact, in England.

That was an air of sincerity about the two men that made Armand feel that whatever the nature of the cause, or source from whence the mysterious gifts possessed by the younger man might be, they were both innocent of any attempt to practice upon the credulity of others.

The exalted position of Mr. Stone and the utter lack of motive for any such deception, added confirmation to the conviction of their sincerity in the minds of both Zeldia and Armand.

"We were driving," explained Armand, "and thought it would be pleasant to meet you at the station, making you feel at home at once."

"I am sure it is an unexpected honor to us both," said Mr. Stone, both gentlemen raising their hats to Zeldia. "This is a beautiful country; I have never been in this part of England before," added Mr. Stone.

Armand pointed out the features of interest, the historical landmarks, while Zeldia interested Mr. Moss in some bright and pleasant talk.

When they arrived at the Castle gates, and the full beauty of the scene was spread out before them, Mr. Stone solemnly remarked: "It is a rare honor and privilege, your lordship, to visit so memorable a place, and to be the guest of so honorable a descendant of an ancient line."

"A very unwilling and reluctant descendant, I assure you," said Armand, half jokingly. "After all, the people of America are highly favored. Their nobility is not of title or birth or condition, but of nature."

"I fear your lordship is saying these pleasant things because we are Americans," said Mr. Stone.

"And because they are true," said Zeldia, who caught the spirit of their conversation more than the words, and wished to add her assurance of cordial sympathy and interest in whatever related to the far land of freedom.

They had not time for further conversation before they arrived at the doors of the Castle.

While Zeldia went to arrange her toilette, Armand explained to Mr. Stone that he had sent the telegram for him to come that day instead of on the morrow because of a business engagement that could not be deferred.

He then said: "We will dine early and have a long evening to ourselves."

Mr. Stone hastened to explain the cause of their unceremonious visit.

"We had been holding a 'seance' for experiments, as we often do, with a few friends. The results had been quite satisfactory until near the close, when the power was suddenly withdrawn and the company dispersed."

"I immediately went into the room, or 'cabinet,' where Mr. Moss was seated in an unconscious state. I feared he was ill or that the experiments had proved too trying for his nervous system, since we are all in the dark about the cause and effect of these manifestations."

"Go at once to Montrose Castle; there is a terrible cloud hanging above those who dwell there! Go! Go!" he said.

"Had I obeyed the urgent appeal thus made through the lips of Mr. Moss we would have started at once, but your lordship understands that I could not feel at liberty to break through all rules of etiquette and ceremony, and rush with Mr. Moss to the Castle without any invitation from your lordship, or even an intimation to your lordship that we were coming."

"Yet one always should obey those monitions," said Armand. Surprised at this remark, and pleased, Mr. Stone went on:

"In such great distress did Mr. Moss remain, urging, pleading, that I sent the telegram at once, as soon as morning came. Even that did not wholly quiet him, and I feared he would break down utterly with nervous prostration and be unable to come at all."

"When the telegram came from your lordship, even before it was placed in my hand by the servant, Mr. Moss said: 'It is well; we go at once.'"

"Will it not be well to wait until evening before we consult this power as to the object of this visit?" said Armand.

"The evening is the most favorable time, we find, whether because our minds are more tranquil then, being removed from the cares of business of the day, or from some more subtle cause I cannot tell."

Armand wanted to thank Mr. Stone for coming; he wanted to get down on his knees and thank the Great Giver for sending these messengers, for he had a deep feeling within his breast that they had come to show him the way out of great tribulation.

He asked the two if they would like to withdraw to their own rooms, or to walk about the gardens until dinner-time, and bidding them feel perfectly at home, he withdrew for a little time.

Not even to Zeldia did he go, but to the east wing, the laboratory, the Shrine, to make all things ready for the evening.

First he knelt, grateful, for what he knew not; asking for strength to bear forward these burdens that had been thrust upon him. "Nay," said the inner voice, "burdens thou hast been entrusted to bear."

He bent in long meditation and prayer; then he arose, gazed reverently at his mother's portrait, that seemed to pity and bless him, arranged everything in the laboratory for the evening, and had just time to make a hasty toilette for dinner.

When Hiejoj deftly aided him and almost hurried him downstairs to the small drawing-room Zeldia was already there, refreshed from her drive, and she was entertaining the American visitors in a most charming manner, a manner without the slightest touch of formality or *hauteur*, yet perfect in its simple dignity.

Dinner was at once announced. Zeldia took the arm of Mr. Stone and led the way to the dining room, while Armand followed with Mr. Moss.

There was ever as little ceremony as is possible, considering the punctiliousness of the servants of an English establishment, and to-night both Armand and Zeldia wished to have no unnecessary delay.

When they discovered, as they soon did, that Mr. Moss ate no food before the seances, but was exhausted afterward, they were sorry they had dined at all, as they would have preferred a simple tea and later supper.

As soon as possible Zeldia arose from the table. The gentlemen, of course, did not remain for cigars and wine, though courtesy compelled Armand to invite them to do so.

"We never smoke," Mr. Stone said. Armand had abandoned that which was never to his taste when he ceased to be a bachelor.

Mr. Moss was restless. Armand divining the cause, said:

"I do not wish to hasten nor to delay this interview. Shall we repair to the place we have set apart for the seance, and let the power decide when to manifest? I think we ought to be in readiness."

He gave orders that under no circumstances were they to be disturbed; that a late supper should be ready when they returned from the east wing.

"Dinner at six and a 'ot supper hafter; these Americans are 'eavy eaters,'" muttered the butler, as he received the order from Hiejoj.

But Hiejoj was to accompany them. So said Mr. Moss, and so said Armand and Zeldia, in their thoughts, but not wishing to enforce their desires or make suggestions they had not mentioned it.

Mr. Moss was strangely affected and agitated as he passed through the various stately rooms, halls and corridors of the quaint old Castle, and when he entered the armorial hall he almost fell prostrate, but Mr. Stone and Hiejoj sprang to his assistance.

## IMPALPABLE.

"We have chosen this remote portion of the Castle because we are sure to be quite free from noise or interruption here," said Armand.

Then they were at the door of the suite of rooms that had now become their sanctuary, and passing into the laboratory, Armand said:

"This is our place of meeting; we now leave all arrangements to you, Mr. Stone."

Mr. Moss became so violently agitated that he required the personal attention of Mr. Stone for several minutes.

"So many, such great power, they press around me, they over-

whelm me! Oh, what a mighty host is He! Ages, ages—I seem to have lived ages!"

Zeldia would have been alarmed for the safety of Mr. Moss but for an assuring gesture from Armand.

The "sensitive" was now calm, and whispered something to Mr. Stone. The latter turning to Armand, said:

"If your lordship desires to make the experiments in the nature of a test, he can bind the 'instrument' or secure him in any way."

"No, no!—a thousand times no! We are here to receive whatever may be given, prayerfully, earnestly, I trust."

Zeldia was ready to burst into tears at the thought of binding their guest, even with a silken thread. They were then seated in the form of a five-pointed star, for they could hardly form a semi-circle or a horseshoe.

Mr. Stone was placed on one side of Mr. Moss, Hiejoj on the other, while Armand and Zeldia sat opposite the sensitive.

"If we could sing, something soft—a hymn," Mr. Stone suggested. And without waiting for the others Mr. Stone began a familiar hymn in a not unmelodious voice, and Zeldia, having heard it in the church music, joined.

The face of Mr. Moss grew calm; the rapt and peaceful expression that Armand had seen on his face on the other occasions when he had met these strangers, returned. The sensitive arose and uttered a most solemn and impressive prayer, then turning to Armand and Zeldia, including them both in his gesture of the hand, he said:

"Let not the occurrences of this night disturb or alarm you. We have come to bring you peace. There is one whose portrait is within that room, the room that you call your 'Shrine,' who is most anxious about her 'children'—her brave boy and her darling daughter, here." He said this pointing to the door of the little "Shrine," that Armand had carefully closed when making the preparations for the evening. "She says, however, 'there are strong ones who have come this night to make your pathway clear.' Beside her, but not so bright as she, is one most dear to her and you—your father. He bids me say: 'I am not as strong in spirit as she, who is my beloved guide and yours, but it is now time for you to open and read the sealed package that was given you by the hand of my trusted agent one year ago in Ceylon.'"

Armand started. Yes, the time had passed, and in the great whirl of excitement he had forgotten that it was to be opened in a year.

"Do not longer delay." Then turning his face a little more toward Zeldia, Mr. Moss said: "Bring out the sacred lamp, the chalice of light of Ormuzd, for there is need of it here."

Zeldia arose, opened the door of the Shrine, and there, burning brightly, was the chalice, although she had left it closed and she was certain no one but herself ever opened it.

"Invisible hands have opened the chalice," said the strong, clear voice, issuing from the young man's lips, "but the form and face of the one now near you, dear lady, I cannot see. The blessing that accompanies this form is like that of a priest, not of this land, but of the East. There are two of him," said the young man, "and I cannot tell one from the other."

He then said, in very tender voice, to Armand:

"Look well to the health of the dear lady, look well to her health."

Armand felt a keen heart-pang, for this was the same thing that Hiejoj had warned him of the evening before.

"If aught befalls her, however, use the contents of the third of the three phials that the mysterious form brought to her in the dream."

Then a change came over the expression of his face. He arose, and appearing a head taller, advancing toward Armand, he said:

"I am thy ancestor, the founder of this house, the one from whom it derived its name; and because thou bearest my first name, and answereth the description of my vision, seen centuries ago, so must I reveal to thee thy great mission, and the bequest made in that past time for thee."

"When thy present stress and trouble is past, look within that cabinet or desk." As the eyes of all followed the direction in which the index-finger of Mr. Moss pointed, the closed door of the desk flew open, revealing a key.

"Press a spring within that compartment, and the opening for the key will be revealed. Within the drawer which the key will unlock thou wilt find other keys that will reveal the answer to thy earnest prayer."

The door of the desk closed again with a spring, and again the expression of the young man's face changed. Turning to Armand, he said:

"There is one associated with you who is suspected by those in high financial position of being guilty of participation in a grave offence, amounting to crime. He is innocent. His absence will be explained before you leave home on the morrow. Heed and obey the message, for it will be most important."

The face of the young man became very pale, an expression of deep agony, almost of terror, overspread his face. He exclaimed: "Oh, I see a horrible place! One is there bound in chains; he is striving to break away; there are shouts and cries and groans; I cannot bear it! You must go—go at once! The pale young man is there!"

Mr. Moss sank back exhausted. Mr. Stone placed his hand upon the forehead of the sensitive, but the latter reached up his hand and gently removed the hand of his friend. Mr. Moss then arose and said to Hiejoj, in Hindoostane:

"Thou bearest a great gift, a most precious charge, and this has been thine from birth. Value less the precious stone, the sacred talisman, than the visions of the spirit, for the former may sometimes fail, the latter never."

"Heed well the voices from within and above, and as thou dost obey, so will the gifts grow ever more and more clear. Vigils of the night are not needed, nor long pondering over the intricate tables. The way of the spirit is direct. Thou hearest and thou dost understand. Nevertheless, for affection's sake, guard well the precious stone."

While he spoke there was a cool breeze; a rushing, a rustling sound, swept over and around them, and a form clad in long robe and hooded cloak appeared and vanished.

"This is one who comes to bless you. I saw not from whence he came, nor whether he goeth. His presence is like a flame, but cool, like frost-fire. He poured his blessings upon you all ere he became invisible to me."

To Zeldia, Mr. Moss said: "There has been a premonition in your mind for several days of something wrong at Melville Manor—yes, that is the name. The late Lord Melville is here, and says it is well with the dear lady. Do not go to her; let her come to you."

Zeldia looked surprised, and was, indeed, amazed, for not even to Armand had she breathed a word of the foreboding that had been upon her for a number of days. And Armand, who was the only one to whom the knowledge of the fire at the Manor had come, was also surprised, but did not then speak.

There had been many strange sounds, knockings, flutterings and sweepings of currents of air, wholly unexplained by any mundane hypothesis, and the intelligence communicated, although not specific as to results, was absolutely marvelous, and wholly in keeping with facts as far as Armand knew them. He must wait for the unfolding of events to prove them true or false.

"So much is true," said he to Zeldia; "the conclusions must also be true."

The seance was over. Mr. Moss required a little time to return to his "normal state," so Zeldia took up her guitar that had been brought thither one evening for her sunset reverie, and with its soft accompaniment she sang

THE SONG OF THE DEVAR.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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## IS MY DOG IN HEAVEN.

Suffering Among the Carterites.

TO THE EDITOR:—It may be a matter of doubt with some that the faithful dog should have a future existence in heaven; but really, does it not seem evident that even the most ordinary canine, if not absolutely rabid, is far more worthy of heaven than the Carterites, a religious sect in Calumet, Berrien County, Mich., which, says the N. Y. Morning Journal, makes a specialty of "casting out devils," and have reached such a pitch of inhumanity that the people have determined to put a stop to the proceedings. The latest instance of torture took place February 10th. Those of Carter's followers designated as chosen ones reside in one house with him.

Carter insisted that an aged woman, upon whom the evil one had cast his eye, incase herself in a coat of tar. This was done and the old woman went about her work in the kitchen. Presently her daughter upstairs heard cries of agony. She went to the door of flames, the tar in some manner having become ignited. The Carterites claimed this was merely a method the devil was using to attack the victim.

The daughter took her child and went to the nearest neighbors, a quarter of a mile away, and told of the affair. These neighbors are no Carterites, and, horror-stricken, they hastened to the suffering woman's rescue. On reaching the place they found her in the yard clinging to a clothesline post. Not a vestige of her clothing remained. To the post, charred by flames from the burning body, strips of flesh hung wherever the form of the woman had touched it. In spite of her suffering the woman lived nearly an hour.

The methods of Carter, the self-constituted chief of this band of deluded people, are almost beyond belief. The witch-hunters of Salem were less cruel. On select occasions gatherings are held known as "rousing devil meetings," and there is nothing theatrical about the proceedings. When the devil takes possession of one of their members the others endeavor to drive him out by systematic beatings of the individual possessed in a manner which would put the prize-ring to shame.

At one of these meetings held this week a wayward cow was the primal cause. It happened in this way: Carter was in his barn milking a cow. None of his ways are gentle and he represented his manner of milking by kicking him, the milk-pail and the cow. The dog entered into the cow and caused her to bellow, and to eradicate the demon he tied the cow up in the stable and twisted its tail to the best of his ability. The noise made by the animal caused other Carterites to come to the barn to see what was the matter. Carter made a lengthy speech to them, detailing his adventure, and concluded by saying the Devil was at present abiding in the haymow. Thereupon the entire party proceeded to turn the hay upside down, slammed the barn doors repeatedly, and executed other manuevers.

One woman fell over the edge of the mow to the barn floor. The fall injured her, and she once more "sawed the Devil" and was again "driven out." This was well-nigh a fatal accident, for Carter declared they had his Satanism majesty cornered, and the whole party proceeded to drag the woman, who was over sixty, around the floor, varying the proceedings by using her after the manner of a ball, and they kept this up until she was too weak to move, finally declaring the Devil had abandoned her. The combined attack of the Devil and humanity came near producing a fatal result. To celebrate the event, however, a hallelujah meeting was held.

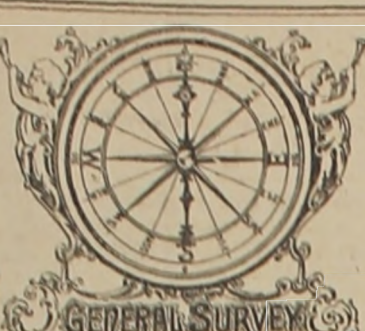
Carter carries out his course of treatment in his own family. Not long ago he tied his wife up to a manger in a barn, at a time when she needed most delicate care, giving as his reason that a second Christ was soon to come into the world. A few days before that he drove all about the neighboring country, looking, he said, for a modern Mary. Finding in his search, he went home and broke two of his daughter's ribs. It was not suggested, however, that he was possessed of the Devil. In fact, no instance is known where he took a course of his own treatment.

Several times, when Carter has beaten some of his adherents, they patiently submitted to the castigation. Often they have been ordered by him to burn carriages, organs, the trimming of their children's hoods and hats, and to put their wives on a starvation diet, all to "exorcise the flesh." No doctor is ever allowed during illness.

Little Norah Hamilton pitifully pleaded for medical aid to relieve her sufferings, and when the outraged neighbors sent a physician she was past all help. When he ran over to the daughter of Hugh Wigrant, of Water-villet, with a wagon-load of hay, Carter went through an incantation over the moaning, suffering child. When, as before, a physician was sent, the little one was found to be a cripple for life.

In spite of the torture which his followers must endure, Carter is constantly gaining converts. The man is not attractive in speech or manner, and there is nothing in the doctrines he preaches which could be called alluring.—N. Y. Morning Journal, Feb. 12, 1908.

Any sensible person would surely prefer to live in a heaven of decent dogs rather than with such a set of human beings as these.



## 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.

**ZULIEKA.** We send the first twelve chapters of this remarkable story by Mrs. Cora G. V. Richmond free to all new subscribers. We want to reach every Spiritualist in the United States. All should read that story, and in the meantime reap the advantages that arise from the Mystical Numbers.

Edward Holm sends us a copy of a personal message received by him through the mediumship of Dr. E. H. Orem of this city. The message was written between slates that were secured by a padlock, and the slates never left Mr. Holm's hands. As the message is of a private character we only give a small portion of it, as follows: "You will live to a great age, and your closing days will find you surrounded with plenty. You are deserving of the praise and love of all who know you. You have done to others that you have not been appreciated as they should be. By a change that will soon take place you will be in a better condition financially, and promises that have been made to you will be fulfilled during the year 1908. Be very careful this coming fall, as during the fall months I see signs that predict a dangerous period."

W. J. Colville is interesting the First Society of this city with his lectures. He is attracting large audiences, and seems to be a general favorite.

Theo. Myhre writes that while on a visit to Clarkfield, Minn., he made quite a success for Spiritualism there. It is a new thing for the people there, but they are now very much interested in it.

From William A. Hale, M. D., we have received a defense and commendation of the mediumship of Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding. He has listened to some three hundred of her discourses. "I have never suffered from 'language-torture,' but on the contrary, her controls have used very proper and grammatical language. He says that the little Indian control in her test-seances may use a certain amount of broken language, as is customary and to be expected by any one who is conversant with spirit control; but it is not 'disgracefully silly' by any means, though it might seem so to our refined, grammatical martinet. Spirits out of the flesh are very much like spirits in the flesh—and we should not expect correct grammar and the choice, cultivated expression of the college-bred scholar from the lips of the untutored child of the forests; nor should we be quick to stamp with disapproval the medium through whom those attempts to speak who, in consequence of lack of educational facilities, are unable to find themselves unable to conform their accent, cadence and intonation to the strict requirements of our classic English. These things, though highly desirable, are of minor importance in comparison with the fact that even such imperfect utterances of genuine spirits are solid and unassailable proofs of the reality of spirit existence, spirit return and spirit communion. That is the great fact, after all.

Mrs. A. C. Lawhead, of Ayr, Neb., writes concerning the case of Mr. Wilson, who has, it is alleged, been incarcerated in an insane asylum under a trumped-up charge of insanity, through the efforts of enemies to Spiritualism. She has seen friends and received letters from others, and all express willingness to do all in their power to alleviate his sufferings. She says: "He has written three nice letters home, and is now worse again. He is in the asylum at Lincoln. I do not suppose we, as Spiritualists, would be allowed to treat him, or do anything for him while there. Will some good brother make a proposition just what we may do? Let us act promptly, for the rescue of one who is worthy."

Oliver Holt writes from West Potsdam, N. Y.: "My dear Carrie, I have spoken to Mr. E. H. Orem on Wednesday evening, February 23d, to a large audience made up of all denominations. Her subject was, 'Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.' She explained the mediumship of to-day and the mediumship recorded in the Bible as natural phenomena produced by the same law. Her clear, logical reasoning, her very applicable illustrations drawn from everyday life, and her wonderful power of giving out her great human sympathy, won the highest praise from all who heard her. Truly she preaches a gospel of peace. She is radiant with the light and love which breathe through her fine personality, and her words touch people's hearts at the very center. Ikkabod gave some good test circles. It is the wish of all who met Mrs. Twine that she may be with us many times in future."

John L. Moore, of Quincy, Ill., expresses high appreciation of Moses Hull's Concordance of Bible Spiritualism. Mr. Moore is an American in spirit and conviction and is keeping track of political Romanism, as all American citizens should do.

S. Grimshaw lectures for the Albany, N. Y. Spiritual Alliance during March. He is open for engagements for May and June, also for camp meetings. His home address is Glenwood Cottage, Crescent Beach, Mass.

Sarah J. Starks, a California lady, is of the decided opinion that "I have a great deal of trouble to explain our spirit communion as being even something worse than our Advent brothers tell us it is: the work of the Devil and his imps; and that, were it not that such articles do harm, they would indeed provoke laughter. Some who have become interested in Spiritualism are made afraid of the Theosophic 'shells,' and some mediums fear that the 'shells' will obsess them if they give way to mediumship. 'Spiritualism,' she says, 'embracing, as it does, the universe and its truths, is most beautiful and soul-sustaining,' and she does not wish its genial light obscured by the mists and hazy clouds of Theosophy. Our friend and sister may rest assured that 'truth mightily will prevail, and Spiritualism will prove its own truth, and the substantial quality of Theosophic assumptions and theories—'shells' included. Indeed, it would seem that many things distinctively peculiar to Theosophy are exceedingly thin, unsubstantial and shell-like: a sort of labyrinth of dreamy, East Indian, metaphysical mystifications, condensed into an appearance of a philosophy, but which in fact, is nothing but a shell—the filmy fabrication of self-psychology, inflated, overblown, and full of imaginations. What an unsound of it will pass away, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.' What is true will be found within the temple of Spiritualism, which has no need nor use for shells in its structure, although shells may find a place as a sort of fancy bric-a-brac."

"Sonex" writes from Buffalo, N. Y., to "the editor of the best paper published" that "the next great struggle of this people will be for both civil and religious liberty, for it is the avowed purpose of the Roman Catholic church to get control of the civil government of the United States." He says that in Buffalo during the past year there has been a revival of spiritual interest, and hundreds are coming forward to hear for five months. They had Mr. Keeler, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Grimshaw and Mrs. Lake. During March Mr. Ederly is to be with them, to be followed in April by Mrs. Nickerson, and in May by Mrs. Irving. A fine accession to the ranks is Mrs. Ella Atcheson, a clairvoyant, whose seance parlors are more than filled by frequent attendants.

Annie Eva Fay, of whom Spiritualists have some knowledge, seems to have become a Theosophist, and has changed the name of her "shows" to correspond with her new role. She has of late been traveling the country, giving exhibitions of what she calls Theosophical experiments. She is now on her way to Calcutta, India, to edit a book, *Mme. Blavatsky*, to be dictated through a "talking head," which is operated, as she says, by her astral body—whatever that may be.

Geo. W. Walrod delivered a stirring trance address on Sunday evening, Feb. 28, at Hamilton, Canada, on "Christian Intolerance Toward Each Other and Those Who Differ from Them," showing that intolerance was the offspring of ignorance, and that a thorough knowledge of the law of spiritual love would bring people of all the various religious sects into closer harmony; all would understand that each believed in the commandment "Love Thy Neighbor," were put in practice. Spiritualists, from their experiences of spirit return, have a better conception of the spirit sphere, Hades, than have Catholics or Protestants. Spiritualism is gaining in Hamilton, for which Mrs. George Maddocks, Thos. Lewis, J. B. Smith, J. Garnett and others are deserving of special praise for their effectual work.

W. W. Porter relates two peculiar instances of spirit warnings in his own experience. In 1886, while digging a well, he had just commenced walling it when he was told by some unseen agency to get out quick. As all looked aside, he continued his work, and in less than one minute the well caved near the top, and struck him across the hips and back while in a stooping posture, but being "joint clay," went to pieces without injuring him much; but he concluded he would obey the warning voice next time. The next well he dug, there was a stone of about 100 pounds weight that stuck out of the side of the well, and as it seemed to be solid in its place it was left until they should wall up to it before removing it. When they got down forty feet and had just commenced walling the well, he felt something like an electric shock, and the warning to get out quick. Says he: "I got into the bucket, and called out 'Heave away.' My windlassman asked me why I was coming out. I said I did not know. He repeated the question again, and I the answer. Just as I landed at the top of the well, the well caved, and down went the big stone with the carvings; and turning to my windlassman I said: 'Do you see now why I came out of the well? I obeyed this time, and saved my life by so doing.'"

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., has our thanks for list of subscribers. She says: "It would seem that almost every Spiritualist with whom I talked were already a subscriber to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and nothing but a prodigious list of names could fill the hearts and homes of our people, and is steadily making inroads in the forests of skepticism." She says also, that James Riley, the farmer medium, has done a great amount of good in arousing the people in the vicinity of Marcellus, Mich., as shown by the large audiences that attended the Saturday and Sunday sessions of the meeting just held there.

Mr. T. P. Turnbull passed to spirit-life, February 5, 1893, at Oakland, Cal., at the age of fifty-six years. He was a native of England, was a good medium, and was well-known in scientific as well as Spiritual circles in Chicago, New York and other places. The funeral services were conducted by Bishop A. Beale and were very impressive.

J. H. Stubbs, of Long Lake, Minn., asks: "Is it not wonderful that Plato's thoughts were not extinguished in the ages of priestly reign? It looks as though true good were imperishable." He adds: "The rarity of such characters as Judge Rosencrans makes him appear like the hero of a novel."

W. S. Eldridge, M. D., writes: "Spiritualism is making a steady advance in Washington, as the good attendance and interest shown in the several meetings proves." He also wishes to state that he has fully recovered his health, and is now ready to fill engagements as a speaker and platform test medium. Address him at Anacostia, D. C.

Mrs. C. H. Hinkley, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes that "the former letter I mentioned a dramatic entertainment in prospect for the Grand Rapids Spiritual Association to be given by the young people, a report of which follows: The event came off February 23d and proved a success even beyond our expectations. The hall was filled at an early hour by about two hundred people. The young artists displayed marked abilities in their several roles and elicited enthusiastic applause. After this the floor was cleared for the dance, and large numbers participated. Refreshments were served and all seemed to be happy. A generous fund was netted to the society, and our thanks are due to the kind friends who contributed so freely to the enterprise. Sunday, February 26, was the last of Mrs. Hinkley's engagement with us, and a large audience came out both morning and evening, expecting to hear this gifted lady. But owing to a telegram which reached her late Saturday afternoon, of the death of a dear friend, she was obliged to cancel her engagement, and left in haste. She leaves behind her many warm friends, and the regrets of many for her unavoidably sudden departure. We were fortunate enough to secure Mr. L. Y. Moulton, of our city, to fill her place, which was most ably done. The riveted attention of an intelligent audience, filling every available seat, attested to the fact that the speaker was at his best. Mrs. Waite, of California, will be the attraction for our society during March."

E. N. Pickering, president of the Sunnyside Spiritualist Institute Association, of Marshalltown, Iowa, warns all Spiritualists against attending the "shows" advertised by Dr. Charles Slade and Kate Fox. Bear this in mind.

Mrs. F. M. C. Mosely, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes that the Spiritualists of that city have been favored during the past two months with the help of Mrs. Harriet Reed, a fine test-medium, psychometric reader and lecturer. Also they have Prof. J. R. Buchanan, who has addressed the audience at Opera House Hall on Sunday evenings; while Mrs. Reed occupies the hall Sunday afternoons.

The corresponding secretary informs us that the Toledo Psychological Society, Toledo, O., organized November 1, 1895, is flourishing finely, and comprises a band of workers who are intelligent, peaceful and harmonious, pushing on the work so loved by all true and efficient workers in the vineyard of progress and scientific research. The meetings are held on Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings at 204 Adams street. Friends from abroad are cordially invited.

A. C. Cotton, of Rosebush, N. Y., an old warrior against Romanism in every form, writes to express his approbation of this paper with reference to Catholicism, the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, and all other great questions of the day. He thinks the Vatican will be removed from Rome to Washington—that the present Pope Leo will be the last one to recognize Rome as his home. The scheme of Rome now is to recognize secret societies, labor organizations, etc., identify itself with a rising political party, and so get control of our government and accomplish their Jesuitical purposes, to secure the dominance of Romanism and the downfall of American liberty.

Mrs. W. S. Pettit, of Creston, Iowa, says the society there is still flourishing, although a very strong church element opposes and is using every possible influence against them. Quite recently the Hon. G. H. Walser gave a very fine lecture under the auspices of the Psychological Circle, which was well received and highly praised by every one who heard it. He made a very favorable impression and will be greeted with a large audience when he favors them again. A local paper published a column devoted to a synopsis of his afternoon and evening discourses.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Miesse, of Springfield, Ohio, secured a very interesting account of occurrences on the occasion of the wedding of their daughter, Miss Cora H. Miesse, to Mr. Hugh B. Moore. After the marriage ceremony and dinner were over, they went to the seance room with Mr. Moore, the trumpet medium, and six spirits spoke through the trumpet, congratulating the bride and groom. Later on there were other fine manifestations.

Dr. M. J. Keller, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes that Mrs. Dr. Adah Sheehan is speaking for the Indiana Society during March. Mrs. Waite, of San Francisco, is an excellent test medium. Cincinnati is quite well supplied with mediums; there are the Union, the Psychical Research, the Progressive, the Philosophical, the Ethical and the Bible; this last claims Moses and all the prophets for guides.

W. H. Harris, of Madison, Nebraska, writes that there are few Spiritualists there who are anxious and hungry for more light. Any good medium can have good quarters at his house free; and he thinks there is no better field for such in all the country.

S. Franklin writes from Des Moines, Ia., concerning a seance with Mrs. Kemp, at which his brother, who passed to spirit-life some thirty-two years ago, came and gave as his reason for not appearing before: "Because you have not desired me," and for some moments the medium under control wept bitterly. "It was an awful moment for me," says Mr. Franklin. "A brother in the spiritland whose presence I had not thought to desire!" Is a lesson that does not need comment.

"Neophyte" writes from Los Angeles, Cal., that Spiritualism seems to be gaining there. Mrs. Read's meetings at Grand Opera House are well attended, the afternoon lectures are very good, and the evening lectures followed by tests, local talent being used entirely; and the meetings have brought out some good lectures and excellent test mediums. Prof. J. R. Buchanan lectured on Feb. 19th and 26th on Psychic Science, to large, attentive and interested audiences. At Forester's Hall, Bishop A. Beale is to hold forth during March. Prof. Lockwood having closed a successful engagement and made many friends as well as converts. He is to lecture in adjacent towns. Los Angeles is cursed with an old ordinance requiring mediums, clairvoyants, psychometrists, etc., to pay a monthly license tax of \$10. This is used by enemies as a club to beat down Spiritualism and hinders the free exercise of mediumship. It is a modernized type of the persecution that disgraced New England in the days of the Salem Witchcraft, and our friends should agitate vigorously for its abolition.

Moses Hull, who is known throughout the whole Spiritualist world by his lectures and writings, is engaged during March at Anderson, Ind. Our readers will have another rich treat from Mr. Hull's mental laboratory, in the next issue of our paper, being another chapter of his Bible Concordance of Spiritualism. We know this will be received as good news by our readers, who will await its publication with glad anticipation. It will be a splendid tract for missionary work among the church people, and ought to be scattered by thousands, like snowflakes, where it will "do the most good."

Dr. Geo. F. Perkins and wife are now located at 10224 Tacoma avenue, Washington, where they will lecture and give tests. He can be addressed there for engagements.

EVERY Spiritualist should read most carefully the statement made in reference to "Mystical Numbers." If you are intuitive, a mystic, or a medium, you may be able to solve their true meaning, and increase your happiness.

Lewis Ransom, of Akron, Ohio, sends the following: "During eight weeks Mr. Frank T. Ripley has been with us as lecturer and test medium, and it is not only fitting but just that some recognition be given of the service he has been to our people. He began nearly with the present organization of the society and the attendance at our weekly meetings has been steadily increasing since his first evening on the platform. His course has been such as to prove that he has the cause at heart, and his discourses were very direct and convincing. The following resolution was adopted: 'Resolved, That for his disinterested, earnest work in our society and a mediumship raised above all suspicion or doubt, our thanks are due and are hereby tendered to our friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, speaker and medium.'

Many thanks to our friend, T. S. Kizer, of Decatur, Ill., for a fine list of subscribers, etc., with assurances that more may be expected. He informs us that the society there is gaining recruits, some of them from the orthodox ranks, one of whom is fast developing as a clairvoyant and psychometric medium and healer, and his wife and son are also mediumistic. If all our subscribers would make the effort that Mr. Kizer would, our paper would soon have 100,000 subscribers, and we could furnish our readers a larger and better paper even than it is now. Let all take hold and see what they can do.

Mrs. C. N. Poulsen, of Oakland, Cal., furnishes an account of the farewell social given by the Mission Spiritualist Society to Bishop A. Beale. There was a large number present. Mr. Beale spoke, and after him Mr. Ravin, of the Progressive Spiritualist Society of San Francisco; then Ben. Barney and Mrs. Shriner spoke and gave tests. Capt. Wingate, of Kansas City, is much liked and is doing great good. Mr. Beale has endeared himself to Spiritualists and added converts to the cause. He goes to Los Angeles.

G. R. Watts writes from Houghton, Mich., in favor of efficient organization adapted to the development of the cause. There should be city and county organizations, subject to a state organization as a head, each society holding regular meetings and subscribing a small sum monthly to the state organization, to be devoted to sending good reliable lecturers and test mediums to preach and spread the truth throughout the state, and organize new local societies. In time a liberal college should be established, where Spiritualism, pure and simple, and all phases of mediumship shall be taught and developed in the best manner. The success of the Catholic and the Methodist churches is largely due to practical organization. Mr. W. had a dream previous to the election, that Cleveland would be elected by a large majority, and the result would surprise the whole country—which proved true.

J. H. White, of Port Huron, Mich., informs us that a new speaker, Mr. Henry J. Olney, of that city, is being developed, and promises well for the cause. Mr. White recommends him as honest, truthful and earnest; and thinks societies will make no mistake by securing his services. He has spoken at Port Huron and Flint several times, to good acceptance.

O. W. Humphrey, of Washington, D. C., writes that the platforms of both societies have been rendered attractive lately by able lecturers and good mediums. The First Spiritualist Society has had Mrs. Nellie Brigham during February, with Miss Maggie Gauls as test medium. The Seekers after Spiritual Truth are doing well, and expect to have the aid of Brother Altimus, clairvoyant and singer; Sister A. Whitman, automatic writer; a lady from Brooklyn, who sings in triple voice, and a local guitar and mandolin club at their societies. For lecturers they have had Mr. Henry Frank, J. L. McCreery, Drs. Kent and Bland, and Henry J. Temple as medium. At the last meeting of this society glowing resolutions of confidence, esteem and praise were tendered Dr. Henry J. Temple, who was about to leave the city. The resolutions recite his earnestness and kindly aid in his capacity as a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium; his high standing of character and moral worth, and his devotedness to and advocacy of Spiritualism.

Will C. Hodge, whose lectures at Rochester, Ind., were so well received, is now open for engagements for the spring and summer. Address him at 315 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

LOOK out, Spiritualist, Mystic, Medium or Liberal! If you fail to read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you will be left in the rear, and no mistake. Zulieka and Mystic Numbers should attract the attention of all. Now is the time to make a movement all along the line, and get subscribers.

Last Opportunity for Women. To share in the semi-annual dividend of at least five per cent., to be paid July 1st by the Women's Publishing Co., of Minneapolis, publishers of the *House-keeper*. Stock fully paid up before April 1st will receive this five per cent. however. It is probable this stock will be advanced July 1st, as stock paying ten per cent dividends yearly is worth more than par.

## THE TEMPLE.

## The Magi, the Mystic and the Atom.

A Paper Read at the Temple of the Magi, Chicago.

"The beginning of all things commences in the dark." I sprang from the shadow into the light when I entered this temple, and I propose in a brief summary of my experience in the cults that are so rapidly culminating in this decade to define what I mean by the shadow and the light. Were I not a Mystic, I would be a Theosophist, as that term expresses the higher spiritual philosophy. The understanding of that fixed law which is the controlling principle and underlying truth in all systems, is so clearly demonstrated in the work of this temple, I am compelled to reject the more radical statements made by Theosophists. They deal with God alone, and specifically, and find their repose or rest in Delic absorption, and that is the direct path whereby they consciously, willingly and knowingly, behold, conceive and know God—the absolute—recognizing no communicable possibility of any intermediate process or medium by which that approach is made.

The statements of Christian Science hinge somewhat upon this belief, which declares the absolute unreality of matter, and consequently the non-necessity of any expression whatever of it. This is a statement which states that we were never born—never had a mother. True, in the abstract, as far as the soul is concerned; but in life-expression such statements become fads. We all love diamonds, for they symbolize purity and light. Is the love less real, or the diamond itself less real, because we can by the blowpipe and oxy-hydrogen change them into vapor? The mother's love for her child is vitally real. We love its body because of its spirit. That love simply becomes more perfect when she can with the same love regard the children of all other mothers. In the beatitudes, where vibration differs from lower planes only in degree, the seraph takes off her bonnet and becomes the waiting maid to her who wears the impress of the divine motherhood of God upon her brow; she waits only to enter the shadow, for the same experience. Many scientists wait only to tumble out of it. I presume the question is often asked, why scientists of both sexes marry, as most do, and so perpetuate the mistake of mortal mind, in the error they so much deplore? Consistency is indeed a jewel! Poets may have reached that state in the *Deus districtus* of the world's record; Angalos, Savonarolas and Longfellow have illumined its pages beyond the trammels of sense—they live only in song—in the work that makes their names immortal. But let us leave the realm of the loyal students, and drift into other "eddies."

If man epitomizes the earth, he must necessarily be held amenable by the same laws and planetary influence that affects the earth. If the ocean-bed can be pulled out of level from five to fifteen feet, and a man's face, under the direct rays of a devitalized satellite, be swollen and distorted in the tropics, is it not logical and demonstrable that the larger and vitally more magnetic planets should exert a corresponding influence? Now, if space or ether is luminous with light, and is the reservoir of life to the spirit, matter—the most external expression of God, or soul—must hold man in bondage under the limitations that govern matter. If man, having expressed and vanquished matter, becomes the "soul of the world," can he begin a spiritual growth without an understanding of the law which circumscribes him at every step? If celestial death is involved in life when expression commences—if so little is attained in one life, and there is a necessity for that life—there is not a necessity for as many lives, or embodiments, as would make perfection possible? and is it not through ministration that perfection is reached?

As many of you are aware, I have been quite a student in Theosophy and spiritual philosophy, and was preparing to enter the field as a teacher, under the illumination of the cults mentioned, and of solar-biology and the psychic globe in particular. I entered the Temple an interrogator point. I began at once to prod both magica and mystic; my first plunge was for the ultimate atom I have been pursuing for over ten years. I found the Infinite as much involved in the infinitesimal as in the concrete. Man is not a creator; he is in the formative period. What little we know is by analyzing and combining, and our knowledge is the result of that combination. The chase for the atom I have long since given up; and the psychic globe is still a mystery. They are our masters, in the sense that they act without our volition, and to comprehend them is to be relegated to that plane in which we have no use for them. I find the text-book is the dial by which our states, spiritually and intellectually, are measured and weighed. The houses in the zodiac are the courts in which we either find ourselves self-adjudicated or crowned by introspection. A culling process seems to be imminent from Libra to Virgo. I wonder if the culling relates to the inner temple? I certainly cannot be one of the most favored, for I have not yet risen out of Libra, where at this hour you find me at confession. I feel quite comforted in the thought that some of you are in full sympathy with me in this particular. I fully intend with most of you that we are in the presence of an inexorable law, the knowledge of which made Atlantis a culmination. That civilization that antedated ancient Egypt, that which gave ancient Egypt its Heliopolis, its Thebes, its Karnak, its Sphinx, and its pyramids; that which was lost to the world in pagan Rome and papal intolerance; that which has taken possession of the world today, and is inaugurating a new dispensation; that which is infusing science, and making freedom possible; that which is in alliance with and is the twin brother of those spiritual forces in dissipating creed, superstition and mammon; that which is preparing the way for a new Messiah, a new hope, and the Religion of the Stars.

What do we mean by this religion of the stars? The opening of the bloom is the glorious moment when perception awakes. To conquer self and desire is not only to know ourselves in earth-environment, but to challenge what would be destiny in ignorance and misery. In knowledge, if Mars comes as a Nemesis, it is because it pierces the shadows, stirs up error, and comes not in peace, but as a flaming sword! It is the ascertained

knowledge, proven and verified by data and experiment, and demonstrated and ratified by facts of planetary effect; that, to avoid the rod is to understand their vibrations and rise superior to chastisement. There can be no potency in purity, only as it is weighed in the balance of that equilibrium, with the spiritual on one side and knowledge of the law on the other.

The soul of man may have his country-side in the "alliance of the forms," but his pleasure trips embrace the universe. His first lessons are on the satellites, and his graduations are on the remotest planets. The atom, then, is always an atom—the soul always the soul. There is no to-morrow of the soul, any more than there can be a to-morrow of our next breath. The atom expresses in the hand, as the hand is expressed in the spirit. The spirit ceases to express, or dies, just as the hand does, when the soul gives it new impulses. It means new thought, renewal, new spirit, and thus the soul is perpetually expressing new form, new life; just as the atom is perpetually vibrating. One-millionth part of a second's rest in atom or soul would be annihilation. If the earth should stop in its orbit that fraction of time, it would melt with fervent heat; and so shock; the equilibrium of forces as to bring chaos to the crack of doom—so, the possible "annihilation" of isolated Buddhism; the unreality of matter, in whose "absorption" Theosophy—with its "hollow" shells, "elementaries"—is, to me, like the fevered dream of effete Methodism, that wails its song of "Safe Within the Vale," as if any soul could be safe in any point of the universe, when any other soul is not safe! Such lights cast a shadow, and I would place them before a Colorado blizzard and blow them so far toward Neptune that they would polarize in ice till they could thaw into a consciousness that God never makes any mistakes.

So, let us leave the cults, and come where our hearts are held in keeping, and where those in whose faces we find mirrored the noble purposes of life. I feel in your unity and harmony power; in your action, strength. The greatest triumph of the past and present is the presence of that sex who are the mothers of men, risen to that equity where truth unites itself with the soul of man, and in that dual finding, we are together in the work that has humanity for its goal. Our Worthy Grand High Priestess and Worthy Grand High Vizier, like the other noble women of this Temple, have found their places at last. Man has been pulling woman into the mire and enslavement for five dispensations and a thousand centuries; but in crisis the first of the sixth house, in this new dispensation, she has begun the work of pulling him out higher and heavenward; and her compensation will be, at the end of the pulling, the supreme consciousness that all the time one soul was doing the work. The inner promptings that well up in the fine invocations of the former, brood over our altar like a divine benediction, and the golden words of the latter weave themselves around our spirits, like the ivy in autumn time.

Our Grand Warden, like the collective sum of that occultism long since buried in the sands of Egypt, follows the setting sun, but is ever ready to span the space of its rising, when duty calls. And our Grand Guard, the Poet, his Flag Embalmed and Recognition, will live as an inheritance, as a possession, whose words will have no use for the author's name. And our other Elder, the fearless and irrepressible PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the unfinished past is clamorous for recognition, and his paper is its exponent. With his hammer, like that of Charles Martel, the domes outer gate of the Vatican begins to creak under his blows. The fire he is kindling upon its vestibule will one day reveal the hidden mysteries of our order, and restore to the world what corruption and lust for power have covered with the dust of centuries. And our Grand Conductor—the right bower of our Major—his dignity and grace in the march is like the tread of a son of Mars; and our sweet little Myra, the Message-Bearer, moves among us like a lily borne by unseen hands.

Our worthy High Scribe, to whom we all periodically settle; the grand co-worker of our beloved Temple, to what higher mission in the field of usefulness could woman aspire?—beloved consort of our dear teacher; mother of Flora, our promoter and sentinel; conservator of harmony at whose thrilling touch we march in unison from station to station "neath the star-strewn vault of blue, never falling, ever dutiful, always sweet and gentle and modest, do we love them the less because they are our sisters?" I would rather be an Elder in this Temple than to sit upon the chair of state, soon to be filled by that man of destiny, the father of our baby Ruth. Fame, thrusting upon him by a mighty power to-day, cries "Hail to the chief!" To-morrow may like a mighty wind change that destiny to isolation, and, lost to memory, time sweep his name and work into the waste places of the earth. I shall carry my star-given title with me to the skies! and when I return to Terra for added light and experience, it may be as Elder in our supreme temple, holding in its jurisdiction all the churches in the land, changed to temples.

And now we have reached the apex of our thought. There are three Rhythms in the field; and one of them, the Magi, closes this paper, the first of a series, for we have not yet touched upon thought vibration.

What our Magi is, and what he was, the world already knows. His following exemplifies his work, and the Temple verifies his mission. We all love the pale, careworn face that so often indicates overwork. It is then we realize and receive the fruit of that harvest, the product of over twenty years of unremitting toil and research. It is when with his pointer he approaches his charts, he rises to the majesty of his calling. It is when he transcends mathematics and rises into the realm of the unwritten work, that we stand appalled: the living past becomes the living present; the might of these mysterious flashes like the sun at high meridian; the earth gives up its secrets; the stars echo their response; it is then we discover the Magi. Bless him, from Terra to star cluster. Bless him, from Libra to Virgo. Bless him, from the flaxen-haired boy on the farm, to the soldier of a threatened republic; bless him, from the flying death missiles in that carnage, to this hour, and the hour that follows, till time is no longer measured. Amen.

ABRAHAM JEWETT HOFFMAN, Elder of the Eleventh Hour.



## SLATE-WRITING WONDERS.

Continued from 3d page

things?" the Doctor was asked. In reply he smiled, and said: "Dr. Tiedeman, of Philadelphia, was interested. When he saw the tide of public opinion so much against Spiritualism, he said there was nothing in it; that settled Mr. Schurz. On the strength of what Dr. T. said, Mr. Schurz decided there was nothing in it."

Gen. Pettigrew is not the only distinguished South Carolinian from whom Dr. Hansmann has heard from in the Spirit-world. He has communications from David Ramsay, who is called "the historian of South Carolina."

"Ramsay," said the Doctor, "was an exceedingly talented man. Here is one of his messages:

"DEAR DOCTOR—Once I fought in the battle of brother against brother. Now I am fighting for the dissemination of truth and light in the mortal world. I am glad to meet you here.

"DAVID RAMSAY."

"Ramsay died in the defense of Fort Wagner," the Doctor explained. "That was where Col. Shaw, of Massachusetts, commanded the colored troops. When Shaw attacked, Ramsay defended. He repulsed the assault, and was mortally wounded. 'I see I am going to die,' he said; 'I don't care; I am only sorry I die for such a miserable cause.'"

"Getting a spirit photograph," the Doctor said, as he selected one, from the collection, "isn't like getting an ordinary picture. In the latter case you go to the photographer and take your seat. He says: 'Move your head a little; there, that's right. Now look pleasant.' He presses something. It is all over. But when you go for a spirit photograph you have got to wait on the spirits. Sometimes you can't get what you want. A most remarkable experience I had with this photograph. I am going to show you. You see this date, the 18th of May, 1891, 3:30 p. m. On that day the Empress Josephine came to me and promised her spirit photograph. She set the time to the hour. I was there, and I got this. The Empress Josephine not only kept her word, but here are also the faces of Queen Louisa and Sir Walter Raleigh. And let me say that I have had many communications from Sir Walter Raleigh on matters pertaining to politics and religion. Sir Walter Raleigh takes great interest. I can tell you, in the spread of the Roman Catholic Church and in the relations of the Jesuits to political affairs. He has told me many strange things."

Another photograph of Dr. Hansmann's shows the faces of Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln above.

"I have recently had a communication from Franklin," said Dr. Hansmann. "He told me 'Perry's expedition will be successful.' He wrote the message while materialized. I have also heard from the other Franklin, Sir John. But he did not give me any of the details of his death. Sometimes the spirits of distinguished men are reluctant to talk about themselves, or even given their names. It is rather pleasant to know that this interest is being taken by the Spirit-world in Perry's expedition."

As has been stated once before, it is not unusual for Dr. Hansmann to get messages through one medium and have them fulfilled through another.

"Once at a medium's," he said, "the control called out:

"'Rudolph is here.'"

"Who is Rudolph?" I asked.

"The Prince Rudolph of Austria," was the reply.

"Why does he come to me?" I asked.

"He says you have been very kind to him," the spirit answered. "If you will go to Keeler Prince Rudolph will write to you in German and English."

"I went to Keeler with my slates and got the communication. This was the first time that Prince Rudolph had written in German. I took the message to the Austrian Legation to obtain a sample of Prince Rudolph's handwriting for comparison. I never like to take anything for granted in these matters. At first the Belgians were quite inclined to give me what I wanted. From the description they gave this writing I had obtained answered well to that of the Prince when he was in this life. The Legation people promised to try to get a specimen of the Prince's penmanship, and I was asked to come again. When I went back, however, they had changed their minds, or had lost interest, and I didn't get it."

The Doctor gave another illustration of the same spirits using two or more mediums.

"At Onset," he said, "I got a picture of Emperor Frederick. When I returned to Washington and went to see Keeler, he said to me:

"Frederick stands behind you."

"E. V. Wilson, the medium, on one occasion," continued Dr. Hansmann, "said to me:

"Go and see Herrick."

"Herrick was another medium. I was about to start on a journey when I got the message from the spirit telling me to stop and go to Medium Herrick. I obeyed the instruction. When I found Herrick he was in a miserable condition. I made him drink some hot water, and it helped him. While I was waiting an American wanted to get slate-writing. The communication came for him. It was in German. Neither the American nor the medium could translate it. But there I was, waiting to find out why I had been sent there. You see how things are sometimes arranged for us by the spirits. This American had a German friend in the Spirit-world. The spirit wanted to communicate with the American. He saw I was there to translate, and so he wrote in German because it was more convenient to him. The spirits see things ahead. After the American had received his writing, and I had translated it, my turn came. I got a long



PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. HANSMANN, WITH SPIRIT-FACES OF EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, QUEEN LOUISA AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

communication from Lincoln. I must tell you that this writing the American got from Herrick that day was one of the finest I ever saw in German. Yet, if I hadn't been there it would have been meaningless to both the visitor and the medium."

A great fund of strange experiences Dr. Hansmann draws on when he leans back in his chair and talks.

"Nobody, without investigation, can have any idea what a blessing it is to know these things," he said. "It is a blessing to those here. It is also a blessing to the spirits often to have their friends acquainted with the truths of Spiritualism. I have in mind now the spirit of a lady—Mrs. Keslie. She was the daughter and widow of Methodist ministers. When she was in this life she made her children promise never to go to a medium. After she had gone I received this message from her:

"Tell my children they can save me from mental hell."

"She wanted them to come to the medium and receive communications from her. That woman of retiring habits and great modesty is so anxious about this that she has materialized twice while I was present, and has implored me to tell her children to go to a medium and receive what she wishes to tell them. I have made two trips to Hyattsville to deliver the messages to the children, but they, remembering the promise they gave to their mother, still refuse to visit a medium. I can do no more. The unfortunate mother must suffer."

Dr. Hansmann turned to his desk and took from a drawer several slips of paper. He selected one. The given name signed to it was that of a lady. The surname was that of one of the best-known Washington divines.

"Quite a long time ago," the Doctor said, "I received a spirit message from the daughter of this minister. She particularly requested me to tell her father something she wanted him to know about his preaching. I went to the residence. The minister was not there. I saw his wife and asked her to tell her husband. Perhaps she did so; perhaps she thought it was not worth while. A few days ago a lawyer, who is an intimate friend of the minister, came to see me, and I told the story. He became quite interested, and was anxious that the minister should see the message. The minister was informed and he expressed a strong desire to see it. He wanted to come here, but said that his wife must not know it. He did not wish his congregation to learn that he had visited me. I tried to find the message, and spent part of a day looking for it. But considerable time had passed. I could not find it. Last night I went to the medium and here came another message from the minister's daughter, as you can see. Now I have something for him whenever he comes."

W. B. S.

## More Light! More Light!!

That is what we are constantly looking for—more light! We presume that each one of our thousands of readers is also desirous of finding more light, and while so feeling they should try to impart some light to others less fortunate than themselves. We are now sending the first 12 chapters of Mrs. Richmond's remarkable story to each of our new subscribers free. Bear this in mind whenever you meet one of your neighbors.

FIGURES, as a general rule, do not lie. The table of Mystic Numbers in another column is worthy of your careful attention. When rightly understood they will increase your knowledge, and probably assist you in becoming more prosperous in a financial way. They will tend particularly to increase the happiness of every new subscriber.

## Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association.

The tenth semi-annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, and forty fifth anniversary of modern Spiritualism, will be held in the Unitarian Church at Moline, Ill., on Saturday and Sunday, April 1st and 2d, 1893.

Business meeting of the association Saturday, April 1st, at 10:30 a. m.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings, of Philadelphia, is engaged for the anniversary exercises, and will deliver three lectures during the session, Saturday evening at 8, and Sunday at 3 and 8 o'clock p. m. Everybody invited; admission free.

Board in hotels from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day. Will C. Hosok, Secretary.

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

## Materialization of Spirit Forms.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR:—For the benefit of your many readers I will relate what occurred at a most interesting and remarkable materialization seance on Tuesday evening, (February 14th, at the residence of Mr. E. E. Johnson, 189 Washington boulevard, this city.

The lady medium had not entered the cabinet when two spirit-forms appeared, she being seated in plain view outside of the curtains.

Seventy-two fully materialized spirit-forms came out and greeted their friends, and were each duly recognized. They came forth, walked, talked and sang songs. Some forty forms were beautifully illuminated with peculiar designs and pure white and sparkling radiance. They were of all ages and statures, male and female, in size from the tiny infant, two feet and over, to the adult from four to six feet in height.

There appeared out in the room not only one form at a time, but groups of two, three, four and five at a time, each of which conversed freely and were distinctly viewed in a good light. One spirit formed at the ceiling and descended to the floor, and as she (the form) entered the cabinet she gave us an audible welcome.

Spirit forms, one and two, side by side, sang a beautiful selection of duets, one male form using a trumpet, singing through it, which sounded very much like a baritone voice, while the accompanist sang in tenor voice, loud and clear, the end of the trumpet striking against the ceiling, beating time during the songs.

Now I am about to relate the most convincing phenomena in conclusion. At a previous Sunday evening, 12th inst., at my rooms, 324 West Madison street, Mr. Monroe, the cabinet control, announced that Starey, an Indian maiden spirit, would appear at the last seance on Tuesday evening. This spirit came, as promised, out into the room, and laughingly greeted us. She held in her hand a large telescopic trumpet, some four or five feet in length. Walking around the room and extending the large end to our faces at full length, her mouth being nearly four feet from the small speaking end, and she conversing all the while, a separate and loud and distinct voice spoke inside of the trumpet, greeting each with appropriate remarks, calling us by name, etc., and many ladies were saluted with a kiss. This spirit remained out with this manifestation of the double voice fully fifteen minutes, then retired. Many forms dematerialized outside of the cabinet.

How is the skeptic going to account for the odd forms that manifested in groups of two to five at a time, all other persons being in their seats?

The medium that gave this remarkable seance is well and favorably known as possessing most remarkable spiritual gifts, and is a resident of California—Mrs. Elsie C. Reynolds. Owing to filling engagements at Sterling, Ill., and Denver, Colorado, she has left the city, but stated that she would return in May or June to renew seances. The following names I append as references, who will cheerfully vouch for the truth of this account. Their addresses will be furnished if necessary:

Mrs. Jacob Strickler, Mrs. Mary Strickler, Mrs. Clara Summers, Mrs. C. A. Tritt, Mrs. Paulina Nowlin, Mrs. Minnie Phillips, Mr. P. M. Jones, Mrs. Mary Jones, Mr. Frank Leury, Mr. George Greer, Mr. F. A. Hayward, Mr. C. H. Horine, Mr. M. C. Brown, Mrs. E. E. Johnson.

Chicago, Ill. G. G. W. VAN HORN.

## The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Spiritual Association.

TO THE EDITOR:—This society has now been organized about six months, and in that time we claim, as a result of our existence, many converts to Spiritualism, also an actual membership of sixty, augmented weekly by additional members. We have sought to place before the public first-class talent during this time, and shall continue to do so.

W. J. Colville put in two months of solid work for us, awakening an interest the result of which has had a beneficial effect. He returns again in April, and will be with us until June. Helen Stuart Richings followed Colville. Mrs. Richings while with us was greatly interrupted because of domestic afflictions, sickness calling her away, frequently casting upon her continual mental disturbances, loading her down with unfavorable conditions, which naturally affected her inspirational gifts. She was suddenly summoned, by telegram, to Philadelphia, by the death of a very dear friend, being unable thereby to fill her last Sunday with us. The sympathy of her many friends is with her. Mrs. Richings has an established reputation as a psychometrist and inspirational speaker, and conditions being favorable, she can, and will, rank as one of the first in the field as an expounder of spiritual faith and truths.

Hon. L. V. Moulton, of this city, filled the position vacated by Mrs. Richings, and fortunate indeed we were in procuring him in this emergency. A large audience listened to his eloquent discourse, responding frequently by emphatic applause, demonstrating in a forcible manner their appreciation. If Mr. Moulton would devote his life to the cause which he admires—Spiritualism on the rostrum—he would have no peer.

Mrs. Maggie Waite, of California, comes to us in March, and great results are looked for as the effect of her mediumistic qualifications.

A lyceum has been organized and already reached an extensive membership. Socials are held weekly, bringing pleasure and pecuniary profit to us. No retrogression on our programme. Straight ahead and onward is our aim; victory our motto. L. D. SARGENT.

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

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US PLEASE IN THIS WORK OF REDEEMING  
THE WORLD. THE PAPER WILL BE SENT  
THIRTEEN WEEKS FOR 25 CENTS.

Dr. Greer Wants Spiritualism  
Pure and Simple.

TO THE EDITOR:—Can it be possible that Spiritualism, pure and simple, is degenerating into the vagaries of Theosophy, or so-called Christian science? Some of these vagaries are now being introduced among us and promulgated from our spiritual rostrum in Chicago by a public speaker of prominence from Boston. In his discourse Sunday evening, February 19th, he stated that there was no evil; that evil or devil did not exist, and that there was no such thing as spirit obsession. In this statement he is completely at variance with all the great teachers of ancient and modern Spiritualism, including the distinguished Jesus of Nazareth and the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, and others.

If evil or disorderly spirits did not exist, then Jesus must have been terribly deceived, or else he was practically guilty of shamming when he, during all his beneficent ministry, not only recognized the existence of evil spirits, but persistently antagonized them by commanding them to depart and enter herds of swine.

If evil spirits and spirit obsession did exist in the days of Jesus, why may not the same exist now? When we declare that we know they do exist now as anciently, we know, to our lament, whereof we speak. But, besides all these spiritual evils, there are many moral and physical evils, which, while we must deplore, we cannot ignore. For instance, there is the evil of unjust laws in society and government; there is the evil of depraved appetites; the evil of the adulteration of foods and drinks, and of crime in general; there is the evil of priestcraft, religious cant and hypocrisy; there is the evil of the unequal matrimonial compact of the sexes, because diseased or disorderly parents daguerreotype their defects upon their offspring; there is the evil, too, of poverty, pain and disease; there is the "King's Evil," and lastly, though not least, there is the great "social evil." So there are lots of all sorts of evils here, there and everywhere, and all the world over, and will be, I am afraid, till the end of the present evil world.

In conclusion, how intelligent spiritual lecturers, like the one referred to, can suffer to become a dupe to the bogus philosophy of Theosophy, or the aberrations of the author of "Christian Science," I am at a loss to know.

Chicago, Ill. DR. GREER.

## The Cause in California.

I feel constrained to write again from this provincial town, sequestered among the brown-faced mountains that guard with silent watch the picturesque, flower-kissed vale of sunny Oakland. The city has 80,000 inhabitants, and is separated from San Francisco by the bay, some five miles distance, and reached by a fine line of palatial ferry-boats running back and forth every half hour. The city has many fine residences and business blocks, but it is more a residence place, as the climate is milder and the country more fertile than the surrounding country at San Francisco.

My work here has been successful both in point of spiritual and social interest, and I shall leave the many friends with sincere regret, and carry in my heart their images and kindly words of sympathy and appreciation. The almost continuous sunshine and unclouded sky seems a beautiful setting to one's experiences here, and greatly heighten the pleasure of social enjoyments. Added to this are the perennial bloom of rare flowers and luxuriant growth of vines and greenery everywhere stretching out before the eye a picture of summer loveliness.

My engagement here has been greatly enhanced by the pleasure of frequent visits to my friend Judson's beautiful villa, situated at Fruit Vale, some four miles from this city and on the direct line of the 7th street cars.

Bro. Judson formerly lived at Kansas City, and came here some nine years ago. His home is surrounded by a natural growth of stately pines and graceful palm trees. The grounds are beautifully ornamented with the orange, lemon, apricot, fig and other tropical fruit-bearing trees, and the perfume of orange-blossoms mingled with the breath of the delicate Castilian roses that bloom in endless profusion and embower the home, form a picture more beautiful than the most gifted pen can portray, and leave one to wonder if the Spirit-world can be more charming to the wondering eyes

of mortals when its glory shall open to view. But the harmony and simplicity that dwells within is a fit counterpart to the beauty without and gives one faith in the ideals of the soul. Their oldest daughter and son possess fine mediumistic gifts, the son having attained considerable prominence in the field of art as a landscape painter, and given evidence of genius that promises to place him at the head of his profession in the near future. Many of his paintings adorn the walls of their lovely home, lending the charm of art's mystic spell, and some of them, painted while he was in Europe, have attracted the attention of connoisseurs in art. Bro. Judson is a warm admirer of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and pays it the compliment of being the best exponent of the Spiritual philosophy.

Our regular Sunday exercises at the hall was diversified last Sunday by the ordination ceremony of Mrs. Jenney, a resident of this city and a lady of refinement and excellent medial powers. The ceremony was witnessed by a large audience, and a deep impression made for the higher phase of Spiritualism.

Oakland and San Francisco possess many fine mediums and workers in the cause of truth, but internal dissensions in the ranks have greatly weakened the prosperous growth of the cause and limited the efforts of those who give their time and abilities to serve the cause. It is to be hoped that harmony and fraternal sympathy will yet take the place here of the present chaotic condition of things, and peace crown our soul-inspiring cause of spirit communion, and thus bring about a unity of feeling and establish the brotherhood and sisterhood of man.

I am arranging to be at Portland, Oregon, also Los Angeles and other points in the South of California, before returning East next summer.

Oakland, Cal. BISHOP A. BEALS.

## Common Sense vs. Theosophy.

TO THE EDITOR:—When Paul stood before Agrippa and Festus and expounded the system of the religion of the Jews, and his conversion therefrom to Christianity, "Festus said, with a loud voice: 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.'"

When I read the expounder of Theosophy I think Festus' language fully applicable to them.

I do not wish to be understood as being opposed to the learned studying the why and wherefore of psychic force. Theosophy may be well enough for "priests and Levites," but the masses need facts, pure and simple, entirely free from priestcraft. I am not wholly a disbeliever in Theosophy, but it is my opinion that it is about as full of superstition as the Christian religion. You cannot reach it without intervening priests and interpreters. Let it be accepted by the masses and we would, within a century, be plunged into the darkness and mysteries of Brahmanism and Buddhism. What we want is facts, common sense and freedom. Shall we, who have by angel visitors been freed from the galling yoke of a Christian slavery, again run our necks into a halter?

More than twenty years ago my father came to me from the spirit side of life, and gave undoubted evidence of his existence and well-being. As he had been a deacon in a Congregational Church for nearly sixty years before his translation, I desired to know his views of the duties of life here as he viewed it from spirit-life, so I said to him: "You taught me, through the catechism, while here, that the chief and highest end of man was to 'glorify God and enjoy him forever.' Are you still of that opinion?"

The answer was characteristic of the man, and would have identified him to me, if nothing more. He said: "My son, the chief and highest end of man is his head, and his head should teach him to always do right and help those around him."

Simple common sense and blessed creed. Who would "wrap" it for Theosophy or even philosophy? What more do the masses need than this simple spirit creed, coupled with the knowledge of spirit return? Away with priestcraft and all that tends to enslave the mind, for "the simple truth shall make us free."

E. K. HOSKIN.

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CHAPTER III.

The Shepherd whipped by his sheep.

CHAPTER IV.

The Priest, Purgatory and the Widow's Cove.

CHAPTER V.

Feet of a Priest in a Paragon.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparation for the First Communion—Initiation to

the Sacrament.

CHAPTER VII.

The First Communion.

CHAPTER VIII.

International Education—The Roman Catholic College.

CHAPTER IX.

Moral and Religious Instruction in the Roman Catholic

Colleges.

CHAPTER X.

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want to destroy things? Why does she object to

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swore to the Pope and how I tried to follow the

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Roman Catholic, Protestant, Anglican and Mod-

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Consequences of the Dogma of Transubstantiation—

How the Papacy became a Christian nation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vincennes, and the Pope's Visit to the Holy Land.

CHAPTER XIX.

Papists and the Papacy in 1870—The burning of "La

Sacra" by the Papal Guard.

CHAPTER XX.

Grand Prince of the Princes—The Marquis Sade of

France.

CHAPTER XXI.







