

## THE ANGELIC SIDE OF LIFE MANIFESTED.

Humanitarian Impulses Finding Expression in Practical Work.

A Divine Object Lesson Worthy of Imitation by Spiritualists.

The Grand Work of the Visiting Nurse Association.

SYSTEMATIC AID GIVEN THE CITY'S POOR WHO ARE STRICKEN WITH DISEASE—UPWARDS OF TWO THOUSAND OF THE SUFFERING VISITED LAST YEAR.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some time ago you published an account of the Visiting Nurse Association. It is one of those non-sectarian agencies for doing good which will eventually overshadow the whole earth. In its nature it is angelic; in its mission God-like, and it is indeed worthy of imitation in every city in the United States. The Visiting Nurse Association furnishes an object lesson, divine in its nature, and calculated to inspire one with the belief that the millennial era is dawning, or is already here. Spiritualists, ponder over the lesson well, and ask yourselves what you have done to relieve suffering humanity? Are you living up to your highest light received from the spirit-world of life? If so, then you can point to many good deeds which you have done. The Chicago Herald goes on to say that by far the most fashionable charity in Chicago—its fashion can be seen in connection with charity—is the Visiting Nurse Association. Not only are society women interested in the organization, but the form their interest takes is evi-



A GALAXY OF VISITING NURSES.

toward the making of social prestige and influence. It is no wonder that through her energetic efforts the association was brought so prominently and so favorably before the public that from the start its success was assured and money to keep it engaged in active work among the poor was readily contributed by the people whose incomes were larger than their actual experience of suffering.

### WHAT RIGHT NURSES HAVE DONE.

The figures given by the head nurse, Miss Millie Wakem, in her report for the year ending Nov. 30, 1892, are of assistance in setting clearly before the public mind the amount accomplished by the association. They show conclusively that eight trained nurses as instruments in the hands of a liberal-minded association have made 17,346 visits of mercy to 2,478 suffering men, women and children unable otherwise to obtain help in their great need. In carrying out their duties the nurses have come across almost every known disease, and there has hardly been a branch of surgery in which they have not worked. Wherever they have gone the nurses have tried to teach practical object lessons in home nursing. They have pointed out everywhere the luxury of cleanliness of home and person and have instructed the friends of their patients in every branch of the care of the sick—bed-making, diet, making of poultices, dressing of wounds, etc.

In carrying out their stated duty the nurses have often gone beyond its limits, finding attached to its incidental duties of scarcely less importance. They have been instrumental in sending convalescent patients into the country; they have found work for many unemployed women and men; they have tended over hard times of sickness in many families by means of a wise use of the relief fund of the association; they have taught parents the value of bringing up children to be good citizens, and, by no means least, they have done much to soften the bitter feeling that is so often exhibited by the poor toward the rich by answering the question, "Who sent you?" with, "Those blessed with abundance, who desire through us to share it with you."



NURSE IN SUMMER UNIFORM.

Each nurse has, of course, her own district. The stockyard portion of the South Side has been the scene of Mrs. Martindale's labors. Mrs. Martindale is, by the way, the senior nurse of the association, whose face and manner are enough to inspire confidence and a desire for life in the most misery-stricken wretch in all the universe. She is a round, motherly-looking woman, with gray hair drawn smoothly back from

her temples, a good-natured mouth, and keen eyes, that sparkle with humor and kindness mingled from behind her silver-rimmed spectacles. Needless to say she is beloved by her patients, who are chiefly Irish—a few well-off and respectable, but the majority poor. To make the rounds with Mrs. Martindale, who is known to the association as the Corwith nurse, and see the love and patience, as well as the skill, that she gives to many of the most discouraging specimens of humanity it is possible to conceive of, makes the pleasant old aphorism, "a real nurse becomes a universal mother," seem true altogether. MINISTRATES TO POOR CLERKS: Miss Westcott, known as the Ernest



narrow, black bag, in which everything under the sun is carried to patients, from bottles of tonic and beef tea to half-worn shoes and plain underclothing.

Twice a week the nurses all report at the office of the association in Masonic temple. There Miss Wakem, the head nurse, presides, and there two of the directors are always supposed to be in attendance on Tuesdays and Fridays—the report days. It is a pretty room, this office, with large windows, into which the morning sunlight pours cheerily. Its walls are papered with blue cartridge paper, its floors covered with one or two good rugs. Great presses of yellowish oak fill up the spaces on the sides of the room. In one is kept medicines, tonics and "foods" of all kinds, bandages and surgical implements, while the other is devoted to clothing, shoes, picture books, toys, linen—in short, all the odds and ends that from time to time are needed by the nurses in lightening the burdens of the poor. At one end of the room is the head nurse's oak desk, and at the other is a smaller one, for the use of the directors. Besides the chairs and the few prints on the wall, the one article of furniture in the room that is most suggestive of coziness and comfort is the tea-table, with its shining kettle and pretty cups set out on a fresh white cloth. On "nurses' mornings," while the jeweled fingers of the directors are busied in the unaccustomed tasks of picking lint, making bandages and surgeons' pads, filling quinine capsules and "casting up" accounts, Miss Wakem makes tea, serving



NURSE IN WINTER COSTUME.

it to each nurse, as she comes in with her report of her work, and to the directors when they become weary of their labors and ready to unbend over a cup of tea and a dish of gossip. The nurses, by the way, take turns in bringing the cream for the feast, and the directors take turns also in being present, being appointed by the association.

### HOW TO CALL A NURSE.

Every day the nurses report, at 2 in the afternoon and 9 in the morning, at certain drug stores in their districts, and to these headquarters messages are telephoned from all the physicians, hospitals and police stations in the city, and these calls the nurses obey promptly. In every way that is possible the attention of the poor of the district is called to the readiness of the nurses to help them. Flyers are even printed in blue and white and are left at the houses in the district. These give, in addition to the assurance that a "free nurse" is a possibility, the number of the telephone and the district headquarters.

The various ways in which money has been raised to carry on the association point to the kindness and generosity which, when all is said, animate all classes of society. As the fruit of fashionable bazaar and gay functions of all sorts much of the money has been donated. Part of the proceeds of the charity ball were devoted to the association. The Thursday morning recitals which every fashionable woman in the city attended netted the nurses \$1,000. Church women, little girls, the Chicago



MISS MARTINDALE.

University club, king's daughters, school children have all added materially to the fund. Perhaps the "smartest" function ever held for its benefit was the bazaar given by the Martha and Mary circle at the residence of the Ishams. Among the members of the younger set interested in it were the Misses Chapman, Isham, Winston, Antidel, H. King, T. Williams, L. Wirt. Money enough was raised by this means to support for one year a nurse on the north-west district. This brilliant social affair was followed by a lamp shade sale held by the same young women at the Virginia hotel. This also was successful financially as well as socially to the gain of the Nurse's association. The private subscriptions alone have amounted to a good round sum—last year \$3,000. Among the generous people who

have recognized the worth of the association and donated money enough to support a nurse as long as the association lasts are Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Keith, who have established the "Susie Keith Memorial Nurse" as a living memorial of their daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, who have endowed the Wayne Chatfield Memorial nurse. Other "memorials" are the Hamill-McGinness, the Sprague and Corwith nurses.

In connection with the association something of the personnel of the women who stand at its head may be of interest. OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. E. C. Dudley was the first president of the association and has filled the office ever since. She is a clever woman,



MISS KEITH WORKS AT WORK.

who finds time to be interested in many things outside her home and family. She is a member of the Fortnightly and Woman's club and has read papers before both of these learned bodies. In appearance Mrs. Dudley is small and rather slight of figure, with a pleasing face lighted up by a pair of sparkling dark eyes. Her hair, which is also dark and slightly tinged with gray, is worn brushed directly back from a rather high forehead, with a total disregard of the modern fashionable bang. She has a quick, pleasant smile and a cordial manner, and her interest in all things pertaining to the Visiting Nurse Association has always been great. The vice president, Miss Cornelia McAvoy, is a particularly dainty little woman with a small, slight and graceful figure, and a most expressive face. Her features are regular, her eyes gray, shaded by black lashes, and her hair, which is brown, is worn parted and drawn loosely back from the face. She has a keen sense of humor and quick and ready sympathies, which show themselves in her eyes and voice. Of the other officers, the second vice president, Mrs. James Houghteling, and the secretary, Mrs. Herman Butler, are sisters, and both possess many of the same characteristics. Both are bright, clever and energetic, with a ready gift of speech, and ideas that come quickly. Mrs. Houghteling is a tall woman of fair coloring, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and Mrs. Butler is also tall, but with a slighter figure, dark hair and dark eyes.

Mrs. William P. Conger, the treasurer of the Visiting Nurse Association, has also held that position since its organization and has been one of its most untiring workers. She is a decidedly pretty woman, with soft, dark hair, blue eyes and a fair, clear complexion. Of the head nurse, Miss Millie Wakem, pages might be written of her energy, enthusiasm and usefulness in her position. She is devoted to her work and brings into it an unusual amount of executive ability and zeal. She is a tall, straight, vigorous looking young woman of English birth and training. Dark hair, expressive dark eyes and regular features go to make up a most attractive countenance. She has a gift for speaking and is at times unusually eloquent. Many are the meetings she has addressed, and often has she told the story of the visiting nurse and her visits. For the poor and suffering who are sadly in need of assistance she has frequently pleaded and seldom in vain.

The officers of the association for this year are: President, Mrs. E. C. Dudley; vice president, Miss Cornelia McAvoy; second vice president, Mrs. James L. Houghteling; secretary, Mrs. Herman Butler; treasurer, Mrs. William P. Conger. The directors are: Mrs. Robert L. Greenlee, Mrs. Abraham Baldwin, Mrs. James T. Hoynes, Mrs. Henry Hooper, Mrs. Arthur B. Hooper, Mrs. Chauncey Keep, Mrs. John B. Lyon, Mrs. John Forman, Mrs. Hugh J. McBryner, Mrs. Charles B. McDonald, Mrs. F. S. Peabody, Mrs. George S. Willis, Mrs. S. Lawrence Williams, Mrs. Frank Cary, Mrs. C. K. G. Billings, Mrs. Cady Jordan, Mrs. W. B. Alsip, Mrs. Charles Hutchinson, Mrs. E. A. Gray, Mrs. Frank Haddock, Mrs. Frederic Eames, Mrs. C. H. Wilmerding, Miss Jane Adams, Miss Mable Pope, Miss Florence Pullman.

The above article speaks volumes for itself. Let Spiritualists ponder over its contents well, and then imitate, in a measure, at least, the benign work therein inaugurated. The human being on a sick-bed, suffering with excruciating pains, is just as much an integral part of creation as the millionaire who blossoms forth in vigorous health. The weak, the imbecile, the poverty-stricken, are just as much the outgrowth of immutable law as the one strong in body and mind. The strong must so utilize their strength and wealth as to aid those less fortunate than themselves. Reader, ponder the above thoughts carefully, and then take action therein, and resolve to do some humanitarian work.

JES TICER.

The first white child born in the Colonies was Virginia Dare, at Roanoke Island, Aug. 18, 1587.

The island of Attu, the most western part of our territory, is 2,000 miles west of San Francisco.

## RIPPLING CRITICISMS.

Spiritualistic Quile Revealed.

TO THE EDITOR:—This is to inform you that I have found out what a delusion Spiritualism is, and to warn you that unless you turn over a new leaf and promise to do better in the future, you'll lose me. What will become of the cause then, pray? For the past few months I have been learning that you Spiritualists are a lot of weak-brained, deluded, chattering tricksters, in league with the devil; and that you are often so deeply wise, in your deceitful plots, as to lead that same devil astray. This and a great deal more I have gathered from both religious and materialistic papers, but not a word of honest confession, though, for Spiritualists are always trying to be dishonest, while looking out for a chance to be fooled.

The crushing blow which decided me in taking this important step, fell today, in the shape of a reporter's account of the doings of Anna Eva Fay. Long ago I learned to have full confidence in newspaper reporters, for they cannot possibly "get a posh" unless they know all there is to be known on earth and in heaven. Some of them are going to be sure, and have been too busy to read much of anything; but that doesn't really signify. They are born educated, and only need opportunities to air their talents. Now, I was not at all surprised at their being fooled by the little Fay, for similar things are taking place all the time among Spiritualists, who are the most laughably superstitious people on earth; but when you teach what is historically false, it is time to call you to account. Here is the sentence from the facile pen of the reporter which reveals your baseness:

"When Anna Eva Fay communes with spirits from the other world, or at least when she utilized the services of the frivolous residents of the 'hereafter' at the Columbia Theatre last Sunday night, she wore a dress which she averred was a gift of Mme Blavatsky, the erstwhile fountain-head of Theosophy, Spiritualism, and other vagaries of that ilk."

Now, you have for years been teaching, and we, in the most condoning guilelessness, have believed it, that Spiritualism itself is as old as time, and that all religions, good and bad, are founded upon its basic principles; and that what is known as modern Spiritualism originated in western New York, at the house of a Mr. Fox, and much more just as misleading. Just think of what a shock it must have been to my nerves, to be so rudely thrown out of my dim, mental state, into the dazzling sunlight of truth. I had known that Mme Blavatsky was a remarkable woman, but I never dreamed that she was so versatile as that. How her two children must have annoyed her, with their contradictory dispositions! No wonder she died young, poor thing! Methinks I see her boxing one youngster's ears for saying that he had been conversing with spirits of departed friends; and then turning to correct the other for making faces and saying that they were not spirits at all, but shells, and very thin shells at that. Mme B.'s house must have been "divided against itself" to an alarming degree. How much one can learn about history and metaphysics, from reporters!

But there are other deep reasoners who show up the mental weaknesses of Spiritualists in another light. I have learned from them that no talented man believe in Spiritualism; that no literature worth reading was ever produced by Spiritualists, and that no one with a thimbleful of brains would read what they have to say, anyway. There, again, I had been so fully misled; for I had felt sure that I was quite well acquainted with many talented, level-headed men and women among them, and the few of their many books which I had read seemed to be above the average. Oh, how often we are deluded! This class of reasoners call themselves free-thinking materialists, and I am attracted to them, mainly because they make more ado than any one else about being liberal. They are very positive in their claims, and it is risky to express any doubts regarding their views. There are those who dare to think that their liberality savors somewhat of the shown by the liberal pilgrims who told Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson to take their free-thought notions and go to Rhode Island; but no one has the least doubt about their being free thinkers. Indeed, if we may judge from the style in which some of them speak and write, they think very freely and copiously, too, however illogical their thoughts may seem to be; more than that, if we are willing to take their word for it, they possess that most desirable of all things—CONCLUSIVE KNOWLEDGE. No wonder that they appear to be a little giddy at times. Such a lofty position must be nerve-trying.

When a person who humbly confesses that he has progressed beyond the possibility of being mistaken, says decidedly that there is no life after this, it is not showing him proper respect to go right on investigating, just as though the question had not been satisfactorily settled; and I don't blame him for expressing himself in pretty strong language, when people will persist in doing so. Primary students in the great school of free thought ought never to run counter to such embodiments of wisdom, but they should cling to them for mental support, and look up to them as gods. I wouldn't dare to use the word gods in their presence, though, even as a common noun; for it might make me feel uncomfortable to be called a hell-fire,

God-worshipping idiot. There are many free-thinking free-speaking liberals at large, and it often takes them a long time to run down when but slightly wound up on certain stock themes; and as dreadful as it is for the public to suffer from their noise while running down, they are more acutely pained if forced to stop before they have told all that they know, and what they can quote about the schizmas, procession of the equinoxes, whale's fins, and other scraps of valuable lore which serve the double purpose of showing off their attainments and drawing attention from the main point. Such learning is a great thing, and whenever it is turned loose the world is made better, and bigotry and superstition receive a chilling setback. When Christians exhibit this style of reasoning we very justly call them intolerant, but, coming from free-thinkers, it is but the enthusiastic outpourings of liberality.

A liberal of the above school did something once toward enlightening the world which ought to be recorded, but it has been overlooked by historians. He, not unlike his fellow-thinkers, modestly admitted that he had a powerful intellect. Aye, more, he proclaimed it, and in that way it became known. Several stalwart Russians ruined their malar bones in trying to pronounce some of his scientific terms. I mention this to prove that he was a scholar of no mean rank. Under excitement, upon one occasion, he openly declared that there was no such thing as an idea—that he had never seen, heard, smelled, felt nor tasted one, and as his five senses were infallible he could prove his assertion. He rued his rashness later, but lest he might lose prestige by retraction, he moved forward and did prove it; and all that he has written since upon various subjects sustains that theory, which became one of his pets. This was his mode of procedure: He had a microscope made, so powerful that he was enabled to see that the common sugar-bowl is brown, because she wears a full-length scaliskin coat. He also detected the proud satisfaction in her heart over the fact that it was real seal and not cheap plush, with seal buttons; but although he looked all around—on the ground and everywhere—he four nothing that looked like the shade of an idea. Encouraged by this failure, he built a mammoth telescope, chartered a steamer and went to Asia to hunt for one. There were those who said it was laughable in him to strive after what seemed to be beyond his mental grasp; but that was sarcasm, and not worth minding. He hired a drayman to haul that telescope to the very tip-top of Mt. Everest, and from that slightly point he swept the sky with it, to use his own ponderous language. The traditional witch was wont to perform that domestic service with an old stub broom; but there has been great advance in household methods since her day, and our servant was not a sloven.

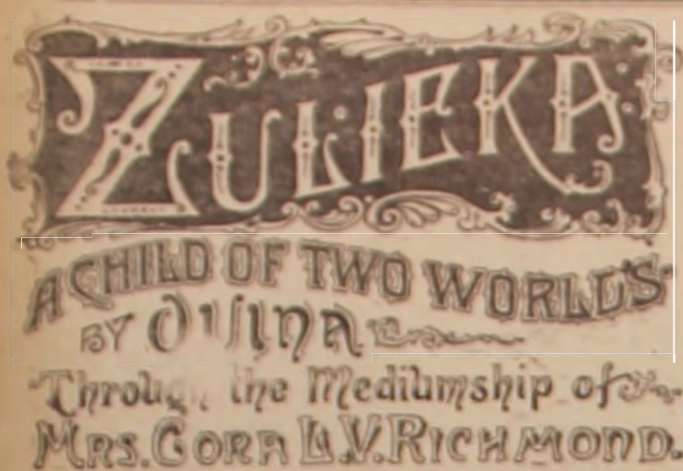
Did he, with all these facilities, find that idea? No, sir; he didn't! But if there had been such a thing in space, or even beyond the confines of space, that telescope would have revealed it. His labor was not in vain, however, for he learned the great spectacular fact that in the vast interstellar luminosity of unlimited boundlessness there was such a jam of cosmological star-dust stored up for the purpose of building new planets, that there wasn't building-room for an idea of the smallest kind. And if there had been room, the incineration caused by the very tangible radiations of luminiferous ether was sufficient to cook an idea to ashes in less time than would be required to melt a snowflake at the tropics; so he came home and wrote up what he didn't find out, to the entire satisfaction of his admirers. His investigations settle that matter. There is no such thing as an idea, now he is ready to prove that there is no life after this, and that Spiritualists are all non-compos mentis, with that same searching instrument, and that is one reason why I want to desert. I am afraid of him.

Now I know that there are a good many honest, well-meaning Spiritualists; but they are too low down in the mental scale to feel at home with such philosophers as the above. All that soothing talk about the ecstasy of falling asleep to awaken no more forever; about the delight of being put into the ground, to turn into grass, trees and flowers, makes them feel shivery. They are familiar with the pretty picture of the sun rising over the eastern hills, to kiss away the pearly dew from the nodding flowers upon their graves; of the birds perched upon their tombstones, pouring forth their sweet music, while they themselves sleep on in blessed oblivion; but it does not cheer them one particle. In their obstinate stupidity they do not long for blessed oblivion. They are so ignorant as to imagine that they have evidence of a life beyond the grave, where, in a state of mental progression, they may gaze upon scenes too beautiful for description, and may listen to music more entrancing than any sounds of earth; and this hope, they say, tends to render the ills of life less bitter. Isn't it too bad that it is all a delusion? But it is; and we must accept the inevitable.

It is with regret that I leave the spiritualistic rants, for in doing so, I turn from many life-long friends, for whom I feel an uncomfortable affection. But since they are full of vagaries, and are willing to allow their sweet music, while they themselves sleep on in blessed oblivion; but it does not cheer them one particle. In their obstinate stupidity they do not long for blessed oblivion. They are so ignorant as to imagine that they have evidence of a life beyond the grave, where, in a state of mental progression, they may gaze upon scenes too beautiful for description, and may listen to music more entrancing than any sounds of earth; and this hope, they say, tends to render the ills of life less bitter. Isn't it too bad that it is all a delusion? But it is; and we must accept the inevitable.

It is with regret that I leave the spiritualistic rants, for in doing so, I turn from many life-long friends, for whom I feel an uncomfortable affection. But since they are full of vagaries, and are willing to allow their sweet music, while they themselves sleep on in blessed oblivion; but it does not cheer them one particle. In their obstinate stupidity they do not long for blessed oblivion. They are so ignorant as to imagine that they have evidence of a life beyond the grave, where, in a state of mental progression, they may gaze upon scenes too beautiful for description, and may listen to music more entrancing than any sounds of earth; and this hope, they say, tends to render the ills of life less bitter. Isn't it too bad that it is all a delusion? But it is; and we must accept the inevitable.





Copyright—all rights reserved.

PART II.  
CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED

"Your lordship has succeeded in abolishing this as an institution of public charity, supported by eminent patronage. Your daughter, the rare young girl who has this day rendered such credit to your training, and to her own endowments, has abolished 'competitive examinations' and awards of merit. The Earl of Montrose takes the place of the former. Permit me to humbly ask what we shall adopt to fill the place of the latter?"

"The innate goodness and honor of the boys," said Armand, hesitating for a further elucidation of what he meant, when Zelda said:

"And a more practical knowledge of the 'Sermon on the Mount' and the 'Golden Rule.'"

"My eyes are beginning to see—I mean my mind to perceive more clearly. It means the overthrow of all precedent."

With such deep respect as is only born of the highest reverence and regard, the superintendent, teachers, preceptors, matron, boys—in fact, all the inmates of the "Home," bade them adieu. They all honored and held in most reverent esteem the Earl and Countess of Montrose; the young Lady Zulieka they adored.

From that day there was earnest labor, great achievements, through trials and tests of strength and courage.

The boys were a democracy; the teachers, attendants, managers, superintendent, were their honored and beloved servants.

No institution in all England, or in the world, was better governed; the boys governed themselves. And the institution prepared the way for Armand's plan.

## THE CAUSE OF THE SUMMONS.

That afternoon when they arrived at Montrose Castle the first one to meet them was Seon.

"I have come in response to your urgent summons, and found myself master of the Castle," said he, holding out his hands to all at once, and keeping the hands of Zulieka in his own.

"Was it not enough, Zulu dear, that you had all the orphans far and near to your birthday, but that to-day you must be off on another holiday of good deeds?"

"This was papa's day, and these were boys. I suppose they were orphans, too?" and Zulieka looked inquiringly at Armand.

"Yes, darling, or they have no fathers—in that case, no supporters, and so can come to the home."

"Papa Armo," said Zulieka, linking each arm with Seon and with Armand, while the latter had Zelda on his other arm, "I thought boys were never orphans—I mean, I thought they were never sad, nor so quiet as the little girls who were here."

"That may be because they are boys," said Armand, smiling.

"But, papa, is the world made for boys—I mean when they are grown to be men?"

"Some very eminent people seem to think so," said Armand, while he and Zelda exchanged glances of surprise and amusement. "But why do you ask, darling?"

"Because I heard some one say the other day in the village—I think it was the curate—that Miss Jones had been a man she would be entitled to the name of M. A. Can women study the same and be just as good as men, and still not be M. A., whatever that may be?"

"Seon," said Armand, in great glee, "we have a most rabid reformer here. She has diminished the competition for prizes, placed the boys on an equal footing, taught the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes to the boys and board of managers. She adopts all the orphan girls, and scolds all the boys, and now she turns advocate for equality of women. Pray, when shall we return you for Parliament, my dear Lady Zulieka Montrose, M. P.? Or will you sit with the peers?"

"I suppose I shall go whenever I become a man," said Zulieka as solemnly as though Armand had been in earnest.

The evening hours were most precious, for in the laboratory were crouded Armand and Seon, closely inspecting the contents of the drawers of the cabinet so mysteriously revealed.

Not for many days and weeks were all the inscriptions on the plates deciphered. Several of the most learned antiquarians, professors, archaeologists, and especially one, a friend of Armand and of Seon, came from London, by invitation, to examine, to assist in deciphering.

It might as well be recorded here as later that the inscriptions, ancient and most quaint, were made upon the four metals; that if one or two were lost the others would be preserved.

The measurement and extent of the possessions of Armand the Saxon, ancestor of Armand.

The distinct titles to the same from original possessors.

The ratification of these titles by the king and by the dukes.

The recognition that for all time the provisions of the accompanying bequests would hold good.

The provision for a change in the ownership or possession of the estates, whenever there should, without any knowledge of these records, be an only son, named for the founder of the house, who should be:

- I. Brave as an eagle, gentle as a dove.
- II. Strong to protect the weak, yielding in the presence of babes.
- III. A lover of his kind; to serve and not rule over them.
- IV. A promoter of peace, a hater of strife.
- V. United to the beloved of his heart.
- VI. Having no son.
- VII. Blessed by one daughter.
- VIII. Wishing to redeem the race from error, the people from bondage.

Modestly, and with deep humility, feeling his own unworthiness, did Armand accept the trust. The bequest empowered him to dispose himself of all the estates in this vast demesne, and make of each vassal or subject or person born on these estates a free man, and entitled to a portion of the soil.

To do this of his own free will and wish, according to his heart's desire, or to retain the possessions, or bestow them elsewhere. All this he found, by great research and through the most authentic advice, was a perfectly lawful bequest, and that there had been provisions made for this emergency in the magna charta of King John and its accompanying laws.

Now that he (Armand) was free to do with his estates and the people thereon, residing or born, what he had most longed to do, a mighty tide of gratitude swept up from his heart, surged through his frame, and the strong man, Armand, the descendant of the Saxon chief, wept, mingling his tears of gratitude with those of the "redeemed of his heart."

He was a free man—free from the bondage of entailed estates, titles, Castle, distinction—he was one of the people. That night still rejoicing, he sought his couch, when, falling asleep, he was awakened by a great rushing of wind, or wings, and a voice, "have now fulfilled my long, long vigil." That voice passed when another, the tender, loving, warning voice, spoke: "In the midst of thy great joy, I warn thee to watch over and guard well thy beloved, for thine own peace of mind as well as her repose. Take her back to the 'Shrine of Love.'"

## PART II.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## Spirit-Life and Labors.

## ZERAH—ARIEL—ANGEL-WATCHERS.

The Stellar spaces were belted and girdled with light. Urania, companioning the dusky queen Earthly Night, placed all her jeweled crowns of splendor on her wondrous brow (that ancient Mother Nox, twin-sister to Chaos, from whose mystic bosom Urania sprang).

The glorious hosts of suns and worlds had marched along the battlemented sky, wheeling in solemn circles to their places; beyond and adown the Southern seas the jeweled Cross had sunk to rest, and far toward the North, Arcturus had dipped his crest, and the Seven Splendors had wheeled under their thrones.

Sirius had gone, and belted Orion, followed by the pale Sisters Seven, within whose innermost heaven the far central splendor Alcyon appears enthroned to hold through time and space and aeons without number the Twelve Suns and their systems that find in her their light and life.

Earth rested like a dim spherical cloud upon the verge of the heaven-horizons close to where, seen from afar, a morning splendor broke, sweet Phosphor, resting tranquilly near the shadow line of earth, to mark for those ensphered in mortal shade the dawn of day.

From out the innermost of that realm that has no presence and no name in time and space and sense of earthly thrall, two angels—Omar, the Strong One, and Zerah, the Bright One—came.

Through viewless and formless spheres of conscious beings, through soul-splendors innumerable, through thronging states of angels and of spirits to where, waiting like a heavenly flower or new-born babe, the morning rested o'er the earth.

Pausing 'mid states and spirit realms to watch unfolding soul-perceptions, to note how, through the countless spheres, conditions of all souls, the blessed light of the Eternal Wisdom glances and shines and the Supreme Love governs—darkling through time and sense shadowed states, or brightening in the glory of the innermost possessions.

## ZERAH.

"Draw near to me, my brother, the shadows grow more dense; let me feel thy strength while I press close to her side; let me not fail in lighting her way; draw near while I shine on her, illumining her spirit."

## OMAR.

"Aye, the earth-shadow deepens; I am one with thee; now—now thou art stronger, my sister; draw near to the awakening one; shine on her spirit; let her grow luminous in thy light, oh, thou bright one!"

## ZERAH.

"Ah, the heart-pangs! See how she struggles within; dies the body without a moan; but ah, for the mortal loves! Bid her be strong, my brother; let me reveal her soul; love is not of time, but eternity. Dear heart be still, and let thy soul speak."

## OMAR.

"Stronger is her spirit now; love hath turned into heaven by strength; behind the love-shadow of earth she sees the love-light of her soul; shine—shine upon her, my sister, my bright one!"

## ZERAH.

"Spirit, I light thee; soul, I invite thee; come! not away; come nearer, nearer to thine own; come within; out of the shadow come into the light."

## OMAR.

"Seest thou the child-light garmented with earth-form, clothed with their love, whom we wrapped in the storm-cloud and sent to earth? Seest though her spirit, strong in this conflict, mighty in this shadow?"

## ZERAH.

"Aye, do I not enfold her? Is she not inner-seeing? How all her being thrills and responds at this birth from time to spirit!"

"I now touch her vision; she sees as in symbol all that is passing; reads the death language; describes the life-triumph. Soul-sight is thine, fair Zulieka!"

## EARTH-WATCHES.

Those who watched beneath the azure dome of stars, saw all the glory of the night, saw all the countless worlds and constellated suns move on to their places beyond the sea, saw the innumerable powers of the upper and under world—suns, systems, planets, worlds, forces of the air and sky and earth pass on, unheeding the great wonder that was being wrought, the unconquerable glory and sublime victory that was passing within the sightless orbs and soulless range of light, saw and wondered:

"Why will not the relentless worlds and suns, the moments and hours, the powers and dominions of earth and sky stay this mighty tide?"

Those who saw watched with great heart-pangs, pressed bravely back to face the rising glory, with strain and stress of human love that did not dare to cry aloud lest the ineffable calm, the silent symphony being wrought might be jarred by one earthly sound.

Those human love-watchers saw all the glory, felt the supreme splendor rolling in from seas of infinite expanse; saw the night of stars and day-dawn of souls; heard with great surging heart-beats the pulses of the sea out on the sands; heard from within the pulses of the Infinite close—close to their lives; felt the cool morning breeze, spice-laden, wafted from "Araby the blessed," and from palm-breathing gardens near the casement; felt the thrill of moveless, viewless airs that have no palpable odor nor touch, but seem to come from the cool, crystal seas and of islands' eternal calm.

Aye, they felt, they saw, they perceived the ecstasy and thrill, the precursor to the divine awakening, the unutterable presence, the divine death-angel, birth-angel that ushers in the immortal day.

Zulieka's inner vision was opened. She perceived the transition of Zulieka's spirit; saw with the sight that was not sense the withdrawal of the spirit flame, the breath of life, from the organism; saw the wavering, fleecy light above the form; saw Zulieka's face and form, fairer if possible, more transparent, yet more real; saw the intense white light above Zulieka's spirit where Omar and Zerah were breathing strength and luminous knowledge of life; saw Jaavannah, the arisen spirit of the holy man, draw near with baptismal light from the sacred font of his own true spirit; saw Amita (her papa's mother) lovingly encircle and bless Zulieka; saw the strong hosts that seemed to rise tier on tier, above and beyond, out of whose shining ranks one and another drew near to welcome the arisen one.

Saw the intense cord drawing, drawing Zulieka and Armand together, until it seemed the severing of Zulieka's spirit from her form must take his mortal life also.

Saw Zulieka brood like a tender dove of light above herself (Zulieka), and pour out the ineffable tide of her mother-heart until the overwhelming emotion filled Zulieka's whole being with love, wonder, rapture, tenderness; and the child threw herself into the arms of Armand and both were baptized in tears.

"Oh, papa Armo, she has gone into the Great White Light. Why cannot we go also?"

Zulieka's vision, described by her just as she had seen it, her illumination of spirit and the great reaction of feeling and human love, restored Armand to composure, brought the great reserve strength of his nature, so potent in past emergencies, into full force, and he soothed the grieving and trembling child—trembling

with the first great emotion of the knowledge of death and life and love immortal.

Ever is it a wonderful thing to be near the open doors of that transcendent realm when a great spirit passes out of expression into the state that is nearer to the Divine Being.

Ever is it most beautiful to behold the transformation even of the body into white silence, and to see where the newly-awakened spirit flings one gleam of the morning splendor over the earthly countenance, leaving it wrapped in the halo of that sacred calm.

But to be near and perceive, as did those gathered around the couch of Zulieka—as did Armand, and Hiejoh, Mahavida, and, above all, as did Zulieka—ah, it is surpassing.

No wonder was it that the illumined child wished, longed with the innermost longing of her spirit, to go into the "great white light" with Zulieka.

## RETROSPECT—THOSE WHO MOURNED.

"She had gone home to die—home, yet away from home."

They knew it—from Clevedon Cliffs to Montrose Mills; from Linden Vale to the Fens; from Montrose Castle to the pits—everywhere they knew it. And on the heart-breaking day when Armand bore her away—carefully and without the least excitement, lest the dreaded symptoms should return, and she die before they reached the ship—the women remained within their homes and wept; the men were silent. Aye, they knew it, and never was there such grief. Princes of the kingdom had died, the hope of the land; fair and bright ones had gone into the silent realm; every house had its sacred sorrow, its strong guard of living dead ones; but no one had ever gone away in body or in spirit from all that region who was mourned as was the beautiful, beloved Countess.

"She have been an angel to all of us."

"She has blessed us every one."

"She is God's own child. She is a strong and holy angel."

It was a double parting, for they knew that until the Angel of God summoned them away to meet her in the heavenly home they would never see her more.

"May we all be guide enough to see her saintly face in the far off, the Beautiful City," they said.

Leaving everything, even his newly-revealed plates, with their rights and liberties not yet fully known, leaving them all in charge of the everfaithful "S. S.," Armand, accompanied by the ayah and his other Indian attendants, and with Zulieka, (sorrowful yet glad, a great unknown joy in her heart, a great pang for the parting from her "children and her friends," the people, the masses) Armand, in strong self-reproaching sorrow, in tender, attentive and single devotion, bore Zulieka to the balmy airs and waving palms, to the sea and spice-girdled isle, the fair, restoring scenes of their love-paradise, Ceylon.

Vain, delusive hope! Strange *ignis-fatuus* of earthly life and love! Hasten as ye may, do what you will, ye who look with love-awakened eyes, and watch with love-anguished hearts, who hasten for the sure and certain remedy, who summon the wisest and most skillful physicians; who fly from land to land, and sea to sea; who escape from frost and snow, or from torrid heat and pestilence; who feel certain that in this case, so much is at stake, the life is so precious and so much needed here, in this case the Infinite Hand, if need be, will intervene and stay the final change.

Yet never in regions of the North, or in sun-kissed isles, never in waters of magic-healing or wand of fairy, never in skill of bungling physician, who sees only the surface of the form, not even the physical life of it, never did the Silent White Seal fail to be set, never did the final dissolution fail to come, never did bud or blossom or rare golden fruit upon the tree of human life fail to respond when the summons came.

Softly thus did Mahavida speak to Armand on their homeward voyage, for Mahavida was also going home to Ceylon, and hastened his departure to companion his friends.

"It is the unerring light of the Divine Will that shapes our lives, even though, remotely, we seem to aid or choose."

"Ah, brother, so little change is this called death, compared to that which comes when we make the final change, that it wins us from even the desire to live," said the Buddhist.

"Ah, my friend," said Armand, "all this I know, and that though the body perish the spirit is ever more near; that all things and spirits, as well as all souls, are in the keeping of the Eternal Light, in the Light of the Eternal Eye (All-seeing Love); I know, I understand, yet even as well as I know it, my heart is wrung with agony."

And Armand turned away, while Mahavida, in tender sympathy, in deepest brother love, remained silent.

"I can but hope," continued Armand, "that in this change of scene and air, in the restorative light of the sunshine of Ceylon, will be found the permission for her to remain; to hope that she is to tarry yet awhile, and that this is the means to that end, known and planned as all things are."

On other days, with Zulieka beside them in her reclining-chair, they would talk as gaily and blithely of all the scenes they were passing, of all the beauty to which they were returning, as if no shadow lay across their hearts.

And Armand cherished these hopes, partly believed that the brightness and increasing strength awakened in Zulieka by the voyage and by the anticipation of returning to her first home would prove permanent.

## HIEJOH'S PREPARATION.

He had foreseen it all.

His eyes had detected the slow but sure encroachments of the fatal disease on Zulieka's beautiful face and form, encroachments that made her eyes brighter with a delusive light, that caused her cheeks to glow brightly, vividly, with a false show of health, or when the hectic flush was not there become almost as transparent as alabaster.

He had noted the oft-recurring languor, the weakness following exertion, the buoyancy of spirit that refused to be ill, or recognize the ills of the body.

Hiejoh had seen it all, and seen that no power on earth could, and his intuitions told him, no power in heaven could or would stay this fatal malady.

He saw in visions of the night and in monitions of the day how it would all end. He had taken the journey to India that he might prepare the way, for he knew that they must bring her there for the great change.

He had renovated Montrose Towers, making everything as bright and beautiful as before they left for England; nay, he had done more—he had restored everything to the appearance it wore when Zulieka had come there first, a crowned queen of beauty and love, the bride of Armand.

Now—now for the immortal crowning, all things should be as fair without as within. All things should be restored just as they were.

No one but Hiejoh could have done it. He knew, even to the smallest detail, how everything should be; he did not forget in any instance how the garden, the arbors, the terrace, the Shrine, the verandahs, the suites of rooms, were arranged.

He knew how all the belongings of Zulieka's boudoir, her sleeping-room, her little Shrine, her verandah were placed. He had procured a reproduction of the drapings and hangings, had purchased or elsewhere procured in Bombay, at the bazaars, or in other parts of India, duplicates of the familiar articles of use or ornament that Zulieka was accustomed to; and was ready at the quay, with only the necessary attendants, to meet the ship and escort them to their home.

So quietly had Hiejoh worked, and so accustomed had the people become to his presence and mysterious ways, that when the first surprise of seeing him was over, and they became convinced that the Earl and Countess of Montrose had not really arrived with Hiejoh, they abandoned their temporary hope and anticipated joy of greeting again their beloved master and mistress. Hiejoh had the management of preparation all to himself and the few who were necessary to do the work.

## HOME AGAIN.

"How beautiful, how like a dream or conjuration of fairy tale

is it all, just as when I came here the most blessed, the proudest and happiest of women—your bride, your wife, my beloved," said Zulieka.

"Just as then, my queen, my life, only we have now the added treasures, the years of love and labor together, and our precious, wonderful child, Zulieka. And, darling, do you remember who came with us and saw us safely here in our paradise of love, and then, blessing us, went away into his sacred seclusion?"

"Ah, yes—I remember it all as if 'twere yesterday, and how I could not mourn, although I felt a certain sadness, that my father was to leave the walks of human life, he was such a blessing in the world, and wherever he may have been I know he was a blessing; that his bright, pure presence was a light and strength unto those to whom he has ministered or who have received his—"

"I was about to ask you, darling," said Armand, noticing her intense gaze, "do you ever see him more? Has he ever again appeared, a sacred presence in or out of the body, to bring you blessing or message, or when you have journeyed in these far pilgrimages of spirit have you seen him, or know you whether he still walks the earth?"

Zulieka was silent, then she said: "Darling, beloved, you will think it a wild wish on this, the first day of our arrival, but to night I wish to visit the Shrine in the garden, and—and the tower."

Armand was perplexed. "The Shrine is feasible, my love, but I fear for your strength. How can you go to the tower?" Then a sudden inspiration seized him, and he answered: "Yes, you shall visit the tower. We can arrange it all; so remain quiet, my love, and rest."

As she had not rested for months, perhaps for years, as a child rests pillowed on its mother's breast; as the flowers rest when dews distill the rare nectar of sleep, and night kisses them and folds them in their incense cradles; as all things fair and sweet, but weary, rest when, after long exertion and toil for others, they had found time and place to yield to this great, urgent need.

Armand had no thought, performed no deed, responded to no calls or summons but for her. She was uppermost in his prayers; he could pray that she might recover; and yet did he, in the almost fathomless depths of his spirit feel, and feeling pray, "Thy will be done?" Possibly.

Anxious and ever-untiring service and attention may accompany the most profound acquiescence in the final issue, whatever that may be.

## THE APPROACHING CHANGE.

And the issue came sooner than they dreamed.

Not to the altar in the garden, not to the tower from whence Armand saw late at night a dazzling light gleam out into the starlit moonless air, not anywhere did Zulieka's form pass after that first day when she entered into and through the avenues and drives, into and through her garden, into her own bright, beautiful and restful abode.

She lingered as lovingly as the blossoms linger, loth to take their lovely presence from the gaze of those who love them, as the bul-bul lingers, unwilling that the morning-star shall hush his song to the sleeping rose; as the soul of music lingers, reluctant to yield its wondrous, vibrant sound, yet parting with sound passes into spirit, and then makes music of the soul of silence.

And when as the days passed, (all too swiftly now that Armand knew that she could not long pervade the lovely fading form) the full knowledge of the change that was sure to come dawned upon all the loving household, servants, attendants, ayah (upon Hiejoh there was no need for the dawning, he knew it all before), upon Zulieka, upon Armand; then they waited as day after day rolled away in golden splendor, morning after morning dawned in sweet and winsome glory, inviting to life life of earth-love, crowned on earth. Evenings succeeded days, and merged into restful nights.

The light in the tower blazed and shone and shed a wondrous whiteness along the garden walks, and among the lilies blooming there.

Only one and twenty brief days since they arrived at home until Zulieka's form was forever at rest.

When the morning-star shone above the horizon, when the silent breeze preceded the day, when the sea breeze added its attendants, breezes from the sea had sunk to brief rest, it seemed that all the earth, with silent lips of flowers folded in sleep, and ebbside that had paused ere the flood-tide came, all birds and gentle beasts, all leaves and trees, all whispering palms and pines, all—all were hushed.

"Zulieka—Zulieka, my beloved," whispered Armand.

She was gone.

Through the casement softly and silently shone the first light of the dawn. A snowy dove—Zulieka's own carrier dove—fluttered to the silent breast that once was her refuge and, moaning, died.

If loveliness were immortal, if beauty could not perish because of its perfection, Zulieka's body, like her spirit, would have been immortal.

## THE BEAUTIFUL BURIAL.

Why he did it no one could tell, but the repulsiveness of every kind of funeral service and burial in India and elsewhere had often been spoken of by Armand and Mahavida, as well as by Zulieka, and this was doubtless the reason for what followed the separation of Zulieka's spirit from her body.

Robed in her marriage garments (a bride of eternity was she now in soul), with snowy lilies adorned, with the glory of her golden hair about her like an aureole encircling her head, her neck and arms, thus was the body draped and placed in a cave beneath the cliff, beside their home, almost beneath the terrace and arbor where they were wont to walk and sit together and gaze upon the sea.

The cave was sealed; above and around it the waves made solemn monody, a burial anthem all divine.

An invisible alchemist, through trickling drops within the cave, as if ashamed that death could set the seal of decay upon so fair a form, preserved through years the image of that loveliness.

Many a mariner, storm-wrecked or threatened with danger, saw the beautiful Lady of the Cave float out upon the waters and guide him to a place of safety, or heard her voice in song above the storm, and, thus singing, lead him out of peril.

Over all the fair island of Ceylon, along the margin of the seas, through the groves of palm-singing palms, o'er garden and villa, palace and lowly home, there brooded a spirit of deep sorrow; there brooded and burned and trembled, half hidden by the sorrow, half heard in the sobbing, a spirit song of triumph.

No one could tell, nor could it ever be recalled without a wonder, why, with this great grief upon him, Armand arose from his baptism of tears, from this great human loss, into the calmness of a hero, into the light of a saint.

Nor could any of all who loved them tell why it ever seemed that Lady Zulieka was more near, more doubly dear than before, nor why her spirit, as a palpable presence, visited every house of sorrow, every lowly cot, every one who was in need of comfort.

Living in earth form she was the loving and bountiful queen of their hearts. Arisen she was the Divinity of the Isle.

## THE SPIRIT-STATE.

Jaavannah, Margaret, Amita and Zulieka met, spirit to spirit, on the confines of that realm which is divided only by mortal seeming from all who dwell below.

To Zulieka the awakening was little surprise, so often had she stood within the veil; so often had she seen; so often had she felt; more frequently had she experienced and perceived what this state might be; yet, when she essayed to speak, when she thought to express her feelings or emotions, she became aware of what she had left behind her—physical possessions—and of somewhat she had gained.

## JAAVANNAH.

"I greet thy spirit, child, and know thou art freed forever from thy mortal form, as I am freed, and here I bless thee as I was wont to bless when thou didst enter mortal life, and when through all the years I saw thee grow in beauty of form and spirit; yet I have great need of thy blessing, child, for somewhere I have missed my way, and have not found the Great Prize, or it is farther on."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Very Saturday at No. 10, Locust Street

Francis, Editor and Publisher

at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class Matter

Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until

the following terms, payable in

advance.

One year in advance \$1.00

Six months in advance \$0.50

Three months in advance \$0.25

Single copies 10 cents

By Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter

or by check or cash on demand, payable to the

order of the Editor and Publisher, at the

Chicago Postoffice as Second-class Matter

No. 10, Locust Street, Chicago, Ill.

Important Suggestion.

We are thousands who will at first

think that the PROGRESSIVE THINKER is

a waste of time and money. We would suggest

that you should not only read it, but also

write to the Editor and tell him what you

think of it. We will be glad to hear from

you. We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

We will be glad to hear from you.

## ANOTHER ALARM!

New York in Danger.

A Bill Introduced Inimical to Mediumship.

In exact proportion as humanity advances in knowledge, they will intuitively feel an impulse to broaden their definition of that word designated as prayer. The fact that prayer does not always result in obtaining the object desired—probably in a great majority of cases results in total failure—has caused the inquisitive, inquiring mind to question its potency, and to endeavor to determine with absolute certainty when it can be depended upon to accomplish any desired object.

The mariner on the tempestuous ocean has no moral right to solicit God to so direct the wind that he will not be delayed on his voyage, for the granting of such a singular request might result disastrously to some other craft. Sunshine might be advantageous to the venturesome hunter, while a copious shower would prove beneficial to the untiring husbandman. Should they unite in prayer with reference to the object desired there would exist between them an unpleasant conflict, and a made-made God would be disgusted therewith.

The prayer of a devout minister of the gospel for God to bless his parishoners particularly, would be powerless to accomplish anything, for connected therewith was a certain degree of selfishness in the exclusiveness manifested; but should he pray wholly for self, the exclusiveness would still be greater and the likelihood of a favorable response from Deity still less.

Any prayer that does not embrace the whole world in its expression for special benefits, is to a certain degree selfish, and the probability of obtaining a favorable response thereto, in any manner, are very slim indeed. If, however, all things are governed by immutable laws, and through their instrumentality alone God manifests his influence and power, then from the very nature of things no personal request can be granted, for he governs in a general way.

The Deity is not a specialist; he manifests, no doubt, through the instrumentality of unerring law, a general supervision over humanity, but never steps aside to extend a particular blessing to Mr. Prayerful or Mr. Reverence. He cares no more for Mr. Pious and Mr. Faith, than he does for Richard Roe and James Roe. Mr. Methodist, Mr. Presbyterian, Mr. Mormon, Mr. Baptist, Mr. Episcopalian, Mr. Adventist and Mr. Unitarian are not a single particle more precious in his sight than Col. Ingersoll or Prof. B. F. Infidel. His sunshine is benignly extended to all humanity, to the miserable cannibal as well as the most devout Christian. His rain descends on all alike, and the seasons come and go for all humanity. The earth has never been so educated that it refuses to germinate the seeds planted by the low and vile, nor did we ever hear of water refusing to quench the thirst of the midnight assassin, or an apple tree withhold its luscious fruit because its owner was an infidel.

God is like Nature, dealing with his children in a general way, and never singling out a few for special blessings. If like nature in that respect, he never will respond to a special request. You might as well expect the sun to descend to the earth on a cold day in order to render you warmer for a special purpose, as to suppose God descends to the level of your prayer, or approaches nearer to you. The invalid may sincerely pray for health, but God will not respond thereto. A spirit interested in your welfare may have the power to restore the wasted energies, and do so, much to your satisfaction.

You may be afflicted with rheumatism; are not hundreds suffering severely in a like manner?

You may be tortured with a racking fever; others, too, are rendered miserable through the same dangerous malady.

You may be on the brink of the grave, brought there gradually by that insidious disease, consumption; thousands of others perish yearly in a like manner.

Under those circumstances to engage in solemn prayer for self would be a mockery of charity, benevolence and goodness of Deity, for you are no more precious in his sight than others suffering like you.

Who ever heard of a man praying that divine providence cause the stub of an amputated limb to germinate and produce another to supply the place of the one lost? Would it not be exceedingly foolish to reverentially bow the knees and solicit God to cause a new ear to spring forth in the place of the one that was clipped by frost? You may have a defect in the features, rendering you hideous in appearance—would prayer avail anything in making you good looking?

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was a most prayerful man; his sublime eloquence and pathos entranced his Brooklyn audience, and induced them to open their pocket books and pay him a magnificent salary; but he had the hay fever each year, and suffered excruciating tortures therefrom, and his prayers were powerless to relieve him. He tried all kinds of nostrums, compounded of vegetables and minerals, in order to circumvent the ravages of the dire malady, prayer availing nothing. Now, is it not a little curious that he should consider that there was any efficacy in prayer, when it had not potency sufficient to eradicate an annoying physical disability?

Why solicit God to remove a mountain when he never, so far as the knowledge of man extends, succeeded in demolishing a molehill when supplicated to do so? Why pray at all when divine providence neglects to interfere in your behalf and remove the causes that produce that distressing complaint known as hay fever? Did Beecher exhibit a masterly mind by giving expression to his gushing prayers, when not once so far as his knowledge extended, was ever answered directly by God?

Humanity generally desires to know more with reference to prayer. They know comparatively nothing in regard to its therapeutic effects; they have no knowledge whatever of the being whom they address in their supplications. Their ignorance of the true nature of God is appalling, and their prayers to him are generally the result of selfishness, and so no one considers them infallible under any circumstances. Rev. W. H. Beecher, brother of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, demonstrated his want of faith in prayer by giving a testimonial in favor of a patent medicine. He says: "It will certainly cure neuralgia, sciatica and inflammatory rheumatism," and in that respect this eminent divine considers that it is vastly superior to prayer.

From a casual examination it will readily be discerned that the world needs a more comprehensive knowledge in reference to the potency or efficacy of prayer; humanity needs more positive light on this all-engrossing subject. Yet there is a sublime beauty in the prayers of our trance mediums and speakers, for they are unselfish prayers, and from that standpoint must have a high and holy influence for good. We are in favor of such prayers. We like to hear them. They bring the angels nearer, and in that proportion humanity is benefited. They are great harmonizers and under some circumstances may induce vibrations that have a most excellent effect; but they never can cause Deity to change his purpose.

SOMETHING GOOD.

A Substantial Proposition

To Make the World a Little Better.

TO THE EDITOR:—Dear Sir: Inclosed please find renewal of my subscription. I also send the subscription of a friend, and I promise you several more subscribers in the near future. In fact I will be one of a thousand who will agree to secure ten new subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER within the next sixty days. Friends, let us do a little outside work in this direction, and see what grand results will follow our efforts. By this means, if by nothing else, we can make the world a little better by our existing upon it. Yours for the uplifting of the unsatisfied masses, that they may see and realize the truth.

W. P. CLIFFORD.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 15th, 1933.

The above is a most excellent suggestion. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is ever on the alert in the defense of mediums and in opposition to odious laws. It does not wait until a law is on the statute books before attacking it. The Bruck bill, the object of which was to suppress mediumship in Columbus, O., had passed both houses before we had been informed of its existence. We then raised the alarm; in fact THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER made a great deal of noise! It talked loudly and every word that was sent forth was so emphasized that all understood its significance. There should be a thousand Spiritualists who would agree to raise ten new subscribers each for the paper, thus running up our circulation into magnificent proportions. Let every Spiritualist who has the good of the cause at heart unite with Brother Clifford in this grand work of redeeming the world.

That Odious Section.

Clairvoyants and seers are mediums. There never was, there is not now, and never will be, a clairvoyant or a seer who is not a medium. They go hand in hand. To license a genuine clairvoyant or seer is to license a medium. No amount of cavorting by those who get badly left by not raising their voices to defeat the odious section in the Bruck bill, of Ohio, will convince the people that a clairvoyant or a seer is not a medium.

Any law which compels genuine clairvoyants and seers to pay a license of \$200 is a direct blow at mediumship, and any one is a nincompoop who can't see it in that light. Of course there are fraudulent clairvoyants and fraudulent seers; that is, they are not clairvoyants, and not seers, and hence not mediums; but the Bruck bill said nothing about fraudulent clairvoyants or fraudulent seers; it was designed to suppress genuine clairvoyants and genuine seers, who are, of course, genuine mediums.

Bricklayers Hall.

In the great rush of reports of anniversary exercises, and the work of preparing the same for publication, the report of the interesting exercises of the society presided over so successfully by Mr. G. L. S. Jenifer, at Bricklayers' Hall, in this city, was accidentally mislaid or overlooked. The exercises were of the same enthusiastic character as elsewhere in general, and bode well for the future of the meetings in Bricklayers' Hall.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph speaks in very high terms of the lectures and readings of Mrs. R. K. Adams. She is there under the auspices of Dr. Adams. She is doing a most excellent work.

Lyman C. Howe is now filling an engagement at Watertown, N. Y. He should be kept constantly at work in the spiritualistic field.

## PRAYER.

Analyzed in the Crucible of Reason.

In exact proportion as humanity advances in knowledge, they will intuitively feel an impulse to broaden their definition of that word designated as prayer. The fact that prayer does not always result in obtaining the object desired—probably in a great majority of cases results in total failure—has caused the inquisitive, inquiring mind to question its potency, and to endeavor to determine with absolute certainty when it can be depended upon to accomplish any desired object.

The mariner on the tempestuous ocean has no moral right to solicit God to so direct the wind that he will not be delayed on his voyage, for the granting of such a singular request might result disastrously to some other craft. Sunshine might be advantageous to the venturesome hunter, while a copious shower would prove beneficial to the untiring husbandman. Should they unite in prayer with reference to the object desired there would exist between them an unpleasant conflict, and a made-made God would be disgusted therewith.

The prayer of a devout minister of the gospel for God to bless his parishoners particularly, would be powerless to accomplish anything, for connected therewith was a certain degree of selfishness in the exclusiveness manifested; but should he pray wholly for self, the exclusiveness would still be greater and the likelihood of a favorable response from Deity still less.

Any prayer that does not embrace the whole world in its expression for special benefits, is to a certain degree selfish, and the probability of obtaining a favorable response thereto, in any manner, are very slim indeed. If, however, all things are governed by immutable laws, and through their instrumentality alone God manifests his influence and power, then from the very nature of things no personal request can be granted, for he governs in a general way.

The Deity is not a specialist; he manifests, no doubt, through the instrumentality of unerring law, a general supervision over humanity, but never steps aside to extend a particular blessing to Mr. Prayerful or Mr. Reverence. He cares no more for Mr. Pious and Mr. Faith, than he does for Richard Doe and James Roe. Mr. Methodist, Mr. Presbyterian, Mr. Mormon, Mr. Baptist, Mr. Episcopalian, Mr. Adventist and Mr. Unitarian are not a single particle more precious in his sight than Col. Ingersoll or Prof. B. F. Infidel. His sunshine is benignly extended to all humanity, to the miserable cannibal as well as the most devout Christian. His rain descends on all alike, and the seasons come and go for all humanity. The earth has never been so educated that it refuses to germinate the seeds planted by the low and vile, nor did we ever hear of water refusing to quench the thirst of the midnight assassin, or an apple tree withhold its luscious fruit because its owner was an infidel.

God is like Nature, dealing with his children in a general way, and never singling out a few for special blessings. If like nature in that respect, he never will respond to a special request. You might as well expect the sun to descend to the earth on a cold day in order to render you warmer for a special purpose, as to suppose God descends to the level of your prayer, or approaches nearer to you. The invalid may sincerely pray for health, but God will not respond thereto. A spirit interested in your welfare may have the power to restore the wasted energies, and do so, much to your satisfaction.

You may be afflicted with rheumatism; are not hundreds suffering severely in a like manner?

You may be tortured with a racking fever; others, too, are rendered miserable through the same dangerous malady.

You may be on the brink of the grave, brought there gradually by that insidious disease, consumption; thousands of others perish yearly in a like manner.

Under those circumstances to engage in solemn prayer for self would be a mockery of charity, benevolence and goodness of Deity, for you are no more precious in his sight than others suffering like you.

Who ever heard of a man praying that divine providence cause the stub of an amputated limb to germinate and produce another to supply the place of the one lost? Would it not be exceedingly foolish to reverentially bow the knees and solicit God to cause a new ear to spring forth in the place of the one that was clipped by frost? You may have a defect in the features, rendering you hideous in appearance—would prayer avail anything in making you good looking?

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was a most prayerful man; his sublime eloquence and pathos entranced his Brooklyn audience, and induced them to open their pocket books and pay him a magnificent salary; but he had the hay fever each year, and suffered excruciating tortures therefrom, and his prayers were powerless to relieve him. He tried all kinds of nostrums, compounded of vegetables and minerals, in order to circumvent the ravages of the dire malady, prayer availing nothing. Now, is it not a little curious that he should consider that there was any efficacy in prayer, when it had not potency sufficient to eradicate an annoying physical disability?

Why solicit God to remove a mountain when he never, so far as the knowledge of man extends, succeeded in demolishing a molehill when supplicated to do so? Why pray at all when divine providence neglects to interfere in your behalf and remove the causes that produce that distressing complaint known as hay fever? Did Beecher exhibit a masterly mind by giving expression to his gushing prayers, when not once so far as his knowledge extended, was ever answered directly by God?

Humanity generally desires to know more with reference to prayer. They know comparatively nothing in regard to its therapeutic effects; they have no knowledge whatever of the being whom they address in their supplications. Their ignorance of the true nature of God is appalling, and their prayers to him are generally the result of selfishness, and so no one considers them infallible under any circumstances. Rev. W. H. Beecher, brother of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, demonstrated his want of faith in prayer by giving a testimonial in favor of a patent medicine. He says: "It will certainly cure neuralgia, sciatica and inflammatory rheumatism," and in that respect this eminent divine considers that it is vastly superior to prayer.

From a casual examination it will readily be discerned that the world needs a more comprehensive knowledge in reference to the potency or efficacy of prayer; humanity needs more positive light on this all-engrossing subject. Yet there is a sublime beauty in the prayers of our trance mediums and speakers, for they are unselfish prayers, and from that standpoint must have a high and holy influence for good. We are in favor of such prayers. We like to hear them. They bring the angels nearer, and in that proportion humanity is benefited. They are great harmonizers and under some circumstances may induce vibrations that have a most excellent effect; but they never can cause Deity to change his purpose.

## ANOTHER ALARM!

OHIOANS! OHIOANS!

Another Move Against Spiritualism!

The Infamous Sterrett Bill.

A Medium Who Prescribes and Saves a Human Life to be Fined \$1,000.

The Healer Who Manipulates a Patient to be Sent to the Penitentiary for One Year.

If this Bill Passes Ohio Will be a Nest Egg of Infamy.

The Sterrett Bill a Companion to the Bruck Bill.

OHIOANS, AWAKEN!

Word again comes from Brother W. S. Clemens, of Columbus, Ohio, that the enemies of Spiritualism and free thought are again at work. Bill No. 1116, introduced by Mr. Sterrett, has passed the house, and is now in the hands of the senate for final action. The bill has for its "object" the "Regulation of the Practice of Medicine and Surgery," and is intended solely for the benefit of the M. D.s. One section inimical to Spiritualism contains the following:

"Any person shall be regarded as 'practicing medicine within the meaning of this act who shall TREAT, OPERATE on, or PRESCRIBE for 'the physical ailments of another.'"

If this section becomes a law, it will suppress every healing medium in the State. No spirit can prescribe through a medium, nor a healer lay hands upon the sick. Let every Spiritualist in Ohio sound the alarm! Send your best workers to Columbus, to explain the true character of the bill, and prevail upon the members of the senate to vote against it! Let every meeting, every circle, every household of Spiritualists in the State, pass resolutions against that section of the bill that interferes with mediumship. Don't delay! This is no 'tempest in a tea-pot,' Ohioans. Organize for opposition! Don't sleep over this measure! The danger is great. Each one should write to the member in the senate from his own district, giving cogent reasons why he should oppose the bill.

The above section of the Sterrett bill is in every respect inimical to Spiritualism, and every medium who prescribes for the sick or gives magnetic treatment, is liable to be fined \$1,000, and sent to prison for one year.

Yes, I am an Ohioan, and I am in favor of all laws that impose a license upon clairvoyants and seers, for they are simply mediums. I am glad, too, that a bill has been introduced into our Legislature, which, if passed, will send a medium to prison who treat the sick. The outlook is glorious! It was too bad that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER had that good section against clairvoyants and seers in the Bruck bill expunged. It is really a hellish paper, and don't give us a single day of rest. But the Spiritualist paper in Cincinnati has done nobly by favoring a large license fee for clairvoyants and seers, and even wanting it raised higher than it now is. That is one point gained against mediumship, as it is an incentive for other States to enact a like law. Indeed, Illinois and New York have already followed suit. We are glad of the great aid rendered us in our efforts to destroy mediumship, by such laws as the one introduced by Mr. Bruck, and we again thank the Spiritualist paper of Cincinnati for acting in harmony in this one respect with the Jesuits. Every Catholic in the United States favors the imposing of a large license fee on all seers and clairvoyants.

The Home Circle Fraternity

EVOLUTION A NEW RELIGION

AN ANGEL ON EARTH.

The Sower and Reaper.

The Foreign Condition of the Non-Producer.

The sun shines on all alike—the good, bad and indifferent. The midsummer showers fall upon the garden of the righteous with the same refreshing warmth as upon the fields of the wicked. The earth responds with a golden harvest as quickly to the hands of the profane as to the wishes of one who never sinned. Nature is no respecter of persons; she is impartial in all of her methods. But this is not so with human beings generally. They are often selfish, exacting, domineering, and seek only self-aggrandizement. Occasionally, however, there arises a human being overflowing with angelic qualities, and whose whole life is expressive of divine unfoldment. She lives for others. Like the sun, she shines for all, but at the same time, so directs her God-like qualities that they conserve the deserving poor, and greatly aid them on the journey of life. The sunshine performs a specific purpose impartially. It enters the vine-clad cottage of the peasant with the same benediction and blessing that it does the palatial residence of the millionaire.

Mrs. T., an earthly angel, seemed to live, in many respects, for a specific purpose, and not a general one. The weak, the poverty-stricken, those laboring under some great bereavement, those whose hearts were lacerated by some calamity or misfortune, found in her a friend indeed. She was the center of a divine influence that extended to the highest heaven. Her features beamed with a benevolence as sweet and beautiful as that which nestled on the benign features of the Nazarene when he said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The flower in the garden is expressive of beautiful intentions on the part of Nature—so was the radiance that beamed from Mrs. T.'s eyes the result of divinity within her soul. Her only thought was: "What good can I do to-day, and so on through my whole life?" Tears are expressions of sorrow, of regret, of deep bereavement. Your acts are the outgrowth of the soil within your own nature. If the soil there is divine the acts will be divine and your nature God-like. Perhaps the soil there has not been properly cultivated, and produced nothing but a crop of thorns, to disturb the peace and quiet of others. Mrs. T.'s life possessed the radiance of heaven, and scintillated with all the grand qualities that make one an angel. Her very presence was a benediction and a blessing. Her life was perennial sunshine to the poor.

We are all sowers. That garrulous old woman sows the seeds of discord, but broken glass, as it were, to cut and lacerate the feet of others. The bank defaulter sows the seed that ruins homes and breaks hearts. What do you sow, my friend? Take an inventory at once, of the seeds you have sent forth. See the seeds of ruin sown by the saloons, the dens of vice, the cesspools of iniquity. You, each of you, if not a non-producer, are constantly sowing seeds, and of necessity, you must reap—it can not be avoided. The very acts of life are fruitful. Every cogent thought is a fruit-bearing tree; every aspiration a vine, laden with fruitage, and every act becomes a field of golden grain, or one bearing the weeds of desolation. If you cultivate the weeds of desolation, with them your spirit will reside when it passes over to the other side. If you sow the seeds of benevolence, WHAT WILL YOUR HARVEST BE? Mrs. T. sowed seeds of benevolence, and she will reap in full the flowers that spring from thankful hearts.

If you are a SOWER, you must be a REAPER. If you sow not, then you cannot reap. A human being may be almost a nonentity. He sows nothing good, nor does he sow anything really bad. He is a non-producer in this great world of ours. He doesn't give humanity a single generous impulse. He never felt the presence of a single high and holy aspiration from his soul, and never placed in his favor one generous act. He is recorded in the Book of Life as a non-producer! Are you a non-producer? Perhaps not, yet there are millions in the United States. The non-producer stands midway between the good and the bad; on the dividing line he is poised. He does not serve the Devil; he does not aid the good, the holy, the true! He does not hide his light, for he has none. He is left alone to his own reflections. The angels, as yet, cannot use him, and he will not succeed or aid the bad. To be a non-producer is to be a great evil. A throbbing world of light, of beauty, of transcendent sweetness and love, is worse than a sun that hides its beneficent rays. If you have nothing to give, then think charitably! Play in imagination the role of a heaven-born philanthropist. Build therein beautiful homes and asylums for the poorest of God's creatures. Look around you, and find one who dislikes you, who sends at you shafts of hate, of jealousy, of envy, of pride! Return to him aspirations radiant with sympathy, love, tenderness, charity and good-will. When you do that, you cease to be a non-producer, and become an agent of God for the redemption of the world! It is no merit to think kindly of those who love you; but the radiance of heaven shines in your soul when you minister kind thoughts and generous impulses to those who would snarl at you or bite you.

The non-producer in Spirit-life is near the earth. Not really bad, in due time he advances to a higher plane, having taken the first lessons as to the duty of life. Do not, if you are a mortal, be a

The Home Circle Fraternity

EVOLUTION A NEW RELIGION

AN ANGEL ON EARTH.

The Sower and Reaper.

The Foreign Condition of the Non-Producer.

The sun shines on all alike—the good, bad and indifferent. The midsummer showers fall upon the garden of the righteous with the same refreshing warmth as upon the fields of the wicked. The earth responds with a golden harvest as quickly to the hands of the profane as to the wishes of one who never sinned. Nature is no respecter of persons; she is impartial in all of her methods. But this is not so with human beings generally. They are often selfish, exacting, domineering, and seek only self-aggrandizement. Occasionally, however, there arises a human being overflowing with angelic qualities, and whose whole life is expressive of divine unfoldment. She lives for others. Like the sun, she shines for all, but at the same time, so directs her God-like qualities that they conserve the deserving poor, and greatly aid them on the journey of life. The sunshine performs a specific purpose impartially. It enters the vine-clad cottage of the peasant with the same benediction and blessing that it does the palatial residence of the millionaire.

Mrs. T., an earthly angel, seemed to live, in many respects, for a specific purpose, and not a general one. The weak, the poverty-stricken, those laboring under some great bereavement, those whose hearts were lacerated by some calamity or misfortune, found in her a friend indeed. She was the center of a divine influence that extended to the highest heaven. Her features beamed with a benevolence as sweet and beautiful as that which nestled on the benign features of the Nazarene when he said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The flower in the garden is expressive of beautiful intentions on the part of Nature—so was the radiance that beamed











## REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

## Reflections in Reference to His Life.

One of the old faces that I like to call to my mind is the Rev. John Pierpont. He was an old Spiritualist in the early days of the light, and keeps himself known to the later comers of Spiritualism by being the manager on the spirit side at the *Banner of Light* circles, of which Mrs. Longley is the medium. I knew Mr. Pierpont when in mortal life very well, and late in life quite intimately. He wrote me a very consoling and intelligent letter through Mrs. Longley when my son had been dead about a month; which correspondence happened about a month before I went into an eclipse with the venerable editor of that paper, for preferring "truth to friendship." It is now about seven years since I have heard from my old and revered friend, and it is possible that my eclipse was total—an eclipse of the whole establishment, visible and invisible; but be that as it may, being a veteran Spiritualist I am sure all will be glad to read my memory of that distinguished Unitarian minister, and that is my apology for writing about him.

He was the minister of the Hollis street church, and not only an able minister, but distinguished also as a reformer, a poet and a litterateur. There lies on my table the *"American First Class Book,"* which I used to read in the old brick school in Roxbury sixty years ago, and I like to read it to-day, for its good selections and because it is a reminder of the long ago. Pierpont was the compiler of this book, which was for many years a popular school-book. I used to read it as a boy long before I knew Mr. Pierpont personally. When I first remember him personally I was a lad in his relative's store, and used often to see him and the members of his family, and I venerated him first for his connection with that school-book, but more for his physical and his mental back-bone; for at this time he had become conspicuous for his courage—quite rare in ministers, then and now.

He had a rich following in his congregation, men who had made money dealing in rum and spirituous liquors—"liquid fire" as it was sometimes called—and the cellar of his church was stored full of barrels and hogheads of it belonging to these same wealthy merchants. These rich men were liberal and were financially a great aid to the church. Mr. Pierpont was a temperance reformer, but who dared to accuse such wealthy and liberal parishioners of the great sin of such a nefarious traffic? Mr. Pierpont was the minister that did it, and the more they glared at him the more he did it; it split his church in twain, making enemies of these wealthy pewholders; they tried to oust him, stopped his salary, but he stuck and had years of litigation; he won in the end, got all that was due him in a large lump of several thousand dollars. I had an aged relative who never liked ministers, or priests, but enjoyed this legal fight and used to say they spoiled a good lawyer when they made him a minister. I had other relatives who attended his church and stuck by him and were glad when he won his case and got his money. The public generally and most of the clergy held Mr. Pierpont in great esteem; they knew he was right and consistent, and people always like consistency and courage. The only wonder was all round how he dared to preach the truth to such wealthy sinners, it was so unusual at the time; and he was the most popular minister in the city.

He lived at this time in a three-story brick house on the north side of Essex street, a few doors east of Washington street. The end of the house was on the street and it was entered by a yard and semi-garden on which the house fronted. I have seen his stately figure (for he was a tall man) with his black gown, which ministers used to wear in their pulpits in those days, with his wife by his side (who was also a tall woman), and five or six children behind them, their ages about from 5 to 14, walking on the east, a shady side of Washington street, on their way to their church on a Sunday morning; how fresh in my mind is that family picture, which I saw more than once, and see it now in my mind's eye. I was only a boy then, but from my business connection with his relative I knew him and his family well.

Soon after the success of his suit, he dropped out of my memory, was located elsewhere, at Troy and at Medford—I think first at Troy, where he was settled many years. He was then to me only a memory; I saw or heard nothing of him for twenty years. When I became interested in Spiritualism in 1857, among the eminent men who had eaten of the "insane root," as the Harvard professors used to call it, were Dr. Hallock, Judge Edmonds, Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, and it was very gratifying to learn that the Rev. John Pierpont was also a believer in this modern light, and it strengthened my faith amazingly, for I remembered his great ability. It is very encouraging to new beginners to find themselves in company with bright men, and those I have named were certainly bright as the brightest, and it seemed more of a truth to me because Mr. Pierpont had espoused it, and it led to a renewal of the old intimacy. Twenty odd years had made an old man of him: his venerable head of shaggy gray hair was different from his personal appearance as I had known him in the long ago, but I found him an able advocate, an experienced investigator and full of facts.

I was present at a convention in Providence where he was the president of the association, and he gave an able address. I think it was one of the ablest I ever heard. It was extemporaneous—may have been well thought up, probably was. I kept a printed copy of it for years, that I often referred to for its merit, and this was when he was 80 years old. There was no mental decay in that intellectual effort. It was considered by all as a wonderful production; it would seem to have been the effort of a man of 50 rather than a man of 80.

Allow me to say here, I think a belief in Spiritualism tends to keep people mentally young. Some of the finest minds among my

correspondents are octogenarians, but they all write and act as if on the sunny side of 70; so when one asks what practical good has Spiritualism done, I always have the answer: "Keeps people young." Well, I remember Pierpont from that address better than from anything else, not forgetting him as he was in his earlier days, but so different that they seem like calling up to mind two different persons.

Soon after this Mr. Pierpont, full of years, became a departed spirit, if one can be called "departed" who puts in his spirit presence every week at the *Banner* circle-room. The Rev. Edward C. Towne, the Unitarian minister of Medford, pastor of the church over which Mr. Pierpont was once settled, came to me and said that they were going to have the funeral services of Mr. Pierpont at his church in Medford and they would be under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Gannett. Said he: "You know Mr. P. was a Spiritualist, but I think that subject is to be ignored. I have nothing to do with the affair, and my only part, I learn, is to pronounce the benediction."

"Why," said I, "that will be a shame—so eminent and outspoken a Spiritualist."

Mr. Towne then said: "Won't you get all the Spiritualists you know to attend and come yourself, and we will try and make a good showing anyway." I said I would; and I did, and the Spiritualists present on the occasion were very numerous. It looked to me almost like a Spiritualist meeting.

There lay the body of the venerable Spiritualist in a coffin decorated with flowers, and some of the bright lights of Unitarianism occupied the pulpit; prominent among them was the Rev. Mr. Gannett, who spoke of him as one of the early Unitarian ministers in this city, spoke of his prominence as a reformer, referred to him as a great poet and a scholar as he was twenty-five years before; wholly ignoring his last decade or two, when he was more prominent as a Spiritualist than anything else. Those who followed Mr. Gannett spoke of him as a reformer and a poet; some spoke of his courage in preaching to his rich sinners, not forgetting him as a machinist, a practical mechanic in his own house; but not one mentioned his belief in and advocacy of modern Spiritualism! It seemed to be a studied effort to ignore his Spiritualism as if that was a smooch. The pastor of the church, Mr. Towne, was a Spiritualist, and knew that Mr. Pierpont was, but he was not asked to speak on the occasion. I think he felt slighted and his only part was to pronounce the benediction. I am sure he felt that justice was not done. I almost thought the dead body of the Reverend would have manifested the slight by turning in his coffin to rebuke his skeptical brethren, for forgetting his record of the last twenty years, and taking the popularity of his youth to glorify themselves as Unitarian ministers.

It is with pleasure I relate a circumstance that happened nineteen years after the afore-said funeral. It was on Sunday, April 5th, 1885, at the new Hollis street church, on the Back bay, which is near the new Spiritual temple. There were services in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of John Pierpont. On the platform on this occasion was the pastor, Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter, Drs. Miner, Bartol and Lathrop, Rev. R. C. Waterson and S. May. In the aisle in front of the platform was the bust of Mr. Pierpont as he looked when in his prime. I was glad to see on this occasion some respectful notice taken of his affiliation with Spiritualism; it seemed to show the change the once tabooed subject had undergone in this vicinity in twenty years. Mr. Bartol was the first to offer an address; he has always been very friendly to Spiritualism. He said their deceased friend was one of the most impressive figures that ever walked Boston streets, alluding to his gifts of thought and genius, to his intelligence that had a wide scope, and saying he paid a tender and respectful attention to the examination of every new theory in philosophy, and gave especial attention to Spiritualism in the last years of his life. The Rev. Mr. May spoke of Mr. Pierpont's ministry, said he was a Christian knight without fear and without reproach, and that he believed in the communications between living beings and departed spirits; that he was not intellectually weak on that account; that he was keenly logical and was not a man to be easily humbugged. It was a pity such words were not said at his funeral, but better nineteen years later than never.

It did seem to me, as my eye fell on the marble face of that bust of which I have spoken, as though, just then, as the sunlight through the "amber pane" marked it with something like intelligence, it seemed at times like flashing its thought in approval of some of the words that were said of his connection with modern Spiritualism. An artist, looking on a bust on which the light was similarly shining, wrote these lines, which seem to fit this case:

"Was it a trick of the senses, just then,  
At this recognition by these reverend men,  
That a brighter light seemed to shine on his bust,  
Manifesting an approval for being just?"

JOHN WETHERBEE.

## ZULIEKA.

Always bear in mind that to do good and be good is the chief end of existence. You can do nothing that will reflect more credit on you than by giving *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* a large circulation. ZULIEKA, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will prove the great attraction. Aid us in spreading it broadcast over the land. The paper is sent three months for 25 cents. The first 12 chapters of "Zulieka" sent free to all new subscribers.

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.

## A WARNING.

To All Christians, and More Particularly to Catholics.

"At the beginning of the thirteenth century a crusade was formed for the extirpation of heresy in Southern Europe, and Innocent III. enjoined upon all princes to expel heretics from their dominions in 1209. The immediate pretence of the crusade was the murder of the papal legate and inquisitor, Peter of Castelman, who had been commissioned to extirpate heresy in the dominions of Count Raymond VI. of Toulouse; but its real object was to deprive the Count of his lands, as he had become an object of hatred from his toleration of heretics. It was in vain that he had submitted to the most humiliating penance and flagellation from the hands of the legate Milo, and had purchased the papal absolution by great sacrifices. The legates Arnold, Abbot of Cîteaux, and Milo, who directed the expedition, took by storm Beziers, the capital of Raymond's nephew, Roger, and massacred 20,000—some say 40,000—of the inhabitants, Catholics as well as heretics. 'Kill them all,' said Arnold, 'God will know his own!'"—McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopedia of Ecclesiastical Literature."

And now comes this same Abbot Arnold as a spirit, and says: "Long and weary has been my journey since leaving the mortal form. The curse of my Spirit-life has been remorse for being a fanatic and a bigot. May this fair earth never be cursed again by such beings in human form as myself. Catholic Christianity has damned me deeper than the hell of the Grecian Pluto. Torments of conscience have been to me what no tongue could express. My deeper curses alight upon those who made me what I was in mortal form, and my everlasting hate abide with those in mortal form who continue to teach the damnable doctrines that I taught. You probably wonder who this is that speaks to you. I was one of the hell-fire bigots who murdered the poor, innocent Albigenses, and who, with an army of vindictive devils like myself, spared neither age nor sex at Beziers, in the thirteenth century; and I come back here to-night to speak to all churchmen—first, to tell them that their doctrines are erroneous, and their Savior a lie; and secondly, if they do not wish to suffer for hundreds of years in a hell of conscience, taunted by their victims, let them repent at once. To the good, the pure, the Spirit-life is beautiful, but to those who are immoral—and bigotry is always immoral, no matter in what form it is shown—it is horrible. If they would escape what I have tried to picture in language here to-night, let them throw aside their foolishness and wickedness, and accept reason instead of a myth for a Savior. Whilst this confession is only apparently listened to by those you see here present, there are thousands of listeners who would damn me if they could; but there is a bright host on the other hand that I go to join. My name was Arnold Abbot, of Cîteaux."—"Antiquity Unveiled," pages 527-528.

Here is a warning; who will heed it? The facts in the case are these: While the religious element in primitive man was yet imperfectly developed, he made many mistakes in his religion, and the more cunning class of men made a business of it, and taking advantage of the unthinking masses they led them by priestcraft into many absurd and unreasonable ideas and ceremonies. These were perpetuated and sustained by all the power that sacerdotalism could bring to bear upon them until they culminated in that superstition of which Catholicism is the head and front, and orthodox Protestantism is but a modification, and which has filled the world with spiritual darkness, cruelty, bloodshed and death, and sent untold millions to the other world unprepared.

But the end came, and we have entered on a new era. The actors in the old drama of superstition are now being forced back by the higher powers to confess the part they acted in the terrible tragedies of the Dark Ages; and these communications (of which Abbot Arnold's is a fair sample) are a part of the means by which the light of truth is being used to dispel the darkness of error.

Again we ask: Who will heed the warning?

R. NEELY.

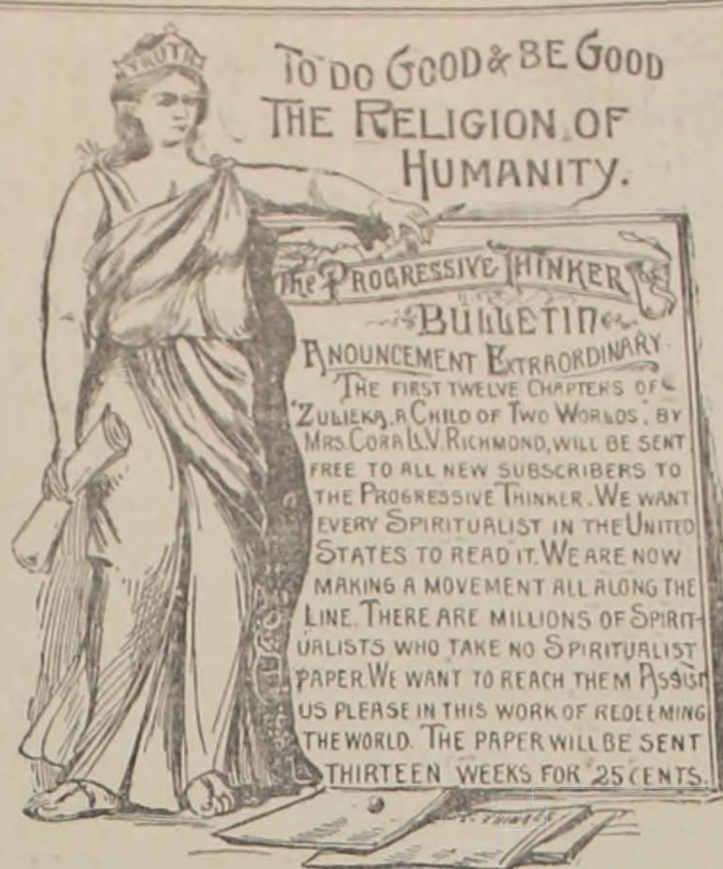
## Spot Them—Publish Names.

In self-defense Spiritualists should hang together, or they may hang apart. The stupid obstinacy in resisting all efforts towards a comprehensive organization, which has kept the outward aspects of Spiritualism chaotic and, therefore, weak, brings us face to face with dangers which we are poorly prepared to meet. *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* has its field, and exerts its influence; but unsupported by any organized body of organized believers, its work is against tremendous odds when the combined efforts of well disciplined and systematized propagandists are turned to account in legislative bodies. A body of organized fossils holds the brains and spiritual life of the people as in a vice.

Only in the immense superiority of intellectual and moral character do we approach equality of chances in any legal conflicts. But if we will—if Spiritualists will act together—we can compel legislative respect, and make it decidedly uncomfortable for all those politicians who abuse their office by legislative tinkering with religion.

Cannot *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* and other freethought publications publish the names of all who vote for these obnoxious laws? Cannot the people be posted so as to know the men who have betrayed them?

Give us the names of all who supported the Ohio bill against clairvoyants, seers, Spirituists, etc., and keep them before the people, and urge all Spiritualists and all who love liberty and justice to spot them, and watch them, and whenever and wherever they appear in any and every political canvass, annihilate them, irrespective of all other issues. Religious liberty is the all-important question now. Every man that shows any taint of the pro-



TAKE NOTICE:—The first eighteen chapters of this remarkable story are combined in three papers. The first twelve chapters are sent free to all new subscribers. This opportunity will continue but a short time longer, as the story has only four more chapters.

scriptive and persecutive spirit should be marked and ruled out by the just judgment of a free people.

To attempt to satisfy an indignant and outraged people, whose inherent rights have been attacked by assuring them that the law will never be enforced, or is unconstitutional, is to add insult to injury. If it is not to be enforced, what is it for? Why should the people be taxed to pay a body of boobies to create laws which they know are unconstitutional? It may cost heavy sums of money and great personal sacrifice to test the constitutionality of any law, however palpably absurd and monstrous it may be. The Tennessee statutes, under which those inoffensive and devoutly religious Adventists were fined and imprisoned for quietly working on their farms the first day of the week, after having faithfully and religiously kept the only Sabbath ordained in the Bible, were clearly unconstitutional; and the district attorney and all the prosecutors know it. But that does not save the innocent Christians from imprisonment by Christian persecutors.

Every man that participates in the creation of unconstitutional statutes should be fined not less than \$500, nor more than \$5,000, and imprisoned until the law is repealed. This would put an end to the infamous legislation that so often disgraces the State, and taints the very name of republican institutions. If the framers of a bill to fine seers is so stupidly ignorant of the demonstrations of mediumship that he does not know any reality in clairvoyance, classing all as pretense and fraud, he should be retired from public life, and sent to school where little girls can learn him the alphabet of common sense and the outlines of history.

Give us the names and let every Spiritualist have a list to hang on the walls of every frequented room and study them for election days.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

## The Sunset Land.

I gazed at the sun's bright path in the West,  
Till the earth seemed flooded with glory,  
And I thought of the dear ones happy and blest,  
Held sacred in memory and story.  
And I longed to climb the star-steeps of night,  
To that beautiful city of gold,  
Where the morning returns with infinite light,  
Fairer than seers have told.

I thought of my mother's dear, sainted eyes,  
That beamed with such tenderness here;  
And I musingly asked if still from the skies,  
They reached earth's shadowy sphere,  
And came on missions of mercy and love  
To guide and counsel again,  
And to mirror in dreams that city above  
Where our hearts' best treasures are laid?

Dear mother! Once more earth tenderly weaves  
A world of wondrous scenes;  
In their flowery fragrance my spirit still grieves  
And oft for thy sympathy leans.  
Though the gales are laden with messages sweet,  
From the lips of many a flower,  
In the innermost shrine of my heart there's a seat  
That waits for thy presence this hour.

I know that the morn will spangle the earth  
With pearls in the twinkling dew,  
And break into songs and rapturous mirth,  
With many a radiant hue;  
Yet in the low West where the firelight burns,  
The hush of a vision is seen;  
Through the vista of years my spirit oft turns  
To my childhood sunny and green.

—Bishop A. Beals.

## The Work in Chicago.

With the closing Sunday of last month Mr. W. J. Colville completed his engagement with our society, and we cordially render a tribute of gratitude for the valuable services rendered us during the absence of our regular speaker. We can only revere and love him for his disinterested, unselfish devotion to the work, and we predict for the Spiritualists, Christian Scientists and Theosophists of Grand Rapids, where he is now speaking, a rare intellectual treat. During the past week we have been rejoicing over the return of our own beloved Pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, as is ever the case. She was welcomed home with open arms by those to whom she has ministered these many years. On Sunday, April 2nd, it was our joy to listen once more to one of her inimitable discourses on "Resurrexi," and in the evening to a "Spiritual Synopsis," in

## GLEANINGS FROM THE ROSTRUM.

BY A. B. FRENCH.

This work is one that every one should read. It is a collection of the best papers ever written, and is a work of great value to the Spiritualist. It is a collection of the best papers ever written, and is a work of great value to the Spiritualist. It is a collection of the best papers ever written, and is a work of great value to the Spiritualist.

## CONTENTS:

Dedication.  
Sketch of the Life of A. B. French.  
William Denton.  
Legends of the Buddha.  
Mohammed, or the Faith and Wars of Islam.  
Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon.  
Conflicts of Life.  
The Power and Permanency of Ideas.  
The Unknown.  
Probability of a Future Life.  
Anniversary Address.  
The Egotism of Our Age.  
What is Truth?  
Decoration Address.

Price \$1, postpaid.

INGERSOLL'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE New York Unitarian Club. The first time the history of the world is told as a Christian Association ever invited a speaker to lecture before them. The lecture is a grand one, and was received by the club with continuous applause from beginning to end. The pamphlet costs 10 cents. Beautifully printed. Price, 6 cents; ten copies, 50 cents.

MEMORIAL ORATION BY COL. INGERSOLL ON BOSE CONVENTION. Delivered before the New York Legislature, May 9, 1886. Price, 6 cents.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION. By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Col. Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with list of contents. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.

WHAT WOULD FOLLOW THE Extinction of Christianity? By George Jacob Haycock. This most rational contribution to freethought literature. Bound in paper with list of contents. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.

INGERSOLL'S GREAT ADDRESS ON Thomas Paine, at the late Paine celebration in New York City. Price, 6 cents; ten copies for 50 cents.

STANDING UP FOR JESUS; OR what the Editor of the *Freethinker's Magazine* thinks of him. Price, 4 cents; twenty-five copies for 50 cents.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS NOT Adapted to Modern Civilization, with the True Character of Man Magdalene. By Geo. W. Brown, M. D. Price, 15 cents.

## THE QUESTION SETTLED

A CAREFUL COMPARISON

—OF—  
Biblical and Modern Spiritualism.

By MOSES HULL.

Author of "The Contrast," "Which," "Letters to Elder Miles Grant," "Both Sides," "The Spiritual Question," "What is the Use of the Bible?" etc., etc.

This book is what its title indicates—"THE QUESTION SETTLED." A careful comparison of Biblical and Modern Spirit. We give below only a partial list of the contents of each chapter:

CHAPTER I.—The Adaptation of Spiritualism to the Wants of Humanity.—No argument as good as that of Adaptation. Religion must adapt itself to the needs of the human mind. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER II.—The Moral Tendency of Spiritualism.—A Natural Query. Jesus regarded as a Blasphemer and a Deceiver. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER III.—Bible Doctrine of Angel Ministry.—A Common Doctrine. Angels are Spirits. Terms "Man" and "Angel." Angel Men visit Abraham, Lot, Joshua. The Host of the Lord. An Angel appears to Gideon. The Angel who wrote the Bible. The Angel who wrote the Bible. The Angel who wrote the Bible.

CHAPTER IV.—The Three Pillars of Spiritualism.—Spiritual Platform. Three propositions. Man has a Spiritual Nature. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER V.—The Birth of the Spirit.—All Subjects Important. "Ye must be born again." Nicodemus's Question. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER VI.—Are We Indolent?—Baptism of the Spirit. The "Mad-Dog" Cry. Charge Ignored. Proceed from Indolence. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER VII.—Are We Deceived?—A Common Cry. Contradictory Positions. Order of Batteries. They are not all the same. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER VIII.—Objections Answered.—Objections against the Bible. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

CHAPTER IX.—The Bible is a Collection of Old-Fashioned, Outworn, and Obsolete Ideas. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

Price, \$1.00. Sent Post-paid.

## RELIGION OF MAN

AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"The past has been the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Faith; the present is the Age of Man and the Religion of Reason. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

PART FIRST.—Religion and Science. Introduction. Religion. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

PART SECOND.—The Ethics of Science. The Individual. General. The Bible is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas. It is a collection of old-fashioned, outworn, and obsolete ideas.

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







