

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
A NEAR HEAVEN.
BY ALICE MEADE.

The headlands flush from base to cope
With the sunset's ruddy gold,
And the gorgeous aisles of the burning west
Seem heaven's gates unrolled.
All the glory of the coming night
Purples the ambient air,
And you think, as you gaze, of the land that lies
Beyond these scenes so fair.
Ye have heard of the Peri's blissful home,
'Neath Aman's green sea-wave;
Where coral balls with pearls are lit
Far beneath the angry rave
Of the sounding surge; where no storm e'er breaks
The stillness of that sea,
Far, far beneath the restless deep,
That moonlight ceaselessly
Ye have heard of happy isles of the blest,
That are lapped in shining seas,
Whose glorious shores are forever green
With life's immortal trees;
Of a beautiful land that lies afar
From this scene of mortal care
A land all radiant with the smiles
Of the blessed who dwell there.
Ye have oft been taught of this far realm
As a land of unclouded skies,
Where beings pure, with starry wings,
Walk through this paradise.
Ye are told this land is all unlike
The green earth where ye dwell,
With gemmy towers and golden streets,
Where seraphs' anthems swell
Unceasing on the raptured ear;
Where countless springs of life well up
From the great Eternal Fount,
And myriad incense-altars rise
On every shining mount.
And they tell you, too, as the soul forsakes
Its temple built of clay
For a mansion fashioned without hands,
In the land of cloudless day,
That it leaves behind, with its mortal home,
The memories of that love
That blesses life while here on earth,
And, passed to the spheres above,
One taste of the immortal tree that stands
By the Eternal's throne—
Whose leaves are souls—effaces all
Thought of its earthly home.
But we tell you nay; 'tis never forgot—
This earth, where the new-born soul
Climbs step by step to a nobler life,
As the changing seasons roll
Their varied round; and know ye, too,
That your world is a type of heaven—
Each wondrous scene of beauty there
Is a new revelation given
Of the higher life that here obtains
Its loveliest, noblest phase,
And, nurtured in this fairer clime,
Makes glorious all heaven's days.
And you look away to this land of light,
And long for its shining bowers;
You deem its homes are distant far,
With their golden, gleaming towers.
But, ah, those isles of the blest are near,
Though they seem so wearily far!
Behold a seraph's home on high
In yonder shining star!
They are round you—all these radiant homes;
Within your ken they stand.
'Tis but a veil of mist that hides
The light of the spirit-land;
Only the veil of feeble sense,
That films these glories bright.
Faith's charmed hand sweeps the filmy veil
From before the dreamer's sight.
You may hear our chorals glad at morn,
At noon, or dewy even;
The golden bells of joy now chime
Through all the vales of heaven.
These changing tints of earth and sky
As types and shadows stand,
Of the things that lie beyond the veil,
In th' immortal, unseen land.

*Mahomet describes a vision of the Angel Gabriel by the tree-tree. This tree, it is said, stands in the seventh heaven, on the right hand of God, and its flowers have a soul in every leaf.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO MY MOTHER, MRS. S. E. HOLT.
BY M. S. TOWNSEND.

Once more, through the dear Banner's columns,
All pure from the test of the fire,
My heart would address you, dear mother,
Unfolding its earnest desire.
You know all my joys and my sorrows,
And the hopes that have vanished away;
You have seen the fair flowers I have gathered,
How they've withered and turned to decay.
You have held me so close to your bosom,
When wild with my grief and despair,
And nursed me again into living,
Nor wearied in motherly care.
And through your pure love and sweet nature,
Again has my spirit been born;
And I worship my God through the creature
Who motherly garments hath worn.
My desire is to live and to bless you;
To keep from your heart every pain;
To comfort and soothe and caress you,
Returning Love's blessings again.
Though the world may oft deem me cold-hearted,
Life's book in the future will show
That my spirit hath never departed
From Love's principles, guiding me now.
And oh, could I give to each mortal
The blessing of freedom divine,
And lead them along to the portal
Where flowereth such pure love as thine,
Ah, then would such life be no failure,
But rich in its mission of good,
And in helping each soul to its Saviour,
Would thus be myself understood.

The Rostrum.

THE PHENOMENA AND THEORIES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM: The True Attitude to Maintain Toward Them.

A Sermon Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning, Feb. 24, 1873, by Rev. William H. Alger.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

The announcement that this liberal-minded gentleman—pastor of the Free Church which holds its services each Sunday morning at Music Hall—would devote his attention on the day above mentioned to a consideration of the existence, growth and claims of Spiritualism in its phenomenal and theoretic phases, called together a large audience—although the day was one of the coldest of the present semi-arctic winter—in which was a strong representation of the Spiritualist element of our city and vicinity, much interest being evoked as to what position he would assume in the premises. After introductory services, in which, in addition to prayer, the speaker read passages from the Scriptures wherein the "lying spirit" in the mouth of God's prophets persuaded King Ahab to his destruction at Ramoth-gilead was spoken of, also the apostle's injunction to "try the spirits whether they are of God," and the command to "compare spiritual things with spiritual," the reverend gentleman proceeded to say that when opinions and feelings were strongly opposed, perhaps there was no worse position for one to stand in than that intermediate one which was equally removed from both parties. And yet the experience of the past demonstrated that views and errors lay in the extremes, while the true state and manner of viewing the case was situated in that half-way position which was made the mark for the scorn and derision of all who stood on either side. There was no more becoming position than this golden mean which, standing between the two, and accepting the facts of both, endeavored to reconcile them, if possible, by an intelligent comparison looking toward an explanation which should satisfy the many on both sides.

Spiritualism, as it is known among us, is the latest form of that development which has had its expression in all ages in the belief that the souls of human beings—if not the souls of all beings—exist after their bodily dissolution, and under different circumstances are able to reveal themselves in communications made through chosen persons. This belief is so extensively prevalent in our country—not to speak of other lands—that its consideration becomes interesting. When millions of our fellow beings, including distinctive representatives of every class of society, agree in a general outline or form of faith, no matter what it may be, the bare fact is worthy of the most respectful attention, and perhaps even more, the most earnest and persistent study, that if there be error in it, it may be sifted out; if there be truth, it may be built up rationally into other and kindred organizations of human knowledge—human knowledge being the basis upon which human faith should repose.

One great reason why Spiritualism had attained to such growth was this: the intrinsic mystery and wonder, the intense curiosity which naturally belonged to that department of human experience which it professed to illuminate and explain. The speaker here drew a graphic picture of the grand phenomena of Nature daily and nightly displayed before us—the cerulean sky, the marching stars, our own globe which had rolled through space for incalculable ages; and said that beyond the mystery of that immeasurable sky and its wheeling planets, rose the grander mystery of human life. And he asked, Where were the myriads of humanity which in such unknown numbers had swept across the field of existence? Where were our own fathers and mothers, whose memories would exist in our hearts as long as consciousness with us remained? Where were the little children who nestled for awhile in the inmost recesses of our souls—the companions of our early lives?—where were they now? Could it with truth be said:

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath;
And these are of them?"

Spiritualism proposed to answer the great standing sphinx of the age, which had proffered the same question in turn to the successive generations of men: What has become of the dead? It proposed to lift that eternal curtain. In the Egyptian temples stood the veiled statue of Isis, bearing this inscription: "I am all that hath been, or is, or shall be; and my veil no mortal hath ever lifted." Spiritualism in one direction, standing professedly upon intuition, the seat of revelation, and science in the opposite direction of the human reason, professed, according to the speaker, to have raised that veil, or at least to have rendered it so transparent that the beams of immortal glory streamed through its gauzy filament upon the hearts of men. Between these two oracular responses, perhaps, the truth would be found, leaving the old and worn-out systems of theology to pass away as the provisional forms of interpretation put by humanity upon the primary phenomena that would ultimately receive the needed solution which should be the same for all, and which should stand forever. At least such was his hope.

The next reason for the rapid advance of Spiritualism, philosophically and phenomenally considered, is the very general state of discontent, uncertainty and skepticism now prevalent in modern Christendom, to which this proposed revelation makes an almost irresistible appeal. We should find, perhaps, that we could classify the

condition of the Christian believers into four divisions: first, a small class of disciples in the Church—Protestant and Catholic—who, with entire sincerity and earnestness, with perfect contentment and satiety of mind, accepted the dogmatic propositions laid down in the creeds, and gave them their unquestioning belief; second, another class, perhaps still smaller, who, having revolted from the absurdity and cruelty embodied in the perverted dogmas of ecclesiasticism, rushed to the opposite extreme, and denied everything, proclaiming that when a man died, that was the end of him. This class was smaller than the preceding, because it was not in human nature, when left to the unembarrassed workings of its own powers, to assume and rest contented with that belief. The Infinite was in man the finite, and He never could be satisfied (unless the intellect and corporeal frame were in an abnormal condition) without being acknowledged in some form, and immortality was the postulate of that petition. The speaker thought this idea of annihilation to be but a provisional and temporary position, the fallacy of which would be proved by time and experience. Third: there were those who were called liberal Christians—who, rejecting the crude, dogmatic faith of Christianity, had yet, as they thought, found another form for the same essential thing, freed from the objectionable features of the old, and who were contented with their faith.

In these three classes, naturally, Spiritualism will find but few recruits and adherents; but now we come to the fourth—the immense majority of Christians everywhere. They have ceased to believe in the cardinal positions of the Church, but have got no further, and so they conform to its teachings in a mixture of cowardice and reverence. They had outgrown their faith, but did not dare to say so. They were either indifferent in their hearts, or searching for new light. And here Spiritualism would very naturally—whether its teachings were true or erroneous—gather a great mass of followers. This state of mind among the majority of so-called Christians was, to the speaker, the great cause of the success of Spiritualism in our day, and the patent reason of its present important position.

And what is Spiritualism? In the cardinal teachings of its faith? First: That the souls of men are immortal; Second: That they exist after death in stages of being, and amid varieties of scenes and circumstances fitted to their degree of development and advancement, having new avenues opened to them for further unfoldment and progress; Third: That communication is possible between these disembodied spirits and related spirits still embodied in this world. Between these positions of belief there was any amount of diversity and variation of peculiar opinions in existence among the great multitude of people named in common as Spiritualists. Every one of them had his special idea. The great majority of them also believed in what were denominated physical manifestations—that disembodied spirits could make use of material objects in demonstrating their presence to those whom they sought to reach. Now how is it regarded, and how ought it to be regarded? What are the attitudes which people assume toward it, and which is the proper one? One class sweepingly declare it to be a great mass of unmitigated and conscious imposture from centre to circumference. This of course was the mere utterance of a violent and bigoted prejudice, because, in the first place, when any form of faith had prevailed in all nations and in all ages, it must represent a reality; the interpretation put upon the phenomena upon which it was based always referred to some reality—or other, though the explanation itself might be considered as preliminary to the true interpretation which all could accept. There must be some truth in every faith that has prevailed always and everywhere.

In the second place, the great multitude of our Christian community profess to believe in the Bible as the revelation of infallible truth. Well, the Bible, too, teaches this belief from beginning to end, in such kindred passages as I have read to you this morning. Spiritualism claims this, therefore. We have reason of belief that the Bible reflects the opinion of the men and times in which it was written. We may deny this, but if we contend that the Bible contains the truth of God, then we are bound to accept this phase and link ourselves with the Spiritualists. Another fact was fatal to the belief that the system of spiritualistic ethics and basic phenomena is all imposture, and that was, the amount of living testimony rendered in its favor from persons of sound mind and proven integrity of character. The lecturer had not, for his own part, seen the operation of the phenomena in their most remarkable shapes, but had been so frequently and fully informed concerning them by persons whom he thought as able to judge as himself, that he could not deny their existence. If we refused credence to these stoutly vouchered occurrences, we absolutely denied the whole basis of trust in human testimony. [Applause.] Therefore this attitude was not justifiable.

Another class of persons was then referred to by the speaker, who readily accepted the reports of the wonders related—admitting everything to be as stated—but ascribing all to the workings of diabolism, and declaring it to be an exhibition of the antagonistic power to the kingdom of God. This was the ground occupied by many prominent representatives of the leading Protestant sects, and the position taken in general by the Roman Catholic Church. While as unwilling to say one word which should be offensive to the members of that Church, as of any other, still it seemed to the speaker that they were inconsistent in this view of the case. The Catholic Church

herself held to the same principle in her dogma of the communion of saints; and many on the roll of her disciples, who had been elevated to the position of examples of holiness and piety, in by-past years, were represented as giving exhibitions of most striking phenomena, such as floating in the air (many claimed cases of which were recorded)—or evidencing what might seem supernatural knowledge. Now if they affirmed that such things existed in their Church, how could they deny their transpiration elsewhere? It would seem that it was on no other ground than that assumed by the victorious religions of the past, who forthwith converted the gods of the conquered into devils.

Of the reasonableness of this "diabolical" hypothesis he left his hearers to judge. In his faith, as in that of most of those who listened to him, there was no room for such a thing as the Devil, nor could he be traced in all Nature. Such a being was the creature of ignorant human imaginations. The Devil was a superfluous factor in the problem of the universe; and was simply the friction of the machinery of creation, and had no necessity for a separate authorship from God, any more than an ordinary machine, after leaving the hand of its originator, needed some other person to invent the friction which inseparably attended its operations. [Applause.]

After referring to the position of those who recognized the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, blindly accepted all things offered in its name as the genuine acts or words of disembodied spirits, the speaker reached the fourth, and what seemed to him to be the correct attitude to be observed in the matter—that which refused to take the whole mass of phenomena at once, in a spirit of indiscriminating credulity, proclaiming it all to be the working of exalted intelligences, but which stood before it with the spirit of modest candor on the one side, and scientific criticism on the other, accepting the phenomena as far as they existed, but deferring any decision as to their cause till something more satisfactory should be attained; in the meantime endeavoring to arrive at the truth—not according to any arbitrary hypothesis, but the truth itself, formulated in law. The true attitude, at the present time, to assume toward the spiritual phenomena, was to stand upon the platform of demonstrated human knowledge, and build out therefrom toward the unexplained phenomena, inch by inch, in accordance with their mathematical, logical and moral agreement with what is already known. But the attitude of many Spiritualists was this: Instead of beginning with what was known, and building out carefully, little by little—advancing cautiously, and endeavoring to include a still larger region of the unknown within the known—they simply made a powerful leap into the regions of mysticism, planted the standard of light in the midst of chaos, and cried, "Come unto us, all ye ends of the earth!" This position the speaker regarded as far from satisfactory to the critical mind.

Now were these strange occurrences of the period—the power of the clairvoyant to perceive what was outside the realm of the human senses—the various phases of mediumistic inspiration, or the remarkable physical phenomena, so-called—caused by disembodied spirits? That was the question. It seemed to the speaker that we had no right to assume such to be the fact without receiving the proof therefor. But why did everybody instinctively turn to that as a solution—from the beginning of the world to this present moment leaping at once to the conclusion that these phenomenal experiences were the work of disembodied spirits? In explanation he referred to the phenomena naturally produced by the human will—that force resident in his own corporeity, for instance, which enabled him to control the actions of his mind and body—that force which was identified in him as a unit, and which took the form of his individuality—and said this consciousness of himself, as embodied in his will, was the strongest which man gained from himself; and this, in the earlier history of the race, and amid the shadowy mists of ignorance which enveloped its advent and childhood on this planet, led it, by the law of nervous action, to instinctively refer all phenomena—the cause of which was to it unknown—to the action of some human personality, either in or out of the body. This impression would naturally be the first which entered the mind of man, because it was that which most intensely appealed to his consciousness. So in the savage state, the phenomena of the universe, without any exception, were supposed by man to be caused by human spirits; but added knowledge, as the race sped down the ages, had taken out one region after another from the list of phenomena, and relegated it to the realm of law.

The last proposition to be so treated, would undoubtedly be the very department over which Spiritualism hovered, which would be also relegated to the region of law, and be found to be the action of the nervous system in response to stimuli—to the power of the universe, having no connection with individual disembodied spirits. Till that should be settled all had of course a right to their opinion; but before it, we must not adhere to any preconceived bias regarding the subject. Diseases were once thought (superstitiously it appeared to him) to be the result of spiritual intervention—such as fevers, blindness, palsy, and others cited in the New Testament. The speaker reiterated his statement that no great chronic belief existed without embodying some truth, though the interpretation might be provisional rather than lasting, and proceeded to point out in the case of typhoid fever for example, how mankind had by added scientific knowledge assigned other causes than the action of spirits for the disease, locating it in the operation

of vegetable spores floating in the atmosphere of marshy tracts of country, and which were taken into the human system by inhalation. If a disembodied spirit, as claimed, told you anything which you knew nothing of before, the matter was not settled. Why could not your spirit obtain the knowledge at first hand from the Great Fountain Cause? You have not explained the matter—you have only added another mystery!

Man being a microcosm, sustained relations with the whole universe, and the laws of that universe operating coextensively through all things, he was attached to the great lines of sensation which radiated throughout the realm of being; though him on any particular point and it would operate on his nervous system, which was the mechanical organism which God caused the soul to use for the present in its intercourse with the universe. And in the face of this fact he thought the spiritual phenomena might perhaps be regarded as exemplifications of disturbances in the operation of natural laws in the universe, which radiating upon sensitive subjects induced the occurrences related; rather than as the direct interference and inexplicable action of a multitude of individual spirits. The phenomena, he thought, could be better accounted for on the former than the latter hypothesis, because the latter only introduced another mystery even more difficult of explanation. This view, based upon his present knowledge, was the result to which he had arrived. Others might go further and see more than he. To such he was ready to listen, but could go no further than his reason endorsed. No man who stood up before the people to bear testimony on any subject, was justified in going one inch beyond what he said to be the truth! [Applause.] Although he could not perceive his way clear to the acceptance of the spiritual phenomena, still he considered them to contain a great prophecy for the future.

He then proceeded to the giving of his views as to how some of the occurrences spoken of might be superinduced by natural causes, instancing first the phenomena of dreams. A man might be asleep, but still he possessed the freedom of the universe with a boundless increase of power. Did the various events encountered in his dream proceed from the influence of disembodied spirits, or were they the workings of the man's mind under different circumstances not in existence in his waking state? For instance, a man going to sleep with a jug of hot water at his feet, might dream that he was walking over Vesuvius, and actually, to all mental intents and purposes, feel the hot currents among which his steps were made. "The reason for this misconception as to his corporeal surroundings could be readily found in the fact that the brain, being awakened to partial activity by the stimulus of the heat, endeavored, to account for the circumstance, and at once sought the most natural conclusion—the first one suggested by the law of association—without appealing for corroboration to the corporeal. The speaker thought the law of spiritual phenomena to be the existence of internal convictions without external correspondences.

If the spiritual phenomena were true—which might be the case—God held us all to the correct interpretation of them. The point of separation of the brain into the cerebrum and the spinal was, in his mind, the seat of the phenomena. Science would shed added light, and the time would come when human nature would be harmonized with itself to the elimination of the disturbances which now produced these fractional results. Instead of scornful Spiritualism he welcomed it as a proclamation of freedom; for its disciples at once became emancipated by its teachings from the idea of all external authority in matters of conscience and belief. It prophesied a new order of revelation based upon individual experimental relations with reason and human nature, instead of the dogmas of an inflexible church organism which, from being correct interpretations for the days in which they were originated, had lost their vitality and become only history.

To inform a man of the fact that God spoke and revealed his will to Moses and others of ability, was but to read the record of past occurrences; but tell him that God lived now and was in present communication with all beings and places, and that was the basic revelation of a true spiritual religion, fitted for the hour in which he lived. And toward that end Spiritualism seemed to point. The speaker also welcomed it, because it made its final appeal to the interior sense of each individual who sought to know what is true, instead of endeavoring, like the creeds, to demand acceptance upon the dicta of others. This he believed to be the true position for man to take concerning all things within and without; so doing, the race would march on to increased knowledge and consequent happiness in the world. He welcomed, in conclusion, the spiritual phenomena as indices of a nebulous state, which, concentrating some day into a solidarity, would cheer and beautify and redeem the world. These were his ideas on the subject as far as his knowledge and reflection had led him, and as far as the present occasion afforded space to give them, and with their elucidation he dismissed his audience, hoping that as they went away they would in all things follow the mandates of the spirit of charity and candor.

It is no wonder that newspaper advertisements are popular with the people, and are read by them. There is a frankness and independence about them. It is for this reason, perhaps, that newspaper advertising is preferred to hand bills, which people think are forced upon them, or to signs and posters, which start them out of countenance.—Am. Newspaper Reporter

Spiritualism.

REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC JOURNALS.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light, BY DR. C. L. PRISON.

The *Revue Spirituelle* of Paris, for December, contains a notice of a valuable work entitled "Universal Physiology: The Secret of Hermes," that is about to be published in France; and it is all that the reviewer claims, a translation of it into English would find a ready sale. Under the head of *Liberty of Equality* is the remark: "If you are not a good man, the more place you occupy upon the earth, the less you are worthy of esteem." Under *Reason and Science* occurs: "Every age should carry its stone to the edifice of the future, and hence how important that it should be shaped and well-polished. On page 12 we read: 'Nothing is more calamitous than reason, enlightened reason—man's only legitimate guide.' On page 52: 'Society is of divine right; it recognizes only one principle in matters of government—that of national sovereignty,' but it cannot exist, the author thinks, without a general acceptance of a belief in future rewards and punishments; materialism being the bane of society. Again: 'Force ought not to supplant the right, but the right ought to be upheld by force.' and, 'Theocracy of probity, of intelligence and of energy is legitimate—that only which is legitimate and salutary.' and, 'Humanity progresses always in the individual, but the world has their morning, their noon and their night.' The individual who lived, says two thousand years ago upon the earth, who lives still with us or elsewhere, has been progressing. The law of destruction is only in appearance, and when we say destroyed, it should only be understood, transformation." In the chapter on *Education*, the author forcibly explains against the superficiality of women's education, which leaves them to the control of certain ideas and the influence of the enemies of progress; "a great misfortune," says the reviewer, "and the principal cause of the schism between the Church and reason." It has been often said, indeed, in this country, that were it not for the duped women, the Beecher church and all the other churches would be without a pastor. When it is really known and understood that many of our churches are "shells of iniquity," the women will seek some purer, some higher garden of repose for their sensitive, sensitive souls, and rest only on the bosom of some Abraham, the deep-seated soundings of whose nature shall be in perpetual harmony with the divine excellencies and beauties that make up and hallow the sublime record—the angelology, if I may so term it—of their inheritance.

The *Revue* for January contains an interesting account of a phenomenon at Poix, in France, differing somewhat from anything yet recorded. Mme. Zoude-Père writes of it as follows (in brief): "On the front of a little house, [an exact drawing is enclosed, copied from the *Revue*,] situated at the end of a court well closed in, the bust of a man has appeared. With his right hand he points to the opposite side of the door, where there are three lines of figures, one above the other, equal in numerical value, and having beneath them the letter Z. At the extremity of each line is the sign ∞ and *unef de sol* (a key or elf of the sun—an expression I do not understand). Each line of these figures is composed as follows, 123456, making a sum total of 370938. All the world says that the design represents a man, aged, serious, with hair curling about the base of the head. His vestments are sombre, *de circonstance*, and of a fashion of some years past. The first appearance of this phenomenon was on the 21st of June, 1872, and again it came on the 24th of September, during a storm, at five o'clock p. m., and disappeared at nine on the following morning, just as the sun began to throw its beams upon it. The proprietor of the house a few days since caused the facade, where these images had been, to be whitewashed; but what was our astonishment at seeing them reappear on the spot where they were before; an invisible hand seemed to laugh at the attempt that had been made with the brush, and to produce again the forms that had vanished since the 27th of last June. At the moment, indeed, in which I write, there remains some vestiges of the phenomenon, as if to bear testimony to the veracity of the fact." The letter containing the above statements was signed by the proprietor of the house here indicated, and eleven other persons well known in that community where these wonders occurred.

The editor of the *Revue*, wishing to have further details concerning these marvels, wrote to Poix, and received in return the statement that they had been reproduced on the 3d of November and on the 8th of December. The account of the throwing of stones at Montreuil, mentioned in my last article, called forth another from the same place, which is briefly this: From the 2d of October, 1868, to the 20th of the same month, stones from various quarters fell on and around the house of a Mr. Aubin, on the opposite side of the street, and not far from the residence of M. Guenot, where the other demonstration of a like nature just referred to took place. In this case the daughter of Madame Aubin was wounded in the back; the father received a stone on the hand without injury, and the mother, when one day bringing up a plate from the cellar, received in the middle of it a falling stone that did not do the slightest mischief. The police, gendarmes and neighbors, to the number of fifteen, were secreted in various places to discover the cause of these strange doings, but no unraveling of the mystery occurred. It would give me much satisfaction had I space for several other articles in the *Revue*, such as that on the "Action Judique of man over the plants and the atmosphere," and "Action of the Fluids," in which lie some important suggestions regarding the composition, action, &c., of the perispirit.

The *Revue* for January copies the *Supplement to the Banner of Nov. 13th*, which appeals from the smoking ruins of the great Boston fire to the sympathies of all lovers of free thought, of a free press and the common rights of humanity. This number contains also a notice of a new book on mediumship through the aid of a glass of water. Of this matter, in connection with double mirrors, I have heretofore written at length. The neat, wholesome looking magazine from Vienna, *The Spiritualist*, is composed of thirty-one chapters elucidating Dr. Silvan's views of spirit and matter. An extract which has been kindly furnished me by Mr. J. F. Soman, embraces some of the pungency of the Doctor's pen: "The two most opposite views concerning the

spirit, are entertained by the materialists on one side, and the spiritualists on the other. The first will have the spirit derive its existence from the physical material; the second try to extract all physical matter from the spirit—although minerals and plants do not show the slightest indication of a spirit basis. Of course they both obtain unsatisfactory results, because of the wrong premises they start from. Both parties are too hasty in their deductions, and run into an everlasting future, before they have found the best probable starting point of the past. Both fail in their efforts at solution. The one tumbles over the spirit; the other over the matter. Every part of the human and animal body is subservient to a spiritual influence—an influence entirely independent of all physical matter, which proves distinctly that the spirit does not serve the physical, and that the latter has not created the former."

El Critico Espiritista, of Madrid, with its large, handsome type and its "Index" and cover, closing the volume for 1872, has come to hand. Its second article is a scathing analysis of a work, *Phenology and Spiritism*, by one Don E. Huclin. The reviewer is evidently conversant with Mr. Crookes's experiments with Mr. Home, and his deductions, and hence is prepared to speak with authority. Mr. Huclin, among other absurd things, says "That the republic of North America is a country more immoral than any other, and it is there that Spiritualism exercises larger dominance." To this the reviewer replies that "Mr. Huclin must have very few years, or have very little brains, or little of both together."

The next article is "Spiritual Society;" but it is rather on the faculties of our being and their harmony and inharmony. The third paragraph says that "Human entity manifests itself in two distinct modes: in man two opposing principles are at war; on one side exists reason, on the other sentiment." It seems to me that reason and sentiment may work and should work in perfect harmony, and that, indeed, we have been endowed with no faculties that are disjointed. There may be a dominance of sentiment, while the sterner qualities of the mind are held in abeyance, or are less intrusive, by force of education or otherwise. I know many men who think they exercise largely the faculty of reason, and are very reasonable men indeed, yet every chord that vibrates to this, in every effort they put forth, leads solely to the pocket, while the love of music, of paintings, of poetry, the love of the beautiful in Nature—God's chastened garments, heaven on earth—is to them as dead and dusty parchment in the tombs of the Pharisees.

A correspondent of *El Critico* speaks very highly of the spiritual society at Barcelona, and says that much attention is being paid to the subject of spirit-photographs, and that this month will begin in Madrid a discussion on the merits of Spiritualism, between the Catholics and Spiritualists. *El Critico* refers to Central American periodicals, but I have not yet seen any of them; also to new societies in La Coruña and Sabadell; and, doubtless with some pride, to the fact that a distinguished Spanish lady, now in London, the Countess de Pomar, will contribute to said journal an article on spiritual phenomena in England.

Le Messager, of Liege, continues its valuable articles, "In the world all is Spiritism," and "Of media;" the latter, in this number, Jan. 1st, being principally from a work by the distinguished French magnetizer, Baron du Potet. The *Messenger's* article on "Infallibility" I should like to give entire, but have space for only a paragraph or two: "What efforts, what patient struggles and labors have humanity put forth to establish, after ages, this spent, le point of modern ideas. Progress is necessarily made through different phases of transition, but it follows its slow but fatal march. Under its step the errors, the prejudices of the Old World disappear as our eyes are opened to the light of truth. The Church of Rome is menaced; she trembles on the foundation that was thought to be immovable. Her ancient prestige diminishes day by day, while at the same time her authority is enfeebled. What is the cause? The heads of the Church have not gone in the faith laid down by Christ; they have forgotten these words of Jesus: 'Love one another; do not to others what you wish not done to you.' They would rule, and, blinded by pride, proclaim their sole right to govern the people." These few lines show the spirit of the piece, which is more worthy of our, coming, as it does, from a country where Catholicism is really dominant in State as well as in religion.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 28th, 1873.

The Leaven Working—Israel's Camp Stirred.

The second week in January was a "week of prayer." Men should "always pray, and never faint." During that week the Orthodox Churches of this place united to hold union prayer meetings every night, with some object—I suppose for the general prosperity of Zion, and the "pushing forward of Christ's kingdom on earth." The following is the substance of the programme that was gone through with on Tuesday evening, after singing, reading Scripture, and opening prayer: Four reverends addressed the meeting, the burden of whose complaint was, to a large extent, that Spiritualism is diffusing itself everywhere, and is threatening the downfall of religion, or, at least, its more or less observation. One remarked, in substance, as follows: "Everywhere you go it confronts you; you cannot enter the depot, or the car, or the hotel, or scarcely any place now, where Spiritualism is not being discussed. It is invading the churches, (the plural is always used, as if the church were not one,) and has even entered the sacred pulpit."

Others followed with similar expressions of alarm, when a layman arose and said he thought the brethren were giving themselves altogether too much concern about the spread of Spiritualism, and remarked, in substance, that if God wanted his Bible to triumph, he would make it victorious over all the emissaries of Satan. This was an unexpected *douche* that manifestly produced some embarrassment. The reverend gentlemen had evidently not perceived that they had been doubting God's power to manage his visible church, and, at the same time, expressing their want of reliance on the "infallibly inspired word that kills and makes alive." The embarrassment was, however, soon relieved by a brother who doubtless perceived the situation. He said he thought the purpose of the meeting had been diverted. He understood the object of these union prayer-meetings to be prayer for the heretals of the cross, including foreign missions; and proceeded to lead in prayer for the ministry generally.

However well intended the masses who attend these meetings may be, I am sure the managers are unwittingly inviting the popular attention to the very subject they seem to be alarmed at, the only result of which will be everywhere to con-

tribute to the wider extension of Spiritualism, and the letting in on the world floods of heavenly light. The very declaration that Spiritualism has entered the pulpits, gives to it a higher importance where the ministry don't want it to have any, and, at the same time, awakens the attention of thousands previously indifferent to the whole matter. And when it is declared that the subject is everywhere talked of, what is that but advertising its claims on all who have "souls to be saved," and in damaging contrast with the previously oft repeated proclamation that Spiritualism is everywhere "lying out."

At a neighboring city, recently, two ministers of Protestant Orthodox churches visited a medium where indubitable tests of spirit presence were said to be given. After the séance one of them exclaimed with earnest emotion, "Thank God, I have met and conversed with my departed loved friends! Henceforth I will preach Spiritualism." This is the heaven leaving the whole lump. We will all thank God and the angels and our dear friends "over there."

We can heartily join with our Orthodox fellow citizens in the recognition of the growing strength of Spiritualism, wherein we stand and rejoice in the knowledge of the nearness of the heavenly world, and of the narrowness of the river of death, and all pray that the effulgence of the celestial light may soon fill the world, and dispel all mental darkness whenever found.

I learn that the last two evenings of these union prayer meetings have been devoted largely to the discussion of the alarming extent of the evil of drink, and in proposing measures for lessening it. This is a matter worthy of their labors, and one in which they may accomplish some good.

Leicester, Ohio.

Children's Department.

THE PET'S PARADISE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Up before the daylight is our Golden Hair, Looking for her petkins, all so cozy there; Snuggling puss and puppy, ere she's washed and dressed.

"Bye-lo, bye-lo, baby," singing them to rest. Like a chattering brooklet, shuffling in the sun, While in golden mazes shadows o'er it run, Sits our bright-eyed baby, with her cloud of hair, Wavy, gay and gleaming in the morning air.

"Come, my star-eyed darling—nurse you trust n't keep." "No, Lis n't weedy; Kitty hint as 'cep." Wicked, bright-eyed Kitty! many an hour 't would take— Many a soul to shut those eyes, so saucy wide-awake!

Boozy, lolly puppy seems a hopeful case; Scarce his eyes are open in his sleepy face. Wicked Kitty meditates giving him a claw With the little pricklers in her velvet paw!

Little fairy mother, with her earnest eyes, Softly broods above them, in flowery paradise; Nursing, watching, cooing, with tireless tenderness— Motherhood and womanhood in her babe's enmesh.

Kitty is so willful—such a wild young cat! Puppy is so stupid—what a care is that! In her eyes of innocence gathers purpose deep— In her eyes of innocence gathers ours that sleep! "Wait a minute, nurse! I'm ditt'n in as 'cep!" Ah, poor grown-up mothers, with your wayward race,

Roaming, frisky, staid, clasped in one embrace, How our sweet-eyed darling, with her baby ears, Mirrors forth your larger lives, hopes and loves and prayers!

Different natures, jarring, held in one embrace, Bind within our mother-arms their clinging place; But there is a larger Love, as sweet as that that bears, As we clasp our little one, with her little cares.

["LITTLE RUNAWAY AND HER PETS."—This charming little poem was written by Mrs. Stowe on the beautiful picture of Lobbichon's.]

HOW IT IS DONE.

Scene in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters.

"Father, give me a penny." "Have n't got any; do n't bother me." "But, father, I want it. Something particular."

"I tell you I have n't got one about me." "I must have one; you promised me one." "I did no such thing. I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. It's all wrong; I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one. It's real mean." "No go away; I won't do it, so there's an end of it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child; "There, take it, and do n't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door, calls to one of them—her own son.

"Joe, come into the house right away." Joe pays no attention. "Joe, do you hear me? If you do n't come right away, I'll give you a licking."

Joe smiles, and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey. "You'll catch it if you do n't go, Joe."

"Oh, no, I won't; she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid." Mother goes back in the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children. That's the way, parents; show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.

—*Christian Weekly.*

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW.

The best inheritance which parents can give their children is the ability to help and take care of themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dollars apiece. In any trouble or difficulty, they have two excellent servants in the shape of two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited upon, are helpless and easily disheartened in the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and hardy meet troubles with cheerful face, and easily surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn to do as many things as possible.

Original Essay.

THE HEAVENS.

BY F. W. EVANS.

That the heavens are plural, is as generally an admitted fact as any that can be named. How many heavens there are, is an open question. But the number seven would probably gather to it the greatest number of believers both within and outside of our Order. "Ye know not what spirit ye are of," Jesus said to his disciples, when they proposed to do as Elijah had done before them, bring from the spirit-world, through the agency of spirits in the second or Jewish heavens, primitive fire to consume the villagers who would not receive and entertain them over night.

How was this? What had these people done, or not done, deserving of death, even at the hands of angels, and by fire coming down from heaven? The disciples at this time were professing to be Christians, to be under the ministrations of spirits of the seventh sphere; and were being instructed into "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," which was the dawn of the seventh heaven upon this earth.

The angels of the second heaven were still in the life of generation and war. Their Zion on earth was the Jewish Temple; and, under the influence of the religious revival inaugurated by John the Baptist, those angels helped Jesus, by inspiring and using him as a medium, to cleanse the Temple of the thieves and robbers, together with the money and the animals which had turned it into a house of merchandise, instead of a house of prayer for all nations.

That was war on the Jewish plane, and in the degree represented by Elijah. It was right on the part of those angels in the order and the heaven that they were in. But it was wrong on the part of Jesus in the order and in the heaven under which he was called; and in the cool of the day, when Jesus came out of his mediumship and began to feel after the angels of his higher mission, he was humbled by their presence, and felt under judgment and condemnation, which the disciples observing, the prophetic saying came to their remembrance: "The zeal of thine house" in the lower order, "hath eaten" up my life in the Christ heaven; until in his "humiliation" and repentance "his judgment was taken away" by a renewed baptism from the seventh heaven, and a restoration to union with his proper ministering angels, which he received, not as a Jew, but as a Christian. Thus was Jesus instructed into the Christian sphere of warfare, which is not physical or carnal, but "is mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

It was not carnal, even as pure Jewish wars were carnal; where no physical violence was done by those in the body, death being inflicted by disembodied warriors.

Reproduction of the highest order was the same in the children of promise or premeditation, where offspring was the sole object of sexual intercourse. It was, then, simply as a Jew that Jesus was a medium in the Temple, for the angels of the heaven who inspired Elijah. And as Jews, his Apostles, who had thus seen Jesus exercise war on the Jewish plane, essayed, in the case of the Samaritans, to follow his example, not yet having attained to the Christ sphere of war. Jesus having received reproof and instruction himself, administered by the Christ angels, administered the same to his Apostles, saying, "The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

That was not to them entire redemption from one sphere to the other, for they would alternate between the two. When the Christ cross was too heavy, they would drop it, and take up the Jewish cross; as the more natural and bearable of the two. Anon, they would repent, and rise again into their proper order, until they learned to know what spirit they were of, and from which of the heavens their ministering spirits had come to them—from their old heavens, which were fast passing away from them, or from their new heavens, in which they were called to form a permanent inheritance.

It is the same to-day with the representatives of the various sects and opposers of sects in Babylon, who are called to be believers in Christ's second appearing, and to receive ministrations from the same Christ-heavens from which Jesus and his apostles received their ministrations; "God having concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all," it being a law that none in an inferior dispensation can slip beyond the power of redemption, by that which succeeds and is superior to it; as it is also a law that those who have attained to the highest degree of spirituality in an inferior dispensation, when conjoined to a sensual, animal life, are more difficult of resurrection than those who live an equally sensual life, but whose spiritual powers have not been quickened to the same degree. In the superior dispensation, the constant tendency of old habits and modes of thought is to attract and bring back their former ministering and guardian spirits; and the last end of such persons is worse than the first, because it is more difficult to convict them of the fact, and convert them the second time; even as it would be more difficult to cause fire to pass over the burnt forests of the West than it was previous to the conflagration. This is one of the stratagems of the enemy, of which the apostles declared themselves to be not ignorant.

"There is a way which seemeth right to a man, the end whereof is death." Nothing so confirms a person in the correctness of his ideas or positions as the impress of the spirit who is in the same mental and spiritual condition. It becomes a confirmation strong as proofs from Holy Writ.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits," and seek to know to what order they belong, and from what heaven, or hell, or intermediate sphere they have proceeded; whether from the old heavens, from which you used to be inspired when living in the world, or from the new heavens, whence alone inspirations may come that will create you anew—make you a new creature. As of old, the spirits that acknowledged that Christ had come to men and women in the flesh, in the persons of Jesus and Peter, and his successors, until the Church fled into the wilderness; so, also, in our day, those spirits who acknowledge that Christ has come in Ann Lee with equal power, and to her successors with as great authority as they appeared in those whom Jesus sent, are true Christ spirits.

"You can't do it, sir; you're a fool, sir," said Sir Humphrey Davy in 1813, when a man told him that cities would soon be lighted by gas.

Free Thought.

(Continued.) ADDRESS OF HORACE GREELEY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Conscious am I of the little claim I now have upon your time and attention since I have gone the way of all the earth—since you have attended the last solemn funeral rites, and deposited my cast-off body within the sepulchre, yet would I crave from a too generous public a continued audience. I wish you, one and all, to feel and know this important truth, that I am not dead, and, further, that I do not sleep, but that I was never more alive, or wide awake, or ready, or more anxious to present to humanity what I conceive to be truths important for them to understand.

My experiences in the higher life have as yet been very brief. I have, so to speak, but just entered the vestibule of the great Spiritual Temple, yet could I speak to you of "what I know about" heaven and hell, so called, I could throw a flood of light upon even the most advanced minds of the theological world; and possibly I may yet continue my relations of the "Recollections of a Busy Life," the incidents thereof being confined principally to my present sphere of existence.

My dear fellow citizens of America, I rejoice in being able thus to address you. I rejoice that this mode of communion is opened to the denizens of both spheres, for I feel and know that it will redound to the lasting good of both.

I feel it due to my supporters in the late election, to return to them my heartfelt thanks for the free bestowal of their suffrage, feeling, however, as I now do, doubly thankful that the result thereof was not only as it has terminated, but that at its close I was allowed to withdraw from the scandals and scrambles attending such campaigns.

And now, my fellow citizens (for I love still thus to address you), I wish to enter my solemn protest against such outrageous defamation of character, such damning lies and misrepresentations as are heaped by partisans upon opposing candidates, and to earnestly call upon you one and all to forever abandon it in future similar contests; for that I would shrink from honest, fair, or decent criticism, such defamation as would turn an angel of light into a very demon, I do both despise and abhor.

Men and brethren, allow me to bespeak from you all a higher appreciation of the position and privileges you enjoy. You are citizens of the most beautiful, fertile, salubrious and extensive confederation upon which the light of heaven shines. You have the framework of a government which, if administered in the interests of the whole people, may redound to your future prosperity, happiness, perpetuity, and enduring glory—one after which all the nations of earth may and probably will pattern. But beware of seeking to grasp too much territory, for this will be your weakness and final overthrow. Beware of too great centralization of power. Beware of extravagance in public expenditures as well as in private life, and especially beware of perpetuating those causes of discord and hate between the two sections of your common country, but, in the spirit of harmony and conciliation, strive to do not only justice by each other, but allow the spirit of fraternity to cement the relations of brotherhood which should and must exist in order that you may be and continue a noble, a free, a happy people.

My life on your side has been a busy and eventful one. I expect it to be none the less busy and perhaps not the less eventful on this; but rest assured that whatever changes I may pass through or engage in, I shall never forget or cease to love and cherish my dear brethren of the United States of America, and that, whenever opportunity presents, I shall avail myself of it to warn, to encourage, and to cheer you on in the pathway of truth, of justice, harmony, and fraternity; and you may rest assured of enjoying the constant well wishing and fraternal Godspeed of your ascended brother,

H. G.

PERSONAL SOVEREIGNTY.

BY JOHN W. EVARTS.

Is there a drifting toward the realization of the IDEAL OF INDIVIDUAL IMPERIALISM? OR OWNERSHIP? OR SOVEREIGNTY? OR FREEDOM? In all the things pertaining to life's issues?

Shape this question as we will, what shall prophet or priest or philosopher, in truth or in untruth, say in answer? Or shall prophet and priest and philosopher dumbly conserve their idols, which they are "joined to," in complacent make-believe peace and security?

Who are they who, on the summit of their best inspirations, have come out from their inmost "heart of hearts," and in personal expression and act and deed have sealed, with the signet of the soul, the uplifting of womanhood from the tramway of impersonal oblivion? Who have said that woman should vote? and who will, tortoise-like, shrink back when the question comes squarely up, that suffrage leads to sovereignty? Are these Peters to deny, and Judases to betray, then, their now chosen master? then—when suffrage leads to that sovereignty that breaks all bonds, interdictions or decrees, which alienate woman's personality—will there be Peters and Judases then?

These are questions which do quite already stare very many namable persons in the face; and importantly, too, do these questions starkly, yea, sadly stare at them. The first to be asked of suffrage, is answered by millions with much nonchalance, "Yes, let women vote!" but who, of these millions, have the apathy to say it, if they have the prescience to know it—that in the ballot lies the light that shall guide woman out of the bondage of marriage once and forever?

How many do crouch, hug and purr at the shrine of the fair goddess, *Monogamy*, unknowing the great unknowable impulses that may arise and have arisen from her very bosom? Does she govern or ungovern this world? or why have her subjects been so continually prone to overlook her limitations in all her dominions, in every clime?

Monogamy, oh, thou fair Goddess of Marriage! can you forge chains enough to bind our attractions and repulsions? Oh, Goddess! we stray, we stray—have strayed all the time on every cycle of eternity's evolutions! Thy chains bind us not in deed, if in word! Great, oh, Goddess, is thy name, thy law as thy kingdom; and great must be thy prophet, if by truth or untruth he shall breathe new life into the "dry bones" of thy domain! But first send thou to me, as to one "raising the cry of distress," thy prophet, thy priest and thy philosopher, that it may be divined unto me, yes or no, that suffrage leads unto sovereignty and unmarriage! Howbeit thou must forget thy disloyalty, not in Adam, but in Buddha, Kreesha, and in others,

The Miracle of the Ages!

There is Balm in Gilead!

As La Porte, Ind., has attained a wide-spread celebrity as the headquarters for the cure of the habit of eating opium, and is now accorded an important niche in the great temple of fame, we concluded that it might be well to give the general public a brief history of the chief author of our sudden greatness.

With this idea, we called at the palatial office of Dr. S. B. Collins, and requested an interview. We found the Doctor engaged with a patient at the time, but were cordially received by his private secretary, and pleasantly entertained for a short time, when the Doctor made his appearance, and gave us a cordial welcome. After some general conversation, we intimated the object of our visit, and the Doctor frankly stated that there was nothing in his life which he would hesitate to have the world know. With this assurance, we sharpened our pencil, and requested a brief history of the main incidents of his life.

He replied that he was born on a farm in Darke Co., Ohio, in 1831, and consequently is now thirty-eight years old. He was the youngest of eight brothers, and his boyhood life was remarkably free from the singular possession of great clairvoyant powers. His parents and associates were, unfortunately, wholly unacquainted with the mysteries of clairvoyance, and naturally ascribed the peculiar gift to the agency of some evil spirit, and of course strenuously opposed the development of his natural capacity to penetrate heretofore hidden mysteries. At the early age of twelve, the Doctor's father died, and his mother removed with the family to Wabash, Ind. From there he went to South Bend, Ind., and at this place commenced the study of medicine. For five years he remained in South Bend. During the time, he steadily pursued his medical investigations, and with the aid of his remarkable clairvoyant powers, frequently diagnosed difficult diseases, and gratuitously prescribed for many poor patients. In 1859 he moved his family to La Porte, and the same year, made a trip to California, where he remained about five months, and spent his time in traveling over the Golden State. He then returned to La Porte, and commenced the regular practice of medicine. He soon numbered among his patients several unfortunate who were addicted to the use of opium. As there was no known remedy for the dreadful affliction, the Doctor naturally turned his attention to the investigation of this important subject. He continued in his studies until 1868. Sometime in July of that year, he perfected a remedy, and had the satisfaction of demonstrating its practical worth by seeing his patients commence to improve under his painless treatment. In a short time, all his opium patients were permanently cured, and have never since had any inclination to use the drug. After thus demonstrating the great merit of his remedy, he concluded to make the treatment of this disease a specialty.

We have now given a brief summary of the information he gave us concerning his life up to the period of his embarking in the "specialty business."

THERIAKI.

This is the quaint title of a spicy little magazine of 80 pages, devoted to the interests of Opium Eaters, published by Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Indiana. It contains the letters of Fitz Hugh Ludlow and Testimonials from patients in all parts of the United States who have been rescued from the horrible tyranny of Opium, Morphine and Liquor. It is also of fair merit in a literary point of view, containing original and selected matter in pleasing variety. Being neatly printed and bound, it is by no means unworthy of a place on any reading table in the land. Sent free to any victim of the habit. Subscription price to others, \$1.00 per year.

Words to the Wise.

A. P. Andrew, Jr., of La Porte County, Ind., deposes and saith: "That he is 68 years of age; that previous to July, 1868, he was for twenty years addicted to the use of Opium, the last eighteen years of which was confirmed in the habit; that on the 18th day of July, 1868, he commenced taking a Substitute compounded by Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte; that he continued to take the Substitute according to directions, until the 15th of November following, when he was pronounced cured; that since which time he has not taken Opium in any of its forms, nor any substitute therefor; that he feels no desire for the use of Opium; that he feels entirely cured of the habit, with good appetite, sleeps well, and his general health is as good as he could expect at his age; that he publishes the Banner of Light, Boston, March 13, 1869, a more particular statement of his cure—and that he has no peculiar interest whatever in the cure, but makes this deposition voluntarily, for the benefit of humanity."

Sworn and subscribed to before me, the undersigned, Justice of the Peace, this 10th day of August, 1869.

HARVEY BROWN,
Justice of the Peace.

The Test of Time.

The following from A. P. Andrew, Jr., who is one of the oldest, as he is one of the most respected of citizens of La Porte, speaks for itself:

LA PORTE, April 20, 1871.
DR. S. B. COLLINS—
Many persons have written to me, wishing to know if the cure performed by you sticks, or, in other words, stands the test of time. I have been cured, during which time I have not used Opium in any of its preparations, nor any substitute therefor, and have no inclination to do so. My health is good for one of my age (70 years). You can make such use of this as you please.
Respectfully, etc., A. P. ANDREW, JR.

Another Triumphant Cure.

DR. S. B. COLLINS—
Dear Sir:—After taking a remedy for the Opium habit, advertised by a physician of this city, taking it for some five months without any good result whatever, I was so fortunate as to make application to you.

In nine months I was completely cured, and this too, under circumstances most unfavorable to the successful action of the medicine. In the first place, my lungs for years had been in a weak and diseased state. Moreover I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and a chronic pain in the stomach.

For these difficulties I repeatedly called a physician while taking your medicine for the Opium habit, who administered Morphine, thereby greatly interfering with your remedy, and retarding my recovery.

But your cure triumphed over all, and I ever believe saved my life, for while it effected all you promised for it, the tone of my general health was wonderfully improved, and I am now stronger than I have been for years.

Desiring that all afflicted as I have been should avail themselves of the signal relief you offer, and wishing also to thank you most sincerely for the aid you have rendered me, I gladly make this statement of facts, and am,

Gratefully yours,
MADE F. M. BECKNER,
JOHN F. BECKNER.

Tidings from the Southwest.

LAKE STATION, MISS., Nov. 21st, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS—

Dear Sir:—I feel it incumbent upon me—a duty—to make the following statement: At first glance I shrink from the thought of giving publicity to my name under such circumstances, but after more mature reflection I concluded it fully to attempt to conceal from a strange world of weakness or of folly, the existence of which all one's friends were fully apprised. Moreover, viewing the case from a moral standpoint, I thought it an earnest and solemn duty to add my mite to the universal flattering attestation of the genuineness and efficacy of your Opium Cure. I know how very thankful I feel myself to the hand that pointed the lines which first led me to discover that such a remedy had been found. I had often wondered if such a thing could not be, but all my inquiries had been vain till I came across—through the kindness of a lady friend—intelligence of your wonderful preparation. I must confess that at first, like others, I had but little confidence in it, but further investigation and a thorough test have proved the fallacy of my fears. Although yet a young man, just turned of thirty, I had used Opium in its various forms for nearly seven years. A chronic disease had early fastened its fangs upon my vitals, and, like the vampire in the heart of Paradise Lost, gradually consuming my life. Opium was administered to arrest its progress and allay pain; their use became more and more essential, till finally opium was an absolute necessity of my existence. It was useless for me to recount the horrors of my experience—the same sufferings, the same tortures, have been graphically delineated by abler pens than mine. DeQuincy, Coleridge and other noble minds have told the world of their sorrows and trials; more recently the pungent and trenchant pen of Fitz Hugh Ludlow has astonished the American people by statistical information on the subject, giving some idea of the enormity of the extent to which the habit has attained in the United States. Suffice it to say that, arising from the use of opium, in which I was a slave to this vile and insidious drug, my pathway was haunted by a spectral phantom, and the dearest and brightest hopes of my life withered and blasted. But I thank Heaven I found help in the extremity of my distress. I am cured. My health is good, my appetite good, I sleep well, and indeed in every respect I have undergone a complete metamorphosis. From the first dose of the first bottle of the Antidote I took, I have not used it, and I have no desire to use the drug. It braces and keeps the nervous system in equilibrium, seems to destroy absolutely all desire or craving for the drug, and is powerfully effective in repairing and invigorating the general health. Any one of ordinary intelligence can readily tell from its effects that there is not the slightest trace of opium in it. Every word I speak is positively true, and written with no object on earth save to endorse heartily and cheerfully my approval of one of the most useful discoveries of modern times in the medical world. It is written only for those who have suffered like myself, and to all such I earnestly suggest that they give it a fair test.

Very respectfully,
W. L. TOWSER.

A Terrible Accident.

A Man Drawn through a Seven-Inch Space, Sixty Revolutions a Minute.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Nov. 29th, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS—

Dear Sir:—Yours of Nov. 1st was received. You ask pardon for not keeping up your correspondence. I think I am the one to ask pardon. As I did not do as well in Crawfordville, Ind., as I expected, I moved back to Jacksonville, Ill., and ought to have apprised you of it. I also ought to have let you know how I was progressing with your Opium Antidote toward the end of slavery. On the 24th day of July last, I took my last dose of your Antidote, and have half of the last bottle left. I had no trouble whatever in quitting the Antidote. I have no desire for either the opium or the Antidote. I have not the language to thank you for what your Antidote has done for me. May God reward you ten-fold for your labor in relieving the suffering. On the 11th day of December, 1869, I was caught in the machinery of a flouring mill. I was drawn through a seven-inch space, sixty revolutions a minute. Every rib in my left side was broken; my left arm was broken, just above the wrist, and from the elbow to the shoulder was crushed into fine pieces; my breast bone and collar bone were broken; my left hip was dislocated, and my left foot was broken at the instep; also the ankle joint badly crushed; my eyes lay on my cheek, choked out by my neck handkerchief. This is not all the wounds I received then, but it is enough; it looks unreasonable that one could be hurt and not feel it. I was kept my bed two years, walked on crutches four years. My doctor gave me morphine at the time I was hurt. I do not blame him, for I could not have endured the dreadful suffering without it. After I had taken it two or three months, the doctor advised me to quit it; I said no; but promised after I got able to go about I would quit it. I did not know the nature of the stuff. I was not alarmed at the idea of taking opium until I had taken it about six or seven times, and I was a complete slave to the drug, which was killing me by inches. You would be surprised, and it would weary your patience, were I to tell you of the many different ways I tried to quit the use of opium. I consulted several doctors; some said taper off; I tried it, but failed. Some said never knew any one to quit it, after using it as long as I had. I then said, "God right square off." They might as well have said, "I will hold my hand in the fire until it fell from my arm. After all my many trials to quit, and meeting with such advice from the best doctors that could be found, I gave up in despair, knowing that it could not be long until death would relieve me from a bondage worse than slavery. I have been as many as nine days without an operation.

In the midst of my greatest despair my daughter handed me a paper, (I think it was the Chicago Times) containing a notice of a gentleman that had been an opium eater. He had heard there was an opium cure gotten up by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, therefore he wrote to Ludlow, but received no answer. He then wrote one or two letters to the "Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine, but no attention was paid to his letter. After he had given up all hopes, a friend laid a pamphlet on the table before him. There he found that one Doctor S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Ind., was the man who had found a Painless Cure for the Opium Habit. When I read this letter my hopes revived. I immediately wrote to Dr. S. B. Collins; he answered my letter, also sent me a pamphlet with several references. I could not doubt; I sent for the Antidote. I was like a drowning man, ready to grasp at any straw.

After taking the first dose of the Antidote I was convinced that I had got a longer lease of my life; that I was on the road to life and freedom. The happy faces of my wife and children, and their rejoicing in the victory I have gained over opium, by the use of your Antidote—that alone more than pays me for all the money I paid for the Antidote. I received a pamphlet from this rival of yours, I forgot his name; from the reading of it one would think you or your Antidote had never cured any one of taking opium. I am like the man that was born blind, but restored to sight by our Saviour; I know that I was a slave to opium over twelve years. I also know that I was cured by your Opium Antidote, and nothing else.

Doctor, I send you this letter of my own free will. Make whatever use of it may suit you.

Your sincere and true friend,
S. P. GUIN.

Freedom and Deliverance.

EAST WALLINGFORD, VT., Aug. 22d, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS—

My Dear Sir:—I began to take the Antidote June 28th, and have not taken a particle of morphine or opium in any form since. I acknowledge I did not take it as directed. I have never had the need or want of a particle of morphine after taking the first dose of the Antidote. My health began to improve, and still continues so to do. In fact I enjoy better health to-day than I have for the last ten years. I had many doubts in my mind as to the efficacy of the remedy, and hesitated long before I sent for it. In fact, I kept it in my desk about three weeks before I began to take it. I was afraid to begin for fear it would prove a humbug; but God bless the day I discovered a slight notice in the N. Y. Tribune in regard to it, also the day I sent for it, for its use has undoubtedly saved my life, and it has restored me to real life again. I look back upon the last two years as lost, and it all seems like a troubled dream; but, thank God and you, I am again free, and in the words of another, free as a bird on the mountains. I hope every opium eater in the land will become acquainted with the fact that there is a genuine cure and a painless one in your hands, thus saving themselves from that damnable ruin which awaits them. I have corresponded with one or two other men who claim to be cured of the habit, and of them I received sixty-three dollars out of me for it. I became satisfied that he had got it by deception of you, and then labelled it over and charged what he pleased. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I think not. I made up my mind to try the remedy of the inventor, and in doing so found it greatly to my advantage. I have worked every day in haying, and have done as much work as the best of them. I will, as soon as I get over my hurry, write you more particularly about my case. I have advised two men to write you and get relief; one is Mr. —, the other is Mr. —, both of my town. God bless you, doctor.

I remain your humble servant and friend,
S. G. GATES.

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the system, I stopped taking medicine of any kind, and experienced no difficulty, nor desire for Morphine. * * * It might be of some advantage to you to send me a few of your THERIAKI Magazines.

My general health is pretty good, even better than when I began the noxious practice of taking Morphine. Appetite good. * * * I feel I cannot speak too highly of your Antidote. It has done for me even more than what you said it would do. In medicine it is the greatest discovery in the nineteenth century. Use my recommendation as you wish. Respectfully,

JOHN DONALDSON.

Another of the Redeemed.

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 14, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS—

My Dear Sir:—The Liquor Antidote had the desired effect, and you are perfectly welcome to use my name as reference. I am now a sober man, and thank God I am saved from a drunkard's grave, and all through your Liquor Antidote. You can write anything of the facts in my case in your magazine, and I'll vouch for it, but I would like to have you send me a copy, so that I can keep it for reference, and also to show it to my friends, and if I can do anything for you at any time, I would be most happy to do so.

I am yours truly,
WM. H. H. GRAY.