

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AN EXPONENT OF THE

OF THE

NO. 19.

It would appear that some change occurred in his religious views toward the close of his life, as about two years before his death he joined the church, became an earnest and active church member, and when the trials for Witecraft ensued in 1691-2, Giles Corey was one of the first witnesses against the accused, and manifested a lively interest in the clerical prosecutions. His tone changed, however, when his own unfortunate wife, Dame Martha Corey, became one of the suspected, and finally was imprisoned with

If all the tortures, mental, physical, and spiritual, which the unhappy persons accused of and shamefully executed for witchcraft, could be known, the halo of traditional glory that surrounds the memory of those who, in early time, suffered torture and death in defense of Christianity, might pale before the lustre of the radiance which should hallow the names of those whom Christians put to death, for involuntarily

I had a raging tooth to draw;
To you 't will seem a fable—

mes there, the son caused the arrest of the
old men, when they confessed the theft. \$4812 of
the money was recovered, and the offenders are
now in the penitentiary.—*Ex.*

Humanity has its head in the heavens and its feet in the mire. Its soul dwells with the angels; its senses grovel in the lowest. It is a combination of good and evil; it is a law in the pit. In its heart are the chief passions and the corresponding sins. Imagination will hardly cease the suffering soul. It commences with the Eternal Image, man with his earthly place, the glowing abysses where it intersects with material things. — *Frederickson*.

MONEY: Money borrowed is a far yell'd in kindly seeming; money wasted is a friend lost beyond redeeming. Hoarded, it is like a guest won with anxious seeking, giving nothing for his board save the care of keeping. Spent in good, it leaves at thy twice its worth behind it; and who thus hath lost it heave, shall heave her But it.

GOOD AND EVIL: Let all foulnesses people be avoided at meals. Do not dwell upon the delinquencies of domestics, or the discipline of children at the dinner-table, for a cheerful spirit will not give relief for food, but a good start at digesting the same.

shall be entitled to a copy of the *RA* year, without sending theirs in re-
warded to their address on receipt of
the advertisement.

one. If you must worship an old Hebraic record, you had better have it as it was originally, not as it has been since the manipulation of your priests at the Council of Nice.

Q.—That's what we are wanting. Can we get it?

A.—Perhaps you can.—I do not know.
Oct. 7.

Captain Chase Pease.

Well, it seems to be a truth that we can return and speak. I met my old pastor a few days ago, and he told me about this thing; he told me that he had been here and spoken himself, and he knew it was a truth. I had believed it a lie be-

fore; I had heard a great deal about it; I believed it was the work of the devil, got up to deceive us, and that there was no way back. He told me it was a truth—he had been here himself. I believed him, so I've come to take spiritual bearings, and to see for myself.

I was a Methodist here; I belonged to the Methodist Church, and I had no idea about these things; but I think it's safe for every one to investigate a thing for himself or herself before he or she says much agin it, don't you? [I think so, yet very few do that: they condemn without

examination.] Well, I did. I did n't know anything about it ; I heard of people's coming back, by the million, all over the world ; I thought it was a device of the devil, and I would n't get into it. I met Father Taylor, and he said to me :

—Brother Pease, it is a truth; now go and see for yourself: don't take my word for it; don't be afraid you're going to get into hell by going, because I'll ensure you!" So I've come here, and I'm going to strike out from this port to make out the latitude and longitude of my friends, and see what I can do for 'em. My mine, where here, Captain Chase Pease.

Oct. 7.

George Schaff.

My name was George Schaff. I lived in Bos-

ton; I was seven years old; I've been gone since last May. My mother says if she could only know where I am, and that I am happy, she should be satisfied. Well, I am happy, and I

"I want to come back here to be sick, and to take medicine any more, and to have the doctor."

"Tell her, next time I come, I'll find out the name of the place where I live—ain't thought any thing about it before. I suppose s'fe'll want to know. Tell her I live with Uncle Joe. Anyway, I do n't want to come back. [Do n't you come back to see your mother, every day, a little

while?" Yes, I come back that way, but I don't want to come back to take my body I was sick in, again. I am learning real fast, too, tell her. [Then you go to school?] Yes, sir. Oct. 7,

John Bruce.

[To the Chairman.] You don't know me, of course, but I know you. I used to know your father, before he died. My name is John Bruce.

father before you. My name was John Bruce.
[Where did you live?] I lived in Newcastle.
Yes, I knew you. I do n't suppose you remem-
ber me. Your father would. [What was your
business?] The last part of my life I was toll
keeper at the bridge—kept the gate. [I remem-
ber that man very well.] Well, that's me. [Do
you remember my running toll?] So many boys
tried to run toll there I you wa n't slow among 'em.

I suppose, if I remember you right; you had no body but your mother to look after you, after you were ten or a dozen years old. [Well, what can I do for you?] Oh, I don't know; a good deal, I suppose. I want to learn this thing. That's what sent me here to-day. I've been a little in the fog about it,—tried to get a little enlightened,—but didn't make much headway at it. Where's your mother? [Mother, I suppose is in New

your mother? [Mother, I suppose, is in New Hampshire, at Epsom.] Aint on our side? [Not to my knowledge. She would remember you very clearly.] Yes, I suppose so. I've seen your Uncle Isaac. [Have you?] Yes. Let me see. Your father's name was Nathan? [Yes, that's how they're getting along?] All getting along well. Could n't help getting along in this country. Whether you want to get along or not, you try. To somehow or other, there will always have to be somebody to give you help. [Don't have to

be some body, now, to the gate?" No, no, never relished it, but had to do it, you know—have to earn your right to live in these bodies. By pretty hard work, either of the head or hands, and if all of you knew as much about it as you know after you get out of 'em, you'd be glad if you was all going to step out before you left this room. [Is that so?] That's so. If you don't believe it, just wait till you get here, and you can see further than a mole can. [I've had the

pleasure of becoming acquainted with some of your boys.] Have you? Well, they are pretty smart boys.

To be back here on earth again seems queerer but it's all right, I suppose. If God had n't expected us should come back this way, he had n't ought to have graded the highway as he has; but he offers us so many turnpikes we can't help traveling over 'em. Natural curiosity, you know, would lead us to do that.

Incidentally, the album is through. Long Long

"I wonder if the old road up through Long Larch is any better than it was when I was there. [The road] haven't been down there for many years. A young fellow used to flood it a good many times a year. I don't all because, they said, of the tightness of the money. I thought it was because of the tightness of the money. I think that's the true definition.]

"I hope you'll be successful running toll when you want to come across to the main land on either side. [I hope I shan't have occasion to go over as much as I did.]

hope I shall have seen the right kind. I tell
See to it, then, you have the right kind. I tell
you, greenbacks won't do. [I'll try to get the
requisite kind.] That's right; because you won't
want to stand waiting very long at the gate—
get it shut in your face. Good by. Oct. 7.

Countess Alida Kreig.

By request I visit you to-day, that I may be
certain of your joyed life, and those who still

liver here in the shadow of time. The evidence they ask is, the last words I uttered to them: "They were these: 'I am at peace, and it is grow- ing light.'" I had an abiding faith in these beau- tiful spiritual truths. Many of my friends were faithless; many were not, and they all wait with anxious hearts for the first note from across the River of Death from me. I speak in pure En- glish, as I told them I should. And now I pray for their God and to mine that their faith may be

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.
Tuesday, Oct. 8.—John Mills, of Boston, Mass., 517 Job
Street, New York, N. Y., 10 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

Franklin; John Ryan; Catharine Dreyer; John P. Phipps; Stephen A. Douglas; Emma Denney; John P. Phipps; Joseph B. Frost; Thomas J. Clarke; Portsmouth, R. I.; Sam. A. Way; Providence, R. I.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—Johnny Shean, of New York City, his mother; John Frederic Kenett; William M. Prior; Bessie Long, of South Boston, to her sister; John Phipps; Wednesday, Jan. 24.—Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, to her friends in Boston; Nellie Prime, of Norwich, Conn., Thursday, Jan. 30.—Alice Fienling, of New York City, to her sister; Deborah Mason, of Boston, to her descendants; Martin Foley, to his brother.

Street, Boston, Mass.