



THE ASTRAL BODY. THE INNER LIFE OF THE SOUL OF MAN AN EVOLUTION, LIKE THE PHYSICAL BODY.

A Lecture Delivered BY OLNEY H. RICHMOND, At the Grand Temple of the Magi, Chicago.

No one question has been considered, in all ages of the world, as of such vast importance to man as that of the human soul, its origin, its destiny, its status in the future, and everything connected therewith.

This feeling which pervades all classes of men, has been taken advantage of by interested parties in all ages of the world to enslave the masses and subjugate them to self-appointed rulers, leaders, priests and ministers.

In the latter days of Egypt and her contemporaries, when chemical laws were so little understood, it is not to be wondered at that the raising and rehabilitation of the physical body should have been the chief aim of the priests.

Our modern churches still recognize this ancient belief in their creeds, but it is noticeable that, like the doctrine of an endless hell of brimstone and fire, the theory of the saving soul has become a thing of the past.

The second great belief is that of the Materialist, who believes that there is no spirit, soul or astral body, no intelligence or intelligent force outside of the physical in the universe.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

The only fault with this argument is that its premise is incorrect. It is like the argument of the church. Thus: "Here is a watch; it must have had a maker. Here is a man; how came he here?"

Now I come to the second and great discovery to that of Darwin in this nineteenth century, and it settles the argument advanced by the Materialist as to the soul ending at death. It is this: "Beginnings" have had a beginning.

In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth. In the beginning God made man out of the dust of the earth,

In the "beginning" the gods of all nations were wont to do wonderful things and then modestly step back and allow Nature take her course.

Modern astronomers, with the Nebular hypothesis, have upon the "beginning of the earth." Darwin upset the "beginning" of man. Now, modern thinkers have at last discovered the fact underlying all Nature, that the physical universe has its exact counterpart in the spiritual or astral universe.

As a starter, we must have some place where we pick up this endless chain of evolution, and see with, and taste, love, hate and cognize the universe with.

So you see, my friends, that we have a little soul born here from two other little father and mother souls. We will say Mr. Oxygen and Miss Hydrogen have been the parties to this union.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

When the materialist is asked to explain the natural result of the reaction against the crude beliefs regarding the soul held by men in past times and even in the present.

control of matter; it has aggregated to itself many life-forces to produce one higher, containing the life-principle, the intelligence, the directing matter of the many." (W. W. Wheeler—Life.)

This soul-force, or astral body at its dissolution, immediately combines with another, where the union is just being formed. That is, two bodies, each with its own soul-force—combines to form a third, and the liberated astral, finding a suitable abiding-place, takes possession.

Liberalists are constantly taking advantage of this law of life without knowing really what it is. For instance, I wish to form a certain compound that requires a peculiar crystal body or soul-force to make it what is required.

What must I do? I must take steps to liberate the right kind of an astral force at the exact instant that I wish the union to take place. I then get the chemical properties wanted; otherwise I would not.

In the formations of some high combinations, the astral force is needed, when used up, step by step, from lower forms to higher. In other words, they come to nature's aid and help her to "create a soul" by a species of rapid evolution.

In this way our chemists have, by acting and working under the strict mathematical laws of the Infinite, formed hundreds of important products. I have here one of them; it is red aniline, a substance which has been built up synthetically from substances having a very low soul-force to one that in its highest or crystallized form actually vibrates with the enormous number of five hundred and seventy-seven trillions of vibrations per second, a number so great as to fairly paralyze the understanding.

You understand, from what I have said, that in all these lower forms where the astral force is needed, it rushes immediately to a new control of matter. Matter gives it the highest expression it has ever known, and it therefore rushes to the nearest union of matter, and supplies the soul-force.

If it would not extend this lecture to a too great a length, I would like to tell you of other wonderful things which this "soul of matter." I would tell you of the wonders of chemical affinity, and how substances of widely different qualities are composed of precisely the same elements and in the same proportions.

This shows that just as the soul or astral in a man is what "makes the man," so the astral in an inorganic compound is what gives character to the compound. I would also show you how this soul can be driven out of some substances and made to go long distances before finding its soul-mate, and how man has ingeniously contrived to use this force to control intelligence, life with its accord.

But to hasten onward over this long road. The next higher plane of development takes us into the organic world, into the lower or vegetable kingdom. The mineral develops into the vegetable by such slow gradations that the point where the former ceases and the latter is detected.

But how much more complex are the chemical combinations, and how much more unstable. What infinite variety we find in this kingdom; so great that a large book could be written upon the soul of plants. In fact, a book has been written entitled "Evidence of Intelligence in the Vegetable World."

For millions of years this kingdom held full sway upon the earth, while the physical development and the astral went on, hand in hand, from the lowest forms of life to the highest. There is as much, if not more, difference between the soul of a tadpole and that of the plant called "fly-catcher," as there is between the soul of an oyster and that of a horse.

SPIRIT LIFE. The Experiences of a Poet. A Lecture Given Through the Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill.

INVOCATION. Infinite God, thy presence and thy thought, thy love eternal and thy wisdom are the source of every blessing, and unto thee thy children turn in praise, remembering the vastness of thy works, the wonder and majesty of thy law, the all-potent power of thy love.

Thou God most high, divine and perfect, reigneth and ruleth in the kingdom of light that thou hast fashioned by thy perfect wisdom and love, and in the realm of soul all uncreate thy presence is more potent, thy life and power more manifest, for through thy divine attributes all souls are moved to their appointed work, and eternity reveals their destiny.

From the cloud man springeth unto immortality, confounding that he is alone, how potent in the spheres of light and wisdom untrammelled by dust thy angels are. Thy light supreme and perfect, all pervading, dwelleth in every human spirit, guiding even though with uncertain and unsteady gleam, while still in the bondage of the senses, but with more perfect security when the spirit hath learned the lesson of life.

THE DISCOURSE. The words that will be spoken to-night will not be under the personal control of the spirit whose experiences are given, but the one rendering them hopes to give them exactly in the spirit of the spirit who is near and gives expression to the utterance. Happily your love may interpret from whence the message comes.

The real statement is that when the body is left, all death is gone. There is no consciousness of death. What one experiences is not death, and that is the marvel, since even in the strongest there has sometimes been a thought: "Will I fall in courage in the last hour of mortal agony? Will there be a time or season when I shall not feel this faith and hope and strength and certainty?"

And one questions one's self all through life. "Am I ready? If the messenger should come now, is it possible that I might qualify? There is nothing to fear. I do not even think that the most terrible life has so much to fear in the change called death as in the continued terror of mortal existence; and I cannot think of any human life, full of the usual aspirations and loving duty, that could even feel at the final moment of dissolution the least terror or the least pang of anxiety.

There is, however, a period after the change that seems to bring knowledge of individual imperfections. Many spirits may have told you this, that at the sudden and instantaneous passing of the spirit, or the gradual change, there is a period of time when the imperfections of one's nature, the possible imperfections of one's life, the limitations and shortcomings become evident, and though every friend that draws near, every spirit companion, the nearest and dearest, refrains from any manifestation of knowledge of these imperfections, one is constantly overwhelmed with them—that there might have been this or that duty performed, and something greater and grander might have been done with the gift or the talent bestowed, that certain tasks were appointed and possibly not fulfilled; and one has continued retrospect for a period that makes him feel almost afraid to venture forward lest the added glory of some spiritual being shall make him feel utterly dwarfed in that presence.

But one is allowed to remain in a state of despondency. The faithful retrospect which brings to each spirit consciousness of one's own imperfections is needed, but at the same time everything is given which can induce him to know that there are larger facilities and knowledge that the spirit now enters upon the fuller possession of its powers, and that the human life, though it was the preparation, is not all there is of the possibility of gaining knowledge.

Every old-time tradition and fearful error passes away, for one at once enters into the companionship of those who know that the life into which the spirit enters is a life of activity, earnestness and the attainment of knowledge. But the soul is not to remain in a wonderful thing about it is, however, to feel one's own naturalness. By this I do not mean especially the sensations, but that one feels to be one's self so wholly that there are no artificial changes, and that even the convictions and fables one is accustomed to have are not at once dispensed with; they do not at once disappear, but they have a most peculiar effect. One's form is affected by them; one's raiment is affected by them, and instead of being arrayed in the shining raiment which our forefathers were told was prepared for the saints, one finds one's self arrayed in the shadow or light of one's own manufactory. Whenever an imperfect thought existed there is imperfection and shadow. Wherever there was brightness one seems to be arrayed in light, and the intermingling of light and shadow is always as one's state is constantly revealed. The irreducibility of one's appearance is according to the condition of one's mind or thought, and while there is no doubt that the resemblance between the spirit and the human visage is such that we have been accus-

one has dreamed of the immortal world, and though no hovering angels, with wide-sweeping white wings, await to conduct one to a far-off heaven, and though there are none bearing palms and crowns of glory wherewith to deck one's brow; though there are none waiting with robes of light in which to array one with the immortal kingdom, and though one does not feel that one enters into the presence of the divinest life that heaven holds all at once, still there is the unspeakable consciousness of being set free from bonds that were scarcely recognized and which the feebleness of age, the consciousness of earthly form, that which belongs to the limitations of the senses—all this is at once removed; but the feebleness of mind, the greater imperfection of the spirit, whatever it unequal to the comprehension of the new life is felt at once; yet, the natural part is that one passes at once into the presence of friends and associates and those who were former companions as though they had not been removed from him, as though there had been no wide space of years and separation and death, as though these with loving and thoughtful care had understood and known all the trials of the latter years.

You have nothing to communicate to your friends; they may communicate much to you when you enter spirit-life. Those who are waiting have a sort of knowledge of what you have been passing through, and one enters their presence already heralded, and with all perfect knowledge of one's former life. There is no need of any explanation of the time or nature of your coming, or of the unreadiness or readiness. It is understood beforehand; and the strangest part is that spirits seem to know when people are coming into spirit possession of life, while mortals are so utterly debared and ignorant, and even when the prophesy or foreknowledge comes, the human life is so full of terror concerning it. Why, to know that one is passing on in years and that very soon, at longest, the silent river will bear him out into the larger waters of eternal life, should never bring doubt or terror. But age is not always security against that fear, and human existence in every stage clings tenaciously to the habitation of clay as though if that were parted with all life were gone.

The real statement is that when the body is left, all death is gone. There is no consciousness of death. What one experiences is not death, and that is the marvel, since even in the strongest there has sometimes been a thought: "Will I fall in courage in the last hour of mortal agony? Will there be a time or season when I shall not feel this faith and hope and strength and certainty?"

And one questions one's self all through life. "Am I ready? If the messenger should come now, is it possible that I might qualify? There is nothing to fear. I do not even think that the most terrible life has so much to fear in the change called death as in the continued terror of mortal existence; and I cannot think of any human life, full of the usual aspirations and loving duty, that could even feel at the final moment of dissolution the least terror or the least pang of anxiety.

There is, however, a period after the change that seems to bring knowledge of individual imperfections. Many spirits may have told you this, that at the sudden and instantaneous passing of the spirit, or the gradual change, there is a period of time when the imperfections of one's nature, the possible imperfections of one's life, the limitations and shortcomings become evident, and though every friend that draws near, every spirit companion, the nearest and dearest, refrains from any manifestation of knowledge of these imperfections, one is constantly overwhelmed with them—that there might have been this or that duty performed, and something greater and grander might have been done with the gift or the talent bestowed, that certain tasks were appointed and possibly not fulfilled; and one has continued retrospect for a period that makes him feel almost afraid to venture forward lest the added glory of some spiritual being shall make him feel utterly dwarfed in that presence.

But one is allowed to remain in a state of despondency. The faithful retrospect which brings to each spirit consciousness of one's own imperfections is needed, but at the same time everything is given which can induce him to know that there are larger facilities and knowledge that the spirit now enters upon the fuller possession of its powers, and that the human life, though it was the preparation, is not all there is of the possibility of gaining knowledge.

Every old-time tradition and fearful error passes away, for one at once enters into the companionship of those who know that the life into which the spirit enters is a life of activity, earnestness and the attainment of knowledge. But the soul is not to remain in a wonderful thing about it is, however, to feel one's own naturalness. By this I do not mean especially the sensations, but that one feels to be one's self so wholly that there are no artificial changes, and that even the convictions and fables one is accustomed to have are not at once dispensed with; they do not at once disappear, but they have a most peculiar effect. One's form is affected by them; one's raiment is affected by them, and instead of being arrayed in the shining raiment which our forefathers were told was prepared for the saints, one finds one's self arrayed in the shadow or light of one's own manufactory. Whenever an imperfect thought existed there is imperfection and shadow. Wherever there was brightness one seems to be arrayed in light, and the intermingling of light and shadow is always as one's state is constantly revealed. The irreducibility of one's appearance is according to the condition of one's mind or thought, and while there is no doubt that the resemblance between the spirit and the human visage is such that we have been accus-

to know, it is known that the spirit has been seen through the tenement of clay, and when you see the spirit you say: "Why, that is the light that I saw shaded on earth. That is the spirit that I saw imperfectly revealed in the gleam of human life." You will then know that the recognition comes not by what you see, but by what you know and love of your friends.

The awakening of this spiritual power, the knowledge that it brings, is a source of constant joy and triumph, and to know that one's dreams and hopes concerning spirit-life are true, and that one is not to be blinded and fettered and tethered by fictitious theology; to know that there is nothing in the change which can cause terror, and to feel perfectly certain that all the limitations are within one's self and may be outgrown,—this is the comfort and the assuagement of grief for the limitations which one finds in one's self.

But there soon comes desire for greater knowledge, for a larger and more beautiful possession of the treasures of the kingdom of the spirit. The consciousness of loving friends, the ministrations of their dear companions of youth and maturer age, those of the household whose presence one is admitted, all bring their wonder and their joy. Children grown to beautiful manhood and womanhood, babes that have gone from sight that have become unfolded in spirit-life as wonderful messengers,—all these bear their own tokens, and it would require a longer lifetime than one ever lives on earth to recount the perpetual marvels that are revealed, the transformations, the beautiful growth, the unfolding in spirit-life, the tenderness and the youthfulness of those who passed away in age, who do not lose that beautiful blossom which was the crown of their years, and still who seem to have grown perpetually young. The fountain of life and light, the actions abiding in the spirit, are renewed in their perfection, and they seem to have grown stronger instead of lessened by the separation of the mortal form, or by that veil which separates human life from spiritual existence. I soon found myself in a kingdom that was partially my own foundation.

Far above the wondrous rivers, All the belts of lakes and rivers, Far above the vast prairies, And the wonders of the mountains; Far above the trees of Eden, Circling, sweeping round the wild coast; Far above the mild Pacific, With its wondrous world of waters; Far above the dome of heaven, And the hunting of your children, Hunted with fire-arrows' poison, Hunted with a deeper poison; Far above the mystic shadows, For a land of trailing o'er the westland, Murmuring o'er the distant waters, Of the mighty belts and girdles Of the mountains, grand and hoary, Far above the towers of heaven, Fairer than the wealth of Eden.

Mantle, the mighty maker, In great pity for His children, And beauty the selfish nature Of His creatures drove them heavenward, Made a fairer kingdom, and a brighter, Made it toned with light of sunset, Made it fair and great and golden, It is in passing from doubt to knowledge. It is passing from belief to that which in itself is boundless possession, and in that sense the instant one is set free there is knowledge. Many know beforehand. The overlapping gleam of knowledge upon the earthly state before the dissolution or separation, and one leaves the body as a worn-out servant, as a garment that is spent and useless, with no regret whatever, but with great joy at being thus set free.

I am particular in these details because human lives seem to dwell so much upon them. There is, however, a period after the change that seems to bring knowledge of individual imperfections. Many spirits may have told you this, that at the sudden and instantaneous passing of the spirit, or the gradual change, there is a period of time when the imperfections of one's nature, the possible imperfections of one's life, the limitations and shortcomings become evident, and though every friend that draws near, every spirit companion, the nearest and dearest, refrains from any manifestation of knowledge of these imperfections, one is constantly overwhelmed with them—that there might have been this or that duty performed, and something greater and grander might have been done with the gift or the talent bestowed, that certain tasks were appointed and possibly not fulfilled; and one has continued retrospect for a period that makes him feel almost afraid to venture forward lest the added glory of some spiritual being shall make him feel utterly dwarfed in that presence.

But one is allowed to remain in a state of despondency. The faithful retrospect which brings to each spirit consciousness of one's own imperfections is needed, but at the same time everything is given which can induce him to know that there are larger facilities and knowledge that the spirit now enters upon the fuller possession of its powers, and that the human life, though it was the preparation, is not all there is of the possibility of gaining knowledge.

Every old-time tradition and fearful error passes away, for one at once enters into the companionship of those who know that the life into which the spirit enters is a life of activity, earnestness and the attainment of knowledge. But the soul is not to remain in a wonderful thing about it is, however, to feel one's own naturalness. By this I do not mean especially the sensations, but that one feels to be one's self so wholly that there are no artificial changes, and that even the convictions and fables one is accustomed to have are not at once dispensed with; they do not at once disappear, but they have a most peculiar effect. One's form is affected by them; one's raiment is affected by them, and instead of being arrayed in the shining raiment which our forefathers were told was prepared for the saints, one finds one's self arrayed in the shadow or light of one's own manufactory. Whenever an imperfect thought existed there is imperfection and shadow. Wherever there was brightness one seems to be arrayed in light, and the intermingling of light and shadow is always as one's state is constantly revealed. The irreducibility of one's appearance is according to the condition of one's mind or thought, and while there is no doubt that the resemblance between the spirit and the human visage is such that we have been accus-

to know, it is known that the spirit has been seen through the tenement of clay, and when you see the spirit you say: "Why, that is the light that I saw shaded on earth. That is the spirit that I saw imperfectly revealed in the gleam of human life." You will then know that the recognition comes not by what you see, but by what you know and love of your friends.

The awakening of this spiritual power, the knowledge that it brings, is a source of constant joy and triumph, and to know that one's dreams and hopes concerning spirit-life are true, and that one is not to be blinded and fettered and tethered by fictitious theology; to know that there is nothing in the change which can cause terror, and to feel perfectly certain that all the limitations are within one's self and may be outgrown,—this is the comfort and the assuagement of grief for the limitations which one finds in one's self.

But there soon comes desire for greater knowledge, for a larger and more beautiful possession of the treasures of the kingdom of the spirit. The consciousness of loving friends, the ministrations of their dear companions of youth and maturer age, those of the household whose presence one is admitted, all bring their wonder and their joy. Children grown to beautiful manhood and womanhood, babes that have gone from sight that have become unfolded in spirit-life as wonderful messengers,—all these bear their own tokens, and it would require a longer lifetime than one ever lives on earth to recount the perpetual marvels that are revealed, the transformations, the beautiful growth, the unfolding in spirit-life, the tenderness and the youthfulness of those who passed away in age, who do not lose that beautiful blossom which was the crown of their years, and still who seem to have grown perpetually young. The fountain of life and light, the actions abiding in the spirit, are renewed in their perfection, and they seem to have grown stronger instead of lessened by the separation of the mortal form, or by that veil which separates human life from spiritual existence. I soon found myself in a kingdom that was partially my own foundation.

Far above the wondrous rivers, All the belts of lakes and rivers, Far above the vast prairies, And the wonders of the mountains; Far above the trees of Eden, Circling, sweeping round the wild coast; Far above the mild Pacific, With its wondrous world of waters; Far above the dome of heaven, And the hunting of your children, Hunted with fire-arrows' poison, Hunted with a deeper poison; Far above the mystic shadows, For a land of trailing o'er the westland, Murmuring o'er the distant waters, Of the mighty belts and girdles Of the mountains, grand and hoary, Far above the towers of heaven, Fairer than the wealth of Eden.

Mantle, the mighty maker, In great pity for His children, And beauty the selfish nature Of His creatures drove them heavenward, Made a fairer kingdom, and a brighter, Made it toned with light of sunset, Made it fair and great and golden, It is in passing from doubt to knowledge. It is passing from belief to that which in itself is boundless possession, and in that sense the instant one is set free there is knowledge. Many know beforehand. The overlapping gleam of knowledge upon the earthly state before the dissolution or separation, and one leaves the body as a worn-out servant, as a garment that is spent and useless, with no regret whatever, but with great joy at being thus set free.

well as one knows, is that not something?"

And the full smile of recognition came from the one above me, who said: "There are no greater martyrs than those who find each day's duty and fulfill that duty; and there are none who wear crowns in the spirit-life prepared with splendor for their works brighter than those who know and understand and feel and give their utmost for humanity."

I could not know at that time whether this were blessing or reproof—I could not feel; for there was no sting—only perfect love. But all at once I was borne to a kingdom of such surpassing brightness.

Into a realm most fair and beautiful, Into a glory like the wondrous witnesses! That floats around a spirit most dutiful, As though a place of prayer, swept, garnished, A "righteousness." Had I known I revealed itself unto my sight; As though an angel presided had there lightened.

The glory and the wonder pure and bright, And then there seemed a presence all supernatural. I saw through that came with wondrous grace Bearing their light as though it were eternal, And with a glory resting on each face; And some were the companions of my boyhood, And some I had known in later years of strife, And some I had seen in their great strength of manhood,

Fighting the battles for the truth of life; And O, the rapture at again beholding faces That I had known traced with the love-lines Of light and vision, ever holding their places There, and though risen above me in the Divine, I still could see the recognition given, And knew the heaven's crowned the hero's bravery,

And knew it was the light of love from heaven, I saw of those who had made the slaves go free! And broken chains and fetters for man's sake on earth; I saw the martyrs for humanity, Strong in the strength of that supernatural birth. I saw of those who had been despised while striving Now crowned with light and risen to their own place.

I saw those who had known in living That all the wealth of life or its disgrace Is what one does for others, and the hero is not the one Who bears a thousand scars, But he who traces love and hope and gladness, By which the human life may wage time's wars.

And lo, beyond this army was a splendor Like to the light seen in the visions old, A surpassing brightness, pure and tender That seemed a rarer, more perfect glory to hold; And then I saw the lines that led in glory To where this light shone bright and clear and fair.

A face divine held in the ancient story To be the Elder Brother standing there, In a land of peace and blessing and named in keeping. All of his followers upon the earth, Were neither those that in the graves were sleeping, Nor souls that claimed exemption from true worth; But rather for humanity's blessed sake in earth-life,

Bearers of burdens for their fellows here, Of a world of peace and glory, with love life And radiant in that supernatural atmosphere. Another hope had crowned my earthly state That I might enter in passing from the earth The sphere of poets, those whom men call great, And see their glory, their supernatural birth.

I did not know by what claim I might enter there. There seemed to be in my spirit a love of the great masters of song. Could I but have seen Dante when, banished from his native city, he wandered an exile and taught the song of the heavens, or if blind Milton, dreaming of a world whose life and love must meet And radiant in that supernatural atmosphere.

Another hope had crowned my earthly state That I might enter in passing from the earth The sphere of poets, those whom men call great, And see their glory, their supernatural birth. I did not know by what claim I might enter there. There seemed to be in my spirit a love of the great masters of song. Could I but have seen Dante when, banished from his native city, he wandered an exile and taught the song of the heavens, or if blind Milton, dreaming of a world whose life and love must meet And radiant in that supernatural atmosphere.

Published every Saturday at 213 S. Jefferson Street.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as 2d-class matter.

Terms of Subscription. The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice...

Take Notice. Subscriptions will begin with number current when subscriptions are received...

OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. The Cream of Foreign Exchanges. PUBLISHED EVERY 6TH WEEK.

A Bountiful Harvest of 25 Cents. Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents?

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION! As there are thousands who will at first venture only one copy...

It is Dished Out With Sectarian Spoons. Various Kinds of Hells, and a Golden Paved Heaven Promised.

THE INDIAN. THREE MEALS A DAY OF RELICION.

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools.

CATHOLIC SPIRITS. Their Pestiferous Influence. General Sarvey.

THE CHINIQUEY Version of the Assassination of Lincoln.

THE Arena for February.

An Edition of 70,000.

Money for Sectarian Schools.

Passed to Spirit Life.

THE Arena for February.

An Edition of 70,000.

Money for Sectarian Schools.

Passed to Spirit Life.

THE Arena for February.

An Edition of 70,000.

The Wonders of Vibrations.

To THE EDITOR:—On taking up The Anthropologist the first thing that met my eyes was an article on "Seeing Sound," as follows:

It has long been an imaginative idea of poets that music possessed a creative power. It has remained for a woman to demonstrate that there is truth as well as poetry in this idea.

FOR SECTARIAN PURPOSES or education by any municipal corporation. In six States no property of the State can be appropriated for any sectarian purposes.

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools. The following table (says the Inter Ocean) shows the average attendance at Indian Schools under sectarian control for 1890 and the number of pupils allowed for the grants of 1891:

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools. The following table (says the Inter Ocean) shows the average attendance at Indian Schools under sectarian control for 1890 and the number of pupils allowed for the grants of 1891:

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools. The following table (says the Inter Ocean) shows the average attendance at Indian Schools under sectarian control for 1890 and the number of pupils allowed for the grants of 1891:

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools. The following table (says the Inter Ocean) shows the average attendance at Indian Schools under sectarian control for 1890 and the number of pupils allowed for the grants of 1891:

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools. The following table (says the Inter Ocean) shows the average attendance at Indian Schools under sectarian control for 1890 and the number of pupils allowed for the grants of 1891:

AMERICAN HISTORY. As Taught in Parochial Schools. The following table (says the Inter Ocean) shows the average attendance at Indian Schools under sectarian control for 1890 and the number of pupils allowed for the grants of 1891:

They Come from Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

DEAR READER:—Are you fond of "personals"? I have that feminine idiosyncrasy, and so I indulge you.

DEAR READER:—Are you fond of "personals"? I have that feminine idiosyncrasy, and so I indulge you. Mrs. Nevetor is one of the most excellent women I have ever met, and her talent in that direction seems to be well known in New York, as she is honored by many responsible positions in clubs and societies.

THE Ethical Spiritualists. To THE EDITOR:—Last Sunday saw the first meeting of the Ethical Spiritualists, a new organization, whose object was the dissemination of the doctrines of true Spiritualism.

A New Society. To THE EDITOR:—On last Sunday evening the Columbus O. Philosophical Spiritual Investigation Society entered into a perfect organization by the election of C. C. Pomeroy as President.

CATHOLIC SPIRITS. Their Pestiferous Influence. General Sarvey. I am now and have been a medium for twenty-five years and have laid my hands on hands.

THE CHINIQUEY Version of the Assassination of Lincoln. As we go to press Monday with No. 65 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the last week's edition is still falling regularly from the press.

THE Arena for February. The February Arena, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists.

An Edition of 70,000. The preceding edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reached 70,000. We believe that the time will come when we shall issue that number weekly.

Money for Sectarian Schools. Passed to Spirit Life. THE Arena for February. An Edition of 70,000.

A Midnight Talk on Mediums and their True Mission by Wide Awake and Philadelpia Editors.

Some time ago, a few editors and reporters of a well-known Philadelphia morning daily were gathered around an open fire-place in one of the editorial rooms, discussing some prominent topics flashed to the office in the early evening by the cable and telegraph.

THE conversation turned on the action of Judge Pennypacker in the case of a well-known medium in this city, recently indicted for "fortune-telling." "What I want to know," said one of the company, as he puffed meditatively on a fragrant Havana cigar, "is this: Why don't these mediums elevate humanity instead of catering to the grosser passions of the masses? Do they believe that by going about their work in a manner that cannot fail to place them in the hands of the police, they are doing any good to themselves, or the public, or the Spiritualistic fraternity in general?"

THE Ethical Spiritualists. To THE EDITOR:—Last Sunday saw the first meeting of the Ethical Spiritualists, a new organization, whose object was the dissemination of the doctrines of true Spiritualism.

A New Society. To THE EDITOR:—On last Sunday evening the Columbus O. Philosophical Spiritual Investigation Society entered into a perfect organization by the election of C. C. Pomeroy as President.

CATHOLIC SPIRITS. Their Pestiferous Influence. General Sarvey. I am now and have been a medium for twenty-five years and have laid my hands on hands.

THE CHINIQUEY Version of the Assassination of Lincoln. As we go to press Monday with No. 65 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the last week's edition is still falling regularly from the press.

THE Arena for February. The February Arena, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists.

An Edition of 70,000. The preceding edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reached 70,000. We believe that the time will come when we shall issue that number weekly.

Money for Sectarian Schools. Passed to Spirit Life. THE Arena for February. An Edition of 70,000.

A Midnight Talk on Mediums and their True Mission by Wide Awake and Philadelpia Editors.

Some time ago, a few editors and reporters of a well-known Philadelphia morning daily were gathered around an open fire-place in one of the editorial rooms, discussing some prominent topics flashed to the office in the early evening by the cable and telegraph.

THE conversation turned on the action of Judge Pennypacker in the case of a well-known medium in this city, recently indicted for "fortune-telling." "What I want to know," said one of the company, as he puffed meditatively on a fragrant Havana cigar, "is this: Why don't these mediums elevate humanity instead of catering to the grosser passions of the masses? Do they believe that by going about their work in a manner that cannot fail to place them in the hands of the police, they are doing any good to themselves, or the public, or the Spiritualistic fraternity in general?"

THE Ethical Spiritualists. To THE EDITOR:—Last Sunday saw the first meeting of the Ethical Spiritualists, a new organization, whose object was the dissemination of the doctrines of true Spiritualism.

A New Society. To THE EDITOR:—On last Sunday evening the Columbus O. Philosophical Spiritual Investigation Society entered into a perfect organization by the election of C. C. Pomeroy as President.

CATHOLIC SPIRITS. Their Pestiferous Influence. General Sarvey. I am now and have been a medium for twenty-five years and have laid my hands on hands.

THE CHINIQUEY Version of the Assassination of Lincoln. As we go to press Monday with No. 65 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the last week's edition is still falling regularly from the press.

THE Arena for February. The February Arena, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists.

An Edition of 70,000. The preceding edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reached 70,000. We believe that the time will come when we shall issue that number weekly.

Money for Sectarian Schools. Passed to Spirit Life. THE Arena for February. An Edition of 70,000.

A Midnight Talk on Mediums and their True Mission by Wide Awake and Philadelpia Editors.

Some time ago, a few editors and reporters of a well-known Philadelphia morning daily were gathered around an open fire-place in one of the editorial rooms, discussing some prominent topics flashed to the office in the early evening by the cable and telegraph.

THE conversation turned on the action of Judge Pennypacker in the case of a well-known medium in this city, recently indicted for "fortune-telling." "What I want to know," said one of the company, as he puffed meditatively on a fragrant Havana cigar, "is this: Why don't these mediums elevate humanity instead of catering to the grosser passions of the masses? Do they believe that by going about their work in a manner that cannot fail to place them in the hands of the police, they are doing any good to themselves, or the public, or the Spiritualistic fraternity in general?"

THE Ethical Spiritualists. To THE EDITOR:—Last Sunday saw the first meeting of the Ethical Spiritualists, a new organization, whose object was the dissemination of the doctrines of true Spiritualism.

A New Society. To THE EDITOR:—On last Sunday evening the Columbus O. Philosophical Spiritual Investigation Society entered into a perfect organization by the election of C. C. Pomeroy as President.

CATHOLIC SPIRITS. Their Pestiferous Influence. General Sarvey. I am now and have been a medium for twenty-five years and have laid my hands on hands.

THE CHINIQUEY Version of the Assassination of Lincoln. As we go to press Monday with No. 65 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the last week's edition is still falling regularly from the press.

THE Arena for February. The February Arena, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists.

An Edition of 70,000. The preceding edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reached 70,000. We believe that the time will come when we shall issue that number weekly.

Money for Sectarian Schools. Passed to Spirit Life. THE Arena for February. An Edition of 70,000.

A Midnight Talk on Mediums and their True Mission by Wide Awake and Philadelpia Editors.

Some time ago, a few editors and reporters of a well-known Philadelphia morning daily were gathered around an open fire-place in one of the editorial rooms, discussing some prominent topics flashed to the office in the early evening by the cable and telegraph.

THE conversation turned on the action of Judge Pennypacker in the case of a well-known medium in this city, recently indicted for "fortune-telling." "What I want to know," said one of the company, as he puffed meditatively on a fragrant Havana cigar, "is this: Why don't these mediums elevate humanity instead of catering to the grosser passions of the masses? Do they believe that by going about their work in a manner that cannot fail to place them in the hands of the police, they are doing any good to themselves, or the public, or the Spiritualistic fraternity in general?"

THE Ethical Spiritualists. To THE EDITOR:—Last Sunday saw the first meeting of the Ethical Spiritualists, a new organization, whose object was the dissemination of the doctrines of true Spiritualism.

A New Society. To THE EDITOR:—On last Sunday evening the Columbus O. Philosophical Spiritual Investigation Society entered into a perfect organization by the election of C. C. Pomeroy as President.

CATHOLIC SPIRITS. Their Pestiferous Influence. General Sarvey. I am now and have been a medium for twenty-five years and have laid my hands on hands.

THE CHINIQUEY Version of the Assassination of Lincoln. As we go to press Monday with No. 65 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the last week's edition is still falling regularly from the press.

THE Arena for February. The February Arena, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists.

An Edition of 70,000. The preceding edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reached 70,000. We believe that the time will come when we shall issue that number weekly.

Money for Sectarian Schools. Passed to Spirit Life. THE Arena for February. An Edition of 70,000.

BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

Mrs. M. P. Graham, of Pittsburg, Kansas, writes: "I don't feel as if I could keep house without your paper..."

Mrs. Lavinia Palmer, of Deerfield, Michigan, writes: "I do not think the best paper printed..."

Mrs. A. D. Wiggins, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Go and make your paper a strong, influential paper..."

H. N. Holway, Hill City, Pennington Co., South Dak., writes: "After reading the paper..."

A. R. Keabler, of Norwich Town, Ct., writes: "I have taken your paper for sixteen weeks..."

Mrs. A. B. Enas, of Nantucket, Mass., writes: "I enjoy THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER..."

Ann Dyer, of Springfield, N. Y., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best..."

Mrs. Frank Linbury, of Birmingham, Mich., writes: "I think too much of the value of your paper..."

C. H. Toler, of Marietta, O., writes: "Every family here, where there is a Spiritualist, is now taking THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER..."

Miss Clara Marsh, of Rochester, Michigan, writes: "I appreciate the paper very much..."

R. F. Langford, of Merrickville, Ontario, writes: "I have been reading your paper..."

Mrs. M. M. Binkler, of Petrolia, Pa., writes: "The light in which you show the 'dark hand of Satan'..."

H. J. Sherman, of Fredericktown, Ohio, writes: "I think it one of the best spiritual papers in the field..."

Thos. B. Kizer, of Decatur, Ill., writes: "I am making another club for the best of all papers for the money..."

Daniel Tucker, Red Key, Indiana, writes: "We like the paper very much; it just suits me to a notch..."

Chester Coon, of Middlebury, Ind., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the kind of paper I like..."

A. C. Kent, of South Riley, Mich., writes: "After taking the paper on trial for sixteen weeks I came to the conclusion that it is good enough for me..."

C. S. Hyatt, Unadilla, N. Y., writes: "I have received THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the first..."

Mrs. S. V. Towers, of Maberville, Kansas, writes: "I like the tone of your paper; it has such an honest ring..."

Henrietta Hartz, of Burlington, Montana, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is worth its weight in gold..."

S. I. Young, of Hiram, O., writes: "My mother is a confirmed Spiritualist..."

Mrs. S. Bigelow, of Flint, Mich., writes: "I like the best of any spiritual paper I have ever read..."

Charlotte W. Thomas, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Long may your paper make its appearance on this earth to bless the world..."

M. W. Keith, of Merson, Mich., writes: "What little I have read in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER it is just the paper that I want..."

Mrs. Ann Faulkes, of Evansville, Wisconsin, writes: "I enjoy your paper so much, I wish all would read it..."

J. Chappel, of Boston, Mass., writes: "Your paper is a most worthy and valuable contribution to the field of progressive thought..."

Mrs. J. L. McClain, of Dexter, Michigan, writes: "Some weeks ago I gave the account of strange phenomena being presented upon the windows of certain houses in Chelsea, Mich..."

C. A. Still, of Warren, Pa., writes: "I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last sixteen weeks..."

P. S. Mackay, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, writes: "I have had the pleasure of reading one or two numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER..."

Senator Voorhees, while a thorough partisan in party affairs, rarely refers to politics in private life..."

Frederick Becker, of Frankford, Pa., died last week at the age of 87..."

Frederick Becker, of Frankford, Pa., died last week at the age of 87..."

Written For The Progressive Thinker.

A PROTEST.

It is Mild Yet Potent.

It Comes from an Eminent Thinker.

"TO THE EDITOR:—That article by 'Sirius' in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER (Jan. 10, 1891), was capital all throughout, except where it was not..."

Modern knowledge depicts the God of old as the opposite of the God of modern ignorance; nature as the casket of his knowledge..."

To mix God and religion with the philosophy and science of Spiritualism is as absurd as to mix the law and the sword with our bread..."

How can there be a fatherhood without a motherhood? Nature informs us that the motherhood of life and being—in the primitive orders—was unbroken..."

The philosophy of life—evolution, teaches that man was not created, but was evolved from the lower animals..."

Agassiz saw this mighty truth, which choked him and nearly took his breath away..."

Rev. Mr. Frothingham writes: "The poet hath said, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

Rev. Mr. Field, in the Field-Ingersoll debate (in the N. A. Review), avowed his belief in evolution..."

Rev. Mr. Spenser poses his "Unknown" in place of the orthodox God..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

At Mystery and the Unknown reason stops and knowledge ends..."

Beside this galaxy of skilled observers, I have the reports of nearly forty others who depose and testify to the absence of this great ever-evading vanishing point..."

MAUSOLEUM.

Has a Capacity for 30,000 Bodies.

It is a Contempt of Nature's Laws.

"TO THE EDITOR:—In some respects humanity is retrograding, and the spiritual light that has the capacity to illuminate the world is suppressed..."

The style will be that of the Italian renaissance, and there will be three stories below the ground and two above..."

The largest chapels or chambers will contain eighteen sepulchers, in three tiers of six sepulchers each..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

How he was led to this, shows by what slight events our destinies are often turned..."

Written For The Progressive Thinker.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton.

Spiritualism and the Theosophical Society.

"Spiritualism was never more flourishing than at present in New York..."

The objects of the society are to collect and diffuse a knowledge of the laws which govern the universe..."

The officers elected were: President, Henry S. Olcott; Vice-Presidents, N. S. Pancoast, G. H. Felt..."

Those who read the account of the libel suit of Wells vs. Bundy, in the New York court, may be interested in knowing more of Henry Newton..."

There was a little episode connected with the lectures of Mr. Felt..."

It may be asked if he made the wonderful experiment suggested by the smoke involving the Genii of the Arabian Nights..."

When Oliver Cromwell won a victory in fighting against the king's troops he named it a "Crowning Mercy..."

"A sensation was caused at the Adelpia Hall Spiritualist meeting to-day when Mrs. M. E. Williams..."

"It is not intended to ignore or depreciate the work of the Society for Psychic Research..."

"This was the dream of his youth and most admirably he realized it..."

"So sings a poetess—royal of soul— Earthly fervor, but not heavenly..."

"Down from the steps where bright beings Sing this rare medium, so truly inspiring..."

"Bonnie Madeline leaned from her balcony— A poem in person, an angel in head..."

"Hard, hard the task to whom ever shall try, 'BONNIE MADALINE'—a twin soul and dutiful..."

"Dear little baby, some people would wonder 'Were I to tell them, honest and true..."

"Ecstasie!—This poetess mother enchantingly, Sings from her heart of the love that is there..."

"From this other true-soul-poem, entitled— 'CLAIR.' Emma Rood Tuttle, your songs are supernal..."

"I only know Heaven is made glad and eternal With songs from the heart; when divinely sung..."

"Sing such, is the flush-time of song I entreat you Sing on! And my God and His angels control..."

"Sing on! And in triumph sometime I will greet you, And bless you, and thank you—'FROM SOUL TO SOUL'!" Chicago, Ill., 1891..."

"TO THE EDITOR:—I read the article in your paper concerning the burial alive of a man at Denver, Col., some time ago..."

"Mrs. Newton held the office of Secretary of Sorosis for nine years, and is widely connected with various charitable and reform associations..."

"So much has been said of Theosophy, the facts connected with the founding of the first and purest society become of great interest..."

"Pasture is a small, solidly-built man, very pale, and rather sickly in appearance..."

"Don't let us be slow in this matter. We have a limited time to make preparations for the proposed meeting..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

brook, Judge Cross and many others, sufficient to fill her large parlors..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

Written For The Progressive Thinker.

INDIANA SPIRITUALISTS.

A Word to You From a Prominent Worker.

"TO THE EDITOR:—For thirty-five years my home has been, and still is, in the State of Indiana..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

for necessities and comforts of life, can not afford to withhold their assistance..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY: A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body..."

"THE THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY

A STRANGE STORY. BY HARRY C. THOMAS. CHAPTER I. A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

has got the best of him; he has got him down, and is putting the darbies on his wrists! How the peepers round him. All excitement. I can hear them call his name. He is the master of the grounds, it is Harry Vane.

Calab Plumer waits to hear no more. "Harry Vane, my master, a murderer!" By the mother who bore me, by the saints above us, it cannot be true. My master is no murderer. This man has come to me, and he is off like a flash of lightning to where the crowd gathers, all shouting, "String him up—string him up! The man who commits such a dastardly crime should die!"

What a man! What a man! Shrewd and cunning, yet possessing a face which seemed a perfect blank. He listened and probed, but to remain silent when others listened or probed; a man whose very presence savored of mystery.

Written for The Progressive Thinker. DUTY OF THE HOUR. The Little Red School House. That "little red school house" is in danger is no longer a question, but whether it is to be longer perverted from its true functions and kept inoperative from its true functions and served as a tool for the propagation of a long and narrow and fanatical foreign creed.

struggle for the bare necessities of life. In the end, the American mechanic who is forced, by reason of foreign competition, to send his children to the factory and shop during the years when they should be laying the foundation of an American education, in order to swell the family receipts, cannot, by the force of circumstances, be very patriotic.

no Spiritualist will deny them, what difference does it make whether the man Jesus lived or not, and what is to be gained by wasting our energies and forces in trying to bolster up the dogmas of the past?

Advertisements. TERMS: ONE INSERTION, 12 CENTS per line. When more than two insertions are ordered, to count per line as follows: first insertion is extended to six months, second per line each insertion, when display is made, is extended to three months, third per line each insertion, when display is made, is extended to one month, fourth per line each insertion, when display is made, is extended to one month, fifth per line each insertion, when display is made, is extended to one month.

"What is strange?" queries Plumer, deathly pale, and trembling with a nameless terror upon him, overcome by a feeling of some dreadful blow about to fall.

"Why, I thought he jumped into the bushes and hugged the earth. Yet there he is again, walking up the avenue. He stops. He picks up a stone. He examines it carefully—stares at it, and then it looks all around and listens—and, oh there's Sharples! He has got him by the throat. How they fight! But Sharples

is not a murderer. This man has come to me, and he is off like a flash of lightning to where the crowd gathers, all shouting, "String him up—string him up! The man who commits such a dastardly crime should die!"

Parents and guardians, if loyal to the Nation, naturally insist on such a system of education. Those who would dwarf and misshape the intellects of the young by a pernicious parochial school system should be deprived of citizenship, and debarred from enjoying the rights of citizens.

to strengthen and extend our popular school system, to keep forever apart State and Church, to oppose successfully the temporal power of any religious body, we must unite, as Americans, as patriotic citizens, as lovers of freedom and constitutional liberty, as one man, and not only demand but persist in demanding the enactment and enforcement of such a national, qualified emigration law.

THE ELECTRIC DIADEM. THE ELECTRIC DIADEM IS AN ELECTRIC DIADEM, and a kind of coronet. Its action is positive that of a great vitalizer, and in all cases, augment force, and increase functional activity. In all affections of the Brain and Nervous system, resulting from lack of vitality, it has been found to be of great service.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH OR DIAL PLANCHETTE! This instrument has been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved most satisfactory in its results. It is a simple and easily used instrument, and is of great value in the study of the human mind.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.

DR. THOMAS APPLIANCES cure when drugs fail. Lung and Spine Pain, Stomach, Kidney and Female Battery Sufferers, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the human system.