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SACRED SILENCE.

Never with blasts of trumpets
And the chariot wheels of fame
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim;
And, when grandest truths are uttered,
And when holiest depths are stirred,
When our God himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.

He has sealed with His own silence
His years that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe.
Have you heard one note of triumph
Proclaim their course begun?
One voice of bell give tidings
When their ministry was done?

Unheralded and unheeded
His revelations come;
His prophets before their scorn
Stand resolute and dumb!
But a thousand years of silence
And the world fall to adore,
And kiss the feet of martyrs
It crucified before!

I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet,
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a benediction sweet;
No echo of worldly tumult
My beautiful vision mars;
The silence itself is music,
Like the silence of the stars!

Value of the Old and New Testaments.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

ARTICLE II.

Having outlined the origin of the Bible, let us learn how it has been transmitted to us, for if it has the vital importance for us claimed for it, it is essential that it not only be certainly revealed, but transmitted uncontaminated.

We know that a greater portion of the Old Testament was written in the Hebrew language, which was a kindred dialect of the Canaanitish, Phœnician and Carthaginian. It seems in early times to have been identical with the Phœnician; is also closely related to the Armenian and Arabic. It is the oldest or first developed of all this family of languages. It had already passed its zenith and begun its decline when the later prophets wrote.

After the exile the Hebrew ceased to be a spoken tongue. It became the language of the learned, and virtually a dead language. We here find the reason for the veneration of the old books. Written in a language understood only by the learned, they were removed from vulgar gaze, and priests became necessary to expound their hidden meaning to the people. Those who have made acquaintance with modern languages, of the same family as their own, and attempted to perfectly translate ideas from one into the other, will appreciate the task of translating this oldest of written tongues. The difficulty is augmented by the scantiness of explanatory materials. The Rabbis were not agreed two thousand years ago on the meaning of important passages, yet their traditions are relied upon by one school as of great importance, while held in contempt by another.

The old versions have been employed to gain a meaning of the original Hebrew, and the expositor gains knowledge from the Alexandrian, Syriac, Arabic of Rabbi Saadia; Gaon, Vulgate, and the Chaldec paraphrases. Not understanding the dead Hebrew,

the expounder would learn how to translate it from the translations made into Greek, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldec and Latin. How does he know but these translators erred? If they were not inspired equally with the original penman, what surety has he that he has the word of God?

The Alexandrian version, or the Septuagint, said to have been made by twenty-two learned Jews, at the instance of Demetrius Phalereus, is of unknown origin. The story of its production has been incontrovertibly proven false. It was probably made by different writers at different times. This version gained such credit that its translation became invested with fable, and believed to have been accomplished by inspiration. It was not only used by the Greeks, but the Jews themselves, until in combats with the Christians they were compelled to retreat to the original Hebrew, and finding the version incorrect, began to detest it.

Aquila, a Jewish proselyte, in the beginning of the second century, made a literal translation into Greek, which the Jews preferred to the Septuagint. Some of the early fathers accuse him of falsifying to overthrow the testimony respecting Christ, but others quote him without remark when his text applies to their doctrines better than the Septuagint.

The dissatisfaction with the Alexandrian version appears from the numerous others constantly being made, for even then the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining the real significance of the Hebrew words and phrases. Theodotian Symmaclus, and various anonymous writers, translated—and Origen compared—and published in parallel columns with the original Hebrew, those he considered the best. The method of the latter led to fearful corruption of the text. Careless or designing copyists misplaced the names of the versions, omitted or misplaced the critical marks, and passages from other Greek versions, written on the margin, were copied into the body of the work. This corrupt text reacted on the Septuagint, and when copied, revisions were made, so that it also became almost equally corrupt. Lucian and Hesychius in 311 A. C., wrote a corrected copy, which is now lost. It was considered as the best authority by Jerome, from whom we learn that among the different churches three different editions of the Septuagint were in use. He says: "The common edition is different in different places, all the world over." "It is corrupted everywhere to meet the views of the place and time, or the caprice of the transcribers."

Of the Latin versions from the Greek text, Augustine says they cannot be counted. These had become more corrupted than the Greek. Jerome says: "For the most part, among the Latins, there are as many different Bibles as copies of the Bible; for every man has added or substituted, according to his own caprice, as he saw fit."

Jerome, not satisfied with the Greek translations, undertook a Latin version from the Hebrew itself. This, after much opposition, came into general use, and shared the fate of its predecessors in becoming corrupted by the carelessness or design of its transcribers.

How easily this was accomplished can scarcely be understood in this age of printed books. All these varying translations were used, and students would write on the margin of their copy, from other versions. They would erase and correct where they thought errors had been made. In transcribing, the

zealous believer interpreted and blended passages, omitted or inserted words, often to explain or to fit it for singing. Even pillars of the church, in order to sustain their dogmas, erased or inserted passages favorable to their doctrines. Those who re-transcribed, often placed the marginal notes in the body of the work, or recorrected from other manuscripts they believed more correct.

The vulgate having thus become exceedingly corrupted, in 802 Charlemagne appointed Alcuin to correct it, and ordered the reception of the copy in France.

In the eleventh century, Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, undertook a new revision. In the twelfth, Cardinal Nicalous applied himself to the task. Bacon repeatedly testifies to the failure to improve the corrupted text. The translators and expounders were all human.

With the discovery of printing, and the unprecedented multiplication of copies, the necessity of a correct text became of the utmost importance. The Council of Trent at once silenced—in a manner peculiar to infallible power—all discussion, by declaring the Vulgate should be held authentic. But the Church finished the text, and private editions had no authority. At that time Isidore Clanus pointed out eighty thousand errors. The Pope himself undertook to furnish the authentic edition both of the Old and New Testaments, which were published as infallible—and to add to or subtract from, pronounced a crime. Of the other versions previously mentioned, they are only of critical value, having no relation to the direct transmission of the Hebrew and Greek text to the present time.

In this historical light, what is the evidence of the genuineness of the Bible? The Old Testament was written we know not when or by whom. It is *all the remaining literature* of a nation, to a certain time. It is written in a dead language, the key to which is lost. Its translation two thousand years ago was extremely difficult. The New Testament was written at the close of the first and during the second century. Its authors are unknown. It was compiled by a singular method of aggregation. The divine character of its books were decided by human reason, others rejected by the same, and many of the rejected are mentioned or quoted by the inspired penman, as worthy of authority, yet containing heterodox doctrines, were destroyed. From the Greek thus obtained, the Bible was translated into Latin. Copied from generation to generation, we have seen how its text became corrupted by ignorance, carelessness or design. The text written in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, is irreparably changed, for the ancient Hebrew did not escape the ruthless hand of the copyist. From these the modern translations are made.

The Apostolic Fathers rarely cite the apostolic writings. There are but three instances which are remarkable. Allusions, more or less evident, are made to Corinthians, Hebrews and Phillipians. Their allusions to the Evangelists are of the most indeterminate character, and often relate to the apocryphal gospels, mentioning them by name. Later writers refer to the gospels, but not as sacred writings. Justin Martyr, who died 166 years after Christ, mentions them as, "the memoirs by the apostles," etc.; again, "For the apostles in the memoirs composed by them, called Gospels," etc. He receives the apocryphal and a gospel now lost, that of Peter.

Tatian, A. C. 176, quotes from John, and receives some of the Pauline epistles and rejects others. Athenagoras, A. C. 180, quotes from 1st Corinthians. Theophilus, who wrote about the same date, shows a general acquaintance with the writings of the New Testament, and alludes to them in the same manner he does to the law and the prophets. Diongeius, bishop of Corinth, A. C. 170, refers to them in the same spirit as "The Scripture of the Lord." The belief in the divine inspirations of these miscellaneous writings, thus slowly grew, preparing the way for their collection.

The first collection to which any allusion is made, was in the possession of Marcion, and consisted of ten Pauline Epistles* and the Gospel of Luke.† This collection was first made in Pontus, and brought to Italy, under the title of "The Gospel," or "The Apostle." About the beginning of the third century, the diffusion of the Christian writings relieve them from previous obscurity, and the principle teachers quote them as authority. Irenæus, Tertullian and Clement of Alexandria, agree in receiving the four Gospels, the Acts, thirteen Pauline Epistles, the First Epistle of Peter and of John, and the Apocalypse; but Tertullian receives the Epistle of Philomea, while the others do not. Clement only receives Hebrews; Irenæus, the Second Epistle of John, and Clement and Tertullian, the Epistle of Jude. Clement quotes the Apocryphal Gospels as that of the Egyptians, in the same manner that he does the true. There were only two collections made—the four Gospels and the Pauline Epistles and others.

In the catalogue discovered by Muratori, dating, probably, at the beginning of the third century, many lost writings are mentioned: The Epistle to the Laodenses, the Book of Wisdom, and the Shepherd of Hermas. It is evident that comparatively few of the writings were admitted as sacred. This distinction did not gain much force until the second century; then we hear Irenæus speaking of the "Divine Scriptures." "The Scriptures indeed are perfect, since they are dictated by the Logos of God, and His spirit." He thought the Holy spirit dictated the words to the writers. Clement and Tertullian express similar opinions. This was founded, as they claimed, on the internal truthfulness of the writings themselves and the character of the writers, and traditional evidence. This test satisfied them, but its untrustworthiness is apparent by their not agreeing as to the books to receive or reject. This failure will be now clearly manifest when we examine the other Fathers. Origen had doubts of Hebrews, James, the Second Epistle of Peter, the Second and Third of John, and Jude. He thought the Shepherd of Hermas an inspired writing, and the Epistle of Barnabas. Eusebius, classes as *disputed*, the Epistles of James, Jude, the Second of Peter, and Second and Third of John; and as *spurious*, the Acts of Paul, the Shepherd, the Apocalypse of Peter, and the Institutes of the Twelve Apostles. The Apocalypse of John, and Hebrews, he says are thought by some to be genuine and by others spurious. Outside of these spurious works were a host of others, forged by heretics, to support peculiar doctrines, and so plainly indicating their origin as to cause no discussion.

Cyril, (348, A. C.,) writes: "Read then the divine Scriptures, the twenty-two books of the Old Testament which have been translated by the seventy-two interpreters. The books of the New Testament are the four Gospels; the rest are apocryphal and hurtful. The Manicheans wrote the Gospel according to Thomas, which, as the sweet savor of the evangelical name, destroys the soul of the impress. Receive likewise, the Acts of the Twelve Apostles, as also the seven catholic Epistles of James, Peter, John and Jude, and the seal of all and last made of the Apostles, the fourteen Epistles, of Paul. Let all the others, besides, be held in the second rank."

Athanasius agrees with Cyril, but thinks it well to

*Bertholdt. †Irenæus, Tertullian.

read the Wisdom of Solomon, the Wisdom of Sirach, Esther, Judith, Tobit, the Doctrines of the Apostles, and the Shepherd.

The Council of Heppo, A. C., 393, ordained: "Besides the canonical Scriptures, let nothing be read in the church under the title of the Divine Scriptures." It then gave a catalogue of canonical writings, among which are the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Tobit, Judith, two Books of Maccabees, Hebrews, and the Apocalypse.

Such was the state of uncertainty, and books now considered as of vital consequence, for centuries oscillated between canonical and apocryphal.

Protestantism has worked its way back to the Jewish canon and the Greek, thus eliminating intervening errors, but Catholicism at once silenced the discussion by its decree at the Council of Trent, declaring the Latin Vulgate the absolute Scriptures, which if any one dispute, "let him be accursed!" The Catholic grants this power to the Council; the Protestant feels assured it has no right to issue such decree. Its councils have been fallible elsewhere, why not here?

First, there are miscellaneous writings read for instruction, but not considered divine. Then after a century or more, they begin to be held in great esteem, and slowly collected. The dominant sect, holding to those which best agree with its doctrines, and rejecting the others as spurious. The work goes on until a compilation is effected, and the party receiving it has power to decree the collection the only true and inspired writings. Who dare deny that the reception or rejection of one and all of these books, now considered as divine authority, did not rest on human judgment? Is it possible that a direct revelation from God could be subject to such test, or accompanied with such obscurity?

If God should make a revelation, it would come in disputable as the sun of morning, and no holy father, pious priest, or bigoted council, be called on to decide what portions should be retained or rejected. This conclusion follows as a logical necessity: If the early Fathers, or the Catholic councils, had power to determine the true from the erroneous, every man now has the same power and the granted right to revoke the decisions of all his predecessors. History reveals the human origin of the books themselves, and exposes the superstition and arrogance of those who collected and compelled the acknowledgment of their divine character. Like the present generation, they were simply men. They were often very ignorant, and always prejudiced by their religion. They had no right to pass judgment for the men of to-day. The whole world is open to every human soul, and none have the right to foreclose their opportunity. After thoroughly reading history, need we pronounce judgment?

The Dread Future.

AFTER-LIFE ACCORDING TO THE THEORY OF THE SPIRITUALISTS—FUNERAL SERMON OF A NOTED BELIEVER.

PEEBLES YESTERDAY.

[From the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.]

A very good audience gathered in the west wing of Weisiger Hall yesterday morning to hear Rev. J. M. Peebles. His discourse was upon the life and death of A. B. Whiting, a gentleman who was well known in this city. It will be read with interest by the many friends of Mr. Whiting. The audience last night was much larger. There was scarcely standing room for those in attendance. Mr. Peebles is an able speaker, and charms his hearers not only with his oratory, but with a freshness and vigor of thought that is striking. The following is only a synopsis of his address in the forenoon:

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Philosophically speaking there is no death—only change onward and upward forever. It is evidently impossible to

find absolute rest in the universe. Motion is everywhere; and change, by methods inverse and diverse, is a fixed law, ever evolving the more etherealized forms of life. Leaves are now falling from the maple, the oak, and the elm—friends are falling—all of your eyes have wept and hearts ached ere the present occasion. How true that man, the earthly man, "dieth and wasteth away."

Winter dies in northern latitudes that spring may carpet the earth in grasses and grains; and man, the mortal of man, that his spirit, disenthralled from the physical organization, may traverse space and pass on in its path of destiny toward perfection.

Being knows no destruction. Annihilation is a meaningless term. The conservation of forces demonstrates this position. It is physically impossible for something to become nothing—all that was, is, and eternally will be. Death, so-called, is no enemy, but, natural and beautiful, it must precede immortal life, as must the acorn the oak, or the bud the opening flower. Stars that fade from our skies fade to illumine other portions of the sidereal heavens, and friends—our cherished friends that pass on through the valley of shadows, go to people the love-lands of immortality. They take with them consciousness, reason, memory, and their soul's holiest affections. Pure love is immortal. This true—our dear departed loving us still—they delight to project their thoughts earthward; delight to impress us with the increasing beauties of their progressive existence; delight in becoming to us what the facts of the nineteenth century demonstrate, the actuality of ministering spirits.

Churchmen joining hands with deists and atheists in denying present inspirations, revelations, and communications from the spirit-world, generally entertain erroneous conceptions of death, speaking of it as a "tyrant," as the "king of terrors," and picturing it as a grim, bony skeleton with scythe mercilessly mowing down humanity. And then, to intensify the horror, they will join in this Christian hymn:

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

Such hymns, with the accompanying theological dogmas—the resurrection of the body, the day of judgment, and future endless hell torments—are the pitiable remnants of an imported paganism. The preaching of these and other unreasonable chimerical doctrines is filling the country with a scoffing infidelity.

To Spiritualists death is birth—the second birth into a higher state of existence. The body returns to earth, to reappear again only in grasses, flowers and forests. As well ask the oak to return to its acorn, the winged bird to return to the nest and reinhabit the shell, as to ask an immortalized spirit to return to some gloomy graveyard and take on the dead material body. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" Paul further said, "We sow not the body which shall be." The body which shall be is the "spiritual body," and essential spirit is the life, the conscious intelligence of this spiritual body connecting mortals with immortals and angels with God, who alone hath underived immortality.

All the popular religions of the day rest upon traditions. Spiritualism alone rests upon the basic foundation of present, tangible facts: It is the living witness of the future existence. Considered historically it unites the past and the present. Referring to the Bibles of all nations—and especially the Old and New Testaments—we see that immortalized beings held conscious communion with mortals for some four thousand years. Angels or spiritual beings appeared to Abraham, Hagar, Lot, Jacob, Moses, Elijah, Gideon, Ezekiel, and Zachariah. Also, to Mary, the mother of Jesus, to the two Marys at the tomb; to the shepherds on Judean hills; to Peter in prison; to Peter, James and John on the Mount; to John on the Isle of Patmos; and nearly all of the scriptural characters. These immortalized beings are sometimes called "angels;" "angels of the Lord;" "men in shining garments;" "men in white garments;" "men of God;" "the man Gabriel;" "thy fellow servant," etc., showing them to have been once men living upon the earth. They appeared for thousands of years, according to the scriptures—then why not now? Has God changed? Have God's laws changed? To ask, is to answer the inquiry. How truly did the preacher say Eccl. 3—15): * * "That which hath been is now; * * and God requireth that which is past." Moreover, Jesus said: "These signs shall follow them that believe. * * They shall lay hands on the sick and heal them; make the lame to walk, blind to see, deaf to hear," &c. These signs do follow spiritualist media—but churchmen have lost the spiritual gifts promised in the New Testament. The apostate and "fallen" condition of our Christendom is a painful theme for reflection. It is Babylon, and nothing more, while Spiritualism is original Christianity—the Christianity of Jesus and the Apostles. The earliest of the Christian fathers had spiritual gifts—such as trance, vision, inspiration and prophecy. So had the most

distinguished men and women of the ages—Constantine, Tasso, Savonarola, Joan of Arc, Louis Sixteenth, George Fox, Ann Lee, John Wesley, Baron Swedenborg, and hosts of others.

Our friend and your friend, A. B. Whiting, who has recently ascended to the homes of the angels, was a most able and efficient advocate of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. He consecrated to this work seventeen years of his life, speaking in public the very day previous to his translation to the world of beatific blessedness. He had been in feeble health nearly a year, but generally filled his lecture engagements up to the summer months. Resting awhile from his mental labors, his most intimate friends thought him gradually improving, and encouraged his attendance at a grove meeting in the vicinity. He addressed the audience in his usual happy and eloquent style, and at the conclusion improvised a beautiful poem. The next day, suddenly complaining of illness, and tenderly leaning upon his sister Augusta's shoulders, he calmly breathed his last in her arms. Our loss is his gain. Residing ten years in Michigan, within an hour's ride of Albion, I frequently shared the social fellowship and generous hospitalities of friend Whiting's home, as well as the cheering companionship of the mother and sister, with whom we deeply sympathize in this trying affliction.

It is but justice to say that those who knew Mr. Whiting best esteemed him the highest. He was a man of positive convictions, of keen moral perceptions, and exalted aspirations. In his public ministrations he was overshadowed by angelic influence, an ancient Egypto-Persian, a cardinal conversant with ecclesiastical history, and others who had long summered in the spirit-world. Touching historical matters relating to the church, he had, as a lecturer, no equal in our ranks. Superstition quailed and bigotry hid its hateful head before the thrilling inspirations that dropped like pearls from his lips. His musical gifts were of a superior character. In public meetings and at State conventions he sang his own compositions, thrilling the people with such melodies as doubtless obtain among the harpers that the Mystic John heard in heaven. Our noble brother, who, at the bid of the death-angel, has gone up one step higher, loved Spiritualism—loved his co-worker in the spiritual vineyard—and, be it said to his lasting praise, he never, through envy or jealousy, villified or in any way sought to undermine the influence of his fellow-toilers, engaged in constructing the same spiritual temple. Many would do well to emulate those virtues that characterized his public life. His was a royal nature, and now resting from his earthly "labors his works do follow him."

Last evening, attending a very pleasant and harmonious seance, our brother announced his presence, and assured us that he should be with us to-day while speaking of the after-life and a fadeless immortality. He then gave us this message:

"Tell the people in your discourse that in passing to this state of existence, I found that the principles and doctrines I had taught under the control of my angel guides were true and that, if possible, I cherish deeper desires for the promulgation of the heavenly truths of Spiritualism than when in the body. Much that was faith then is fruition now. I bask in the smiles of those 'gone before,' and am supremely happy. My vision is enlarged and the future is all radiant with the grandeur and glory of eternal progress. The work in which I was engaged must and will go on to complete victory. I had hoped to address my Louisville friends once more before passing to this life, but it was not so ordered. Pleasant are my memories of them and all the friends of earth. I find this world more real and beautiful than I conceived it to be even in the moments of my loftiest inspirations. I shall speak to you again. Good night."

This message was given in an earnest, pathetic tone, touching the depths of our sympathetic natures. Oh how richly are we blessed in this privilege of conversing with our loved ones in heaven. Our noble self-sacrificing workers are one by one putting off their sandals, and passing the death-rolling Jordan, where their white feet press the golden shores of immortal blessedness. The Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm Slade, and more recently Bro. A. B. Whiting, all eloquent advocates of the spiritual philosophy, have put on their crowns of rejoicing. Angels are their companions, and Spiritualism is just as much better than any churchal system of religion as knowledge is superior to faith. "Add to your faith knowledge," said the apostle Paul. Spiritualists have done this, and have been blessed in the doing.

Spasmodic efforts amount to little or nothing. It is steady application that accomplishes. One may be easily "fired up" to do something, and as suddenly cooled off. The team—of men or horses—that pull together, and pull steadily, will do the work. But those who are always beginning and never finishing, have more of the spasmodic than of the persevering. Moral: Teach your children to do one thing at a time, and to finish what they begin.

Destiny.

It is very gratifying to self-hood to feel that we are the architects of our own fates. That we select our own materials and weave them up as the spider eliminates her gossamer threads. That we go hither and yon at our own sweet will, free as the wind, and freighted with our own individual purposes. That we steer our barques to a chosen port, and are masters in every sense of the word. That we really can be exactly what we choose, and are responsible for the whole sweep of our curve.

The shortest refutation is to ask the simple but comprehensive question, Is it so? What have we to do with the very premises of our being as summed up in parentage, ancestry, surrounding circumstances, periods of war or peace, seasons of the year, and those myriad, indefinable influences which stimulate, refine and spiritualize, or affright, depress and paralyze? What with the color of our hair, eyes, corporeal form, or the bent of our embryo faculties? What with latitude and longitude, and the luxuriance or paucity of our birth-place? We are born with certain elements of possibility. They may, or may not, be developed, but that cannot unfold which does not exist. How produce a Herschel or LaPlace without an inherent, mathematical tendency? Was there no original germ in the mind which conceived, carried on and perfected the stupendous Mount Cenis tunnel?

Could Mozart or Beethoven have been aught other than they were? Did not the very Goddess of Music say to each, Thou art my child, come with me, do my bidding, and I will take thee up giddy heights? Even they builded wiser than they knew, and could not compass the transcendent scores which would gild and illuminate the race. Is there no native qualification in the historian who spends weeks, months and years in unearthing old manuscripts, obsolete orthography, and musty, illegible folios? So, too, with the genealogist, who runs almost under the sea for his tap-roots.

Ministers, doctors and sea-captains follow on through seven generations. The tyros improvise a pulpit in the nursery, administer drugs to their pets, bandage wooden toys, and sail paper boats in basins. They seem predestined, take kindly to their callings; are at home in them; they seem to the manor born; they cannot do otherwise; the nucleus is within. So others mentally compound colors, and if not at hand cover the fence or wall with charcoal sketches. One constructs all manner of garments; another can do nothing of the kind, but summons forth flowers at a touch. Could they carry on the same business? Many do not manifest special proclivities, yet if watched we shall find that there is something in which they excel.

Is it ordinary folk who come sounding down the ages as reformers, marked men and women, who experience a power within, which they cannot resist, a still small voice which constrains them to utterance, whose notes are clarion, and whose words burn like fire? The most modest of individuals accomplish daring feats, outside themselves, and as though conducted and impelled by a legion of angels. They expose shams, overturn preconceived opinions, imitate marvels, and rush on to victory. In external darkness they see their exit as through roads of light, they grasp extremes, and carve their way where powder could not have cut. What choice have such in their life-work? Is there nothing particular in their organisms?

Could they unaided start forth and carry on their career? would any be presumptuous enough for that? Probably not; they are facile instruments, and Providence acts by such means directly or transversely. They are *en rapport* with subtle forces, with unseen helpers. They yield to superior illumination, they are true to the impulse which effects, they are con-

vinced of methods, and inspired as by the whisper of Deity to do certain behests. They forget themselves, are deaf to the remonstrance of kindred and acquaintances, yea, respected teachers and those whose advice was once law. They know by an inexplicable process. They are standard-bearers, pickets of destiny. Suppose we could have our say, what a farthing candle our lives would be. How much better to accept all available assistance, to be open, good and true, ready, anxious to uplift our cups for celestial dew, so in accord with the highest and best that we catch the pulsations and cadences of the near and remote, and appropriate everything that comes within our circle!

We may not be needed for great achievements, but this method enriches every lot, hangs lamps upon our corners, gives us zest, poetry, contrivance, lifts us over our little hillocks, enables us to draw exquisite nutriment and pleasure from common things, and aids us to anticipate the time when all will be faithful to their one talent, and do their very utmost with the large or small measure which has been vouchsafed to them. In the coming period no one will be plebeian, nothing unclean. We shall all be busy bees in the great hive, and so industrious in extracting, that honey will abound, and all shall have a fig-tree beneath which they can repose. Whoever lifts a hand to this task will hasten on the rising of the new kingdom when truth shall supplant falsehood, integrity take the place of subterfuge, and love and goodwill erase hate and over-reaching.—*The Commonwealth.*

Religion.

BY J. WETHERBEE.

"If your heart speaks to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God."

This is poetry, but it is also abstract truth,—the concrete idea refuses to put in an appearance. The intellect questions, but the answer never comes. The human intellect is an infidel, but the heart believes. Blessed are those who abound in heart, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. The soul feels its dependence upon something supreme, and for unity of expression—not of idea—men say God. God is felt, but does not prove himself. Definition is idolatry. With this much stated,—What is Religion?

The heart says, "love to God;" but God being past finding out, the intellect calls that answer "a glittering generality,"—meaningless. The heart has its own language, but the intellect is master of the situation. Can we find a common definition? Is it charity? Almost: altogether in the apostolic form. "Faith, Hope and Charity;" for Charity, read Religion; "these three, but the greatest of these is Religion," for it "endureth all things," "hopeth all things."

Religion is a sentiment, perpetual in human nature. It is more closely related to the heart than it is to the head. It is an instinct, not a perception. Its surface expressions may vary with the fashions of the hour; these may behave unseemingly, but Religion in its essence, never. The forms and symbols that pass for Religion may wax old and pass away, but Religion will endure. It may be cultivated and made active where it is only latent, and thus embellish a life with beauty.

Blessed are the sons and daughters of men who are born with the religious sentiment accented; they may go to no church, adopt no creed—bear even the name of infidel; but they belong to the warm blooded of humanity, are the world's angels, often un-awares. They may say or may not say "Lord! Lord!" but humanity pays tribute to them; they feel for others, suffer for others, sometimes die for others—but great is their reward, and their kingdom is not of this world.

It would seem, then, that we come very near a definition when we say, that Religion in its expression is a mode of love. May it be said without offence, as my own definition, that Religion is Love with an upward twist.

Noah's Ark.

BY GEO. WILLIAM WILSON.

Recently we saw a steel engraving of Noah's Ark, representing it with *windows* in the sides. Whoever will take the trouble to examine the ark story, as recorded in the sixth chapter of Genesis, will learn that it contained only **ONE** window, a cubit (twenty-two inches) in size, which appears to have been located in the third story.

Among the many incredible stories recorded in the Bible, none is more ridiculous and at variance with natural laws than the story of the Ark. It rides above the other stories as the Himmalayeh Mountains tower above Mt. Washington. It is the most stupendous miracle recorded in the Bible, and of it the Rev. J. Pye Smith says: "The great decisive miracle of Christianity—the resurrection of the Lord Jesus—sinks down before it"

This wonderful story runs as follows: In less than two thousand years after the creation of man, "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continuously"; and we are informed that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Finally, in His "fierce anger and hot wrath" He declared, "I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them." It is well to remember that less than twenty centuries before, God, after a careful and minute inspection of all His work, pronounced it "very good."

God repents a little, and Noah finds grace in his sight. He commands Noah to build an ark; gives him full details as to its construction, and then declares that He will "bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven: and everything that is in the earth shall die." He says to Noah: "Of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort, shalt thou bring into the Ark, to keep them alive with thee." Everything being in readiness, Noah and his family, "and two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life," entered the Ark, and God shut the door. After the deluge, Noah "offered burnt offering," and God "smelled a sweet savor," and promised never again to destroy the human race "by the waters of a flood."

This wonderful Ark was about five hundred and fifty feet in length, ninety-one feet in width, and fifty-five feet in height. Think of the vast number of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects that must have been crowded into this Ark, with sufficient food to keep them about a year.

The entire standing room of the ark was equal to an area of *thirteen* rods square, and into this space must have been crowded about *two* millions of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects. Prof. Denton says that "there were nearly three birds for every yard of standing-room in the Ark. If spaces were left for the attendants to pass among them, to attend to the supply of their daily wants, the birds alone would crowd the Ark. The animals that could be kept on hay would require at least four thousand tons, which would fill more than two thirds of the entire capacity of the Ark." It would require thirty thousand sheep to furnish two pounds of meat per day for the animals that live exclusively on fresh meat. What a vast quantity and variety of food would be required for the other animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects!

The collection of animals must have been attended with great difficulties. "Two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark," says God.

Dr. Hitchcock says that nature furnishes impenetrable barriers which many animals cannot pass.

Prof. Denton, to whom we are indebted for many

of the facts contained in this article, says: "Animals, as is now well known, belong to limited centres, outside of which they are never found in a natural state; and naturalists know that these centres were established ages before the time when the deluge is supposed to have occurred."

Hugh Miller says: "We now know that every great continent has its own peculiar fauna; that the original centres of distribution must have been not one, but many; further, that the areas or circles around these centres must have been occupied by their pristine animals in ages long anterior to that of the Noachian Deluge; nay, that in even the latter geologic ages they were preceded in them by animals of the same general type. There are fourteen such areas or provinces, enumerated by the later naturalists."

Cuvier says: "The great continents contain species peculiar to each; insomuch, that whenever large countries, of this description, have been discovered, which their situation had kept them isolated from the rest of the world, the class of quadrupeds which they contained have been found extremely different from any that had existed elsewhere. Thus, when the Spaniards first penetrated into South America, they did not find a single species of quadruped the same as any of Europe, Asia, or Africa."

Again we quote from Prof. Denton: "The white bear is never found except in the Arctic regions; the great grizzly bear is only found in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. Nearly all the species of mammals found in Australia are confined to that country, as the wingless birds of New Zealand are confined to that, and sloth, armadillo, and other animals, to South America."

Noah and his agents must have traversed every part of the entire globe. Long sea voyages must have been made and weary marches endured. With the limited means at their command, how they succeeded in transporting such a vast number of animals to their place of rendezvous, is past human comprehension. How long would the animals that belong to the polar regions, or those that are natives of tropical countries, live in America?

Several months since we held a public discussion on the divine origin of the Bible, with a lady, and in reply to our question, "By whom was this vast collection of animals made?" she replied that "in an ordinary catastrophe of nature, the wildest animals take refuge with men." How could the animals that are natives of North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, Madagascar, Ceylon, and the Malay Archipelago, cross oceans to take refuge with Noah?

My opponent, in the discussion alluded to, claimed that there were not as many species of animals then as now. The Bible says that during the six days of creation God "made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is," and on the seventh day he *finished* this work, "rested and was refreshed." Creation was then finished, and according to the Bible, there were just as many species of animals *then as now*.

The theologian informs us that the animals by instinct, or some miraculous power exercised over them by God, "went in unto Noah into the ark." This is only jumping from one dilemma into another. Prof. Denton most fully disposes of this nonsensical explanation as follows: "It is true that one account does say that they (the animals) came in unto Noah, for there are two very different stories of the deluge mixed up in those chapters of Genesis; but, although flying birds might perform such a feat as going twelve thousand miles to the Ark—which would be necessary for some—how could other animals get there? It would be impossible even for some birds. How could the ostriches of Africa, the emu of Australia, and the rhea of South America,—birds that never fly—get there? There are three species of the rhea, or South American ostrich, and twenty-one of these

would have a journey of eight thousand miles before them, by the shortest route. But how could they cross the Atlantic? If they went by land, they must have traversed the length of the American continent, from Patagonia to Alaska, crossed at Behring's Straits when it was frozen, and then traveled diagonally across nearly the whole continent of Asia, to America, after a journey that must have required many months for its completion. The sloths, that have been confined to South America ever since the pliocene period at least, must have taken the same route. How they crossed the mountain streams, and lived when passing over broad prairies, it would be difficult to say. A mile a day would be a rapid rate for these slow travelers, and it would therefore require about forty years for them to arrive at their destination. But, since the life of a sloth is not as long as this, they must have bequeathed their journey to their posterity, and they to their descendants, born on the way, who must have reached the ark before the door was closed. The land-snails must have met with still greater difficulties. Impelled by most wonderful instinct, they commenced their journey full a thousand years before the time; and their posterity of the five hundredth generation must have made their appearance, and been provided with a passage by the venerable Noah."

How could the animals of the tropical countries have endured the rigors of an Arctic winter? How could they have survived the cold, weary march across British America, Alaska and Siberia? We wait in vain for an answer.

Who took care of these animals? There were only eight human beings in the Ark. In an ordinary menagerie, one man feeds, cleans and waters *four* cages of animals. "In the Ark," according to Denton, "each person, women included, must have attended each day to five thousand four hundred and eighty-two birds, six hundred and forty-five beasts, one hundred and fourteen reptiles, one thousand one hundred and fifty land-snails, and one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred insects." Certainly Noah and his family had no time for recreation. Day and night, week in and week out, month after month, they toiled on without rest, without even time to sing praises to that God who had shut them up in that "living hell."

From whence came the light necessary to the health of the animals, as well as to enable the attendants to see to perform their arduous duties. There was only one small window in the third story. Total darkness reigned in the first and second stories.

How was the Ark supplied with pure air? It had only one window twenty-two inches in size, apparently in the roof, and one door, which had been closed by God. The Ark was "pitched within and without with pitch." It is utterly impossible for men or animals to live a whole year without fresh air. Sickness and death would have held high carnival amid such filth and pestilential vapors.

When the animals were let loose to once more enjoy the sunlight and pure air, how did they subsist? "All flesh wherein is the breath of life," as well as all forms of vegetation, had perished. Who kept the fierce lions and tigers, maddened with hunger, from destroying the sheep and other defenceless animals? On what did the herbivorous animals subsist, until vegetation had once more clothed the earth in beauty?

How were these animals transported to their native homes? Many of them could not endure the climate of Asia, or find proper food in that country. On what did they subsist during their long, weary journeys home? Would it not keep eight persons busy for a long period of years, with no vessel in existence save that clumsy old Ark, to transport these animals to every part of the globe?

Why dwell longer on this story, which has not "the shadow of a shadow of truth" on which to rest? Like the other so-called miracles recorded in the Bible, it fades away before the advance of science as the rising sun dispels the morning mist. It had its origin away back in the dim twilight of human history, when wild superstitions held sway over the human mind; and it is almost beyond comprehension that, in the meridian brightness of the nineteenth century, learned men can even attempt to harmonize it with the revelations of science.

Auburn, Ohio.

PHENOMENAL.

A Spiritual Manifestation among the Catholics of St. Louis—a Modern Miracle.

The Catholic portion of the community in St. Louis are excited by what they believe to be a miraculous cure, in the case of Miss Theresa Schafer, at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in that city. Theresa, who is 22 years old, was reared in the St. Vincent German Orphan Asylum, and was adopted at the age of 10 years by Mr. Schafer and his wife, with whom she still lives. The particulars of the remarkable case are briefly given in the following statement, which has been published by the three physicians who were her principal attendants. Drs. Yarnall and Papin are the regular physicians of the convent infirmary, while Dr. Cooper has treated her at her home, and continued to visit her after her entrance to the infirmary:

MEDICAL STATEMENT.

Theresa Schafer was admitted as an outdoor patient of the "Female Clinic" of the Sisters of Mercy, in April, 1871, on the recommendation of Dr. W. H. Cooper, who had been her medical adviser for some time previous. The history of the case, as related by the patient and confirmed by Dr. Cooper, is briefly as follows: For two years she had been in bad health, gradually getting worse, and though she had employed six or eight medical men, she had derived little or no benefit from treatment.

At the time of admission she complained of great pain over the region of the liver, general debility, and occasionally severe attacks of intermittent fever. Upon examination, great tenderness was found over the abdomen, and in the region of the liver there was a large and well defined tumor, extending low in the abdominal cavity, which was exceedingly painful when manipulated.

The various medical men who examined her agreed—I believe, without exception—that the tumor was connected with the liver, and several were under the impression that the organs were seriously involved; as to the exact character of the tumor, it was of course impossible to determine. Among the physicians who examined her, I may mention Drs. Papin, M. A. Pallen, E. Charles Boisliars, Y. H. Boud, W. H. Cooper, J. Dulaney and others.

Various methods of treatment were suggested, tried and were of no avail. In the meantime the patient was evidently sinking, and at last was unable to leave the house of the Sisters of Mercy, where she took a bed.

On the morning of Saturday, Aug. 27th, I was consulted by the Sister in charge, to know if the last rites of the church should not be performed, or rather to learn if the patient was not dying, so that the sacrament might be given. I found her in an unconscious and evidently in a dying condition. It was my impression that she might survive as much as twenty-four hours, hardly more.

I left the house immediately after, and on the following morning I again visited the institution and found the patient entirely well. On Monday, Aug. 28th, she was examined by Drs. Papin, Cooper, Quarles and myself. The tumor was gone, the functions of the body were evidently in a perfectly healthy condition and properly performed, and the patient was well.

M. YARNALL, M. D.

North Ninth St., St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 9th, 1871.

So far as the above came under my observation it is correct.

W. H. COOPER

I saw Theresa Schafer the day before she recovered. I am satisfied she was then in a dying condition, and that no human skill could cure her. I saw her again the Monday following, i. e., two days after the cure. I examined her then thoroughly, in the presence of Drs. Cooper, Quarles and Yarnall. She was perfectly well, and no traces of her disease left.

DR. TIMOTHY L. PAPIN.

The explanation of this sudden and

MIRACULOUS RECOVERY,

as given by Father Tschietler in the columns of the *Western Watchman*, is to the effect that when the sick girl had become convinced that earthly help was of no avail, she invoked supernatural assistance. Together with the Sisters of Mercy, her nurses, she made a novena in honor of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, hoping to obtain of God the recovery of her health through the intercession of that saint. Although no answer was vouchsafed to this nine days' prayer Theresa did not, therefore, give up her confidence in God.

There was at the same time in the infirmary another

sufferer, Magealen Himstadt, with whom she commenced, without telling any one else, a second novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin, reciting every day the Litanies of the immaculate Heart of Mary.

In the first days of this novena Theresa seemed to suffer less, but toward the end she became very much worse. For ten days she had eaten scarcely anything; she could not sleep without the help of medicine; she had the greatest difficulty in her natural functions, and was frequently in a state of unconsciousness. Indeed, her condition was such that for her own sake, as well as that of the other patients in the room, she had to be removed to a different apartment.

Thursday, August 24, was the last day of the novena; on Friday it was thought advisable that she should make her confession, as she seemed to be nearing her end. On Saturday she received holy communion. Nearly all that morning her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be unconscious. Occasionally, when addressed, she would make some answer, but she did not remember afterward what she had said during that time.

She was evidently sinking, and Dr. Cooper, who visited her some time before dinner, judged her to be dying, saying that she could not live many hours. About 11 o'clock A. M. the priest came to administer extreme unction. She was then entirely unconscious, but scarcely had the reverend father left the room, accompanied by the attendant sister, when he was recalled. Theresa sat up in the bed, and said, in a clear, natural voice, "I am well; I wish to go home."

SHE HAD SEEN THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

It was manifest that something extraordinary had happened. The sister asked her who had cured her. "The Blessed Virgin," was the reply. Theresa then related with great simplicity that before receiving extreme unction she had awakened from her unconsciousness, and opening her eyes, saw to the right of her, and close to her bed, the Blessed Virgin in the midst of a beautiful light, clothed in white garments, wearing a white veil and a golden crown on her head, with stars, her right hand being held on her bosom.

Theresa at first was afraid, but her fear left her as the Blessed Virgin addressed her, saying, "Do you promise to do what I ask you, if you are cured?" "Yes," was the answer. "Will you take care to have a picture of this apparition placed in this room?" "I will," was the reply. "Will you promise to become a sister in this convent, or if you do not like that to attend the sick?" "Yes," said Theresa, "on the death of my mother." The Blessed Virgin then said: "On the same day your mother is buried you must enter;" and with these words she disappeared, and Theresa became again unconscious, in which state she was anointed.

During the time of the apparition there was no one else in the room, except her friend Miss Anna Wentz, who has since entered the Convent of the Good Shepherd. This young lady never saw nor heard the Blessed Virgin, but she noticed in the face of the patient something heavenly and extraordinary, and she heard distinctly some of her answers.

As it was about the hour of dinner, Theresa asked for some food. As the sister was unwilling to let her leave her bed, dinner, including some meat and potatoes, was brought to her, of which she ate heartily. She then arose and, having dressed herself, went to the chapel, where she remained for more than an hour on her knees, engaged in prayer.

Afterward she walked about the convent, visiting her parents toward evening, with whom she supped, and then returned to the infirmary. At the usual hour on Sunday Dr. Yarnall visited the infirmary, was informed of the event, and was not a little astonished to see Theresa coming to meet him, looking well and hearty. On that same day she visited two churches, St. Nicholas and St. Alphonsus, the latter situated on Grand avenue, without experiencing any fatigue.

On Monday Dr. Yarnall, with three other physicians, came to make a close examination of the case, and recognized that their former patient was in good and perfect health, without the least trace of her sickness. After remaining for a few days with the Sisters, the happy Theresa returned home, where, without the least inconvenience, she employs herself in the usual household duties, washing, ironing and scrubbing.—*Boston Herald*.

Locals on Rails.

Our worthy Brother Cephas B. Lynn, who lectures all over the West, travels mostly on steam engines—picks up all interesting items for the *Banner of Light*, lying round loose, (and some that are not loose,) thus presents the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association of Cleveland, in their frantic attempts at evangelizing passengers and railroad corporations! The description is graphic, and the hits in his best style. Only think of it! a Spiritualist lecturer eagerly searching for a Bible from rear car to engine, all through a long express train, and then not even finding either the Old or New Testament! Cephas, we sympathize with you. Had you searched the first Christian you found on the train for a pack of cards, you might have been "euchered." What a narrow escape! We will speak to these pious young men, Cephas, and have a Bible in readiness for you when you return to Cleveland.

Not many days ago we patronized the only religious railroad corporation in the country—according to the Chicago dailies. We refer to the

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

It appears that about one year ago the Y. M. C. A. of Cleveland, made application to the officers of the above mentioned line, to the end that in every passenger coach, baggage car and caboose, a small "rack" should be constructed and put in a conspicuous position, the company paying for the same. And all this to be done because the Y. M. C. A., in its Christian zeal, had made up its Christian mind to aid in Christianizing the world, by putting the Christian Bible into strictly Christian "racks," in coaches and baggage cars and cabooses on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railroad.

The officers of the road heeded the request of the Y. M. C. A. of Cleveland, and so, in every coach, car and caboose, you can find the so-called sacred book.

We left Cleveland Sept. 20th on the 4:30 P. M. express; and while we were trying to get into that condition of "contented restlessness," to which we have already made reference—it suddenly occurred to us that we ought to avail ourselves of the facilities of securing Christian grace; and so, off we started for a Christian book-rack.

Lo! and behold, the "rack" was empty. Our depraved mind entertained the idea, on the instant, that somebody had stolen the holy book. Christian conservatism came in and said: "Stolen! stolen indeed! ain't you ashamed? Some one is reading it." Just so; but we walked up and down the coach in vain, to find anybody perusing "the blessed book."

Reading matter abounded among the passengers; there were yellow-covered novels, copies of the "Day's Doings," read by people who ought to be doing something better; also several copies of the "New York Clipper" could be seen; one fat German, doubtless of infidel tendencies, was reading the "Index;" a very beautiful young lady had a copy of the "Banner of Light" in her hands; her glance was resting on the 8th page; perhaps she was reading the "Western Locals," who knows? Then over in one corner, was an elderly lady, surrounded by a small group of large children—the children cried, but the good woman would not remove her gaze from the last number of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, which she held firmly with both hands. We are confident she was reading Wheelock's "New Departure" in Organization. Reading matter! everything was there, it seemed, but the Bible.

Questioning several intelligent passengers—regulars—we ascertained that, in all probability, the Bible was stolen. One "fine laddie" said it was a "put up job," because the Y. M. C. A. had agreed to furnish new Bibles when any were lost, or carried away by some over-enthusiastic or devout reader. He said, "they, (Y. M. C. A.) knew their *business*, you bet!"

This was all said with so much earnestness that we overlooked the "slang." We went through the train, but no Bible could be seen: it was the same repetition in every coach, of "Day's Doings," "Clippers," &c., with only here and there a stray reform journal.

What a farce, this attempt to force the Bible into everybody's face! And what the influence? Why, we actually heard one of the "train hands" swear! We were on the point of sharply reproving him, when we recalled to mind the fact that the Spiritualists, at the recent Troy Convention, decided that there was no such thing as profanity. So we merely said to the railroad employe, "Young man, you are *emphatic*."

Whereupon, the gentle youth bade us mind our own business, adding thereunto several expletives, which a prejudiced and non-progressive public would consider profane. We came to the conclusion before our journey's end, that the Bible in passenger coaches, baggage cars and cabooses, had neither refined nor elevated, by any miraculous process, several members, at least, of the human family.

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A. A. WHELLOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—Paul.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

Understand It.—All business transactions relating to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and all moneys for subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should be sent to A. A. Wheelock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

The Bible.

Vital Spirit is the central force of each religious movement. The Christians Bible and the bibles of all nations are sacred just so far as they contain essential truths. One of the oldest English bibles is that printed by Robert Barker to the 'kings' most excellent majesty, 1608." This edition is usually called the "Breeches version," because in the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis, it reads "they sewed fig tree leaves together and made themselves 'breeches,'" instead of "aprons," as in the modern translation.

"The first New Testament published in English was the version of William Tyndall, in 1525, and the first English edition of the whole Bible was Miles Coverdale's version, in 1535, which was followed by T. Matthew's version, in 1539; Crammer's Great Bible, in 1539; the Geneva version, about 1555; the Bishop's Bible, in 1568. Copies of these early editions are rarely to be met with. Next in order of date is King James's Bible, the version now in general use; the translation begun in 1604, first published in 1611. The Douay Bible, in use by Catholics, was first published—the New Testament at Rheims, in 1582; the Old Testament at Douay, not until 1609."

As a Spiritualist we believe in the Bible—believe its history to be history; its psalms to be psalms; its visions to be visions; its prophecies to be prophecies; its dreams to be dreams; its truths to be truths; its errors to be errors. All the good therein will live forever. Chestnuts are good; but because good it is not wisdom to swallow them, burrs, shells and all. The noble Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

"The Bible is good to quote, just as the Vedas and Confucius, but in no other sense. Jesus Christ is the greatest of all souls who have lived, and the nearest to God, but should not be taken out of the category of other good men. He should be placed as the Emperor Tiberias proposed to place his statue, with Pythagoras, Socrates and Zoroaster. In short, as the world has passed out of Paganism and Judaism, so it will pass out of Christianity, and leave that behind too."

Bibles as gods are changeable. Jupiter had his day among the Greeks; Jehovah among Christian nations has about had his. But we repeat—we believe in the "Bible," and heartily wish some capable compiler would gather up the good things in it and put them into a neat pamphlet for general distribution.

What? He who can answer, what is man? can answer the further inquiry—"what is a spirit?" A spirit is a conscious intelligent individuality—a man—that once lived on this, or some of the planetary worlds that dot the measureless spaces of infinity. The spiritual body is constituted of refined etherealized spirit-substances. In form and shape human,

it is all aflame with God, the life-principle of the universe.

Investigated from the outer world, human life, as an unseen force, is constantly assimilating for use visible material; thus incrustating itself with flesh, blood and bones. To the physical eye only the crust or shell of man is visible. A late English writer says:

Science is perceiving that the real, the elementary forces of nature, are invisible to the eye, as invisible as the air we breathe, therefore it is no incredible fact that life, having by the involuntary nerves and powers, used up the physically seen forces, created by eating and drinking, should throw them off, and the body so thrown off, be called dead; but the life, the spirit, still continues a living intelligence—an individualized, unseen force, amalgamating with itself the more refined elements of nature, around which we may call soul, and in that condition *think on, act on*, possessed of memory, mind and will—a so-called disembodied spirit, capable of producing, when he wills, the varied phenomena called spiritual; nay, more, that while the spirit is in the flesh, it is creating, from the elements which it assimilates to itself, the ethereal substance and form it has to live in and use when it has to leave the flesh body. Let us for want of a better symbol, refer, to the caterpillar and butterfly.

Light can pass through glass, though air cannot. Electricity and magnetism can pass through walls and floors, though light cannot; it therefore seems not an incredible thing, that a human being should exist, think, and act in the finer and more ethereal elements around us; possessed of brains to think and a body to act, and in that condition produce effects as wonderful as light, as electricity, as magnetism, as air; and also in that condition, either pass through glass or stone walls, depending entirely on the powers of the ethereal elements the human spirit has assimilated to itself. This range of evidence has been taken for the sake of atheists and deists, who glibly assert that intelligent spirits cannot have an existence. Christians, Mahomedans, Bramins and others, acknowledge the existence of spirit, and of the great spirit, God. "God is a spirit." They acknowledge that around Him, and in His dominions, are ethereal intelligent beings, thinking and acting as need arises. Therefore, as light is a substance and travels with speed, so may spirit; and as electricity, though a substance, can circle the world, a distance of 24,000 miles, in less than a second of time, so may an individualized spirit.

James Burns vs. S. C. Hall.

Certain of the more narrow among the Christian Spiritualists of England are, in tendency, assumptive and porcupinish. Rome has one big pope—Protestantism many little ones. There are bigoted Spiritualists itching for popish power.

S. C. Hall of London, putting out a pamphlet for private circulation, pronounces the weekly *Medium and Daybreak* a "vile paper," and, in intent, "wicked." Here is Friend Burns's reply:

In a recent pamphlet, Mr. S. C. Hall thus speaks of the *Medium*:—"The vile paper, equally wicked in style and intent." In reply to this harmless utterance, the blessed words sweetly come:—"Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Our Bro. Hall utters his remarks for "private circulation." We do not believe in such "unfruitful works of darkness," and hereby publicly notify our censor that we will gladly devote an evening to meet him, in public or private, in the hope that we may thereby win him over to the Christian faith and—*practice*. How pleasant it is to remember the old injunction and example of returning good for evil, blessing for cursing!

Which is the Christian?—or, rather which manifests most of the Christ spirit of fraternity and charity, Hall or Burns? "By this," said Jesus, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."

Value of the Old and New Testaments, (Article 2nd,) by Hudson Tuttle, will be found on the first page. Article 1st was published in no 19, Sept. 23d, but Article 2nd has been crowded out of the two intervening numbers, by a press of other matter,

The Lyceum Banner.

Unfortunately the Supplement which Mrs. Kimball had printed, ready for mailing within three days after the fire, was lost by the Express Co., in the confusion of that week, and the only notice the public had of even her own personal safety, until more than two weeks after the fire, was through the columns of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Although the report from a Chicago man, that she had perished in the flames, gained quite extensive circulations in the East, those of her subscribers who do not see the AM. SPIRITUALIST will have received before this, the half sheet she sent out last week, and we hope all will respond promptly to her needs, by renewals and donations, and not feel that because they have donated to a paper for the older ones, they can do nothing for the children's paper. They need a paper as much as you, and in some respects even more. We beg of you not to make that excuse—one of you.

One lady writes us that she intends to send her \$5, with the names of persons to send the *Banner*, to, thereby increasing circulation. We think that a good idea. Three young men in the Cleveland Lyceum gave \$5 each. And there are many who could do that.

All cannot, but almost every one can spare one dollar, and we hope each one will send her that much, at least, either as a donation, or subscription for themselves or some one else.

We have thus far received the following sums to aid in the reestablishment of the *Lyceum Banner*. Friends in other places write us they are at work raising funds:

E. P. Brainard \$1, S. M. Day \$1, a Friend \$1, Johnnie H. Howard \$1, E. C. \$1, A. Belding 75cts., Israel Matson \$1, Thomas Leister \$1, John Smith \$1, W. B. Belding \$1, a Friend 50cts., S. Smart \$5, Emma Hardinge \$2, Mrs. S. E. Warner \$5, Mrs. Sherman \$1.

The Cleveland Lyceum have sent her over \$40, and will make it up to \$50 or more.

We shall have reports from other Lyceums for our next issue.

Since writing the above, we learn from Mrs. Kimball, that she has received from the Troy, (N. Y.,) Lyceum, by way of Benj. Starbuck, Esq., \$100.

Mr. Wheelock's copy for this number is has not yet arrived, up to the time of going to press. There has been considerable delay in our Eastern mails for a few days past.

We call the attention of our readers to the Appeal from the Relief Committee of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago. The Chairman, our old friend, John Sybrandt Esq. writes us that he will see that all clothing, &c, sent, is properly distributed. We hope the friends in various localities will respond to this Appeal and send what clothing they can, as we suppose that is needed more particularly.

H. N. F. Lewis, editor and publisher of the *Western Rural*, lost both his office and residence in the Chicago fire. But he announces in his "Fire Extra" that the "*Western Rural* has not gone down—that it shall rise from its ashes with unimpaired strength and vigor."

It is cheering to see the determination which every body who was burned out, manifests, to resume business, and regain what they have lost, as far as possible. We hope all the subscribers to the *Western Rural*, in Ohio, will at once renew their subscriptions. We like the tone of Mr. Lewis' words to his subscribers and friends, and have no doubt he will succeed, as he has a great amount of energy and business talent,

To The Spiritualists of the United States.

GREETING—As I have lately—and unexpectedly to myself—been called to the presidency of the National Association of Spiritualists, I respond to a request of some of the chief members of that body by putting before you, in an official letter, some considerations pertinent to the present duty and golden opportunity of American Spiritualists.

In the first place, there are millions of people in this country, and millions more in other countries, who now either openly or privately acknowledge that they have found a two-fold preciousness in Spiritualism: one as affording a vivid proof of the immortality of the soul—a doctrine which theologians have taught dogmatically, but which Spiritualists have proved scientifically; and the other as ministering an unspeakable solace to the sorrow-stricken hearts of those who, in this world, yearn unutterably toward the sacred objects of their love and friendship, escaped into the other.

Modern Spiritualism has thus been the greatest blessing which the world has enjoyed during the present century.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" This is an old, old question. It was asked in the earliest ages; it has recurred to perplex souls of every generation; and it has never received such an answer of cheerful faith, unclouded with doubt, as modern Spiritualism has definitely and almost mathematically given it. A belief in immortality inheres more or less staunchly in the average human breast. Nevertheless, during the last twenty years, thousands of men and women have gone Sunday after Sunday to church, and have sat and listened earnestly, and have returned home unpersuaded of a doctrine which they have striven with all their might to believe; but could not; until at last, turning away from the church and its record of God's miracles in past ages, and consulting the everliving oracles of the same Divine Father, who still sends ministering spirits to all his children, they have been able, through this latest and most blessed of all divine revelations, to "bring life and immortality to light."

But even to such as have never doubted immortality, and have therefore needed no evidence to demonstrate it, the near and animating presence of the spirits of departed parents, children, husbands, wives, lovers and friends, gathered about us daily and hourly, eager to serve, comfort and inspire us—commissioned to "keep guard concerning us, lest at any time we dash our feet against a stone"—all this lends a new dignity, joy and hope, to human life, and gilds it with premonitory beams of "the exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

In view, therefore, of these two great facts of Spiritualism—its palpable proof of the soul's immortality, and its daily ministration to the soul's peace—I claim that Spiritualism is the true, chief and best religion in the world. It is a religion based not on conjecture but fact. It is a revelation of no disputed historical accuracy or doubtful interpretation. It makes known not only the truth that there is another world, but opens a pathway to that heavenly realm and a gate of entrance therein—building a ladder, like Jacob's, to the very battlements of heaven, in order that the angels may descend and ascend. It is the true church—such as the prophets long waited for, but "died without the sight." It is the world's hope for the regeneration of its teeming millions of souls.

I feel compelled, therefore, speaking as the official mouth-piece of the National Association of Spiritualists, to say that the first duty of all believers in this sublime faith, is to cultivate the religious and devotional spirit, by which alone this mystic bond can be strengthened as to bind both worlds in one. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." How, then are "the eyes of the understanding to be opened?" The answer is as ancient as the desire. Such

kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," said one who by this power moved the world. "Keep thyself pure," said an apostle to his pupil. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said the Spiritual teacher who spoke on the mountain side. The authors of these maxims were the Spiritualists of their time; and their maxims remain as the spiritual philosophy of all time; their latter day modifications are scarcely improvements upon them. The Spiritualists now may even go back to these primeval and ever-flowing fountains of the soul's life, and drink and be satisfied. I am no stickler for parchments or gospels, or "cunningly devised fables," or any of the learned lore which the church calls its sacred history, and which it ranks above God's perpetual and universal revelation in a thousand other forms to all the world. But I do place a precious estimate on the spiritualistic truths which the Poet of Jerusalem sang in his Hebrew Psalms, and which "he who spake as never man spake" set like immortal jewels in the shining circle of the Beatitudes. And I am convinced that the religious teachers of the present age, if they expect to leave a spiritual impress on their day and generation, must cast away all vain and profitless disputes about churches, theologues, creeds, forms, and the like, and substitute for these that simple faith which has distinguished the Spiritualists of all ages, and which the Teacher of Nazareth embodied in his discourses to his uncomprehending friends. It is in this way, and in this only, that Spiritualism will fulfill its promise of developing the spiritual faculties, and of satisfying the religious hopes of mankind.

In the second place, I want to see this religion reduced to a practical, work-day beneficence. When I was a child, I wept often in secret over the sorrows of the slave, and marveled how good people, and especially how church members, could sanction such cruelty to their fellow-beings. But I have lived to see the Church, like the State, the upholder of wrong—the apologist of crime. The same Church and State that sanctioned slavery until it was blotted out in war now sanctions another slavery which, I trust, is destined to pass away through peace; I mean the subjection and disfranchisement of women. Spiritualism teaches the equality of souls. It is, therefore, the duty of Spiritualists to organize this doctrine into the equality of citizens. What the slavery question was to the abolitionist, that the woman question should be to the Spiritualist. As I would have been ashamed ten years ago of any Spiritualist who would do violence to his religious faith by upholding the slavery of the negro, so I am now ashamed of any Spiritualist who can assent to the oppression of woman. "That man's religion is vain."

So, with an earnestness whose full measure I can neither restrain nor express, I beg you to unite your efforts—leagued with the good intelligences that may inspire and empower you from above—to urge upon the Congress of the United States, at its approaching session, an act enforcing on the several States the right of women, as of other citizens, to the elective franchise as now guaranteed to all citizens by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the National Constitution.

In the third place, I point you to the little children. What are you doing for their soul's training? Do you give them a happy or a gloomy Sunday? Have you yet organized in your town or neighborhood a lyceum for their Sabbath instruction? The children of to-day are the army of the future, who must fight the battles of the world's reform. Are you training the young soldiers to be valiant for the truth? A child's soul is like a rose-tree; it needs perpetual watering to develop its bloom and sweetness. I consider that your Sunday meetings for children are of more importance than similar meetings for yourselves. Above all things, have the young minds gathered together once a week and instructed in a

religion which does not fill them (as the churches do) with visions of eternal fire, or make them afraid of God, whom they should approach lovingly as their Heavenly Father, or chill them with sepulchral ideas of death, since death (to a child's mind) should be but the opening of a garden gate into a summer land. I ache at the hideous reflection that many fathers and mothers think they are doing God a service, and giving their children a blessing, by filling their minds with the clouds, glooms and uneasiness of a theology of death's-heads, hell and the judgment. As Spiritualists, we owe it to the next generation of Americans to plant, now and betimes, in their innocent minds the seeds of our own more loving and lovely faith in the eternal goodness of Him who is "not willing that one of these little ones should perish."

In the fourth place, as we are called upon, in the midst of "a wicked and adulterous generation," to endure obloquy on account of our faith, let us beware lest we bring obloquy upon it ourselves by returning "bitterness for bitterness and scorn for scorn." When such a journal as the *Tribune* insults such a woman as Lucretia Mott by saying that "she is strangely out of place in a convention of Spiritualists" (as if Mrs. Mott were not as competent to choose her proper place as Mr. Greeley is to choose it for her), and when this same journal calls the whole spiritualistic movement a delusion, and its followers lunatics, the temptation is great to return an angry word to the unjust attack. But it is not in this way that we shall best commend ourselves to a gainsaying world. If Spiritualism cannot work out in the souls of its believers something of the same celestial magic by which the great Spiritualist of Nazareth prayed for his enemies, saying, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," then we have not yet learned the rudiments of the religion we profess. Let us conquer our slanderers with good will. A rude blow in the face of the accuser may shut a single clamorous mouth for a time, but the true way to demonstrate the excellence of our faith is to exhibit it in our lives. Let us outshine our critics in all that makes the superior luster of God-illuminated souls.

In the fifth place, let me say that the house of our worship is not any cathedral like St. Peter's, nor any church like St. Paul's, but in our everyday lives. The altar of our religion is within our hearts, and its consecrating fires burn brightest and best when most of truth and purity are gathered in heavenly accord. The holy flames ascending from such altars will purify all homes and keep them free from guile. I believe in home and domestic virtues—in the family and in fidelity to the love out of which it should always spring; and more especially do I believe in attaining to that love which shall be so perfect as to be continuous; with increasing years continually growing deeper and broader and nearer akin to that of angels, and which shall finally overleap the barrier of the grave, swallowing death up in an eternal and victorious joy. It is to Spiritualism as a religious faith, and to the concomitants of Spiritualism, in the various beneficent reforms which are based on its doctrine of the equality of souls, that I look for that influence which is to secure spiritual perfection in the earthly family. The popular notion that Spiritualism is a foe to and a disorganizer of society, is true only in the sense that it seeks to burn, as with fire, the gross materiality which now rules the family, and substitute for it the domination of spiritualized and intellectualized affection; and finally, it teaches that the perfect earthly family is never dissolved.

In conclusion, I will add that it is in the spirit of these views, and not of any clannish sectarianism or partisan narrowness, that I shall endeavor to administer the high office to which I was lately chosen, as President of the National Association of Spiritualists; and, on behalf of this body, now in the ninth year of its prosperity, I hereby extend an invitation to all the Spiritualists of the United States to become active members, and to co-operate zealously in its good work.

I am your fellow-servant in the truth,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,

New York, Nov. 1, 1871.

THE FADING DAY.

BY BISHOP A. BEALS.

From the glory of these autumnal days I have gathered some poetic leaves, and have pressed them for the columns of your paper:

I look upon the pictured day
And feel the smiling sun
Flash down the royal arching way,
On treasures he has won.

All through the silent fading day
There seems soft dropping down
The angel veil of fleecy spray,
With golden splendors drawn.

The insects chant the sure approach
Of winters chilling sleep,
While sportively the finny roach
Sunward gayly leap.

The ripened corn on yonder hill
Folds its wealth of ears,
And Nature drinks her gladsome fill
Through summer-shine and tears.

Harmonic thoughts come out to meet
The man of bitter wrong,
While wealth unsought lie at his feet
And gush above in-song.

Autumn waves her mystic spell
O'er summer's tender green,
Till blushing glories wraptly tell
Of fairer worlds unseen.

And thus the days go swiftly by
On wings of golden sheen,
Till autumn, with a weary sigh,
Takes off her robes to dream.

But love draws near the slumberer's chill
With the halo of delight,
And God's dear weary-hearted, thrill
With the rosy breath of light.

So love stands sentinel at the door
Of life's dark chilling way,
And breathes sweet promises, in store
Beyond earth's fading day.

Letter from David H. Shaffer.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 8th, 1871.

EDITORS AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST:—The adage, so often repeated, "coming events cast their shadow before," never has had so important and appropriate a significance, seemingly, as in the progress of events and evidences of progress, every day looming up before the intelligent rationalistic mind, wide awake and watchful, to note the shadows and the signs of the times, in reference to the changes in the opinions and sentiments of men who read and reason.

Many months back, there was a Ministerial Association formed, composed, at first, of all ministers or clergymen of the different Protestant churches in this city. For awhile, the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Quaker, United Brethren, Unitarian, Campbellite, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Congregationalist and Associate Reformed, those who believed in and preached Christ, (except the Catholic,) appeared to harmonize fraternally. A committee was formed to draft a constitution, rules and regulations; and this committee was composed of a Presbyterian of the most ultra bigoted kind, the Rev. Mr. McCune of the Lincoln Park church, the Rev. Dr. Wiley, editor of the "Ladies Repository," Methodist, and the Rev. Henry D. Moore, Congregationalist. When this committee presented their report, they had so adroitly framed their constitution and changed the name, Ministerial Association, to that of The Evangelical Ministerial Association of Cincinnati, that, when read, it excited much controversy. It resulted, however, in the exclusion of the sects not strictly and rigidly orthodox. The columns of the Cincinnati *Commercial* were

open to the controversialists, and there was a mighty war of words, and bloodless battle with pens and type. The Editor of the *Commercial*, in reviewing the controversy between the belligerent divines, gave them the benefit of his sarcastic pen, and the Evangelistic party writhed sorely under the lash of ridicule and irony.

The holy and sacred Association met monthly or weekly with closed doors, refusing admission to reporters, but some how their proceedings would leak out and reach the keen ears of the *Commercial* Editor, and one minister and another would get a hit. Well, days and weeks passed on, and a moral bomb-shell, in the shape of a resolution, in the School Board, to dispense with the reading of the Bible in the Common Schools, excited dread alarm in the minds of all the *worshippers* of the sacred book. The *big guns* belched forth their anathemas; the long-tongued bells rang daily their alarums in the ears of the Christian people; the pulpit trumpeters blew their loudest blasts against the "accursed infidel," who proposed the resolution, and every man and woman that advocated it. An injunction was obtained from the Court, to prevent the School Board from carrying that resolution into effect. An extensive lawsuit, able lawyers on both sides, among which was the Hon. Judge Stanley Matthews on the side of the resolution, a Presbyterian, withal, but opposed to the reading of the Bible in the schools. After all the able arguments, the decision was not given by the bench of Judges for a number of weeks, when it was decided on the part of Judge Storer, Episcopalian, and Judge Hagaus, Methodist, to retain in *perpetuity* the reading of the Bible in our schools. Judge Taft, Unitarian, dissenting. The *Commercial* stirred public sentiment to reason and common sense, for the majority of the Board were in favor of excluding the Divine Oracles.

The next move was to put a stop to printing Sunday papers, or selling them on Sunday; to stop milkmen and street cars; shut up saloons; prevent processions with bands of music, from desecrating the holy day, and close the public library on Sunday. The *Commercial* comes down upon them with his severe criticisms and sarcastic ridicule, till their guns are spiked; their mouths and pens are silent. And now, mark the last hard hit, these drones, the clergy, have received the past week:

On Friday last, the greatest triumph of art, the Davidson Fountain, was dedicated to the city. Complaints, long, sad, mournful, dolorous, lachrymose and cadaverous, are filling the autumnal atmosphere, because the committee of arrangements, and the officials of the city, generally, ignored the clergy entirely, by not inviting them on to the platform, to participate in the exercises, or send them tickets for exclusive seats near the stand. But they, the committee, invited a prelate whom they, the clergy, hate, and a Jewish Rabbi, who they denounce as an infidel, to deliver addresses on the occasion.

It is a matter of general remark that the confidence of the public is weakening rapidly towards the bigoted sectarian clergy. A sad state of things, truly. What the discussion at the next ministerial meeting may be, is surmised; but as I began this letter, so I will end, by saying: "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Dr. Newman lately said from his pulpit at Washington: "I am neither a prophet nor a son of a prophet, yet I venture this prediction: Within the next decade, aye, within the next five years, Christianity will be tried as it has never been tried before. There are men in England and America to-day, who will bring to the assault, a ripeness of scholarship, a power of intellect, and a breadth of view, unequalled by the past.

English Correspondence.

Editors of American Spiritualist:

Since the farewell *conversazione* in honor of that noble woman, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, at St. George's Hall, London, (the proceedings of which I find are reported in your useful and interesting paper,) nothing has transpired of very great importance, in matters spiritual, this side of the water.

There has been a most scurrilous attack, however, by the London *Daily News*, upon Messrs. Herne and Williams, physical mediums, who hold public circles at the Progressive Library in Southampton Row. I can safely say that there never was a time when Spiritualism exercised a more potent influence over the general mind. Our circles are liberally patronized by investigators; our literature commands a steadily increasing sale, and our office is repeatedly filled with folks calling and asking for information. Indeed, there is every prospect of a very active winter season, when every available pen and tongue will be required.

At the present time the initiative is being taken for the resumption of the Sunday evening services; in fact everything is ready except the hall, as your readers will see by the subjoined extract taken from the *Medium and Daybreak*, of the 22nd inst.:

SUNDAY SERVICES.—We have received hosts of inquiries as to whether there will be any Sunday evening services for Spiritualists in London this winter. These meetings were so richly enjoyed that there was a steady demand for them all summer, even after the series was discontinued. Now that the long evenings advance, the want is severely felt, and occasions a multitude of inquiries as to what is to be done. Our spirit friends have taken the matter up, and promise valuable assistance. Mr Morse and other speakers are ready to lend their aid, and everything is in a state of completeness, except the essential requisite of a suitable hall. Objection is made to the Cleveland Hall that it is too large, is bad for hearing, and the situation is not favorable. The Cavendish Rooms are occupied, and for less than the twelve months are expensive. The question is, Can a more suitable site be discovered between Holborn Circus and Regent Circus? It would facilitate the duties of those who have been asked to make some arrangements if our readers would lend their assistance in this matter. It is desirable that these meetings be resumed at once.

What a glorious thing it would be if some one, or any number of ones, whom the liberalizing gospel of the angels have thawed in every point but one—the pocket,—would melt there, and build a hall, thereby removing a cause of reproach, viz: that the London Spiritualists haven't a hall of their own.

Spiritualists in England and America will, I am sure, be pleased to find that the long expected report of the London Dialectical Society is about to be published. Report speaks highly of its contents. *Savans* may investigate, yet the result of their labors bring nothing new to light since we despised Spiritualists are *au fait* with that which the *savan* has just discovered! The following extract speaks for itself:

THE REPORT OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.—A writer in the *Exchange and Mart* says:—"I have been favored with a private view of one of the proofs of the forthcoming report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society appointed to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. It will form a volume of nearly four hundred pages, containing communications from a large number of distinguished men. Among these I remarked a long and deeply interesting letter from Dr. Carpenter, in which he elaborates his theory of the unconscious action of the brain, attributing to it many of the inexplicable facts in psychism and mesmerism, whose reality as facts of nature he fully admits. He traces this unconscious action of the brain in many of the ordinary conditions of everyday life, and adduces a mass of instances that appear completely to establish it. Another interesting paper in this volume is a letter from M. Favre, brother of the famous French Minister, who states that after a careful examination, continued for many years, he has arrived at the conclusion that the phenomena are perfectly genuine. He attributes them to the operation of spiritual existences by whom we are surrounded; an opinion which, I observe, is held only by a minority, and these the least thoughtful of the persons who have stated their experiences and views to the Investigating Committee. The conclusion of the Committee itself is that many

of the asserted phenomena are real, that psychic force undoubtedly exists, and that the whole subject deserves more examination than it has yet received. It is to be published in October."

On Tuesday last Miss Lottie Fowler arrived in London, and as I understand she is a clairvoyant and test medium, I have no doubt that as soon as she is located and opens business, she will have enough to do, as a test medium is greatly needed in London.

I do not think I can conclude this letter in a more fitting manner than by transcribing the following piece of poetry taken from the *English Spectator*, a high class literary weekly. It is supposed to be the answer of a clever Hindoo to an English philosopher seeking to convert him to the Western faith. It admirably embodies the doubts that prevail in the minds of strangers to our modes of thought, and which must be answered before we can hope to make converts of them.

THE HINDOO SCEPTIC.

I think till I'm weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,-
And I see but shadows around me—
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of his favor or his wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the Infinite search?
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eye can discern,
Your God is what you think good,
Yourself flashed back from the glass
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is his realm, you say,
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That He hateth the shedder of blood,
And He slayeth us everyone.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die;
If He were content when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers.
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex to you.

In my next I hope to be able to give you some interesting accounts relating to our winter exertions for the diffusion of truth, and the illumination of the (intellectual) dark places of the earth. Till then, adieu.

J. J. MORSE.

Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, London, W. C., England.

The following conversation between two youngsters on their way to Sunday school was recently overheard:

Charley.—Do you like that new fellow who teaches our class? Harry.—No; do you? He's a gay rooster, ain't he? Parts his hair in the middle and wears eye-glasses. C.—He's a sport, I believe; too fancy to be a Sunday school teacher. H.—Did you see how he looked at the big girls last Sunday? C.—Yes. He wears big jewelry and diamonds, too; that gets them. H.—I saw him at the corner of Sixth street and Broadway yesterday; wonder if he learns Scripture there? C.—Ah, that's nothing; lots of fellows loaf there who say long prayers on Sunday. H.—That's so; but let's watch the fellow and see what he does do anyway. C.—All right; I don't go to Sunday school to any such fancy duck, unless I know he's all right.

Voices of Correspondents.

VERSAILLES, N. Y.—Our friend B. A. Beals writes us:—*Dear American Spiritualist*,—I have just returned from a lecturing tour in the villages of LeRoy and Dansville. Have been engaged in that vicinity since the first of September. I find the good cause increasing and my services required for the coming winter. Have received one more new subscriber for your valuable paper."

CERRO GORDO, ILL.—W. M. writes: "*Messrs. Editors*,—Enclosed find \$1.50, for the *SPIRITUALIST* another year. When I read it, I regret there is not more of it, and that it does not come every week. I wish it and its editors prosperity, for you are doing a good work for mankind—in my opinion. The most interesting and instructive department of the *Banner, R. P. Journal*, and also of the *SPIRITUALIST*, are the short letters, or extracts from letters, written by subscribers. They are from all the States and Territories, and give the actual facts of their condition, needs, hopes and prospects. From the letters of so many thinking, earnest, hopeful men and women, much wisdom might be gleaned as to the best way to truly advance our cause. We all know how hard it is to do anything in old communities, where the churches have the field, and have enlisted every man, woman and child they can; where they endeavor to control all the *business* of the community, by "anathematizing" all and every one who does not "contribute" to the support of some priest or church. A few, in such places, rise above these influences of the priests and demand other food than old creeds, fables and lies, and are able to defend themselves against their persecution, by which they will injure their business, defame their character and destroy their reputations. The *many* cannot stem the torrent. They see respectability, fashion, wealth, in the church—and these are what they seek. The church promises the merchant, the mechanic, the doctor, the milliner, the dressmaker—reputation, business, success in life. For these they give up their own opinions, stifle their convictions, and join the giddy, thoughtless current that crowds the fashionable church. Do you blame them for doing so? They have embarked their all in business. To follow the *Spiritualist*, to go out from the church, is like committing suicide. Such is the social power wielded by organizations, even of but a few members. Shall *Spiritualists*, then, longer refuse to organize—for business, for protection, for self-defense, for reputation, for progress? The most favorable place for the spread of a new doctrine is in large cities, and on our Western frontier before religious societies have been organized and gathered strength. The emigrant has left his old chains behind him, and he is prepared to accept something better. The priest has not got his forces organized; he is waiting until the people get comfortable and have the good things of this world. This is the time for the "unsettled" speaker. Let me commend them to the new States and Territories, or to new towns, not yet cursed by these begging, lying leeches, who rob the people and keep them ignorant. W. M. S.

Editorial Correspondence.

Returning to Boston after our Plymouth trip, we paused at the pleasant home of Bro. George A. Bacon—our *home* while in Boston—long enough to get refreshed, rested and cheered, as everybody does who partakes of the genial hospitality of our most worthy Bro. Bacon, and then we were off to spend a week at the "Massachusetts State Spiritualist Camp Meeting," held at

WALDEN POND.

This beautiful sheet of water, anywhere out West, would be dignified with the title of "lake," but down East, where water is so plenty and land so scarce, it is only a *pond*.

We reached the Camp Ground the second day of the meeting, and found a small city of white tents most orderly arranged in streets and avenues, dotting the oak crowned hills which skirt the Walden Pond, and are a part of a most delightful scenery, as well as useful for the largest *Spiritualist* gatherings held in the State.

Whatever may be said or thought of camp meetings, we confess to a growing preference in favor of them, long before we "broke camp" at this beautiful spot. How could it be otherwise, when Bros. Richardson and Dodge, who got up this meeting, had everything arranged in such excellent order and neatness, and when such abundant provision was made for a "feast of

reason and flow of soul," as well as the best of care for the wants of the body.

We shall not soon forget

THE PLACE OF MEETING,

where thousands daily gathered forenoon, afternoon and evening, to be fed with the heavenly manna of the new gospel of *Spiritualism*. Our worthy Bro. Dean Clark presided throughout the whole meeting, and though feeble in body, the following beautiful sentiments in his opening address showed plainly that in spirit he fully appreciated the grand occasion:

Spiritualists come to these baptismal gatherings to enjoy a foretaste of heaven, and as they have learned that "order is heaven's first law," and most of them have grown, mentally and spiritually, so as to become "a law unto themselves," his official duties would be comparatively easy, and it would be his pleasure to be, in one sense, an almoner of the choice gifts that two worlds would combine to present to the thousands that would be at this "feast of fat things." He trusted that in conducting the various exercises, everything would be done "decently and in order," and that the harmony of feeling and action that springs from mutual respect and regard, would characterize the entire session, that the fruits of this convocation of "kindred spirits" from heaven and earth would be seen in nobler living, and a better understanding of our relations to Father God, Mother Nature and our fellow-men.

It was our privilege to meet and make the acquaintance of more public lecturers at this meeting than we ever knew in attendance at any *Spiritualist* gathering before.

SPEAKERS PRESENT.

Prof. Wm. Denton, J. H. W. Toohey, editor of the *Analyst*, Dr. H. B. Storer, Lizzie Doten, Dean Clark, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Geo. A. Bacon, J. P. Greenleaf, C. Fannie Allyn, N. Frank White, W. H. Brunton, Mrs. Agnes M. Davis, E. S. Wheeler, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Susie A. Willis, A. C. Robinson, J. C. Ray, Helen Grover, A. E. Giles, Sidney Howe, M. V. Lincoln, A. B. Davis, George Fuller, and others.

The musical department of exercises was most ably represented by Mr. Locke, C. W. Sullivan, Miss Mary E. Currier, Miss Keith, Mr. Hale, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. "Conferences" were had at the opening of each session, when any one present had the privilege and was invited to give expression to their thoughts from a "free platform."

The speaking during the six days and evenings of the meeting, embraced a wide range in subject and discussion, and a variety of thought probably nowhere else to be found, except in a *Spiritualists'* meeting. No question of human interest but what they freely discuss, and no subject too sacred for them to handle, with or without gloves, as each speaker may choose.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

Although the attendance was large during the whole six days, on Friday the audience was increased by thousands; both the subject and the announcement that Miss Lizzie Doten would speak, calling the large concourse together.

Those who have not heard Miss Doten speak, and yet have read her beautiful volume of "Poems from the Inner Life," can have but little idea how a great soul in command of a fragile body, will rise equal to the necessities of a great occasion, as did Miss Doten, in considering this important and vital subject. The vast audience were spell-bound with the lofty courage and daring of this frail little woman, as with more than human power she held society up to their gaze, a huge, blackened, diseased carcass; laying open with firm hand, by the dissecting knife of her keen logic, the putrid sores of human life. The deep sympathy and eloquence of her soul, communicated to the listening thousands, must have made them feel the full force of her eloquent pleading, and the "burning inspiration" that seemed to say:

"Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman

Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burning as of yore;
But in holy love ascending,
With her chastened being blending, [shore."
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial

Others spoke upon the same subject, feelingly and fearlessly, and some with too little discretion in the use of language. Plainness of speech is commendable, but the Spiritualist platform is not the place for an exhibition of vulgarity in language. Let all things be done *decently* and in order.

Miss Turner of Charlestown, and Miss Sadie Boardman of Natick, read beautiful poems during the exercises.

MEDIUMS.

There were several test mediums on the ground, all of whom seemed to be constantly employed in giving some convincing tests to skeptics, or consolation to some one still mourning the absence of a loved one. Our time was so fully taken up that we had not opportunity to witness any of the phenomena of the different mediums, except Charley W. Sullivan and Mrs. Currier. The former is one of the most remarkable independent clairvoyants we ever met. His description of the spirit friends of different persons is most accurate.

Mrs. Currier is a medium for musical manifestations. Instruments are played in her presence in broad daylight, without any human hands handling the instrument. We had the pleasure of attending one of Mrs. Currier's seances one day about noon, in company with our friends Mrs. Wellington and her mother, of Reading, Mass. A guitar was played most beautifully, lying in our lap, every string in plain sight, each of which we could see vibrate as they were struck by *invisible* fingers, producing the sweetest music. It was not a simple trumming of the strings, but well known airs were played which required musical skill to perform.

The reveille of the drummer boy was performed on the strings, representing so accurately the beating of a drum, that had we not known to the contrary, every one would have thought the playing was upon a drum. And yet, all those present *know* that human hands did not play that instrument. What did produce that sweet music? That's the question.

"SUNSHINE."

The tent where we were always welcome at the sumptuous table, three times a day, and which we have no recollection of *neglecting a single meal*, had the cheering and sunny name of "Sunshine." It was rightly named, for here could be found those genial, generous friends, Mother Wetherbee, Mrs. Albee, Miss Turner and sweet little Nellie Albee, whose friendly smiles, with the *light of our countenance*, would make sunshine enough for any ordinary sized camp-meeting.

And it came to pass that the Bible was fulfilled in those days, for the great day of the meeting was the last day, and that was

SUNDAY.

The Boston *Journal* said there was from 10,000 to 12,000 people on the ground that day. We should say not less than 15,000. The "city of tents" resembled one huge beehive, and all about and around the speaker's stand for many rods, covering the side hills, was the place where this human hive swarmed. Denton, Wheelock, Mrs. Byrnes, Dean Clark, Dr. Storer and Toohy were the speakers. Their earnest and most radical thought received the applauding approbation of these listening thousands.

In the evening everybody made a speech, congratulating everybody on the happy and joyous week everybody had enjoyed, who had been wise enough to come to the Spiritualists' Camp Meeting.

A unanimous and enthusiastic vote of thanks was given to Messrs. Richardson and Dodge, who were so untiring in their efforts to make the meeting one that could be enjoyed by all. The meeting was voted a success, and thus closed the second annual "Mass. State Spiritualist Camp Meeting."

For ourself: ever green and living as the foliage

of that grove—clear as the crystal waters of that beautiful lake—warm and bright as the sunshine of that pleasant week,—will be our memory of happy days with old friends renewed and new ones made; to which we must add a spiritual growth and advance of our own soul, that brings us "a day's march nearer home."

A. A. W.

(To be continued.)

A Religious Riot—What it Signifies.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—A Scranton, Pa., special states that Rev. Mr. Devlin attempted a lecture, yesterday afternoon, on the street, against Popery, when a mob of Catholics endeavored to kill him, and would have done so but for the protection of the police. He had his skull badly split by a stone and now lays at Fore Street House in a dangerous condition. There is great excitement.

Here is seen a cropping out of that spirit which exists throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, and which sooner or later will manifest itself in a combined and organized manner.

Whoever is thoughtful enough to consider the true signification of the persecuting and mob-ocratic spirit in the commercial metropolis of this country last July, which sought to prevent orderly citizens from quietly parading through the streets, simply because their faith in matters of religion was conscientiously different from that of the political party then and now in power—must realize that it yielded for the time being only out of respect to a superior military force. And that when conscious of strength sufficient to successfully cope with this same force, it will not hesitate a moment to do so.

The bitterness and hatred which prevails among some of the religious sects, only awaits the opportune hour and some supposed cause, to bring them into fratricidal strife. For nothing else beneath the over-arching heavens will men, and even women too, fight with a greater degree of desperation, than for their religious convictions. The tenacity with which men everywhere hold to their religious faith, especially when opposed, is warrant enough in the light of history to assure the otherwise most unconvinced or willingly blind, that they will stop short of nothing but death.

The history of all religious wars has been characterized by sincerity and intensity. These essential qualities have occasioned their unequalled fierceness—have proved their chief sources of inspiration.

The signs of the times, as we read them in connection with these matters, are towards an "irrepressible conflict," than which nothing in modern times can be compared. Any union between two organically opposing forces, two radically different modes of thought wherein conviction takes vital hold of the consciousness, is wholly out of the question; it is not in the nature of things, without violent commotion and disruption.

The religious opinions of the people are not formed in a day. They are the result of years of education—are the concrete expression of the bias of time. A process of such slow growth cannot be easily or hastily overthrown. Woe, woe to the demagogue, political or ecclesiastical, who would misdirect or prostitute these deep-seated convictions of the body politic, or seek to array in opposition one portion of this element against another. Yet this is constantly being done by selfish politicians and priests, the fatal result of which, at no distant day, will be fearfully experienced all over this country.

We are tending—drifting rapidly towards a religious war. The "logic of events" may precipitate matters at any time. Every physical conflict of this character is preceded by a mental rebellion. The American people, as a body, have measurably passed through this phase of thought, and are unconsciously to them getting ready for the next. The conservative and the progressive elements are yet to meet in open encounter. None will be able to dodge the issue. Even members of the same family will find themselves strangely arrayed against each other. Out of this impending conflict, however, an almost infinitely better order and higher condition of things will inevitably follow. Forewarned is to be forearmed.

Personal and Local.

A sister of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and her two children, perished in the flames that swept over Peshtigo, Wis., so recently. Mrs. Ballou's many friends will sympathize with her in this affliction.

Cephas B. Lynn will speak for the Painesville (O.) Society and Lyceum during the month of November, and in East Saginaw, Mich., during December. His engagement in Philadelphia has been a very successful one.

Mrs. H. M. Shaw has been lecturing in Ashley, to very good acceptance, and the friends there write us that she gave many good tests. She would like to make further engagements in Ohio. Those desiring her services can address her at Ashley, Ohio, care of W. Granger.

Sarah Helen Matthews, who, from illness, has not been able to meet her engagements the past year, hopes to soon resume her public labors. Her address for the present is, care D. M. Smith, Springfield, Vt.

Dean Clark will speak in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 22d. He will soon start for the West and South west via New York city, and by the Erie Railroad to Cleveland, thence South west if applications are made in care of AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, before his arrival. He would like engagements along the Erie Railroad while *en route*, and solicits applications *at once*, care of Woodhull & Claflin, 44 Broad St., New York city. This able and eloquent lecturer will speak upon Woman Suffrage, Labor Reform, The Social Question, and the Spiritual Philosophy, and any of the vital topics of the times, and we trust his eminent powers will be in constant requisition.—*Banner of Light*.

The Washington Daily *Patriot* says that Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, connected with the *Lyceum Banner*, at Chicago, who has been lecturing to the Spiritualist Association there, in Harmonial Hall, and who lost much by the Chicago conflagration, has been the recipient of much condolence by her friends, who have come forward with numerous contributions for her benefit. Mrs. Brown has refused all such offers, and earnestly requested that everything that can be done by the Spiritualists there be done for the benefit of the hundreds of homeless children of Chicago. Accordingly, all contributions by the Society—being a large number of boxes and packages of clothing—were turned over to her to be donated for the purpose named. The society have established a depot at No. 14 Ingle Place, Capitol Hill, the residence of Col. Smith, where all contributions of clothing and supplies will be received and properly forwarded.

At a special meeting of the Spiritualists of the Albion Association, held Oct. 8, 1871, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Believing that in the transition of our lamented friend and Brother A. B. Whiting to the other life, Sept. 4, 1871, the world at large, and especially the cause of Truth and Progress, which he so nobly sought to promulgate, has sustained a most serious and irreparable loss; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That it is our duty as friends, and as co-workers with him in the cause of reform, that we place at his grave some fitting memento, as expression of our regard and esteem: to this end we solicit the aid of all societies and individuals who may be friendly to this project, whenever and wherever they may be found.

Resolved, That all moneys contributed for this purpose shall be placed in the hands of our Treasurer, Vincent Bishop, by the 1st of January next.

Resolved, That the erection of the monument shall be celebrated by a public demonstration, Mar. 31, 1872, the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the several offices of the Spiritual Press, and that they be requested to publish the same.

T. C. ANTHONY,
Secretary pro tem.

L. SILLIMAN,
President.

Albion, Mich., October, 1871.

APPEAL

OF THE RELIEF COMMITTEE OF THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS OF CHICAGO, ILL., TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY EVERYWHERE, ON BEHALF OF THE SUFFERERS BY THE LATE DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION IN OUR CITY.

It is just one week after the fire,—when its smoldering embers are fast dying out; when the feverish excitement and apprehensive terror, lest the Fire Fiend should again start forth on his mad career and scatter his devastating brands over the remaining portion of our fair city, is somewhat allayed. Now that the fever that burned and seared our very hearts with anguish, drying up all the senses and feelings except those alive to the terrible internate disasters and ruin all around us, is giving place to the chills that are soon to replace them, during the terrible cold of a long and unprepared for winter—except only in the sympathies of the world of humanity, to whom we turn with hearts sore and bruised, but not desponding, for aid and sympathy. Many, many thousands are without clothing, bedding, food, fuel, money, homes, everything to sustain life through the rigors of a cold and inclement season, which already begins to tell upon them in their thinly clad otherwise destitute condition.

With all this desolation and want pressing us into service, we, the First Society of Spiritualists, of this suffering and despoiled city, have appointed a Relief Committee to secure and distribute aid to the sufferers, amongst whom are not a few of our own association. Many of our loved Lyceum children are to-day homeless, and their parents and friends destitute. We ask you for sympathy and aid, assuring you we are prepared to receive and distribute your contributions. The Committee are organized and in working order, confident that we need only to make this known to secure a hearty response from all who sympathize with suffering humanity.

Contributions may be directed to John Sybrandt, Chairman of Relief Com., No. 11 Union Park Place, Chicago, Ill.

Communications may be addressed to Charles W. Mills, Secretary to Relief Committee, No. 271 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Below we print S. S. Jones' appeal to the friends of the *R. P. Journal*, whom we have no doubt will respond liberally. The readers of that journal may soon expect to receive their paper regularly again, as Mr. Jones has gone to work with his usual characteristic energy.

Dr. A. Eddy, 98 Seneca street, Cleveland, receives subscriptions and donations for Mr. Jones; and we will forward to him any moneys sent us for that purpose.

BRETHREN:—Our city is in flames at 11 o'clock, Tuesday, Oct. 9th. Several square miles of the business portions, the very best, is entirely consumed. The offices of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and Publishing House were supposed to be in a fire-proof building, but it could not stand a sea of flames for a single moment. All is consumed, including every book, (account books excepted) not a type nor a stereotype plate is left—all is gone. I had within the last week completed putting the whole establishment in order; indeed all of my rooms were handsomely furnished and decorated with beautiful spirit likenesses and paintings—all of which are entirely consumed.

It is a crushing blow to one who is to be crushed, I AM NOT CRUSHABLE so long as good men, women and angels will stand by me. That they will continue to do so, as they have done before, I doubt not.

The *Religio Philosophical Journal* will, in a few days, resume its regular weekly visits, brilliant with fresh inspiration, to its old subscribers—and may we not hope to thousands of new ones—replete with fresh inspirations from this rudimental and the angelic spheres!

Almost every printing establishment, and every furnishing establishment and type foundry, has shared the fate of my office; hence I shall have to send to some eastern foundry to

start anew. Fortunately, my mail list is preserved, but all will have to be put in type anew—which with the type and other materials for the paper will cost a great deal of money.

My dear friends, I appeal to the many thousands, some of whom owe me large and others small sums on subscriptions for papers already received, and to all other subscribers, to at once pay me and renew for a year or more—paying in advance. I pray all not to delay a single day; and may I not appeal to all old subscribers to send me one or more new ones, prepaying for the same. Oh, it will help me so much in this hour of fearful trial.

May I not be allowed to state in consideration of the emergency of the occasion, that our banks are utterly unable to aid me a single dollar, no matter how good my securities may be. *They are all burned out*, and if perchance their vouchers and bonds are safe in the vaults, which is now more than doubtful, they have exhausted their ability to help their customers, inasmuch as most business men are bankrupted by the terrible conflagration. Insurance companies are universally bankrupt. Not less than two hundred million dollars worth of property has been consumed in this doomed city, and still the devouring element is hourly laying waste block after block of this beautiful and heretofore prosperous city.

I have capital—hard earned capital left, but *it will not bring me cash* to re-establish my Publishing House. I need *material aid* to forthwith reinstate the noble enterprise.

To the generous—the noble hearted Spiritualists throughout the land, I appeal for that aid. Your bank checks for larger or smaller amounts, as a *loan*, for such a time as you can spare the money, shall be promptly paid at such a stipulated period as you shall fix. Such temporary relief will aid me very much—will you come to the rescue? I cannot, nor can any other man, negotiate securities with our banks, for the reasons already assigned—they will not have it to help old depositors with.

My good name in business circles, and my universal promptness in meeting all obligations heretofore, I trust will be a guarantee that all such generous loans will be liquidated with interest at the time required.

Assuring all friends throughout the land, with the pledge of honor of the undersigned, who has as yet never violated that pledge, that the *Religio Philosophical Journal* shall continue to be published with equal, and we trust with greater ability than ever heretofore,

I remain Fraternally Thine.

Address, S. S. JONES,
148 4th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Will friendly editors please publish? S. S. JONES.
Chicago, Oct. 9, 1871.

OBITUARY.

Passed to spirit life from Hammonton, N. J., Sept 21st, Mr. O. M. Ellis, Mrs. Julia Hewes, and Oct. 2d, Mr. P. N. Parkhurst.

Thus within a short space of time, our Society has been called upon to part with three worthy members.

Firm in the belief that they should be permitted to return from the realm of clearer vision and more just conceptions, to watch over and guide their loved ones, death, to them, had no terrors, but was accepted as a blessed change.

We shall sadly miss them in our little band of earnest workers, especially our elder brother, P. N. Parkhurst. One of the early settlers of this town, he endeared himself to a large circle of acquaintances, commanding respect for sound judgment, clear perception and integrity of purpose and action. Early accepting the truth of spirit communion, he was one of the first to help organize a Society in this place, in the year 1864, was then chosen President, serving with ability two years, and has since ever exerted his influence for the upbuilding of the cause in its divine purpose and beauty. At our last annual meeting, he was again elected to the office, from whence the death angel called him to "come up higher."

Fully conscious of the great change awaiting him, this good man passed within the veil, "rejoicing with exceeding great joy."

In view of our great bereavement, our Lyceum passed the following resolution:

WHEREAS, Death has removed from our midst three worthy members of Liberty Group, one of them our beloved President, therefore

Resolved, That as a Lyceum we tender our heart-felt sympathies to our worthy Conductor and other friends in affliction, trusting they will realize the consolations of our beautiful Philosophy, which teaches that death does not sever the chain of sympathy, or lessen the power of love to bless, and under the guidance of loved ones, gone before, press on toward perfection.
GERRY VALENTINE, Sec'y.

Hammonton, N. J. Oct. 20th, 1871.

Passed to the higher life, Sept 11th, 1871, at South Adams, Mass., Mr. A. C. Hannum, aged 73 years.

Mr. Hannum was long an earnest advocate of the Spiritual philosophy, and as his enfranchised spirit passed from earth in the full knowledge of its divine truths and the life beyond, we grieve not that the scythe of death hath mown the fully ripened grain; for well we know with bands immortal hath the golden sheaf been bound and safely garnered by angel hands, into our Father's keeping.
C. H. M.

Central N. Y. Association of Spiritualists.

Editors *American Spiritualist*:

Pursuant to notice, the friends of Humanity and Progress met at Deansville, N. Y., on the 14th and 15th insts., to organize, and to confer together in regard to future work, Dr. E. F. Beals, of West Winfield, N. Y., was made temporary Chairman, and Mrs. C. Crandall, of Deansville, Secretary.

The Chairman announced committees on organization and resolutions; pending the action of which, remarks of general interest to the cause were made by Dr. Curtis, of Bouckville, Mrs. D. B. Briggs, of West Winfield, and Mr. T. Brown, of Georgetown. The speech of Mrs. Woodhull at the late Convention at Troy was, by request, read by the Secretary.

Evening session was occupied by the consideration of resolutions from the committees, and interesting addresses by J. P. Smith, of Clayville, and Mrs. A. E. Williams, of Oriskang Falls.

On the second day the names of nearly forty persons were appended to the Constitution, accompanied by the prescribed fee of one dollar for annual membership, after which the following permanent officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Dr. E. F. Beals, West Winfield.

Secretary—L. D. Smith, West Winfield.

Treasurer—H. B. Pollard, Deansville.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. C. Crandall, Deansville; Mrs. Luther Brown, Ilion; Miss Fannie Williams, New Berlin; Mr. Timothy Brown, Georgetown.

The meeting was then addressed by the speakers of the previous day, and a new commandment was vouchsafed unto us, to wit: "That we shall love Humanity."

The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the meetings, and the good people of Deansville succeeded in making the time pleasant and the entertainment good for all.

The second meeting was appointed to be held at West Winfield, N. Y., on the 27th and 28th days of Jan., 1872. Good speakers are to be secured, and all the friends of Humanity are invited to attend.

L. D. SMITH, Sec.

West Winfield, N. Y., Oct., 1871.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALIST AND FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

The Third Annual Meeting of the Society will be held in Camden at Central Hall, Corner of Fourth and Plum streets, on Wednesday, Nov. 29th, at 2 o'clock and 7 o'clock, P. M. As speakers, Victoria C. Woodhull, Dr. H. T. Child and Mrs. Kingman will be present. Dr. Coonley and other speakers are expected.

All friends of the cause throughout the State and of other States are cordially invited.

SUSAN C. WATERS, Pres't. Soc'y.

Bordentown, N. J. STACY TAYLOR, Chair'n. Ex. Com.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM, a Biography of James M. Peables, by J. O. Barrett, with a Preface by Emma Hardinge.

We are in receipt of this book, fresh from the press of Wm. White & Co., Boston.

We shall give it the notice which it so richly deserves, at another time, and will only say now that we think, from the brief glance we have been able to give it, Mr. Barrett has succeeded admirably in making it readable and interesting.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, and what follows from it, in two lectures by Maria M. King.

This is a new work in large pamphlet form, similar to those recently written by Mrs. King. Published by Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington St. Boston. Price 25cts. Post. free.

BOTH SIDES, or *God's and the Devil's Prophets*. A "Long Range Discussion on the Comparative merits of ancient Prophets and modern Mediums, between Moses Hull and Rev. J. F. McLain.

This Discussion is published by the Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., and for sale at their office, 166 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

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A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor.

The Managing Editor will answer calls for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies and attend Funerals.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Inches	1 issue, 1 time.	2 issues, 1 month.	4 issues, 2 months.	6 issues, 3 months.	8 issues, 4 months.	10 issues, 5 months.	12 issues, 6 months.	14 issues, 7 months.	16 issues, 8 months.	18 issues, 9 months.	20 issues, 1 year.
1	1.00	1.56	2.68	3.80	4.92	6.04	7.16	8.28	9.40	10.52	11.64
2	1.75	2.56	4.19	5.81	7.44	9.07	10.70	12.33	13.96	15.59	17.22
3	2.50	3.56	5.70	7.82	9.94	12.06	14.18	16.30	18.42	20.54	22.66
4	3.25	4.56	7.21	9.83	12.45	15.07	17.69	20.31	22.93	25.55	28.17
5	4.00	5.56	8.72	11.85	14.98	18.11	21.24	24.37	27.50	30.63	33.76
6	4.75	6.56	10.23	13.86	17.52	21.18	24.84	28.50	32.16	35.82	39.48
7	5.50	7.56	11.74	15.87	19.92	24.22	28.30	32.38	36.46	40.54	44.62
8	6.25	8.56	13.25	17.89	22.56	27.25	31.34	35.42	39.50	43.58	47.66
9	7.00	9.56	14.76	19.89	25.08	30.28	34.84	39.40	43.96	48.52	53.04
10	7.75	10.57	16.27	21.90	27.61	33.31	38.41	43.51	48.61	53.71	58.81
11	8.50	11.58	17.78	23.91	30.13	36.34	42.55	48.76	54.97	61.18	67.39
12	9.25	12.59	19.29	25.92	32.65	39.37	46.09	52.81	59.53	66.25	72.97
13	10.00	13.60	20.80	28.00	35.20	42.40	49.60	56.80	64.00	71.20	78.40

SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will please understand that when they see our "office stamp" upon the margin of their paper, in blue ink, it is the only notice we give that the time of their subscription has expired! It is also a special invitation from the Managing Editor, to have each one renew promptly.

Our Cleveland city subscribers will please take notice of the above, and also that there is 26 cents additional due from them, to pay for their postage, which we are obliged by law to pay, before mailing their papers.

A. A. W.

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HESPERIA:

AN EPIC OF THE PAST AND FUTURE OF AMERICA.

By Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.

One vol., 12mo. cloth, tinted paper, beveled edges. Published by S. F. Tappan & Co., No. 136 Eighth St., fourth door from Broadway, New York.

Brief extracts of Notices by the Press.

The Springfield [Mass.] *Republican* says:

"The reader is constantly reminded of Shelley, and now and then of Tennyson, Walt Whitman and other more recent poets."

The Washington [D. C.] *Chronicle* says:

"Mrs. Tappan has treated her subject in a manner peculiar to herself. Her language is full of beauty and melody; her conceptions are original and lofty; her thoughts are a musical blending of grace and power."

The Columbus [Ohio] *State Journal* says:

"Hesperia is beautifully printed, and is unexceptionable in physique. The poem is written in classic style, with abundant imagery. It presents in the form of an allegory the struggle of Liberty and Justice for possession of 'the beautiful kingdom in the Western World.'"

The New York *Herald* says:

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The *New National Era* [Washington, D. C.] says:

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Leave Cleveland.	A. M. 7.45	A. M. 11.05	P. M. 4.00	P. M. 10.20
Arrive Painesville	8.41	12.01	4.53	11.12
Ashtabula	9.32	12.50	5.44	11.59
Girard	10.24	1.40	6.35	12.48
Erie	10.55	2.10	7.05	1.15
Westfield	11.57	3.28	8.30	
	P. M.			
Dunkirk	12.32	4.05	9.06	2.48
Buffalo	2.00	5.30	10.30	4.10
	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.
New York	6.45	11.00	3.30	6.30
		P. M.		
Boston	11.00	3.30	5.00	11.20

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Leave Cleveland.	A. M. 5.00	A. M. 6.05	P. M. 2.30	P. M. 7.20	
Arrive Elyria	6.09	7.08	3.42	8.16	
Oberlin	6.37		4.00	8.31	
Norwalk	7.32	8.03	4.52	9.12	
Monroeville	7.48	8.16	5.05	9.28	
Clyde	8.22	8.45	5.36	10.00	
Fremont	8.42	9.00	5.55	10.17	
Toledo	10.00	10.10	7.35	11.30	
Adrian	11.56	11.56	9.30		
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		
Jackson		2.00	11.25		
W. Pigeon	3.20	3.20	1.50	3.20	
Kalamazoo			8.10	5.35	
Grand Rapids			11.10	8.30	
				A. M.	
Elkhart	4.00	3.00	2.35	4.25	
Laporte	5.50	4.50	4.15	6.00	
Chicago	8.20	7.20	6.50	8.20	

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SANDALPHON.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of air,
Have you read it—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory.
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of light,
That crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire

With the song's irresistible stress—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,

With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From souls that entreat and implore

In the frenzy and passion of prayer—
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—

A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,

All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

Spirit Language.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

The Swedish Seer says:

The speech of angels is such that it is consonant with affections and every word with ideas.

Beautifully true! Affections decide our angelhood. What if they are selfish, jealous and carnal? Affections! why, they give tints to the flowers, beauty to the rainbow, coloring to all the creatures of the sea and sky, form and feature and countenance and character to the human and to the angel that is to be. Affections flow to every part; morally sense a part, and we know the quality of the whole. The spiritual atmospheres, extending from our "inner life" through their mediumistic bodies, have their affiliating influences in exchange from the spirit shore; the same as a bird responds to its mate, or a plant to the scenery. When the wise angels touch the least essence of these spheres, our moral rank is decided.

The "eye of God" is the ever communicating intelligence of sphere with sphere, of thought with thought, of soul with soul, on every plane of existence throughout infinitude.

Paragraphic—Ethical.

COMPILED BY GEO. A. BACON.

Strong and rich are in the Mishnah explained in this wise: Who is strong? He who subdues his passions. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.

Every human creature is sensible to some infirmity of temper which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life.—*Blair.*

Keep thyself pure—sin doth deface
The beauty of our spiritual life;
Do good to all men—live in peace
And charity, abhorring strife.

—*Mary Howitt.*

Sorrow and joy. We should remember that sorrow is in us and not in the things about us; so with joy. The world is but a mirror in which we are constantly reflected.

I see the bloom upon the grass, the sparkle on the wave,
And fear no more the shaft of fate, or shadow of the grave;
A faith in something bright and good that cannot pass away,
Redeems the world from loneliness and hope from slow decay.

—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman.*

But ever on the bleakest rock
We bid the brightest beacon glow,
And still upon the thorniest stock
The sweetest roses love to blow.

—*Holmes.*

Both religion and philosophy demand energy of will and calmness of judgment, and without these two conditions united, there can be neither justice nor dignity, nor any fixed principles.—*Silvio Pellico.*

Acquirement of every kind has two values: value as knowledge, and value as discipline. Besides its use for guidance in conduct, the acquisition of each order of facts has also its use as mental exercise; and its effects as a preparative for complete living have to be considered under both these heads.

All that is true,
Honest, and brave, and most adorns a woman,
I may achieve—and will.

—*Mrs. Kemble.*

"How vast, how marvellous, the amplitude of the human understanding! a principle so nearly allied to the Divine, that, like images of the resplendent worlds above, impressed on a tranquil sea, the thoughts of God glance upon the peaceful, meditative soul, and the Infinite is reflected through the finite, for the improvement and elevation of the whole race of men."

He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—*Emerson.*

Nations, like men, too often are given to roam,
And seek abroad what they could find at home.
They send their armies out on ventures far;
Their halt is—havoc, and their journey—war:
Destruction's traders! who to start their trade,
Steal, for the bayonet, metal from the spade.
The interest's—blood; the capital is—life;
The debt is vengeance; the instalment—strife;
The payments—death; and wound; are the receipt;
The markets—battle; and the whole—a cheat.

—*Ernest Jones.*

To my question, how he could have mastered so many attainments, the old man replied that with his three teachers, "everything might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were Necessity, Habit, and Time. At starting in life Necessity told him if he hoped to live he must labor; Habit turned the labor into an indulgence, and Time gave every man an hour for everything, unless he chose to yawn it away.—*Salathiel.*

THE YEAR BOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.

Our initial volume for 1871, presenting, so far as possible, the general status of Spiritualism for the year, has met with unexpected success. The public mind was ripe for the book. That it has been criticised both justly and unjustly, is true; and yet, it has met with a very cordial acceptance in this country and Europe. The sales have been extensive.

While we shall retain in the next volume the general features of the first, we shall endeavor to make it more comprehensive and superior in every way. We have secured able, biographical sketches of several of the most conspicuous of the early receivers of Spiritualism—such as Robert Hare, Robert Owen, John Pierpont, and others. The memory of these Fathers should be preserved, together with the striking evidences by which they were convinced of Spiritualism.

We shall greatly enlarge our record of facts, as they are the basis of our philosophy and of universal interest. Essays on subjects pertaining to Spiritualism have been promised by the best thinkers in our ranks in Europe and America; so that this department will equal the high standard of excellence attained in the first volume. One of the editors intends visiting England the ensuing summer for the express purpose of gathering material for the European department.

Friends—The volume for 1871 presents you with the results of last year's work. By it you see what are the demands for the Year Book of 1872. This important work is not ours, but yours; therefore, we ask—plead for your assistance. In order to make the Year Book as complete as possible, we address this Circular personally to every Spiritualist in the world, requesting them individually to assist us in perfecting our task, that it may be a correct representation of the present status of Spiritualism. We especially desire all mediums to write us, stating the character of their mediumship, facts, &c., and to hear from all public lecturers, and from any one who is interested in the advancement of the cause.

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