





# ZULIEKA

## A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

### Through the Mediumship of

#### MRS. GORRA L. V. RICHMOND.

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### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED

ZELDA.

"But I, sacred ministrant, cannot enlighten thee, so lately have I cast aside my earthly garment, so new is this raiment of spirit, to be wholly worn, so feeble are my powers, so little understood; even now I was about to speak to one beloved as if speech of spirit could reach the human sense."

JAAYANNAH.

"Aye, but does it not reach the human heart, and there become transformed unto thought and thence to words and actions?"

ZELDA.

"Ah yes, I understand; but 'tis the newness of this change and state. I have experienced it oftentimes before, but ever returned and held in speech and in bodily presence the sacred trust and message thus conveyed. Now I must learn to trust the Eternal Silence, and make known my knowledge and my wish unto his spirit."

MARGARET.

"Beloved child, my beautiful treasure, thou art not more near me now than when, with the veil of mortal life between us, I have watched thee and lived in thy love-lighted ways. My way, too, hath sometimes been divided from thine by somewhat that my spirit had to experience and perform. Now—now, united in our quest, thou, so richly endowed of spirit, seemest almost to lead the way, thou the mother, I the child."

AMITA.

"And I, whom thou hast seen with soul-illuminated vision when accompanying my child, thy pure spirit and thy perfect love have made for him an eternal crown. How often have I revealed myself to thee, and in the permitted guidance have been able to reach thy consciousness first! How often when a barrier of human care and duty held his mind in thrall I have found thy spirit free, and have to thee revealed the message!"

ZELDA.

"Both mothers—one endeared by nature's tie, and one by tie of added love. I seem to have experienced all this before as in a dream, and now awake and aware, I see, and hear, and know it all again, and this time know 'tis real."

JAAYANNAH.

"'Tis ever thus; the spirit goes before and marks the way; perceives and understands; knows and forebears the possessions. The tardy mind and human sense can but dimly follow, yet when they are cast aside we know the foregleams, recognize their truth, and stand before the eternal verities."

ZELDA, DRAWING NEAR TO ARMAND.

"My beloved! my beloved! Here within thy soul am I enthroned; here am I enshrined; no outward sign or speech shall be mine from me to thee; no distance and no state can intervene; let others lift the veil, let others seek the sign, let others bend their spirits to the senses to accept an outward token, I am myself; within thy life I love and think and act; in thy soul I have being, and my earthly work is shrined in thee."

Jaayannah, Margaret and Amita perceived the one glory that enshined Zelda and Armand, a sphere of light they could not penetrate. Ah, they did not know, but they intly divined, and bent before the splendor that concealed and yet revealed that the two spirits—one on earth in love and labor—were, in heaven, one angel.

THE ANGEL WATCHERS—ZERAH.

"It is finished, the grand consummation is complete. The earth-bond severed, the soul-bond now declared. The saddened hearts along the shadow-land mark only where the form has fallen asleep amid the fading lilies, beautiful and perishable as they. My strong one, how the shadows deepen; bear me away."

OMAR.

"Nay, I will first armor his heart in strength—first the strength of mighty love. See how he has grown strong; since he perceived her presence in his soul; and out of love cometh mighty faith—faith in the life and power divine. Aye, he will walk by that light from henceforth."

ZERAH.

"See how the fair child rests on his heart like a heavenly flower, and she, too, now perceives this mighty love. Now her life is touched with its future import. Zulieka, Child of Love and Light."

OMAR.

"Now we will pass unto the state from whence this shadow summoned us; yet, ever—ever must the three be bathed and folded in our light, sustained by our strength."

ZERAH.

"Now—how the heavenly state returns; the border-land of earth, called spirit state, no longer shadows us. The rapture of one angel found on earth thrills all along the hosts of heavenly ones."

"The spirits in the twilight did not understand the great joy that was born when consciousness of angel-love and soul-reunion was known to Zelda and Armand, but the thrill passed like an anthem through and through the angelic throng."

OMAR.

"Aye, and cleaves the white light of the realm celestial until the angels know that heavenly love is born anew unto the earthly sphere. Ah, now do we regain our state—ready for other missions."

Whether it was the splendor of the earthly day that shone like a golden lily on the eastern sky, bursting into full bloom as the sun-god arose, or whether 'twas the light of the withdrawing glory of Zerah and the strength of Omar, no human tongue or pen can tell, but those who saw the splendor say that when the morning-star grew dim within the rose-tinted and golden glory of the dawn, up through the radiance shone and gleamed, brighter than any star, more radiant than the sun's rays, a wondrous, golden sphere, that opened like a lotus flower, or sacred golden lily of the East, and spread its petals over all the sky; and that a song like the voice of an angel burst o'er the sea, and sank in light amid the waves; that all this followed the white silence that had reigned.

And those who saw wondered if the Lotus-gates had opened to receive with Infinite, blessed light, with Devas and heavenly messengers to bear her company—Lady Zelda's soul.

SONG-CHOICES.

Zelda did love the palms. Long years after she had gone from her heaven on earth to her heaven in heaven, Zulieka found

the following poem in her mother's portfolio, written on her long, long voyage to England, when Armand had sailed East and she had sailed West, after parting at the water's edge:

O, YE PALMS.

O, ye palms!  
Ye glisten and gleam and shine  
Like the sword by the archangel held  
O'er the gateway of Eden divine,  
From whence the earth-twins were expelled;  
Sword-palms o'er the fair Eden isle,  
From whence, form-divided, we pass,  
(Nay, not in their sinful exile),  
Love-united from first unto last.

O, ye palms!  
How ye bend and sway in the breeze;  
How ye toss like vast armies of plumes  
Of a conquering host near the seas,  
Guarding well the blissful isle of perfumes;  
O, stately and strong sentinels!  
Golden palms, wave, evermore wave—  
Weave around him your magical spells,  
Strong—strong be your power to save.

O, ye palms!  
Whisper to him when night breezes blow,  
Of the love that I bear him for aye—  
Love that only his spirit can know,  
Which no distance nor time can decay;  
Sing—sing to his heart of my love,  
Fill the waves of the air and the sea,  
'Till the wings of my mead, my dove,  
Bring the answer—his answer—to me.

O, ye palms!  
Ancient secrets are folded in ye:  
Born and nurtured by devas who held  
Sacred powers, bound forever, yet free  
In your growth, in your fruitage untold;  
Date-palm and pine-palms growing fair,  
Held as blessings from Vishnu to man,  
And one whose white, milk-nectar rare  
Rivals knowledge of God's perfect plan;

For whoever the mystery craves  
Of the birth of the gods here below,  
Must drink of the milk-wine that saves,  
He only the secret can know.

O, ye palms!  
One vast border of emerald light,  
Girding India's bright, golden shore;  
Wave your arms to my love, in your sight  
Let him see me and fold me once more;  
May he conquest and peace-glories bring;  
May your banners, from east unto west,  
O'er his pathway of victory fling  
One glory, my love's truest behest.

O, ye palms!  
I ne'er weary of singing your praise;  
I shall see ye and hear ye no more!  
In the far land of dim-lighted days,  
On the mist-girdled Albion's shore:  
I shall sing to thee then o'er the sea;  
I shall hear you as e'en now I hear;  
I shall see you as ye bend and bow  
To the seas and the bright atmosphere.

O, ye palms!  
When ye strew all the ways of his feet,  
When ye arch all his gateways with joy,  
When ye shelter his form from the heat,  
When ye crown him with triumph of peace,  
When ye bend, whispering low to the west,  
As he sails from you o'er the sea,  
Then, my palms, ye are fairest and best—  
When my love sails from you unto me;

(Blessed palms!)  
Sails away with your song in his ears;  
Sails away with my love in his soul;  
Sails away with your grace in his heart;  
Sails to me, to his only heart-goal!  
O, with him to return some blessed day,  
Walking near ye as oft we have trod,  
Or abide in your presence always,  
'Mid the palms in the Gardens of God—  
Blessed palms!

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

#### Step by Step.

STEPS FORWARD.

It was very slow this work of attaining freedom. Mr. Broadbent was not discouraged but depressed, somewhat disheartened.

"Half victory is but defeat, good wife; an' when the Earl of Montrose comes he'll think we lag in our work," said he to his wife.

"But the Earl of Montrose knows each thing must come in steps, an' none can leap to the top of the 'ill at a bound.' 'Here's Mr. Spix, the very mon I wished to see,' said Mr. Broadbent.

After greetings and mutual courtesies—invitation to a cup o' tea, that was gladly accepted—after a little talk that sounded like discouragement, Mr. Spix said:

"Courage, my friend, courage! We have now three of the ablest men in England to advocate our cause in Parliament. We will have a change of government soon, a change on one of the very measures we are pressing; and the new government will have in the cabinet some of our noblest champions. Besides this, I have now completed an important task, and as soon as the Earl of Montrose arrives—"

Here Mrs. Broadbent was no longer able to restrain her grief, and Mr. Broadbent and Mr. Spix felt all too keenly the change that had come, yet not a word of this was spoken.

The good dame withdrew, and the two men conversed until it was far in the fading light, and it was very late when Mr. Spix arrived at the Castle.

Seon had made himself one with Armand's people, as he had with Armand's interests; and had gone forward with every undertaking commenced by Armand when he had to leave so abruptly because of Zelda's illness.

Moreover Mr. Spix was a reformer on his own account. Independently of perceiving, approving (for the most part) and executing Armand's views, independently of grasping the wide sweep of the measures introduced by the Earl of Montrose, he—Seon—had also deep and well-matured plans to lay before Armand when they met, plans to supplement, and, possibly, in some cases to overrule and supersede those of Armand.

Mr. Spix had also addressed the meetings of the labor organizations, attended their evening schools and debating clubs, given them instructions in parliamentary rules and in statesmanship, talked of freedom and obligations to each other until the two terms meant the same thing. In fact, Mr. Spix had systematized their thinking, and made their political course clearer.

With the thoughts of Colenso in religion, Bentham in social and industrial problems, and John Stuart Mill in political economy steadily advancing in England, there was not much danger of a reaction against the reform measures. The tide was rising; it must be met and the people guided into the harbor of their liberties.

In six months' time Seon had wrought wonders—wonders that when Armand came (as come he must) would seem almost to have been the work of miracle. When the right mind, leading the way, meets those who are ready to advance, how wonderful the onward march, how swiftly the wheels of the car of progress turn.

WAVERING STEPS.

How it had come about neither Maud nor Seon could tell. They could neither of them recall a hasty word nor angry gesture of the other; never a duty neglected, an act of courtesy omitted.

There was, seemingly, nothing left undone that should be

done; there had been no overt act, no alien thought, on either side.

Yet, there it was—an impalpable something that had arisen between them, so impalpable it could not be thought of, much less spoken.

Lady Melville had quietly sunk to her last sleep, in her arm-chair, one Sabbath morning, when Maud had attended service and taken the children to the Sabbath school, and when Seon was in his library busy attending to some necessary matters of Armand's.

There was a bond of sympathy uniting Seon and Maud when the guardian and protector of her girlhood and the saint of both their lives passed from sight, and there was much to do in soothing the grief and in explaining to young Armand and little Zelda the mystery of death, and the hope of what is beyond.

Lady Melville had never been quite the same since she left Montrose Castle for the beautiful new home "Singala," named for the original name of Ceylon, and she had failed and fallen asleep so suddenly after Zelda, Armand and Zulieka had gone away to Ceylon that Maud and Seon were quite startled.

For a little while this event brought Maud and Seon more nearly together, in spirit or heart, than they had been for months, perhaps years.

For a little while there was a mingling of tears, regrets, of recounting all the good and gracious words and deeds of her who had been more than mother.

For a little while the hope flamed up in each heart that what had been thought or feared of estrangement between them was only a fabric of the imagination. Each secretly visited all the blame—he upon himself, she upon herself—for what had seemed, but was not.

Despite their idiosyncrasies of life and habitation, their non-compliance with customs and demands of society, their tastes and pursuits that seemed to isolate and set them above their surroundings, still the very learned Mr. Spix, who was loaded with more honors and titles than a foreign potentate with jewels, and the Lady Maud, who had always baffled every one who had tried to understand her, were very popular.

The people of the county, as well as of the town and parish in which Melville Manor was situated, were very proud of them.

There were no more distinguished-looking people in the county than this couple; there were no prettier children than theirs; there was no more beautiful home than the oriental, classic, medieval, gothic residence "Singala;" there were none more considerate of the poor; none so unobtrusive and silent in their good deeds.

Sometimes Maud wondered if it was the observatory, the night watches, the study and work in the library, that had wrought the change.

Sometimes Seon wondered if it was the garden, the house, the children, that had divided them.

Yet she went not to the observatory nor library to solve the problem.

He came not into the garden, or conservatory, or nursery to find answer to his musing.

And the distance between observatory and conservatory, between library and nursery (so few steps when they first came home) seemed to have increased indefinitely.

Yet ever at morning and evening Seon found time to play with the ruddy-cheeked darlings who came clamoring for kisses and attention; and ever Maud wished he would invite her to the observatory or library, yet she never came of her own accord lest she disturb him; and even he was wishing she would come.

This unspoken, unthought state was why Seon so readily responded to Armand's message to go at once to Montrose Castle, omitting nothing in his leave-taking and promising "soon to return."

And this was why he so readily accepted the responsibility of taking charge of all of Armand's affairs when the latter was hurrying away to Ceylon to save the life of the beloved Lady Zelda.

And this was why Maud felt a great load in her heart that she was never foolish enough to relieve by tears, and why Seon went away from "Singala" feeling somewhat as he used to feel before he had emerged from his silence and early reserve.

But Lady Melville never knew. She passed away in her serene state, full of the great hope that her Savior had given her. She left behind her a legacy of such goodly deeds as the women of India and the poor and unfortunate of that portion of England will remember for many a year.

Ah, pretty Lady Maud, the tears are in your heart while you laugh with your children.

Ah, faithful, diligent Seon, gifted as you are, and full of great human kindness, your heart is aching as you toil for the welfare and freedom of your kind.

Do people so thoroughly individualized and crystallized ever realize that they need a solvent, need to unbend and yield, need to take the first step, often to find that the first step is all that is needed to complete the removal of the impalpable barrier?

STEPS ONWARD.

On the voyage to Ceylon Zulieka had won the hearts of all who saw her.

She was devoted itself to Zelda; she was a companion in conversation to Mahavida; she was with Armand whenever they could both be spared from Zelda's side. She was petted by the officers (as much as her dignity would permit). She was amused, interested in everything.

The sunny lands filled her with delight; the clear blue of the sky, and the unstinted sunshine, caused her to expand, like a lotus bud, into joy and animation and beauty.

The change was miraculous. As Zelda visibly faded before their eyes, Zulieka grew each day, nay, each hour, into more perfect beauty.

On their arrival at Ceylon she sprang to Hiejoh as to one from whom she had been long parted and was most eager to see. She drank in the liquid loveliness of the sun-filled air as though it were the nectar, nay, the very life of the gods.

Her spiritual unfoldment was rapid in proportion. At the side of Zelda, when the latter passed from earth, began a series of visions, instructions, teachings, that continued almost each day without interruption until Armand was called to England—called from without by the double crisis in his own affairs and those of the measures he had caused to be introduced into Parliament; called from within by the manifold voices of that great purpose that pervaded and filled his entire being, the purpose of being free and freeing others from the thralldom of ancient bondage from laws without justice, equality or right, founded in feudal times and only modified in the lapse of centuries, and by the one light of his soul, the one love and mission that, as an inner-self, had been added to his life.

He must go. Would Zulieka accompany him?

Ah, in the time that they had passed since Zelda had come to dwell wholly within his being, Zulieka had scarcely been absent for an hour at a time from Armand's side, except when sleeping, (then both their spirits were caught into that realm where Zelda was), or when Armand hastened to attend to some needed business.

Sometimes, 'tis true, Zulieka would go with Hiejoh on an errand or mission of their own among the people, who received Zulieka with open hearts from the first because of their love for Lady Zelda and for Armand, and because of something more in herself that they could not fathom, much less understand.

Without a prompting from Hiejoh, he never having uttered the word "princess" outside the seclusion of Montrose Towers or Castle, these people of Ceylon named Zulieka the "dark-eyed princess."

And when she spoke to them so sweetly in their own language, taught her from her infancy by Hiejoh and the ayah, they could have worshipped her as an incarnated divinity, as the embodied goddess of the isle.

During the mornings in the garden, or in the evenings in the tower, Armand, his friend Mahavida and Hiejoh were wont to listen to the words that fell like liquid light from Zulieka's inspired lips. Her visions were surpassingly wonderful and beautiful; her utterances, prompted by another mind, an intelligence who addressed

them with great dignity, profound scholarship and deep spirituality, were simply most marvelous.

"None but those inspired by Vishnu speak thus," said Mahavida.

"Or by souls free from earth-bonds, who are permitted to draw near us and teach of heavenly themes," said Armand.

Each interpreted in his way the visions and utterances, and the source of them. Hiejoh listened, accepted and understood.

Step by step she led them on, her visions revealing the inner realm that was ever the real, her teachings and interpretations pointing to the solution of all life's problems, and the application of the principles perceived within.

"Sometimes I think our Lord Buddha himself inspires the child," said Mahavida to Armand when they were alone.

"Or may not the Supreme Light, of which Buddha was the accepted manifestation of his age, so move souls that are in wisdom and love inebriated that they, too, see even as Buddha saw, as Jesus saw, as the ancient Zardrust saw? For through her lips, as through those of the young American 'sensitive,' Mr. Moss, the power ever declares: 'Truth is one as Light is one, as Love is one, but its ways of expression are manifold.'"

Thus talked they when apart, pondering o'er and o'er the lessons given, and wondered that one so young, whose life now, for the first time, seemed to begin; who loved the sunshine more than all things else in nature; who sported among the flowers like an animated, intelligent blossom; who was never weary of the garden, the cliffs, the sea, the tower; could so instantly drop all this play and sportiveness of childhood and become so wise—wise as the most ancient ages, as full of knowledge as philosophers and savants, as full of love as the Saviors, the divine helpers of mankind.

Days sped into weeks, and weeks were merged in months, yet ever did Armand (and most times his friend Mahavida) drink at this fountain of knowledge, feast at this Table of the Lord of Truth so bountifully spread out before them.

At times Zulieka would walk alone or with Armand, holding ever his dear hand, he clasping her slender palm in his.

"Papa Armo, all the flowers seem to tell of mamma Zelda here. They wear her look, they are like her grace, their fragrance is like her thoughts. The trees wave her name and presence to me. Papa Armo, is she not everywhere?"

"Yes, darling child, because she is with us, within us; she is everywhere; we bear her in our souls; she is one with us," said Armand.

"I understand," said Zulieka; "we are more than trees and flowers and birds; she fills us with her love, and we fill them with her likeness because they are beautiful."

Had Armand thought a hundred months he could not have stated this so well as did his child-seer, Zulieka.

"We must now decide, my darling child, when I will return to England, and whether you will accompany me," said Armand, with a sigh of reluctance.

"Papa Armo, I asked my teacher in the tower, and he said: 'Go not; the time is not ripe yet.' I must obey him."

"Your teacher in the tower?" said Armand, professing in his surprise not to understand. "And whom have you imprisoned there who is so wise and has so much authority over papa's darling?"

"Oh, you know, papa Armo; he of the strange lights, who guards the tower by night and disappears by day," said Zulieka. "He knows the 'wise ones,' for he is one of them."

Knowing their inspirations and teachings had been frequently in the tower; knowing, too, that the lights still burned there resplendently, although Seon, the star-gazer of former days, was far away, Armand wondered much at Zulieka's speech, but said not a word. He continued the conversation a moment later.

"Then my daughter decides that I shall go without her company, in which case she knows it will not be for long."

"No, not for long," said Zulieka, reminding him then of Zelda, who always knew everything he had to say before he said it. "No, not for long. And you, papa Armo, are never alone, nor am I. We shall have each other here (she placed her hand upon her heart); and mamma Zelda, we have her always."

Armand said no more. His own thought had been to leave Zulieka in the bright sunshine to which she turned as a gold-fish to the water, as a bird unto the air; yet he was so loath to part with her, to leave the rare, new line of knowledge that had come to him—knowledge that he was sure would supplant all other knowledge; wisdom beyond all wisdom that he had ever heard or dreamed.

"But your children, Zulieka, the orphan girls and the boys. What shall we do about them?"

"Well, papa Armo," said Zulieka, with interest and animation, "I've been thinking a great deal about them since we came home, and do you know I don't wonder they are orphans, in that cold, cloudy land. Why, the earth itself is an orphan there, and the flowers and trees. I almost felt like one, only I had you and mamma and Hiejoh to make me warm and glad. But, papa Armo, it doesn't seem to settle it if we take these children, give them food and shelter, and teach them all we know and feel; that don't seem to change them. I mean whatever is here, you see," and Zulieka placed her hand again on her heart as indicating the inner-being.

"Now, papa Armo, if they could understand or know all that we might teach; if they were changed as well as their garments and houses—"

Zulieka paused, not for ideas, but expression.

"But their minds, darling—these are trained, and they are better fitted to meet the world by the knowledge that is given them of something to do, and how to do it."

"Yes, papa Armo, I know—you will have the boys learn to read and write and speak and reckon figures, to plant and reap and make orphan beds for orphan flowers; you will have them trained to work in the mines and run the mills; to do something to gain their food and clothes; the girls will be trained to sew and read and cook and work, and they will grow up and other children will come, and their parents will die or go away, and the same thing must be done," said Zulieka, almost sadly.

"Still, if their lives are made more happy and more useful, and if for the men and women, too, we can bestow upon them and teach them to prize the inheritance of freedom, and give them that freedom—is not that much?"

"Papa Armo, is not that inheritance here also?" placing her hand upon her breast. "And will it not come when it must, when it grows?" asked Zulieka, with the searching other light in her eyes that Armand knew so well betokened the presence of the unseen power, the guiding intelligence.

"But, papa Armo," said Zulieka, speaking more rapidly and with more animation, "I do think you must go and arrange it all, for they need you, and to them these are needed steps, stages of growth."

Oh, how her words thrilled him! This child-teacher, so young, so frail, so strong of spirit, so bright, perhaps her words might change the destinies of thousands; perhaps of two kingdoms; perhaps of a world.

The glory of the tropic evening had come, and Zulieka seemed like the spirit of the night.

Star-lit, heaven-inspired, with her hair like a dusky veil around her head and shoulders, her face pale, except when animated, then her cheeks would glow like sunset light, her face so like his loved and long-absent friend (death or life holding him forever away), Zulieka's father. Her eyes like dark seas, lighted with star-depths, from which the gleams of eternity shone.

Zulieka, his loving, fond, beloved, mysterious child, Armand must leave her. Once decided upon he could do it without a murmur or pang.

Such was his nature that he never decided hastily, never yielded to regrets, never turned back; his were ever and ever steps onward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



AUTHOR OF "QUESTION SETTLED," "THE CONTRAST," ETC.

In xxi., 17, "the word of the Lord" comes to Elijah, and he made other predictions concerning Ahab and Jezebel, his wife. These prophecies, given inspirationally to Elijah, are too long to quote, although they were fulfilled to the letter. See xxvi., 17.

In chapter xxii., is a wonderful case, in which nothing but Spiritualism can explain. King Jehoshaphat had rejected the medium of Elijah; but determined not to be beaten by the medium he rejected, he gathered four hundred mediums or prophets together, and, of course, rewarded them well for their work. He asked them to "enquire of the Lord" (xxii., 2).

The king, instead of making Elijah suffer for this manifestation of black magic, sent other fifty to Elijah with a message; but they were consumed in the same manner as the former fifty. Verses 11, 12. As I have before proved, Elijah was a perfect fire messenger. The king sent another messenger to Elijah who said: "Behold, there came fire from heaven and burnt up the two captains of the former fifties with their fifties; therefore my life now be precious in thy sight." At this time one of Jehovah's angels appeared to Elijah and told him to go to the king. Elijah went, and in verse 16, said to the king: "Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast

The servant of Elisha was not so good a medium as his master; it will be remembered that he failed to raise the Shunamite's son.

In xxi., 6, Manassah was condemned for many things, one of which was for dealing with "familiar spirits," all of which is proved to be true by the fact that they had the spiritual phenomena the Lord had.

In xxii., 13, on the occasion of finding the book in the ruins of the temple, the king's commandment was, "go ye, enquire of the Lord for me." In order to "enquire," they went to a female medium whom they called "Hulda," the prophetess: the wife of Shaphan.

I can see how a capricious spirit—one who has control of a host of angels, as I have proved three times Jehovah had, could do this mischief; spirits sometimes do wicked things, but how the maker of all worlds could stoop to such things, I cannot comprehend. He is a mediumship and spirit manifestation. He is an

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Tribulation; Love; The Kingdom of God; The  
Tribute to Substance; The Nebulous Theory; Particles  
as a Basis for Matter; The Science of the  
Science of Death; Spiritual Death; Immortality;  
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physiology; Due to Heaven; A Slave Master, etc., etc.  
This work is a masterpiece of scientific and  
both physical and mental or spiritual attainment for all  
men. It was written by a man who was a medium  
for himself, and that is all they can possibly  
whether they be priest or layman, teacher or pupil,  
of which I individually participate and dis-  
tribute by virtue of my position. I am the  
which I individually gave, comprehend and dis-



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## MADAME BLAVATSKY'S ASHES.

## Cremation as a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

PREPARING FOR THEIR RECEPTION—TO BE DEPOSITED AT THE THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS—READY FOR THE CONVENTION.

Workmen were engaged April 22 on the third floor of the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, No. 114 Madison Avenue, New York, in preparing the slab which is to close in the tiny sarcophagus containing the ashes of Mme. Blavatsky, which is to be placed in a niche in the wall at the east end of the room. When everything is in place it will be convenient to a marble mantelpiece on which this inscription is carved: "There is no religion higher than truth." The slab which will close in the ashes is rectangular in form, and is composed of Sienna marble. It measures 3 feet, 6 inches, by 4 feet, 1



BERTRAM KEIGHT, P. F. S.

inch, and is surmounted by a character which represents the first letter of the Sanskrit alphabet, and sounds in English like Aum. This means the trinity of creator, preserver and destroyer, or Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. In the center of the slab is the seal of the society, which is of polished bronze, and represents a serpent swallowing its tail, typical of the unending cycle of time. A little wheel that comes between the mouth and the tail of the serpent is the wheel of evolution, the spokes turned at the end giving the impression that it is in motion. Inside of this are two interlaced triangles, an old symbol, representing the duality of nature; one with the apex pointing upward, and which is supposed to be white, representing the positive, or spirit, good and light, and the other, pointing downward, repre-



HEADQUARTERS IN INDIA.

senting the negative or matter, evil and darkness. Within this is a cross with a loop at the top, which stands for the cross of life, and which Theosophists hold means more to them than it does to Christians, because they maintain that the cross as a symbol is older than Christianity. The loop stands for the regenerated man, who has triumphed over life, and has conquered its secret. Then follows, in large, gilt, bronze letters:

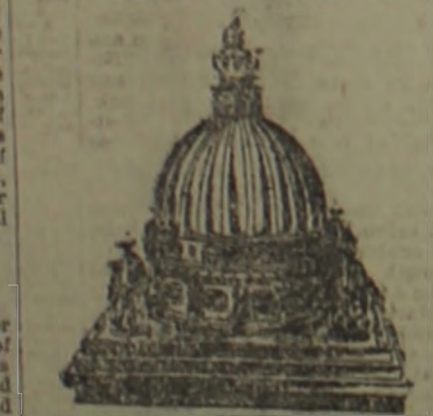
HELENA PETHOVNA BLAVATSKY.

1831.

1875.

1891.

The first was the year of her birth, the next the founding of the society in New York, the next her going to India, and the last the year of her death. There will be no ceremony in putting



THE URN IN LONDON, ENG.

the ashes in the sarcophagus and finally depositing it in the niche. William Q. Judge, the general secretary, will do this in the presence of two or three witnesses. In the same room where the relic is, a set of tools of Brahmin worship is displayed on a table in a glass case, said to be the only set of the kind in this country. It consists of twenty-two small pieces of polished bronze, of various sizes and shapes, none of them more than a few inches in height or width, some of them extremely tiny, and all of them looking in some sense like the weights and measures used by a practical druggist.

A reception was given on the evening of the 23d to the visitors from foreign and home cities, and to those who had promised to make addresses at the convention to be held the next day, so that all might have an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with each other. Aryan hall, which is on the

first floor of the building, was crowded, and the visitors regaled themselves with sandwiches and cold water; and all seemed happy, jovial and pleasant. There was a large attendance, among them present being William Q. Judge, the general secretary, and Dr. J. S. Buck, of Cincinnati, who will speak at the convention on "The Antiquity of Man."

The above is from a late New York Tribune. Advanced minds throughout the United States are beginning to recognize the necessity of cremation as a sanitary necessity, while many regard it as a spiritual necessity. Personal cleanliness and healthfulness demands it, while the soul itself would greatly prefer to see its worn out vessel dissipated as soon as possible. The earth, at least, is a mass of putrefying matter, and to add thereto the germs of contagious diseases, which increase and multiply into millions, is a direct menace to the life of all who live in the immediate vicinity. Common prudence and the advanced ideas of self-defense should impel every person to favor cremation, that threatened dangers may be banished, and the air and water retained more pure.

The soul should have its rights. Standing on the spirit side of life, and understanding the exact status of itself and its mortal remains, its voice should carry great weight. Almost invariably advanced spirits are in favor of dissipating the physical body as quickly as possible, and fire is the most expeditious means yet discovered.

As a spiritual necessity cremation should be demanded. Every physical body belongs to nature. Its hydrogen, its oxygen, its phosphorus and other constituent parts were only borrowed for temporary use and should be returned to the source from which obtained as quickly as possible. They are only yours as a favor, for, if not, they could be retained indefinitely. Fire is a grand and beautiful purifier. It does not in the least cause pain to the cast-off remains, but on the other hand it must be an agreeable surprise to the various constituents for each to join its own kindred in the laboratory of nature.

Madame Blavatsky was in favor of cremation, and it must be a satisfaction to her spirit to know that her wishes were carried out. She was a most remarkable woman. Abuse did not seem to hurt her in the estimation of her ardent followers; on the contrary, it only seemed to endear her to them more than ever. Cremation being a spiritual and sanitary necessity, the day is not far distant when it will become the prevailing custom.

## An Important Question.

B. G. Sweet writes: I should like you to give your opinion as to whether or not if an orthodox preacher in addressing his congregation should "forecast future events" as follows: "Oh, ye sinners, unless you repent of your sins and are baptized you will be everlastingly damned; but if you repent of your sins, embrace Christ and become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, you will be accepted of God and enjoy the heavenly bliss of singing His glory around the Great White Throne forever and forever," he would come under the law recently passed by the Ohio Legislature, also the bill now before the Illinois Legislature, to pay a license of \$200 per annum in Ohio, or pay the fine prescribed by the bill before the Illinois Legislature?

There is no doubt whatever but that the above would come within the purview of the odious bill now pending in the House at Springfield, but would not be affected by the Ohio law. Any view or opinion that might be construed as forecasting the future would come within the province of the bill. The odious section of the Bruck bill in Ohio, imposing a license upon seers and clairvoyants, was expunged through the timely action of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The same law, however, applies to other cities in that State, and it is about as foul a nest-egg as can be found anywhere.

## Denounces Calvinism.

TROY, N. Y., April 24.—A meeting of the Troy Presbyterians was held in this city to-day to discuss the overtures handed by the General Assembly. During the spiritual discussion the Rev. T. P. Sawin, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, said he did not wish to be known as a Calvinist, and said: "I do not like the idea of Calvinism. Calvin was a murderer and a scoundrel. He said many good things, and those I will accept; but the church should be an exponent of the gospel and not of Calvinism."

This is certainly encouraging. Let us hope that the great and venerable Presbyterian Church may yet purge itself from all the errors of the past which have been the legitimate cause of such atrocious crimes as the murder of Michael Servetus; and which, if persisted in, would leave it so far below the status of a progressive people as to bring on it the retribution due to its opposition to the spiritual in its religion.

## A Remarkable Number.

Rev. T. E. Allen has something to say of deep interest on our first page. Moses Hull again produces another of his remarkable productions. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond discourses sweetly in verse from the sphere of the poets. That wonderful medium, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, has something important to say on education. There are many other items of interest.

Bessie A. Hanson, the lovely daughter of Charles and Emma J. Hanson, of 160 W. Madison street, Chicago, passed to Spirit-life last week, at the age of 10 years. The funeral services were held on Friday, April 23, by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

## SHOULD BE MARKED.

Give us the names of all who support the Ohio bill against clairvoyants, seers, Spiritualists, 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 proscriptive and persecutive spirit should be marked and ruled out by the just judgment of a free people."

LYMAN C. HOWE.



The above is from one of the old workers in the cause of Spiritualism—a veteran in every sense of the word. The world is certainly much the better because Lyman C. Howe has lived in it, and he can have the satisfaction all the time of knowing that he has not existed in vain. Honest throughout, ever on the alert in the defense of truth, and never afraid to express his opinion, he occupies a niche that is very high in the estimation of people generally.

When that hellish scheme, known as the Bruck bill, which imposed a license on clairvoyants and seers in Columbus, Ohio, was before the people for discussion, Mr. Howe expressed his unqualified disapproval of the act, and he was not afraid to say so. He knows that if you give the orthodox churches a single inch they will take a mile, and a law that infringes in the least on the rights of Spiritualists, is only the harbinger of greater exactions.

The law that still remains in Ohio, in some of the large cities, imposing a license on seers and clairvoyants, is a most dastardly mischievous nest egg, as foul as the mud of cesspool, and a continual menace against Spiritualism. There is one in Ohio, who runs a Spiritualist paper who takes the position that the Bruck bill, so far as it relates to clairvoyants and seers, was most excellent, and that the license fee should have been raised against them—even higher than \$200. He says, in his issue of April 23d:

"The present action of the [Ohio] Legislature [alluding to the Bruck bill] has been to extend the license law in order to cover some other subjects, and the only effect in the previous existing laws that could be construed to affect the persons referred to [seers and clairvoyants] in sec. 36, was to reduce the fee from three hundred to two hundred dollars. The only criticism this paper has to offer on the action of the Legislature is that it did not raise the fee instead of lowering it."

Here is plain English, and it is expressed in favor of imposing a heavy license on clairvoyants and seers. Had we written the above and published it in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, favoring a large license for clairvoyants and seers, we would have been kicked out of this State and marked as with the brand of Cain, while every Catholic would have exulted, and the enemies of Spiritualism would have raised their hands with joy. There would have been rejoicing among Jesuitical spirits, while every true angelic being would have wept with sorrow. Had we written the above we would have furnished the enemies of our grand and noble cause a weapon to injure Spiritualism. Had we written the above we should expect to be dubbed the champion spiritualistic ass of America, and henceforth relegated to the rear, with a large cross marked upon our back. But not so, probably, with the author himself. He is surrounded with a different constituency, and he will be honored, while we will be condemned for our bold words in defense of truth and right, and regarded as "too personal" in even stating a solemn fact.

Now, how can we treat this question—this momentous question, this all-absorbing question, without being personal? How can Spiritualists know what is going on without alluding to the prominent workers in the movement, and the position they assume? If it is the right thing for a Spiritualist paper to favor licensing seers and clairvoyants, then we want to know it so that we can wheel into line and be on the right side. If it is not Jesuitical and deeply satanic to favor such a law, then we are purified, and our foundation is a bed of moving sand, and we want to reconstruct ourselves as quickly as possible. We want to be on the right side. If on the wrong side, we want every true Spiritualist to kick us until we wheel into line. Show us no mercy! Be as personal as you please!

The clairvoyant is a medium; the seer is a medium, and any law that imposes a license on them is wrong throughout. The medium who advertises under the head of clairvoyant and seer can reach a class that the one who advertises as a medium cannot. In that way he (or she) can be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good, disseminating the seeds of truth that will in many cases produce a hundredfold. It is no excuse in behalf of the law that it is never enforced, for so long as it exists it is a continual menace against Spiritualism, and is a nest-egg of evil that causes other States to follow suit and enact a like odious law, with, of course, additions thereto, which makes it still more oppressive. Even now, in this State, the Ohio law is quoted as an argument in favor of the Meyer bill, which would make trance mediumship and the forecasting of events a crime. Hence we say that the Ohio law, which in some of the large cities imposes a license upon seers and clairvoyants is a very bad nest-egg—a most contemptible, dirty nest-egg, and any Spiritualist who supports it should be marked as said that veteran Lyman C. Howe.

If seers get money under false pretenses in Ohio, there is a general law that can punish them. If clairvoyants swindle any one, there is a general law to which they are amenable, just the same as the merchant, farmer or lawyer who swindles, and to impose a license upon them is a most dastardly outrage. If they are frauds, to license them is to license swindling; if they are honest, to license them is to license genuine mediums.

Of course there are fraudulent clairvoyants and fraudulent seers; that is, they do not possess any of the genuine powers of clairvoyance or seership. But the law says nothing about that, but proposes to license the genuine as well as the fraudulent.

We call upon the Spiritualists of the great and grand State of Ohio at the next session of the Legislature (too late for this) to demand the repeal of this odious section which, as a nest-egg, is continually hatching out incentives for other States to follow suit. Even now the Ohio law makes it much more difficult to fight the Meyer bill of this State, which as a natural consequence is still more oppressive than the Ohio law.

## Eskimo Spiritism.

The presence of the "Eskimo village" at the World's Fair affords an opportunity for a study of the peculiar traits, the religious ideas and beliefs, and various customs peculiar to that people. They are supposed to be civilized and Christianized, through the labors of the missionaries in Labrador. But the power of their old faith reasserts itself when trouble and fear come to them; and they then instinctively turn to the methods and the faith of their fathers. As Christians, in times of brightness and prosperity they worship the missionaries' God; but when sickness and trouble come they turn to the ways of their native religion and pray to an evil spirit—never to a good spirit. They pray the evil spirit to go away—to depart and cease to trouble or vex them. As to the good spirit—he can take care of himself, and will not harm them.

When occasion requires, as in case of sickness, they practise, it is said, a species of sorcery. They have a sort of professional priest and doctor combined, in the person of one who in their language is called an "Angkok." Since they became residents at Jackson Park they have been visited by the measles; and the "Angkok" and his followers have had all they could well attend to exorcise the evil spirit. The ceremony of getting the evil spirit to depart is similar to the Indian "ghost dance." Stripped to the waist they dance and sing—the song being like the howl and chant of the Indian. Very sacred to them is this belief, and they will not talk of it to any one outside of their circle of believers. "You will not believe," they say, "we know it, and that is enough."

Recently, one night, when one of the children was very sick, Simluk—who is a brother of a great "Angkok" in their own country—said he would drive away the evil spirit. Falling into a trance, he declared that the air was full of spirits—a mighty battle was going on, between good and bad ones, but the good spirits would win.

While the Eskimos were helping to drive away the evil spirits, Simluk disappeared, and was gone a long time. They continued singing and dancing and invoking the evil spirits to depart, until they were too tired to do so longer; when they sat down, and behold! Simluk was among them. They neither saw him go nor come. When morning came the sick child was better, and since then the sickness is disappearing. As for Simluk—the Eskimos now say he is as great as his brother.

During the ceremony one pounds on an instrument that looks like a large banjo, while the others sing. All is done as quietly as possible, as they are afraid the white managers might interfere if they became too demonstrative. As a matter of fact, the managers of the

village know very little of the religion of these Eskimos, thinking that but two families are "heathen," and that even these are fast becoming civilized, and are ashamed that they ever believed in a sorcerer. But it is said by those who know, that this view is incorrect; that this belief in spirits and in the powers of the "Angkok" or sorcerer is common among them, but it is held as too sacred a subject for them to talk about with those whom they look upon as unbelievers, and so they keep their belief to themselves.

Their burial customs are said to be as follows: The dead body is laid on the surface of a large rock, and a covering is built of smaller rocks. One who has been noted for his success in hunting and fishing has his kayak and kamik—boat and sledge—left by the side of his grave, and small valuables are placed within the grave; and no one is allowed to go near the spot for months, or until the body has returned to dust.

In voice, manner and look, they might be taken to be half Japanese and half Indian; but unlike Indians and most Eastern races, the women are treated as equals. But, queerly enough, while the men will help their own women in their work, they will never help the women in another family. Whether this is merely a rule of Eskimo etiquette, or arises from some other cause, we know not.

It is said that they are very good-natured people, and never quarrel with each other; in which respect they are a pattern which more "civilized" and "Christian" people might well imitate.

## THE MEYER BILL.

## A Plain Talk to Spiritualists.

We wish to talk with the Spiritualists concerning the Meyer bill, now working its way toward the top of the legislative calendar in the House. The bill is bound to be reached some time in the regular, or on a special order, and its disposal, its fate, is still a matter of speculation.

No sooner had THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER announced the existence and the purport of such a bill and the danger to the cause of Spiritualism, were it to become a law, than some of the "great" spirits, or at least under the name of some great spirits, came out with the prophecy that it would not pass. Those spirits knew nothing of legislation, or that statement would not have been made in just that way. Had the spirits said: "Awake, slumbering Spiritualists, and defend your camp against a prejudiced foe, and we will help you fight your battles," the expression would have been more compatible with reason and good generalship. It may be cheaper temporarily to sit down and wait for the spirits to fight our battles for us, by impressions from the hosts above, but dearer far in the outcome if we have to fight such a law in the courts. The ounce of prevention will vitiate the necessity of a pound of cure, and if spirits or mortals know anything, they know that, owing to the great prejudice, wrought through the instrumentality of our imitators, that is prevalent in the Legislature, and the hundreds of letters being received by members in that body from the clergy and other bitter foes to our cause, and with a brisk manipulation of parliamentary tactics, and so opposition, no friend of our philosophy to explain what blind prejudice cannot and does not want to see, that bill would have gone through without any trouble.

True, such a law would be unconstitutional, and so are many of our present laws, but it will cost some one a large sum of money to test the matter and fatten some eminent attorney, and for this reason it should and will be stopped. A great railroad that is to benefit thousands of people and build up a sparsely settled country, could be stopped with an injunction by one man with only a selfish motive, but for the intervention of a law to appraise and give the man an unbiased, an unselfish estimate upon the valuation of his land. Just so with this bill; as a law upon the statute-books of our State, it would be a mere stumbling-block to the silent tread of our great truth, but why not have the way cleared in the first place? Why not hold firmly to our ranks and force our way at every point? We are as much entitled to recognition as a religious and philosophical, if not a theological body, as is any organization on the face of the globe that has for its true object the betterment of humanity, the elevation of the moral, the intellectual and the spiritual in man.

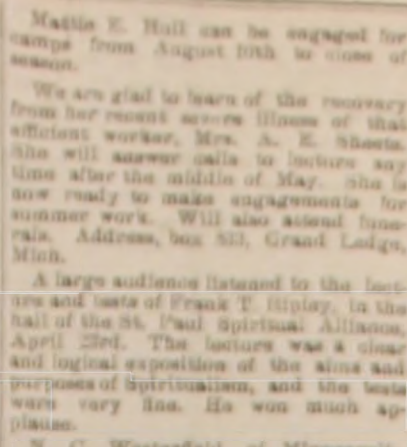
Spiritualists are victims to a bitter prejudice, because they are not properly understood; because of the old superstitions that have been handed down from generation to generation, through a misapprehension and consequent misrepresentation of the phenomena, and the "riff-raff" or foodwood that follows in the wake of true Spiritualism, as the bunks men follow a circus, or as the sharks follow a ship, and every true Spiritualist and every honest medium is as anxious to get rid of the fake, to purge our ranks of the unprincipled frauds, if not more so, than are those who only choose to judge us as a whole by the glimpses they catch from our imitators.

In many of the meetings where money was being raised to send a committee to the capital to work against the Meyer bill, there was a vigorous opposition manifested to the move by men calling themselves Spiritualists, who stated that "it was nonsense, and a useless waste of money and time." Some of the persons taking those grounds presume to be lawyers, and would rather have

the mediums thrown into any litigation, to increase their own flat of clients, and for that reason, if for no other, every medium in the city of Chicago and the State of Illinois should decide to pay one dollar to the committee fund, and do so at once, and protect their own interest in time. The committee is at work, and will no doubt use every honorable means to defeat the bill, but what is being done is for the good of Spiritualism in general, and every true Spiritualist, whether a medium or not, should feel the same wide-awake interest in the cause they love, and lend their assistance in a tangible and sensible way.

These small annoyances





Eliza Wheeler Wilson's Talk Regarding a Crime of Women.

for a few more days for many meetings on platform like conditions is also made for the season of 1904 to welcome. Address, for month of May, 125 Fremont street, Washington, D.C.

A. C. White, of Watertown, N. Y., writes that they have been having a grand international race from the veterans of Lyman C. Howe, whom he knows may long remain to administer to the spiritual and singing members that flock to hear him.

John Johnson, of St. Louis, Mo., writes that they are holding medium meetings at Garrison Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Mitchell, of Denver, Col., a best and singing medium, and her Frances control, made a great hit. Mrs. A. Johnson gave some readings. G. W. Brooks, speaker for the First Society of

**EVOLUTIONARY THEORIES.**  
Communism: from J. Huxley Buchanan.

Dr. Fischer's request for more specific statements from myself could not have been made if his mind had not become so involved in the evolutionary hypothesis and assertions of materialistic scientists as to prevent him from realizing the hope of my statement, which he would not do at this moment.

My assertion was that if materialistic scientists were to be true to reality, the law of nature would be to prove

An observer writes that the usual of the met in Lincoln Hall, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sunday evening, April 23d, and many good laws were given by the medium. He went to one gentleman, Mrs. Jackson described his mother and wife, telling him to stand up and his sister, "and keep hold of the papers." So, he knew what it meant. To the next she said: "You have Scotch ancestors, but I hear the words, 'It's no good.'" She described to him his sister and various other things, all of which he was obliged to recognize. Another gentleman almost started out of his chair when she spoke a name and said that person was present. "Why," he said, "that was my cousin." She also spoke another name and said: "He is coming from the East, and when he does he will want you to go with him somewhere. Do it."

What makes you always look on the dark side? You are always reaching up and are afraid to let go down below. You never will progress that way." With comical meekness he replied: "How can I help it?" Mrs. Jackson's simple, straightforward manner creates confidence in her in mediumship and those who do not believe in mediumship are obliged to believe that she follows her honest convictions.

John H. McBride, of St. Louis, Mo., writes that Jules H. Wallace has given several public seances there, and demonstrated to skeptics, of whom he has converted many, that there is a life beyond

**Note from a Veteran Worker.**  
TO THE EDITOR:—Your wonderful  
and grand-anniversary edition has been

praise of it. One of the old workers here expressed himself thus: "The article of Willard J. Hull is worth the price of a year's subscription." Go on hewing to the line. The argel world as well as humanity in this will bless you. The enclosed slip I cut from the Chicago Herald of April 2nd. That and the

fact that Bishop Ireland is visiting President Cleveland repeatedly, to influence, or try to influence him to appoint a certain Catholic postmaster of the great city of Chicago—is very suggestive. It seems as if the liberals and Christians of the sects would wake up sometime, ere it is too late. The friends here meet every Sunday afternoon and

stand a couple of hours in conversation  
and song. With best wishes,  
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.  
Keokuk, Iowa.

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**Stand for Your Rights!**  
Under the initial inspiration of an

individual and paper ostensibly standing as an advocate and exponent of Spiritualism, it has become quite the custom for an anti-Spiritualist bill to be brought forward at every successive session of the Legislature of Illinois.

"honorable gentleman from Calhoun County." Hitherto after a fight, should be decisive, the bill has received its quietus and been laid away in the tomb of the Capulets—to be re-incarnated in a new bodily form at the next session! This time, it is to be hoped, the re-incarnation will be the last of the serious

that the vitality will be so knocked and shaken out of the monstrosity that there will nothing left to materialize into an "astral body" or even a "shell" to haunt the next or any succeeding legislature. Let the thing be killed, DEAD—dead beyond any hope of a future resurrection. That is the work Spiritualists have now on hand to do. They should do it!

such a thorough manner that not only will the bill be dead for all time, but legislators and political aspirants will be made to feel that they, as politicians, will be dead and damned if they shall undertake to enact any such proscriptive legislation into statute laws for the persecution of Spiritualism.

legal rights and privileges as Methodists, or Romanists, or any other sects or societies. As an *ism* it is inherently entitled to a protection which Romanism has no moral right to claim, because Spiritualism stands for freedom in thought, in religion and in civil government—while Romanism is the traditional and inherent enemy of all these things.

Where is the dust that has not been  
alive? The spade and the plow disturb  
our ancestors. From human mold we  
reap our daily bread.—Young.

Men say the pinnacles of the churches

point to heaven; so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises and sings. They say their aisles are good for worship; so is every rough seashore and mountain glen. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory, that their mighty walls are never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness and on their way to heaven.—Ruskin.

We must have books for recreation and entertainment, as well as for instruction and for business; the former are agreeable, the latter useful, and the human mind requires both. The canon law and the codes of Justinian shall have due honor and reign at the universities, but Homer and Virgil shall not therefore be banished. We will cul-

These notions that we should see animals as species undergoing transformation, and in every stage of transformation. But who has ever seen it? (In the contrary, species are distinct and permanent, although slight variations sometimes occur.) If the change occurs so slowly as to be imperceptible, that there is time enough for all changing forms to disappear, the change must occupy over a hundred thousand years, and even then some indistinguishable remains would be found in the rocks. But the remains which the theory requires are never found.

consider Nature a competent and truthful witness when she is interrogated. Nature says she has some very striking types, which are reached through millions of years. But according to the Darwinian hypothesis, which never was and never will be anything but a wild hypothesis, Nature is a very powerful and cunning deceiver, for she allows the remains of her fixed species to be preserved and found by man, but has mysteriously and unconsciously hidden all the intermediate variations which have gradually advanced during a hundred thousand years, more or less, so that man should only see one out of a thousand or ten thousand forms and not discover how the transformation was effected.

The apparent transformations of lesser details by Hermann Kuhn are very small affairs compared to the gigantic and hitherto undetected trick of Nature. Oh, naughty mother Nature, why were you so anxious to deceive our poor, ignorant humanity, and conceal all your operations from scientific inquirers? Why did you hide away and destroy ten thousand forms of intermediate species and leave only a few permanent species unharmed amid a world of wreckage? I am inclined to the opinion that species were permanent? And if you were so skillful in transforming species, why did you stop the business as soon as man became sharp enough to watch your operations? This cunning Nature of the evolutionists is a full match and more than a match for the cunning God of theologians who explained away the fossil remains of paleontology by saying that the fossil remains among the rocks did

laid, but only proved the power of God to create such bones and hide them away to show his power. In the way of fanciful suppositions the Darwinians are ahead of the theologians. Each party is bound to maintain a theory—the theologians to prove that God created all things just as we find them, by a mighty fiat out of nothing—and the Darwinians to prove that dead matter without spirit, created life and spirit, and organized the limitless wisdom of this Universe.

Both parties are ignorantly wrong, because each makes a theory without a single fact to sustain it. The God of

is a myth inherited from barbarian  
and the mechanical theory originates  
in minds ignorant of the great world  
life from which life is imparted to man  
ter, and by the beneficent influence  
which human life is advancing to higher  
conditions, which will ultimately make  
earth the ante-chamber of Heaven.  
No one who really understands spiritual  
science can admit either Darwinian or  
theologic theories. Spiritualism opens  
our eyes to the two worlds and enables  
us to understand their relations. I am  
not yet ready to publish a full ex-  
position of this subject, for it is one of the  
greatest importance and deepest

The primary basis and the sole basis of this falsehood is the discovery of species that bear some resemblance to each other. But this amounts to nothing at all. If the intermediates developed during ten thousand years cannot be found and do not exist. If the hippopotamus was the ancestor of the horse, what has become of the animals since the hipparian and just before the hipparian which show the final transformation? There are no such animals—they have never been found, and they never will.

If the hog were an extinct animal the Darwinian might easily say that the hog was the ancestor of the goat, but this would be a crazy assertion if there were nothing intermediate between the hog and the goat. Equally crazy is the assertion that the monkey was the ancestor of man, when, although skulls probably a hundred thousand years old are preserved, not one approximates the monkey true. Man and monkey were

always distinct as hog and goat. Darwin himself was aware that his theory needed additional facts, and hoped they would be found, but why does Nature give all her facts against Darwin's hypothesis and none in its favor? The truth is, that Darwinism is the natural swing of the pendulum—the reaction of the human mind against theologic fictions toward a Godless and soulless materialism. But there can be no true science either of man or of Nature without the recognition and control of the spiritual element. I have solved the problem as to that control in the constitution of man, and I do not think it much more difficult to solve the prob-

tem of tit control in the sphere of worlds. I do not say in the Universe, for it is enough for human aspiration to understand our solar system, without attempting to grasp the five hundred millions of suns which recent astronomical investigation reveals. It will be the aim of our college to engage and solve such problems, these and if sustained by sympathetic friends, the solution will be hastened.

As to reincarnation, I have no objection to Dr. Fletcher's remarks, but shall discuss the subject fully hereafter. As to Prof. Virchow, who seems to be the leader of the medical profession in Europe, he is sufficient authority for the

## INGS IN WATERTOWN, N. Y.

The divided interests that prevailed two years ago are now united, and harmony prevails. Since that time they have had H. H. Knochow, Bishop A. A. Hale, Carrie E. S. Twigg, J. Frank Foster, Mrs. Emma Miner, Mrs. Collie Anderson, Mrs. Tillie Heymonds, Mrs. Leah Fay and F. A. Wiggins; each of whom has added to the stock of knowledge for common good. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, proprietors and builders of the temple where we worship, are both friends, but lose none of their interest in the cause. It lights the way before them, and they rejoice in all that helps to carry the same blessings to others. If

who share the spiritual gospel were motivated by the same spirit, not satisfied to possess the treasure alone, but anxious to share it with all who grope in the bondage of ignorance and fear, the world would be the better for it.

Brother D. G. White takes an active interest, and has a lively appreciation of the best that comes from heaven. Valuing the phenomena for all they are worth, he does not scorn them, nor underestimate the higher teaching. He keenly feels the highest revelations of truth, and makes use of facts to build the science of life.

The Mattions, who usually care for speakers and mediums, are pillars in

the church of life; and their home to be a haven of rest for weary pilgrims. There is a generous hospitality without parade, good cheer and social intelligence and sterling worth, that gives courage to the labor of reform. Bro. F. N. Fitch, a busy lawyer, is an omnipresent, necessarily, generous, just and earnest; he is a benefactor, not only to Spiritualism and its works here, but to all who come into his sphere.

He is ever ready to help those who try to help themselves; and make a way for those who are poor. Our families are limited to rise into usefulness and success. He has a pleasant word for all. This is the vital spirit of the yearnings

"Better to trust and be deceived,  
And mourn that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that it believeth."  
Had made thee blessed in believing."

This motto, by many thought unwise and unsafe, always had a charm for my spirit. It touches the spiritual deeps with a thrill that guarded, suspicious selfishness can never feel. It evokes the better nature, and bears fruit for eternity.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

## How to Investigate Spiritualism: or, Rules for the Spirit Circle.

The Spirit Circle is the summing together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of spirits. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the more complete participation of the spirits in the proceedings of the assembly, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—making spirits to communicate with easier power than in the case of a single person.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons composing the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperaments, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure, sincere, and free from all evil propensities; of various ages, and of various conditions. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, and the number of persons should be such as will recommend the number of the circle never to be

Never let the apartment be over-lit, the room should be lit with soft, diffused light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the humilitations. A subdued light is the most favorable condition for the positive in the room. In order to produce Pleurocama.

I recommend the entrance to be opened either with grace or a song sung in chorus, after which salutations, compliments, and good wishes should be uttered; but let the conversation be directed towards the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into dissipation. When the guests are seated, place a card upon the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the apartment.

Do not admit unsuspicious company, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. The guests should be seated in the same positions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting,

Let the seance always extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for the spirits to be attracted. If the results are not good, record that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced. If the results are good, record the phenomena and the sittings; if no phenomena are then produced you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in fact, you are not yet in the same plane of vibration, until you succeed.

A well-developed test, medium material, without inequity, must be used, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. The frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much of mental as physical action.

Impressions are the voices of spirits or the monitions of the soul, and should be heeded, and not despised, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed with the words, "Be good, be good," or "Be good, be good."

[illegible][illegible]

... forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rappers, and other forms of mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is necessarily shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and it may control, inspire, and influence the body, but do not change or re-create it.—E. S. S.

fact familiar to all scientists, that the

OF BRITAIN.







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**JESUS AND THE MEDIUMS.** OF





## PHENOMENAL.

## Through the Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—On the week following the passage to spirit-life of Margaret Fox-Kane, the address of Marcus Antonius was written, through the process of independent spirit writing, the folded paper on which the memorial address was written having been placed in a glass jar where the five sheets remained until the writing was finished.

On Friday preceding the Tuesday (which is our regular seance day,) the medium being present in my office, I addressed a note to the controlling spirit, stating that it seemed to me the death of the last of the Fox sisters was an appropriate occasion for a memorial address, and suggesting that our dear and honored friend, Henry Kiddle, be invited to speak or write on an occasion so memorable and important to the cause of modern Spiritualism.

To this letter (contents of which no eye but mine ever saw) Carrie replied: "Dear papa, we have anticipated you and have prepared for the occasion by inviting an ancient spirit to write a funeral discourse."

On the Tuesday following the Friday, when the remains of Margaret Fox-Kane were carried to Greenwood, the funeral address was written, a copy of which I send you.

This spirit address was read by me before the New York Carnegie Hall Spiritual Conference, and also before the Brooklyn Spiritualists in Jefferson hall on their anniversary day celebration.

Regarding the Marc Anthony address as a writing of special value and historical importance. I am particular to narrate the manner in which the paper came into my possession. Its significance and adaptability to the occasion which called it forth, I shall certainly refer to on another occasion.

In the brief introduction which I made to the public presentation of this brilliant, profound and masterly address—the funeral oration—I said: "Modern Spiritualism is indeed the great event of the centuries. It is the culmination of all the prophecies that have been since the world began. It is the new heaven and the new earth that have been seen and foretold by all the prophets and all the seers that have ever lived."

In the tide of time, and in my estimation, you cannot exaggerate the importance of modern Spiritualism as a humanizing, civilizing, religious and elevating force in society."

It is only forty-five years since the advent of the Rochester knockings, and on this blessed anniversary day, spirit-intelligences have so far perfected methods of communicating, that they can, without mortal contact, write as rapidly and as legibly as can be done by the type-writer. This manifestation is commonly called "independent spirit-writing," but the spirits of our circle call it "thought materialization through the process of independent spirit-writing."

The Orondo communication was spoken in December last. The spirits of "Lost Atlantis" have as welcome a greeting at the Carrie Miller circle as spirits of any other age or era of the world's history. We give the Atlantean spirits appreciation and recognition because we know, with the certainty of a demonstration, that they are just what they declare themselves to be; and, because they have come to our age and race with a knowledge, power and purpose that no other age or race could have possessed.

Orondo says: "One of the principal sources of wealth of the Atlanteans were mining industries, and the occupation had been elevated to such an art that mineral resources were developed in a manner unknown to your age."

With the multiplied and perfected methods of communication through the mundane and spiritual worlds it is not possible, may, is it not probable, that the knowledge of the past—in science, history and art—will be revealed to the present.

CHAS. R. MILLER.  
281 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FOX MEDIA—MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Here is a very tall man—a well-built, heavy man; has short, black hair and smooth face. He is draped in Roman costume, wears a kind of frock of red velvet and gold, blazing with jewels. He carries a short sword, a two-edged, cross-sword. Around his neck and breast is a chain with medals and jewels. This is an intellectual man. Now he is writing in the glass jar paper and pencil in sight. Carrie Miller says "she has engaged this Roman orator and warrior for the occasion."

Friends, mortals, Spiritualists! I come to rejoice, not to lament, the fate which has released a great spirit from a world of care, humiliation and pain. To rejoice that Margaret Fox-Kane is now enjoying the reward her great mediumship, her self-sacrifices and the light that has been revealed through her have earned.

If in her earth-life career some mortal faults have manifested themselves when the clouds and storms of hatred and malice, bigotry and oppression had driven her from those social privileges to which, as a mortal, she was entitled, let it be remembered that it was not the spirit of Margaret Fox-Kane which sinned, but the evil spirits of those mortals who enshrouded in gloom the closing years of a valued earth-life existence.

Imperial Caesar, whose rigid code attracted to the Roman Forum friend and foe alike, with all his vast prospects and mortal accomplishments, with his great mind and brilliant talents, had

quintessence but the occasional sacking of an ocean steamer and other craft, the conditions which affect matter on the surface of the globe do not exist beneath the surface.

There is in a street of one of the chief cities a large stonemason of modern structure, which, descending from the shores of the European for the American coast and was never thereafter heard from. This ship was named "Atlantis" it is founded, and is now, as I have before intimated, resting free from harm and the effects of time.

It is from the spirit of those who came to us, not in that one particular instance, however, that we have been enabled to form relations with mortals of the nineteenth century.

This leads me to the significance of spiritual manifestations. As an Atlantean I am anxious to acquaint the modern world with my race of which I am justly proud, and also to refute the theory that the world has an existence of but a few thousand years.

My friend Yermach has consulted with me with regard to the manifestation I am now making, and has cautioned me to be careful lest what I might say would seem too incredible for belief. Hence I must be guided by the extent of the faith, breadth of mind, and capacity of intellect of the people to whom I am communicating. This leads me to explain my opening remarks as to the extent of the Atlantis continent.

Of course it will be understood that we were not all of one race, nor were the continents I have named subject to one form of government; but the Atlantean manners were copied, their intelligence felt, and their people distributed around the entire globe. What I mean by this, is that our people visited all countries, and not only had commercial intercourse with them, but exercised a sway which what you call a superior civilization gave them.

One of the principal sources of wealth of the Atlanteans were mining industries, and the occupation had been elevated by system to such an art that the mineral resources were developed in a manner unknown to your age.

Before closing this communication, a word of encouragement to those brave souls who are manfully battling for the truth, which has been revealed to them, through the varied phenomena of spiritual manifestation, a truth synonymous with the undying ages of time, whose vital principle comprehends all that has been, or ever can be; a truth so precious that the horrors of the grave have been dissolved in the warmth of an unintermitted, filial, parental or other affection.

And in fine a truth which reveals that mortal life is but a temporary phase of existence, whose limits are the condition of animal indulgence; that the sequel, the consequent outgrowth—the spiritual—is the true phase of existence, where relatives and friends of days gone by are to be reunited in peace and happiness.

This truth is demonstrated from our side of life whenever and wherever mortals will permit spirits to manifest. I have been told by your friends here that Spiritualism, as now understood, and as I exemplify it, has been known for less than fifty years of your time; and I am also informed that the adherents of that cause are now numbered by millions, which is indeed a great promise for the future.

Therefore, falter not, be brave, and proud of the truth which has been revealed to you, and consider this in your treatment of less enlightened mortals. And I have no hesitation in saying that from its vital importance and its magnificent possibilities, Spiritualism will ultimately become the one faith to which all laws and theological doctrines must give place. It is the natural and only rational condition for the spiritual mind; it is the element of which it is born, upon which it must feed, and with which it must exist.

ORONDO.  
A chief of the Atlanteans.

A Noble Response.

TO THE EDITOR:—There are five in our family, and we all appreciate your valuable paper. We thought the Ohio trouble all over, but on reading your last issue something worse has taken place, so we will not delay in lending a helping hand to aid the good cause. Please find enclosed five dollars. We trust you will deliver it to the party that most needs it.

I was in your city a year ago and attended some of the meetings, which was a great benefit to me. I hope we have Spiritualists enough to defend the good cause. I sincerely hope that I may some day take a step further, so I can return the good I have received through your paper. A present I cannot, and will be content with my lot, hoping the good angels will have instruments enough to perform 'the good work' that is so greatly needed.

ANNA C. SCHROEDER.  
Martinton, Ill.

We assure the good lady that the money will be used to defray the expense of the Committee now at Springfield, opposing the Meyer bill, which, if it had not been vigorously opposed, would eventually become a law.

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When at Vandercook's Lake, Jackson, Mich., I met Mrs. Young, of Albion, Mich. This lady is the wife of the Mr. Young whose testimonial to Dr. Dobson appeared sometime since in the *New Thought*. She stated the same in substance as appeared in the testimonial; her husband was pronounced beyond recovery; Dr. Dobson restored him to health. She said: "It seemed almost like a miracle."

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(See add. in another column.)  
Address all letters to San Jose, Cal.

## THEIR SIN IS MURDER

Continued from 10th page.

without serious physical results. Only the expression of her face grew harder, and her whole appearance is brutalized.

I have long believed that the souls of these children which were not allowed to come to earth, matured in the Spirit-world, and quite recently I read a most remarkable book by Florence Marryat, the well-known author, and daughter of an author, which confirmed this belief.

This lady inherited from her father a clairvoyant or mediumistic gift, which enables her at times to see and speak with forms invisible to all eyes, but which many of the most intelligent minds of this age believe exist in space.

MATURE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

During one of these times, this lady states that she beheld and conversed with a child who proclaimed herself to be a premature infant (lost through an accident), and of whom the mother had never thought as maturing in Spirit-life.

While I am aware that many phases of so-called Spiritualism are believed in and sought after by worthless and immoral people, and are productive of much evil, I am also aware that our churches teem with individuals who possess some degree of clairvoyant power, and who secretly investigate the occult. The Society of Psychical Research, composed of many of our most brilliant men and thinkers, has proven beyond a doubt that despite the fraud existing in these matters, well-authenticated cases of spiritual manifestation exist. I have many dear friends, of noble life and spotless worth, who tell me they have seen the faces of those who have passed into Spirit-life. No such experience ever came to me, but I cannot be so ignorant or narrow as to declare my friends liars, or the victims of a delusion. When I hear a chord of music it is to me simply a sound, stirring and beautiful, but I have friends who hear harmonies and chords within chords, which I know nothing about in that same sound.

In this same manner I believe Florence Marryat may have seen and spoken with the child invisible to others, and what a tremendously moral influence such a universal belief would have upon the world to-day!

What woman (unless one whom shame and disgrace stared in the face) believing this, would dare force her unborn child back into the Spirit-world, knowing she must one day meet it in another sphere?

If this experience of Florence Marryat be true, what surprises await many a religious woman who has avoided the cares of maternity in this life only to find herself face to face with the matured souls of her murdered children in Spirit-land when she passes on!

A vast amount of good might be accomplished, would our clergymen stop quarrelling over dogmas, musty technicalities, and useless isms, and devote their eloquence to this subject for awhile.

It was only a short time ago that a fearful and sad young woman came to me and asked for a private interview. I had known her as a beautiful, ambitious girl, and as a happy bride, and as a disappointed wife. When we were alone together she said to me, between sobs:

I am very wretched, as you know; my marriage has been a disappointment; my husband does not seem to care for me and complains of his added expense since his marriage. Now that I am convinced a child is coming to us, he is furious with rage and despair. He says he cannot support a child, that it will drag him down and hinder him from any hope of independence. I am so unhappy I have come to you to ask you how I shall prevent this burden from falling upon me. I would not mind it, only for his sake, but he says other women extricate themselves from such troubles, and that I can."

If you were burdened by a helpless old father," would you come to me and ask me to aid you in murdering him? That is just as great a crime. Go and tell your husband I say so."

She left me, only to find the assistance she sought elsewhere, and rose from the brink of the grave shortly afterward, a wreck of her former self. She escaped the care and expense of bringing a child into this world, but can she escape meeting that child some time, somewhere!

Ask yourself this question, oh tried and tortured woman who contemplates this deed to-day!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

AN INVALUABLE WORK.

IMMORTALITY, OR FUTURE HOMES

and Dwelling places. By Dr. J. M. Peck. This admirable work contains what a hundred spirits, good and evil, have before this said. It is a detailed and accurate delineation of life in the Spirit-world—in the constant aspect of thoughtful minds. It is the most complete and reliable work on this subject that has ever been published. It is a book that every one should read. It is a book that every one should have. It is a book that every one should give. It is a book that every one should keep. It is a book that every one should read. It is a book that every one should have. It is a book that every one should give. It is a book that every one should keep.

I know my friends before the tomb? Will they know me? What is their present condition, and what their future? These are the questions that every one should ask. These are the questions that every one should answer. These are the questions that every one should discuss. These are the questions that every one should solve. These are the questions that every one should face. These are the questions that every one should meet. These are the questions that every one should conquer. These are the questions that every one should overcome. These are the questions that every one should defeat. These are the questions that every one should destroy. These are the questions that every one should annihilate. These are the questions that every one should obliterate. These are the questions that every one should efface. These are the questions that every one should erase. These are the questions that every one should wipe out. These are the questions that every one should blot out. These are the questions that every one should cancel out. These are the questions that every one should nullify. These are the questions that every one should void. These are the questions that every one should annul. These are the questions that every one should rescind. These are the questions that every one should retract. These are the questions that every one should withdraw. These are the questions that every one should discontinue. These are the questions that every one should discontinue. These are the questions that every one should discontinue.

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HOW TO MESMERIZE, BY PROF.

LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE, ITS IN

DASH AND AFTER LIFE, BY AN

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL IN

THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN AND

LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL RE

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A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARD

THE SOUL, ITS NATURE, REL

THE SPIRITS' WORK, WHAT I

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