



LIFE AND DEATH.

The Nation's Dead and the Nation's Living.

Life We Are in the Midst of Death.

A Discourse Given Through
RS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Sunday Evening, May 28th, 1893.

DISCOURSE.

"In life we are in the midst of death."

The Arabic scripture says: "When the soul passes from paradise, that is death; when it returns to paradise, that is life."

Who are the nation's dead? Not the soldiers whose first war made the nation's existence possible; and who, whether risen from legislative halls or from the battlefields of the revolution, set the seal of their lives upon the solemn declaration of independence, and the statutes of liberty. Who are the dead, then, of the nation? Not those who afterwards steadily maintained by word and thought the tokens of freedom and bore forward to more perfect fruition that which had its bud and beginning in the war of the revolution.

And alas! not knowing that beneath the roots of the tree of liberty a serpent also was planted; and not knowing that along its current into its coming years came the virus of that serpent, and not seeing, or not being able to make others see that the time would come when there would be a fearful reckoning.

Who are the dead? Not those who, when that reckoning came, when the nation was imperiled, urged by the strong sentiment of love of home, love of country, love of freedom, went forward with a mighty impulse to follow the armies of the republic and preserve the ideal nation, nay! to make it stronger and more ideal if freedom should be more perfectly outwrought. They are not dead; every household calls them alive. Every mother remembers her boy of twenty-five years ago as she hoped he would come back to her from the battlefield as he did not come, but came as soul instead.

Every heart throbs at every thought of the thousands of lives that went out into the great light of the spiritual realm with the songs of the nation upon their lips and the song of freedom in their souls.

All hearts were thrilled at the close of the war when the great reckoning came and it was found that not one reeptive in the skies. And we may tell you right here, that then and there, household was without its vacant earthly chair; not one household but what had its living representative at the close of the war, was a greater impetus for spirit communion than ever has been known upon the earth. That was why the head of the nation, your beloved president, received the messages from the skies; that was why there were nearly two-thirds of the members of congress who held open communion with those who had passed on; and that was why, over all the land, the baptism of blood and tears brought about the baptism of the spirit and the opening of the gates of immortality.

Message after message, thousands of white-winged messengers passed over the land, written by hands that were unknown to the recipients, bearing tidings from those beyond the grave. What was done on earth by Clara Barton, in bearing tidings of the dead bodies to the loved ones who were at home, was done in spirit by the messengers sent through mediums, who were made the instruments of bearing tidings to the loved ones of the household. Not tidings of their dead forms, hidden away on southern battlefields, and not to be extricated without great pain, labor and difficulty, but tidings of the spirit that needed no great army of attendants to make them know that they were living, loving and working for their loved ones still.

If you knew the record, if you could see how many hearts were comforted, if you could have witnessed this passing to and fro of these many silent messengers, if you knew how the mediums' hands were made to write, and the mediums' voices made to declare the presence of this unseen army, you would not be surprised that there are thousands and thousands of homes scattered over prairies and hills, in valleys, hamlets and towns, where the voice or message from the Spirit-world is held sacred. Then and there the great seal of Spirit-life was broken, and the life-tide that had been shed on earth, to produce the blossoms that spring up today, was restored in the spirit to yield the blossoms of immortal life and love. This is why the nations do not despair; and this is why the arisen ones, from the firesides and the homes, and from the councils of the

nation still keep watch and ward; soldiers of peace, bearers of the white banners of freedom and love, but none the less active workers in the great welfare of humanity. The nation is merged in the larger nation of the skies; the country is merged in the larger kingdom of the soul. But human lives are as sacred and human destinies are as much to be outwrought; no little thread of love or life is forgotten, but is taken up and borne forward in that great kingdom in the rank and file of the risen army of the nation.

You decorate their graves, and this week will be a great blossoming for peace; and the nation seems to be at peace and the world is praising that which transpires in this land today. Columbia has sung her songs of rejoicing and all peoples bend to the dream that has been outwrought in external form of such magnificence as the world never saw. Aladdin's palace, all the fables of the Orient vanish before the inventions, discoveries and wonders wrought by the hand of man; and the earth herself puts forth the abundant bounteousness of her blossoming, and all along that border-land where the greatest part of warfare was known, until on the day after tomorrow there will be no bud in all this broad land where the spots and blossoms and leaves appear that nature does not help to remember the graves of her living heroes—living in the abundance of that fought for; and whatever was the sentiment that ennobled and enthralled them that makes their government sacred bears them on to the kingdom of usefulness beyond.

If this were the end of what we have to say how beautiful it would be, and how you would jolt on the morrow and the morrow in arraying the earth with flowers, how every form that has been placed beneath the sod would represent a living light beyond, and every loved one, from the babe to the warrior, from the gray-haired matron to the maiden would symbolize one link in this life that is eternal beyond death.

What was wrought in that life which you call death was the freedom of the slave and the preservation of the union of the States. What was not wrought was the freedom from the death that is upon you this day. We mean: the dead that are in the legislative halls; we mean, the dead that are in the dungeons of prejudice, darkness and fear; we mean the dead that dwell in poverty and wrong; we mean, the dead that are in the houses of sin, palatial houses, perhaps—perhaps, hovels; but wherever they are, the dead who cannot read the spirit or the letter of the constitution, and who, as we said this morning, have made themselves anarchists by enacting laws that are oppressive to the people, by compelling them to worship God not according to the dictates of their conscience, but (unprecedented in the nation's history) according to the dictates of congress. This week may decide who are the dead and who are the living. But the evangelical churches will combine, and the evangelical churches represent a combination of wealth, and if you did not know it before tonight, we will about this secret to you: wealth in this land means power, and that power in the hands of evangelical Christianity, as it is called, means control. You have now in the midst of this peaceful week, when you decorate the graves of those who fought for the unity of these states and the preservation of this constitution, the spectacle of the nation violating the constitution and the people trying to maintain it. We hope the people will succeed.

We do not recommend violence, but we recommend firmness to conviction and the inheritance of right. Not only would we rather see every bench and seat in this room empty, but every seat in the churches and in the congress of the nation than to see one human being debarred the privilege of entering the place that is under the control of the nation that allows the people freedom of conscience in worship.

That will be the question this week. While you are scattering lilies and roses, that will be the subject of discussion: while you are thinking of the living ones, that will be what dead people will be talking about in courts and halls of legislation. That will be what will come under your observation during this coming week. We do not envy those who have it in charge either way.

We know these are great testing times, and it seems as though events were whirled into just such a position as to bring about the present state of affairs here. You thought you were going to fight Roman Catholicism; you thought that the pope was coming over here to rule, but he is too feeble and too old; then you thought, perhaps there would be an American pope. But, meanwhile, hierarchy at your door is the one you have to consider, and to consider that you will have to decide: whether the nation is alive or dead; whether the spirit of the nation is to perish or remain? It is law to preserve the spirit of the nation and the constitution; (as we said this morning) it is revolution

and anarchy to enact a law against the spirit of the constitution.

Unfortunately a blunder has been made. If there be some one wise enough to confess, clear headed enough to set it aside, and strong handed enough to cut the gordian knot, then the difficulty may be avoided. But if the seal is set, however unimportant it may seem to you at this time, if the seal is set, and remains so, upon this freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, and liberty of pursuing happiness so long as you do not interfere with the equal freedom and privilege of others, then from that time will the freedom of the nation wane and the rights of the people; lapse and any kind of hierarchy, any kind of church government will be possible from that hour. Do you doubt it? Then you have not studied history aright; you have not read the history of England; you have not read the history of Rome; you have not read the history of all the nations where the single power of church of any kind has been able to hold the people in awe.

We do not mean to talk about this at length to-night. We spoke of it this morning, and refer to it as one of the indications of where the dead are to be found. There is just as much death in worshipping Mammon as there is in the grave; it is death to all other aspirations and hopes, and sets its seal as factually upon human life. There is just as much death in the fear of death as in anything else; they are dead who walk the earth in the fear of death, or fear from any cause. The disease that may make you well is not half so bad and terrible as the fear of it. The pestilence which has been predicted with loud flourish of trumpets and alarm worded dread of it. We know many people who have suffered the pangs of death every day in their lives lest something should happen to them, lest something should fall on them while walking the streets, lest something terrible overcome them.

The physical body can only die once, but here is death for every hour in the day and every day in the year in human life. Then we know people who are dead in prejudice, who are walled in as effectually as if they were entombed, who cannot go that way nor the other, nor the other, whose thoughts are held enchained, whose opinions are fastened and riveted, who are in the condition of being sealed in a sort of sepulcher, and they can only be released by authority; that authority is ecclesiastical; perhaps that authority rests under the mandate of some priest or demagogue, belongs to some particular caste, ism or creed. The freedom of worship, that set the apostles free has not come to the people. There are those that are dead in selfishness, who only walk a certain pathway and that the pursuing of selfish aims, who have never experienced the great life-giving truth that pulses through all the veins when you do an act for another, forgetting self. If one has never had this experience, then there is in store for that one such a resurrection as if the physical body were to rise after it is dead—more of a resurrection. We believe there is a place in the New Testament where death, or that which is worse than death, is referred to with reference to conditions in this life—the conditions which blind people in the fetters of fear and darkness, and of external selfishness, not to conditions after the death of the body. We consider that this is the state of the dead; that when the human spirit takes on physical life it enters the realm of death, where death is possible; and that this conflict between the physical and the spiritual is that realm of judgment and condemnation which you read of in the ancient Scriptures. In fact the Oriental religions so declare it; when they entered the underworld from the realm of Ormuzd, the god of light, they then entered where there was darkness, where there was struggle and conflict. Whichever has conquered the darkness, that is the victor. In Egypt the underworld was where Horus entered into the shadow, and only emerged from the shadow when the great victory was attained, when the child-life was reborn; which means the life of the spirit, the life of truth.

Are you not all in the midst of death? It is the body alone that dies, it is the earthly state alone that changes, it is the outward condition that is transient and fleeting, and you are all in the midst of death. But this death, this particular bondage, furnishes the discipline that leads to conquest and the life. Through that you emerge from the state of death into the state of knowledge of life. See how dead you are, how many of you have entered into the possession of all your powers? How many know the heights and depths, the length and breadth, and power of the spirit that is within them?

This living flame, this quenchless fire, this immortal part, this love that you feel in your loved ones beyond the skies, this truth that makes you scorn error at last, this desire for freedom, that makes you follow the standard of freedom as long as it stands for freedom, this that is in the ideal kingdom is the kingdom of all life. Take away from human existence this kingdom of life, this kingdom of the spirit, this power of wisdom, love and strength, and there is nothing left but disintegration and decay; the body separates—nerve, tissue, bone, muscle, fiber, fall apart; there is nothing to hold them together, the great bond of the body is gone, and that bond is the life of the spirit.

Are they not dead? Oh, no! Quenchless things cannot be destroyed; deathless things cannot die; that which is in the realm of eternal life cannot perish. The body dies? Aye, you weep when the lily fades, and the child thinks there will be no more blossoming, but those of maturer years know that the form only fades to protect the life of the germ, that each year renews again the blossom that was there. Those who have knowledge of the soul are aware that the body only perishes that the spirit may renew its life in the eternal kingdom which is life, and that there its true inheritance. And the nation? The dear, lovely, beautiful nation, the nation that has been punished, the nation that has been purified by tears of blood and fire, which you worship but what is it? Land, mountains, valleys, streams, hills, buildings, cities, commerce? No! The living thoughts of a living people; the bones, muscles, sinews and nerves of the people vivified by thought, borne forward by aspiration, uplifted by the hope of the downtrodden, and despairing ones made glad and free in the light of the soul; that is the nation.

Is the nation in congress? No, it should be, by its loving representatives; there its voice, its sign, its token should be. Is the nation in legislative halls? No; only partially; some interests are there, external factors in the government are there; portions of the nation's life are there; but until government legislators, whatever their convictions, they are delegates of the people, shall represent the life-beats of the people, there can be no nation there. As heart and pulse keep time with one another, so every pulsation at the center of a government should thrub in sympathy with the people. The nation is your lives, your hearts, your aspirations, that which you are and are to be. One has no business to be in a place of trust unless he is in close sympathy with all the hearts of the people.

This ideal nation has to be built and outwrought. You say, fondly, it is here to-day. You know in an esoteric or divine sense that it is not here to-day. While this may be, and doubtless is, the greatest, broadest, freest, most wonderful and most magnificent nation that the earth has ever seen, still you confess at this hour that the nation will rise as the people rise, that it will be greater as the people are greater, that it will unfold as the people unfold, that it will blossom as the people blossom, and will yield its fruit as the people yield fruit, and that it represents the heart-beats, the brain-throbs, the spirit-pulsations of the mighty humanity that is here. You welcome the people of all lands and exclude some; you profess to find a harbor for all and make war against some; you expect that the people will be molded into the shape of the great ideal thought that is here, yet you fall and fail in representing the ideal to them. Oh yes! it is here with the tombs and sepulchers. Find it in your own spirit, not in the tombs of those whom you have loved and followed, but find it where your prejudices are, where your shortcomings for humanity is, where your lack of the broad spirit is, that spirit that made one of your greatest patriots say: "My country is the world, my countrymen mankind, and to do good my religion," and strengthen the bond that makes it possible to have a great, perfect and living nation by making every member of that nation alive. Let none be machines, let none be under any particular thralldom of power, let there be no god but the Infinite; let Mammon cease to have his altars in your midst, let neither commerce nor interest beckon a restless people, nor anything whatever divert you from the great purpose of maintaining this living nation.

How will you have it? Remove the sepulchers from your individual lives, take away the blinds, the bondage, all that fetters you and narrows down your perception of what a nation may be. People say: "We must love our own country best as we love our homes." But if you love your country by wronging others, that is not love, that is simply wrong. People say: "We cannot love all humanity as we love our own household." But you love your household as a part of death. But this death, this particular bondage, furnishes the discipline that leads to conquest and the life. Through that you emerge from the state of death into the state of knowledge of life. See how dead you are, how many of you have entered into the possession of all your powers? How many know the heights and depths, the length and breadth, and power of the spirit that is within them?

This living flame, this quenchless fire, this immortal part, this love that you feel in your loved ones beyond the skies, this truth that makes you scorn error at last, this desire for freedom, that makes you follow the standard of freedom as long as it stands for freedom, this that is in the ideal kingdom is the kingdom of all life. Take away from human existence this kingdom of life, this kingdom of the spirit, this power of wisdom, love and strength, and there is nothing left but disintegration and decay; the body separates—nerve, tissue, bone, muscle, fiber, fall apart; there is nothing to hold them together, the great bond of the body is gone, and that bond is the life of the spirit.

Are they not dead? Oh, no! Quenchless things cannot be destroyed; deathless things cannot die; that which is in the realm of eternal life cannot perish. The body dies? Aye, you weep when the lily fades, and the child thinks there will be no more blossoming, but those of maturer years know that the form only fades to protect the life of the germ, that each year renews again the blossom that was there. Those who have knowledge of the soul are aware that the body only perishes that the spirit may renew its life in the eternal kingdom which is life, and that there its true inheritance. And the nation? The dear, lovely, beautiful nation, the nation that has been punished, the nation that has been purified by tears of blood and fire, which you worship but what is it? Land, mountains, valleys, streams, hills, buildings, cities, commerce? No! The living thoughts of a living people; the bones, muscles, sinews and nerves of the people vivified by thought, borne forward by aspiration, uplifted by the hope of the downtrodden, and despairing ones made glad and free in the light of the soul; that is the nation.

Is the nation in congress? No, it should be, by its loving representatives; there its voice, its sign, its token should be. Is the nation in legislative halls? No; only partially; some interests are there, external factors in the government are there; portions of the nation's life are there; but until government legislators, whatever their convictions, they are delegates of the people, shall represent the life-beats of the people, there can be no nation there. As heart and pulse keep time with one another, so every pulsation at the center of a government should thrub in sympathy with the people. The nation is your lives, your hearts, your aspirations, that which you are and are to be. One has no business to be in a place of trust unless he is in close sympathy with all the hearts of the people.

or joy, whatever be the method, it will bring your weakness to the light and destroy it, or bring your strength into activity; this is coming. It comes upon you space in these days. These arduous days of very swift culminations; days of rapid strides toward fulfillment. Some fulfillments are toward destruction, some are toward the light. That which is dead will be destroyed, whether it be in church, or State, or society, or individual; the brand is in the hand of the great worker who goeth forth to burn the stubble, and the fallow fields will be made fertile; some portion of your existence is liable to be destroyed, but whatever there is in you that is alive will clasp hands with the living ones above, and join in the great array for freedom and truth and love, and the peace that is born of this mighty and perfect conquest.

We may not declare when or how, we may not reveal to you in what manner this shall come. But be sure that an invisible hand is at the gateway of legislation; be sure that an invisible hand is at the gateway of commerce; be sure that invisible powers are working at the churches; and be sure invisible powers are working outside of the churches. Up from the masses spring prophets, seers and teachers unanctioned by church, school, college or State, and these declare the law, these proclaim the path of the nation, these tell where the living are to be found, these point to the skies, where numberless and numberless rows of the rank and file—spirits, angels and archangels are doing God's work upon the earth.

Meanwhile, gather your flowers, bear forward your sacred memorials. Forget not the living who are there, and the slumbering or dead who are here. Let no blossom of daily need be neglected; let no flower or bud of kindness be forgotten; let no action or resolution fail, in carrying forward the sublime work of the spirit. Then you will live, not in the midst of tombs and sepulchers of faded, past and lost ambition, but in the midst of a world that renews itself; then your lives each year, each day, each hour, if need be, will be renewed, as blossoms are renewed, as verdure is renewed; as the songs are returning that tell you that the winter is past and gone and springtime is here, and that all nature and God invite you to the resurrection of life, and to be a living nation.

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIERS.

Open wide the palace portals;
Greet with flowers the banquet hall!
Let lights gleam from every cottage;
Hang fresh garlands on each wall!
Roll the drum; bugles sound!
Let the land with joy resound!

Soldiers, welcome home!
Who are these like war-birds flocking;
Filling street and public square;
With their tattered banners waving;
Thronging, shouting everywhere?
Never fought braver men,
Fought of gallant Sheridan;
Brave boys, welcome home!

Who are these like horsemen hurrying;
Filling every place with light;
Bearing messages at midnight;
Onward, urgent in their flight?
When we thought all was lost,
Down swept Sherman's mighty host.
Soldiers, welcome home!

Who are these that calmly mingle;
Down the broad and meekly too,
Unto whom the nation bendeth;
With the torn red, white and blue?
Bravest sons of the free,
Led by Grant to victory.
Veterans, welcome home!

But, alas! all are not with you
Who went forth in strength one day;
Mothers vainly watch and pray;
For their forms nevermore
Through palace hall or cottage door
Shall enter earthly home.

Where the wild rose blooms in beauty
On the distant woodland slope,
And the golden plover lily
Lifts its dewy chalice up;
Where the birds sweetly sing
And all their wild notes to you fling,
Welcome! welcome home!

Where the cornfields stand like armies
With their plumes of gold and green,
Driving back palefaced famine,
In whose clutches ye have been,
All of gladness and of light,
All of gladness and of joy;
Welcome, welcome home.

One by one their names were entered
Upon Heaven's muster-rolls,
Death, the great senior commander,
Led them to the land of souls;
Rank and file in step they keep,
Soul to soul up Heaven's steep,
They are marching home.

Where the camp-fires of the heavens
Gleam above the clouds of earth,
And where all stars are promulgated,
By the standard of true worth,
Led by him—hence sent—
Your brave, martyred President,
They are welcome home.

[Given through the medium, Cora L. V. Richmond, at the close of the services Sunday evening, May 28th, 1893, by recital, being a reproduction of a poem given through her lips on the return of the soldiers to Chicago at the close of the war of the rebellion.]

The Sun Was Too Brilliant.

How many can tell the origin of the habit of closing the eyes in prayer? Far back in the past the sun was the universal object of worship. As it rose above the horizon the devotee thanked it for its return to bless the world. As it set in the west he implored its early return. His face was always towards the sun in prayer, and his eyes were closed to prevent blindness. The habit has passed down from father to son for thousands of years. Though the object of worship has been changed the custom survives.

The first street railroad was laid in New York, in 1825.

BLIND TOM.

A Wonderful Musician.

An Excellent Medium.

A Chapter by a Prominent Lawyer.

Tom is an anomaly; and to most people, an enigma. That an idiot—radical, congenital, complete—should have such capacity seems to be a contradiction in terms. The capability is intellectual, and yet there is no intellect. There seems an entire absence of mind, and yet here is a mental achievement which the sons of genius cannot parallel. Unable, of himself, to talk, to write, to think, he is yet one of the wonders of the world. He is a musical prodigy, surpassing the renowned musicians of all time. Beethoven, Mozart, Bettioli, Rossini, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Schubert, Gluck, Chopin, Thalberg, Wagner—none of the famous performers of the past could do what blind, idiotic Tom can easily accomplish. Is this a mystery? Nay, it is easy of solution. The simple truth is that Tom is a medium. Such is his physical conformation that the spirits of the great masters can control him at will; and play through his brain and with his fingers. This simply illustrates, dear Judge, what I have before contended for in these papers, that great talents are controlled, and great deeds are accomplished, by the capacity of receptivity which the individual possesses. It is a familiar doctrine to many of us; but, to many, it is too. Can you account for this abnormal and astounding capability on any other grounds? Look at it. Here is a born fool. He comes of the lowest race. He is thick-lipped and small-headed. Born of negro blood, in Georgia, he has all the characteristics of his race. As a child, a thought was a stranger to him. An idea could not find entrance into his thick skull. His thickened pate is impervious. He had no wants he could express. He was incapable of learning the letters, or any other letter of the alphabet. No word of his own issued from his protuberant lips. There was not room inside his retreating forehead for any intellectual conception. He could only whine; leaving his parents to guess as best they could what needs he had. A more unpromising and helpless specimen never came into this breathing world. And yet there was one avenue into the domain above his materiality, which was found to be open and unobstructed. "Music, heavenly music," dowered him with her choicest gifts. Out of this mass of idiocy there flashed the brightest gleams of melody. The inheritance of slavery could not repress it. The ignorance and besottedness of many generations could not close this avenue. There seemed, from his infancy, only one thing that could awaken his dormant life, or make him give tokens of intelligence—and that was sound. The only entrance to his soul was through his ears. His eyes were sealed, but whenever there was sound, of any kind, then he was astir. Though it was the chirp of the cricket, the barking of a dog, the song of the birds, or any vocal token of animal life; though it was the sighing of the wind around and through the clinks of the negro hut; though the purling brook sent its soft murmurs into "the porches of his ears," or the music of the rain, as it pattered on the thatch that covered him; or the reverberations in the clouds; whatever it was—noise of any kind—this was the single thing that connected him with the universe, in any intelligent way. Then developed the capacity for imitation. He could repeat even words that he heard, though he attached no significance to them. They were sound, and therefore welcome to him. While, for himself, he could not articulate a syllable, and could only grunt and whine, yet he could, earlier than other children, repeat with distinctness whole sentences which had come to his sense of hearing. Ere he was two years old he sang; and at four, both the white and black keys of the piano, though wholly unpractised, were at his command. Untaught, this sable toddler, whose legs would scarce support his body, sat down on the piano-stool at night, when all the family were asleep, and flooded the house with melody. All night he played, and when the family came from their beds in the morning, the chumpy fingers—black as the ebony keys—were evoking the tunes he had heard the evening before. The complicated movement of both hands seemed easy, natural and familiar, though this was his first known effort at the keys. Except on one theory, nothing more marvelous than this has ever been heard of.

Probably Mozart comes nearer to Tom in musical precocity than any one else known to history. With the exception of Tom, I presume the little yellow-haired Wolfgang was the most wonderful boy that ever came into our sphere. He touched the chords of the harpichord at three years of age. Before he was five he would learn a minuet by heart at half an hour's notice. At five, he composed a theme, and played it. A trumpet, unmodified by other instruments, was so severe and harsh that his little frame would tremble with fright, and he would fall to the floor. At the age of five he gave a public performance, and in his sixth year he played before the sovereigns of Germany. Thus he went on, and wherever he went his career was an ovation, and soon the notations from his pen, poured forth with profusion, were, and to this day continue, the delight and marvel of the music-loving world.

But Mozart was educated by his father, a violinist of repute; brought up among the great musicians of Germany, and stimulated by the adulation of the princesses and sovereigns of Germany; while Tom, poor Tom, negro Tom—struggled in the dirt of a negro cabin, and heard little but a jolly banjo, or a superannuated fiddle, bowed by a darkey fiddler.

At the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association Blind Tom appeared last Friday night before a small Middletown audience. He has grown to portly proportions. He shows his forty years. He announced his programme in a speech which for deliberate and distinct articulation, for appropriate language and modulation, and for richness of tone, might well be emulated by any orator. And yet it is said that he, Tom, had no appreciation or understanding of what he was saying.

It is difficult to believe it—no, on my theory it is easy to believe it. Tom is of the number of those apparently who have good opinions of themselves, for he was an enthusiastic applauder of his own performances. There seems to be nothing in the region of sound which he cannot reproduce: the chiming of bells; the notes of the harp and guitar, the tinkling, rapid tones of the music-box, the whistle and the wheels of locomotives, the shrill life and sounding drum, the wheezing bagpipe, the songs of birds and the echoes of thunder, and the combat of artillery. His dull face lights up with smiles at his own music; and his hands, at times, sweep with unusual grace over the keyboard. What celerity of thought must be required to enable him to play "Fisher's Hornpipe" with his right hand, in one key, and "Yankee Doodle" with his left, in another key, and sing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," in a third key, at the same time; and yet he has no thought. What a wonderful memory which enables him to reproduce, immediately, any complicated piece of music which he has never heard before. There is no other possible solution of the mystery, as it seems to me, than to attribute his performance to some power, some musical intelligence outside and back of him.

I was as much interested in Tom, in an interview with him at the Russell house, after the concert, as in the concert itself. He seemed so unassuming, what was said to him; and his replies were apt, interesting and of a witty. He demeaned himself with politeness, giving appropriate salutations to those who were introduced to him, and at the close, rising with dignity and courtesy, he bid his guests good-bye. And yet it was not Tom; it was some one who acted and talked through him.

What a strange thing! His memory holds some five thousand pieces; and among them are the master compositions of Beethoven, Bach, Gottschalk, Chopin and Thalberg. At our interview he spoke also in French and German. It is said he recites in Greek and Latin. And yet this is nothing but the memory of sound; no sense, no appreciation, no intelligence, no enjoyment; no anything, but simply impressions on the ear! If we could imagine one who had an all-around endowment, equal on every subject, to this capacity of Tom for sound, we would begin to get some glimpse of the capacity of the human soul when released from its impediments.

It is evident that Tom's power does not come simply from a musical endowment. Genius does not account for it. Even if that could explain his musical conception, it does not account for his execution on a mechanical instrument. The piano does not sing of its own accord. It is a complicated piece of mechanism. Certain keys produce certain sounds. Genius cannot know what sounds will follow their pressure. Ordinarily, that requires practice and experience, even to the most highly gifted. But here, without any previous practice, teaching or experience, he played with facility. Is there any other theory which can approach an explanation of this, except that some experienced, invisible spirit-hand informed his fingers to touch the magic keys? Science can invent no theory to fit his case. To science, Tom is incomprehensible. To the Spiritualist it is plain as a pikestaff. Says Eugene Crowell, in his remarkable work, entitled, "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism": "Every intelligent word and movement of Tom in these exhibitions, separately and collectively, testify to an intelligence outside of him and against his own limited intelligence."

I would not have spent the time to write this essay, nor occupy your space with it, were it not that a great truth is exemplified by it—that of the power of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world to speak and to act through human organisms. He is a phenomenon that furnishes food for study. He does not illustrate the capacity and power and range of the human mind so much as he does the capacity of the released spirit, which, even through such imperfect organisms, can achieve such feats in harmony. Some of the great masters of melody, who, in their earth-time, entranced the nations, now repeat themselves through the stupid, negative brain and the tawny fingers of this full-blooded African. It is one of the many powers of the communion of spirits and men. How pleasant to avoid and to avoid the unpleasant and only satisfactory expression of a mystery, if it is any expression of Spiritualism. Tom is a case of the only instance of control. There are many cases of some of which I have seen some, where persons incapable of being compelled to play or sing, un-

But Mozart was educated by his father, a violinist of repute; brought up among the great musicians of Germany, and stimulated by the adulation of the princesses and sovereigns of Germany; while Tom, poor Tom, negro Tom—struggled in the dirt of a negro cabin, and heard little but a jolly banjo, or a superannuated fiddle, bowed by a darkey fiddler.

At the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association Blind Tom appeared last Friday night before a small Middletown audience. He has grown to portly proportions. He shows his forty years. He announced his programme in a speech which for deliberate and distinct articulation, for appropriate language and modulation, and for richness of tone, might well be emulated by any orator. And yet it is said that he, Tom, had no appreciation or understanding of what he was saying.

It is difficult to believe it—no, on my theory it is easy to believe it. Tom is of the number of those apparently who have good opinions of themselves, for he was an enthusiastic applauder of his own performances. There seems to be nothing in the region of sound which he cannot reproduce: the chiming of bells; the notes of the harp and guitar, the tinkling, rapid tones of the music-box, the whistle and the wheels of locomotives, the shrill life and sounding drum, the wheezing bagpipe, the songs of birds and the echoes of thunder, and the combat of artillery. His dull face lights up with smiles at his own music; and his hands, at times, sweep with unusual grace over the keyboard. What celerity of thought must be required to enable him to play "Fisher's Hornpipe" with his right hand, in one key, and "Yankee Doodle" with his left, in another key, and sing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," in a third key, at the same time; and yet he has no thought. What a wonderful memory which enables him to reproduce, immediately, any complicated piece of music which he has never heard before. There is no other possible solution of the mystery, as it seems to me, than to attribute his performance to some power, some musical intelligence outside and back of him.

I was as much interested in Tom, in an interview with him at the Russell house, after the concert, as in the concert itself. He seemed so unassuming, what was said to him; and his replies were apt, interesting and of a witty. He demeaned himself with politeness, giving appropriate salutations to those who were introduced to him, and at the close, rising with dignity and courtesy, he bid his guests good-bye. And yet it was not Tom; it was some one who acted and talked through him.

What a strange thing! His memory holds some five thousand pieces; and among them are the master compositions of Beethoven, Bach, Gottschalk, Chopin and Thalberg. At our interview he spoke also in French and German. It is said he recites in Greek and Latin. And yet this is nothing but the memory of sound; no sense, no appreciation, no intelligence, no enjoyment; no anything, but simply impressions on the ear! If we could imagine one who had an all-around endowment, equal on every subject, to this capacity of Tom for sound, we would begin to get some glimpse of the capacity of the human soul when released from its impediments.

It is evident that Tom's power does not come simply from a musical endowment. Genius does not account for it. Even if that could explain his musical conception, it does not account for his execution on a mechanical instrument. The piano does not sing of its own accord. It is a complicated piece of mechanism. Certain keys produce certain sounds. Genius cannot know what sounds will follow their pressure. Ordinarily, that requires practice and experience, even to the most highly gifted. But here, without any previous practice, teaching or experience, he played with facility. Is there any other theory which can approach an explanation of this, except that some experienced, invisible spirit-hand informed his fingers to touch the magic keys? Science can invent no theory to fit his case. To science, Tom is incomprehensible. To the Spiritualist it is plain as a pikestaff. Says Eugene Crowell, in his remarkable work, entitled, "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism": "Every intelligent word and movement of Tom in these exhibitions, separately and collectively, testify to an intelligence outside of him and against his own limited intelligence."

I would not have spent the time to write this essay, nor occupy your space with it, were it not that a great truth is exemplified by it—that of the power of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world to speak and to act through human organisms. He is a phenomenon that furnishes food for study. He does not illustrate the capacity and power and range of the human mind so much as he does the capacity of the released spirit, which, even through such imperfect organisms, can achieve such feats in harmony. Some of the great masters of melody, who, in their earth-time, entranced the nations, now repeat themselves through the stupid, negative brain and the tawny fingers of this full-blooded African. It is one of the many powers of the communion of spirits and men. How pleasant to avoid and to avoid the unpleasant and only satisfactory expression of a mystery, if it is any expression of Spiritualism. Tom is a case of the only instance of control. There are many cases of some of which I have seen some, where persons incapable of being compelled to play or sing, un-

It is evident that Tom's power does not come simply from a musical endowment. Genius does not account for it. Even if that could explain his musical conception, it does not account for his execution on a mechanical instrument. The piano does not sing of its own accord. It is a complicated piece of mechanism. Certain keys produce certain sounds. Genius cannot know what sounds will follow their pressure. Ordinarily, that requires practice and experience, even to the most highly gifted. But here, without any previous practice, teaching or experience, he played with facility. Is there any other theory which can approach an explanation of this, except that some experienced, invisible spirit-hand informed his fingers to touch the magic keys? Science can invent no theory to fit his case. To science, Tom is incomprehensible. To the Spiritualist it is plain as a pikestaff. Says Eugene Crowell, in his remarkable work, entitled, "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism": "Every intelligent word and movement of Tom in these exhibitions, separately and collectively, testify to an intelligence outside of him and against his own limited intelligence."

I would not have spent the time to write this essay, nor occupy your space with it, were it not that a great truth is exemplified by it—that of the power of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world to speak and to act through human organisms. He is a phenomenon that furnishes food for study. He does not illustrate the capacity and power and range of the human mind so much as he does the capacity of the released spirit, which, even through such imperfect organisms, can achieve such feats in harmony. Some of the great masters of melody, who, in their earth-time, entranced the nations, now repeat themselves through the stupid, negative brain and the tawny fingers of this full-blooded African. It is one of the many powers of the communion of spirits and men. How pleasant to avoid and to avoid the unpleasant and only satisfactory expression of a mystery, if it is any expression of Spiritualism. Tom is a case of the only instance of control. There are many cases of some of which I have seen some, where persons incapable of being compelled to play or sing, un-

BIBLE MARVEL WORKER
Allen Putnam, A. M. A marvelous man

Duty of Self-Culture; Marriage.
320 Pages. Finely Bound in Muslin, Sent postage free
for \$1.50. For sale wholesale and retail at this office.

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE
by Lucile Dunbar. These poems are as fragrant as sugar. Price \$1.00.

BEYOND THE GATES, BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS. A highly entertaining work. Price \$1.00.

THE DIAKKA, AND THEIR EARTH
by T. J. Davis. A work as interesting as it is beautiful. Price \$1.00.

THE SPIRITS WORK, WHAT
Heard, New and Felt at Cazenovia Lake. By D. L. Baydum. It is a pamphlet that will sell per person. Price 15 cents.

WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST
Part I, Two lectures. By Abby A. Judson. This is a book that every Spiritualist. Price 10 cents.



PHENOMENAL.

Through the Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

To THE EDITOR:—The Henry Clay communication was written at my residence, New York, Queens county, on Tuesday afternoon last, through the process of independent spirit writing. Mrs. Miller, Mr. Cole and myself being the only mortals present.

The papers on which the address was written, were folded (many times folded) and placed in the glass jar. Not far an instant of time was the paper or lead pencil out of sight of the sitters.

Our home is on a high and commanding elevation, whence we can view the Atlantic ocean and the steamships as they enter or emerge (to and from) the "Narrows" on their passage from or to European and distant lands. From these commanding heights—some 170 feet above tide-water—we overlook and look down upon the great city of Brooklyn, with its million inhabitants. Looking westward we see the Brooklyn bridge and the tall spire of the New York city churches and cathedrals, whose shadows cover some two million more inhabitants—citizens of the American republic, whose importance is yet but a youthful expression of the power, greatness and glory that awaits it.

It is in a home and locality, thus secluded, beautified and surrounded, that spirits of all ages and eras are made welcome, and where they find favorable conditions for writing their own communications to the mortal world. My relation to these manifestations is that of reporter; and since I have learned the importance—the exceptional importance—of the Miller circle, my prayer is that I may continue to be found worthy of the confidence and companionship of the exalted spirit intelligences, who have inaugurated this movement.

In his day and generation no public man exerted a wider influence than did Henry Clay. He was the idol of one-half the American people, and was respected and admired by his political opponents, no less than by his personal and political friends, for his brilliant talents, patriotism and statesmanship. For Clay it was but a single step from the chair of the senator to the deathbed of the patriot.

The Henry Clay address is, I think, the longest written address that we have ever received. It is not only opportune and characteristic, but highly important, and I commend its careful perusal to all who are so fortunate as to have within their reach a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The communication from spirit Theodore Parker, was written inside a sealed letter to a friend in Boston, Mr. J. S. Adams, and a copy of the Parker communication was sent to me. The "Slavery of Conscience" is the one obstacle to the progress of the spiritual cause. The communication is characteristic of the author, and I shall rejoice to know that this first communication from Theodore Parker is only introductory to others that are to follow.

The Anna M. Stroud communication was, like the one from Theodore Parker, written inside a sealed envelope. The "Lovers" whose names are referred to in the communication, Judge Lewis M. Burson, of Stroudsburg, Pa., who has recently passed to spirit-life. For more than a decade of time Judge Burson has been in continual correspondence with spirit friends, availing himself of the splendid media powers of Mr. George Cole as the channel of communication. For some thirty years Anna M. Stroud has been living on the spirit side of life, and Lewis and Anna are cousins, the latter having been the principal spirit correspondent of the former. With this explanation the reader will understand the closing paragraph of Anna's communication, which reads: "And now he (Lewis) will experience in his own spirit that which he enjoyed when a mortal, viz., communication or correspondence, with the difference that now he will write the message instead of receiving it."

Though my friend, Judge Burson, has closed a long and useful mortal career, he informs me that he finds in the new life upon which he has entered, his faculties and powers are all enlarged and a far wider field of activity and usefulness opened to him than he ever dreamed of when a denizen of earth.

CHAS. R. MILLER.
4481 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SLAVERY OF CONSCIENCE.

I do not propose to express my thoughts in verse in writing this communication, but confine myself to the more serious dictation of prose.

During my earth-life my sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the slave, and from the agitation of the slave question, the shackles fell and American freedom became a fact, as well as a name.

Since I became a spirit, relieved from the anxieties and cares incident to an earth-life existence, I have discovered a far worse system of slavery among mortals than ever existed among the Negroes of the South. I have reference to the slavery of conscience which, under the theological taskmasters, keep able, intelligent, and in many instances, prominent mortals in a state of servile obedience which should not be characteristic of the civilization of the nineteenth century. Mortals, beings should be free spiritually as well as manually, for in no other manner can they assert their God-given manhood and personify that ideal of creation which can never be transfigured through the fog and mist of theological speculations. Theologians have created what is

termed "public opinion" in social con-

ditions, and this is the last which whips mortals into a blind obedience to laws which are borrowed in many instances from pagan lore and are practiced by the ancient Romans.

Public opinion, then, is the modern law of the Medes and Persians, and any violation thereof is punished by social ostracism. This opinion, concocted by sly, selfish mortals, becomes a yoke which mortals must wear, if they have not the manhood and courage of their convictions, and stand forth bravely for the rights which God has given them, and which should distinguish man from beast.

During the agitation of the slavery question spiritualism was but little thought of; there were, indeed, manifestations by departed spirits, but they were known to but a few mortals. Now manifestations are a daily occurrence and of such character as to arrest the attention of thinking mortals, and from a small handful of a few years since spiritualists now count their numbers in the millions, which indicates that just as many slaves have become free, and just as many mortals have acquired the courage of their convictions.

THOS. PARKER.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE ASCENDANT.

This is a man about 5 feet 10 inches high, slim built, has a smooth face, high forehead, gray hair, straight nose, high cheek bones, and a wide, practical mouth.

There is a peculiarity about this man's eyes, has a very piercing eye, shaggy eyebrows, deep penetrating look. He wears blue pantaloons, white vest, blue coat with brass buttons.

He holds in his hands a scroll on which is written "Constitution."

I manifest on this occasion not for the purpose of furnishing food for sectional discussion or angry controversy, but to calm the troubled waters of mortal life, and to say to the various representatives of antagonistic denominations, "peace, be still."

You are all mortals journeying to the same inevitable end, without the slightest knowledge of the world which you instinctively feel must exist beyond, and yet you cherish the belief that your spirits must lie in intermediate graves or tombs, for some indefinite period of time companions of worms, and prisoners in cells reeking with the filth of unspeakable corruption.

Is not your belief inconsistent with the feeling that your loved friends, who have passed from your midst, are happy and enjoying the well-earned rewards of a troublous earth-life existence?

The theory (it is not a belief) that pure and beautiful spirits must be consigned to such horrible conditions is as monstrous and terrible, it is amazing that intelligent mortal beings could have been thought to accept it, even as a temporary finale to mortal hopes and aspirations.

You may through persuasion or self-election select different pathways to your mortal graves—those narrow chasms between the physical and the spiritual, the mortal and immortal—may adopt different methods in performing your tollsomen pilgrimage to their fateful finish, yet as brothers, belonging to the same great family of the all-wise and infinite God, endeavor to avoid those unseemly controversies of creedal differences which are meaningless in themselves and have no relation whatever to that life which is the light and glory of the celestial spheres.

Your creeds and dogmas must terminate with your mortal life; they cannot extend beyond their narrow grave, as the beautiful world of joy and knowledge and peace, has placed that barrier across which envy, hatred and malice can never pass, and the spiritual realms would be polluted with the same conditions, the same angry controversies and strife which have clouded and debauched an otherwise delightful and beautiful mortal world.

Mortals, the spirits abiding within you, which are your true and only consequent beings in the great economy of existence all struggling against your evil passions and unreasonable manias, your gross sensualities and sordid ambitions to find voice and influence to guide you out of your difficult pathways of mortal delusion and lead you to that broad and verdant field of life which you will find an oasis of brotherhood, peace and love, joy and refreshment, from your bleak and barren desert of controversial strife and embittered existence.

Can you not pause in your mad careers and heed the admonitions of your higher beings, lay aside your creeds and dogmas which have created so much misery, divided so many families, made so many enemies and sacrificed so many lives upon the altar of intolerance and bigotry, and shook the ages with the crimes perpetrated on the brow of Calvary, and crimsoned the streets of Paris with innocent blood in the name of a Saint Bartholomew.

The annals of history are pregnant with the revelations of crime committed through the enmities arising from bigotry and intolerance; and the bright pages of progress, freedom and independence of thought appear still more brightly by contrast with the dark pages of persecution and suffering.

There are those in your midst who have been awakened to a realizing sense of their true relations to life, who have discarded the dogmas of bigotry and the narrow-minded prejudice of an irrational theology, have left the tollsomen and difficult ways prescribed by crafty teachers, and sought the oasis in mortal life, where they have found that rest and refreshment, which have renewed the youth of their hearts and qualified them for those spiritual experiences that those who depend upon a blind faith and baseless hope cannot understand.

These people are united on the broad ground of fraternal fellowship. They have yielded to the promptings of the spirits within them and have given the spirits that domination over their

earth-life affairs, which are and were their inherent rights from the remote period of creation. Feeling that their spirits from the bondage of doctrinal slavery, should be free, they have endeavored to open a way to the celestial spheres, and whose spirits of loved and departed friends are enabled to return to earth and hold sweet communion with those they hold dear and who they hold dear, to be secure, and beyond the grave, until after a final reconstruction of the mortal body, they again unite the two worlds for more closely than are united in a social or commercial relation, the continents of Europe and America.

Those people are known among men as Spiritualists. Freed from sectional controversies, discord and strife, they recognize and exemplify in themselves common brotherhood. They are guided and governed by the universal law of created and immortal life; they are drawn to their numbers from every clime and every land, who do not wish to continue in the belief that a loved mother, sister or daughter, are either consigned to the horrible punishments of a loathsome grave, or are suffering the torments and tortures of a burning hell, with diabolical devil dancing to the rhythm of their shrieks and groans.

Spiritualists from the irresistible force of events are rapidly increasing their numbers here, they have secured their most important position, both before the spiritual and mortal worlds, and neither legislative nor congressional enactments can stay their progress, which, as the mighty tidal wave has its first inception in a storm-caused ripple, gathering strength and volume as it flows, until with colossal magnitude and overwhelming force it sweeps on, leaving but the wreckage and ruins of its opposing forces in its trackless wake.

Politically speaking the Spiritualists of the United States already hold the balance of power, as between the great parties, if they will but exercise it, and the time is not far distant when they shall attain a controlling force in the affairs of the government, both legislative and executive; and then with their knowledge, which has arisen superior to faith, their realizations which have taken the place of shadowy hope, they will start out to accomplish their trusted mission to restore peace, love and harmony to mortal men, demonstrate the brotherhood of mankind under the all-omnipotent God the Father, and solve the problem of twentieth century progress and civilization.

It is a great and noble mission, and with the aid of the spirits of the wise and great of all ages, cannot fail to accomplish its beneficent purpose.

Finally, as I discover in the distant future, the differences and styles which have from time immemorial divided the human race, shall all be peacefully and effectually pacified in the ranks of Spiritualists, whose recognized relations of man to man, shall restore to God's great mortal family that brother and sisterhood, that peace and harmony which should, as designed, be the distinguishing characteristic of mortal men.

Earth-life will then be an approximation to the higher spheres, and disembodied spirits will not be obliged to leave their mortal relatives and friends to escape from the degrading influences of selfish ambition, the vices and corruption of modern society, and the endless disputations and bad feelings which pervade so many households.

H. CLAY.

A SPIRIT WRITING TO HER MORTAL FRIEND.

Dear Mrs. — (It is indeed a long time since I have manifested in this manner, partly because Cousin Lewis, who was my principal earthly correspondent, is now on my side of life, and partly because I am not remembered by those who are familiar with spiritual phenomena.)

It always gives me much pleasure to contribute my quota from the spiritual side of life, as it is the mission of manifesting spirits to instruct their mortal friends.

The reason why some spirits manifest before their mortal bodies are entombed, and others after having been in spirit life many years, is easily explained—both cases are attributable to, and want of, opportunity for manifesting. As you must be aware, there are but few mortals beside yourself who receive communications written in sealed envelopes by spirits; those mortals to whom in earth-life your name may be known, when they become spirits learn that spirit manifest to you in this way, and immediately seek opportunity, hoping in some way their mortal friends may learn they are not dead, and will find out means through some media for their manifestation to them.

Again, you may have relations who have been in Spirit-life many years, and who have never had an opportunity to manifest, and some, perhaps, who have no desire to return to earth-scenes at all; hence, to mortals spirit manifestation becomes phenomenal, and often inexplicable, leading to skepticism and doubt.

I have made many visits to distant planets before Lewis joined, and some visits since his advent in Spirit-life, he accompanying me in those journeys, and when we return to our world and people we cannot but feel how small in comparison we are.

The vast ether of unbounded space is filled with glittering, glowing worlds of light, each revolving with majestic and sublime rapidity around their respective suns, each densely peopled with living, intelligent humanity, each engaged in the various industries peculiar to their world and time. No language can describe, no brush can paint, the sublimity and grandeur of the scene, as viewed from the apex of Mount Cotopaxi, of the world, the boundless space of blue, illuminated by colossal globes of light, flying hither and yon, each intent on accomplishing some predestined purpose, with their great sweeps and rushing noise of Titanic melody, yet all harmonizing and combining in beautiful, sweet and rapturous melodies.

The infinite alone can fathom this stupendous sublimity.

I have brought cousin Lewis here with me to renew old friendships, and now he will experience in his own spirit that which he enjoyed when a mortal, viz., communication or correspondence, with the difference that now he will write the message, instead of receiving it. Your friend in Spirit-life,

ANNA M. STROUD.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" softens gum, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

BEATTY, ORANGE, 2100 E. 2ND PL., PHOENIX, N. J. (Liquor, cigars, etc.)

The first omnibus astonished the New Yorkers in 1830. Carding machines were first used in this country in 1789.

The Greek statues of marble were generally painted in gorgeous colors, and frequently covered with a profusion of tawdry ornaments.

BLIND TOM.

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.

For spirit control in the highest range of perfection.

Mental One of the sweetest gifts of God to man, and least capable of perversion or pollution. It is only the common, low association with material things that ever can give it the appearance of impurity. I see not why, in and of itself, Fisher's Harp is not as sacred as Old Testament, but one has never been associated with dancing and the other with devotion. There is the difference, most that is sacred, as in most other things, regulates our regard. The evil with which the tones follow each other certainly can contribute no evil to the tone. If Yankin's Double is played very slow, it makes a most admirable (pain) lullaby; but surely in itself it is no better, if delivered with deliberation on the organ, than if tossed from the surging billows of a stormy sea, or the surroundings of a hurricane. At the same time it is true that the soul is lifted up on the grand swelling diapason of the organ—the king of instruments—into a devotional attitude, which can never be attained by any other means, however exquisite. One can hardly imagine the angelic carols that sounded over the plains of Bethlehem to have been other than prolonged strains of harmony, of "linked sweetness long drawn out."

Only think what an imprisoned life is Tom's. Shut up, like a horse in a stable, with only one pane to look through. All nature enjoyable. Poetry, painting, the legibilities of mechanism, all the advance of the world, its magnificent architecture, its gayety of costume, the daisy-painted fields, and the lily-perfumed gardens, all are forever denied their radiant tints in the sky, the glory of day, and the star-domed grandeur of the night; all, all, excluded from sight and sense—only one little pane in the door transparent, through which celestial floods of melody pour in and over the soul. Great is the gift, is small compensation for the deprivation.

Tom, the idiot, has made his place in history. His name, capacity and achievements will never be forgotten, while those of many an ambitious and many a wise man will go into oblivion. Already has his full biography been noted. The blind and brainless negro has made a more enduring record for himself than many a full-headed worker of renown.

TELEPATHY IS A CLINCHER.

It is an ever-broadening highway, by which orthodox Christians are gradually but rapidly pouring into the ranks of Spiritualism. The following is an editorial note which appeared in the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, an orthodox paper published in Dayton, Ohio, April 6, 1893, headed, "Revelations of Telepathy."

"There are powers of mind that we only faintly imagine the existence of, and some of these powers, it would seem, are feebly exhibited at times. 'The science of telepathy is opening up a new field of research, and acute observers stand with wide-open eyes toward it.'"

"That mind may communicate with mind while yet in the body is the claim of telepathy. We do not question that this power of communication exists. We have witnessed what to us were signs of it a thousand times, and in all our life, it has been almost a daily occurrence. He of whom we thought would within a few brief moments appear at the door, or meet us on the way, and the thoughts expressed by another often have been those we were about to offer. This form of experience is so common that it attracts little attention. We doubt if these things are simple happenings. We believe that there are fruits of certain laws of mind not yet well understood. We confess that between telepathy and Spiritualism, there seems to be a close connection, and that to confess the former would be a concession in favor of the possibility of the latter. That is, if mind may communicate with mind while yet in the body, why not spirits with the body with minds in the body? But we dispute the latter to the extent claimed by Spiritualists, while admitting the former."

"Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, makes some remarkable statements in a late issue of the *Independent*. He claims that with pencil in hand, friends in the body near by or at a distance of hundreds of miles will communicate with him, giving such information as he desires as to their state of health, exact whereabouts, or what they are doing."

"The person communicating has no consciousness whatever of the fact. Mr. Stead is willing to submit his experiments to scientific tests."

"He believes in and says he sometimes daily practices this form of mind telegraphy. The eminence and intelligence, together with the unquestioned honor of the man, give weight to his testimony, and justify a careful consideration of his claims."

"It looks as if the gates were opening into new fields of thought and life. We know of nothing more wonderful than Mr. Stead's claims. Let them be scientifically investigated."

Now, Spiritualist friends, what does this kind of talk mean, when it comes from an orthodox press? It means that the fossilized creeds are losing their grip; that thousands upon thousands of church members are getting their eyes open just now, at the break of day. It is one of the proofs that the churches are honeycombed with souls that are hungry and thirsting for the truth which is within their grasp, if they are not too timid to come out from the church and grasp it.

They will find it to their interest, sooner or later, to heed the command of the Scripture where it says: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," JOHN OSENBAUGH.

The first omnibus astonished the New Yorkers in 1830. Carding machines were first used in this country in 1789.

The Greek statues of marble were generally painted in gorgeous colors, and frequently covered with a profusion of tawdry ornaments.

During the early days of the Roman empire a painter was hired by the day, and valued according to the amount of surface he could cover.

Liberal, Mo., Camp-Meeting.

To THE EDITOR:—We wish to announce that the camp-meeting at Cedar Grove, Liberty, Mo., commencing this year on the 15th of August, and closing on the 14th of September. Notwithstanding it has gone out through the press that "Liberal is in ashes," with the impression that the camp-meeting will be greatly injured thereby, we wish to state that while we had a fire that destroyed seven business houses of the town, it will not in the least injure the camp-meeting nor the town, for the wooden buildings will be replaced with substantial stone and iron-front structures.

We have every assurance that the coming meeting will be a grand success and more generally attended than any of the past. The persons coming to this place, this is owing to the fact that the camp has become more widely known to the people of the great southwest, who feel the importance of sustaining a camp accessible to the masses of this section, and all persons coming here will find a pleasant resort, surrounded by the comforts and pleasures of life.

The platform will be ably represented this year. The speakers engaged are: Lyman C. Howe, Willard J. Hall, Jennie H. Hagan Jackson, Annie L. Robinson, platform and text medium. Mrs. M. T. Allen will not be one of the speakers this year, as was announced in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sometime ago. Arrangements were not satisfactorily made for her attendance; not that we do not appreciate her services.

Mediums so far engaged are: W. W. Aber, materializing medium; Mrs. W. J. Thompson, materializing and transfiguration. The phases of independent state-writing and spirit-photography, with various other phenomena, will be represented at the meeting.

HANNAH M. WALSH, Secretary.

How a Family Was Converted to Spiritualism.

(Advertisement.)

KEITHABURG, ILL.

DR. A. B. DONSON, Maquoketa, Iowa:—Dear Sir: I write you this to inform you of the success you and your hand have had in curing mother. I will say I have never seen her as well as she is at present. She has used your remedies for two months, and since the second week she had no trouble with her stomach, or pains in the back. Your remedies have done more good than ten years by the regulars. Father has spent hundreds of dollars and years of labor in attempting to cure her, but you have done it in two months, costing \$3.35, including postage. She does all her work now, except washing. Your cure of her has done one thing more, it has made us all confirmed Spiritualists.

I remain yours truly,
MONROE McDONALD.

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

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Francis H. Eames, a resident of Spring Prairie, Wis., for fifty-one years, passed to Spirit-Life May 30th last. Brother Eames was a pronounced believer in the communion of spirits with those yet imprisoned in physical bodies, and earnestly and faithfully tried to live in accord with spirit-taught philosophy of life's purposes. Mrs. Richmond delivered the funeral discourse—which was in full accord in literary polish with the usual efforts of the talented speaker.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Mrs. Susan Starkey, widow of Proctor Starkey, passed to Spirit-life from Leverett, Mass., June 4, aged 64 years. She was a firm Spiritualist. The old campers at Lake Pleasant will miss her. She kept them in kindly remembrance. The funeral was attended by Rev. J. Harry Holden of the Universalist church of Amherst.

M. M. W.

Dr. R. Greer.

(Office) (practice).

CURE ALL CURABLE HUMAN DISEASES, AND MANY DISEASES CONSIDERED INCURABLE, ESPECIALLY DISEASES OF THE BRAIN, BLOOD AND NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Treats patients at a distance, however great the distance, with unparalleled success.

The Worst Cases Invited.

Dr. Greer was recently complimented at a public meeting in Chicago by the spirit of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, AS AN IDEAL REPRESENTATIVE HEALER.

"As a psychopathic physician, he is surpassed by few, and as a well-known medical genius, he is far in advance of the most exalted healer of the age."—Banner of Light Feb. 6, 1892.

Patients come to him from far and near, and those who cannot come order treatment sent by mail. A trial treatment sent by mail costs only \$1.

In writing give name in full, age, height and weight, color of eyes, and one leading symptom, with \$1, and you will receive by return mail appropriate treatment, which will immediately cure or relieve you. Address,

Dr. R. GREER,
127 La Salle Street, Chicago.

MRS. B. IRELAND, TRANCE AND business medium gives private sittings daily (Sundays excepted) at 206 Cottage Grove avenue, 190

THE BLIND MEDIUM, PROF. H. W. Biscail, will send you by letter a list reading of the past and future with dates, Mail a lock and one dollar. Address Prof. H. W. Biscail, No. 221 West Ave., Jackson, Mich.

FURNISHED ROOMS, SPIRITUALISM and Psychology. The Stars and their bearing upon human life. Send postal to T. E. O'NEILL, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Chesterfield Camp Meeting.

THIRD ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists will be held at Chesterfield, near Anderson, Indiana, commencing July 2nd. One-half dollar in advance. The speakers engaged are: Willard J. Hall, Mrs. Colby Luther, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Ada Sheehan and others. Good food, natural gas, and sparkling spring water on the grounds; also fine cottages. Address: Chesterfield, Ind. 46. Also developing circles every Tuesday evening, 8 p. m. Address: Mrs. E. M. Morris, 32 Oakwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM AND HYPNOTISM. Inquiries answered in business and society. Clairvoyants scientifically developed by Mesmerism. Address: Mrs. E. M. Morris, 32 Oakwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LIFE SKETCHES OF VERA AVAL. Also Madame Ida Debar, post paid, only 15 cents. Address: Mrs. C. Benton, 521 Morgan St., Eastwood, Ill.

CATARRH CAP.

BLACKHAWK SAYS: "MY MEDIUM Magnetize Cap. Cure Catarrh and bad colds. Write for address and price. Send postal to Dr. W. L. Wilkey, 35 St. John's Pl., Chicago. Magnetized flag for other diseases. \$1. Send dimensions of head, in inches, for cap."