



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

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IMPORTANT QUESTION. Is Spiritualism a Religion? It is Comprehensively Answered in a Lecture BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Say, first, of God above, or man below. What can we reason but from what we know? Of man, what we see but his station here. From which to reason or to which refer? Through worlds unnumbered, though the God we know, 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own."

Religion is defined by lexicographers to be "A particular system of faith or worship," and in a large sense includes duty to God and our neighbor.

In this view, Spiritualism is a religion but not a creed. Duty to God, whose spiritual existence is manifested in the laws of nature, and duty to our fellow-men, are obligations acknowledged by all, and when faithfully performed by mankind the true millennium will come, and last until then.

Under the law of evolution, mankind has developed mentally, morally and physically. The conditions that have surrounded our race in the eons past have formed the minds of men, their morals and religion, as positively as their habitations, their mechanical devices, their weapons of war, and the fashion of their clothing.

In the early childhood of mankind, when our progenitors first had dim visions of an unseen power that governed the universe, the sun naturally became the god of their idolatry and worship. They saw in it the source of vegetative life. When this god smiled, the light of his countenance dispelled the darkness of night, and drove the demons of cold and storm back to their ocean caves or mountain fastnesses.

The learned H. W. Bellows defines religion as follows: "In the widest reach of the word it comprehends all frames of feeling, all forms of faith and acts of worship to which man is impelled by his fears or drawn by his hopes towards superhuman beings and powers or their visible representatives. It originates in his nature and circumstances, and is as early in its manifestations, as constant in its character, as universal in its influence as any sentiment or principle of action marking the history of man."

Outward nature, with her illimitable sky, her suns, moons, planets and stars, her oceans and mountains, her dark forests full of weird voices, her monsters of sea and land, with their roar and hiss—earthquakes, volcanoes, eclipses, fountains springing up in deserts, rivers running under ground, caves and catacombs, the change of the seasons, life and death; all these have from the earliest times prompted in man or forced upon him a belief in creative, mastering, invisible or superhuman beings and powers, evil and good, demons and angels, for whom he has felt a shuddering reverence, a covering dread and an awe-struck desire to propitiate their favor or their mercy.

upon the fears and superstitions of mankind, have concluded to his benefit. Absurd as many of them were in their tenets, and cruel in their demands upon their votaries, yet did they have a restraining power on the actions of their followers. It kept the half-civilized man from the commission of the principles of equity and justice that now form the basis of the laws of civilization. They did not recognize the plain principles of right and wrong that now are axiomatic and that to-day govern the intercourse of both men and nations. Might to do often made right what was done; and a physical power to enforce commands was a prerogative derived from nature, that made obedience a duty unquestioned by the weak in their conflict with the strong. Back of the selfish passions of men, it was necessary for the welfare of our race that there should be a restraining power to curb the spirit of oppression, and keep in subjection the tyranny of the rulers of the people.

During historic periods the religion of every nation has been a creed that was the best suited to their condition at the time it prevailed, and these opinions, as eagerly as modern knights of the advancement of the people in knowledge and civilization. Every succeeding century, with its varying conditions and environments, has modified and modified the superstitious teachings of those that preceded it.

In ancient feudal times the nobles of a country were the rulers, responsible to no power but the church and the king. They had an abject fear of the one, while they often conspired in treason against the other. The lords of the manor, as eagerly as modern knights of the retainer, and often offered them to death or the dungeon for disobedience to their arbitrary demands. Seated in their almost impregnable castles, clad in impenetrable mail, and surrounded by their iron-clad retainers, they feared no earthly power or potentate. War was their occupation in life, feats of arms in the tournament their pastime. Death had no terrors for them. They food and defied it in pursuit of the phantom honor, as eagerly as modern knights of the medieval arena seek the honors and emoluments of office. And yet those warriors of the early centuries of Christianity, who, clad in their armor of steel, spurred all restraint from human laws, trembled with abject fear when a simple priest in cassock and sandals first admonished, then if unheeded, threatened them with the anathema of the church.

It is difficult for us, under the light of the nineteenth century, to fully appreciate the influence of the church and its priesthood during the early centuries of the Christian era. And yet this unquestioned and almost unlimited power inured to the benefit of mankind and the advancement of civilization. It was necessary to have a restraining force somewhere in the government of men in their early lawless condition, and as absurd as the anathema of the church appears to us to-day, yet there was a time when the terror of its curse held in subjection those who feared no human code or legislative enactment. The feudal rulers bowed their heads in reverence to what was believed to be the authority of God, delegated to his viceregents on earth. Disobedience to the commands of the church subjected the offender to the punishment of purgatory and the awful pains of an eternity in a lake of fire where the doomed were tortured by demons and devils, and the never-ending venom of the "worm that never dies."

Perhaps but few of my hearers have ever heard an anathema of the Catholic church, as issued by the Pope in his official capacity, against those who have incurred its displeasure. A prominent priest of New York was but recently anathematized for disobedience to the papal authority, as follows:

"By the authority of Almighty God, the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost; and of the holy canon; and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and nurse of our Saviour; and of the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubims and seraphims; and of the holy patriarchs and prophets; and all the apostles and evangelists; and of the holy innocents (who in the sight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to sing the new song); and of the holy martyrs; and of the holy confessors; and of the holy virgins; and of the saints, together with all the holy and elect of God—we excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented in eternal, excruciating sufferings, together with Bahian and Abirah, and those who say to the Lord God, 'Depart from us; we desire none of thy way.' And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forever. "May the father who created man curse him. May the Son who suffered for us curse him. May the Holy Ghost who descended upon him at his baptism curse him. May the holy cross which Christ (for our salvation) triumphing over his enemies) ascended, curse him. May the hoary and eternal Virgin Mary, mother

of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him. May St. John the Precursor, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all others of Christ's apostles, together, curse him. And may the rest of his disciples and four evangelists (who, by their preaching, converted the universal world, and may the holy and venerated company of martyrs and confessors (who, by their holy works, are found pleading to God Almighty), curse him.

"May the Choir of the Holy Virgin (who for the honor of Christ, having despised the things of this world,) damn him; may all the saints (who, from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages, are found to be beloved of God,) damn him; may the heavens and the earth, and all the holy things remaining, damn him.

"May he be damned wherever he be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the high-way or in the by-way, whether in the wood or in the water, or whether in the Church. May he be cursed in living and in dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirsting, in slumbering and sleeping, in watching or waking, in standing or sitting, in lying down or working, in mingled carnal and in blood-letting.

"May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in his hair. May he be cursed in his brains. May he be cursed in the crown of his head and in his temples. In his forehead and in his ears. In his eyebrows and in his cheeks. In his jaw-bones and in his nostrils. In his fore-teeth and in his grinders. In his lips and in his throat. In his shoulders and in his wrists. In his arms, in his hands and in his fingers.

"May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and in all the viscera of his body, and may he be damned in his veins and in his groins; in his thighs and genital organs; in his hips and in his knees, in his legs, feet, and toe-nails!

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his members. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot may there be no soundness in him.

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His Majesty, curse him, and may heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him—curse and damn him! "Amen. So be it. Amen." Under the light of advanced thought, it is difficult to understand that there ever was a time when the civilized world feared the dire consequences pronounced in his most blasphemous anathema—by one who was himself nothing but a man, against a fellow-man. It seems to have been copied in spirit from the 109th Psalm, in which that most virtuous Ruler of Israel, King David, denounces his enemies and calls on his Creator to assist him in their overthrow and destruction. And yet this Church, with its millions of adherents, professes to not only follow the teachings, but to worship the very personification of the world's greatest philanthropist, who taught his disciples to restore good for evil; and when they had received a blow on one cheek, to turn the other for a like indignity; to reward the robber who forcibly took their coats, by giving him their cloaks also; and who bade his followers to love their enemies—not to curse them.

Yet there was a time, and that not long ago, when this horrible belief was universal among all civilized nations, and was really the only protection the weak had against the strong.

It protected Rebecca, the Jewess of Ivanhoe, from the unholy passions of the powerful Knight Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who acknowledged no governing power on earth save that of his Church and its priesthood. It had a restraining power on such border ruffians and the awful pains of an eternity in a lake of fire where the doomed were tortured by demons and devils, and the never-ending venom of the "worm that never dies."

The superstitious reverence of men for the church and the sanctity of its oracles and priest-hood, was the chief protection of the oppressed against the oppressor. Anon! in the progress of mental and moral evolution, the milder doctrines of Martin Luther, John Calvin and their contemporaries gained ascendancy over the minds of men. The anathema of the church was no longer feared or dreaded. The Pope as a Viceregent of Jehovah was dethroned from his seat of power and Satanus Diabolas reigned in his stead. From his throne of fire, canopied by a cloud of sulphurous fumes, this

mythical monarch of the kingdom of woe issued his treasonable mandates against the Creator of the universe. He hated the design and defied the power of the Most High. He seemed to enjoy his reign and take infinite pleasure in witnessing the tortures of the subjects of his fiery kingdom. He used all his cunning as a courtier and skill as a demon to defeat the divine will, and he might well feel proud of his boundless success, for he conquered the greatest portion of the domain of earth, and peopled his realm with the sobriest and most of mankind leaving to the Creator only a few wandering tribes of a murderous people from which to supply the place of the rebellious and fallen angels. Satan, but lately defeated on the battle-fields of heaven, had conquered nearly the whole of the human race and led them captives into his kingdom of woe, while all the fiends of darkness welcomed him with the cordial applause that is always given to the successful conqueror.

Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Wesley and a host of other heroes of earth for long years fought an unequal contest against the prince of darkness and his conquering host. They used no weapons of steel—were panoplied in no armor of mail. Their army was not protected by castle wall, moat or portculis, but in the open fields of human thought and reason they fought most bravely, and if they did not win the battle, yet like Leonidas and his Spartan band at Thermopylae, they stayed the army of their foe until the legions of advancing thought and enlightenment came to their relief and drove the satanic host back into the mythical realms of fable and fiction.

True heroes were those veterans of the reformation; doubly armed with the logic of reason and the superstitions of the past, they conquered a foe whose only weapon was separation and while it is true that the voice of their artillery was reinforced by sulphurous fumes and the fires of Hades, yet were these weapons necessary to reach the fears of our then uneducated race. The times in which the battles of the reformation were fought, were not like those of to-day. That mighty giant, the "Printing Press" had but just awakened from his couch in the human brain and had only commenced to scatter the thoughts of the past, and articles of merchandise and the market of reason soon established their value in the mart of research and investigation. New thoughts of truth never die, but live on and against all opposition, begetting other truths, and thus gain by accretion. They are like the handful of snow shaken by the wind from some mountain crater or tree, which rolling downward with irresistible force, by accumulation becomes an avalanche that overcomes the resistance of all that oppose it.

The religion of the reformation was a creed best suited to the condition of the men and times in which it originated. It was still necessary to use fear as a rod of subjugation. The beautiful doctrine of both Confucius and the Nazarene, "Love one another, and do unto others as ye would have them do to you," had been ignored or forgotten. For long centuries the teachings of love and brotherhood by the victim of Calvary, had been enforced by rapine and war. Over 400,000 of the nobles of Europe lost their lives in a vain struggle to wrest his unknown tomb from the possession of the Saracens. The very land where he taught his doctrine of "peace on earth and good will toward men," was deluged with the blood of warriors who fell in a conflict of hatred and revenge. The very olive groves where he taught his lowly disciples to resist not wrong, shook with the crash of armed hosts meeting in murderous war; and if his grave was actually in Palestine, it was trampled beneath the hoofs of the cavalry of the Crusaders, and dyed with the blood of human slaughter perpetrated in his name. Even the cross on which he suffered, and from which he uttered the God-like sentiment—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," was emblazoned on the armor and shields of steel-clad warriors who fought to death under the war-cry of his holy name. The banner of the crusades flaunted his sacred emblem defiantly opposed to the standard of the cross. The satanic cry "Be-ware!" of the Crusaders was as defiantly answered by the "La illelu! Allah La!" of the followers of Saladin. Then in the name of their religions, Christian and Mohammedan impaled each other on their murderous spears or fell beneath the blows of scimiters and battle-axes. The Crusades ended as they began, in a carnival of blood and death, and yet the theological questions involved in the conflict remained unanswered, and to-day both Mohammed and the Nazarene have their millions of adherents who are as unconverted as the heathen who were on the battle-fields of Palestine.

Verily if this conflict was a manifestation of religion, or even its legitimate offspring, then is Spiritualism rank infidelity. The Crusades had ended long before the contest of the reformation commenced, yet when it did begin it was as cruel in its warfare as the conflict on the plains of the Orient. It was not fought by steel-clad knights with the symbols of the Cross or Crescent em-

blazoned on their armor—for both of the discordant factions claimed to be Christians and followers of the meek and loving Nazarene. The weapons of the contending armies were changed; fire, fagot, and the stake took the place of the spear and battle-axe. The rack and thumb-screws were substituted for the mace, bow and quiver of the more humane and manly warriors of the Crusades. The anathemas of the church on the one side were met by denunciatory threats of hales and torments infernal on the other. As yet men could only be subjugated by their fears, and made to respect mutual rights by compulsion. The religious beliefs of the times were the result of environments, and had as they were, yet were they well suited to the day and the people. Of little avail, indeed, would have been the milder doctrines of the Christianity of to-day, in subduing the petty sovereignties of the avarice, ambition and bigotry of the twelfth century. A belief in future punishment in a kingdom of unmitigated woe for the sinners, and of a paradise of endless enjoyment as a reward for the saints, was a necessity of the times and the condition of our race. Men began to lose their dread of the anathemas of the church, yet a wholesome fear of the power of Satanus Diabolas remained, and they followed the precepts taught by the Savior through fear of the devil. As mankind advanced in mental and moral condition, the right of religious freedom became more and more apparent. From the ruins of the inquisition and the ashes of the fagot and stake, a reaction sprung up in the minds of men that changed for the better the religious creeds of the world; and to-day the bigotry that once governed our race with an iron sway, bows submissively to the power of advancing thought. The sunlight of mental freedom is dawning upon the dawning rays of the morning of the morning rays of the morning and refulgent noon. The contentions of the present time in the religious world are not so much a warfare among the different creeds as formerly, but it is a contest of all creeds against scientific facts and philosophy. Science discovers a long-hidden truth and fearlessly announces it to the world. Immediately the different creeds pause in their assaults upon each other and combine their forces against a common foe. Like the warriors of the western world, for a moment they cease to read and throttle each other, while they join in one common howl of impotent rage around an enemy that is absolutely unconscious of their existence. Along the pathway of investigation science moves with a mien as calm and peace as steady as if there were not a religious creed on earth. It cares nothing for hope or faith, but worships facts with the adoration of a devotee. Science has no malice or envy; no avarice, nor lust for wealth or power, and no enemies save those who through ignorance or bigotry deny its demonstrated truths. Science erects no churches or cathedrals, plants no stakes, fires no fagots, and never owned a rack or a thumb-screw. Science has no ostracism or hatred for those who refuse to believe its demonstrations, but patiently waits for time to vindicate them.

The ways of science are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

While science moves on its undeviating pathway with the leaden feet of patient investigation; yet it strikes with the iron hand of truth, and woe to any obstacle that error may place before it. The early narrations of history, the vague teachings of early geography, the fanciful theories of astronomy, and visionary tales of theology, are destroyed by its merciless power. It makes not more beautiful in form or endeared by association, are the ideas of error that mankind has erected in temple, church or cathedral, for beneath the irresistible blows of iconoclastic truth they crumble into dust and are scattered by the current of advancing knowledge as the autumn leaves are scattered by the storm. The world is thickly covered with the dead and dying verdure of long past centuries, and the decayed foliage of former growths of human thought is now trodden unnoticed beneath the footsteps of science.

Long centuries ago theology told an imaginary tale of a new-born earth, a beautiful garden, a first-created pair of innocent unsuspecting lovers, a tree of luscious fruit, a wise serpent, a temptation, the fall of man, a mistake and angry creator, and a divine sacrifice necessary to appease his own wrath and permit the redemption of the human race. For many generations this fiction of ignorant fancy was received by the most enlightened nations of earth as an unquestioned, undeniable truth. Then science came and the fiction was dispelled and soon discovered that all this was a mythological romance; that there never was an Eden, never a first pair, never a temptation and fall of man, never a mistaken and angry creator, and consequently never a necessity of redemption, and therefore no redeemer. When science published this startling fact, how Rome and the Christian world howled in concert. For a brief time the murderous warfare between the two great factions of the followers of the medium of Palestine ceased. A momentary armistice was declared between the belligerent religious hosts, while they counseled together to determine how best to destroy one common foe. Then, as they successively gained the ascendancy over the ruling powers of earth, both Catholics and Protestants resorted to the logic of torture and arguments of bloody steel to convince the votaries of science of their error. Was science so convinced? By no means! For, regardless of popish anath-

ema or Christian denunciation, the gnomes of geology came trooping forth from their caves and caverns in the earth and gave to science tablets of stone which were written by God's own hand the history of the world's creation. As science read page after page of these truthful records, recorded events were traced back thousands of years before the time of Eden; back through hundreds of thousands of years before theology says Adam and Eve were created; and there, in the Troglodyte caves and formations of earth, were found the relics of man's handiwork and ingenuity. There were found the ashes and remains of fires kindled by human hands so long ago as to require a geological rather than an arithmetical computation of time.

For years theology waged a most relentless warfare against the science of geology; it denied its facts and derided its theories with impotent rage and malice.

And having the moon, like bound with savage face. The moon moved on with serene and steady pace.

Long years before the advent of geology, science had gazed with the unquenching eye of the eagle into the very face of the sun itself; into that greater light which historic fiction says: "God created four days after the infant earth was born; and lo! it was discovered that the sun antedated the earth by millions of years; that it existed as an orb when the earth was nebulous vapor; that by evolution it became one among billions of sister orbs that thronged all stellar space, and serve as centres around which the planets of other worlds and satellites revolve with harmony and inconceivable force and velocity." This fact was asserted by savants long before geology had read its records of epochal formations, and was met by theology with its favorite arguments of torture, fire and fagot; yet science moved on as steadily and calmly as if there was not a creed in existence. Many of its votaries were convicted of heresy by the logic of the religion of the times, and sentenced to the dungeons or death by the church. Yet from the ashes of Giordano Bruno, Michael Servetus and a host of other victims of bigotry and intolerance, the truth, like the labile phoenix, arose, and on broader pinions, soared into undiscovered heights, and revealed new facts, regardless of their effects on the religious opinions of the world. Science reviewed the beautiful legend of the bow of God's covenant with Noah, which revered tradition says He set in the rainbow after the deluge, and remembered his promise that he would never again destroy the earth with flood, and that seedtime and harvest should not fail, and science discovered that it was a myth, a fanciful fable, born of man's ignorance of the laws of refracted sunlight. Science took a prism of glass and decomposed a ray of light, resolving it into its primary colors, and then declared with the positiveness of demonstration, that a morning sunbeam never fell on a dewdrop or the mist of a waterfall but it recorded the fact in a painted rainbow. And so, one by one, the basic facts of theological creeds have been proven to be the errors of ignorance and superstition. One by one the theories of a personal God, who acted one day in accordance with his best judgment and repented the next, have vanished like the visions of a dream. One by one, the stories of a deified, an angry and revengeful creator have been relegated to the realms of fancy and fiction, and are believed only by bigotry and ignorance. Verily

"The day star of truth is shining on high, And science has come, with her conquering legions, And every respectable, time-honored lie, Must fly from her face to the mythical regions."

To-day science asserts in most positive terms that through the law of evolution man exists as a descendant of the earliest primordial forms of life. That savagery, barbarism, civilization and enlightenment are but the result of successive growths of intellect under the imperative edicts of that law. That all his opinions on religion, politics and the rights of man to-day are but the products of the unseen mental forces that have impelled him to his advancement through all the eons of his existence on earth; and that so long as our planet shall be his abiding-place, his mentality will continue to grow. Advancing knowledge will open new vistas of vision to his untiring eye, new fields of thought and research to his enquiring mind, and give him clearer and more demonstrative evidence of his future beyond the transition called death. Science asserts from the logic of its investigations the probabilities of a future life, while the religion of Spiritualism declares it an already demonstrated fact. Science with its theories of the conservation of force asserts not only the indestructible nature of matter, but the immortality of the forces that pervade and govern it. Spiritualism does more than this. It wages no useless warfare on the truths of science, but accepting them, it goes farther, and by proof that love and memory survive the grave, it demonstrates the immortality of the individual soul, and declares that our eyes will live forever. This is the religion of Spiritualism; suited to the wants and conditions of man to-day, when faith and hope are losing their force as evidence of a future life, and darkness and doubt are brooding in the minds of men.

If the biblical story of the origin of man is true, if when the creator looked upon the creatures he had made, he pronounced his work very good, it is but rational to suppose that Adam was

a perfect man in form and intellect. It will not do for the disbelievers in the theory of evolution to admit that our race has advanced or grown in moral attributes or in intellect since its creation, for this would be an admission of a law of development that had operated on man from the era of Eden to the present time. And logic might well ask: "If a law of development is admitted, who shall say when it began its operations or when it will cease to exercise its power." And besides, if the creator made man to take the place of the fallen angels, who were to live with him in heaven forever, it is but rational to suppose that he would have created him as nearly perfect as possible. In fact, the thinking mind wonders why he did not make angels at once, and why it was necessary to put mankind in a probationary state on this earth at all. From the reading of the voracious story of so-called sacred history it would seem as if there was an immediate demand in heaven for angels after the rebellious host had been cast into Hades. And it is not clearly apparent to reason and reflection why the creator, who could have immediately repopulated his kingdom of bliss by an Almighty fiat, should have created 'but a single pair' who by the laws of procreation were to first multiply and fill the earth, subdue its forests and deserts, conquer its crooked beasts and poisonous reptiles, butcher each other in merciless wars during long centuries, and at last only attain Christian enlightenment after they had filled the Kingdom of Hades with uncounted millions of the lost and damned.

But then again, it will not do for our orthodox brethren to admit that our revered ancestors were perfect specimens of our race, for the reason that from them have sprung all the degraded, savage and cannibal races of the world, and surely it is more rational, more consistent with a proper conception of the creator to suppose that advancement and evolution are the laws that would the future of our race, rather than that retrogradation and devolution is our possible destiny.

Among the wilds of darkest Africa is found a race of pigmy dwarfs, called by the negroes the "Obongoes." Their average stature is that of an average child of eight or ten years. They wear no clothes, their food is fruit, insects, reptiles and small game, their houses but piles of brush, in the construction of which they display less ingenuity and skill than is possessed by many animals or even their immediate neighbors, the anthropoid apes. Their language consists of a few guttural sounds or words with which they convey a still more limited number of ideas. Yet they are human beings, and if the creeds of orthodox religion are true, they are descendants of our common ancestors, lineal descendants of Adam and Eve, and with us are heirs of entail to our common estate of original sin, total depravity, probabilities of eternal punishment, and as lawyers would say, are without benefit of clergy, and with all possibilities of salvation or regeneration extinct. Now is it not strange that our orthodox brethren, who so strenuously deny the theory of the evolution of man, should believe that this degraded race could be the descendants of the original pair that the creator commanded to multiply and replenish the earth, that their offspring, through "saving grace," might fill the places made vacant around his throne by a rebellion in heaven? If mankind, through the influence of unfavorable conditions, could degenerate from Adam and Eve, fresh from the hands of the creator, to these degraded savages, pray tell me why the almost human animals might not under favorable surroundings and influences develop into an intelligent race? Is there a law of degeneracy and degradation and no law of evolution and progress?

The difference between the anthropoid ape and the almost animal Obongoe in physical structure and mental endowments is not so great as that between the Obongoe and the Caucasian race, or even that of the western savages and the enlightened Anglo-Saxon.

The difference in the conditions of the various races of men is as much the result of natural laws as the ebb and flow of the tides of the ocean or the changes of the seasons. Men are not morally responsible for the moral darkness that envelops them. The religion that promises a reward to the favored few, who, from circumstances of birth and education, have heard of the so-called plan of salvation and have accepted it, and consigns to endless punishment the unfortunate many who never heard of a redeemer, is so manifestly and cruelly unjust that it demands no further in its advocacy. And yet this is the theory of all the so-called evangelical creeds who teach the doctrine of original sin, the fall of man, total depravity, and salvation through faith alone.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Is the awful pronouncement of St. Mark, and by this cruel edict are all the races of earth to be judged and rewarded or doomed. Consigned to the darkness of heathendom through the sin of a distant ancestor of whom they never heard; surrounded by conditions and environments that shut out the light of knowledge as effectually as the dungeon walls exclude the rays of the sun from their unfortunate inmates; by this edict are all of the unchristian nations of the earth to be tried, judged and condemned? The plea that they know not the law given to a favored few; that they never heard of the savior in whom they are to believe, or of a creed in whose tenets they are to have a saving faith, is

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

# ZULIEKA

## A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

### BY OLIVE

#### Through the Mediumship of

### MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

Rajahatti was a consistent and intelligent follower of Zoroaster as interpreted by the most liberal learning of the East, and possessed a mind and spirit wholly free from bigotry.

When Zeldia came he shared in her education and aided Margaret in her efforts to allow Zeldia the untrammelled choice of worship so rarely permitted in any land.

Zeldia was carefully trained in the English language, in every department necessary for an enlightened understanding of the literature and society of England, and most carefully taught, in all that could be taught, of the principles of Christianity, as set forth in the Church of England. She was also as carefully instructed in the religion of her father, and in other Oriental ideas.

Margaret had concluded quite early in life, as she said to her husband, Rajahatti, that the religions of India and the East, especially that of Zoroaster, divested of the idolatry that age and ignorance have thrown around them, hold most of the truths that are sacred to mankind enshrined in their wonderful depths, and "I can never quite persuade myself," she would say, musingly, "that Christianity, as I read it in the church service and in history, is wholly free from superstition. I think the history of Christian wars and persecutions most painful and revolting."

Such sentiments she often uttered in younger days, in the presence of her severely-devout English mother, and they became more and more confirmed as time wore on, and Zeldia came into their lives, to receive their teaching.

Zeldia's father taught her of Ormuzd, the divine principle of good, symbolized in the light, especially the sun. Of the immortality of the soul, of which the sacred fire (the flame or breath of life from Ormuzd) was the symbol. He did not fear Ahrimanes, as many of the ignorant do, but held the shadow to be a portion of the light, or but the shadow of the light.

During all her young life Zeldia heard and saw the service of the English church in Bombay. She had long conversations with bishops, rectors, missionaries, scholars; all people sent out by the mother church to convert the heathen, and bring the Christian sheep within the fold.

But Zeldia's favorite place of conversation and instruction was on a low footstool by her father's side, where, clasping his knees in her slender arms, and with hands intertwined, she would gaze into his face and listen for hours to his musical voice as he read and interpreted the sacred books of the Zend-Avesta and gave her the true meaning of the Zoroastrian lore, and his interpretation of the Eternal Light, the divine good.

"I will make me a religion out of all that has been taught, and all that I know from within," she said. "The Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule shall be my guide, and the Light of Ormuzd shall illumine my pathway to eternity."

Zeldia wove for herself a beautiful garment of religion in her life, wove it from within the soul, and she ever wore it.

Zeldia's religion was like herself, beautiful.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE BIRTH OF ZULIEKA.

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light."

## THE CYCLONE.

The tropic night was full of splendor. The southern cross gleamed and shone like a jeweled sceptre in Urania's hand. Sirius had sunk to rest in his bed of waters, and Luna, with wonderful beauty, shone like a burnished shield—round, full and perfect.

The air was almost intoxicating, laden with most delightful odors of the orange and lemon trees in bloom; of the starlike incense of the lime trees; of the rich cape jasmine, and the thousand other tropic flowers that ever exhale their breath in more perfect sweetness at night.

Armand paced the broad verandah that led to the entrance of Zeldia's apartments. His face was very pale, and an unusual anxiety overspread his countenance with a look of deepest solicitude. Love, sympathy, tenderness, hope, all were concentrated in the expression of the fine features and luminous eyes.

Attendants passed to and fro on various errands with almost noiseless footsteps, conversing only in very low tones or whispers. The sun had shone with unusual splendor all day, but at night a sense of heaviness was in the air, which Armand attributed to his anxious state of mind.

It was still early in the night when masses of clouds gathered toward the south and east, and came rolling in large columns like the advance guard of a mighty army.

The air was still, but Armand's accustomed senses detected the approach of a storm.

Could it be a cyclone? The Lord of Light forbid! Cyclone was rarely visited by these ravagers, but it might be there was one coming.

Armand seldom gave way to excitement; he never yielded to fear; but now his solicitude for Zeldia amounted to agony.

His face disclosed his great anguish and suffering in the huge drops of perspiration that Hiejob had never seen there before.

Armand suddenly commanded Hiejob to close all the shutters at once, and to bid the servants and the entire household to make ready for the storm.

Hiejob passed along the corridors and into the inner court whispering, with great clearness, this one word: "Toofan! Toofan! Toofan!"

Armand rushed to the protection of Zeldia; All the servants and dependents of the household fled to the inner court. This court, or inner room, was a stronghold, and was almost impregnable, unless the cyclone was absolutely desolating.

While Armand held Zeldia in his arms, physician and nurse remained motionless, and Hiejob firmly held his position in the small corridor, guarding the entrance to the rooms of his mistress, refusing to seek any other place of safety.

Not a moment too soon were the preparations made. The storm was upon them with ever-increasing fury. The wind howled and shrieked among the trees like a legion of lost souls.

The waves, lashed to a fury by the storm, seemed roaring like ten thousand demons, and—worst apprehension of all—they did not know but that the waters would be impelled by this vortex to the very height of the cliff!

The habitation shook and creaked and swayed. In ten minutes all was calm again, and the moon burst through the meridian as the shutters were thrown open to admit the air. Armand saw that all was well with Zeldia. "God bless you,

my beloved," he said, and he withdrew, to be recalled in a short time.

The nurse approached, placing in the arms of Armand his infant daughter, while the lips of Zeldia, whispering, said: "Zulieka, Zulieka!" And Hiejob, whose face grew absolutely radiant, repeated, "Zulieka, Zulieka! She has come at last."

Zeldia sank into a sweet sleep. After Armand had returned the babe to the arms of the nurse, he gently pressed Zeldia's forehead with his lips, and passed out into and across the garden.

He was too preoccupied with the great events of this night to note the effects of the storm.

He sought a little shrine, reared for meditation and prayer, to which he and Zeldia had been accustomed to repair for their personal worship.

The door yielded to his fairy touch, and, allowing the full moonlight to enter, he knelt on a sort of altar and thanked the "Great Giver of all Good, the Eternal Lord of Life and Light," for the new blessing that had come to him; for the safety of Zeldia; for the manifold wonders of this night.

Was he Christian? He did not know. Was he Parsee? More than half; but wholly he was reverent, full of praise to the All-bountiful, All-glorious, by whatever name declared.

Nor did he mourn, as is sometimes the case in the Orient; nor did he sigh, as is the fashion in England, that his first-born was not a son.

He had no English pride for a "son and heir," nor the supposed Oriental disregard for woman.

Somewhere he had learned to prize woman as the equal, the true helpmeet of man. Somewhere he had found the true social ethics, the ethics of perfect love. Zeldia was his companion in all ways and themes; his best beloved.

Next to Zeldia was now enshrined this precious babe, this daughter, Zulieka.

Not until the day broke and the sun shone round and golden above the Eastern sea and across the island did Armand withdraw from his seclusion.

As he passed out and again traversed the winding path of the garden, he noted the effects of the storm—broken and twisted trees and branches of trees, leaves without number, and perfect drifts of blossoms; several poor birds caught in the storm and whirled from their repose, but all else was unscathed.

Armand hastened to Zeldia, who was awake and asking for him. "Ah," she whispered, "there you are, my beloved!" And the careful nurse placed a finger upon her lips to enjoin perfect quiet.

Armand kissed her tenderly and gently, saying: "My precious wife, my more than all things or beings on earth, I love you more than ever."

And again he lifted the babe in his arms, saying: "I cannot tell how she looks, but she is most precious, next to you, Zeldia. You are my sweeter, diviner self; but this little being, she is a dew-drop, a star-beam, a bud of lilies, a pearl; nay, she is our dove after the storm, our menat; she is our storm-bird, borne to us on the wings of the tempest. Isn't she the dearest, most precious being?"

"Armand, she is our treasure, our blossom of love," and Zeldia again was warned to be quiet.

Armand left the room full of a surpassing peace and joy.

Turning once again, he said to Zeldia: "I gave thanks at the altar, dearest, for this precious gift that is ours."

"I knew you were there," said Zeldia, "for I saw you."

And Armand, who was accustomed to hear such sentences from Zeldia, was not surprised, for he understood.

## THE MYSTERY.

As soon as Armand reached the garden he heard the peculiar shuffle and uncertain sound that always denoted the approach of Hiejob.

Armand turned to ask what was his errand, when Hiejob, with his usual very low salaam, that brought him close to the earth, prostrate before his master, said:

"Forgive me, my master, if I interrupt you, but I have something for my master's ears alone."

And again Hiejob bent to the ground, nearly touching Armand's sandal with his forehead.

"Well," said Armand, "speak it here and now."

"Will it please my master to come farther away? No one should hear."

"Come hither, then," and Armand led the way to the terrace arbor where he and Zeldia had been sitting when we first beheld them.

Hiejob was delighted to be admitted to this place, and he gave the same strange sound of pleasure that he had uttered when he saw Armand and Zeldia there together, as though his imprisoned and stunted nature recognized the atmosphere of beauty and love.

"My master remembers the 'toofan' last night, when Zulieka came?"

Armand motioned him to proceed.

"Well, my master, just before the storm burst upon us, and while my lord was with the Lady Zeldia, a messenger arrived. All was confusion, and he was glad to escape the storm. I motioned him to pass into the inner court, and whispered that I would tell my master of his arrival when the storm passed away. My master, when all was hushed again I sought the stranger everywhere, but I could not find him, and among all the people in the household no one has seen him; they were so full of fear that they did not even notice him among them. Again I have sought him everywhere this morning, before and since the sun came forth, and I cannot find even a trace of him. Perhaps he was a *choor* or a spirit."

Armand was perplexed and a little annoyed, but he replied, quickly: "No; he was neither a robber nor a ghost."

He well knew that if the messenger bore any document of State he would soon hear of it, he said to Hiejob assuringly.

"Search again. Perhaps he was assigned to some room by the servants, and may have slept late."

Hiejob made his usual salutation, and hastened to fulfill his master's orders.

"How very strange," thought Armand. "I do not like to feel that someone is 'secreted' in the garden or house. 'Tis absurd to think so. He has slept late, or came in to escape the storm, and left before sunrise."

Armand could not shake off the anxiety he felt about Zeldia and the babe. "If any harm should come now, when so great a danger has been safely passed, it would be dreadful," he murmured.

As the day wore on and all was well about the dwelling, he forgot this little incident of his talk with Hiejob on the terrace. He tried to do some important writing, when he fell asleep.

## THE TOWER.

Suddenly, however, Armand awoke with a start, and there flashed upon his mind an incident of the preceding night.

Preoccupied as he had been with the important events that had been crowded into a few moments of time, this incident had entirely passed from his mind.

On the southeastern portion of the strange and somewhat fantastic house was a tower rising to a height of thirty feet above the surrounding roofs, pagodas and turrets that ornamented the other portions of the dwelling.

The top of the tower was finished with a beautiful pagoda, and fitted up as an observatory, the room beneath being used for a study by Armand, and for charts, telescopes and other scientific apparatus.

This room and observatory were thrown open at such times as Armand and Zeldia wished to view the sea, the hills, the rare scenes spread out beneath them, or the starry heavens—a most beautiful picture by day, a vision of enchantment at night.

Armand now recalled that on the previous night, when he was crossing the garden to visit the little shrine, he had seen a light in the upper room of the tower just beneath the observatory.

He knew that the rooms in the tower were rarely occupied unless there was an unusual number of guests. He thought he knew that no one ever occupied that upper room.

A strange superstition pervaded the minds of his servants, and all the attendants about the place, concerning that room.

Whether the scientific apparatus and charts kept there aroused

their wonder, or whether there was some strange story or tradition among them about that portion of the building, he did not know.

Armand summoned Hiejob, and asked, quite abruptly: "Have you searched the upper room in the tower for the missing messenger?"

Hiejob's dusky face grew almost ashen as he replied, bending low: "My master, perhaps, knows that none of his people venture there. It is well-known that strange lights have been seen there at night, and strange sounds have been heard."

"Come with me, then," said Armand, kindly.

He knew too well the superstitions of these people to endeavor to remove them by ridicule.

Hiejob, although still trembling, obeyed.

They passed out of Armand's apartments by an opposite door to the one that opened near to Zeldia's rooms.

They entered a small square room at the end of a corridor. After Armand had carefully locked the door behind them, they passed up a winding and rather narrow staircase that followed closely the outlines of the tower, until they came to the fourth landing. Here the stairway was more narrow, and the next landing brought them to the door of the room.

Here Armand paused, and motioned to Hiejob not to fear.

Armand tried the door, but it was fastened. Then he remembered that the key always hung on a hook at the righthand side of the door, out of sight, but within easy reach.

"We will now capture both the messenger and message," said Armand, smilingly.

The key was not there!

Fearing the noise would alarm Zeldia if he threw his weight against the door and burst it open, he desisted, murmuring, as if to himself, but really for Hiejob's ears: "This is very strange and foolish. Probably the fellow was frightened at the storm, and locked himself in; now, in the reaction, he is sleeping all day. I suppose when he awakens we shall receive his message and his apologies."

Armand thought, but did not speak: "I will have the tower watched from the lower-room, so no one can enter or leave without my knowledge."

Then he said to Hiejob: "You can go now, but say nothing about this, and come to my room in five minutes."

Hiejob leaped down the stairs like a frightened cat, only too glad to be away from the haunted room and the tower.

Armand sought to avoid all excitement to Zeldia, and did not wish the fears and superstitions of his native servants to be aroused, so he sent by his English messenger a request that the commandant of the port kindly send him two strong men for especial duty.

Armand's relations were such with the commandant—indeed, with all officials, either native or of the Home Government, that he men were sent without question.

In less than an hour two rather burly-looking fellows, dressed as guardsmen, approached.

Armand went to meet them, taking them into the room on the first floor of the tower. This room formed the only approach to any portion of the tower.

He said, to the guardsmen: "Do not leave this room until you have my permission. Do not make any noise." And pointing to the staircase, he said: "I suspect a large-sized rat is concealed above; see that he does not escape."

The men saluted him most respectfully, almost reverently. He motioned them to divans; asked them to smoke and make themselves comfortable, and said: "Your meals will be served here."

He knew their love of games, especially of cards and dice, and that these would afford them ample amusement.

And he knew that his reward for their services would be such as to amply repay them for their luxurious imprisonment.

Armand arranged that the guards could communicate with him instantly at any hour of the day or night, in case any discovery was made. As he left them he said:

"Be faithful, be vigilant; do not use your weapons unless necessary."

"We heed and obey the commands of his lordship."

They gave him the usual salute, and he left them, to attend to pressing official business, fully believing the matter would turn out an unimportant affair after all.

Although Armand passed as much of his time with Zeldia as his duties would permit, he made no mention to her of the guard, nor any matters pertaining to the scenes in the tower.

He cautioned the servants to secrecy, but did not tell them his real reasons for the presence of the men. It was supposed that they were there to receive orders or dispatches of an official nature.

On the second day of the watch Armand was by the side of Zeldia's couch, holding her beautiful hand in his, never wearying of the study of her lovely face, constantly thinking how more than perfect a picture she made, she and the babe.

"No wonder," he thought, that Christians worship the Madonna! "No wonder that the mother of Christ is most sacred and revered, and that in Egypt Isis is the symbol of all life, as Sarasvata is in India," he said, aloud.

"You are as beautiful as the Madonnas in Italy, my darling. I would have your picture thus, as I behold you."

Zeldia smiled most sweetly, and seemed more than beautiful. There was almost a halo around her as she spoke:

"And would you have our babe here for a secess, for a divinity, my love?"

"Who knows, or who can tell?" he said, reverently. "The Divine Life and Love may wear any form of earth; perhaps hers is that of an Avatar. She bears no common life, I am sure, for it seems to me the gates of paradise have opened, to allow her to pass to us."

Then Zeldia said, suddenly changing the subject, as though it had previously troubled her:

"Darling, I am greatly puzzled and not a little troubled about Hiejob, his manner is so unusual, and there is a peculiar and strange expression in his eyes. He seems reluctant to leave my room except when he must go, and he has a half-terrified appearance all the while."

Armand had noticed the change in Hiejob, ever since the incident of his accompanying him to the tower, but he replied evasively, and to reassure Zeldia:

"Does he seem different to you, dearest? I always thought him a strange, weird, half-wild creature, but have trusted you to know him better than I could, and have believed that you understood and could govern him. But tell me about him, and I will try and aid you to fathom his changed mood."

"Well," replied Zeldia, "he seems frightened at almost every sound. When he enters or leaves the room he crouches as if afraid, and he hovers near, looking at our babe with such a strange expression. She is so precious. I would not wish to harm Hiejob, but he must not look at her with that wild expression in his eyes."

"Bravo," said Armand. "Nothing arouses her, except it touch the darling of our hearts; but concerning Hiejob, perhaps he became alarmed on the night of the arrival of our storm-bird, although he seemed courageous enough then. He would guard you then, and kept watch outside even when all the people flew to the coast."

Zeldia heard, but answered musingly: "I never saw the same expression in his face before excepting once, and that was at a time when the good Javannah, the Parsee priest, came to see my father. Hiejob had seen him many times before, but on that occasion he seemed to have an unexplainable awe—almost a fear—of the holy man. I know there must have been something unusual to affect him now."

"Darling, my love, do not let this disturb you," said Armand. "He may be himself again in a day or two." Then he carefully asked: "Do you imagine he is a prophet, or sees visions?"

Zeldia looked up with an expression of relief on her bright face as she replied: "I believe he does have visions, and I know he can foretell events, for several times he has warned me of approaching events, and once—" Here Zeldia flushed with joy at the recollection of a prophecy, now so sweetly fulfilled—"once he told me of on who was coming to be my love, my lord, my husband; and when I

laughed he said: 'It is true, my lady Zeldia.' When you came, he said: 'This is he, my lady's lord.' Is he not gifted with prophecy?"

Armand tenderly kissed her, and said, most earnestly: "Whatever or whomever he may be, I bless him for that prophecy. I, too, am a seer," he said with a smile; "for the first time I saw you I knew you were my love, and I meant to win you to be my wife."

The eyes of Zeldia were full of tears of tenderness, and Armand's voice was tremulous with deep emotion as he bade her good evening and walked slowly away, pondering upon all that Zeldia had told him.

Armand recalled how strangely Hiejob seemed affected when he mentioned the light in the tower, and his terror when he proposed to solve the problem at once.

Then he wondered if there was any connection between Hiejob and his visions, and the mysterious events that had occurred on the night of the storm.

## A SURPRISE.

Armand was immersed in a complication of affairs. Messengers bearing dispatches hurried to and from the government offices to him. He had many private matters to arrange, but occasionally, even in the midst of his papers and books, and concentration of thought, portions of his conversation with Zeldia would flash through his mind.

He was always pervaded by Zeldia, a sort of double consciousness, that knew all that was necessary to know about his business, and left the whole luminous background of his mind and spirit free, free to be possessed by her. He never thought of life without her. She seemed always to have been a part of him. He never contemplated a future that did not include her.

Thus occupied and prepossessed, the door opening into the corridor that led to the room where the two guards were stationed was suddenly flung wide open.

Both the men stood before Armand. The faces of both were ashen, and neither could speak a first.

In a low tone of command Armand said: "Speak! What has happened?"

At last the smaller of the two men faltered:

"He has escaped! He has gone!"

"You allowed some one to escape? You should have stopped him, were he man, or devil or angel," said Armand excitedly.

He collected himself, however, before uttering any more words of reproach.

Rushing past the men, he almost flew along the corridor into the deserted room, up the stairway to the upper room.

The door was wide open. No instrument or chair was disturbed—not even the small couch where one might sleep, if weary.

The key hung in its accustomed place by the door.

Who had opened the door? Who had gone past the guards? Who had been there? The mystery was still unsolved.

## NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

Zulieka, pronounced Zuliekah.

Hiejob, pronounced Haysbow.

Salaam, salutation; ceremonial bow.

Ferash, domestic and traveling servant.

Moonshee, interpreter, or teacher of languages.

Parsees: It is well known fact to all students and observers of castes in India, that the Parsees are, in almost every sense, aliens. Driven from Persia by the successors of Alexander the Great, they sought refuge in the island of Ormuz; but here again, fearing the persecution of the Mahomedans, they set sail and found themselves on the coast of Googeraat, in India, in the kingdom of Jays Deva, who, perceiving their many virtues, adopted them into that kingdom—if they would abandon their native dress, adopt the Indian costume and wear a sort of turban, and eat no meat of the ox. They conformed with these requirements, and became loyal and most valuable aids to India.

Since the possession by England, the Parsees, whom the English attracted to Bombay, have most readily adopted the manners, dress and customs of Europeans. They are most intelligent and progressive, and have attained exalted positions, both under the Oriental and English governments. Their religion is almost free from ceremonial, and absolutely free from image worship. They do honor and homage to nature as expressing in symbols of life the Divine Light of Ormuzd—the sun, planets, moon, sea, trees (especially the coconut tree), and the sacred Homa—every form of life that brings blessings to man; but chiefly do they worship fire. The women are not bound by the same strictness that enlaves the Hindoo women; particularly are they more free since the English have made it possible for that liberty to be manifested. These followers of Zoroaster have proven themselves to be of a superior and enlightened race, and, having now full opportunity of expression, will do much to redeem and restore the India that they have so long served.

## NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

Toofan: Storm, tempest, cyclone.

Javan nah: Pronounced Yah-van-nah, the Parsee priest.

Choor: Robber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MEDIUMSHIP.

Mediumship is essential to the intercommunion of the two worlds at the present time. All forms of knowledge that the world possesses to-day upon the subject of the spirit-life have been received through mediumistic expression. Prophets, seers, sages and oracles of ancient times were the mediums of manifestation then.

Various forms of mediumship are to-day the methods of manifesting the power of the spirit over man, and while many are mediums who are not aware of it, the distinct form of mediumship, as presented in Modern Spiritualism, is that it announces itself, that the Spirit-world proclaims its presence, that an individual, identified intelligence manifests its power and capacity, and that this betrays a purpose and intention, the presence of an active and overruling intelligence that intends this manifestation for the especial benefit, knowledge and uplifting of mankind—not discovered apparently, as geology has been, by man; not outwrought, as sciences have been, through study and external culture. It has been a spontaneous overflowing or inflowing from the spiritual world unto humanity, selecting here and there, and in various places, those who shall be the fitting instruments of its expression. No grade of life, no condition of mind, no form or expression of constitution, no particular hereditary tendency designates those who are mediums. There may be ten or one hundred in this room who are mediumistic; they do not resemble each other in any degree. You could not pick them out from a mingled assemblage; there is nothing by which they betray any essential tendencies to mediumship. They are designed; they are not the result of the organic process, because to all apparent view they do not differ essentially from their fellow being who sits by the side of them, yet who is not a medium, who seems to have no power of spirit communion, and who wonders at this power that is manifested through the other individual.

It is oftentimes asked by persons: "Why can not I be a medium, who so much desire it?" It is not the



THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street. J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher. Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second Matter...

An Aged Veteran.

To THE EDITOR:—Did you think it needed a great big card to remind me that I should renew my subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER?—not much!

The Torch of Liberty.

To THE EDITOR:—I rise to congratulate you upon the new and improved condition and appearance of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER!

Further About Heaven and Hell.

The idea advanced, incidentally, that hell and the New Jerusalem were just reached by rail was so strange and novel my readers are hardly satisfied with the brief statements.

Reason for Opposing The Public Schools.

Homer told us that while Ulysses and his victorious companions were on their perilous return to Ithaca from ancient Troy, which the Greeks had destroyed, soon after their adventures with Polyphemus, the Cyclops, they sailed away and came to the floating island of Eolus, around which was a brazen wall.

Was it a Cross or a Tree?

The world is now convulsed with the question: Who carried the cross on which Jesus was crucified? Three of the gospels say Simon carried the cross, and the fourth one says Jesus carried it himself.

Woman in Scotland.

Miss Florence E. Kollock, in a two-column article in the Chicago Tribune, is our authority for saying that the great Universities of Scotland, Glasgow, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Berkeley, have opened their doors to female students on equal terms with men.

A Beautiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more beautiful harvest than you can get for 25 cents? Just pass up and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you.

Take Notice.

All explanations of subscription, if not returned, the paper is discontinued. No title will be sent for extra numbers.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

Annie Besant is Coming.

Annie Besant, the apostle of free thought and free speech—the woman who, all England well knows, would sooner go to the tortures of martyrdom than willfully utter a lie, is coming to Chicago to lecture.

A Grand Good Paper.

You are making a grand, good paper. God speed you in the work of mental and spiritual enlightenment!

The Infamous Sunday Law.

How is it that a small minority of the population of the United States can get religious laws enacted overriding the constitution, persecuting good citizens for conscience sake, and trampling under foot the inalienable rights of man, and seemingly nothing done to check this usurpation.

A Startling Assertion.

To THE EDITOR:—Enclosed \$1.00, for which please send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, also the only Christian Advocate and Journal published, by John J. Uech.

Find It Everywhere.

How in the name of common sense you succeed in getting THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER into so many families, I can't see; they all take it. I wish you good luck, and more success, and lots of it.

Have Heathen Any Rights?

The missionaries in Bombay, India, are meeting with unexpected hostility. They have been circulating hand-bills among the native population, making vile representations in regard to Krishna.

Can't Understand.

The demon of the storm does not limit his destructive work to Christian churches. At Chang Chow, in China, in September last, a temple collapsed in a severe gale, and eighty soldiers, who had sought refuge from the storm, were buried in its ruins.

Another Victory.

The University Museum, of Cambridge, Mass., is now to be open to visitors from 1 to 4 o'clock of each Sunday throughout the year.

Zulieka.

This story, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will prove of great value to every Spiritualist, and all advanced minds.

A Welcome Heresy.

"This I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my father."

Vices of the Mother Church.

The Rockford Register Gazette publishes in its issue of the 28th ult. the substance of a sermon given the day previously by Rev. W. W. Leet, of the First Congregational Church, on the religious phases of Columbus's age and work.

In Line with "The Progressive Thinker."

The Spiritualists of Dubuque, Iowa, are in line with the teachings of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The Herald of that city states that the Spiritualist Association conceived the idea that there were a good many poor children there who ought to be given a good dinner on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

To THE EDITOR:—I would call the attention of your numerous readers in the city to the remarkable series of spiritual experiences by eminent divines now being given, each Sunday evening, through the organism of that wonderful medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Washington Hall, Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue.

The Pope's Bull.

Your paper, with the Pope's Bull to the Catholics of the world, is creating quite an excitement here. I gave my paper to the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city, and on Sunday he read it to his people.

A Note from the Hub.

To THE EDITOR:—I am pleased to see the elevated spirit and progression of your paper. It has charity for all, defends the wronged, gives hope and good cheer to the lowly. Wherever I am, I do not miss a single number.

FREE TICKET TO CALIFORNIA.

For conditions and full information about California, address A. Phillips & Co., Excursion Agents, 104 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Is Spiritualism a Religion?

That question is fully answered in this week's issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, by Hon. A. B. Richmond, and in a manner well calculated to excite a great deal of interest.

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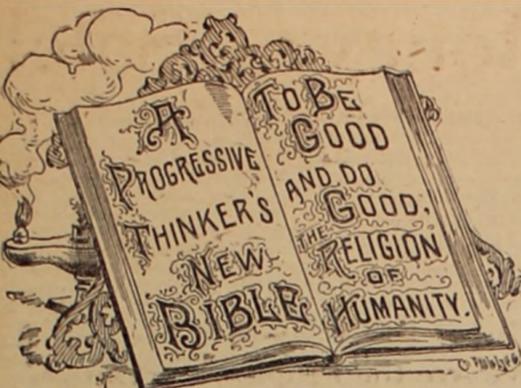
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OUR NEW BIBLE, THE TRUE HEROES.

Duty is a Sacred Trust with Many People About Whom We Hear Nothing.

To THE EDITOR:—What about true heroes? They should have a place in your Bible. The same newspapers which bear record daily of the crimes of evil-doers, the malign passions of law-breakers and the ignoble and demoralizing deeds done in the name of politics, are illuminated with acts of heroism and self-sacrifice. Scarcely a day passes without gleams of what is best in human nature shining out among the shadows of what is worst. Sometimes it is the captain of a sinking ship steady the rope by which his comrades are transferred in safety to the lifeboat and then leaping into the sea without a hand to aid or succor him; or it is the railway engineer with death and destruction confronting him, who refuses to leave his post when the lives of others are dependent upon his constancy and despairing courage; or it is the sturdy policeman dying in a grapple with a desperado, but without relaxing, while his heart continues to beat, his hold upon the murderer's throat. The conditions are always changing, but the New York Tribune holds that the loyal habit of living as though duty were a sacred trust remains. He must be a gloomy pessimist, indeed, who cannot find in his morning newspaper something to convince him that there is good mingled with the evil as the merry world spins round. Story there may be none. Faithful men recognize their responsibilities, and in an emergency do their full duty in a methodical way as a matter of business. They make no system of heroics of it. They are surprised that what they do should cause any stir, or that anybody should want to talk about it. The engines when they break down must be repaired, and the ship carried into port in the best way possible. They say: "That is all." But there is something more, and it is what makes life worth living. The following poem, the name of the author unknown, illustrates the nature of the true hero:

Our Hero. Tell you a story—shall I? Let's see, what shall it be! Of Indians, trappers or robbers, or some wild tale of the sea? Little Alice says: "Tell us, Auntie, of some one brave and good, Who did some noble deed; who did his duty as he should." Well, if you sit quite still and listen, I'll tell you one, Of a man who is a man, one of the bravest under the sun. It's a story that I love to tell, for it always seems to me If we had more such men, what a brave world this would be!

It was the morning after the Fourth of July, in Seventy-five, At four o'clock in the morning, ere the day was yet alive; When an engine wildly plodded o'er the dark and stormy road, Creaking under the burden of its human-freighted load, Slowly, fearfully, she labored, for the cautious engineer, While in the cars behind him, the 1st Regiment, Company A, Were chafing and chafing under what seemed to them delay.

Notwithstanding their impatience, firm at his post he stood. "Frothy!" they called the man, "who did his duty as he should." For there, far ahead of him, what was it looked so black! And, hark! Was that the roar of water on the track? The engine was steaming onward with its precious freight, So near he could not stop her, even with the weight Of the airbrakes pressing downward. Oh! God! what could he do! Then spied the thought: "More steam, and boldly push her through!"

"Twas done! Like a fiery demon shot the engine o'er the track Where the black and foaming waters seemed to fairly hurl them back. But they were saved by Providence and Frothy's presence of mind. 'Twas like a miracle we read of, but in life we seldom find. Yet stay! Was the danger over? Would they get to the city all right? Ah, no! Not even when Frothy works hard with all his might. They are coming to another, a larger, a darker place. And the light that flashes backward shines on a pallid face.

Yet the engineer, not even then, shows a vestige of cowardly fear; It is for the lives entrusted—that to some one are so dear; And with that thought comes another, of his wife and babes at home, But not a moment from the danger did he allow his mind to roam. He leaned far out of the cab, as the engine neared the spot, Debating whether he would dare to make the run or not. When he looked, the light from the engine to the place was drawn: The fireman shouted: "Great God! we're lost, the track is gone!"

"Not all lost," our Frothy answered, as he grasped the whistle-rod, And "down brakes" sounded just in time, for which the soldiers thanked their God. But the engine, with the bravest man on whom the sun shone down, To save the lives behind, one man must surely drown; For down the roaring chasm tumbled the engine with all its might,

Sending back a piercing shriek, like a human soul taking its flight. While the ten well-loaded coaches on the track above them stood, Into the seething waters was swept the brave and true and good!

Frothy heard the rush of the torrent, as into the cab it came; He turned to look for the fireman—he called him by his name; But, alas! the noble fireman, who to his post stood true,

Was dead! So, little children, he was a hero, too! And Frothy knew that he must lose no time if he wished to live; So out of the engine he crept, with strength and courage near.

And after that, the first he knew, he was safe on the bank above, With soldiers bending o'er him, their eyes brimful of love, To think that they had blamed him, this faithful engineer.

So staunch and true to duty, watching for dangers near, And as they swarmed around him, they'd forgotten dear old Jack; But Frothy, he remembered, and with a cry was on the track.

"Jack, oh Jack, where are you, pard! Come, you can't be dead!" And a soldier on his ready arm bore the poor, tired, fainting head; As the soldiers bent above him, their hearts beat warm and true,

For they, too, were men, my children, those loyal "boys in blue." "I'm nearly done, dear children. Do you want to see me die?"

Why here is Alice crying with her head on Auntie's breast! Well, the soldiers to "our hero" a fine memorial sent, A picture of the regiment all seated round.

On one side told the story, all about that morning's work, When Frothy did his duty, and never thought to shrink.

On the other side, all in rotation, all in order Which showed that each good soldier had proudly scribbled his name.

And this is how it ended: Hark, now, and I am done Telling of one of the bravest men who lives beneath the sun:

These are the resolutions: "My Engineer (who, Frothy, was named), the 'boy in blue' of Nature pulling true and strong on every 'grade,' the 'road bed' free from 'curves' and 'wash-outs,' the 'run' through life a pleasant one, and the last 'switch' at Eternity's 'Round-house' bring him to a 'Depot of Eudless Rest.'"

Here was an instance of heroism worthy of emulation, done by one in rendering a service to his fellowmen, that he might save them from a terrible disaster, in which many might have been mangled and crushed to death or drowned. Such was the heroism of one who could beget to gain no great reward, like a brave General at the head of an army on the battle-field. Hence, all the more should the stalwart engineer, because not looking for future honors and destruction, be honored and his deeds lauded. And yet there is a bravery harder to realize in actual life—the bravery of doing one's duty when it will bring upon one suspicion of his motives and the mistrust and condemnation of friends, who do not understand nor appreciate the reasons for one's course. J. C. UNDERHILL.

NOT IN THE USUAL LINE.

Continued from Fifth Page.

Mr. A. as a birthday present. As Mr. H. came out of his trance he was on his way home, and had no idea where he had been or what had been done, until the next day, when it was learned where he had been and how the bird was found. At another time in his own home two gold fish, one 4 and the other 5 1/2 inches long, with a quantity of water, was produced and thrown from the medium's mouth into a bowl, in the presence of many witnesses. Among them was J. W. Dennis, a Spiritualist and writer for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, who called it impossible. So the poor old soldier is counted as a fraud by some; but it would be hard work to account for those manifestations except through spirit power, as claimed. Mr. and Mrs. H. believe it is "the Lord's doings."

Many such manifestations have been witnessed with this medium; but it seems that he is not very well pleased with his mediumship, and rebels against it at times. He is also clairvoyant and sees spirit friends who come to visit him and his guests, and all this in the church or among church people who have never mingled with Spiritualists, and will not admit that they are Spiritualists themselves. The church and the pastor shun these mediums, leaving them to the mercy of the crowd, who do not realize how beautiful it is to be charitable, and "love our neighbors as ourselves." Oh! for more of that good spirit manifested by Jesus of Nazareth when he said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that he love one another as I have loved you." Such beautiful gems of truth and wisdom, wherever found, are priceless. I am pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for the reason that it is free to see all sides, and give them to its many readers. Go on dealing out the truth as it is made visible, and excuse the poor old cripple, and make what use of this paper you see best for the good of all. Buffalo, N. Y. M. D. PEARSON.

Zulieka.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Zulieka will prove a great attraction to all reflective minds. It is a story founded on facts, and given to be by those high in spirit-life.

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE.

Experience of a Man Who Believes He Was Stone Dead.

To THE EDITOR: It has often been said that it is delightful to die. The experiences of a person are given in the Pall Mall Budget, and they are not without deep interest. He says:

"All my life long I have been singularly destitute, I believe, of that physical shrinking from death which so many human beings feel so acutely. I do not mean to say I am in any hurry to die; as long as things go tolerably well with me in the world I have no insupportable objection to living, but whenever I stand face to face with death, as happened to me several times in the course of my career, I regard the prospect of annihilation with perfect equanimity. I can honestly declare that on all such occasions my doubts and fears have been for the safety and pecuniary position of the survivors, especially those more immediately dependent upon me.

"For myself, I have never felt one moment's disquiet. And I attribute this entire absence of fear of death to the unusual fact that I have already tried dying, and found it by no means a painful or terrifying experience. I mean what I say quite literally. I have not the slightest hesitation in asserting that once in my life I really and truly died—died as dead as it is possible for a human being to die; and that afterward I was resurrected. I have felt and know the whole feeling of death—not part of it only, but the actual end of dying. I did not stop half way; I died and was done with, and when I came back to life again it was no mere case of awakening from what is foolishly called 'suspended animation,' but a genuine revival, a restoration of vitality to a man as dead as he ever can be or will be.

"It happened in this wise; and, though it was a good many years since, I have still a most vivid recollection of every moment of it. I had been skating on a lake in a very cold country. I am intentionally vague because I do not desire to disclose my personality. The surface was smooth as glass, and perfectly free from snow and ridges. But not far from where I was skating, some men had been cutting out great blocks of ice the day before, for summer use, and had neglected to mark the spot by a danger signal, as compelled by law, so as to prevent accident.

"During night this open spot of blue water had frozen over slightly—perhaps an inch thick—forming a continuous sheet with the other and much thicker ice about it, and so from a little distance it was quite impossible to detect the difference. I skated incautiously from the solid ice on to this thinner piece, and, moving with considerable impetus, went through it at once, and was carried on under the thicker and firmer ice beyond it. The first thing I knew was that I found myself plunged suddenly in to ice-cold water and struggling for my life, in skates and winter clothes, against chill and drowning.

"I went down like lead. When I came up again it was with my head against the solid ice. If I had had full possession of my faculties I would have looked about for the hole by which I broke through and endeavored to swim under water for it. But I was numbed with the cold and stunned with the suddenness of the unexpected ducking; so, instead of looking for the soft place by which I had got in, I tried ineffectually to break the ice over my head by butting and butting against it.

"In so doing, I do not doubt, I must have made matters worse by partially stunning myself. At any rate I could not break it, and was soon completely numbed by the cold. I gasped and swallowed a great deal of water. I felt my lungs filling. A moment of suspense, during which I knew perfectly well I was drowning, intervened; and then—I died. I was drowned and dead. I knew it then, and I have never since for a moment doubted it.

"Just before I died, however, I noticed—for I am psychologic by nature—that my whole past life did not come up, as I had been given to understand it would, in a single flash before me. On the contrary, I felt only a sense of cold and damp and breathlessness, a fierce, wild struggle, a horrible choking sensation, and then all was over.

"I was taken out stone dead. Unless extreme remedies had been applied I would have remained stone dead till the present moment. If nothing more had been done my body would have undergone no further change till decomposition set in. Heart and lungs had ceased to act; I was truly dead; there was nothing more that could happen to me to make me any deader. However, a friend who was skating with me raised the alarm and I was shortly after pulled out again, still dead with a boat-hook. They made artificial respiration, brandy, heat—all the recognized means of reviving a corpse after drowning. After awhile they brought me back; I began to breathe again.

"But I call it absurd to speak of my condition meanwhile as one of suspended animation. The phrase is unscientific. I was dead and nothing else; I did not doubt it at the time; I have never since doubted it. Mere theological theorists may talk about something being called a trance, but I do not know it. I know nothing of all that, though I don't see how they can tell so confidently whether in such a case as mine the soul, if any, does not leave the body at once and then come back again. For all I know to the contrary it may have gone meanwhile to the hypothetical place of departed spirits—always unconscious.

"But, to omit any such curious and unprofitable inquiries, what do I know is this: That if there had been no artificial respiration I would have never revived again, and my body would have undergone dissolution in due course, without any return of consciousness whatever. So far as consciousness goes, therefore, I was then and there dead, and I never expect to be any deader. And the knowledge that I had thus once experienced to my own person exactly what death is, and what it is to have had a great deal to do, I think, will by its utter physical indifference to it, I know how it feels; and although it is momentarily uncomfortable, it isn't half as bad as breaking your arm or having a tooth drawn.

"In fact, the actual dying itself, as dying, is quite painless—as falling asleep. It is only the previous struggle—the sense of its approach—that is at all unpleasant. Even that is less than I had expected beforehand; and I noted at that time that there was a total absence of any craven shrinking. The sensation was a mere physical one of gasping and choking. Whenever I have stood within measurable distance of death ever since my feeling has been all ready, and see no cause to dread it. Of course, one might strongly object to a painful end, on account of its painfulness; and one might shrink and ought to shrink from leaving one's family—especially if young or insufficiently provided for; but death itself, as death, it seems to me, need have absolutely no terror for a sensible person."

And now comes the word that the guillotine has recently been introduced by the French into their colony of Tonquin. The French, as all the world is aware, have had and still have plenty of work to do in the way of exterminating piracy in that vast and as yet unremunerative possession. And the method by which they endeavor to exterminate the pirate (when they catch him, which, as a rule, they do not) is that of decapitation. That ceremony has hitherto been performed in the primitive and rather barbarous native way. The culprit being placed in a convenient position, used to light a cigarette and wait for the executioner to take a shot at his neck with a big sword. Sometimes the headman aimed straight and sometimes he did not, and a feeling had long existed among the gentlemen of the piratical profession that an execution thus executed was distinctively an unpleasant process for the patient. Consequently the introduction of the 'word of justice' has by no means produced the effect which the two circles desired and expected. Instead of being impressed with the horror of this mode of execution the natives of Tonquin are said to be highly delighted with it. In fact, they regard the guillotine as a most ingenious article de Paris, and they have already witnessed one execution with every demonstration of enthusiasm. Dying, they say, is made so delightfully easy by this admirable invention of the superior European intelligence. The result is that considerable satisfaction is expressed in piratical circles, and it is confidently anticipated that piracy will shortly increase very considerably as nobody in Tonquin would mind being abbreviated instantaneously by the guillotine. Death, in short, has lost most of its terror because the process of dying has been rendered so simple.

"Dying, as a process of nature, cannot well be otherwise than easy. One whose life has been well spent has nothing to fear when the trying ordeal comes. The vile, the licentious, those whose whole life has been steeped in crime, will not find that 'to die' is gain. It is said that nothing is more uncertain in literature than the reported last words of the dying. From what we have seen and know of the tendency to improve a phrase or take only part of it, or take a sentence that was not the last words, or unite parts of sentences separated by long intervals and many inconsequential remarks, we doubt the correctness of any that were published in former times, unless the occasion was practically public and the words were uttered in the presence of a considerable number," says the New York Christian Advocate.

"Phrases, too, that related to temporal matters have been given a spiritual significance for good or evil. A few years ago we had to expose an attempt to prove that a distinguished agnostic physician and author, of this city, made a religious utterance on his death-bed.

"Another instance is alleged to have taken place in connection with Mr. Spurgeon. On his coffin were inscribed: 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept my faith,' purporting to be his last words. His private secretary, Mr. Harrild, says that he did not use them, that they would not have been in accordance with Mr. Spurgeon's Christian humility. At the beginning of his illness he said to Mr. Harrild one day: 'My work is done; but in the latter part of his sickness he was nearly always unconscious and was unable to give words of farewell.'"

The tendency herein spoken of does not result from any intention to deceive, but the minds of mourning friends long for consolatory words, and where public funerals are to be had and eulogies delivered it must be confessed that many delight to hear such phrases repeated. Ministers are sometimes greatly embarrassed by the persistence of friends who desire to have them utter in funeral sermons last words which are sometimes incongruous with the well-known life of the deceased.

"Last words are of very little importance. It affords a germ of hope if a great sinner dies calmly praying to God, who may have mercy upon him. Loving words to friends are delightful to receive and to remember; but a good man is none the worse because he says nothing or prefers, as did George Washington, to be allowed to die in peace; and a bad man is none the better because he can be induced by exciting surroundings to utter religious ejaculations.

"Only where the life has been one of great goodness and the death-bed scene protracted and marked by consciousness, admitting of rational and controlled conversation, is it well, in connection with funeral obsequies, to display to a promiscuous assembly the thoughts, feelings and words of one who has gone away from the earth forever. Let them be treasured, when agreeable, in the hearts of loving and sorrowing friends, and allowed, when painful, to fade away as the memory of a troubled dream."

DIVINE WRIGHT.

THE EYE OPENER for sleepy Americans on questions put to women in the confusion box by the priests at Rome. This is a literal translation of the most full questions, as seen in the Theology of Liguori, which every priest is obliged to learn and propound in the ears of the fair sex. Mr. Seguin put the Latin into English for the sole purpose of exposing Rome's devilish box in its base nakedness, and thereby awake Protestants who send their boys and girls to Jesuitical colleges, convents and dungeons of infamy. Price, 25 cents.

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Testimonial. FORT SCOTT, Kansas, Sept. 28, 1891.—Dr. J. S. Loucks, Shirley, Mass.—I received the medicine all right last night. I have never so long I did not write about the medicine at ten o'clock in the morning and fasted from that time until almost four the next day, and was ready to give up as no good. As I was to eat again I was surprised to find a tape-worm, 30 feet long, pass at stool. I was very weak and low, unable to do any work. Now, after one week, I am well and do the work for ten in the family, and my case I owe to you, and am truly grateful. Mrs. Ella J. Wheeler. See add in another column of this paper.

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