

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth bears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XIX

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NO 4

## BROTHER MOODY, COME HOME!

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW

(The following lines were suggested by the appeal of Chicago clergymen for Brother Moody's speedy return, to help them in converting their wicked city.)

I.  
Brother Moody, come home, come home,  
The devil's at our doors,  
We pray you will no longer roam,  
Upon those foreign shores.

II.  
With cloven hoof and lofty horns,  
While veiled from mortal sight,  
The winding path of sin adorns,  
By his illusive light.

III.  
Oh! Moody, come home, come home!  
Where Satan exultant roars;  
While reason scales our lofty dome,  
And bars our sacred doors.

IV.  
With strong and high uplifted hands,  
A doubting world grows bold,  
And cultivates our choicest lands,  
And steals from every fold!

V.  
Oh! Moody, make haste to come home,  
Be this your resolution;  
For bigotry must crown our dome,  
And God the Constitution!

VI.  
Then all the land its faith will plight  
To priests, and godly people,  
Will still reason's inborn light,  
And venerate the steeple!

## BROTHER MOODY'S REPLY. (7)

I.  
Brothers, I'll hie from the land of song,  
Your groans for help I hear;  
And though your foes are many and strong,  
I pray you have no fear.

II.  
I'll ring them in with a silver bell,  
And take them unawares,  
Then shake them o'er the brink of hell,  
Until they beg for prayers.

III.  
The veil that masks the cloven foe,  
I soon will rend asunder,  
Then couple him, where ere I go,  
With hell's terrific thunder!

## A WORD TO BROTHER MOODY.

Oh! Brother Moody, why rehearse  
Those strange, delusive errors,  
Which are to thoughtful souls a curse,  
Disrobed of all their terrors?

II.  
The bottom from the pit is gone,  
With all its bolts and bars;  
Its fiery coals illumine the morn,  
With hope's immortal stars.

III.  
Believe that He who rules the whole,  
And doeth all things well,  
Could never make a deathless soul,  
To writhe in endless hell!

IV.  
But give to all the power to rise,  
And triumph over wrong;  
To pave their pathway to the skies,  
And join the happy throng.

V.  
The blood of innocence to save  
Will do for lazy drones,  
May lull to rest an arrant knave  
Encumbered by his bones.

VI.  
Then why not teach that all must reap,  
And gather what they sow,  
Though over scattered tares they weep,  
They all are sure to grow.

VII.  
Yet by this lesson all will learn,  
To walk in wisdom's way,  
To gather strength at every turn,  
God's precepts to obey.

VIII.  
Oh, then have faith in noble deeds,  
That sin-clad souls at length,  
Will break the rusty links of creeds,  
And triumph in their strength.

IX.  
Believe a spark of the Divine  
Is found in every soul,  
Which will ere long expand and shine,  
And reach its lofty goal.

X.  
Where truth and love will arm in arm  
Inspire a world wide throng,  
While nature leads and blends her charm,  
In universal song.

XI.  
Then, Moody, come home, come home,  
The feast of love awaits,  
Where light from every star-lit dome,  
Unbars the golden gates.

XII.  
Then hie, oh, hie, to your home,  
Where truth and reason leads,  
No longer in a desert roam,  
To brouse on withered creeds!

XIII.  
Come to the feast prepared above,  
Come to the unlit bowers,  
Come where the angels breathe their love,  
To warm this world of ours.

XIV.  
Then earth will be your happy home,  
With hope devoid of pain,  
Believing Satan ne'er can roam,  
When ignorance is slain.

## THE SLEEPING PREACHER.

A Marvelous Development of Clairvoyance in Alabama.

Singing Hymns and Delivering Sermons while in a Trance, etc.

ED. JOURNAL.—Enclosed I send you an article from the Nashville Union and American. The medium alluded to is the Rev. Mr. Saunders, a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. The facts related in the article and many others of the kind connected with Mr. Saunders' "malady" (?) are well and generally known throughout North Alabama and Southern Middle Tennessee. Five years ago while on a visit to North Alabama, and since, I have met with numbers of relatives, clergymen and others, who have made statements in regard to him, fully corroborating this article.

While under control he does a great deal of writing; most of it is signed X and Y, and of which he has no recollection on coming out of the trance. The facts in the case are too well known in that section to admit of a doubt.

Now and then I meet with old residents, who are familiar with the facts relating to the great Robertson County mysteries of forty years ago, known far and wide throughout this (the middle) part of the State, as the "Belle witch." Hundreds of people now living scattered throughout the country here, can testify to the wonders that then and there transpired. Spiritualism, so far as I am posted in its philosophy, furnishes no solution of that wonderful mystery—at least no parallel instance has ever come under my notice; a partial solution may be offered in corresponding parts, having been noted as occurring through different times and places. The "Bell Witch" was invisible, unless the large turkey and black cats that periodically appeared on the premises, and mysteriously disappeared, can be taken as reliable and to the contrary, yet it could converse, shake hands, convey articles, produce (when requested) nuts and fruits, tobacco and whisky fumes, smoke a pipe and many other things in broad daylight or by candlelight. You may answer that some one the family were mediums; then how could the "witch" mount behind, ride and converse, and at the same time palpably clasp the waist of strangers riding along the roads, miles from the Bell homestead; no mediums or conditions necessary.

The trouble for years was not how to call this Diakka, (?) but rather how to get rid of it; exorcists were sent for, preachers and prayers all alike only produced laughs of scorn and derision, from the invisible substance (?) Mr. Bell, the head of the family finally died, which relieved them of a head and the "witch" at the same time.

Report says the witch poisoned Mr. Bell; others say that it worried and troubled him to death. These are conflicting, also the statements that the "witch" drove him from England to North Carolina, thence to Tennessee, and thence to suicide. Nothing of this latter is reliable, neither the dark hints and surmises that it was retribution for some dark crime or deed.

Some of Mr. Bell's children are still living in Robertson County, but they are reticent and extremely sensitive on the subject. A grandson has the full account of the whole affair written out by his father, but declines to publish it, as it would draw the flings and slurs of outraged skepticism upon himself, which he neither has the time or inclination to repel. It is to be regretted that he will not allow the account published; it would do a great deal in clearing the tradition of much that has been falsely added, wantonly left out and superstitiously embellished.

The true character of the spirit is hard to get at, from the numerous and conflicting relations. Some say it was even kind and accommodating, fetching articles from different parts of the house and neighborhood. Others say it was spiteful, boxing the ears of the family, and visitors viciously, and playing an untold number of mischievous and amusing pranks.

This account may have been published years ago; likely it was in many of the neighboring papers forty years ago; possible in some of the spiritual publications of later date; if so, trim it off, as a fact—the "Bell Witch" is notorious as a past wonder. "But what's that got to do with Spiritualism," asks my opponent. Mr. Bigot, ah! nothing. "Let us pray."

## THE SLEEPING PREACHER.

(From the Nashville, (Tenn.) American.)

In these days of spiritual manifestations and materialization of shadows, it may be of interest to our readers to learn there is a first class medium in the neighboring State of Alabama, who far outdoes all the Fosters, Homers or Rosses, and yet claims nothing for his extraordinary powers but the great misfortune of an attack of sickness, that by its peculiar effects upon the brain has enabled him ever since to, as it were, disengage his soul from his body and send it on an exploring expedition. Not only that, but, under a chain of favorable circumstances, even while in a state of utter unconsciousness, he is transported to far distant places and either witnesses or tells to those around all he witnesses; and the single instance has yet occurred in which he has failed correctly to relate actual circumstances and facts.

Marvelous as this may seem the facts can be attested by living, reliable witnesses, such as no one would for a moment question. Nor does his party seem to be aware of his extraordinary powers or to properly appreciate them; for he deems it a signal punishment of heaven—one that he would gladly escape. He scorns the idea of receiving money for anything he tells or does. He is an humble minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and always feels humbled and nullified after one of his trances. He is in middle age, and in all respects healthy. He is a married man, and lives in North Alabama, and though we withhold his name, as a notoriety of this kind is never grateful to him, we nevertheless feel it due to society to tell them of this extraordinary man, who could, if he wished it, produce a number one sensation as a Spiritualist, and yet is content to pursue his humble path as a Christian and not impose his misfortune on the community as a gift. Yet there are those traveling all through the country exhibiting phases of brain disease, epilepsy, cataplexy, etc., as odd force, materialization and other kindred impostures, and thus attributing the singular, it is true, but well known attributes of certain nervous maladies, to the action of spirits. How often is the asylum peopled with inmates from the powerful effects of supposed spiritual visitation, and even giant intellects have succumbed to the powerful influence of superstition.

Robt. Dale Owen, one of the most powerful thinkers America has ever produced, after reigning over the minds of all, by his deep and pungent reasoning on all scientific subjects, at last succumbed to the influence of a detected impostor, and now raves in a mad house. If we bring this case properly and fully before the public, one argument to detract the dragon of society can be deduced and the subject of this sketch will, we hope, pardon the use made of his acts in this service to the world.

We have been unable to gather, as we would like, any facts connected with his parentage, but we are disposed to believe there has been, either lately or recently, some predisposition to cerebral disorders in his family. One thing is well known—that in every case of so called Spiritualists this taint exists in the immediate kindred. In this case of the subject of this notice he had no evidence of unusual powers until after his youth. Then after marriage he had a severe attack of fever with congestion of the brain, and large quantities of quinine were used.

As soon as recovery took place this condition began. He is familiarly known as the "sleeping preacher," and great curiosity is felt wherever he goes to witness one of those sleeping performances. We can not better describe this peculiarity than repeat a graphic description given of a sermon heard by our informant—one of the leading ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and a resident of Williamson county:

"I and my wife were in Mooreville, Ala., at a protracted meeting, and Mr. — came to assist. We all felt a great curiosity to see and hear him, having heard so much about him. He stopped at Dr. Tusch's, we at Miss Walton's. We made Dr. Tusch agree to let us know if he got one of his spells. Mr. — preached at night a very fair sermon, but nothing unusual, and his voice was rather harsh and grating. After the congregation dispersed, we were sitting in the parlor of Miss Walton's house, when a negro came running towards us, saying the Doctor had sent for us to hear Mr. —. We rushed over, entered the parlor, and Mr. — was sitting in a chair apparently asleep, eyes closed, and head back on the chair. He, however, was singing in a low semitone of voice a hymn, and while he sang the room gradually filled up until not an inch of space was unoccupied. His voice had altogether changed from its usual loud, harsh character, and was low, soft and musical to a degree I never heard surpassed. In fact, it reminded me of angelic whispers. And then it had a tone of inexpressible melancholy about it that reached the hearts of every one present, and when he ceased to sing there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. At the conclusion of his song, he began one of the most feeling, earnest prayers I ever heard, and it was piteous, beseeching a manner that nothing could resist him. This prepared us to expect some rare treat, and we were not disappointed. He took his text from Paul's letter on faith, and you know I have heard good preaching, but never did I hear his sermon surpassed. It may have been the peculiar circumstances under which it was delivered, and the charm that would naturally cluster around one in his condition that added interest to it, but certainly I never saw a greater effect produced. It fell as gentle and pure as the snow. Still, in the same melodious voice, and the only gesture was a cluck of the fingers when he

wished to emphasize a point. To say it was eloquent does not express it. It was simply glorious, chaste and intellectual. He described thus for about thirty minutes, when at once his face, hitherto calm and unruined, became perfectly livid, his brow corrugated, until you could have laid your finger in the depression; and he clutched his left side with his right hand as if a violent pain had assailed him. This paroxysm lasted several minutes, when gradually it began to abate, and he exclaimed, "O! what are all my sufferings here, if, Lord, thou findest me meet?" And then his brow relaxed, his form assumed its easy posture, a sweet smile passed over his face, and he slept on quietly and calmly, and the crowd quietly withdrew from the presence of the unconscious preacher."

When questioned about these somnambulistie sermons, he knows nothing about them; not even a dream of it has left its shadowy trace behind. This is not the only result of his sleep. If he is sitting by a table writing when this "spell" comes on, he continues to write, but not on the subject that engaged his thoughts, and he awakes to find sometimes the strangest revelations, one or two of which we have appended.

Dr. Blake, of this city, has a little daughter to whom her grandmother had presented a golden eagle and requested her to have a ring made of it and wear for her memory, which the Doctor attended to, it was worn temporarily by her mother. On one occasion, in assisting her cook, she laid the ring down in the kitchen, and on returning an hour or so afterward, it was gone. Of course all were distressed, and diligent search was made for it at every possible place, but no ring could be found. A few days afterward, while the family were assembled at breakfast, and the cook, whom, by the way, all suspected, was in waiting, Dr. B., knowing the great superstition of negroes, said to his wife he intended to write to Mr. —, of Alabama, who had the power of finding stolen things, and related several very striking incidents. The negro listened very intently and at last, seemed to be impressed with a new idea, she turned to her little son, and told him to look under the window where Mrs. B. was in the habit of sitting. The boy went away and soon came back with the ring.

A day or so after, Dr. B. visited Alabama on business, and at a depot he met with Mr. —. After greeting, Mr. B. said: "Brother —, made use of your name to some good purpose the other day." "Yes," says Mr. —, "I heard you." And then he related to the astonished Dr. Blake the whole circumstances, who gave the ring, who made it, the inscription on it, its loss and manner of recovery, even to the complete conversation at the table. He also told Dr. Blake the whole transaction was on paper, and had been written by him while in a trance. Dr. Blake having never spoken of the circumstances to any one, was of course wonderfully astonished. This looks like clairvoyance, only the mind of the clairvoyant usually does no more than interpret the thoughts of those present, and this might have been accounted for here, but that it was written out. He visited Dr. Tusch, of Mooreville, a good deal, who will corroborate all these statements and give more.

One dark, drizzly night, Dr. Tusch noticed him while asleep put his hand to his eye, making a telescope of it, and appeared to look through it at some far distant object. "What are you looking at, Doc?" said the Doctor. "I see a ring." "Where?" "In front of the hotel, in the mud." The hotel was two hundred yards away. "Well, get up and let us go to it," says the Doctor. Mr. —, at once arose, walked out the door in the darkness, and Dr. Tusch following him, he took the center of the very muddy street, and went unhesitatingly to the front of the hotel, stooped down and picked up a gold ring, and handed it to his companion. It was down in the mud. At another time, with the same companion, he saw some money, and being bid to go after it, the Doctor still following, he went to a stable lot and picked up a two dollar bill. Doctor Tusch saw the money as soon as the other this time, it being light.

He told a friend in one of his visions he saw, as if a long while ago, a vessel with a large quantity of gold on board and sailing for this country. He saw a mutiny on board, and the men and officers murdered. He saw the schooner run into the mouth of a certain creek on the sea shore, and at a certain spot, washed in a certain way, he saw them remove the gold to the shore and at the same time scuttle the vessel. Three men only were engaged in it, and they buried the gold at a well marked spot. Here they separated, and, being afraid to come for it, soon it transpired that they were all killed or died, and the gold was left undisturbed in its hiding place, and there it still rests in its bed. "Why don't you go and get it? Would you know the spot?" "Yes, I can go there and put my hand on the box, but it is ill gotten gold. It is bloody money, and it will carry a curse with it." And no argument would alter his determination or make him reveal its hiding place to any one.

He had a daughter attending school at Dr. Ward's in this city. On the night of the commencement he was in a trance—we know not what else to call them—at his far home in Alabama. All at once, he sprang forward and exclaimed excitedly, "There, we are in the dark." His wife said to him he was mistaken, the light was burning. "Oh! I mean at Ward's. I was attending the examination and now it's all dark." When the daughter returned she told them of the accident of the gas going out while the commencement exercises were in progress, leaving them all in darkness.

He has other diverse powers. One day he carried Miss Walton's mail from the office. Broader her a letter, he says, "This is from Brother McJ." "No, this is from his wife." He only backs her letters to her. "No, this is from him and he writes to you about so and so?"—and he repeated to her its contents. At another time he said to his wife: "A letter directed to me from Nashville, passed on today by mistake, and it contained so and so," and he repeated the contents of the letter, as was seen on its return from the other direction. It is said among his neighbors he can read any letter through its envelope. The whole neighborhood apply to him when any thing is lost, and he can always, if asked while in a trance, answer correctly. Even the rogues have become fearful of his power.

But the most singular of all his performances and equal to the pretensions of the best Spiritualists, is the last circumstance we will relate. There are thousands of others, but we deem only necessary to give only a representative case in each branch of his powers. The Methodist Conference year had closed and the new minister of Mooreville had come. On Saturday Mr. — frequently spoke of his curiosity to hear the new preacher. He was sick all Saturday night, so much so that he could not sleep. After breakfast Sunday morning, he told his wife he would take a nap and then go to church. He was sleeping so sweetly at the regular church time that his wife would not awake him. Just as the congregation began to pour out he raised up, and his wife said:

"You were sleeping so soundly I did not disturb you to go to the Methodist Church, and so you have missed hearing the new preacher."

"No, I heard him."

"How could you hear him, I know you have been asleep all the time."

"Nevertheless I heard him, and to prove it, I will show you."

And he wrote down at once a text divided into various heads and made a synopsis of the sermon, giving the leading arguments. This was shown that evening to the Methodist minister and others, and they all recognized it as almost a literary sermon.

He once heard Dr. Baird, and in some respects differed with the Doctor. On going home, he went to sleep and answered the Doctor, much to his great amusement—for he was present. It was said to have been a masterly criticism, abounding in figures of rhetoric and very sarcastic in tone.

It is necessary to repeat all the wonderful things he does. It is said that if asked where any missing article or property is while in his trance, he at once sees it and is able to tell its precise location. A boy stole his wife's breast-pin, and on being informed of its loss, Mr. — without any hesitation named the party who had it, and it was recovered.

How can these things be? That they are so is unquestionable, as Drs. Provine, Baird and Blake, will testify, but how they are so puzzles the scientific mind. Mr. — scouts the idea of spirits aiding him, and will not, under any circumstances, receive money for any information, nor will he give the information, if asked for it at any other time except while under the influence of his epileptic or cataleptic excitation. There is some cerebral disturbance, a superexcitation or rather a hyperaesthesia of the sensorium that pushes his mind or soul free and untrammelled into space, and thus, un-influenced by surrounding objects, it sees clearly all things happening around. We see often the same thing to a limited extent in the case of somnambulists. They, with closed eyes, will walk over houses, near precipices and with impunity. Why? Because from a peculiar nervous excitation the optic expansion ceases to be the only mode of conveyance to the brain of objects, and every nervous filament becomes pro tempore a retina. This is a temporary catalepsy, and an unusual or overpowering amount of hyperaesthesia would produce like great results.

## SPIRITUALISM.

### The Kind They Have in Minnesota.

It appears from a special dispatch to the Tribune, that the Minnesota Convention was rather spicy. In the call for the Convention Secretary Walker said those tainted with doctrines of social freedom were not invited. Soon after the meeting opened Geo. W. Sweet introduced the following:

Resolved, That the Call for this Convention, made by the Secretary of the State Association, prescribing a particular belief on a question that is germane to Spiritualism, as a necessary qualification to entitle one to attend this Convention, is intolerant, and in direct conflict with the spirit of the age, and is, therefore, repudiated by this Convention.

After long and excited debate this was voted down, and the following adopted:

Resolved, By this Convention, that we do not tolerate or endorse the intercourse between the sexes outside of monogamic marriage.

Upon this the following persons are reported in proceedings published in the Dispatch, to have withdrawn from the Convention: M. C. Marston, Mrs. J. H. McDonald, Mrs. J. M. Davis, H. M. Clark, Porter Martin, Sarah Jane Martin, Mrs. F. W. Hascom, Mary A. Carpenter, F. O. Carpenter, N. Martin, Jennie E. Wright.

The majority remaining organized for the ensuing year, with a full list of officers a committee for the State Association, re-electing George Walker, of Stillwater, for Secy tary.



ZADOCK HUMPHREY.

He Visits Earth to Express his Views.

He Gives Them on Modern Spiritualism, as Founded on Christianity.

J. J. Lucas, of Belleville, Illinois, the Medium.

KIND FRIENDS:—The article this evening is a continuation of the last article [Published in the JOURNAL last week] received through the medium. We shall in some degree repeat what we then said, and at the same time shall enter more fully into detail.

As was stated there, there has never been any other theory, whether in religious services or mental philosophy, which has given such satisfaction to persons of all shades of opinion, and of every class of mind, as the theory of Spiritualism, and this for the reason that it proves and sustains religion, strengthens and fortifies natural science, and gives a scope and consistency of argument that lies far beyond any fixed views or doctrines previously entertained. It supplies that absolute conviction of the soul's immortality which to a great extent is lacking in other religions. Were we to dwell at length on the theory of Spiritualism, we should have to travel back into bygone ages, for it does not confine itself to tipping and rapping manifestations, or to the half-credited utterances of entranced mediums, but explains in a series of consistent arguments the manifestations of the past, the sorcery, witchcraft and diablerie which form the staple of thousands of traditions, and refers to a period whose phenomena are not explicable by any other means. As Spiritualism clearly unfolds their meaning and origin, we exclaim, Why, this is but a principle of nature. Therefore, the first point established by Spiritualism is, that Inspiration

IS A NATURAL GIFT vouchsafed by God to man, which, in proportion as he is prepared for it, he receives. It may be likened to a chain, binding the soul to a higher life, and is the means by which the father communicates with his children through the agency of angels. This proposition can not be controverted. Inspiration has flowed in upon men of every nation, clime and condition. Each country has its own form of Spiritualism. Spiritualism, then, knows no special race or country, and no creed save that of Universal Inspiration. Can this be doubted? Will it be stated that once, and only once, the true light has descended upon the world, that all countries but our own were destitute? The enlightened observer will say that Spiritualism alone presents a solution of all traditional problems, that the evidence of natural law proves positively that inspiration is an impartial and universal gift of God. What rests with us, is to secure that inspiration in all its fullness and reliability. Spiritualism, as a theory, unfolds these views, viz: First, the fact that the human soul lives again after death. Now, deny it as you will, skepticism on this point has crept into every department of society. The French Revolution produced a host of infidels, who have sown broadcast the doctrines of the non-existence of the soul and doubts of the Divine Being. These were followed by the German philosophers, who, by deeper reasoning, have sought to establish the same conclusion; and science, with haughty mien, adds her voice to pronounce the Holy Book, the earliest record of the race, a fable, and consequently to undermine our security in all that follows. Then with what deep and subtle arguments have the minds of metaphysicians labored to prove that the soul must perish with the physical form. All these have had their effects, and Christianity, divine and perfect as its teachings undoubtedly are, is now powerless to assure the race that the soul lives beyond the grave.

The cry comes up from Christian hearts: Father, if this be so, give us some evidences. The votary of material science makes the same demand in a different spirit. Even in the schools of theology arise a stifled murmur, "If inspiration be true where is science? But science is proven true, and where is inspiration?" Then all that class standing outside of Religion and Science say: "To whom shall we turn? If all these doctors disagree who shall judge for us, and in what direction shall we go to have our doubts resolved?" We have the

THEORY OF CHRISTIANITY, but its true believers are few, and those who practice on it fewer still. On the other hand we can not resist the proofs of science. What shall we say? And there is no answer, till suddenly the world is startled by manifestations purporting to come from the other life. We are not surprised that the Christian sects start back in horror, and denounce them as impostures, or that as the strange sounds grew louder and came from points more numerous, devils, magnetism, electricity, were successively appealed to. At last these denunciations have almost ceased, and over all the world a material something is recognized to hold sway, which is called Spiritualism. This voice from the other side conveyed by intelligent communications the facts that the agents were from the other world, that they lived, and could return with testimony of their existence and continued afflictions for those they left on earth.

This is the simple theory of Spiritualism. How many thronging thoughts does it suggest? We are not surprised to hear professors and priests reject and denounce it as the work of evil spirits, and say that inspiration ceased when the last word was written in the mystical record of John. We are not surprised that the men of science, who have so often boasted of their triumphs over revelation should cry humbug, and when driven from that position fall back on magnetism, electricity, and at last clairvoyance; but it is surprising that on a theory of such simplicity, and with no evidence but the despised manifestations, there should have grown up a religious doctrine which more or less influences, perhaps thirty millions of minds throughout the world, including at least eight or ten millions in your own country. And how has this come to pass? Because the facts are simple and plain, and appeal to your senses and judgment in a manner which neither the theologian nor the man of science can refute or deny. They must remain silent.

These phenomena manifest intelligence, which must be attributed to mind. There are but two sources of intelligence, viz:—mind in the human form, and mind outside of it. This every one must admit. Mind in the human form can only manifest itself by some exercise of physical force which can be estimated by the senses. It is not known that any plan can be invented by which the law of gravitation can be overcome without such exertion. Now, in these phenomena the law of gravitation has been repeatedly overcome without perceptible physical agency, as has been ascertained by the application of all manner of tests. Therefore we are reduced to the alternative of attributing them to mind outside

THE HUMAN FORM. What kind of intelligence is thus displayed? Evil cries out the believer in its demonical

origin, and others, not prepared to receive the message. But, says the inquiring mind, if evil spirits are permitted to come, why not good ones also? Surely a good Creator would not permit evil spirits to come here and produce marvels. How are we to test their good or their evil nature? By their fruits, and by determining their identity. These spirits say they are your departed friends. Your father tells you of incidents of your childhood, only known to him and you. Your little ones communicate to you; you think you know their familiar language. Surely you think there is as much evidence of identity as the contents of a letter you receive from your friend by mail can possibly be. There is no surer evidence of the future existence than such a communication, no matter through what form it comes. Again, when spirits come back the first utterance of one and all is, "We are not dead, but living; not gone away, but are near and can whisper to you." Such is the appeal which constantly comes from that world. Therefore, this theory, and these facts in connection with it, are clearly established.

It would be useless for any one to stand up, even in this town, and tell them that from twenty five to thirty millions of mankind had taken leave of their senses, and that, too, suddenly. Now, with these facts before us, what does Spiritualism say? It says that inspiration is a law of nature; that the religious records of every age or country are not inconsistent with the voice of angels who speak to day, that God, the Father is a being of universal love and kindness, and that the Spirit world

IS BUT A GRADATION OF SOULS

who have passed from earth each to its own appropriate sphere.

Now, we have given the theory of Spiritualism. It is so simple that a child can understand it, and it is predicated on facts which it were idle to repeat, for all parts of the world are filled with them.

There are three classes of Spiritualists. First, the Christian Spiritualist; second, the Scientific Spiritualist; third, the Radical or Pagan Spiritualist. You must remember that the like division may be made of the adherents of any religious doctrine. The Christian Spiritualists are they who accept the belief of Spiritualism, because they can not doubt the testimony of their senses; because they can not disregard its appeals to their best affections; and because, beautiful and sublime as in itself the doctrine is, and fraught with ten thousand peculiar blessings, they can not but regard it as a further development and completion of the faith which preceded it, and prepared its way, for its moral code and the main points of its revelation precisely correspond with those of Christianity. The sermon on the Mount is the standard of this class and they only accept Spiritualism because it seems to them consistent with the teachings of the Savior. That this is the case, let us proceed to convince you. Laying aside the sermon on the Mount, that embodiment of moral sublimity, we will follow Jesus to the termination of his earthly career. Among other things he said to his disciples, in words they did not fully understand: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. This expression is certainly conclusive when taken in connection with the fact that your departed friends tell you there are different spheres of Spirit-life, and each spirit enters the one for which it is fitted, not to remain there eternally, but step by step to ascend unto the higher life and more perfect development. Then, again, turn to St. Paul's writings, we find, after Christ's ascension, the same belief expressed as when he says: "Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." He then goes on to enumerate the various gifts bestowed by their Master, and to tell them to be content and satisfied with the gifts they severally possessed, and, in conclusion, not to be envious one of another, but to remember that one star differs from another in glory. All this is consistent with our belief, and the Christian Spiritualist accepts it into his life and carries it into his dealings with his fellow men as unfolding a noble view of his own religion, and making him more perfect and secure in soul.

The Scientific Spiritualist accepts these phenomena of Spiritualism as facts, but does not regard it as a religion. He may belong to some Orthodox Church, and he views the subject with a strictly scientific eye. He says these things are true; they must proceed from some intelligent force, for I have tested them in every manner. They afford a new and beautiful subject of study in connection with the laws of mind, and they demonstrate that these laws are universally the same, inasmuch as like causes always produce like effects.

We now come to the last and most deplorable phase of our subject, the Radical Spiritualist. You are very well aware that every item from the earliest ages has fallen into the hands of a certain class known as fanatics, who exist on the surface of society as politicians do on that of the Stage, and are always drifting, drifting, never lodging. According to the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." These fanatics have no settled belief in religion or science, no stability on any subject, but are drawn here and there by every wind of doctrine. Among them are certain persons called reformers; and the reason why Spiritualism is not more generally extended, is to be found in the efforts of these would be breakers up and tearers down of everything good and holy, which is established in the world, while considering it their duty to remodel things in general, have been very uncertain in what way to carry out their mission. If they had an edifice with a flaw in any part of it, they exclaim, that it is imperfect—we must tear it down forthwith; and if it is asked what they will erect in its stead, they answer that they do not know exactly, but that they will be able to build something. These people have been known from time immemorial under various denominations. When Spiritualism came along, "That is it," they cried, and every dissipated clergyman, and broken-down political hack saw that it was exactly suited to the purpose they had in view. So, they defiled the worn-out garments of Socialism, Fourierism, etc., and assumed the garb of the new religion.

This flitting class, the poets of civilized society, seek on all occasions to establish themselves as the propounders of Spiritualism. Availing themselves of its facts, with all the skill they can command they apply their oily eloquence, which has kept in motion the machinery of a thousand impostures and without theories, to this beautiful and admirable scheme. Soon they begin to declaim against religion—to profane the sanctuary of moral probity. They even dare to raise doubts as to law, and custom, which have been sacredly established for thousands of years. They discountenance the laws of Christian society, and stand forth the open advocates of what is vile and impure. These wails and strays of society, who possess no religion and scout the very name of respectability, who can not conceive a moral virtue, or understand a proposition in science, and who have no idea of true inspiration, take upon themselves to explain the beautiful theories of Spiritualism; and some of them, who happen to possess in some degree the gifts of mediumship, make that the instrument for tearing down every shrine of pure worship among men, and they make

those immortal beings who could not and would not approve such sentiments, responsible for the abominable theories which they desire to fling upon the community. That which they call Spiritualism would degrade religion and literally destroy the beauty and sanctity of her temples.

These, in the world's eyes, have been the chief prophets of this religion. Going from place to place at the bidding of their necessities, they have everywhere perverted it to their unhallowed purposes and desires. Heaven defend it from such! We, at least, shall do our best to guard it from those pretenders who denounce all things in church and State as wrong, and assert that spirits have placed the remedy in their hands alone. From them all sensible moral people turn aside, and ask: Who are those who ignore all religion, law and government, and who would rend asunder the very frame-work of social order? Are these the expounders of Spiritualism, who come to us with the speech of angels on their tongues, those who have never earned an honest living? What ever of truth or falsehood it may contain, if it is thus exemplified, it will never serve our purpose. Under such circumstances have been instituted those ambiguous circles and the

RIDICULOUS PERFORMANCES

of undeveloped mediums which nose on understand, and which only tends to disgust intelligent minds. Is it any wonder that the world says Spiritualism can not be good since it has brought forth such things?

The Church and Society have turned against Spiritualism, not because of the beautiful truths it contains, nor because of its scientific evidences, but because of the unholy, debasing effects to which it has led. Cut where it may, and we hope it may cut where it is deserved, the truth is, that it is the character of too many of its prominent advocates which has rendered Spiritualism unpopular. It has become a cloak for all debasing acts, a vehicle for all the dangerous theories that the brain of man, prompted by an evil spirit, has ever invented. We have become responsible for them all, and at last we are made to incite or justify every crime in the catalogue, and we become confederates in every scheme of imposition which can lead to notoriety or gain. Thousands have been led to do what they knew to be wrong, because they have been assured

THAT SPIRITS DESIRED IT

Now, when people throw away their own common sense and conscience, there is very little hope for them; and we say that when Spiritualism leads to this it should be condemned by every one, no matter how beautiful its theory. These persons have found in it nothing with which they can be satisfied; for not content with the simple faith, as pure as the dew reflecting the morning sun, they must start out on some new fangled idea, without meaning or truth and call that Spiritualism.

Perhaps some of them say, I wonder if I won't be a medium? and with the idea comes the purpose, and perhaps the evidences to some degree. But, not willing to watch and wait, they crowd the faculty into premature growth, or assist it with imposture, or make it subservient to some new idea. Broken down physicians, brilliant lawyers, placeless politicians, who have always been dependent upon their wives' relations or their own friends, go about the country as mediums, spiritual doctors, lecturers, etc., literally sponging their subsistence out of honest, hard working people. Go to the simplest country town, and if you take interest enough to stay there a few days, some person of this sort comes around, who seeks in some form to cause people to believe he is not the veriest impostor and scoundrel out of jail. Take any of the learned and excellent performers in sleight of hand who have been sent up for a term of years, and if properly trained and turned loose on the community, they might fill with honor the places these persons now occupy.

There is another class, the Literary Spiritualists, who rentiliate their theories through the spiritual press. Take up the periodicals and other publications of Spiritualism, and you will find them, (with perhaps one or two honorable exceptions), filled with all manner of ideas, discussions and sophistries, containing no more good sense than if they had been produced by blowing the dictionary through a horn. These worthies are bent on reforming something, or somebody besides themselves, and they are active in expiring everything, with the same exception, about which they are very careful; and we are very sorry to say that spiritual journals sometimes give them countenance. This will not do, for it stamps upon them the stigma of approving such people and such opinions.

Now, we contend, if any one wants to reform the world, he should be allowed to set about it on his own responsibility. If only one person is right, let him receive all the credit and reward; we do not desire to share it with him. We are very well satisfied with the world as it is, and are willing to let things go on about as the laws of society and the common sense of mankind may dictate. "All we wish is, to aid in supporting that which is established, and to give new glory and vigor to the sunshine of truth." But it were just as consistent for the moon, or any other dim orb, to bad fault with his majesty the sun, on account of the spot on the surface of the latter, as for these poor mortals to quarrel with the inevitable defects of the present order of things. These pale, sickly satellites, who literally depend on the charity of Christians for their subsistence, say to Christianity: There are two or three spots upon your surface; now, because of them we will trample you under foot, destroy your organizations and break up your influence. These foolish notions seek to blot out the very sunshine of human existence. We would alleviate the suffering of humanity; we would assist the down-trodden; but if the world is to be reformed we contend that He who made it will reform it in his own time and way. The duty of every human spirit, whether in the body or out of it, is clear and simple. It is, to perform his duty as an individual, and leave the government of the world to higher hands.

Now we claim, in expressing these views, we are but doing justice not only to Spiritualism, but to many thousands of sincere believers who are ashamed to acknowledge themselves such; and for this we do not blame them. They do not deserve to share in the odium which is visited upon the very name of Spiritualism. No, they do better to enjoy their belief in calm seclusion, than if they should lead their countenance and support to carry out the unholy purposes too often connected with it.

Now, Spiritualists, we address ourselves to you. To those who are upright and faithful, and wear this garment as a robe of light, sincerely thinking they are holding communion with angels, we have nothing to say, but to bid them go on. To those who believe in it as a beautiful science, we say, pursue your investigations; mature your opinions well, as we know you will. But to those who wear this garment of light for the purpose of concealing their own villainy and impurity—who would pluck the stars from the firmament and cool them into counters to suit their own purpose,—we would say, beware! God is merciful, but he is also a Being of retributive Justice, and that will be visited upon each of you who seek to thus defiling the name and mission of angels to subserve foolish and unholy purposes. Criticise yourselves. If the world needs reform, begin at home. Commence with your own individual selves. Root out your false theories. Fix some standard, of principle justice and morality. Try to take out the beam that is in your own eye. This is friendly advice. We give it publicly because the cause has suffered publicly. Let those of us fixed belief be watchful of the teachers of our faith. Let them beware of nauseous sophisms and the "angles" of falsehood. Test the manifestations in every form. Receive no communication from angels which you do not think worthy of such a source. The laws of right and wrong are clearly defined. The principles of justice are distinct within themselves. If any Spiritualist tells you to do anything which will in any degree injure the happiness of any innocent human being, tell him he is a liar and a blasphemous. Receive nothing as coming from the angel world which will not bear the test of the Christian religion and the severest criticism of a sane mind. It is not requisite that you should lose your senses to receive this faith. No; receive it in its simplicity and purity, and if you do, so the darkness shall become light.

In conclusion, allow us to say, we have much more to say upon this subject, but seeing that our medium is too much exhausted, we will have to close for the present, but hope to be able to return. Yes, if we are permitted by Him who rules all things, and by those intelligences higher than ourselves who control the world, we will purge as far as possible this cause of all those moral stigmas which have been laid upon it, and cause those not true and just to flee from us as light causes darkness to flee, or as pale faced error shrinks before the light of truth. Those who are firm will stand, and those who are without a real foundation can not fall too soon.

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NO 4

## BROTHER MOODY, COME HOME!

BY WARREN FUMNER BARLOW

(The following lines were suggested by the appeal of 66 Chicago clergymen for Brother Moody's speedy return, to help them in converting their wicked city.)

I  
Brother Moody, come home, come home,  
The devil's at our doors,  
We pray you will no longer roam,  
Upon those foreign shores.

II  
With cloven hoof and lofty horns,  
While veiled from mortal sight,  
The winding path of sin adorns,  
By his illusive light.

III  
Oh! Moody, come home, come home!  
Where Satan exultant roars;  
While reason scales our lofty dome,  
And bars our sacred doors.

IV  
With strong and high uplifted hands,  
A doubting world grows bold,  
And cultivates our choicest lands,  
And steals from every fold!

V  
Oh! Moody, make haste to come home,  
Be this your resolution;  
For bigotry must crown our dome,  
And God the Constitution!

VI  
Then all the land its faith will plight  
To priests, and godly people,  
Will stifle reason's inborn light,  
And venerate the steeple!

## BROTHER MOODY'S REPLY, (7)

I  
Brothers, I'll hie from the land of song,  
Your groans for help I hear;  
And though your foes are many and strong,  
I pray you have no fear.

II  
I'll ring them in with a silver bell,  
And take them unawares,  
Then shake them o'er the brink of hell,  
Until they beg for prayers.

III  
The veil that masks the cloven foe,  
I soon will rend asunder,  
Then couple him, where ere I go,  
With hell's terrific thunder!

## A WORD TO BROTHER MOODY.

Oh! Brother Moody, why rehearse  
Those strange, delusive errors,  
Which are to thoughtful souls a curse,  
Disrobed of all their terrors?

II  
The bottom from the pit is gone,  
With all its bolts and bars;  
Its fiery coals illumine the morn,  
With hope's immortal stars.

III  
Believe that He who rules the whole,  
And doeth all things well,  
Could never make a deathless soul,  
To writhe in endless hell!

IV  
But give to all the power to rise,  
And triumph o'er wrong;  
To pave their pathway to the skies,  
And join the happy throng.

V  
The blood of innocence to save  
Will do for lazy drones,  
May lull to rest an errant knave  
Eacumbered by his bones.

VI  
Then why not teach that all must reap,  
And gather what they sow,  
Though over scattered tares they weep,  
They all are sure to grow.

VII  
Yet by this lesson all will learn,  
To walk in wisdom's way,  
To gather strength at every turn,  
God's precepts to obey.

VIII  
Oh, then have faith in noble deeds,  
That shined souls at length,  
Will break the rusty links of creeds,  
And triumph in their strength.

IX  
Believe a spark of the Divine  
Is found in every soul,  
Which will ere long expand and shine,  
And reach its lofty goal.

X  
Where truth and love will arm in arm  
Inspire a world wide throng,  
While nature lends and blends her charm,  
In universal song.

XI  
Then, Moody, come home, come home,  
The feast of love awaits,  
Where light from every star-lit dome,  
Unbars the golden gates.

XII  
Then hie, oh, hie, to your home,  
Where truth and reason leads,  
No longer in a desert roam,  
To brouse on withered creeds!

XIII  
Come to the feast prepared above,  
Come to the unlit bowers,  
Come where the angels breathe their love,  
To warm this world of ours.

XIV  
Then earth will be your happy home,  
With hope devoid of pain,  
Believing Satan ne'er can roam,  
When ignorance is slain.

## THE SLEEPING PREACHER.

A Marvelous Development of Clairvoyance in Alabama.

Singing Hymns and Delivering Sermons while in a Trance, etc.

ED. JOURNAL.—Enclosed I send you an article from the Nashville Union and American. The medium alluded to is the Rev. Mr. Saunders, a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. The facts related in the article and many others of the kind connected with Mr. Saunders' "maids" (?) are well and generally known throughout North Alabama and Southern Middle Tennessee. Five years ago while on a visit to North Alabama, and since, I have met with numbers of relatives, clergymen and others, who have made statements in regard to him, fully corroborating this article. While under control he does a great deal of writing; most of it is signed X and Y, and of which he has no recollection on coming out of the trance. The facts in the case are too well known in that section to admit of a doubt.

Now and then I meet with old residents, who are familiar with the facts relating to the great Robertson County mysteries of forty years ago, known far and wide throughout this (the middle) part of the State, as the "Belle witch." Hundreds of people now living scattered throughout the country here, can testify to the wonders that then and there transpired. Spiritualism, so far as I am posted in its philosophy, furnishes no solution of that wonderful mystery—at least no parallel instance has ever come under my notice; a partial solution may be offered in corresponding parts, having been noted as occurring through different media under different conditions at different times and places. The "Belle Witch" was invisible, unless the large turkey and black cats that periodically appeared on the premises, and mysteriously disappeared, can be taken as reliable and to the contrary, yet it could converse, shake hands, convey articles, produce (when requested) nuts and fruits, tobacco and whisky fumes, smoke a pipe and many other things in broad daylight or by candle-light. You may answer that some one the family were mediums; then how could the "witch" mount behind, ride and converse, and at the same time palpably clasp the waist of strangers riding along the roads, miles from the Bell homestead; no mediums or conditions necessary.

The trouble for years was not how to call the Diakks (?) but rather how to get rid of it; exorcists were sent for, preachers and prayers all alike only produced laughs of scorn and derision, from the invisible substance (?) Mr. Bell, the head of the family finally died, which relieved them of a head and the "witch" at the same time. Report says the witch poisoned Mr. Bell; others say that it worried and troubled him to death. These are conflicting, also the statements that he "witch" drove him from England to North Carolina, thence to Tennessee, and thence to suicide. Nothing of this latter is reliable, neither the dark hints and surmises that it was retribution for some dark crime or deed.

Some of Mr. Bell's children are still living in Robertson County, but they are reticent and extremely sensitive on the subject. A grandson has the full account of the whole affair written out by his father, but declines to publish it, as it would draw the flings and slurs of outraged skepticism upon himself, which he neither has the time or inclination to repel. It is to be regretted that he will not allow the account published; it would do a great deal in clearing the tradition of much that has been falsely added, wantonly left out and superstitiously embellished.

The true character of the spirit is hard to get at, from the numerous and conflicting relations. Some say it was even kind and accommodating, fetching articles from different parts of the house and neighborhood. Others say it was spiteful, boxing the ears of the family, and visitors viciously, and playing an untold number of mischievous and amusing pranks.

This account may have been published years ago; likely it was in many of the neighboring papers forty years ago; possible in some of the spiritual publications of later date; if so, trim it off, as a fact—the "Belle witch" is notorious as a past wonder. "But what's that got to do with Spiritualism?" asks my opponent Mr. Bigot, ah! nothing. "Let us pray."

Clarkville, Tex. J. H. PEABODY

## THE SLEEPING PREACHER.

(From the Nashville, (Tenn.) American.)

In these days of spiritual manifestations and materialization of shadows, it may be of interest to our readers to learn there is a first class medium in the neighboring State of Alabama, who far outdoes all the Posters, Homes or Rosses, and yet claims nothing for his extraordinary powers but the great misfortune of an attack of sickness, that by its peculiar effects upon the brain has enabled him ever since to, as it were, disengage his soul from his body and send it on an exploring expedition. Not only that, but, under a chain of favorable circumstances, even while in a state of utter unconsciousness, he is transported to far distant places and either writes or tells to those around all he witnesses; and the single instance has yet occurred in which he has failed correctly to relate the actual circumstances and facts.

Marvelous as this may seem the facts can be attested by living, reliable witnesses, such as no one would for a moment question. Nor does this party seem to be aware of his extraordinary powers or to properly appreciate them; for he deems it a signal punishment of heaven—one that he would gladly escape. He scorns the idea of receiving money for anything he tells or does. He is an humble minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and always feels humbled and nullified after one of his trances. He is in middle age, and in all respects healthy. He is a married man, and lives in North Alabama, and though we withhold his name, as a notoriety of this kind is never grateful to him, we nevertheless feel it due to society to tell them of this extraordinary man; who could, if he wished it, produce a number one sensation as a Spiritualist, and yet is content to pursue his humble path as a Christian and not impose his misfortune on the community as a gift. Yet there are those traveling all through the country exhibiting phases of brain disease, epilepticism, cataplexy, etc., as a direct force, materialization and other kindred impostures, and thus attributing the singular, it is true, but well known attributes of certain nervous maladies, to the action of spirits. How often is the asylum peopled with inmates from the powerful effects of supposed spiritual visitation, and even giant intellects have succumbed to the powerful influence of superstition.

Robt. Dale Owen, one of the most powerful thinkers America has ever produced, after relating to the minds of all, by his deep and pungent reasoning on all scientific subjects, at last succumbed to the influence of a detected impostor, and now raves in a mad house. If we bring this case properly and fully before the public, one argument to detract this dragon of society can be deduced and the subject of this sketch will, we hope, pardon the use made of his acts in this service to the world.

We have been unable to gather, as we would like, any facts connected with his parentage, but we are disposed to believe there has been, either lately or recently, some predisposition to cerebral disorders in his family. One thing is well known—that in every case of so called Spiritualists this talent exists in the immediate kindred. In this case of the subject of this notice he had no evidence of unusual powers until after his youth. Then after marriage he had a severe attack of fever with congestion of the brain, and large quantities of quinine were used.

So soon as recovery took place this condition began. He is familiarly known as the "sleeping preacher," and great curiosity is felt wherever he goes, to witness one of those sleeping performances. We can not better describe this peculiarity than repeat a graphic description given of a sermon heard by our informant—one of the leading ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and a resident of Williamson county:

"I and my wife were in Mooreville, Ala., at a protracted meeting, and Mr. — came to assist. We all felt a great curiosity to see and hear him, having heard so much about him. He stopped at Dr. Tack's, we at Miss Walton's. We made Dr. Tack agree to let us know if he got one of his spells. Mr. — preached at night a very fair sermon, but nothing unusual, and his voice was rather harsh and grating. After the congregation dispersed, we were sitting in the parlor of Miss Walton's house, when a negro came running towards us, saying the Doctor had sent for us to hear Mr. —. We rushed over, entered the parlor, and Mr. — was sitting in a chair apparently asleep, eyes closed, and head back on the chair. He, however, was singing in a low semitone of voice a hymn, and while he sang the room gradually filled up until not an inch of space was unoccupied. His voice had altogether changed from its usual loud, harsh character, and was low, soft and musical to a degree I never heard surpassed. In fact, it reminded me of angels' whispers. And then it had a tone of inexpressible melancholy about it that reached the hearts of every one present, and when he ceased to sing there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. At the conclusion of his song, he began one of the most feeling, earnest prayers I ever heard, and it is pitiable, beseeching a manner that nothing could resist him. This prepared us to expect some rare treat, and we were not disappointed. He took his text from Paul's letter on faith, and you know I have heard good preaching, but never did I hear his sermon surpassed. It may have been the peculiar circumstances under which it was delivered, and the charm that would naturally cluster around one in his condition that added interest to it, but certainly I never saw a greater effect produced. It fell as gentle and pure as the snow. Still, in the same melodious voice, and the only gesture was a cluck of the fingers when he

wished to emphasize a point. To say it was eloquent does not express it. It was simply glorious, chaste and intellectual. He described faith as a golden chain connecting Earth to Heaven, and man to his God. He preached thus for about thirty minutes, when at once his face, hitherto calm and unruined, became perfectly livid, his brow corrugated, until you could have laid your finger in the depression, and he clutched his left side with his right hand as if a violent pain had assailed him. This paroxysm lasted several minutes, when gradually it began to abate, and he exclaimed, "O! what are all my sufferings here, if, Lord, thou findest me meet!" And then his brow relaxed, his form assumed its easy posture, a sweet smile passed over his face, and he slept on quietly and calmly, and the crowd quietly withdrew from the presence of the unconscious preacher."

When questioned about these somnambulistic trances, he knows nothing about them; not even a dream of it has left its shadowy trace behind. This is not the only result of his sleep. If he is sitting by a table writing when this "spell" comes on, he continues to write, but not on the subject that engaged his thoughts, and he awakes to find sometimes the strangest revelations, one or two of which we have appended.

Dr. Blake, of this city, has a little daughter to whom her grandmother had presented a golden eagle and requested her to have a ring made of it and wear for her memory, which the Doctor attended to, it was worn temporarily by her mother. On one occasion, in assisting her cook, she laid the ring down in the kitchen, and on returning an hour or so afterward, it was gone. Of course all were distressed, and diligent search was made for it at every possible place, but no ring could be found. A few days afterward, while the family were assembled at breakfast, and the cook, whom, by the way, all suspected, was in waiting, Dr. B., knowing the great superstition of negroes, said to his wife he intended to write to Mr. — of Alabama, who had the power of finding stolen things, and negroes listened very intently and at last seemed to be impressed with a new idea, she turned to her little son, and told him to look under the window where Mrs. B. was the habit of sitting. The boy went away and soon came back with the ring.

A day or so after, Dr. B. visited Alabama on business, and at a depot he met with Mr. —. After greeting Mr. B. said: "Brother —, made use of your name to some good purpose the other day." "Yes," says Mr. —, "I heard you." And then he related to the astonished Dr. Blake the whole circumstances, who gave the ring, who made it, the inscription on it, its form and manner of recovery, even to the complete conversation at the table. He also told Dr. Blake the whole transaction was on paper, and had been written by him while in a trance. Dr. Blake having never spoken of the circumstances to any one, was of course wonderfully astonished. This looks like clairvoyance, only the mind of the clairvoyant usually does no more than interpret the thoughts of those present, and this might have been accounted for here, but that it was written out. He visited Dr. Tack, of Mooreville, a good deal, who will corroborate all these statements and give more.

One dark, drizzly night, Dr. Tack noticed him while asleep put his hand to his eye, making a telescope of it, and appeared to look through it at some far distant object. "What are you looking at, Doc?" said the Doctor. "I see a ring." "Where?" "In front of the hotel in the mud." The hotel was two hundred yards away. "Well, get up and let us go to it," says the Doctor. Mr. —, at once arose, walked out the door in the darkness, and Dr. Tack following him, he took the center of the very muddy street, and went unhesitatingly to the front of the hotel, stooped down and picked up a gold ring, and handed it to his companion. It was down in the mud. At another time, with the same companion, he saw some money, and being bid to go after it, the Doctor still following, he went to a stable lot and picked up a two dollar bill. Doctor Tack saw the money as soon as the other this time, it being light.

He told a friend in one of his visions he saw, as if a long while ago, a vessel with a large quantity of gold on board and sailing for this country. He saw a mutiny on board, and the men and officers murdered. He saw the schooner run into the mouth of a certain creek, on the sea shore, and at a certain spot, washed in a certain way, he saw them remove the gold to the shore and at the same time scuttle the vessel. Three men only were engaged in it, and they buried the gold at a well marked spot. Here they separated, and, being afraid to come for it, soon it transpired that they were all killed or died, and the gold was left undisturbed in its hiding place, and there it still rests in its bed. "Way don't you go and get it? Would you know the spot?" "Yes, I can go there and put my hand on the box, but it is ill gotten gold. It is bloody money, and it will carry a curse with it." And no argument would alter his determination or make him reveal its hiding place to any one.

He had a daughter attending school at Dr. Ward's in this city. On the night of the commencement, he was in a trance—we know not what else to call them—at his far home in Alabama. All at once, he sprang forward and exclaimed excitedly, "There, we are in the dark." His wife said to him he was mistaken, the light was burning. "O! I mean at Ward's. I was attending the examination and now it's all dark." When the daughter returned she told them of the accident of the gas going out while the commencement exercises were in progress, leaving them all in darkness.

He has other diverse powers. One day he carried Miss Walton's mail from the office. Handing her a letter, he says, "This is from Brother McD." "No, this is from his wife." He only backs her letters to her. "No, this is from him and he writes to you about so and so"—and he repeated to her its contents. At another time he said to his wife: "A letter directed to me from Nashville, passed on today by mistake, and it contained so and so," and he repeated the contents of the letter, as was seen on its return from the other direction. It is said among his neighbors he can read any letter through its envelope. The whole neighborhood apply to him when any thing is lost, and he can always, if asked while in a trance, answer correctly. Even the rogues have become fearful of his power.

But the most singular of all his performances and equal to the pretensions of the best Spiritualists, is the last circumstance we will relate. There are thousands of others, but we deem only necessary to give only a representative case in each branch of his powers. The Methodist Conference year had closed and the new minister of Mooreville had come. On Saturday Mr. — frequently spoke of his curiosity to hear the new preacher. He was sick all Saturday night, so much so that he could not sleep. After breakfast Sunday morning, he told his wife he would take a nap and then go to church. He was sleeping so sweetly at the regular church time that his wife would not awake him. Just as the congregation began to pour out he raised up, and his wife said:

"You were sleeping so soundly I did not disturb you to go to the Methodist Church, and so you have missed hearing the new preacher."

"No, I heard him."

"How could you hear him, I know you have been asleep all the time."

"Nevertheless I heard him, and to prove it, I will show you."

And he wrote down at once a text divided into various heads and made a synopsis of the sermon, giving the leading arguments. This was shown that evening to the Methodist minister and others, and they all recognized it as almost a literary sermon.

He once heard Dr. Blair, and in some respects differed with the Doctor. On going home, he went to sleep and answered the Doctor, much to his great amusement—for he was present. It was said to have been a masterly criticism, abounding in figures of rhetoric and very sarcastic in tone.

It is necessary to repeat all the wonderful things he does. It is said that if asked where any missing article or property is while in his trance, he at once sees it and is able to tell its precise location. A boy stole his wife's breast-pin, and on being informed of its loss, Mr. — without any hesitation named the party who had it, and it was recovered.

How can these things be? That they are so unquestionable, as Dr. Province, Baird and Blake, will testify, but how they are so puzzles the scientific mind. Mr. — scorns the idea of spirits aiding him, and will not, under any circumstances, receive money for any information, nor will he give the information, if asked for it at any other time except while under the influence of his epileptic or cataleptic excitation. There is some cerebral disturbance, a superexcitation or rather a hyperaesthesia of the sensorium that pushes his mind or soul free and untrammelled into space, and thus, un-influenced by surrounding objects, it sees clearly all things happening around. We see often the same thing to a limited extent in the case of somnambulists. They, with closed eyes, will walk over houses, near precipices and with impunity. Why? Because from a peculiar nervous excitation the optic expansion ceases to be the only mode of conveyance to the brain of objects, and every nervous filament becomes pro tempore a retina. This is a temporary catalepsy, and an unusual or overpowering amount of hyperaesthesia would produce like great results.

## SPIRITUALISM.

### The Kind They Have in Minnesota.

It appears from a special dispatch to the Tribune, that the Minnesota Convention was rather spicy. In the call for the Convention Secretary Walker said those tainted with doctrines of social freedom were invited. Soon after the meeting opened Geo. W. Sweet introduced the following:

Resolved, That the Call for this Convention, made by the Secretary of the State Association, prescribing a particular belief on a question that is germane to Spiritualism, as a necessary qualification to entitle one to attend this Convention, is intolerant, and in direct conflict with the spirit of the age, and is, therefore, repudiated by this Convention.



TO MARY S—H, BY C. W. SNOW.

BRO. JONES—The young lady, whose... Lonely orphan—little maiden... Little maiden, where's thy brother...

be rushing into the brain, attended by a sense of fullness and expansion... NO SENSE OF INCONGRUITY IN DREAMS... DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SLEEPING AND WAKING MIND...

was placed in the laps of several of the company, playing at the same time... THE SPIRIT CONTROLLING THESE PHYSICAL EVIDENCES... A FUNERAL PARTY ASTONISHED...

When at last the venerable minister set down, Mr. Garrison arose to redeem his promise of making a closing address... WILKINSON, MAGNETIC, HOT AND COLD BATHS... TURKISH, MAGNETIC, HOT AND COLD BATHS...

BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE now ready and for sale at the office of this paper... WILKINSON Water and Magnetic Cure... WILKINSON Water and Magnetic Cure...

THE PHENOMENA OF SLEEP AND DREAM. BY EDWARD W. COKK, SENJURANT AT LAW... We are such stuff as dreams are made of...

THE DUALITY OF THE MIND. Probably the newly established duality of the mind, as asserted by Brown S. Ward...

PETER WEST. Test Seance in New York. REPORTED BY J. F. SNIPES... DREAM JOURNAL—Dr. Peter West, of Chicago...

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON COMBATING THE VIEWS OF AN AGED CLERGYMAN OVER THE CORPSE OF AN ESTEEMED MANUFACTURER...

WILKINSON Water and Magnetic Cure... TURKISH, MAGNETIC, HOT AND COLD BATHS... WILKINSON Water and Magnetic Cure...

THE DREAMS OF BLIND MEN. Very much light would be thrown on the phenomena of dream if some man born blind...

PETER WEST. Test Seance in New York. REPORTED BY J. F. SNIPES... DREAM JOURNAL—Dr. Peter West, of Chicago...

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THE BODILY AND MENTAL CONDITION IN SLEEP. This condition of the body accompanies the mental condition described. Sleep and dreams are coincident conditions...

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Magazines For October.

THE MASINIC JEWEL FOR SEPTEMBER. (A. J. Wheeler, Editor and Publisher, Memphis, Tenn.) This magazine is an useful field with valuable matter for the craft in general.

THE WESTERN FOR OCTOBER. (Western Publishing Co., S. L. A. Contents: Mind Included in the Synthesis of Life; Morning; Actoson; Shakespeare's Tragedies; Mabel; Course of Reading; Book Reviews; Magazines and Reviews.

THE SANITARIAN—Contents for October, 1875. (Publication Office 284 Broadway, N. Y.) Excessive Death Rates Among Children; Floating; Topography and Drainage of New Orleans; Malarial Fevers in New Orleans; European Life in India; Infant Diet; Children's Eyes; Yellow Fever and Quarantine; Editors Table; Analytical and F. of Department; Bibliography; Miscellaneous.

THE GALAXY FOR OCTOBER.—Contents: A Woman of Fashion; Sherman's Memoirs; Dear Lady Disdain; A Ballad of Sympathy; Through Utah; Indecision; How She Found Out; Her Lover's Trial; Claims to the Discovery of America; Octave Feuillet; The Napoleon of History; The Letters of Madame D. Sabran; English Pronunciation; Driftwood; Scientific Miscellany; Current Literature; Nebule.

ATLANTIC FOR OCTOBER.—Contents "Red-erick Hudson, X." The Cavalier; Leaves on the Tide; Arthur Hugh Clough; The Weaver; The O'lander Tree; A Story of the British Press; Gung; That New World; The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns; A Straggler; Old Woman's Gospel; The Judgment; The Curious Republic of Gondor; October Days; Southern Home Politics; Old Time Oriental Trade; Gen. John D. R. Kilb.

THE ELECTRIC MAGAZINE.—Contents for October, 1875. (E. R. Peck Publisher, New York) Embellishment; Portrait of Prof. W. B. Whitney; Balloons and V. of Prof. in the Air; A Month in a Japanese Farm House; Modern Scepticism and its Fruit; On Some Strange Mental Facts; Her Dearest Fair; Unbreakable or toughened Glass; Czaryn Gortchay; German Home Life; Morning; Jonathan; Saying "No"; Narcotics; At Parting; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; Varieties.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH FOR OCTOBER.—(S. R. Wells & Co., N. Y.) Contents: Hygienic Training; What I Know of Doctoring; Which Shall It Be; Poisoning the Wells of Life; Popular Physiology; A Plea for a Popular Medical Science; The Sanitary Influence of Atmospheric Conditions and Elevations on Human Life; The Irrespressible Conflict; Shall we Use Phoscor; Household and Agricultural; Timely Topics; Vices of the People; The Library.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH FOR OCTOBER.—(Wood & Hoobrook, Publishers, 15 Light St., New York) Contents: How I Managed my Children; Are Criminals Morally Responsible; Human Longevity; The Liver, its Use, and How to Take Care of it; Mismanagement by Physicians; Failure and Success; Autumnal Catarrh; Hot Sand Bath for the Feet; Moody or Teetotalism; Caching Cold; Hygiene of the Teeth; Ricketing and Preserving Grapes; Sanitary Staircases; Beverage for Horses; Recovery from Lightning Stroke, etc. October, November and December numbers free to new subscribers for 1875.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER.—Contents: Jessamine; A Overland Trip to the Grand Canon; The Cradle-Tomb at Westminster; Minor Victorian Poets; Song; A Mad Man of Letters; The Answer to Alphonse; A Plea for Slippers; Freedom; Some Vegetable Eccentricities; Under the Sea; Pierrot; Warrior and Statesman; The Story of Sevenoaks; Heather Bloom; The Winthrop Drury Affair; De Lignacott; A Song of the Early Autumn; The Mysterious Island; Topics of the Time; The Old Cabinet; Home and Society; Culture and Progress; The World's Work; Brics a Brac.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.—Going West; or, The Perils of a Poor Boy; The Fall Fight—A Sportsman's Day; Nature's Scholar; Song—Prem; Reminiscences of West African Life; A Round Trip; The Mountain Spirit—Poem; Brought to the Front; or, The Young Defenders; Only Fainting—Poem; Schneider's Tomatoes; The World's Lyrics; or, The Song of the Millionaire—Poem; How We Caught an Angel, and Rescued the Land; Autumn Song—Poem; Lisa's Saturday; School Girl Nonsense—A Story Found in a Pocket; Original Dialogue—Auld R. bin Grey; A Parlor Operetta; The Orator—Miscellaneous; Pigeon hole Papers; Head Work; Our Letter Box; Editorial; Music—Be Happy as we Can.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.—Contents for October 1875. (D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, N. Y.) -Bats and Their Young; Instinct and Intelligence; Monkeys From a Cold Climate; Physical Features of the Colorado Valley; A New Antiseptic; The Mechanical Action of Light; The Cause of the Light of Flames; Mental Discipline in Education; The Colorado Potato-Bee; Pasteur on Fermentation; Croll on Climate and Time; The Artificial Preparation of Organic Bodies; Earthquakes and their Causes; Animal Life in Madagascar; Sketch of Professor Stokes; Correspondence—The Term of Lightning Rods; Editor's Table—Expansiveness of Scientific Education—Progress of Natural History; Literary Notices; Miscellaneous Notes.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED FOR OCTOBER.—It discusses Dwight L. Moody and his work in England, and gives a portrait of the Evangelist; Presents an Elaborate Exposition of the Nature of the Will; Contains a series of character sketches in Men, Women, and Dogs, and offers much practical instruction in the Temperaments. Among the other subjects are: Won Argals; House and Window Gardens; Comfort for Disfranchised Young People; Francis F. Spinner, late U. S. Treasurer; A Lesson in English Filigree; Emanuel Kant; Not all Gold that Glitters; Business Management; The Lesson of the Great Floods; Agricultural Hints. S. R. Wells & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway, New York.

SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—Contents for October, 1875. Worship in Spirit Land—Organization; The Other World; Several Questions Considered; Our Prospects; Sorceries and Spells—The Craftsmen of Ephesus and Modern Priests; Scientific Objections Considered; From a Minister's Son; Darkness; Declaration of Principles; The Mist Lifting; Materializations at Mt. St. Helens; Facts for Science; Pass the Away; Quick Manifestations; Spirit Photography; Lessons of Invitation; What Good Does Spiritualism; There is No Death; Religion and its Mission; Second Letter from Napoleon; The Spiritual Body; Mrs. Miller; Organization; Manifestations at Calhoun, Ga.; The Magazine in England; First Spiritual Progressive Union of Philadelphia; Inner Life Department—Science June 18th, Questions and Answers. Science June 18th, Questions and Answers; Book Notices.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The number bearing date Sept. 25th, completes volume one hundred and twenty six of this eclectic weekly. This and the preceding weekly number contain Natural Religion; On Animal Instinct in its Relation to the Mind of Man; The Royal School of Art-Needlework; The Influence of Arctic Cold on Man; The Inheritance of the Great Mogul; The Days of Henry Q. James; Self Government in Russia; From; The Rising of the Herzegovina; Her Dearest Foe; Drawing-Room Music; Bishop Thirlwall's Study; Boys at Home; The Conclusion of N. A. A Summer scene; Pated to be Free; together with the usual choice poetry and miscellany.

The next number, the first in October, begins a new volume, to be printed on new type. Little & Gay, Boston, Publishers.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER.—Contents: Frontispiece; Captain Porter and the Essex, or, the First Battle of a Naval Farragut; Busy Saturday; The Frigate Bered; Jungle; Eight Cousins; A Little Truth Told; Some Queer Animals; How It Went; Very Comfortable; A Potato Story which Begins with a Bean Pole; Lord Cornwallis's Day; The Miss Mud feet; One Boy's Opinion of the Good Old Times; Birds that Build Play Houses; The Young Surveyor; The Penny Ye Meant to Give; See Pat in its Little Bed; Some Young Readers of St. Nicholas; Hunting for My Horse; An Autumn Jingle; Jenny Paine's Hat; Calling the Flowers; The Peterking Too Late for Amanda's School Exhibition in Boston; Jack in the Pumpkin; For Very Little Folks; A Story of a Brave Donkey; The Letter Box; The Riddle Box.

Arithmetics vs. Bibles, a Balance of Powers vs. Supreme Power

Dispute it as we may think of it as we will that there is a conflict existing between Arithmetical and Bibles, a Balance of Powers and Supreme power, science and religion, that with only God in the extinction of one of the two, is as evident to those who have outgrown the superstition that made this little world the centre of the Universe, with the untold million of worlds by which we are surrounded its tributaries and ornamental appendages, as that twice two are four, or its reversion that half four are two. The simple fact that the visible and invisible are born of each other, are constantly changing places, would seem sufficient evidence to satisfy all but unreasoning bigots, that there is a condition of being common to all, to us invisible, and that each are equally as necessary as the sexes in the production and evolution of higher from lower grades of being.

All insect life is a demonstration of a continued existence beyond the grave. For instance, the butterfly has passed the change called death, and is full as good a specimen of matter as the grub or caterpillar, from whence derived, and were the grub endowed with the same reasoning powers that we are, the movements of the butterfly would be as mysterious to him as the moves of our friends on the other side are to us. We are in the grub and state and the only difference is in degree; when he has passed the same changes that we have, he will be a constituent of just such beings as we are, while we have become constituents of higher beings than this world ever knew. That higher numbers are combination of, and derived from, lower ones, and that the higher could not exist independent of the lower, none will deny. Forms and numbers are inseparable, and the same law which applies to one is equally applicable to the other, consequently all higher grades of being are combinations of, and derived from lower ones and all efforts to evade this law ever have and ever will prove unavailing, as if interchange between the visible and invisible is admitted in any case, it devolves upon the advocates of the supremacy of the invisible over the visible to prove an exception to the rule.

Why, Spiritualists, claiming that Spiritualism is the sum total of all science and all philosophy, should ignore this simple law of nature, a balance by interchange between the visible and invisible, when every thing tangible to our senses is proof positive that each are born of the other, the higher from the lower, is a question easier asked than answered by me. When mankind have waded through cruasades of butchery till they are glutted with the blood of martyrs in their efforts to sustain the supremacy of spirit over matter, the base upon which every despotism is founded that ever cursed the earth, then and not till then, will they be willing to admit that there is no more affinity between Arithmeticals and Bibles, Science and Religion, than there is between truth and falsehood, or honesty and hypocrisy. The two are as wide as the poles asunder; the one invariably produces harmony, the other is equally sure to produce discord. The one has solved every problem to which it has been correctly applied—the other complicates the most simple problems beyond the power of solution. The one unites all in one common humanity—the other divides all into warring sects and factions and has whitened the plains of earth with the bones of its victims. These parallels might be continued indefinitely, but the foregoing is a sample of what the others would be.

Mrs. Woodhull in her lecture, "Breaking the Beas," speaking of the Bible, says, "I stand before you to say coolly, calmly, firmly, that if there was a potent decree to go out that every book, save one in the world and the contents of their knowledge should be destroyed, that that book by virtue of what it contains, should be that one."

She would sacrifice the peace maker to the peace breaker; the innocent for the guilty. (Good Bible doctrine) The one proves its own correctness every time by reversing the rule, the reaction balancing the action. The other taking in its own story, has draped the earth in mourning, while waiting for Mrs. Woodhull to apply the key that unlocks the mystery and makes all clear as the noonday sun.

But until this is done I shall continue to believe in the teachings of Arithmeticals instead of Bibles, and just where Spiritualism, Materialism or any other ism, leaves science for religion, a balance of the visible and invisible by interchange, for the supremacy of the invisible over the visible at that point, we part company as the problem of existence is a Mathematical one and its solution will be a Mathematical demonstration, and on this fact my position is based.

J. TENNEY.

Westfield, N. Y.

Letter From Rochester, New York.

Mr. Edron:—Being in the city of New York not long since, I made a call upon Dr. R. W. Flint, 373 West 53rd street, the noted "Sealed Letter" answerer.

I had some letters answered by him for myself and also for some of my friends. The answers were quite satisfactory. But I had a desire to witness the performance, to see the thing did before my own eyes; not that I had any serious doubt that the letters were answered unassisted and unopened, but to have ocular demonstration of the fact, so that I might give this testimony to my friends and others.

While three letters came sealed, stamped and even encircled through and through, lengthwise and crosswise, with a sewing machine, so that it would have been an impossibility to have opened and enclosed them in the same manner, however carefully (had he been disposed) without detection.

These letters were from various parts of the country, from California, Texas and even from the Island of Cuba; and answers were written out to them, and then enclosed with said sealed letters and mailed to the parties who sent them. All this I saw done. And what struck me most of all was that one of the letters which was from Texas, had only the direction of,—"Send answer to Post Master," giving only the name of the office and not the name of the officer; but before the envelope was superscribed, the spirit guide wrote out the name of the Post Master, and the letter was directed accordingly. Manifesting great surprise at this, the Doctor informed me that this was no new occurrence, and that the name given was always correct.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to learn something of the manner in which this writing is done. The Doctor is in a normal (not trance) state, but unconscious of the composition. He is controlled by one spirit purporting to be his guide. His hand is moved to write, from right to left (backwards) independent of his will. By holding the written side up to the light, the answer can be easily read.

I found the Doctor to be a genial and pleasant man. He gave me one of his photographs exhibiting his spirit guide's hand and arm, or form of control taking while answering a sealed letter, which I highly prize and shall preserve as a remembrance of my visit.

Respectfully Yours, W. H. W.

Are Animals Immortal?

"We exist," is the source of life. And life is activity—Omnipresence, Deity. Deity is all intelligence—all activity; both, objective and subjective.

If he is the life and order of mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, I do not see how he can annihilate the lower order of animals without the higher, notwithstanding Brother Peebles' authority to the reverse.

If variety is the alphabet of knowledge, I do not see how we can understand anything without a criterion to go by. If maximum is necessary to minimum, is not minimum equally as necessary to maximum?

If good is a necessary contrast to evil, is not evil as necessary as good to make the contrast? If the greater or higher can not be so without the less, or lower, is not such equally necessary?

Many may not see the force of these arguments, or the true points. It may be so with Brother Peebles. But if Deity could annihilate one particle of this Great All, on the same principle in process of time, he might the whole which would include himself, and not even space be left.

L. BUSH

Jamestown, Tenn.

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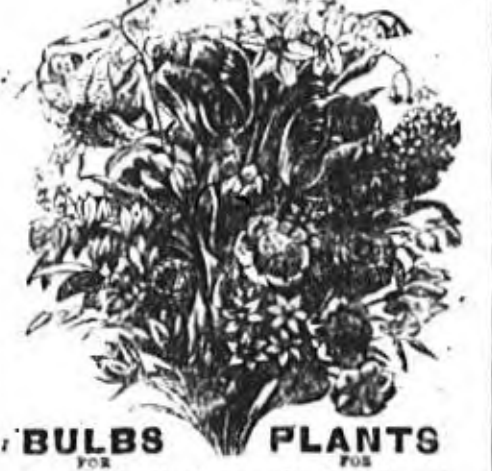
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875

KILL THE INCURABLES AND HELPLESS PAUPERS.

Another Suicidal Epistle from an Ex-Minister.

FRIEND JONES.—Without adopting the article of "one of your readers," I desire to write on the same subject. You say, "No one but a coward or imbecile will deliberately commit suicide in his sane moments."

Austin Kent is neither a moral or physical "coward." He may not be "sane." But will you reply to a few questions as kindly as he puts them?

I can not; but if I could, can you give a rational reason why I should not relieve others and myself, and pass out of the body? I still love life, per se.

Were I in your temporal circumstances, I could gather courage to live on as I have. Millions are enduring slow starvation.

In all ages of the world, there have been those who have raised boldly above the Ordinances of Nature, and sat as "dignified" umpires, to decide who should live, and who not.

Some ten years ago, Prof. J. Madison Evans, a promulgator of moral truths as presented by the Bible, and brilliant as a pulpit orator, with a loving and devoted wife by his side, lived at Indianapolis, Ind.

Healed—the indiscretion of one of God's sanctified teachers, and an accomplished young lady, could not be kept long under the cloak of secrecy.

In these cases, as in hundreds of others, the decree goes forth from mortal lips—that man shall die! The Hindoo would throw his aged parents under the wheels of the juggernaut.

We find cases where individuals, as well as the law, decide that under certain circumstances, this or that one shall die.

One man's life becomes unbearable because thwarted in his affections or disappointed in love; another on account of financial embarrassment; another by not being appreciated.

In all these cases man sets himself up as the umpire. Like a pack of wolves—when one is wounded, the rest instantly kill and eat him.

The robber kills to secure spoils; but the advocates of euthanasia, would destroy life to terminate physical suffering, and save themselves the trouble of caring for incurables.

In the course of human events, Sickles decided to shoot Key, Stokes to put an end to Flak, the negro to brutally kill the Van Ess family in New York.

At one time, diseases now easily managed, were considered incurable. Supposing physicians had administered poison to each one, instead of persistently trying remedies to cure the patient; of course, no progress whatever could have been made in discovering a remedy.

In our opinion the killing of a person suffering from hydrophobia, or any other virulent disease, is a barbarous murder, calculated to blunt those humane sensitive feelings which will ever urge that while life lasts, "there is hope!"

So far as Brother Kent is concerned, true, he is a constant sufferer, but does not his existence subserve wise ends? The machinery of his organization grates harshly; his pulse beats irregularly and feverishly; every movement he makes causes pain.

is helpless as a child. Why not give him a dose of strychnine, sever his jugular vein, or shoot him in the head? He is an object of charity, and is anxious to die!

The Ordinances of Nature which kindly gave him life, sees fit to sustain it in his creaking, rickety, dilapidated, forlorn, disease-breeding, deformed frame, and we can see no good reason why they should; but as they constructed his physical organism, a piece of mechanism that human ingenuity can not imitate, had as it is, they must have as good reasons for sustaining it, as they had in creating it.

He is also actively engaged in getting an inventory of our little amount of earthly goods, to see whether we shall be able to respond to the claimed \$25,000. This may remind the readers of the fabled milkmaid who counted her chickens before they were hatched.

Two Beautiful Paintings.

We have on exhibition at our reception room two beautiful paintings executed by Bro. Cooley, of Michigan.

Brother Cooley is a master in his profession, and he has executed these two beautiful specimens of art under an extraordinary spirit of inspiration, so far as the design of the work at least is concerned.

One is a representation of a death-bed scene of an old man, and the resurrection of his spirit to a higher plane of life, where those gone before await his awakening to a consciousness of his new birth.

The aged wife and a daughter, yet in earth-life are waiting his dissolution, while six other children, who had gone on before him, are watching his coming to them.

The scene is so aptly illustrated as to seem like a veritable reality, and as one gazes upon it, the usual horror of death vanishes from the mind, and we are ready to exclaim, "O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?"

The accompanying or companion piece is a representation of the new light, being ushered in by the Spiritual Philosophy.

Old Time—a thinly clad skeleton stands in the center of the picture, one hand holding by the wrist a high church dignitary, whose scepter, scaplet cap and robes have fallen away, revealing nothing but a well-developed man—all that constitutes the main features of that object of idolatrous veneration, so sacredly revered by millions—the gaudy clothing—lies upon the ground—while his holiness is represented as a fine looking, but helpless old gentleman.

On the right hand side of the picture are the waters of oblivion, beneath whose waves the chief representatives of Old Theology have plunged—a single arm with the hand grasping the scrolls which contain the creeds, is held high above the waves, while the head and hands of another, as if gasping with despair at the impending fate, is seen a little farther to the right.

Dark shadowy worshippers are receding in the distance, fleeing before the brilliant light which our philosophy—the Philosophy of Life, is ushering in, and which Old Time, with bony fingers is pointing to. He holds Pope Pius' wrist with his other fleshless hand, while he, in looks, and grinning skeleton jaws says, Look at yonder brilliant luminary. It is the grand solvent of all errors—that which shall dispel all darkness and before its potent power thy robes shall fall,—thy symbols of a false system of Theology shall crumble to dust; thy hand shall be palsied when thou wouldst save thy devotees from the waves of oblivion that will soon forever cover them from sight.

Look again, says "old Time," to his disrobed "Holiness," behold away towards the sinking sun of thy former greatness, the shadowy outlines of Pagodas, Mosques, Cathedrals and Temples, all receding into the distance—dying! dead!

Look again towards the new light and behold the beauty; life and vigorous growth of all that is impinged with its refulgent rays. Contrast the glory of the new with the sombre

hue and gloom that awaits thy departing greatness. Thy doom is sealed, and however desperate may be thy death-struggle, the waters of oblivion will soon receive thee to their final and eternal embrace.

"His Holiness," with a death-like stare, looks the grinning skeleton—Old Time—square in the face. Then it is that all of his gaudy habiliments fall from him, while he groaning aloud, incoherently articulates the words, "Thou O time alone art infallible," and sinks like a dead man upon the ground.

These paintings the artist is too poor to get chromoed, without pecuniary help. He will have to receive aid to the amount of one thousand dollars. The pictures, when chromoed, will measure 24 by 30 inches, and will be expressive adornments that every liberalist will be proud of.

Any one who feels aid a worthy medium for the fine arts, will not only confer a favor on Brother Ben Cooley, the artist, but at the same time make if a good investment of his money, to engage in reproducing the pictures in chromo, and the sale of the same, when executed.

The public are respectfully invited to call at our reception rooms, and inspect the paintings.

A New Field of Usefulness.

E. V. Wilson is now engaged in writing to people for engagements to lecture, with an inquiry, if anybody is prejudiced against him by reason of what has been published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

He is also actively engaged in getting an inventory of our little amount of earthly goods, to see whether we shall be able to respond to the claimed \$25,000. This may remind the readers of the fabled milkmaid who counted her chickens before they were hatched.

He is also quite busy in denouncing the Woodhullites as a most licentious people. He even intimates that the suspicion that he would associate with such people, has deprived him of many a square free meal, even to the extent of \$2,000 a year.

Does he forget that our readers know that he invited Mrs. Woodhull to the McHenry meeting, and proposed to become her escort, that he urged the people to raise her a hundred dollars at the Rockford meeting, and it was done—his wife circulating the subscription paper, to buy her (Mrs. Woodhull) a printing press for the dissemination of her doctrines?

And now he sues us, claiming \$25,000 damages, and in his declaration, in substance declares that his being suspected of associating with such persons as Mrs. Severance, Moses Hull and Mrs. Woodhull, has been the cause of all his woes, and the loss of \$2,000 worth of free grub per annum, and that we are the only cause of all such suspicions.

We advise him to send a lock of his hair to Severance for a psychometrical delineation of his own character. He may be reminded for his benefit, of many things he seems to have forgotten, and if he desires, we will re-open his "advertising corner" in the JOURNAL for him to publish it free.

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A Correction Cheerfully Made.

A writer claiming to be the son of Bro. P. B. Randolph deceased, complains of us in no very polite language for alluding to the blood of the different races, that flowed in the Doctor's veins. We supposed we were writing facts, and facts which by no means were derogatory to Bro. Randolph or his descendants.

Mr. S. T. Randolph, Jr., demands a retraction at our hands. If our statement was untrue, so far as the African blood is concerned, we most cheerfully confess our mistake. The young man says he is proud of the Indian blood, but seems to have a mortal hatred towards the "accursed African."

Our sincere intention was to write an obituary notice of Bro. Randolph's death that was just and true, as well as a tribute to the memory of one whose talents and high mediunistic gifts we deeply venerated; and we doubt not that every person who read that notice, looked at it in that light.

We mentioned the facts as we supposed them to be, as a philosophical means of solving the problem of his remarkable mediunistic powers, and frequent depression of spirits, which culminated in suicide. We certainly had no intention of doing violence to the memory of a cherished friend, nor to his descendants, of whom we had not the least knowledge.

Our mistake, if such it was, certainly in no wise was intentional. Nor would we knowingly wound the feelings of Bro. Randolph as a spirit, or in the least degree grieve his children.

We respectfully ask our readers to turn to No. 23, Vol. 18, Page 179, of the JOURNAL, August 14th 1875, and re-peruse the article which young Mr. Randolph complains of, so that if we have made the mistake, this article will serve as a curative antidote for the injury unintentionally inflicted.

Warren Sumner Barlow.

The distinguished poet, Warren Sumner Barlow, is stopping temporarily in the city. He is one of Nature's most gifted poets, and his "Yuccas" will continue to speak in future ages, long after his remains have crumbled to dust.

His poem on the first page of this week, will be read with deep interest.

Take Notice! All who contemplate visiting the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, will do well to bear in mind that it is located two blocks South of the new Post Office and Custom House, and has entrances from 127 Fourth Avenue, and 394 Dearborn Street.

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DR. S. M. ORTINGER is now located at San Jose, Cal. He is a very successful healer.

BRO. HUDSON TUTTLE has our hearty thanks for a generous supply of luscious grapes from his extensive vineyard.

R. A. MARTIN writes us a kind (?) Christian letter but fails to give his post office, which we must have before complying with his wish.

J. E. GREEN, the medium for physical manifestations, has been holding forth at Vincennes, Ind.

MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM, one of the most successful lecturers in the field, commences in October, a four month's lecture engagement with the society in Troy, N. Y.

BRET HARTE's new serial story, "Gabriel Conroy," will begin in the November number of Scribner's Monthly. The story is said by those who have seen the MSS. to be one of wonderful power.

J. M. PEEBLES has just closed an engagement with the society in Troy N. Y., the audiences increasing to the last. During October he lectures in Washington, D. C., and November, in Philadelphia. Mr. Peebles' lectures always attracted great attention in this city.

DR. KAVNER is at Fort Wayne, Ind., instead of St. Charles, Ill., as announced in our last issue. The Doctor is a splendid clairvoyant physician. Besides, he is thoroughly posted in the different systems of practice. He is exceedingly skillful as a surgeon. His lectures on the Harmonical Philosophy are always well received.

ANOTHER tombstone difficulty has arisen in England. A gentleman prepared a stone for the grave of his sister, but the rector pronounced it "hideous," and refused permission for its erection in his church-yard. He insists that every stone placed in the church yard shall have a cross upon it. The case will, if thought, be appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE Swedish Parliament has passed a bill enabling women by a marriage contract to retain the possession and management of their property. The bill encountered much opposition from a large portion of the orthodox clergy, who maintained that, as Christ is the head of the Church, the man is the head of the household, and equality between man and wife is abnormal. The King has given his sanction to the measure.

It appears that Mr. Gladstone has made a collection of the emblems applied by the Pope to his enemies, especially the rulers of Italy. The objects of the Pope's displeasure are "wolves, perfidious, Pharisees, Philistines, thieves, revolutionists, Jacobins, sectarians, liars, hypocrites, dropical, impious, children of Satan, of perdition, of sin and corruption, enemies of God, satellites of Satan in human flesh, monsters of hell, demons incarnate, stinking corpses, men issued from the pits of hell (these are the conductors of the national press), traitors, Judas led by the spirit of hell, and teachers of iniquity."

Contents of Little Bouquet for October, 1875.

Funerals, Premature Burials, and Visions of the Dying; Immortality of Animals; Bright Dreams of Babyhood. (Illus.); The Spirit in Dreamland; The Little Weather-sprite; The Ghost's Warning; "He shall give His Angels Charge Over Thee;" Mind of the Mother; The First Baby; A Social Blessing; "Our Baby is a Spirit Beyond the Stars" (Illus.); Powerful Mediunship of a Child; The Babies; The Happiest Period; Do Not Dozeze Them; A Bird and a Fish; Visiting the Factory; Secretary Bird; Subterranean Life; Mitty's Monkey; Items of Special Interest; The Owl that Thought He Could Sing; Sewing Aches; The Honey Eater. (Illus.); The Stinging Free; Make Companions of Your Children; A Boot-black's Ambition; A Girl of Spirit; The Discontented Bee; Infant Precocity Dangerous; The Moral of the Rosebud; Susy's Stepmother; A Sled was the Multiplication Table; From my Spirit Mother; Sonnet; Children's Fear; Editorial—The Philosophy of Life; Brute Intelligence.

Every family of Spiritualists, should take the LITTLE BOUQUET, \$1 per year. Specimen copy 5 cents. Address, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.







MINISTERIAL SKEPTICISM.

What the Clergy think of Miss-Moseman's Miracle.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley Hauling the Rev. S. H. Platt over the Coals—A Clergyman's Testimony to the Power of Imagination.

The New York Methodist preachers seem to be skeptical about the miraculous cure of the Rev. S. H. Platt's lameness through the instrumentality of Miss Moseman's prayers at Ocean Grove. The Rev. J. M. Buckley lately read an essay on "Modern Miracles" before a large body of ministers. He spoke of Mr. Platt as the dupe of his own imagination, and declared that the days of miracles were past. John S. Inskip, he said, once declared at a camp-meeting that he would rather be himself on earth than the Angel Gabriel in heaven, because God had greater work for him than to be Gabriel; but even John S. Inskip, if cited as he was with a disease of the brain [laughter] was never rash enough to claim any power to work miracles. What are called miracles in our day, he said, are the result of enthusiasm, and may be explained as occurring from natural causes. He cited the case, familiar to most of his hearers, of a child's arm being broken at night, and entirely healed by prayer before the following morning. He did not believe the arm was broken at all. One of the brethren interrupted the speaker, saying it had been perfectly well attested that the child's arm was actually broken. Mr. Buckley told the brother he had better remain quiet, as he would not gain anything by interrupting him.

WORKING ON THE IMAGINATION

He went on to speak of the latent strength which often lay unsuspected in disabled limbs, and needed only an exertion of will power on the part of the patient to spring into life, as in the case of a lady who, after being bed-ridden for years, was completely cured by the necessity for exertion in escaping from a burning house.

He then spoke of a man who, being compelled to have both his legs amputated, refused to take chloroform, but vigorously played the fiddle while the operation was in progress, and afterward declared that he had not been conscious of any pain, a fact attested to by three physicians. "Though," said Mr. Buckley, "I should not have believed it myself if I had not seen it, and I didn't see it."

He related several instances of cures wrought by himself by merely working on the imagination of his patients. He had stopped convulsions and spasms with bronchial troches, and on one occasion healed a confirmed case of inflammatory rheumatism, causing the swelling to subside instantly, and the distorted finger joints to become straight, by applying a pair of steel knitting needles. The brethren all knew Philip Phillips. One night he was unable to fill an engagement to sing at a sacred concert, owing to a severe headache. Mr. Buckley completely cured him and enabled him to sing by pressing a silver dollar to his forehead without letting him see it, but telling him it was a metallic compound. Superstition, he said, was at the bottom of the so-called miracle of which the Rev. S. H. Platt had been the subject. God had done nothing special for him. He would not charge him with having made false statements, but certainly the pamphlet he had published convicted him of having left the impression that his case was worse than it really had been. He had never lost the power to stand or to feel pain. He had himself seen Mr. Platt standing and moving about on a platform for forty-five minutes while he delivered an address. Again, in Meriden on the 11th of last April, he stood up at a camp meeting without the aid of crutches or cane, and spoke for twenty-five minutes. His theory, as expressed to Miss Moseman when she came to tell him from the Lord that the use of his limbs might be restored to him, that it was not the Christian's privilege to pray for temporal welfare, "was, Mr. Buckley said, a gross superstition, and his two works, "Princely Manhood" and "Queenly Womanhood," must have worked conclusively to all who had read them that the author's mind was in an abnormal state. The pamphlet, indeed, was of the class that had before now attempted to introduce unbridled licentiousness into the community.

MR PLATT'S PAMPHLET

Mr. Buckley then went on to analyze Mr. Platt's pamphlet, dwelling especially on the admission that after the alleged miraculous cure the author frequently felt the pain return to his knees, always praying before exerting himself. "What," said Mr. Buckley, "should we think of the cure of a horse that had to be given condition powders on the day of his sale, and always afterward when he was exercised? And what shall we think of Brother Platt's cure in view of the fact that he goes praying through the world to avoid a return of his affliction? Either the Lord cured him or he did not. If he did, he cured him completely. If he did not, why then he did not."

These modern miracles, the speaker added, are an exorcism on Christianity; and if he could not find better miracles recounted in the Scriptures, than that claimed to have been performed upon Mr. Platt, he should spend the remainder of his days in trying to prove that the Bible is a myth. No miracle had ever been vouchsafed in favor of the brightest lights of the church in the hour of their greatest need; and yet men who might be blotted out from Christianity and forgotten in twenty years, had the insufferable egotism to ask the world to believe that they had been made the special objects of God's interposition.

In conclusion, he said that he believed Miss Moseman's miracle to be a sham, and offered to perform such miracles with her or any one else in public, without claiming any special aid from heaven.

Another Horror.

About two miles east of Steelville, Mo., on the road toward Scotts stand an unpretending cottage, the residence of the late Dr. C. A. Young. The Doctor was a man of uncommon ability—one who had been in former days a useful member of society—whose scientific knowledge, medical and surgical skill, and well timed ministrations, had arrested disease, checked contagion, and turned aside the shafts of death from many a trembling household; but the old Scriptural injunction of "physician, heal thyself," was in his case as in many others, a task too great for all his art, science and courage, and at last it began to be whispered about: "He saves others, himself he can not save."

In his earlier years the doctor had acquired the habit of tipping, which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, till in spite of the pleadings of his family and the remonstrances of his friends, he found himself traveling that swift path to destruction at the foot of which awaits the drunkard's grave.

He was an erudite man—a man of letters, educated in the society of such men as Prof. Agassiz and others of equal eminence. He

was respected for his learning and also his social qualities, but the demon of drink made such inroads upon his mind and business that at last he was almost forced to abandon the practice of medicine.

Well, things went on in this way for a time until at last it became rumored around that Dr. Young had the delirium tremens, and Dr. Metcalf was called to minister to his disease on Monday night. Dr. Metcalf stayed with him all night and soothed his ravings; leaving him about two o'clock in the morning, resting quietly as he supposed. He had hardly arrived home, however, when a messenger arrived in great haste summoning him back. Doctor Young had risen soon after Metcalf left, found a razor, and with skillful hand, severed his jugular vein. When found he lay on the bed with the blood spurting clear across the room and all efforts to save him were entirely unavailing. He died almost immediately. He had threatened to take his life previously and it was supposed that all dangerous articles had been removed from his reach, but by some means the razor was overlooked and the doctor used it with dreadful certainty.—The Express

REMARKS BY S. T. S.

Dr. Chas. A. Young was your only subscriber at this place, and a strong believer in the Harmonical Pathology. He was a man of great learning; being master of the Greek and Latin languages. He graduated at the Philadelphia Medical School, then went to Paris, there mastered the French Language, studied medicine two years in that city and graduated again as a physician and surgeon, with the highest honors. He then returned to New York where he practiced medicine with great success for many years.

When the war broke out, he identified himself with the South, and served during the war, having charge of the Hospital in the field, and many a wounded soldier, both rebel and union, can testify to his skill and ability as a surgeon. But the excitement and disipation of camp life left their mark; and after the civil war was over, he found himself reduced almost to poverty, which together with other depressing circumstances caused him to seek solace in the enchanting cup, and try to drown his sorrows in drink, as thousands on thousands of our most worthy men have done before. He was also a member of the order of Free Masons, Patrons of Husbandry, and some months ago of the Independent Order of Good Templars, but some financial difficulty coming up he got on a spree and was suspended in these orders, and like Cain, thought every man's hand against him, and concluded to put an end to his existence, which he succeeded in doing, as stated in the accompanying items cut from the papers, of the 10th inst. In cutting his own throat, he seemed to display the greatest amount of coolness as well as scientific knowledge, making a deep incision on each side of his neck, completely severing the jugular vein, without cutting his wind-pipe, thus enabling him to bid farewell to wife and family, and gave directions about his funeral, while the red life-blood was rapidly ebbing from his veins. Steelville, Mo.

The Devil Argument.

BY S. HAMPSON.

Some few of our Christian clergy, in their despair to account for or refute the many demonstrations of Spiritualism, and for the purpose of frightening the more ignorant and superstitious of their dupes, from all attempts to investigate the phenomena for themselves, tell them that they admit the fact, that the demonstrations do occur, but that "the Devil is the cause of it." He, says these self-constituted saints, is the cause—the prime mover in all these demonstrations.

Such an imputation was at one time in the minds of some who were listening to the teachings of Christ; and he very quickly and irrefutably answered them, saying, "Every Kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself, shall not stand; and if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how then shall his Kingdom stand?"—Matt. 12:25, 26

It is not likely that the devil, even if there be one, would give such advice to mortals, as comes through spirit phenomena; such as to live pure, honest, industrious, sober, and upright lives; cultivate our spiritual nature and bring ourselves thereby into harmony with the divine; to love all our fellow beings; to do good and cease to do evil; to love one another, to love our neighbors, to continually do good and strive for a higher and a purer life; to heal the sick, comfort the afflicted, aid the poor, and generally to devote our lives to doing all the good we can, and as little harm as possible—such are some of the teachings that come to mankind through the ministrations of spirits; and if the Devil be the author of them, our Orthodox friends have been guilty of greatly slanderous His Satanic Majesty, and I know quite a number of these self-constituted saints who would do well to take the Devil's advice and regulate their conduct accordingly.

But are they aware, when they make this assertion, that if it proves any thing, it proves too much? Let us look at the similarity of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and the accounts found in the sacred book of the Christians, of things that took place in the time of Christ and the prophets; such as the angel of the Lord (spirit) appearing to the prophet and giving instructions, warnings of danger, reprimands for neglect of duty, foretelling future events, etc.; the same is daily occurring among Spiritualists.

The healing of the sick, the lame, the deaf, dumb and blind, by Christ and his Apostles, the same is being done by many of our mediums to-day. The liberation of Paul and Silas from prison, the speaking with diverse tongues, seeing clairvoyantly, as Christ saw a number of fish on a certain side of the ship and saw one with a piece of money in its mouth, which he and his apostles caught, taking the money to pay their taxes; the seeing of visions, dreaming dreams and prophesying, the saints who came up out of their graves (Hades abode of the dead or departed) into the city and appeared to many; the spirit of Samuel appearing to Saul; the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount, and many other occurrences too numerous to mention, of a spiritual character in ancient times, are outdone to-day by many genuine mediums. Nearly all these events and occurrences recorded in Scripture, bear such a close analogy to the phenomena of Spiritualism of to-day, that we are forced irresistibly to the conclusion that they are of the same nature, and if the Devil is the author of one he is also of the other; if he is the prime mover now of spiritual phenomena, he was also the prime mover in causing those things written in the Scriptures. He inspired the men and angels to do what is therein recorded of them. The difference is, that since those times of ignorance and barbarism, the Devil has greatly improved in knowledge, intellectually, spiritually, morally and love. He has kept pace with the progress of events; and all the improvements in literature, arts and sciences, according to the statements of

the church, has been caused by him, for which mankind will never be able to fully compensate him, and I, for one, am willing to give him due credit for his progress. Our church teachers had better be a little careful in attributing to the Devil the authorship of so many things, or they will soon make him out to be the prime cause of all the blessings that mankind enjoy.

An Inspirational Oration.

Last night, an "Inspirational Oration" was delivered in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, Newcastle, by Mrs. Tappan. There was a large attendance. Mr. T. P. Barkas was chairman. A committee of five gentlemen was appointed by the audience, and the committee, whilst a hymn was being sung by the audience, and an "invocation" being offered by Mrs. Tappan, retired to a private room, and wrote out five subjects for Mrs. Tappan to lecture upon, the only condition in the choice of subjects being, that they must have some bearing on the subject of man's welfare as a spiritual being. The five subjects were read out by the chairman, and the audience, by a show of hands, selected the following for Mrs. Tappan to discourse upon:—"A minute description of man's entrance into Spirit life; his first consciousness and progress; the spirit communicating to say whether the facts propounded are simply his own experience or universally true."

Mrs. Tappan then proceeded to deliver an "inspirational oration" on this subject. Her style was excellent and clear. There was no hesitation in dealing with the question, and the oration was delivered with great fluency. She stated that persons who died a lingering death became gradually aware of the change that was taking place, and their preparation, mentally, for that change decided the nature of the condition in which they would enter into spiritual life. The spiritual particles with drew gradually from the material form, and hovered over the body until they found the spiritual body. When a person passed away from the world in battle, or from a sudden shock, there was a temporary suspension of the outward and spiritual consciousness, and the spirit was not prepared at once to launch into spiritual existence; and sometimes it was an hour, sometimes twelve hours, and longer, before the spiritual body could be gathered together above the form of the person killed by violence. The spirit, on awaking to consciousness, whether it be from one or twelve hours' sleep, or from a sleep at all, found it impossible to believe itself dead, the state of existence so nearly resembling the existence of the past left behind; they could not persuade themselves they had passed through death until, on reverting to earth, they beheld their friends weeping around the bodies or caskets from which they had just flown. First they became conscious of existence, and then came the recognition of friends. The garment of the spirits took the form of the costumes seen in the pictures of old masters, and the garments always assumed a color and hue according to the spirit's elevation. The garments of spirits who depart from earthly life in a degraded condition seem to be shadowy and grey, and the garments and appearance of spirits which were really worthy were radiant and light, varying in color according to certain qualities of the mind; blue representing wisdom; clear yellow, knowledge or science; white, purity; and all intermediate greys corresponding to various attributes and qualities of mind. Spirits could see every frailty and fault. Everything which before had appeared shadowy now seemed solid, and what was before solid now seemed shadowy. Spiritual things become real; thoughts took actual shape. Every frailty, if able, and curse seemed to rise up and take a palpable form before the spirit, and caused them to be earth bound, until the barrier was overcome which divided the higher from the lower spirit states. The spirits of murderers always haunted the places where they committed the murders; and it was not a fable about places being haunted, as spirits which were in bondage had not power to float up to the higher spiritual atmosphere. The average of spirits generally bound attendants, or kindred angel spirits, or guardians to help them to rise, sometimes they hovered over the dead bed. They should not weep for a departed friend, for every tear was a chain which prevented the released spirit from rising to a higher habitation. When a spirit had passed from the earthly atmosphere to a distance of some sixty or one hundred miles, things began to wear the aspect of a spirit world. There were plains, and mountains, and valleys; and the spirit was received unto such abodes as the departed friends had fashioned for him or her. One thing which struck through it was that no object impeded the passage through it, and if the spirit wished to pass through a mountain it seemed to present no barrier, and closed behind after it was passed through. The spirit, after entering its new abode, was received with such ceremonial greeting and kindness as friends would give after a long absence. The spirit states varied in great degree, there being such diversity among earthly, and consequently among spiritual minds.

Mrs. Tappan concluded her address by giving a few instances of the manner in which spirits passed from earthly life, as seen by the spirit speaking through her. At the conclusion of the discourse questions upon it were invited.

One man said that whilst any one was allowed to ask a simple question, Mrs. Tappan was allowed to make a speech in reply; and he thought if discussion was invited, they should have a fair set to allowed; and if any gentleman would engage the room for him, he would prove from the Bible that Mrs. Tappan was wrong. Mrs. Tappan said the gentleman could himself call a meeting and reply.

In reply to a question, Mrs. Tappan said that Adin Augustus Ballou was her special guide in her address that evening, and other spirits belonging to the same circle had suggested some portions of the discourse. The proceedings concluded by Mrs. Tappan reciting an impromptu poem on "The Divinity of Christ," the subject being chosen by the audience.—Newcastle (Eng.) Daily Journal

Voices from the People.

MANTUA STATION, O.—D. M. King writes.—Our meetings here have all been a grand success except one, which was on the first Sunday in August—it rained all day.

BEDFORD, IOWA.—W. W. Clark writes.—I trust that the Journal may become a household necessity in every home in the land, and that you may anxiously succeed in its publisher.

MINONK, ILL.—William L. Lowell writes.—I am very much pleased with the JOURNAL. I do not think I could do without it very well. It reaches me Friday, and I feel bad if I have to wait till Saturday.

BOSTON, MASS.—Philo Sprague writes.—I listened to a most profound scientific lecture before the Materialist Organization, in Paine's Memorial Hall; subject "The Evolution of Mind." It was handled in a masterly manner, by Mr. E. W. Stevens, of Jacksonville, Wis.

JOHNSVILLE, ARK.—Mary H. Slayter writes.—I write you a few lines to let you know I am well pleased with your paper, and I am more than anxious to receive and read the same weekly, as I am a sincere seeker after truth.

CARBONDALE, ILL.—John S. Key writes.—I see by the monitor on my paper that my subscription has expired. I can not do without the JOURNAL. A person reading it one year is like a person getting in the habit of using tea or coffee—it is hard to do without it. I had, rather, however, do without the tea or coffee.

MARIETTA, GA.—R. C. Kerr writes.—Please find enclosed remittance for my renewal of subscription for your valuable JOURNAL, without it I should be, of all men, the most miserable. With your joy and delight I hate its weekly visits! Last Summer I went North, and saw Dr. Blade; I was perfectly satisfied with all the manifestations.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Daniel White, M. D., and a number of others, writes.—We (citizens of St. Louis) have just read the very interesting book entitled "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves, and take great pleasure in recommending it to all sincere inquirers after theological truths, as being valuable. The volume contains a compilation of historical and statistical information, which is found nowhere else, and is well calculated to overthrow the many superstitions of the past and present age. This book should be read by every person.

STEELEVILLE, MO.—Sam'l T. Suddick writes.—Enclosed I send you an account of the death of your subscriber at this place, Dr. Chas. A. Young. I am not a believer in Spiritualism, but admire it, if true, and if ever mortal man returns to converse with, or send messages to friends after death, it will be Dr. C. A. Young. And if ever mortal man wanted to be immortal, one beyond the tomb, it is your humble servant. I think the Doctor will give me a chance, as he has often promised me he would do so, if he died first.

ROCHEPORT, MO.—F. B. Roberts writes.—I am now in search of truth; I wish to find the true plan of salvation. I have read the Bible considerably; and from several discrepancies therein I am compelled, as a candid inquirer after truth, to reject it. I have seen and read several of your papers, and, sir, if I know your doctrine to be true, I will say in the language of one of our old, "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? But, sir, I don't know it to be true, and hence I wait some infallible proof. Like the Pharisee, I seek a sign, and, if like Christ, you fail to give it, I shall reject your scheme.

J. H. Wood writes.—I think there should be a committee in every city, who should at least seek to know the character of all mediums, and use all successful means to detect and expose all who are publicly and openly all evil ones. Mediumship being a gift, those who use it for evil, should be watched and cared for, to prevent as much as possible the evil they try to do. I do not think that one hundred of the best mediums properly appreciate the greatness of the gifts they possess. Were I possessed of such powers as Dr. Blade, I would not use them, I could not feel that I had a right to make a speculation of such gifts to get rich by; the world has claims upon such persons that they have no right to ignore.

NEW YORK.—W. B. Whitton writes.—I congratulate you on the effect of your unceasing efforts have produced in root-out and destroying free-love, Woodhull and other isms, which are now nearly extinct, and which but for your efforts would have nearly or quite ruined for a long time the spread of this beautiful philosophy, which you and I, and many millions of happy souls now live and least upon as the only hope of a happy future and an eternal existence. I am pleased that you have commenced exposing Roman Catholicism and Jesuitism the bane and curse of the world, who are under a guise, trying to ruin our school system, which is the bulwark and foundation of Republicanism, and all our free institutions. May God and the angels speed you on your way.

PLEASANTON, KAN.—E. B. Wheelock writes.—At home—after an absence of a year devoted principally to the elucidation of the great principles of spirit communion in the more Northern States, I find myself once more in my Southern home of milder winters. During my absence the grasshopper struggle came and went, but I now find the corn and the hay crop to be far better than one month ago could have been anticipated. After a few days more of labor in the hay harvest, I shall move again in the lecture field, to visit old friends in the towns of Ft. Scott, Girard, Oswego, Baxter Springs, and some few towns over the Kansas line in Missouri. Will the readers of the JOURNAL please remember this notice, and look for me about the first of October.

CALAMUS, IOWA.—Dr. Wm. H. Andrews writes.—I have given several lectures here and in adjoining towns, and it is having a grand effect. I do not meet with one half the opposition to-day, that I did one year ago. I have organized an anti-quit religion society, with fifteen members, and a good interest is manifested by all that come to the circle, and we are having some good developments, and with the progress that we have made during the past few months, I think I shall soon be able to send in a large list of subscribers to the JOURNAL. I lectured at the grove meeting at Bertram with Brother Sapp, E. A. Brown, and others, twenty three and four hundred persons present, and I never saw more interest manifested by an audience than was there, and I think I am not exaggerating when I say that I believe that two-thirds of them were more than half convinced of the truths of our beautiful philosophy.

MATFIELD, MASS.—James Madison Allen writes.—I have been called back East temporarily, and shall lecture in New England during October and November, after which I expect to go Westward again, and shall hope to be able to call on you sometime during the winter. I like the JOURNAL better and in the more Northern States, and I am glad to see that the interest in Spiritualism and the good work of spiritualizing mankind is going rapidly on. Hasten the day when the race shall be free from the fetters of materialistic ignorance, reckless sensuality, and oppressive bigotry, and strong and harmonious in true manhood and manhood! I have spoken this month (Sept.) in Brunswick, Stroudville and Cleveland. Have been giving private sittings in Cleveland, with gratifying success. My labors in the West the past season have been well appreciated. Parties in the West or South desiring my services after November should address me at once, at Matfield, Massachusetts, box 26.

Elder T. H. Stewart, of Michigan, writes as follows about Camp Meetings: Shall we as Spiritualists go back to the churches and be swallowed up by them? Have attended the Gun Lake Camp Meeting in Michigan, Brother G. W. Terry, President, and it was a decided success, as to attendance and good order. The voice of the Woodhull cooling dove was not heard in all that land of joy. The four days passed off, and only one little sprinkle of rain, some two hours; no variety hunters on the ground seeking their afflictions; not even whisky to disturb us in all those mountains of the Lord. O, that our camp meeting at Sarsneck, Mich., may form a model for the future. I believe that the flesh, the world and the free love devil, who has hitherto hindered much good in our State of Michigan. But to our proposition on camp meeting. They were the stronghold of missionary pioneering among the orthodox in the early religious movements in the South and West. We are led to question the utility of any thing more than a two days' grove meeting being necessary for health, physically or spiritually, to our people. The Jews of old held their eight or nine days' camp meeting, and the last great day of the feast was a general time of rejoicing. Spiritualism is supposed to be the work of the Devil by some of the clergy in their denunciations, while other prelates of Catholicism and Protestantism, are preaching spirit communion in a most positive manner to the people. Some churches are ready to endorse Spiritualism as a tenet of religion. Then, in the close of this article, may we not inquire as to our union? Spiritualists preach, pray and sing, hold camp meetings, teach future rewards and punishments for the actions of this life; the orthodox adopt Spiritualism, they have organizations, meeting houses and a moneyed power which Spiritualists have not; we further ask your many readers which will be the easier, and which the food in this swallowing up,—will the churches take us as Spiritualists, devil and all, or will Spiritualism gobble up the churches?

KIRKSVILLE.—Theobald Miller writes.—Let me say through your interesting JOURNAL, that Spiritualism is divine in its nature. It can not be confined by the landmarks and boundaries of human legislation or church opposition. It will become universal on this earth. Spiritualism is in China, Japan, and India, and working itself into all the churches of this intolerant age in which we live. What a grand materialization the Apocalyptic John saw while on the Island of Patmos. He was in the spirit or entranced. He heard behind him a voice as of a trumpet. He turned to see the one that spoke to him, and this is his account, "I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the golden candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire. And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as of the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars, out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword, and his countenance was as the sun when it shineth in his strength." No wonder that John fell at his feet as one dead, at the sight of such a grand materialization of the Son of God. Spiritualism demonstrates that mortals at death are not taken in hand by an Almighty master, and at once transformed into perfect beings, but that growth is a necessity of perfection, and that the Spirit-world is filled with individualities and grades of development, which differ from one another as widely as in physical life. I hereby send the names of several trial subscribers; they are all inquiring persons, and I have no doubt but they, or at least a part of them, will become permanent subscribers.

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That in his immensity God worked alone, and through a fathomless eternity heard not one tone, nor saw one form, nor felt vibration of one breath of life till the Great I Am spoke forth and said: "Let there be forms and matter, and let these be fashioned into shapes that shall be orbs and suns and satellites, and let them thus and thus arrange themselves as I shall dictate, and then, after having thus created these things, I will withdraw again into the immensity of space and will dwell alone,"—such are popular religious conceptions of the creation.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and the spirit of God was upon the surface of the waters,"—such are the evidences of the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis.

Our theme, Creation, may seem too much for the scope of the finite mind, and may even tax the highest thought and loftiest conceptions of transcendental reason. There is nothing to disprove, nothing in the past or future eternity from which to draw tangible conclusions. We can only say being is, but whence it comes or whither it goeth the human mind can not understand. We only know that life, sunshine, earth and atmosphere, and all forms upon the earth's surface, are not what they once were, and that they come and go like fleeting vapor or shadows, or the breath of morning, or the life of an insect in the sun-beam. Such are all things which you see, and such they must have been forever. Science reveals, however, to the reason of man, that there are some processes of change which are slower than others. Those fleeting, transitory beings upon the earth's surface and in its atmosphere, are but types or lesser evidences of greater and more important changes revealed in larger spheres of matter; and this world in itself is but the type of greater changes in greater worlds; and finally we come to the question: Was there ever a time when the world and all the stars which fill the heavens began to be or were created? The testimony revealed by religion is very inadequate to answer the longings of the soul. We find that it says: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Let us analyze this. It affirms that in the beginning such was the case. It does not show how long it required God to create the heavens and the earth, "in the beginning he created the heavens and the earth," and after the earth was created, "the evening and the morning was the first day," and that it took six days for him to elaborate the things on the earth's surface, when he had but one day to make all the earth and the heavens. Strange misconceptions!

That the worlds upon worlds which rise in such majesty, the suns and stars which in the distance seem but points of light, but which are known to be ten thousand times the magnitude of this speck of earth—that they should have required but a single day to be created, and yet that earth, this insignificantly small atom, should have taken six days for its perfection—this does not seem reasonable; for if so, whence came those stars? How were they thus arranged in perfect order and (as science reveals) made to march with such majesty and harmonious step to some unknown goal? How is it that in their ceaseless revolutions they come not into collision, but seem each to know the purpose and place of their existence? Such are our inferences upon reading the evidences of Creation in the Old Testament of Revelations. What are the various theories of science upon the subject? The word Creation signifies, in its material sense, to call forth—to make—being in all tangible applications simply to modify, change or give expression to that which is. In other words, we say an artist has created a most beautiful picture, while we know he has only changed, or modified, or transferred, an image to some suitable substance previously provided for him. And in like manner a sculptor is said to create a most beautiful statue, by which it is not meant he made the stone or even the image, but that he combined the two and rendered them a statue.

Thus, in all superficial conceptions of Creation we have simply that which is another name for a change; so the artist transfers the landscape from nature to his canvas, or the sculptor his ideal image to stone, which, itself lifeless, becomes the semblance of a living being.

But Creation signifies more than this. It also signifies giving type, expression and form to that which is void and has no form, and therefore we are led to the conclusion that there must have been a time when, and a process through which the great first cause has moulded and caused things to assume something of the shape in which they now appear. Any consideration of the various processes of external Creation of course must be entirely speculative, and while science lends her aid as to the effect of causes, she gives no clue to the causes which preceded existing effects. We simply infer a cause from existing effects, but the cause itself we do not know. For instance, we infer from seeing the appearance of vegetation on the earth's surface, that there must have been some preceding time when there were not, and then retrogressively that there must have been another cause still further back, and so on up to an infinite cause sufficient to embody all lesser causes. Science, therefore, claims various ideas which must have been gradually developed, and all are unsatisfactory, but which serve to illustrate the subject of Creation.

The theological idea is embodied in the Old Testament, and it is enough for a religionist to know that the subject is beyond his comprehension, and that therefore it is not worth while to meddle with it. God made the world in accordance with his will, and it is not worth while for mortals to trouble their heads about what they can not understand.

Science, on the other hand, not satisfied with the limited view which allows only six days and nights to the Creation of earth and heaven, endeavors to penetrate still further. Guided by her, we find not only on the earth's surface, but more deeply deposited, are evidences of the earth's being of greater antiquity than is assigned to it in religious records, and that there are proofs of constant changes, each almost equal to a new creation. Therefore, we infer there must have been a period long anterior to the date of the Mosaic Creation, when the earth was as to shape and form, and the substances upon its surface, entirely different from what it is now; and there must have been some origin, general or particular, from which those substances derived their peculiar formation. Three prominent ideas have been entertained on this point by astronomers and scientific men. First, the theory of the nebulae, which means the theory of the imponderable or inconspicuous substances which gradually assimilate with each other until the conglomerate mass forms a centre of gravity from a combination of outside and interior causes, and thus a planet is produced. For instance, there

must have been a time when all the matter of the stars was in a chaotic condition, composed of distinct and separable particles, but all without aim or object, or perceptible centres. These gradually formed themselves into centres, and though the laws of matter were arranged at proper distances, and thus a variety of systems were formed, and then a special centre, until at last a harmonic and entire revolution was produced. In proof of this theory it was supposed in early history of astronomy that various clusters of substances in the far-distant heavens were evidences of nebular developments, and a long, long line of nebulae was thought to be planetary matter not yet polarized or with special orbits, and these were considered to show that all systems were in a similar state while gradually forming into worlds like our own.

This for many centuries was a chief product of the Copernican philosophy, and was handed down till a new theory arose, when it was discovered by means of telescopes that what had been supposed to be unformed matter floating about the heavens was no other than a combination of systems of stars, each as perfect as your own system, and which only from their distance resembled nebulae. Thus these improvements in the telescope showed distinctly that these were not nebulous masses of matter, but worlds, stars, and even suns vastly superior in size and brilliancy to your own, and which only from their immense distance seem like dense and unformed masses of light. The nebular theory is still maintained by adherents of the old school of astronomy.

Another theory has taken its place, and that is this: Centres of systems like suns, were formed from one universal mass; first one centre, and gradually around this were concentrated all the elements that came within the sphere of revolution, and by the direction of matter outside belts or rings, of which the rings of Saturn present an exemplification. These were extended to an immense distance, as far, if you please, as your own system, and gradually as the centre itself became perfected, these belts being no longer capable of containing more matter, and being unable to bear the pressure, broke their substance, flying off in various directions, but at last settling down to the revolution of the orb in which the belt was formed, thus making planets. Such was the formation of the solar system, and in the same manner were produced the stars of the solar system. These belts assume, in certain instances, the forms of comets, starting with out a known law, but going in a legitimate sphere. These gradually assume a spherical form, and are placed in their true position as satellites of planets from which they come.

Another theory has been avowed of late which has many legitimate grounds of belief. It is, that the sun having within itself the property of attracting all matter outside to its own surface, is continually doing so without interfering with the planets revolving around it, and is also constantly emitting forth the nucleus of planets, which, by the momentum acquired from the sun, pass beyond the sun's atmosphere and form orbits around that body; that the sun periodically sends forth such planets; and there is tangible proof that the stars of the solar system are gradually receding from the sun, but so slow that it is not perceptible for thousands of years.

These are the probable theories connected with the order of Creation, but none of them endeavors to explain whence matter first originated, but only how it was arranged and received the solar formation. None of them pretend to show whence it originated or was called into being, neither is it our purpose to do so, for we believe, so surely as the stars are in their places, matter and spirit are coeval; that there never was a time when the substance of the various stars was not in being; that there never came a time when that substance should cease to be; that being itself is evidence of this, for if God dwelt alone in the Universe, without substance or material to form substance, from what place outside of infinitude or immensity could he have called matter into being? Where, outside of himself could he have called this matter from? If from immensity, which must have been, he did not create it. If not so, he, being all substance, could not have made a new thing out of himself. Thus we must either suppose that God is not infinite and did not fill immensity, and that he called matter from some portion of being other than that which he occupied, or we must suppose matter and mind to be infinitely coeval, and that they have been and will be eternally the same.

Then we have only to solve the question: What are the changes called Creation? Did they have a beginning—will they have an end? Was there any special time when God thought he would make suns, and worlds, and systems,—any special period of existence when he found it inconvenient to be inactive, and created for his amusement? We can not suppose such a thing. No. There are enough worlds this night—step out of this room and look at the sky—enough worlds in the visible heavens to occupy God for more than mortals can conceive of eternity; and if Eternity is limited, where shall we fix the limits of the Creation, and say it had a beginning? Never! Never! So long as eternity has been, which is forever—God the Creator, spirit and matter, are coeval, and each acting on the other produces the various forms of life known as Creation. But there never could have been a time when spirit and matter was idle; when it was not in existence, when it was called forth from nothing. You may solve the question mathematically. If God made earth and heaven from nothing, the earth and heaven are nothing, and the Creator or power which made them was nothing, for from nothing nothing is produced—a mathematical truism, which shows that if matter was made from nothing it is nothing, produces nothing and can accomplish nothing, and will return to nothing.

If life, and being, and form are, they have ever been. If, on the other hand, God is, matter is. Then God and matter have ever been and ever will be. Now, we say that the human mind never will perceive the scope and power of eternity. Time means eternity, and therefore is unfathomable. Were it not so, the human mind could grasp, understand, analyze it, and dictate laws by which Creation could be controlled. But not so. Worlds upon worlds have been created and passed away; systems upon systems have risen in the heavens and have disappeared; grander constellations, brighter galaxies than those you see, have dawned upon the sky and set again, and yet there is no limit and no boundary to Creation, as you call it. Each day, each hour, each moment, others in a new Creation as much as when it says the morning stars first sang together. Nay, not a breath which you feeble mortals, insects of a moment, draw, but others in ten thousand new born worlds, each one as full of glory and of light as the centre of your solar system. Is not this Creation, when every shining of the morning stars, so calm and tranquil in their brightness and radiance, calls forth from the earth's surface tiny atoms—that all is ten thousand forms of life—no less than from the greater sun around which your own centre revolves, which calls forth millions of forms of life?

It is worse than madness to prescribe certain years and moments for eternity to produce eternity, or when God should have called

eternity into being, as though God could come down to the narrow limits of mortal sense and be made to labor six days upon a moiety of matter, when it had taken him only one day to make the whole Creation beside? Creation can not thus be understood, not embodied in such language and phrase; and science with all her proud and lofty skill, her deep penetration and subtle aim, still calls God from his high estate and makes him sit upon the molehill of man's habitation. Science, with regal crown and mimic sceptre, rules the world as a king and might rule a molehill, and then disappears; but, feeble and false, knows not of what she talks, presents propositions she can not answer, and starts you with propositions she can not prove, and then retires with solemn dignity, saying, "thus and thus have I proven, thus and thus you must believe. But nothing, its proven, save that science arrogant assumes what she does not know, and asks the world to follow her because she can not direct.

The only advantage the mind has, is that it is allied to various departments of nature, and therefore elaborates many of the causes and important effects of what seems changes of matter; therefore the human mind derives instruction as far as experience can impart it, but is left in the dark as to the cycles which the Divine mind employs for the accomplishment of its purpose. We must resolve Creation, therefore, into an infinite number of cycles, which perform their revolutions as regularly as the earth or planets, and the changes on earth are merely small types of the changes everywhere in the universe. The insects which come and go in the sunshine of a day, flitting transitory and beautiful, but without object or seeming purpose; the worm who tramples beneath your feet; the animal that exists a little longer, and then the human being who happens to draw a longer breath, are all regulated by certain laws which you are bound to know. The earth, revolving upon its axis and around the sun, performs with each revolution a new change, and each change produces a new Creation, not of the whole but of a part, and thus finally the earth's surface is entirely changed by the constant change of matter. The same is the case with the other worlds and the sun, and God, instead of being idle since the last day of the six has never ceased to work.

If there is a place in Creation where nothing is done, that place contains death. If there is a place in the Universe where there is no change, that place contains the elements of destruction, and God's kingdom is in danger. If there is a place where there is not constant labor, working, toiling, struggling, changing, moving, that place contains the very elements of darkness and decay. We find that deep within the earth is heaving, boiling, working, foaming material; upon the surface, toiling, changing, growing matter. Within the human brain, and all forms of life, is vibrating throbbing, breathing matter, and in our thoughts, as if they too must toil, thinking, longing, aspiring and toiling matter; and without that brain, all around in the atmosphere, is moving, pulsating matter. Yes, this atmosphere, whose particles you can not touch or see, is vibrating to and fro in toilsome life; and passing beyond the pale of earth, the stars which seem fixed in the heavens, without motion, are toiling and whirling with the rapidity of thought in orbits ten thousand times greater than your own. So, all is darting, marching, working ceaselessly, and this you call rest.

Why, God within your souls, is toiling now; God within the earth is toiling now; God within the sun is shining and toiling. The same God within all the Universe is working, never tiring, never ceasing, but always changing the forms which he has made, as the artist pictures an image through years and years of ceaseless toil, retouches, repairs, recreates his forms, till they become more life-like and beautiful, and still, unassisted, touches them again and again, and if eternity could be granted him would paint throughout eternity. So God has always been elaborating the forms of Creation. Do not misunderstand us. We know no beginning of Creation, and we only know that before the present earth, systems and suns, there have been other suns and systems, and that the earth to-day is not what it was ten thousand years ago. It is not to-day what it was yesterday, and ten thousand years hereafter will not be what it is at present. It once had some other being and form, and every atom, distinct and perfect, was working and struggling as it is now and ever will be. You may pulverize the rock, you may reduce it by fire, and the atoms composing it will still be in existence. Water is made into vapor, and from that into atmosphere. We know not whence it flows, but every particle is preserved. The flower which gives forth its perfume, and which blooms to-day and to-morrow dies, though we can simply smell its fragrance, and when it has given its seed to the ground seeming to have passed away, has never died, but is absorbed in the soil, thence taken into the atmosphere, thence again returns and reproduces newer germs that spring forth.

God is at rest! Why, if six thousand years ago God called the heavens into being, whence comes it that every new born day is filled with as much light as that which dawned on Creation first? If God is idle whence comes it that every spark of light is radiant with beauty, and the world moves on in systematic harmony? Where is God, that Supreme idle, self-existent being, who has nothing to do? We can not find him. He has no dwelling place in Creation. There is no place in immensity for God to be, unless he is working, struggling, toiling, God, who creates new life every day. Not understand us; Creation is going on now, this moment, as much as it ever has been. Now, to-day, is issuing forth the decree from the mouth of Necessity, as solemn, as invigorating, as any which has preceded or will follow. Each moment is prolific of Creation. To-day—this night—Creation is beginning, as far as that which shall follow is concerned; but so far as that which has been, and is, is concerned, there was no Creation in any different sense. Do not misunderstand us. We say that Creation never began. We say it distinctly and emphatically, and without fear of refutation, that Creation never began, and never will end, and that when Creation will leave off, God will cease to be, and immensity will be blotted out for ever. No; we affirm most distinctly that were Creation at an end there would be no God, no life, no being for ever hereafter, and if Creation had a beginning that moment God was made, and he is therefore not infinite, perfect or Divine. Therefore we analyze Creation to seek only changes of form and being which are constantly growing and every moment and every hour calls forth new phases of life into existence. The Divine Creation is constant, unceasing, working in the result of motion, motion, motion—producing constant and eternal life. The Divine Creation is that which is, was, and ever shall be. God, therefore, the Divine Creator, is that toiling, changing spirit which exists wherever life exists, and where that is not, there can be no God.

Rest, Why, immensity itself is but constant work, and you human beings, you finite souls, you offshoots from the central light and rest, is there a time when thought can ever rest, a moment when mind can ever cease to be. If that day should come, then thought would contain within itself its own destruction, and death be entangled upon the brow of Deity. Not God toils day after day and night after night, year after year, century after century, generation after generation. God is still working, still creating, still forming, still moving, that his Creation may still go on, that the universe may still be,—that his own immensity may be fulfilled. When is there rest for anything? It is a mistake to suppose there ever was a period of time when anything was at rest. If that time should come destruction would be inevitable. There is no rest for body or soul, or the slightest instant of being, that ever was created. All is toil, change, unceasing struggle.

From thence go forth the evidences of being, and from that which struggles and labors most proceed the highest and holiest results. You are creating anew every day some form of life—producing anew each day some type of thought in the creation of your Father, God, and you assist him in producing perpetual life. Religion has blinded your eyes so much that you perceive that earth is the only scene of struggle; that toils the consequence of sin—labor the necessity of error—thinking the result of crime; and that it will be different hereafter, when there will be neither toil, nor thought, nor labor, nor struggle, and that this will be heaven. Now, if you will place the soul of man isolated and alone, in a position where it has nothing to do or think of, can you perceive of greater misery? If the mind of man is destined to be idle—to travel down the steps of Eternity all alone, with nothing to do, would not that be perdition itself? Do you ever desire rest—to cease to be, to act, to think? The loftiest angel enthroned on the mountain top of Eternity, and whom you may think is supremely blest in having nothing to do, is in reality supremely blest in having most to do, and in knowing best how to perform it. God is not praised by idle chanting hymns to his glory. They who toil most with hand, mind, brain or heart, praise him most acceptably. The toiling man who labors night and day moulding into forms of beauty the things upon the earth's surface—who builds gigantic monuments of skill and industry, praises God more in the daily work of his hands than the idle prattler prates of heaven and rests with nothing to do. He who raises wealth from the bosom of the earth, and realizes the fables of Vulcan and Tubal Cain, he indeed is a Creator worthy the image of the Divinity, more than he who says that toil is a sin and shame, a curse upon humanity, a result of crime. Believe it not. He is most blessed who toils most, who endures labor most with the divine impress, and prizes God most by assisting him in his creation.

Go on, toiler. Go on, deliver. Work on, thinker, and all ye who have something to do; for, believe us, Eternity will grow pale and cease to be, and all the stars will set into utter darkness, before Creation will ever cease or toll become ignoble.

THOMAS HUNT, Spirit.

Dublin, Ind.

Samuel Morally Compared with the Witch of Endor.

BY M. H. CHAVEN.

When the historic record of Samuel is searched for the fundamental principles of religion, as taught and practiced by Jesus, we find that theological fanaticism triumphed over "peace on earth and good will to men." Bectarian devotion to his preconceived opinions concerning Deity, and the worldly pre-eminence of his own people to the ruin of others, was the absorbing theme of his life; while bigotry was in the ascendant over philanthropy through the whole course of his religious career.

It is more through his faithful adherence to Jewish theocracy, than for his devotion to the cause of humanity, that theologians delight to venerate him; and through the bias of ecclesiastical canonization have become oblivious to his naturally revengeful disposition. His malice is strikingly displayed in commanding Saul to go and destroy the Amalekites, by making an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children, with cattle, sheep, camels, etc.—1st Samuel 15:3.

This inhuman order was given because the ancestors of those people opposed the Israelites in their hostile march to Canaan, four hundred years previous. Such barbarous retaliation in association with sacerdotal turpitude surpasses the cruelty of any Pope or pontiff dark spot in the Christian church during the "dark ages," when ignorance joined hands with superstition in defense of intolerance. A man who could take a deadly weapon and deliberately smite down a fellow being that was at his mercy, as he did, and bew him to pieces without just cause or provocation, would in this age be considered a more suitable person for the hangman, or lunatic asylum, than to be extolled as a worthy example of religious zeal. His enthusiasm for Mosaicism is shown to have been in such contrast with the humanity evinced by the so-called Witch of Endor, that when the philanthropy she exhibited in administering comfort to the disconsolate Saul, is juxtaposed with his atrocity towards the equally unhappy and suppliant Agag, his claim to Christianity is found like Belshazzar in the balance.

Samuel was plainly responsible for Saul's trouble, by inaugurating him king against his natural inclination, under the alleged control of a partial spirit enthusiastically termed the Lord; but he manifested no sympathy for him when raised by the woman of Endor, who, when she saw her enemy Saul in distress, and his servants hungry, done all in her power to alleviate their condition. Concerning the divine power of this woman, Dr. W. Smith, in his Old Testament History says: "It must be admitted, however, that the case before us has some peculiar features which suggest, not that the woman was other than an impostor, but that her juggleries were overruled by God in a manner that was as surprising to herself as it was to the other witnesses of the scene. Her shriek of terror at Samuel's appearance, if it proves the reality of the apparition, equally disproves her claim to have raised him, for she evidently expected no such result." This exposition agrees with that given by theologians in general, but is evidently an erroneous construction placed on a bad translation of the incident. For the context plainly shows that communicating with the departed was a part of her profession, and that the king had faith in her ability to act in that capacity, or he would not have resorted to her on this occasion. There is no evidence of her being an impostor, as Smith infers, when the narrative clearly establishes the reliability of her profession, as there are among spiritual mediums of the present day, that has nothing to do with the case. By at once complying with the request of Saul, for supernatural intelligence, she gave incontrovertible testimony of being a adept in her faculty.

When she "cried with a loud voice," theologians assume that she was frightened at seeing the ghost of Samuel, but her immediate inquiry of Saul, why he had deceived her, gives evidence that the exclamation was made through fear of the latter, in consequence of

Samuel having revealed to her that the noted witch killer was her guest on this occasion; for she had no other means of receiving information that she had been deceived. The theological claim that this woman was an impostor in acting with such sincerity, and frightened at her own performance, which she went at with the purpose of accomplishing, is an assumption utterly unworthy of acceptance as a consistent elucidation of the intricate subject. Samuel failed to see the operations of the Lord in overruling the "juggleries" which Smith assumes she practiced, for he charged Saul with having thus "disquieted" him; and unfortunately gave no evidence of enjoying a supernatural existence among the celestial worlds disconnected from the corporeal body, by testifying only to having been called up from an inanimate existence.

In the feeling manifested by the Witch of Endor for the welfare of others, we have an example of the spirit of Christ, termed "Christi-unity," but in the "ferce wrath," and vindictive nature of Samuel, as instigated by his arrogant ideas of Deity, we have an exhibition of barbarism characteristic of an uncivilized age. Richboro, Pa.

Quarterly Meeting.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Henry County Association of Spiritualists will be held in Geneseo, Ill., on the 9th and 10th of October, 1875. Good speakers will be in attendance. All are invited.

JOHN M. FOLLETT, Sec'y.



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