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BEYOND THE STARS.

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A GRAPHIC OUTLINE

Of Very Important Questions.

By a Master Mind.

WHERE IS YOUR SPIRIT-WORLD?

A few weeks ago I met a reverend orthodox friend on a railroad train. He took a seat next to me, and after a few moments looked at me with a mingled expression of pity and a logical acumen and said: "They tell me that you are a Spiritualist. Is that so?"

"I was. He paused a moment as if concentrating his brilliant intellect to a focus, then said: "Where is your Spirit-world?"

"It is all around us. And where is yours?" I answered.

"Above and beyond the stars," he replied.

"And where is hell?" I asked somewhat abruptly.

"Below us," he answered. "The Bible says that the Savior ascended into heaven, and that Satan and his followers were cast down into hell."

"And to give emphasis to his oracular statement he pointed up to the bell-rope and down to the floor."

"But," said I, "I had asked you these questions twelve hours ago you would have pointed in exactly opposite directions. For as the world has made a half revolution in that time, you would have then pointed in the direction of heaven for hades, and towards hell for heaven. I am afraid, my Christian friend, I gently remarked, "that your geography is as uncertain as your theology."

This conversation suggested to me the subject of my present lecture:

WHERE IS THE HEAVEN AND HELL OF ORTHODOXY?

And where the Spirit-world of our cherished faith? The heaven of orthodoxy is located beyond the stars; so say all true believers. But where is beyond the stars?

In the infancy of our race, long before the sciences of astronomy and geology were born, the fundamental theories of our present theology existed in the minds of men. The world was a wide, extended plain; the sun was a great light, overhead for its illumination alone, while the moon and stars were lesser lights—all made on the fourth day of creation, the one to rule the day and the other the night.

There was no other star than ours, no other sun, no other stars than those whose feeble rays were kindled for the first time after the earth had brought forth grass and herb-yielding seed, and trees yielding fruit whose seed was in itself. This world with its immediate surroundings was the extent of creation, and man, the consummation of infinite ingenuity and wisdom, was the last act of creative power. And notwithstanding the mythical story states that "God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." Yet if orthodoxy is true, He was grievously mistaken, for man has constantly rebelled against his government, oppressed, enslaved and murdered his fellow-man, and by his general vicious and brutal conduct has given rise to a cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith, that of total depravity, and that all mankind primarily deserve to be damned; that in fact, nine-tenths of them will be, and that somewhere beyond the stars there is located a very large hell and a very small heaven for the future punishment and reward of mankind.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY.

Now, as all of the countless millions that have died in the eons past and all that will be born and die in the centuries to come must—if theology be true—make their final home in one or the other of these localities, are we not all interested in learning something of the geography of the country, or as lawyers would say, of the law, in which we will either suffer the torments of everlasting fire, or the but little more endurable eternity of playing on musical instruments, singing songs around a great white throne, and drinking milk and honey within the glaring, glittering walls of the New Jerusalem for ever and ever.

"HEAVEN IS BEYOND THE STARS."

How often have we heard this assertion from the lips of the learned orthodox divines in the pulpit, and how often is it repeated by the unthinking members of their congregation. In the ignorant past of long ago there was nothing in the knowledge of men to contradict this clerical dogma. The unaided vision of man saw nothing above us but the crystalline spheres of Ptolemy, in which the stars were set like jewels in a diadem. Beyond were the waters that were above the firmament, which, according to the Biblical narration, God divided on the second day from the waters which were under the firmament. "Beyond the stars" then meant beyond the crystal spheres whose windows were

opened at the time of the flood, and the earth deluged with the waters that were above them. Before astronomy had mapped out the heavens and calculated with mathematical precision the movements of the celestial errery. Before geology had read the rocky pages of the earth's formations, there was nothing inconsistent with the crude and ignorant theories of the times in which they originated. But—

"The day the star of reason arose in the sky, And science advanced with her conquering legions, When every respectable, time-honored Fled from her face to the mythical region."

WHAT SCIENCE HAS DEMONSTRATED.

"The orthodox heaven is beyond the stars," say the religious creeds of today. Now let us see what science has demonstrated as to the vastness of stellar space, and the inconceivable number of suns, worlds and systems that surround us in the boundless fields of ether. The figures of astronomical calculations fail to convey to the average mind a just conception of the size, movements and distances of even the few constellations that are immediate neighbors in the geography of the heavens. We must judge of them by comparison with well-known facts and distances, and even then we are bewildered with velocities so great and intervening space so vast, that we pause in awe and with bated breath at their contemplation. In vain we search for the boundaries of the starry kingdom. In vain science seeks for the locality of the "New Jerusalem" or for the endeared hades of the Christian's hope and faith. The locality of the one has escaped the vision of the keen-eyed telescope, while the flames and sulphurous fumes of the other have eluded the observation of the unerring spectroscopic. But let us make a few comparisons of familiar objects and distances. I invite my audience to go with me on a voyage into stellar space. Together let us visit in imagination a few of the heavenly constellations known to scientific research, the size of whose planets and velocity in their orbits have been calculated with unerring certainty and exactness. Perhaps in our wanderings we may accidentally find that undiscovered country from whose bourne, orthodox asserts, "no traveler returns." To start with, as an object of comparison for size, distance and velocity in its orbits, let us take our sun, which in round numbers is one million, two hundred and fifty thousand times larger than our earth, and is distant from us about 93,000,000 of miles. Now, in the northern heavens, in the constellation Herdsman or Bootes, there is a star named Arcturus; it was an object of interest as long ago as when the book of Job was written. My audience will remember that after the celebrated wager between the Lord and Satan as to the integrity of poor old Job, as related in the Bible, and after the Lord had won the bet, he asked the much-abused philosopher, "Canst thou bring forth Mazzarath in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" At that time Job failed to answer this conundrum, with others that were propounded to him by the Lord, yet modern science has answered a number of them in a very satisfactory manner. The wonderful eye of the telescope has penetrated the far-distant space and discovered uncounted millions of suns and worlds where heretofore naught was seen but the blended light of an unknown nebula.

"The flood which rolls its milky hue, A river of light on the welkin blue."

WHAT MODERN ASTRONOMY HAS ASCERTAINED.

Modern astronomy has ascertained the fact that Arcturus is a sun, five hundred and fifty thousand times larger than ours, and eleven million five hundred thousand times more distant, and yet it may be one of the smallest in the constellations. Now this splendid orb has been coming towards us at the rate of three million five hundred thousand miles a day during all historic time, yet its distance is so immense that there has been no observable difference in its position among its sister suns. Let us imagine that our mythical ancestors on the evening after their creation were seated in the beautiful garden under the fabled tree that bore in its fruit the future weal and woe of mankind, and while they toiled the tale of their young love, as Eve looked longingly at an apple on a branch over her head, she saw Arcturus gleaming in the heavens above them. And there it is now, apparently in the same place, although for the six thousand years of the Mosiac account it has been moving two thousand, four hundred and thirty miles per minute from where it was before Eve's transgression.

Now, from whence did this glorious orb commence its apparently endless journey? Surely not from a region beyond the stars for it is itself a star and must have had then, as now, uncounted millions of companions. But science scoffs at the Mosiac chronology of the

Bible, and proves from the rocky pages of the earth's formations, written by God's own hand, that our world has been a globe teeming with life for millions of years, and that primeval man has lived thereon over a hundred thousand years, and all this time he has seen Arcturus occupying nearly the same place in the heavens that it does today.

THE IMMENSE STAR SIRIUS.

There is another star, Sirius, in the constellation "Canis Major," or "Great Dog;" it is also a fixed star, the brightest in our firmament, and astronomers estimate its distance from us to be a hundred millions of millions of miles. It is as large as six hundred thousand of our suns, and is moving from us on its awful pathway at the rate of one thousand miles per minute; yet we see it now, as did the early astronomers. Where is it going? Will it ever reach a space in the firmament beyond the stars wherein is located the heaven of orthodoxy? Now here are two stars, and from the standpoint of our earth, one is coming from limitless space and the other going towards it; and yet their journeys commenced billions of years ago, and will continue through all the eons to come, before they reach the boundaries of their orbits, or enter a region beyond the stars—if such a place exists. On and on they fly, through the boundless depths of ether; on and on for interminable ages, until time ceases; this little earth of ours shall be no longer; and as they journey on they will only enter new fields of space, filled with other stars, that will rival them in grandeur and velocity, until their destiny shall be fulfilled in the infinite plan of the universe. We have selected these two stars as illustrations, because one is approaching our system and the other going from us; one is coming from "beyond the stars," and the other is going there.

And do not forget that we have selected two of the nearest of the fixed stars as examples, while there are uncounted millions of others in space of much greater magnitude and velocity of movement, and whose orbits are infinitely more distant.

NO LIMIT TO STELLAR SPACE.

Let us make one more illustration to our purpose quite. Herschell says that if a person should start from the earth and travel with the velocity of light, two hundred thousand miles per second, it would require one thousand, nine hundred years for him to reach the outer limit of the starry universe already discovered; but since the great astronomer made that assertion, improved telescopes and photography have greatly extended the bounds of scientific knowledge and have practically demonstrated that there is no limit to stellar space, and that there is no such place as "beyond the stars."

A JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Now, let us suppose that there is a railroad from our earth to the farthest nebula discovered in our universe, and that on that railroad is a light express—not a lightning, but a light express, that is, a train that runs with the velocity of light, or eight times round this earth in one second of time. We are all of us seated in the cars, ticketed to a world in the distant "nebula." The bell rings, the conductor shouts "all aboard," and away we go, at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second. There would be no succession of day and night during our journey, but only a difference in degree of light as we passed the countless millions of blazing suns which are but stations located at the comparatively short distances of a million or billion of miles from each other. As days, weeks and months pass on, in our unceasing, tireless journey, we look back at our sun fast diminishing into a star of first, second and third magnitude, until finally, as centuries pass on, its comparatively feeble rays are totally obliterated by the immense distance our train has passed through the boundless fields of stellar space.

And, right here, do not forget that our sun is one million, two hundred and fifty thousand times larger than our earth, and yet, long before we have reached the end of our journey, it is so insignificant in size, compared with kindred orbs, that it is lost in the obscurity of immeasurable space.

Onward we pass, swifter than the flash of the lightning's wing. Century after century passes, and we look ahead, towards our destination, yet we have not approached it sufficiently to make any appreciable difference in the appearance of the nebula. On and on, for centuries more, and it begins to assume form, and we see a faint light of its billions of stars, kindled by the creator of the universe, in our journey we have already passed countless thousands of worlds and suns and solar systems, revolving in harmony in their endless cycles.

MEETING A COMET.

As we look out of the window of our car we suddenly see a flame of unusual magnitude, and it seems to be approaching us with fearful velocity. What is it? Is asked by our terror-stricken pas-

sengers. It is nothing but a comet, says the scientific oracle of our company, and he repeats a verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes' celebrated poem:

"The comet, he is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specter of the skies."

"Ah, well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale
At his ten million cubic miles of head,
And ten billion leagues of tail."

At first our passengers feared a collision with this wandering vagrant of the skies, but not it crossed our track twenty minutes behind us.

In that twenty minutes we had traveled two hundred and forty millions of miles, and only felt a faint sensation of warmth from its fiery breath as it dashed on its unknown pathway toward the space beyond the stars, the future home of the elect; the favored few, to whom a just God has decreed an eternity in heaven; a God, "As holy Willie says in his prayer:

"Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends me to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for any gude or ill
They've done afore thee!"

And where did this "spectre of the skies" come from? and whither goeth it in its awful journey, that commenced long before time began on our earth, and will continue until time on our globe shall only be a record of the past?

But our train moves on, and on, past the path of Arcturus and the flaming Sirius. Past Polaris and the Ursa Major, past the millions of stars of the Milky Way, until one million, nine hundred years have elapsed, when our engineer whistles "Down brakes," as we enter the depot of our destination.

But we have not yet reached the limits of stellar space—the "beyond the stars" of the Christian hope and faith, for as we stand on the platform of the celestial station and look abroad into the distance before us, we see other stars, systems and nebulae, as interminable as those we have passed in our almost endless journey. And from where we stand the most powerful telescope would fail to see the locality of the New Jerusalem, or the Hades, beloved by the saints as much as it is dreaded by the sinners; for no modern orthodox church member would be happy in heaven unless he was certain there was a hell for many of his friends and neighbors.

HELL OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Now, while it is true that if the Celestial City was in size proportionate to the limited number of the elect, it might be so small as to escape telescopic vision, yet the hell of the Christian churches would be so large as to rival Polaris in size, while its flame would dim the brilliancy of Sirius and should be visible even to the unaided eye.

You know that it is an axiom that figures cannot lie, and that mathematics is always a truthful witness. A correspondent of the New York "Sun" has published a calculation of the relative size and population of the heaven and hell of the orthodox creeds, which I quote for the benefit of those of my hearers who are not mathematicians but believers.

THE POPULATION OF HELL.

"In round numbers, the earth has a population of one billion three hundred millions, of whom three hundred millions are professional Christians, the other one billion being Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, pagans and heathen. The whole race was condemned to eternal punishment for the sin of Adam. This was the fall of man, from which there was and is no redemption save through the death of Christ.

"Biblical chronology gives the earth a period of about six thousand years. From Adam's time to Christ was about four thousand years, during which period no human souls were saved. The population may then have averaged one billion. Three generations, or three billions, pass away in each century. Forty centuries, therefore, consigned one hundred and twenty billions of men to eternal fire, and for all we know they are there now. In the one thousand nine hundred years that have elapsed since the birth of Christ, fifty-seven billions more of human beings have lived and died. If all the Christians, nominal and real, who have ever lived on the face of the earth have been saved, they would not number more than eighteen thousand millions. Now, if we deduct this latter number from the grand total of one hundred and seventy-five thousand millions, we find one hundred and fifty-seven thousand million souls who are suffering the torments of hell-fire, against the eighteen thousand millions who have escaped. But this is not the whole truth. Nobody believes that more than ten per cent of the professed Christians are saved. Calvinists themselves say that the elect are few. If this is a fact, heaven contains but eighteen hundred millions, against a population in hell of one hundred and seventy-five thousand millions."

What a consoling view of the future destiny of our race does this truthful calculation present to the thinking mind. But recollect that that problem is based upon the chronology of the Bible, which states that the world was created only six thousand years ago. Now, science has clearly demonstrated that man has existed on the earth a period of over one hundred thousand years, while the plan of atonement was only invented by the divine mind less than two thousand years ago. During the long, long centuries before the tragedy of Calvary, innumerable millions of mankind had

lived, and loved, and died; had battled with contending forces for an existence; had survived the cold of the glacial period, built cities and erected temples, pyramids and obelisks, now buried in the sands of the desert; had worshiped idols in their ignorance and the gods of mythology in mistaken ideas of their responsibility to their creator; had fought murderous battles for their faith and religion, and in countless millions had died unatoned, centuries before they could have been redeemed by the crucifixion of a savior, and therefore all this countless host must have passed through the burning gates of hades, there to suffer the tortures of the damned forever and ever. Now, is it not manifest to all that the orthodox hell would have to be as large as Arcturus, and then it would be overcrowded, while a heaven of the size of the smallest moon of Jupiter would be large enough to accommodate all the saints that have been elected since time began.

And as Arcturus is plainly visible to the naked eye, while the moons of Jupiter are within the range of telescopic vision, would it not be proper for priests and laymen to secure the services of the Lick telescope to investigate stellar space on a voyage of discovery? Astronomers might overlook heaven from its diminutive size, it is true, but hades ought to loom up as large at least as the giant Sirius, or a star of the first magnitude.

What an infinite range for the human mind do the vast fields of stellar space afford, even with the limited knowledge of the present day—and as that knowledge advances, and more perfect instruments of investigation are devised and constructed, how wonderful will be the discoveries of the future.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

Starting from our little earth, as we did in our imaginary journey by railway, in whatever direction we go we find the same limitless space filled with suns and systems, all moving in concert, and with a harmony that could only come from the government of one central power, controlled by one infinite mind. Looking from any point of elevation on a cloudless night, and in any direction, it is the same. Ten thousand times ten thousand shining orbs are around us, whose size and distance defy our power of conception, except by comparison; and even then we fail to comprehend them. Yonder on the verge of the horizon is Uranus, the most distant of all our primary planets. It revolves around our sun at a distance of nearly three billions of miles.

ALPHA LYRA.

Yonder in another direction is Alpha Lyra, whose distance from us is one million three hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles farther than our sun.

THE STARS POLARIS AND CAPELLA.

In the north is the star Polaris, three million seventy-eight thousand times farther than our sun. In another direction Capella, four million four hundred and eighty-four thousand times farther than our sun. Now, if some one in my audience who is fond of mental arithmetic will multiply these figures by ninety-three millions, they will have the distance to the planets I have enumerated; yet the mind can form no conception of the vastness of the celestial orb, or the distance to that unknown region which our orthodox brethren call beyond the stars. And, oh! what a weary journey it must be for the spirits of those who have passed away to reach their heaven of eternal rest, and how painful the thought that our loved ones are so far away.

THINKING MIND LOST.

No wonder that the appreciative, thinking mind is lost in awe and amazement when it attempts to grasp the greatness of the celestial universe. No wonder that the psalmist, impressed with the grandeur of the universe, the greatness of Infinite power, and the littleness of man, should have exclaimed:

"When I consider thy heaven, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

No wonder that we shrink at our own nothingness, and tremble at the awful power that surrounds us; and yet this little atom, this infinitesimal living animalcule called man, profanely bubbles about in the "wrath of God," a plan of salvation formed by the Creator of this wilderness of worlds; prates arrogantly of His loves, hates and wishes, and from the pulpit proclaims God's endless vengeance against the creatures he has made; and then to write a book and call it the word of God—to state therein that He overshadowed a Jewish maiden and begot a son, and allowed that son to be sacrificed to himself to appease his own anger; to delegate to puny man the power to absolve from sin his fellow-man, and sell indulgence as a peddler hawks his wares! Fright, dupe, contemptible work, look above; behold the magnificence of the celestial universe! Then look within—behold thine own insignificance and unworthiness, and bow your head in shame at your presumption, and blush in guilty contrition that you have dared to so libel the Infinite God that designed all things and governs all through the might of his immutable laws.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

But where is the Spirit-world of our beautiful faith? asks an honest inquirer. I answer that it is all around us, unseen to human vision it is true, but not more so than is the world of terrestrial life, in the crystal waters of oceans, lakes, rivers and rivulets, and even in the dew-drop of a summer morning; not more invisible than the winged life that abounds in the air we breathe, that lives in the

food we eat, that gleams in the moonlight and flashes the countless wings in the sunbeam. Even prominent educated orthodox divines and scholars acknowledge this cardinal fact of our religious faith. The learned doctor of divinity, A. B. Hyde, professor of Greek in the University of Denver, late professor of Biblical literature in Allegheny College, in his "Story of Methodism," page 41, after he has described the spirit manifestations that attended John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist church, says:

"Many then and since have tried to explain them. It was thought to be a spirit-stayed beyond its home and clime, as an Arabian locust has been found in Hyde Park. Of those things this writer has no theory. There are more things in heaven and earth than his knowledge or philosophy can compass. Only he is sure that outside of this world lies a spirit domain, and it is not strange that there should be inter-communication."

Be charitable, then, my Methodist friend—if by accident there should happen to be any in my audience—for the founder of your church was not only a believer in spirit manifestations, but his mother was a medium, in whose presence at Epworth parsonage for a number of years there occurred spirit manifestations more wonderful than those that to-day excite your ridicule, and that in your pulpits invite denunciatory sarcasm from the reverend followers of that great Spiritualist, John Wesley. Verily, verily are you wiser, at least in your own conceit, than was your father? Even the great clerical "Bombastes Furioso" of Brooklyn, the refulgent and effervescent Talmage, preaches Spiritualism from his bankrupt Tabernacle one Sunday and denounces it the next, and thus has been able to perform the remarkable equestrian feat of riding two horses in opposite directions in his theological arena of sawdust and tanbark.

TALMAGE'S ROSEATE VIEWS.

He not only knows that there is a Spirit-world as substantial as ours, but he also knows what the saints are doing, and how they will occupy their time during the endless circles of eternity.

Listen to what he says in a recent sermon in answer to the question "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?"

"I am," says Talmage, "not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but by inevitable laws of inference and deduction, and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now, and hence, that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are here."

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in fine arts are now indulging in their taste in the same direction. Raphael could improve his masterpiece of Michael the Archangel, now that he has seen him. Michael Angelo could better present the Last Judgment after he has seen its flash and heard the battering-rams of its thunder.

"Again I remark that those of our departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit, are now in armies celestial and out on bloodless battle-fields. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear drum or fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christians, and when they fight they fight on the right side. Now, when those of our Christian friends, who had natural and powerful military spirit, enter heaven, they enter the celestial army."

"I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O God, open our eyes that we may see them. The military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua and Caleb, and Gideon and David, and Sampson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with flesh and sin, and now have gone up on high, are now coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Yonder they are—coming, coming. Did you not hear them as they swept by?"

"Oh, Talmage! Talmage! None but thyself could be so parallel." Thy picaresque theological cascock is becoming frayed at the seams and out at the elbows. Its skirts are too long for some of your unenlightened views and too short for others, while its sleeves are not as ingeniously constructed as were those of Ah Sin, and fail to conceal the hidden cards as you play them to a credulous world. Is it not time that it be consigned to the darkness, dust and moth of the rag-bag of oblivion?

What a consoling view of the future does this elaborate picture of things give to us poor unfortunate lawyers. As a general thing the Christian churches have communicated us from association with the winged brotherhood of the saints; but if the erratic preacher is true in his prophetic visions, we will be there with the murderous Joshua and his fighting brotherhood, and necessarily there must arise many legal contingencies; numerous cases of murder, or at least assaults and batteries with intent to kill, if the dead carry with them all the propensities and capabilities they had on earth. I wonder if poor Uriah could commence an action of tort, con-

against the virtuous David for abducting his "pet lamb." I only wish good Brother Talmage had told us something about the system of courts, and whether the trials are by jury or in chancery, and something about the fees and pleadings, and whether there are any courts of appeal—and how the many ancient warriors fought, and with whom, on the celestial battle-fields, and whether there could be any killed or wounded; or would

it be like the warfare of American politicians, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

TALMAGE ON THE HEALING ART.

But of all these grave matters he says nothing; yet he does speak of a subject of interest to our medumistic healers, and of which our law-makers ought to take notice, are our departed Christian friends who in this world lived their joys in the healing art, doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth; plenty of wounds in different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors in New York and Brooklyn had said that he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him; Abercrombie, who, after many years of doctoring the bodies and souls of people in Scotland, wrote, in God in 1844.

Now, if that be true, as it doubtless is, spirit healing is one of the recognized facts in heaven, and it ought to be respected on earth.

MINISTERS TO HAVE A SOFT THING.

According to Talmage, the ministers of this wicked and unappreciative world will have, in the slang phrase of business, a "soft thing" in the next. Hear him:

"Most of the ministers that have gone have their people around them already. When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go there—I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the printing press, I am permitted to preach every week. I will visit them all. I give them fair notice."

I do not know how my audience may feel in view of this coming affliction, but for my part I am very sorry. I was hoping that the time would come when myself and the rest of mankind would not have the weekly mental pain caused by the publication of foot after foot, and yard after yard, of the most illogical and insipid twaddle ever uttered by human lips. But if it must be, it must, and we will all have to suffer the affliction as best we can with Christian fortitude and resignation. Only think of it! Talmage's sermons through all eternity! Why should a merciful Creator thus punish alike the just and unjust? Why should saint and sinner alike thus be condemned to one common doom?

VARIOUS PLANETS INHABITED.

In this little world of ours the only one, among the billions in the starry universe that is inhabited by sentient beings? Surely not! There are multitudes of planets in nearly the same physical condition, equally capable of sustaining human life, and as like causes produces like effects, if evolution is a demonstrated law, and if man has evolved from primordial life on this earth, why may not the same law people all the planets that are in a fit condition, with living souls, joint heirs with us in a heritage of immortality? If this is so, then does the so-called plan of salvation which culminated in the crucifixion of a God on Mount Calvary, extend its saving power to all other worlds, or was an individual savior sent to all of them? Is our insignificant globe, with its population of savages, saints, sinners and politicians, the pet of the Creator, the only place where man fell because a fallen angel tempted him? Science does not know and Brother Talmage will not tell us. Oh, creeds of men, what absurd theories have been taught by your advocates and teachers! Oh, religion of earth, what cruelties and horrors have been perpetrated in thy name! Before historic period began the earth was whitened as the snowflakes whiten the plains, with the bones of those who died in senseless, barbarous, cruel warfare.

Ever since the pen of the historian commenced to record the events of men and nations, the blood of martyrdom and smut of the flag and stake have stained the earth and darkened the heavens. The cruel assertion of Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews that, "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission of sins," has justified the religious leaders of all creeds in enforcing their beliefs on mankind by rapine and murder. With the torch and sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, they have spread their missionary efforts by fire and carnage to the uttermost bounds of continents and the distant islands of the sea. In the name of the pure and loving Nazarene they have justified crimes on this earth that would make the cheek of darkness pale. And when death has relieved their victims here, with Christian malice they have consigned them to the never-ceasing agonies of sulphurous flames and the venom of the worm that never dies. To teach this horrible doctrine, costly temples are erected throughout this enlightened land, magnificent salaries are paid to ministers, and billions of dollars of untaxed property is supported at the expense of those who labor for their daily bread, while want and famine are around us on every side, while women and children are starving in our cities; millions of money are spent in erecting costly churches and magnificent temples in the name of him who, while on earth, had no place to lay his head.

For centuries past these have been the teachings of religious creeds, of churches and tabernacles; these the beliefs of those who worship therein. These are they who condemn our beautiful faith without a trial and revile demonstrations without investigation. These are they who preach a doctrine

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.]

CONTINUED CLASH

Of Controversial Swords.

Dr. Peebles, Pronounced a "Lamb," Develops Dangerous Horns.

Replying to His Critics Court-ously, Yet Scathingly.

His Platform and His Vision.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

WHY PREFER DARKNESS TO LIGHT?

One swallow—no many swallows, do not make a summer; neither do, nor should the outgrown political and feudal dogmas of old lands, or the persons by Catholics in the past, any more than by Protestants in the present, against our neighbors—American Catholic citizens of to-day. And none but an oath-bound A. P. A., plotting in the dark, would be guilty of it. Why does this party prefer darkness to light, and secrecy to an open, manly contest in the arena of politics and religion? How little it costs to be frank, fraternal and tolerant in this waning nineteenth century. These A. P. A. organizations represent no principle in keeping with the Declaration of Independence, or with the spirit of our Constitution. They are the illegitimate children of the past. They strike in the dark. They ostracize in the name of religion. They stir up neighborhood strife. All of which lead on, or will lead on, to a religious war, that must necessarily crimson a thousand battle-fields with fraternal blood.

PEEBLES' POSITION IMPREGNABLE.

In minor matters, where there is no principle involved, I am flexible and yielding; but where there is a principle or an absolute truth involved, I am as unyielding and immovable as the pyramidal rock of Syene. Bear in mind that my original statement, fortified by history, calling out this controversy, that, in the past, Catholics had persecuted Protestants, and in turn Protestants had persecuted and slain Catholics, has proved invulnerable and absolutely impregnable. And the further principle involved in this PROGRESSIVE THINKER controversy, in which the political mob are arraigned against me, is this: Shall a portion of our American-born citizens—shall good, moral, tax-paying Roman Catholics be discriminated? Shall they be socially tabooed? Shall they be clandestinely ostracized? Shall they be put under the political rack and thumb-screw of a secret, persecuting organization and denied the constitutional right to hold office, because, honestly and conscientiously, they are Catholics? I say no—a thousand times no. And upon this towering rock of right and justice I stand.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S TESTIMONY.

Will these fanatical, Catholic-hating bigots reflect a moment, and listen to that great American slave-emancipator and statesman of statesmen, Abraham Lincoln, touching, and seemingly prophesying of our present A. P. A. Know-Nothingism:

"I am not a Know-Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can anyone who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading any class of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it, 'All men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-Nothing comes to control, it will read: 'All men are created equal, except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy." [Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln, edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Vol. I, p. 218.]

Cordially thanking the far-seeing President Lincoln for his prophetic denunciation of all A. P. A. Know-Nothingism, let us, before proceeding to briefly dissect the very lengthy article of Mr. Griffen, unite in singing the following words of Lowell:

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun, Are slaves most base

Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race." Brother Lockwood will naturally take the "base." Brother Griffen may carry the tenor. Dr. Fell the alto; while Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Moses Hull, J. O. Barrett and J. W. Colville will attend to the soprano. I will beat the time, keeping this uneclesiastical choir up to the key of Catholic brotherhood. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to sing—and "to dwell together in unity."

PEEBLES' REPLY TO GRIFFEN.

The nine-and-a-half-column article of Mr. Griffen, in response to mine of three-and-a-half, while starting in length and ponderous in musty quotations, reveals the fact that he fully felt the herculean task before him of somehow and in some way getting around my almost axiomatic position, that in the past Catholics and Protestants had, in turn, persecuted and slain each other. To deny the fact was either madness or imbecility. It is a pity that he did not take the time to make his controversial essay more brief. Human life is short.

What had I to do with the infallibility dogma of Pius IX? Have I defended any religious dogma of the Roman Catholic Church? Not one. And what have these long, dismal quotations about Boniface, of the seventh century, about the popes and their decisions of the eighth, thirteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to do with this controversy? Have I defended them? Not one of them. Nor have I quoted forgeries and by implication endorsed them, as some of my opponents have done to carry out and brace up a doubtful point. And what had the forgery of "decretals," going under the name of the pseudo-Isidorian during the weak reign of Charlemagne's successor, to do with this controversy? How silly to hold me responsible for what my great-grandfather believed, or said, or did in Scotland. Has the Catholic Church made no progress—progress out of its barbarian surroundings of a thousand years ago? Has it felt none of the glow, none of the inspiring grandeur of evolution?

THE DUST-BURIED PAST AND SPIRITISM

Why not let the olden dead past bury

its dead? For a whole generation I've been a grave-digger in that line of business. And why, oh why, look for the living among the dead? Why be everlastingly resurrecting the theological bones and skinned skeletons of the moss-covered past and parading them in all their barbaric hideousness before the gaze of these nineteenth century millions? Only saints should stone the sinners of a thousand years ago. Griffen's pen reminds me of Spurgeon's tongue—Spurgeon and the infidel! It is reported that Spurgeon, in one of his most eloquent sermonizing flights, declared that, considering the infinite riches of the atonement, he should like to spend a thousand years of eternity beholding the nailed feet and hands of the Lord Jesus; ten thousand years in gazing into his pierced and bleeding side, and a hundred thousand years in looking at the atoning blood that streamed from under that cruel crown of thorns—when the infidel, close by the sanctuary, straightened up, whispered to his pew-sitting neighbor, "Spurgeon must have a peculiar penchant for looking into old wounds, sores and scars."

Friend Griffen seems, in his lucid style and characteristically candid manner, to have a penchant—a very mania, for unearthing the pre and past-mania bones of Catholics, and recounting the horrible, blood-curdling persecutions of these old semi-civilized times; while with charming, child-like innocence and nonchalance, he glides glibly over the atrocious pillaging, burnings and murderous persecutions of Roman Catholics by Protestants in the Old World when the power was in the hands of the Puritans hunting witches, banishing Baptists, and hanging New England Quakers. Is not his memory mentally askew?

Seriously, he reminds me of the country parson, who, preaching against "the world, the flesh and the devil," said he should spend but a few moments in treating of the world, dwell lightly on the flesh, and then pass on to the devil. Our brother seems to have passed on to the devil—that is, his devil, ancient Roman Catholicism, and is engaged in the tomb-opening, bone-articulating business for the edification of modern Spiritualists. It is a failure. Why?

"Load our young thought with the iron shirt,"

By bigots raked from some Italian graveyard's dirt?"

WHO CHARACTERIZED THE WORLD'S FAIR SUN-DAYS?

Come back, Brother Griffen, to the living present; come and tell us who besieges Congress every winter to put God in the Constitution? "Protestants, sir." Correct. Now tell us who teased, begged and bullied the Columbian Commissioners at the World's Fair to close the Exposition on Sundays? "Protestants, sir." Correct. And now tell us who are wrestling and scheming to stop the Sunday newspapers? "Protestants, sir." Correct again. And now, which do you honestly think would manifest the most wanton bigotry and persecution, Catholics or Protestants, had they the plenary power? "I think there would be very little difference, Brother Peebles." Thank you; from reading your inmost nature, psychometrically, I was confident this would be your answer. Let us now unite in singing these sweet lines of Mrs. Barbauld:

"How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet our kindred minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose heart and faith and hopes are one."

Refreshed with poetry and music, we proceed with a further pen-and-ink dissection of Mr. Griffen's mammoth cadaver of nine columns.

CONFESSION OF THE FORGERY.

"I have no doubt," says Mr. Griffen, "that the document purporting to be a bull of Leo XIII., for the extermination of the heretics of the United States, is a forgery." Then why, you questioner, is it rampant to-day, declaring that Catholics must not hold office, that Catholic priests and bishops are traitors and that their Sisters of Charity are prostitutes. Persecution is heartless and soulless, and no true Spiritualist can justify it.

DR. PEEBLES' PLATFORM.

Earnestly, rigidly opposed to secret, after-dark, oath-bound societies, whether political or religious, I feel impressed to more fully publish to the world some of my deep-rooted principles relating to certain of the living, soul-stirring topics of the times. As an American of Americans, I believe in education an education to commence with a hearty, long prior to conception—a careful education through the gestation period—an education of love and tenderness in the kindergartens, and then in our free public schools. These must stand like granite rocks upon secular foundations. There must be no Bible read in these schools, no religious dogmas taught in them, no sectarian exercises held in them, and no theological influences exerted over them. Whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. Morality and ethical principles should, however, be taught in our public schools and in our universities, along with the various sciences and the arts. No ecclesiastical dogma nor church ceremony. They are no way related to each other. The one often exists without the other. Mohammedans are religious bigots. Chinese pray to their gambling god to help them cheat, and Stoneval Jackson prayed to God for victories that implied revenge, blood and death.

SELF-ENTHRONED, JUDGING OTHERS.

Having now ascended the throne of judgment, Mr. Griffen declares that "the blustering declaration of loyalty to the principles of civil government, so often nowadays witnessed from certain Catholic priests, bishops, archbishops or laymen, must certainly be taken with a very large grain of salt." That is to say, in plain English, these learned men, occupying the highest social position in the community, are hypocrites and infamous deceivers. Such clap-trap charges are tiresome. Better murder a man outright than rob him of his good name. Pray tell me, Mr. Griffen, what right you have to thus judge the honestly-expressed words and motives of your fellow-men? Are you omniscient? Are you the generalissimo of gods and men? Are you a self-crowned spiritualist pope? Are you infallible in judgment, and so divinely authorized to judge, denounce and

"Deal damnation round the land?"

Bishop Keane, president of the Catholic University of America, says: "The Catholic Church has no political purposes. It neither countenances nor wishes for any political position, distinction or influence. There is absolutely no relation between the church and any political party. The secular position and affiliations of any Catholic, aside from his observance of

the moral law, are matters entirely extraneous to his religious faith, and any assumption to the contrary is repudiated both by the teachings of the church and the practices of its consistent members." And yet Mr. Griffen pronounces such a statement, made by the president of a university, "blustering declamation." If a Spiritualist cannot be just, he should at least try to be polite. Tired of this volubility—tired of this verbiage that suspects, judges and continually condemns, turns away from these one-sided, postponed possibilities of men, to an erudite, full-orbed, royal-souled man, the Rev. Charles W. Wendte, the eminent Unitarian clergyman of California, who, while strenuously opposing Roman Catholicism, says in his late pamphlet:

"I do not believe that Roman Catholics desire to destroy our American liberties. I cannot believe it. I believe, to the contrary, that the vast majority of our Roman Catholic neighbors are good citizens, are loyal and patriotic Americans. Their conversation and daily walk prove this; their votes in the polls prove it; their conduct during the civil war amply proved it. We must remember that the logic of a man's speculative belief is one thing, but the logic of one's daily duty, the dictates of good sense and justice, of humanity and honor are another thing, and are more imperative than all the Vatican decrees. Despite what Protestant zealots may say, the American Catholic is a loyal and patriotic citizen."

A CHALLENGE—AND A HELP TO GRIFFEN.

A challenge to Dr. Peebles bespeaks the bravado. But happily I am a peace man—and it is not to fight a duel or run a foot-race that I am challenged; but to show, or to compare the "stinted liberty" which Protestants enjoy in Catholic countries, compared with the "freedom allowed Catholics in Protestant countries." This point is well taken. And had he appealed to me as an extensive traveler in Catholic countries, I could have given him several points as telling counts on his side. Liberal and accommodating, I will do so anyhow: A few years ago when in Moravia, a country where there was no Protestant church, I was shadowed, watched and haunted, because refusing to take off my hat when passing the city's great and grim Catholic cathedral. Priests walked the streets in full canonicals. There were but two Americans in the city of 45,000—this Roman Catholic city.

Returning from my consular appointment in Asiatic Turkey, I stopped at Messina, Sicily, to climb Mt. Etna. Hearing music in the street, I left my hotel and, joining a passing procession in honor of Saint Theresa, I soon found myself in a beautiful park surrounded by Roman Catholics, who, mistaking me for the long-bearded old Father Gavazzi, a priest recently converted to Protestantism, were about to mob me. Only by lustily calling out "police, police!" and showing the Masonic symbol of the red cross, did I escape from the fury of these fanatics. An apology was officially tendered me the next day. But was it religion that fired those zealots? No but rather a lack of religion—lack of that peaceful religion of the gentle Nazarene—lack of education—and a lack of the fraternizing, deep-rooted principles of universal brotherhood.

I would scarcely be just to all parties not to mention an incident occurring, to my knowledge, far this side of semi-civilized Sicily, showing the persecuting demonism of sectarian Protestantism in McLean, New York. In this village there lived nearly fifty years ago one family of Catholics, quite poor and inoffensive people, who arranged with the priest in Lithua to visit them twice a year. His first visit created great excitement. The second ultimatum in his being hooted at in the street, stoned and egged out of town. This was the Protestants' way of putting down Catholicism. It is at least by implication, your following paragraph is not relevant. The fact remains, that forgery was quoted to make a point against Roman Catholics. The assertion that Catholics were guilty of forgeries in the Middle Ages does not help your case any. I condemn them both, pitying the man, however, that is driven to quoting a forgery to bolster up a weak position.

Often I am puzzled to know just which side of this controversy Mr. Griffen sustains. Listen to him: "These orders and societies that work in the dark always run the risk of misrepresentation; by placing themselves in position to fairly suspect, they have not much claim upon our sympathies in case of unfair though natural inferences." Exactly so. Could he have better described the A. P. A. council? These societies certainly work in the dark, thus placing themselves "in a position to fairly excite suspicion;" any political, skulking, oath-bound society may well excite suspicion. And I agree with Mr. Griffen that such organizations or political dogmas "cannot have much claim upon our sympathies," whether "decretals," A. P. A. ism, or Roman Catholicism. Open hearts, open hands, open doors and free throats are the only way to the dawn of a new and much as anarchy is to be deplored, the most blatant anarchists, flaunting their red flags, are to be commended for not plotting conspiracies in the dark and binding the consciences of their misguided associates by secret oaths.

SELF-ENTHRONED, JUDGING OTHERS.

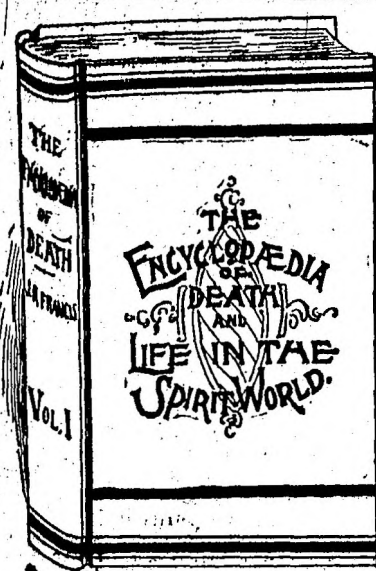
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Any one who sends us four trial subscribers can have the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, sent to him for 50 cents. Every Spiritualist will want the various volumes of this Encyclopedia. Your library will not be complete without it.

G. W. Brown, M. D., prominent as editor, publisher and author, says: "One of the incomprehensible questions with me is: How do you find time in the midst of your multitudinous duties as editor, publisher, business manager and general factotum of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to compile, print and publish your one and only Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. The book is splendidly gotten up."

tarists, we should be tolerant in spirit, hating bigotry whether displayed by the Catholic, or the Protestant, the Spiritualist or the professed Liberalist. And, "Remembering that two-thirds of the Catholic youth of our country still attend the public schools, let us continue freely to employ Catholics as teachers and members of school boards. Indeed, the question of a man's belief should never be raised in this connection. Competency, character and loyalty to the State are the only qualifications to be required." And here I feel to quote the stirring, weighty words of our great American General, U. S. Grant, at the Centennial: "Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that every child in the land may get a common school education, unmingled with atheistic, pagan or sectarian teachings. Keep the Church and State forever separate."

A VISION, WITH THE INTERPRETATION.

Having finished the above quotation from General Grant, I felt a thrill—an uncommon feeling—a magnetic thrill more potent than common, creeping into my brain, and suffusing my whole being with the restful feeling of peace and good will. Giving way to the sleep—to the vision—I saw a magnificent old temple, or stone castle on the hillside, overgrown with mosses, surrounded by moaning firs, weeping willows, and a mosaic of dark, trailing foliage. This temple, dim within and dark without, was very substantially built, exhibiting many kinds and styles of architecture. Impelled to approach nearer, I saw parties inspecting it, and heard them commenting upon the solidity of the structure. Multitudes were entering at its ever-open doors. The music was plaintive, if not sad, and I remarked that it seemed dim and gloomy within.

"Yes," was the pleasant response, "but corresponding with it was well for the semi-enlightened past. Too much light blinds. Adaptation is a divine law. Rays of light, few or many, have ever streamed into this temple from the divine spirit. Inspiration is universal. Under the shadow of this old structure many pilgrims have rested, many footsore travelers have sheltered within its walls, many hungry were fed, and many mourners were comforted. There is good in everything. There are sweets in thistles, berries among the briars. Those who seek for roses find them. All have the divine spark within—all are brothers." So talked the angel.

But see, there's a crowd unobserved before; a well-meaning, unorganized, impulsive crowd. They look at the old temple and utter harsh, bitter words. They are angry. "Domolish it," they cry. "Down with it. The people within are imprisoned. They are slaves—they must have light. Crush in the roof, open the gates—kick down the doors—smash in the windows," shout a hundred voices, as they madly break in with battering-ram and sledgehammer; axe and bush-hook, with spade for undermining and firebrands for burning. But the windows remain closed, the gates more tightly shut. Force fails. Force is human, selfishly human; love is divine.

But hush—look—there is coming from the hazy, yet heaven-dimmed distance a band of really inspired teachers. They sound no trumpets; they flaunt no flags. How radiant their faces; how white and glistening their garments. They are enveloped in an aureole of brightness, and the tones of their voices, oh, how tender. They are seers, saints, prophets, reformers; the enlightened of the ages, the truly enlightened of today. Love, fraternal love, is the burden of the story they tell; the soul-song that these builders sing, reminding one of Whittier's words:

"The waster should be the builder too."

And does not Tenneyson say that:

"Under temples old the roses bloom."

And does not God pour down the warm sunbeams in springtime, causing the young buds to swell and grow, that they may gently, tenderly push off the old, dry leaves of winter, thus enabling the sweet-scented blossoms to come forth; prophecies of fruits and harvests in autumn? God is good. God is love. All of us live and swim in the boundless ocean of God's love. Everything, from atom to star, is ablaze with God.

But this band of true reformers—saviors—have now neared the outer wall. No coarse criticisms, no jarring words escape their lips. Two advance more rapidly now toward the temple gates. They are reached. One holds in his white hand a torch all afire with light, and below it I read the words: "Truth, truth, light and wisdom." The other lifts an olive branch, and below it, in letters of gold, I read: "Love, love, peace and good will." The two now beckon the others forward. And see! At the approach of these heaven-inspired, teachers, the old castle doors,

swinging on their rusty hinges, open wide to entertain, to listen, to inwardly digest. They enter, and the torch of truth aflame with love, illumines—spiritually illumines and brightens with noonday splendor the whole temple, permitting each to see in the other a brother—a son of God—a fellow-pilgrim—traveling by ways diverse, yet with the same hopes, aims and aspirations, toward the better land of immortality. Seeing, hearing these saintly teachers, they embraced the truth and rejoiced with joy unspeakable. The vision requires no interpretation.

But the lesson suggests the rational inquiry: Is not this the wisest way to touch the Catholic heart—to open cathedral doors and enlighten creed-incrusted human minds? Wiser than to condemn, to mercilessly judge, to pronounce fellow-citizens traitors, and bar them from holding office because of religious convictions? Are not tolerance, charity and equality American principles of government? Are not kindness, sympathy and love the great redemptive forces of the universe? Are not the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the infinite worth of every soul, and equal rights for all, of whatever creed, color or nationality, fundamental truths, to be acknowledged and practically exemplified, especially by Spiritualists, in matters both secular and religious? And all—based upon the eternal principles of One God, One Humanity, One Law and One Destiny.

J. M. PEEBLES.

NUTS FOR DR. PEEBLES.

They Are For Him to Crack.

Facts Showing That He Is One Million Miles Off From Where He Ought to Be.

Here are some nuts for Dr. Peebles to crack. He is a learned man, a learned man, a good man, but like all such noted characters, he has one exceedingly weak spot—his apologies for the modern Catholic church. He is at least 1,000,000 miles off on that question—probably 10,000,000. Let him read—let everybody read and reread the following reply to Bishop Spalding's article in the North American Review for September, in which the Bishop declares his church to be tolerant and the A. P. A. to be intolerant:

"It is not necessary to invoke the testimony of ancient history to justify the people's fear of Romanism. This history has been burnt into the memories of men in all countries where freedom has struggled against tyranny. What is going on to-day is what concerns us now. If Rome had changed her policy it would be easy to forgive and forget the dark past, but she is still the same intolerant, tyrannical power that she has always been. Look abroad and see what is the actual condition of things in Roman Catholic countries. Take France—the most enlightened, the most progressive and the most moral of all Roman Catholic countries on the earth. What is the attitude of the enlightened statesmen of France towards the Church of Rome? The viewpoint of French statesmen is: 'Clericalism, that is the enemy.' Since it was first spoken by Leon Gambetta, twenty years ago, it has not ceased to be the most potent expression in French politics. Even conservative Frenchmen have been driven far towards revolutionary politics because of the aggressive modishness of the priesthood."

"Within the last ten years, France—enlightened, republican France—has driven every priest and nun out of the public schools, charity hospitals, and the asylums of the Republic. It has been found necessary to adopt stern, repressive measures to keep the Catholic clergy in check. They grow so bold and so defiant that nothing short of the stern hand of the law could break their power. Enlightened Frenchmen dread nothing so much as the intrigues and plots of the priests. Let us turn our thoughts for a moment to Italy, the very birthplace of Romanism. What is the truth in regard to that long-suffering land?"

"Why did the people twenty-five years ago vote a thousand to one to transfer their allegiance from the pope to the king? Why is it that the Italian people are today doing their best to maintain a portable burden to maintain a great army, but for fear that the Pope will regain temporal power? Their most enlightened statesman, Count Crispi, does not hesitate to say that the Pope is responsible for this condition of things. Italy is free because she defies the Pope. The Italian government is in imminent peril every hour because of the secret plottings that are carried on against it in the very capital of the kingdom."

"Let Bishop Spalding turn his eyes to Austria if he wants to know whether Romanism is tolerant or not. Two years ago the editor of this paper was in Vienna, the capital of Austria, just at the time when the Methodist church was suppressed by the instigation of the Archbishop of Vienna. A Protestant cannot hold a prayer-meeting even in his own private house in Austria without running the risk of being arrested and imprisoned for disturbing the peace. There is no religious or civil freedom in any country where Rome has power. In Hungary, only a few weeks ago, the whole population rose almost as one man against the tyranny of Rome. In the late political struggle the Church of Hungary was on one side and the people of Hungary on the other. When Hungary buried her greatest patriot only a few months ago, the only Hungarians who did not join in mourning the dead were the Roman Catholic priests and their political followers."

"Why are the Jesuits still banished from enlightened Germany? It is universally conceded that Germany is the most enlightened nation in Europe. Her universities are crowded with students from every nation under heaven, and the only man that is denied a place in her halls of learning is the Jesuit. Only last week the news came from Berlin that the Catholics were stirring up a revolt in Posen and other parts of Polish Germany."

"This month there was an election in Belgium, and the only exciting question was the school question. Ten years ago the Roman Catholics abolished the free schools and set 15,000 Protestant school-teachers adrift. The struggle that is now on in little Belgium is the contest between Liberalism and Clericalism. The fear of Rome has united all shades of political opinion in one party. The

tariff, the labor question, the social question all disappear before Romanism, the enemy of liberty. The excitement is at fever-heat while we pen these few words, four thousand miles from the scene of conflict.

"It is in vain that Bishop Spalding would impute ignorance to those Americans who dread the encroachments of Rome upon our free institutions. We have not given even a tithe of the facts which cause enlightened Americans to rise up in protest against the enemies of their schools and their religious liberties."

Mexico, only a few years ago, confiscated the church property of the Catholics, drove the Jesuits from the country, and it has made rapid strides ever since. We can only account for Brother Peebles' apologies for his old choral house of corruption, on the ground that he is overshadowed by the spirit of an old Catholic Monk, Jesuit, or priest.

JUS TICE.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW;

Or Self-Justice.

By Lola Waisbrooker. Many have read this book. Many have reread it, and many others out to read it. It should be read by every man and woman in the land. It shows the faithful rampart in society in matters of moral and social import, and the wrongs that flow therefrom to innocent victims of social ostracism. It contains a fine likeness of the author. Fine cloth, 320 pages. Price \$1.00.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1895

The Veil Shall Be Lifted.

A press correspondent attended services at Trinity Church, New York, a few Sundays ago. Rev. Dr. Dix, distinguished for his great learning and eloquence, occupied the pulpit. His text, Matt. 25:6—"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." The reporter says:

"He discoursed on the beauty and happiness of a Christian life. He told his hearers of the glories of the hereafter, and advised them to remove their eyes from the past and fix them on the great, white throne of heaven. He dilated on the darkness of the unchristian life."

"Then the good dominion launched into his subject in good earnest:

"Fearful as is the future, it is even more dreadful to look at the past—to think how impossible to recall it. Let us give up looking to the past, then, and turn our eyes to the front. The night is far spent. Behold, the bridegroom cometh. Prepare to meet him! The infidel, the unbeliever, the skeptic, is no safe prophet to follow. The lifting of the veil of hypocrisy and deceit is sure to come. Repeat with fear and faith the 'Dies Irae.' At that hour everything is at an end for you. Nothing remains—no house, no wife, no children, no friends; no more work, no more spending of money. The dial of time is shattered for you. Its hands are broken. One need not look, then, to see those people who lead a care-free and sinful life—such a life is like the last hour in life, when the sun is setting, never to rise again. The flame of love is gone out here, the fire of charity is extinguished. To love the Lord's appearing—to wish for His coming. Oh! what a consecrated life."

Eloquent, wasn't he? And beautiful, forcible. The able divine was no doubt inspired—by his \$15,000 a year salary. Of course he has an assistant, and the usual two months' vacation, with probably his expenses paid while he travels abroad. Suppose he loses only eight Sundays, and delivers forty-four ill-fledged discourses during the year, when he receives some \$327 for each of those wonderful sermons. As the dollars are the sources of his inspiration, we must see where they come from.

Trinity Church has property in New York variously estimated in value from \$5,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Much of this great wealth is in tenement houses, occupied by the vilest and the most distasteful class of that great city. The rentals pass into the common fund from which Dr. Dix draws his princely salary on Sunday labor. Who blames him for shouting "The Bridegroom Comes," and dipping his arrows in "The Days of Wrath," he hurls them at the infidel, the skeptic, the unbeliever?

Verily, the veil of hypocrisy and deceit is sure to be lifted.

Not Found in Books.

"To discover truth we must turn our backs on the multitude," says somebody. It will concede the correctness of this axiom. For long years man has been groping in darkness in pursuit of the unseen. The phantom has roamed under the search. There is but one way left that promises hope, and that, reverse the procedure. Instead of finding what was written in books, and therefrom of his character, we must go out into the unbounded universe and search for unfathomable depths. We must see its glory reflected in stars and sun, in east and bird, in tree and flower, in everything the eye beholds. If a God is not discovered, we shall become accustomed to his handiwork, and know more of him and of his almighty purposes than was ever conceived of by a Arabian priesthood.

The old Persians built no temples to worship in. They thought it absurd to deify gods in walls of stone. They deified the wide universe, his temple, and worshipped on mountain tops, in the air. There they raised altars, and there they made sacrifices to the sun, the brightest, grandest object in the eye of vision. If less than God, it was the production of his mighty arm, and ever pouring blessings on his creatures, infusing light and warmth and life, while clothing the earth with verdure and floral beauty.

The kind of sea-bladder has no mouth, and bears all its nourishment through pores of its body.

Mistaken Purpose of Life.

"Man was created to know, love and serve God, and by so doing save his own soul."

Such is a very brief outline of the objects of life, as we find it defined in an exchange. It never occurred to the orthodox inventor of that epitome of belief that man had any other motive for living than to get ready to die. He had no conception that life had enjoyments peculiarly its own; that every nerve and fiber was attuned to mundane existence and that happiness was the outcome of their healthful normal action. Life with him was an embryotic condition, death the necessary change, and the grave the doorway to real life.

It seems to us, man was made to enjoy the pleasures of being, as is true of all life; that love is an outgrowth of harmonious development, and pleasurable association with his fellows, and is limited to those objects which give him delight, while hate flows to those which give him pain.

As to life beyond the tomb, Spiritualists teach it as an inheritance of mortality, no way contingent on love to God, or love to man; that it is a sequence of earth-life, as day follows dawn, and there is no escape from it.

Instead of serving God to save a soul, it is not merely possible that he who lives a worthy life in serving his fellows; who wrongs no man; who is always truthful and just; who lives in strict harmony with natural law, obeying all its requirements—is he not really farther advanced on the heavenly road than the fawning sycophant, who lives on his knees and is always telling God how good and great he is, and how anxious he is to get a reserved seat for himself in the celestial paradise?

A Good Time Now.

As the holidays are past, and the long nights and cold days are on us, rebidding most kinds of labor, the home circle demands attention. Nothing contributes so largely to the happiness of a family and leaves such lasting impressions as a well-conducted periodical. Lessons taught in the seclusion of the fireside usually accompany its members through life. And the paper, a silent monitor for good, always freighted with instruction, if brave enough to tell the truth, is especially worthy of consideration.

May we not ask each reader of these columns to lend a friendly hand NOW in extending the circulation and usefulness of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER? That the paper commends itself to the thoughtful, not sensational. Each contributor labors to instruct and elevate, and it all for an immortal life. The past, with its gloomy horrors, is only revived as warning lessons for the future.

If each present patron would induce his friend to subscribe, if only for three months, our already long list of patrons would be doubled for a limited period. As the paper is read, and its teachings become permanent ones, and they generally interest others to join in still farther widening the field of its usefulness. No one is prohibited from sending ten, twenty or fifty new subscribers, if possible. The more the better, for the cause we represent.

Sympathy with the Heathen.

The old Attic laws, accredited to Tripotemus, directed: "Let all sacrifices be performed with the fruits of the earth." This, be it observed, when the Jews—accepting their own story as genuine—were sacrificing doves, and rams and bullocks, and their first-born sons and fairest daughters to Jehovah. Our dominant religion claims to inherit its faith as a succession to the Judaic. Their junior God, Jesus, they say, was a final sacrifice, made to the Father to appease his great anger; and they call those who merely offer the fruits of the earth in sacrifice Pagans. Poor Cain, who approached the altar with the first fruits, was repulsed by God, and turned away in disgrace; while Abel, with his bleating lambs and bellowing bullocks, was welcomed by the Lord of hosts.

In spite of the judgment of the centuries, our sympathies go out to Cain, and to the Attic worshippers, instead of to those who sprinkled their altars with the blood of the slaughtered; and this though the church condemn us as heathen.

The Bible a Delusion.

Talmage, late of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, some years ago, in one of his pulp performances, showed his faith in the supernatural, in this way:

"The moment you begin to explain away the miraculous and supernatural you surrender the Bible. Take the supernatural out of the Bible, and you make it a collection of lies and imposture in preference to which I prefer Aesop's Fables. They are what they pretend to be—fables. But if, after all that the Bible declares, Jesus is not God, and Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was not turned into wine, and the Red Sea was not divided, and in answer to prayer Ezekiel's wall did not get well, then the Bible is the worst delusion ever perpetrated in God's Universe."

The reader will make his own deduction; we have no inclination to do so.

A Suggestion.

The Sunday newspaper is a very wicked institution, not because of the character of the educational matter which usually graces its columns, but because, away from the church. Brigham Young, in his day, wishing to get the young under his influence, introduced popular airs into his church choir, and gave as a reason, he could not afford to let the devil have all the good music. If some sprightly pulpitier, like the witty Talmage, would revise and modernize his stereotyped prayers, make his sermons instructive instead of sensational, and add some plantation melody to the tune of the lamented Jim Crow, or Old Dan Tucker, we think we could promise him full houses, and perhaps the necessary money to reconstruct his God-cursed and thrice-burned tabernacle.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Reflections in Regard to Its Origin.

Climates and Religions.

By Col. R. T. Van Horn, in Kansas City Journal.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

We are yet in the atmosphere of Christmas, and it may be well to talk about it this morning, retrospectively, and see it in the perspective of experience. It is a benediction to see so many people happy—happy in receiving and happy in giving. Christmas being a birth celebration has come to be dedicated to the children. Kris Kringle and Santa Claus are but the same traditional personage under different names.

People are not disposed to look critically at a thing that brings so much joy and gladness to so many hearts and that church was wise in making it the natal day of the Nazarene, thus blending the ancient sun day with the modern Messiah, and making it the one cosmopolitan holiday. The week is devoted to holiday uses, because the dying, the buried and the risen year covers the period.

But as adult years solve the riddle and learn the real story of Santa Claus without harm, so may the more ripened intelligence of the world learn the true story of Christmas without detracting from its interest or its reverence. Ignorance and bigotry get drunk during the holidays, but educated minds are made happy by the story of the early myths of the race. The story of Bethlehem is a beautiful one, and married to the day of the sun-god only unites all men in one invocation of happiness which is the essence of the gospel of both.

Some years ago in a review of Christmas and its lessons we gave out some suggestions as to its origin that may be again rehearsed for the uses of the adult intelligence alluded to. And that was, that our religious traditions were not planetary—but restricted and zonal. The story of the sun-god and the legends of Christmas could never have been born among a people familiar with steam as motor, railroads and steamships and the telegraph wire—because to the modern instructed there is no day or night in the primitive sense, and no seasons in a planetary meaning. What a figure Santa Claus or Kris Kringle would have out Tuesday morning with a team of reindeer, hitched to a sleigh piled with fur robes and a fur cap over his ears in Australia in the heat of mid-summer. Yet that is just what they have there now.

Then, again, the literature of a people who have never known anything outside the tropics would be barren of the enchantments of spring-time, summer, autumn and winter that make ours to them a continuous fairy tale. A poet has never been born in the tropics, nor has any one yet arisen in the Southern hemisphere to canonize and enshrine with romance the mysteries of marsupial life. In short, the planetary ideal has not yet been embodied in any worship of any deity. The religion of humanity, so far as its literature is concerned, is as much a thing of the North temperate zone as it was when the whole earth was bounded by the geography of the Mediterranean shores. In Armenia to-day, the legendary birthplace of the race, the fierce hatreds of a tribal religion are being inflated and the deep snows of that grade of faith.

The death of the year, its sleep in the under-world, is one of the most beautiful ideals of the race, but it is the natural child of the North temperate zone and could have been born nowhere else. From the day the sun seems to even mathematics, to stay at one place, until on the third day it shows change of time, once more, was most poetically regarded as the sleep of the old and tired year, and the morning when the signs of the sun's return journey became apparent to observation was fixed as the birthday of the new year. And it still lives and will always live to our portion of the planet as the most impressive suggestion of the eternal providence that pervades the universe of life.

But to the denizen of the South temperate zone, all these are transferred to the 25th of June, and someday the modifying influence of reversed seasons and phenomena will tell its story in the literature and religion of that part of the planet. The story of the shepherds in the field at night with their sheep would be more in harmony with the December conditions of New South Wales than of Georgia, but there the parallel would end.

No wonder the early crusades in the name of religion were made against science, for our religious traditions have never been in harmony with the true concept of the creative power—or rather with the concept of a creator of all worlds. This zonal religious ideal has been the cause of the dwarfed conception of God in all ages and even now. It is also the legitimate inspiration of mythology and the pantheistic idea as to the gods that ruled the seasons and directed their phenomena.

We are not criticising these things, even, for our zone constitutes within itself the highest planetary conditions for the development of humanity, and necessity always must—at least while the inclination of the globe remains what it is now. But we deny ourselves the full measure of our possible happiness by shutting our eyes to the true causes that underlie our position on the planet and our relations to the intellectual development of the race. We are and will ever remain the leaders of humanity, until the position of the planet is changed by some catastrophe, such as may have occurred to give us the place we have. We cannot, then, afford to be ignorant of what that relation truly is—and why.

The fauna and flora and climatic elements of the tropics declare its stagnant or balanced conditions, and tell us as plainly as though written over it that there is no change enough there to stimulate progress. It is like the spleen of the human organism, a sort of magnetic reservoir, where is stored the forces to be drawn upon to feed the vitality of the more active portion of the world. And when we come to examine the aboriginal fauna and flora of the Southern Hemisphere, we find it more rudimentary in all respects than our own, and both in form and mentality distinct—marsupial, so to speak, in all de-



He is deeply interested in the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, and is now writing to all his friends to send in a yearly subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and 50 cents for the Encyclopedia. He would not be without the book if he had to pay five dollars for it. If the book is not sold in connection with a yearly subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the price is \$1.50.

D. D. Glass, a most excellent medium, says: "Vol. I. of The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, has been received. I deem it one of the most wonderful books I have ever had the privilege of reading."

partments. There are no accidents in world building—all we have to do is to learn the secret of world formation. We were speaking of the literature of our religions and its harmony with the phenomena of the North Temperate zone, but we could have said that no other part of the globe had any literature at all. We ought to be able to see from this fact that this planet is yet young, and incapable of producing the higher forms of life save on a very restricted portion of its surface, and that the other portions are the storage localities of planetary forces necessary for the support of conditions that produce the higher forms of life. This makes of our planet an entirely different thing from what we have been accustomed to think it was—or rather our ideas formed without thinking.

If this is not the fact, then the purposes of the Creator will not be fully developed until the whole planet—all its zones—is ripe for the production and habitat of the highest forms of life and intelligence. Or until the tropics and both hemispheres are peopled with a population stimulated by climatic influences and inspired by natural phenomena in common with the highest demands of a homogeneous humanity. These things will be as plain before the intellect of the future man as is the present condition before the world of instructed science to-day.

These things may all be, and yet the legends and myths, fables and faiths of the race be all combined in making of Christmas the gala day and the grand festival of all men. The antipodean and the worshiper of the Southern Constellations can join with us because it commemorates the birth of the spiritual conception in man, and tells the ages to come when the poetic and religious nature of man first found its inspiration and worship. It doesn't detract from the beauty of its legends to know that they are such, and that our ancestors were equal to the evolution of a mythology that in its beauty and sublimity was worthy of the gods it created.

FARMER RILEY.

Seances at Detroit, Michigan.

Farmer Riley spent nearly a week in our city recently, and gave four of his materializing seances. One of the seances was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dorman, and was, so to speak, a corker. Nearly every one of the fifteen sitters had some relative or acquaintance from the spirit side of life greet them.

One of the materializations was a young lady of thirty years, a cousin of mine who passed out in Western New York, and was known by no other sister than myself, but was fully recognized by me.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorman had a like experience. An old horror of theirs when they lived in Washington, D. C., a machinist by trade, called Mr. Dorman to the cabinet, shook hands with him, and held his face close to his, to be fully recognized and identified. He was pronounced by Mr. Dorman to be as natural as when last seen by him in the material, some eight years ago. As Mr. Dorman stood by the cabinet the form dematerialized, holding the curtains apart. Mr. Riley was plainly seen sitting in his chair as this form sank to the floor. Allow me to say here that we had light enough so we could see everything in the room distinct and perfect.

During the whole seance we had twenty-nine forms; nineteen of them came at the last sitting. Many messages, written on slates, were received. We all join in saying that materialization no longer is a belief, but as demonstrated through the mediumship of Farmer Riley, it is a knowledge. We all feel very grateful that we had the privilege of gaining that knowledge.

G. A. CARR.

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Kearsarge, the name of a Maine mountaintop, signifies "The Pine Mountain."

PUSHED OUT.

"King Jacob Beebe."

TO THE EDITOR:—For departed people to busy themselves with earth's denizens, is common. But it is very apt to result in the injury of those on the mundane plane. This is obsession. It is natural as it is common. Not one person in twenty knows the meaning of the word obsession. In conversation with a young or middle-aged man, a judge of one of our courts, I spoke of obsession and he asked what that was? My brother, Dr. A. T. H., was in consultation over a case of supposed insanity. He diagnosed the infirmity to be obsession.

"Obsession! What's that?" asked the other M. D., who was between sixty and seventy years of age.

These items may give some idea of the general lack of knowledge there is on this subject.

THE CASE OF KING JACOB.

Over twenty years ago one Jacob Smith killed a man in Butler county, California, through causeless jealousy. He was indicted for murder and his trial resulted in conviction of insanity. From that time on he was up to his death an inmate of the asylum in this city. He was a "trustee," and went about the city without harm or offense.

He called himself "King Jacob Beebe." There was novelty in his insanity. Learning that his case was somewhat unusual, the writer invited King Jacob to an interview.

As he introduced himself at my office, he said: "The King himself was unable to call this morning, but we are of the king's household, and we will take any command there may be for him."

King Jacob never uses the pronouns I and my, but always says we and our, and thus for this, he speaks of himself in the plural number we.

I inquired how long he had been in the asylum? He answered: "Fifteen years."

"Why are you there?"

"Well, we had to kill a man up North, and therefore we were brought here."

"You said the king could not come. What is the king's name?"

"Wam-ma-ha."

As I began to write it, he said: "You cannot write; we will write it for you."

He wrote: "Whey-ma-he-y;" his "u" was "q," and the e had the broad sound of the final a in Omaha.

"I notice you speak of yourself in the plural number, as if there were two of you. How is that?"

"Well, it is a long story, but you see we had to kill a man. We did not like to do it, but we could not help it. We had to get possession of this body. It was a hard tussle, and it took a good while, but we finally succeeded."

"Whose body is this which you occupy?"

"Jacob Smith's."

"Who is Jacob Smith?"

"He was a farmer, up in Butte county, formerly from Pennsylvania."

"If you occupy Jacob Smith's body, where is the real Jacob Smith himself?"

With an indifferent toss of the head, he answered: "O, he's gone off."

"Do you think it is right to dispossess Jacob Smith and take possession of his body?"

"O, it's an even exchange; he is satisfied."

"Who, and where were you before you took possession of this body?"

"We were nothing. We were nobody. We were a chicken and they cut our head off."

On further questioning I could obtain from him no idea of the whereabouts of the disembodied Jacob Smith, nor could I elicit one word of compensation for his confessed usurpation of another man's physical organism. In a rambling way, the burden of his thought was that his body had been wronged, and that this country was theirs, and had been taken from them by violence, and they, the rightful possessors of the soil, had been driven from it to foreign parts; that in some vague manner he seemed to connect his present situation with that ancient conflict.

I inquired, "Where did you get possession of the name Beebe?"

"When we got possession of this body, not a word was spoken, not a word passed those lips for sixty days; and the first word that was spoken at the end of that time was Beebe, and as we were a man child when we were born, and the name of this body was Jacob, we were called Jacob Beebe."

The expression being "born," seemed to answer to his advent into that personal tenement of Smith's.

I am informed that the testimony of the neighbors who were acquainted with the history of this singular case, corroborated this statement, that after the murder, Jacob Smith was speechless for several weeks.

"Has Jacob Smith, whose body you have here, any family?"

"O, yes, he has boys and girls; his oldest son, John, and two daughters are married. They sometimes come to see us. One time they said to us: 'Pap, what makes you behave so?'"

Here the old man laughed at the apparent absurdity of Jacob Smith's children calling him—King Jacob Beebe—"Pap."

This was unquestionably a clear case of obsession—a typical example.

There was another case of obsession of which I had some knowledge. It was over on the opposite side of the bay from San Francisco.

A Jesuit priest got hold of a young lady, Miss W., on the street.

All of a sudden a strong and distinct voice spoke in her ear these alarming words:

"I am God Almighty; you must pray to me."

The young woman ran home terribly frightened. From that time for two or three years she was most fearfully tormented before she got relief. Her history of jesuitical experiences would be a long and vile one if written up.

Dr. Freeman J. Bumstead, who departed this life from New York, returns to admonish us and says:

"For God's sake awaken to the awful reality of spirit obsession. There is a sphere right above you that is full of diseased spirits, and all you have to do is to open the mental conditions, and like Jacob's ladder, they will descend upon you in a perfect stream." He says from his point of observation, monomaniacs are largely victims of obsession.

Stockton, Cal. A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

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by Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle. The services outlined are beautiful and appropriate, and are intended to be read where no suitable speaker can be found to officiate.

The Silvery-Tongued Orator.

Fifth and eighth pages: They contain an address by that silvery-tongued orator, Hon. A. B. French, on "Evolution and Revolution." It is beautiful and brilliant throughout.

Original Thoughts on Christ-mas.</

6

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GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualist Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send us a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines; but long reports will not be used. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be read by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

Matthew Palmer, living on a farm about two miles from Millington, Mich., cut his wife's throat and then his own sometime between 7 and 9 o'clock Dec. 28. Palmer was fifty-five years of age, had seven children, owned two small farms and was generally prosperous. In commenting on the above a subscriber writes: "Mr. Palmer was a member of the M. E. church. There seemed to exist a secret between them, which he was afraid she would reveal, as she threatened to do at times when discussing little differences. The deed was done with a pocket-knife she had purchased for one of her boys, costing 25 cents. He thought it too good for the boy and bought another for 15 cents and exchanged with the boy."

R. M. Williams writes as follows of "Unjust Criticism": "The remark is often heard in regard to our spiritualistic papers: 'I throw down the paper in disgust on reading the accounts of the wonderful manifestations produced by some of these mediums that I positively know are the rankest kind of frauds. Our papers should not publish such stuff.' Now the fact is, such persons do not stop to think that the people who are responsible for all the articles that are sent in by over-credulous Spiritualists who get carried away by these fake mediums. The trouble is, there are too many in our ranks who take everything for granted as genuine that comes through these pretended mediums, and do not take the trouble to investigate their moral character and mediumship. What every Spiritualist should do, according to my idea, would be to first ascertain the moral standing of all mediums; second, that they should be sure, by simple test conditions, that the phenomena are genuine, and, if not, to drop them immediately and report the same. The greatest drawback the cause has is this class of fakes, who travel over the country and do the people wrong. We have several cases in Nashville. Purify our ranks of this class of impostors and our cause will come to the front as it never has before. All societies should take this matter in hand and see to it that these impostors are shown up in their true light, as every honest Spiritualist knows full well the detriment it works to the cause. Morality first, true mediumship next, now and forever."

Mr. Harcourt writes from Belvidere, Ill.: "We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. M. A. Jeffrey, of Chicago, who entertained her hearers with a lecture entitled, 'Why do our spirit friends return to strangers instead of their own relatives or friends?' also 'To what extent can spirit power be used for healing?' The subjects were given by the audience. She also gave some very excellent tests. Belvidere has but few Spiritualists, but those few are holding private seances and endeavoring to do what they can to develop workers for the cause. With a few lectures like that given by Mrs. Jeffrey, and some developing circles started, as we intend doing, there is no reason why Belvidere should not be recognized as a Spiritualistic center. We have in our circle at present two 'seers,' five test mediums, four 'prophets,' many speakers and writers, and two whom the controls say are splendid subjects for materialization. Look out for us, we may be in the procession soon." We expect to secure Mrs. Jeffrey for a lecture each month."

H. H. Hutcheson writes: "As test conditions for materializing mediums seems to be one of the questions under consideration with the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I wish to sanction the views of E. Bach and P. O. Kerr. Yes, by all means, let us insist on test conditions. A Heath thinks to demand test conditions is to humiliate and insult the medium. My opinion is that no genuine medium for materialization will be humiliated or insulted thereby. I consider it almost an insult for a medium to ask for a seance without test conditions. I know of one materializing medium (Mrs. Wilcox of Los Angeles, Cal.) who will not enter a cabinet except under the strictest test conditions, and I believe none but frauds will object. I wish to suggest what I consider one of the best plans. Prepare a sack long and wide enough to enclose the medium; let it be drawn on from the feet and fastened with a drawing string around the neck, and then sewed fast; and also sewed to the back of the cabinet. The sack can be made of any material desired. This will be comfortable and will in no way torture the medium or retard manifestations; but frauds will not put their feet in it." Yards for genuine or none."

Towns adjoining St. Louis, wishing to start Spiritualistic services, and who cannot at present pay for lecturers, can have services of inspirational seances and psychometric reader, free, by addressing sealed letters to Mrs. P. Cluett, No. 224 Walnut st., St. Louis, Mo.

A subscriber writes: "I want to protest against some of the high-sounding phrases applied to some speakers and mediums. I have heard some who have been praised to the skies, and they were commonplace indeed, and a great disappointment to me. Contributors should be more 'temperate' in their remarks."

R. K. Robertson writes of the unification of humanity, through natural methods, through the practice of the golden rule, natural law and order. Order is the law, and the golden rule the plank on which the builders stand to accomplish the work.

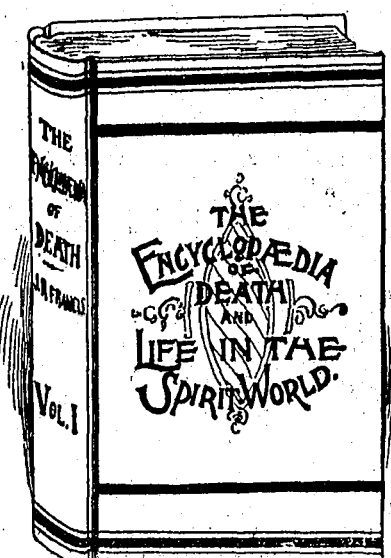
The New Orleans Times-Democrat, of December 24, gives a half-column notice of one of Frank T. Ripley's public meetings in that city. His subject was: 'Reincarnation; Its Facts and Its Fallacies.' The speaker elucidated the principles of the Spiritualistic faith, as in comparison with the contradictory arguments set forth by the writings and teachings of reincarnationists, or theosophists. He maintained that, according to the belief of the latter sect, the soul, in passing from the physical body, would at once begin a course of retrogression, returning by regular process into some lesser and more despised earthly physical existence, only to repeat this form of retrogression again and again until it should finally drift into the lowest condition of physical existence. As in contradistinction to this asserted evolution of the soul, the speaker claimed that the Spiritualistic faith was based upon the conviction that the soul in passing from the body in death—which is termed 'simply a sweet transition or birth into the life beyond'—only began a period of progression, which should finally terminate in spiritual perfection. The address was followed with tests, in his usual successful manner.

H. writes from Grand Rapids, Mich., to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER: "Mr. Bishop A. Beale lectured before the Grand Rapids Spiritual Association during December. This gentleman should have increasing audiences during a much longer engagement, for there is that in his character which deepens and strengthens our respect as acquaintance ripens, and makes his able lectures more effective. He passes readily, in each address, psychometric readings following from prose to verse of a comparatively high order. Correct delineations of character require the highest powers of the control. His are excellent, and are often accompanied by evidences of spirit return that are very convincing. Few men have so graceful a manner before an audience, and in both matter and diction Mr. Beale's lectures compare favorably with those of the best speakers on the spiritual philosophy. Mr. L. V. Moulton, president of the Michigan State Association, will speak here during January, except the first Sunday, when Dr. J. C. Batdorf, president of this society, will lecture."

Joe Trounson writes: "We are enjoying quite a sensation here at Grass Valley, Cal. There is a genuine haunted house, and last Sunday night four Spiritualists had a very satisfactory interview with the spirit who has been making such a commotion for the last two months among the Pope's subjects. I think he made a mistake in taking up his abode in that family, for he is much feared and hated and called Satan and such names. He was very unreasonable at first, but after being taught the usual code of signals, he became communicative and expressed a willingness to answer questions all night. I hope that some who were present will send you a detailed account of it. Mr. Seaman says he would not have missed the treat for \$100. I hope that every Spiritualist will do his best to aid you in your noble efforts for the elevation of the race."

B. T. Small writes from San Francisco, Cal.: "About the 25th of October, Walter Howell reached this coast, and the most hopeful anticipations have been realized. Mr. Howell has the faculty of making people feel at their ease in our social gatherings as well as in the lecture hall. 'Golden Gate Hall' is the prettiest in the city. Our evening audiences are made up of the most cultured people of the city. Mr. Howell's discourses are educational and appeal alike to the intellect and the heart. The following subjects were treated in a masterly manner by Mr. Howell: 'The Messianic Spirituality to the Interest and Heart of Humanity'; 'What Are Our Evidences of Immortality?'; 'The Day After Death'; 'The Harvest Home'; 'The Bible in the Light of Modern Spiritualism'; 'The Birth of the Christ.' It is cheering to see the new faces among us, and the growing interest in our cause under the inspiration of our new speaker. The constructive work and reverent spirit in which he criticizes the beliefs of those who differ with us in opinion tend rather to win respect than to create enmity, and the spirit of reconciliation which he manifests is doing much to unite all elements of our movement, who recognize high principles of ethics and need of reliable data as a foundation upon which to build. We congratulate ourselves in having found the right man for the right place, and hope to build, through our society, a monument of cultured Spiritualism. Miss Rosina Rosin, a most remarkable contralto soloist, charms our audiences morning and evening."

J. B. writes from Milan, O.: "It was a pleasure to me last Sunday evening to listen to Miss Marguerite St. Omer, whose name has become a household word through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and from the reports given of her from time to time. I can verify her ability as a psychometrist and test medium; although a perfect stranger to her, she pointed her finger at me and said: 'Answer that letter by all means, as early as possible.' Thence she told me the purport of the letter, and character of the business, which is in a Western State. A large number of readings and tests were given and acknowledged correct. Although not a Spiritualist, I can now say I have received proofs of a return of spirits and that we can hold communion with them, and bring messages from those we always supposed were gone forever, and waiting until the last trumpet sounds before we could see and hear them. I can now say, like Paul, 'I know that my wife and children still live.'"



Anyone who sends us four trial subscribers can have the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, sent to him for 50 cents. Every Spiritualist will want the various volumes of this Encyclopedia. Your library will not be complete without it.

That veteran worker, Moses Hull, says: "I am interested in the future volumes of The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World. To-day I picked up your book again; positively I do not know how to lay it down. There is so much in it I have wanted for years, I shall read it and re-read it, and mark it for reference. I am interested in the future volumes of this work."

The fifth meeting of the Saginaw Valley Spiritual Association will convene at Owosso, Mich., at Odd Fellows Hall, corner East Maine and Park streets, Jan. 12, 13, 1895, Saturday, 10 A. M., executive board meeting, followed by a general business meeting; 1:30 P. M., election of officers, followed by conference, conducted by Mrs. M. E. Root. Subject: "Suggestions for the Promotion of Spiritual Truth," led by Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, and followed by others. Recitations by Gertrude Worster and Mrs. Barnsworth, of Owosso; 7:30 P. M., music; address of "Welcome," by Mrs. Eva Payne Hopkins, Owosso; response, Mrs. Dr. Sarah Allen, Flint, music; address by Dr. Fred Schermerhorn, Grand Rapids, Mich., followed by tests; music, closing exercises. Sunday, 10:30 A. M., music; annual address of the president, D. P. Dewey, Grand Blanc; address by Mrs. Martha E. Root, Bay City; 2:30 P. M., subject: "Spiritualism as a Religion. Science and Philosophy," led by brief paper by Mrs. Eva P. Hopkins, and followed by brief addresses by Giles B. Stebbins, Dr. Sarah Allen, Dr. P. Dewey, Mrs. Martha E. Root, Dr. Fred Schermerhorn, and probably others; recitations by Mrs. Ferris, Bay City; 7:30 P. M., music; recitations by Nellie Miller, Chesaning; music; address by Dr. Fred Schermerhorn, followed by tests. Entertainment furnished visitors. Mr. N. C. Payne, chairman entertainment committee, Owosso.

Dr. S. N. Gould writes: "Much interest in Spiritualism has been created in South Barre, Vermont, by Lucius Colburn, one of our State speakers. He has been instrumental in forming a local organization of fifty members, and the building of a nice hall, thirty by fifty feet, which has been named Unity Temple. The officers of the society are: President, B. P. Willey; vice-president, Dr. George B. Nichols; secretary, George Ward; board of managers, S. S. Smith, Mr. Ward and Charles Heath. On Sunday, December 30, Brother Colburn dedicated the temple to light and truth, true social freedom and liberal thought. Mrs. Dr. Nichols improvised a very appropriate poem, and gave tests. Brother Colburn was at his best, and gave a discourse that was very impressive, and full of congratulatory kindness and encouragement to do good work in their new temple for our glorious cause. At the close a resolution was adopted, thanking all for working so diligently to build the temple. Mr. Colburn has been with this people nearly three months, speaking every Sunday with great acceptance. He has made many converts, and strengthened many in the faith. He goes from this society to the capital of Wyoming State, where he is to speak for three months. Then he is expected to return to South Barre and speak for the society. During the winter social gatherings and entertainments are to be held at the temple. May much good be done in the new temple in convincing all of the great truth of immortality."

A. J. King, of Cleveland, O., writes: "We beg leave to say that Mrs. Effie Moss, materializing, and Mr. John Randall, independent type-writing mediums, have returned to Cleveland and are now residing at 564 Scoville avenue. I attended one of Mr. Randall's seances and saw some good manifestations. The seances are held under strict test conditions, in the light. The type-writer is a regularly manufactured machine. It is placed in the cabinet, vice medium and two others, taken from the circle, sit in front of the cabinet, with their backs to it. The paper used is in pad form, and is placed on the table beside the typewriter. The spirit operator, when a message is completed, hands it out of the cabinet, and takes another sheet of paper from the pad and puts it in the machine and goes on with another message. The spirits also do the repairing of the machine. Many messages were received that evening, and some were quite long."

C. L. Clark writes: "The North Side Spiritualists here re-engaged Dr. Willis Edwards for an indefinite time. The society and the public in general are very much pleased with his services. The society has also secured the services of Mrs. Engstrom as pianist. She is a beautiful singer. Come and hear her and the Doctor, and we will treat you well. A watch meeting was held by the North Side Society New Year's Eve. Dr. Edwards had a programme prepared and it was carried out in good form. The talent was fine; and the proceeds went to the society."

C. H. B. writes: "On the 28th inst. there was organized in Benton Harbor, Mich., the Berrien County Spiritual Association, with the following officers: President, A. J. Kinsey; vice-president, Mrs. Ed. Brant, of St. Joseph; secretary, C. H. Buss; treasurer, Mrs. J. T. Bangs; trustees, Mrs. J. T. Bangs, Mrs. Celestial Neal and Mr. F. M. Ferguson. The association starts out with quite bright prospects and a good membership."

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, the medium for physical manifestations and materializations, is still at 101 Bolivar street, Cleveland, Ohio, holding successful seances here, and can be addressed at We understand he contemplates a trip to New York soon, for a short visit, and would like to stop at various points on the line of the Lake Shore R. R., and N. Y. C. R. R.

A Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper contains the following in regard to Mrs. Glading, a most estimable lady and excellent medium: "After the choir sang again she asked the audience to endeavor to put itself in sympathy with her, and to send her a wave of love. She could then 'read' what she wanted to. She secured two gloves, one each from a lady and gentleman. These gloves were to put her in touch with their owners. She described their characteristics in detail, giving names, however, that was not rather pleasant, as the subjects agreed that she had hit the nail on the head. A stout, dark woman went on the platform, and Mrs. Glading detailed her characteristics without, as she announced, touching her with her hands." The lady admitted that her diagnosis was correct. Her next performance was to turn her voice to the audience and ask some one in the gallery to say something in a clear, distinct tone, and she would tell him or her what kind of a person he or she was. A little man, with black hair and beard, jumped to his feet and sang out: 'Have you heard this voice before? The audience listened, and Mrs. Glading struck to her text and proceeded to describe the man. She said he was about 35 years old, very vigorous, and strong, and not afraid of anything.' 'Madam, that is correct,' said the little man loftily, with a most gallant bow. Mrs. Glading then looked intently at a man wearing glasses and said that there was in his mind a beautiful vision of a departed woman. He said it was even so. Then she walked down the aisle, and singling out a woman, talked to her about her dead child, and what it did. She then pressed her hands to her head, and, turning, addressed herself to another lady, and complained about a headache. She said the lady had nursed a person who had the measles, and had since died. Both women admitted that the medium was correct."

Mrs. E. E. Wheeler writes: "The Psychological and Liberal Association, of Meriden, Conn., for the past two Sundays has been enjoying the ministrations of Mr. F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Mass. As an Association we are not one year old to-day. We have one hundred and thirty active members, and a small amount of money to our credit, and we are certainly enjoying most hopeful anticipations for the success of the coming year. On the morning of December 23rd Mr. Wiggins gave such remarkable spirit communications, that many declared that his mediumship surpassed anything ever witnessed here. His lecture in the morning is frankly pronounced the best of the course for the year. So interested were his hearers upon the first Sunday, that on the second Sunday was the only one for December 30th. Mr. Wiggins' efforts here, we feel, have, and will result in good. He speaks for us again next Thursday evening, and we have, engaged him for the month of January, 1896. The next two Sundays, J. Frank Baxter is to be our speaker."

L. S. Lowe thinks the man that doubts the divine inspiration of the Bible may be true to the religion of the man that said "pure and undefiled religion is to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and keep themselves unspotted from the world." The man who is untrue to himself, untrue to wife and family, is untrue to the world and is an infidel indeed. Science is uprooting all the trees in the fabled Eden; and Spiritualism crows the whole human race with a grand immortality."

Otto Pfister writes from Cleveland, O.: "The People's Spiritual Alliance, of this city, Mrs. H. Lake pastor, has removed from Army and Navy Hall, to Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. We do not propose to cater to catch the public with sensationalism. On the contrary, we aim to sustain our earnest and eloquent pastor in the radical reform work to which she has devoted fifteen years of her life. We feel that she is inspired by intelligence and of rare insight and ability, and that her work can only be fully appreciated by the most advanced and spiritual minds. In our new quarters we shall be able to accommodate all who desire to come, as the hall has a seating capacity of 500. We are gradually acquiring a membership each one of whom is beginning to realize that a new departure in Spiritualism is necessary to feed many who are hungering for the higher life. Mrs. Lake has done noble service in this city for nearly two years, each discourse drawing us nearer to her. That of December 23d, upon 'The Life and Purposes of the Man, Jesus,' was a most thrilling and remarkable address."

Miss Abby Judson will be in Lynn, Mass., during January.

Jennie B. Hagan finished the year's work with a very successful engagement at Sturgis, Mich. The Spiritualists there own their own place of meeting—a very fine one. While there Mrs. Hagan had, as usual fine audiences. December 28, a social entertainment was held there. On the evening of December 29, Mrs. Hagan lectured at Burr Oak; December 31 and 31st, at Leontias. During January she will lecture at Michigan, February at Saginaw; March, at Grand Rapids. She is ready to make campaign meetings engagements. April and May open for engagements. Address her at 399 S. Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. M. Theresa Allen writes: "I have just closed a pleasant and successful engagement with the Spiritual Society at Sioux City, Iowa, and am on my way to Lincoln, Nebraska, where I begin a month's engagement on January 6th. I lectured for the society here on the evening of January 3rd, and on the following evening the society tendered me a very pleasant reception at the home of E. D. Dwyer, the ex-president of the society. Brother and sister Dwyer are faithful Spiritualists, and their daughter, Miss Julia E. Kennie, is the president now, of the Spiritual Society. I should be pleased to hear from societies and friends of Spiritualism in the vicinity of Lincoln who would like to engage my mediumistic services for week evening meetings for present month. My address will be in care of Mr. A. V. Herman, corner M. and 19th streets, Lincoln, Nebraska."

E. W. Sprague is at present lecturing at Allegheny, Pa., where he will remain during January. He can be addressed at that place, 104 Federal street.

W. S. Hanson writes: "The children of the Progressive Lyceum held Christmas festivities at the residence of Mrs. Page, 6220, Greenwood avenue, Chicago, last afternoon and evening of December 25th. Mrs. Page had thrown open her residence to the children, their parents and friends. The children were met at Thirty-first street and Cottage Grove avenue by Miss Gertrude Page, and escorted to the family residence, where a bounteous repast awaited them, to which ample justice was done; fully seventy-five, young and old, partaking of the good things set before them. After dinner, a curtain that had hid the back parlor from view, was drawn, exposing to view an immense Christmas tree, loaded with gifts, for not only the children, but for many of the older ones. The gifts were distributed by Miss Gertrude Page and Miss Eldora Parsons. All went merry as a marriage bell until a late hour. Too much praise cannot be accorded Mrs. Page and the ladies of the Progressive Society for their unselfish devotion in making everything pleasant for all."

Dr. J. C. Phillips writes from Frederick, Iowa: "Am pleased to note your new departure, and wish you the success you so much deserve. I hope the coming year will certainly double your subscription list, and if the Spiritualists had one-half the zeal our dead orthodox friends have we could march on to victory very easily. I have been resting, but I am now ready for work again. C. E. Winans is having good success, and giving good work in this State this winter. We expect him here some time the present month."

C. J. Barnes has been holding trumpet and light seances at Marion, Jonesboro, Ind. Mr. Barnes' seances seem to be giving excellent satisfaction."

Listener writes from Ludington, Mich.: "I am a listener at the Science Temple, and I want to say a word in favor of the cause and the good work it has been doing in our city through the mediumship of Madam Parcella Dunn. Although she is a new speaker she is a host. The society has a state charter and thirty charter members. It is just what the city wants. It is churching to death. I hope our medium will stay with us for she is doing a good work. Mr. Dunn is a good test medium."

Dr. P. J. and M. L. Barrington are now at Elizabeth, Ill., where they can be addressed for engagements by those who need help in sustaining and building up their societies. Mrs. Barrington is prepared to attend funerals and officiate at marriages within a radius of 100 miles.

W. Mackenzie writes: "Mrs. Hamilton Gill has an engagement with the South Chicago Spiritual Society, and spoke last Sunday afternoon to a large audience. So many of the church people of South Chicago have been investigating Spiritualism that one of the Baptist preachers intends to attack it. The excellent series given by Mrs. Gill's control are convincing the people of the truth of Spiritualism, and we hope to awaken an increased interest in the cause of truth."

M. C. H. writes: "Moses Hull speaks at Huntington, W. Va., four nights this week, and we are in hopes to arouse an interest in the cause."

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Perkins, lecturers and platform test mediums, are now in Washington, D. C. They can be addressed for engagements at 512 E. street N. W.

O. Klotz writes: "Mrs. A. M. Glading concluded her engagement with the Society for Physical Research, Allegheny, Pa., last evening, with an audience which for intelligence and number has no parallel in this section of the country. To say that the lady has done an immense lot of good in our city is proven by the testimony of many of her new friends and admirers in presenting her with a handsome adjustable reclining chair, the product of the Stevens Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh, Pa. Carnegie hall, in which she lectured, was crowded to overflow every Sunday evening. Her lectures were mostly attended by the better class of people, and priests and ministers could be seen among the audience. It is a fact worth mentioning that one of our leading Methodist ministers, after receiving a crucial test from Mrs. Glading and after a sharp party at the conclusion of the service, wrote up an article in the Pittsburgh Dispatch to the effect that he believed Spiritualism to be a truth, but could not understand nor would he believe that a biblical angel was a nature that I concluded the wisest thing to do under the circumstances was not to argue the point with the good man, trusting that the seed implanted will eventually bring fruit, if not interfered with by antagonistic conditions. On the evening of her departure, the lady takes with her our best wishes, and may our sympathies reach her in the new fields where her influence can be felt for the good among the masses as it did in our city."

Edmund Pickup writes from Lowell, Mass.: "During the last two Sundays of the last year our society was highly favored in having as their speaker Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly. He has occupied our rostrum many times in the past, according to which we were expecting something grand in the way of lectures from his guides. The outcome of his engagement was amply proved that our expectations were not misplaced. Mr. Edgerly's work is truly an exemplification of the wonderful phenomena of mediumship, he being a quiet, unassuming gentleman, giving to evidence while in the normal state of his pre-eminent ability as a trance speaker. Our people are unanimous in their feelings that his utterances, while in the trance state, are indeed revelations direct from the world of spirits. We are pleased to note that Mr. Edgerly's time is well engaged for the future, as we consider it an evidence that the Spiritualists appreciate a high order of mediumship. We wish him God speed in the work he is about to take up in the West. The first Sunday of the new year we shall have as our speaker the unique and wonderful medium, W. J. Colville."

Mrs. Nellie Metcalf writes: "Dr. Willis Edwards has removed from 1734 Wabash avenue to 3214 Graves Place, where he will be pleased to meet his many friends. He has been re-engaged for January with the North Side Society, where he has held large audiences during December. Private sittings daily; circles Wednesday and Friday evenings. Parlor concert, with splendid talent, will be an extra feature January 11, to his usual test seance. Usual fee, 25 cents."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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By O. B. RICHMOND, G. M. of the Order of the Magi, Chicago.

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MATERIALIZATIONS AND VARIOUS REFLECTIONS THEREON.

OUT OF THE USUAL LINES. Remarkable Phenomena Under Test Conditions.

PROF. C. W. STEWARD WILLING ALWAYS
TO SUBMIT TO TEST CONDITIONS—THE
BOX—MESSAGES WRITTEN THEREIN—
MATTER PASSED THROUGH MATTER.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some time since an
article under the heading of "Another
Haunted House," appeared in THE PRO-
GRESSIVE THINKER, recording an ex-
perience of the developing class of Prof.
C. W. Steward, and the facts recorded
under the above heading in THE PRO-
GRESSIVE THINKER at that time were
attested to by the signatures of several
well-known and reputable residents of
this city.

That same developing class is still in
existence and progressing finely, and
have a few more facts to record through
the medium of your esteemed paper.

It is our intention to merely write of
the phenomena as it occurred, and to
attest to the facts by signing our names
to the record of them as here written.
We shall not enter into any discussion
as to the how, why or wherefore, or of
the improbability of the things wit-
nessed, for we feel that we know these
things can be done, for we are Spiritual-
ists, or, in other words, people who
think, reason and discuss for ourselves
the environments of life and nature, re-
fusing to accept, parrot-like, the teach-
ings of creeds and dogmas which have
no proven foundation of facts, and so to
the people who prefer to accept ready-
made ideas of others, and who have never
spent time or thought, or (what to them
is probably considered more valuable
than knowledge) a few dollars to investi-
gate and study for themselves the phi-
losophy and phenomena of nature or
Spiritualism.

To these people, who have, perhaps,
never attended a genuine seance, or
given the subject a moment of thought
in their lives, but who, nevertheless,
would presume to explain away anything
and everything that did not conform to
the ideas which they may have imbibed
from some paid theorizer or speculator—
to them we will leave the task of con-
sidering the how and why these results
were produced; only stopping to remind
them that Byron truly said that "he who
denies a thing simply because he doesn't
understand it, and yet cannot disprove it,
is a fool."

But happily the majority of those who
read this will be Spiritualists, who well
know that if the proper conditions are
provided, spirit controls can and do do
many wonderful things.

I would here state that Prof. Steward
is one of the best all-round mediums in
the country, and is willing to submit
to test conditions at any time; his
mediumship embraces all the general
phenomena of trumpet-speaking, slate-
writing, trance, clairvoyance, clair-
audience, etc.

About two weeks previous to the time
of the occurrence of the box incident
spoken of here, there was considerable
call from his developing class for slate-
writing; and although Mr. Steward's
slate-writing was of the most satisfactory
kind, it was always necessary for him to
have the best of conditions, and even
then it severely affected his head when
sitting for it. In fact, it affected him so
seriously as to make him reluctant to sit
for any writing.

At about the time mentioned Mr. John
C. Cummins (Mr. Steward's main con-
trol) announced at a trumpet seance that
he had learned a way by which he could
produce slate-writings through his me-
dium without any disagreeable effects to
him (Mr. Steward), and that he could
produce the same in daylight or darkness;
that the slate could be cleaned and
hung on the chandelier, laid on the floor,
or locked up in a box.

It was the good fortune of the writer
of this narrative to witness the first trial
of this kind. I having called at Mr.
Steward's residence, 2638 California
street, one day, it was suggested to try
if Mr. Cummins was ready with his
new discovery. Accordingly a slate was
cleaned and strapped up in a box and
hung on the chandelier. Mr. Steward
sitting under the same at a small table.
At once we could hear the noise of some
one writing on the slate, and upon taking
it down found it filled with three mes-
sages in three different handwritings.

At the next seance of the developing
class Mr. Cummins (the control) told Mr.
Steward to get a box and let any one
who desired put their slates into it, and
then to lock it with a padlock and seal
up the keyhole and the hinges, and let
someone of the class take and keep the
key until the next meeting, when all
could examine the box and seals to see
that they had not been tampered with,
and when the box was opened they would
find messages on all the slates.

These instructions were complied with.
Mr. Steward being a photographer, we
used his camera-box for the purpose; the
box being about eighteen inches square,
nicely dovetailed together, with the lid
fitted on with hinges, staple, and clasp.
We next procured a brass Bohannan
padlock to lock it with, and after some
slates and cards with questions on them
were put into the box, it was closed up,
the padlock put on and locked, the

hinges and keyhole sealed up, and the
keys given to Mr. James Brown.

This was on Wednesday; the box was
to be opened the following Sunday eve-
ning, but Mr. Brown failed to come with
the keys on that night, and as all were
quite anxious to see into the box, we
asked some of the controls if they could
not open the box for us. Mr. Cummins
came and said they would try, if Mr.
Steward let him. Mr. Steward felt that
he would rather wait till the next
Wednesday night, and see if Mr.
Brown would come then with the keys;
and so we decided to wait, but before
the meeting closed Gray Eagle, one of
the controls, stated that if we would
closely examine the box and seals to see
that they were all right, and then lay
the ball on top of the box, they would
convince us they could get into the box
by putting the ball into it. The ball was
a child's common hollow rubber ball,
which had been around the room for
some time.

We carried out the instructions, and
waited till Wednesday night, December
18th, when about twenty of us in all met
to see what would be on the slates, and
if the ball would be in the box. As this
was our regular developing night we
thought sure Mr. Brown would be with
us; but we were mistaken, and once more
we were without the keys. After the
meeting was opened and a few songs
sung, Mr. Cummins came and said: "On
account of all being so very desirous of
seeing into the box, they would try to
open it for us; but in case they were not
able to do it, we should take the hinges
off." He then asked Mr. Steward to take
the box and hold it while the rest were
singing. A song was sung, but the box
was not opened. He then told Mr. Ste-
ward to let one of the class take hold of
the box with him, and the rest were to
sing again. This was done, and in less
than two minutes they called for us to
stop singing as the box was open, and
the lock was lying at the feet of a young
lady across the room from where the
box was. In performing this seemingly
impossible feat, the spirits exerted so
strong an influence over, or drew so
much power from, the gentleman who
held the box with Mr. Steward, that
when the lid was opened it wrecked him.
Mr. Koeneko, who was sitting near
and for some time his breath came
in quick and labored gasps. He com-
pared his feelings to those produced by
a strong electric shock.

After we had quieted down, Gray
Eagle came and requested that we leave
the lock alone till the light was turned
on, and we would find that it had not
been unlocked at all, but that they had
simply performed the feat of passing
matter through matter, which in this
case was brass through iron; then he
proceeded to read some of the questions
which had been written on the cards
when placed in the box. Then Uncle
Daniel Steward, the medium's father,
came and remarked that with the help
and influence of the developing class—
which was as strong as any he had ever
seen—and the conditions they made,
they could do almost anything through
his son's mediumship.

The class will testify to the truth of
his statement, for we have witnessed
many remarkable things done through
this medium when conditions were right.
After some of the controls suggested
that we send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER
a report of the meeting, the light
was turned on and we found:

1. The ball was in the box.
2. Every card and slate was written on
in different handwritings.
3. C. W. Steward had correctly read the
questions from the cards.
4. The seals on the hinges and over
the keyhole of the lock were in perfect
condition, having never been disturbed
in the least.

Attested to by H. W. Crass, R. B.
Koeneko, C. P. Perry, M. D.; Mrs. L. M.
Perry, H. W. Crass, Jr.; J. C. Holland,
M. D.; Miss A. Erall, John Hamilton,
Mrs. J. D. Johnson, Mrs. Benham, W. F.
Bogart, M. D.

This is only one of many similar tests
this class has had in the last few weeks,
and how much better, and far sweeter,
the satisfaction of making conditions for
and having our friends who have partici-
pated in the test return and converse with
us and give us these proofs of their con-
tinued activity, their progressive power
and intelligence, than any and all the
speculative ideas and theories of the
weak and vain hirelings of a profession.
Denver, Col. J. G. P.

THE ASPINWALLS IN IOWA.
TO THE EDITOR:—We have had our
little town of 600 inhabitants stirred up
from center to circumference in the last
week. We saw, in looking over the col-
umns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER,
that Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall, of Minne-
apolis, Minn., were in Fort Dodge, Iowa,
giving unto the friends there something
of their knowledge of the philosophy
and phenomena of Spiritualism, and a
few of us united in extending a call,
and inducing them to visit us and give us
a week of their valuable time. They have
been here and given us one lecture, two
test seances, and two seances for mate-
rialization, with complete and unmis-
takable results in every case.

The lecture Sunday evening was
given in the Rink, the largest audience-
room we have, and it was filled to over-
flowing, fifty or more standing through-
out the entire service. It seats three
hundred; so, you see, we had more than
one-half of the entire population. The
Doctor and his wife both made ad-
dresses. The strictest attention was
paid to them, and they were well re-
ceived by the entire congregation.
Many remarked that they had never
heard Spiritualism presented in a way
so able and convincing.

The test seances were a pronounced
success, every one being recognized;
but the crowning events of all were the
materializing seances. The first one
had twenty sitters, and nineteen of
them received and fully recognized their
spirit friends. Fathers and mothers,
husbands and wives, old men and
children, all came and greeted their
loved ones of earth. It was a happy re-
union of spirits and mortals, and will
never be forgotten by those present.

The second seance had twenty-two
sitters and could have had a hundred
had there been room for them, one man
remarking that he would give five dol-

lars for a seat; but no one would sell a
seat. The results were fully as good as
the first one, and by some considered
better and stronger. They have not only
given us the philosophy of Spiritualism
in a sound and practical way, but have
also proved the immortality of life,
by bringing us face to face with the so-
called dead. While they do not antag-
onize the churches nor their attendants,
they give them positive truth and make
them their friends instead of their
enemies; and at their last meeting,
Thursday evening, they were presented
with a rising vote of thanks, which was
nearly unanimous. They have left us
for their Northern home, and the
best wishes of all the friends and
citizens go with them.

Olin. Ia. D. R. CARPENTER.
MATERIALIZATION.
And Some Reflections Thereon.

PERSONATION—DUTY OF CABINET CON-
TROL—ETHERIALIZATION—STRICT
TEST CONDITIONS.

The remarkable phenomena classed
under this head are clearly the most
tangible and reliable proofs of spirit con-
trol and the life beyond the grave. Un-
fortunately, however, it is the phase in
which there are more pretenders and
falsifiers, and, moreover, it is the phase
most susceptible of misrepresentation
by well-meaning friends and sinister
enemies of the cause of Spiritualism.

Among the many causes for doubt of
this grand phase, probably the most
frequent in point of occurrence is "im-
personation." Impersonation is what a
spirit that cannot materialize does to
show its presence. The medium, im-
personated, is clothed in draperies which
are materialized for that purpose, and taken
off of the cabinet to represent the spirit.
The spirit is actually there, but inside the
medium, and for the time being the
medium does not exist independently on
the earth-plane, but is actually, for the
time being, the person represented. All
the characteristics of the medium are
lost in most cases, but in some the me-
dium's physical organs (brain, etc.) modify
the controlling force so as to carry
peculiarities of speech, etc., so that an
impersonation can be readily distin-
guished from a full-form materializa-
tion.

Many times a form has been grabbed,
and discovered to be the medium.
Fraud is cried at once, by those un-
questioned with the medium. But to those
who "know" of its truth, it is merely the
fault of the spirit performing the im-
personation, for overlooking the fact that
it would be wiser to say, "the medium is
entranced for impersonation," or, some-
times, the spirit is some personal friend
who is not sufficiently out of "making up" and who did
not know the necessity of notification.

In such cases it is the duty of the cabi-
net control of the medium to see that
notification is given; but I know by long
experience that the head control has his
hands so full that it is hard to attend to
all details.

The cabinet control has a host of
duties on his hands, keeping harmony in
the circle, keeping up the medium's
physical condition, looking after a nu-
merous band of controls and influences,
teaching inexperienced and earth-bound
spirits to make up; looking after lower
forces, to prevent any undeveloped or bad
spirit from riding out on a wave of bad
magnetism, and hosts of other duties.
Of course, with some circles, music and
harmony make the path of a cabinet
control easier; but, in a promiscuous
circle there are generally those to be
found who bring thoughts that are a
dishonor to themselves and to purity
and truth; hence, we must be ever vigi-
lant.

Now, Mrs. Williams was subjected to
such a strain of deception and evil mag-
netic current, and yet her band pre-
served the integrity of her mediumship;
and the determined opponents of Spiritu-
alism sought other means to lay her
name in the dust. How well they have
succeeded, we cannot tell, if it had
not been for her grand record in the
past and her beautiful and experienced
guides. We hope she may go on and on,
and not let her glorious light be hidden
by any "bushel" of ignorance and con-
spiracy.

Another fruitful source of distrust
among investigators is the fact that the
forms are generally solid; that is, ma-
terialization, if they were not, it would not
be materialization, but etherization,
which they would witness. How often,
when I have shaken hands with some
sitter, I have heard them remark: "Why,
this is flesh and blood!" Why, of course
it is. Some writers—Tuttle, for instance—
think that a spirit cannot be grabbed,
but a materialized form can be held for
quite a space of time, but it means con-
vulsions or swoon, and sometimes insan-
ity and death, to a medium, for the ele-
ments to be so rudely disturbed.

Some spirits merely have the power
of setting the atmosphere in motion to
form words or forms without the use of
any vocal cords; these are sometimes
intensified by the use of a tin trumpet.
The only true way of testing the phe-
nomena is by putting the medium under
strict test conditions; but this is not at
all necessary for experienced Spiritual-
ists, for "they know."

Another cause of doubt is the fact that
a person may go to a seance and never
receive a word, while others receive
tests and friends in abundance. The
cause of this is that a person must be-
come in rapport with the guides and
their peculiar magnetism—no two me-
diums being alike in forces and environ-
ment. After a few sittings, things im-
prove in this line, and while some seem
to become in rapport at the first, others
may take a large number of sittings to
be even noticed at all. Once the ice is
broken, a person's friends learn to make
up or come through the strange mag-
netism and then everything gets easier.

Still another source of misapprehen-
sion: Sometimes a person asks, "Is
Aunt Mary there?" when he knows he
has no such relative in Spirit-life. He
thus opens a channel for bad magne-
tism, which is hard to control, and some-
times degraded spirit control is given to
come. Many times we can see different-
ly, and justly rebuke such a one, but
often it is beyond our control. Never
expect fraud, or you will be likely to
find what you are looking for; this is a
good maxim for all.

Sometimes really good mediums, re-
quiring some stimulant after the exces-
sive draft made upon their vitality by
physical manifestations, take a little
spirituous liquor, and after a while in-
crease the dose; they may still preserve
their mediumship intact, or they may
become a prey to those elements whose

only joy in life seems to be the wreck-
ing of beautiful instruments and conse-
crated lives.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks,
there is one consolation: truth will al-
ways shine through the clouds of skep-
ticism, fraud, vice and conspiracy.
"Down in the human heart, crushed by
the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can re-
store."
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by
kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more."

So, friends, keep up heart, and work
zealously, for the good cause; bright
days are coming, and let each individual
do what little he or she can to make life
pleasant and happy for others; comfort
and help the weak-hearted, and raise
up them that fall; and we will see that
grand millennium of Spiritualism, when
there will be no temples of rest and
spiritual comfort, than there are
churches to-day. Thinking this little
communication was needed, I have im-
pressed my medium to write it, hoping
it will fall on good soil. I am yours
truly, cabinet control DR. BROWN.

Per Prof. Arthur, Phoenix, A. T.

JONATHAN JASPER.

How He Drew the Wool Over Spiritu-
alists' Eyes.

HIS METHODS REVEALED—HIS ORI-
GINAL APPEARANCE—HIS PRAYER—
HIS ARREST.

TO THE EDITOR:—Spiritualism in Chi-
cago is acquiring more real, appreciative
interest than ever before. There are
more Sunday services, because of more
organized societies, and the general
tone is unexceptionally fine. Some of
the olden-time, however, are still in
the ascendency, prominent among
whom are Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond,
the trance speaker; Mrs. Jennie Moore,
the materializer; P. Cordun White, the
platform test medium; Mrs. Sarah E.
Brownell, the political prophetic me-
dium, Dr. R. Greer, the healer, and
others too numerous to mention.

But ever since the World's Fair be-
gan, Chicago has been cursed with un-
scrupulous persons who have made false
claims to mediumship, most notably the
alleged spirit artist, Jonathan Jasper,
who ever since the opening of the Fair
has made hundreds of credulous
people dance with ecstasy over his al-
leged spirit paintings, and who must
have made a little fortune during his
residence here, for his charges for pic-
tures have been exorbitant, besides
what he made selling his secret to
artists. He is an ex-slave of three score
years and ten, of a shifty, coal-black
color, medium height, with long, white
beard, reaching almost to the ground.
On his head he wears a tall red turban,
and his bent form is draped in a kind of
oriental costume. He is something of a
natural artist, and some of his pictures
are fair. He is a smooth talker, look-
ing wise, and pretending great admi-
ration for spirits, and by which means he
has pulled the wool over the eyes of
many, and this is how he did it.

Behind a darkened curtain stood a
small square center-table, with a cover
falling from it half-way to the floor.
Upon this table he always had a pile of
brass-bound double slates, and rubber
bands, all of which were exactly alike
in size and appearance. Then, seated
at the table, opposite the sitter, he
would place within one of these double
slates a blank porcelain tablet, binding
them together with rubber bands.
So bound, he would gently pass them,
with both hands, beneath the table,
pretending to push them under there
into the hands of the sitter. And here
is where the trick came in, for instead
of pushing the slates under the table,
he would deftly change them for a
pair of other slates, which lay con-
cealed, containing a picture, and adroitly
push them into the sitter's hand. Then, after jointly holding them
there a few minutes, or until he had
made a prayer, the sitter would be in-
structed to take them to the outer room
and examine them in the light, when a
freshly-painted picture on the porcelain
would appear in sight, done in oil
colors, and with, perhaps, a communica-
tion added, of general application, and
signed by some one of the distinguished
dead, such as George Washington, etc.
These pictures generally consisted of
flowers or foliage, with a sprinkling of
geometrical figures or cabalistic sym-
bols thrown in. Of course, according
to arrangement, the medium knew the
sitter was coming, for all had to arrange
for sittings beforehand, and therefore,
the picture was prettily executed and
specially prepared for the occasion, on
his own slates (no other slates would be
accepted). But a few days ago the
secret of his trick was discovered, he
was arrested on complaint of Mrs. Carrie
Le Favre and other prominent Spiritu-
alists, charged with obtaining money
under false pretenses. His actions in
court had a tendency to confirm the
straightforward evidence given in the
past. He laughed during the examina-
tion and looked upon the case as a
frivolous one. He changed his tactics,
however, when the justice remarked
that the crime was a grave one, and a
penitentiary offense. He pleaded guilty,
admitted that he was not so much of a
medium as he got credit for, and on ac-
count of his years, tearfully begged for
mercy, promising he would leave town
and abandon his imposture forever. The
case was referred to the grand jury now
in session.

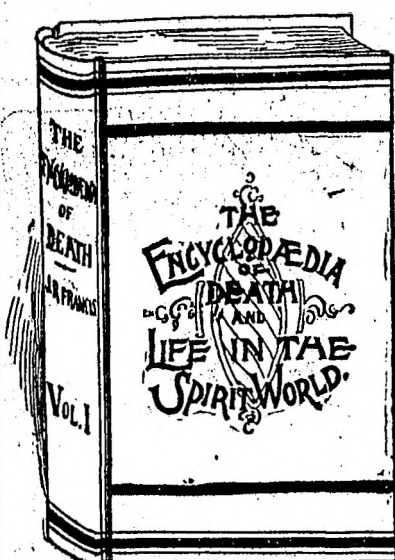
Those who think that the exposure of
trick mediums, without criminal pros-
ecution, means their extinction, should
remember that full half a score of such
cases are well-known in Chicago within
the last few years, and still spiritual im-
posture abounds everywhere, all over
the city. But public sentiment here is
that spiritual frauds must go.

This exposure has fallen like a bomb-
shell in spiritual circles, causing great
excitement, especially among those im-
posed upon.

MORAL: When you next visit a slate-
writing medium or spirit artist, be sure
you take your own slates, and should he
(or she) refuse them, as Jasper always
did, be sure you mark well the slates
used and see that they do not leave your
sight or grasp.

With these precautions the occupation
of the bogus spirit artist will soon be
gone. LAURA ASHBURY.
Sec'y First Spiritual Church, Chicago.

It is estimated that the water of the
whole ocean contains in solution over
2,000,000 tons of pure silver.



Bear in mind, please, that the Ency-
clopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-
World, (although well worth \$1.50 as
prices go), is furnished to any subscriber
for 50 cents when he remits one dollar for
a yearly subscription. Any one who
sends us a new yearly subscriber can have
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other column.

Testimonial.

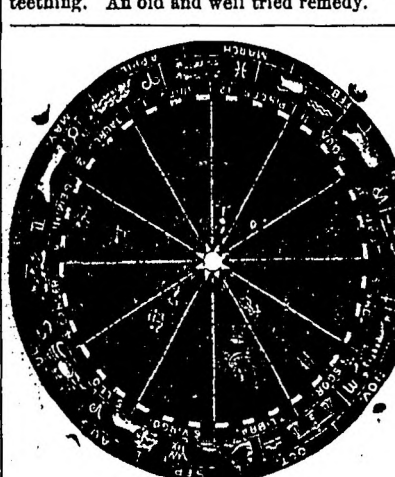
Mrs. Dr. A. B. DOBSON—Dear Sister:—
The medicine received; and I cannot
find words to express my gratitude
toward you and the spirit band for your
kindness to me in this, my time of need.
Your medicine and all have been a great
blessing to me. I am very much im-
proved and can do what I have been in-
able to do for four years, and that is
work some and walk and go around com-
moderately. I am surprised at my im-
provement thus far. Now all the blessing
that one poor suffering mortal can
bestow on another I shall always give to
you. Thanking you for your kindness
in the past, and always in the future I
remain gratefully yours without end,
MISS ELLEN THOMPSON,
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time in like manner.
3. This system also contains a chart which will give
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all past, present and future centuries, with one an-
nual correction, which makes it the greatest astro-
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earth and sun, and the regularity of its phases, for all
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found as they appear upon the chart, and will show the
lives of those who do, and those who do not, do not
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plained.
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tized persons, showing a marked intellectual char-
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