

Spiritualists, Which Will You Have, Deists or Philosophers?

[THESE PREPARATORY REMARKS WERE WRITTEN BY OUR DEAR BROTHER, S. S. JONES, THREE DAYS BEFORE HIS BRUTAL ASSASSINATION.]

While discussing the subject of "organization," several weeks since, we most emphatically protested against the movement of the few Christiana Spiritualists, who, at Philadelphia last July, professed to speak in the name of the great body of Spiritualists in the United States. We intimated, in substance that the mission of Spiritualism, was to discard all leadership, all church dogmas, all creeds, and all declarations of faith and platforms of principles, about which men so readily differ, and which, have ever heretofore become dissipated like a white frost before the refulgent rays of a morning sun, as knowledge develops the mind to an understanding of the Philosophy of Life.

We further intimated to the Spiritualists of America that now is the time for concentrated effort to build up institutions for the development of liberal thought, and that the place to begin, is with local societies. We, we further intimated that liberal minds will cluster around other centres than those of the receivers of the reality of spirit communion, unless we put forth positive efforts for the upbuilding the great Pantheon of Progress, that the age demands.

In confirmation of that declaration, we here publish a sermon preached in Chicago, on Sunday, March 11th, by Rev. Dr. Powell, of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago.

I have heard somewhat since living with you about genuine Unitarianism; and occasionally have heard or read of wanderings from the old way of the fathers. So I used to hear when among the orthodox. The matter has puzzled me somewhat, and I have made diligent inquiry if any one could tell me what good old-fashioned Unitarianism is.

But men differ in regard to this matter almost as thoroughly as others differ concerning what is orthodox. There is no agreement of creed that I can find that takes in even the leaders of the movement. To-day the man Clarke lends a sort of left-handed aid to Mr. Moody. Edward Everett Hale withholds all sympathy, and Mr. Sage thunders his condemnation for base views of God and destructive views of man. In Chicago we who occupy the pulpits differ most emphatically on some matters as to God, Bible, and the future. But leaders amount to little among us. The main question is what do the rank and file believe. Have they an Augsburg confession, a Westminster catechism, or even a Boston platform of any kind that they subscribe to? What is the test of regularity and soundness in this church?

I find that a Presbyterian refers me to his book, the Episcopalian to his ritual, the Congregationalist a little more broadly shows me his church manual. But among the Unitarians I do not find any paper or platform of any kind to settle the question. Each church may have a creed or it may not. The tendency is very strong to have none at all. In fact, the answer from a layman more to be expected than any other is, We are not bound to think alike in any way. Every man is responsible for himself to his own soul, his neighbor, and his God, and this is responsibility enough if the man is sincere. If he is not, then a written creed will not help the matter. I am told on all sides we are individuals; each with his own line of study, and led to possibly diverse views, or possibly quite similar views of theology. We are free—all men are free to face geometry or algebra or geography, and pursue their researches without restraint. Why not be free in this matter of theological inquiry?

So, then, by inquiry I began to find in answer to my question that genuine Unitarianism is: First, of all genuine study of the truth; genuine seeking after that which God wills for the soul, and for what will best save the soul. It is freedom in the most important of all departments of inquiry. Channing has no more right to prescribe limitations of thought than Calvin; Calvin, than Pope Gregory Hildebrand; Hildebrand, than Jesus; Jesus, than Moses; Moses, than Abraham; Abraham, than Adam. When Kepler found out the laws of planetary motion; when Copernicus determined the relation of the earth to the sun and its own orbit, they wrote down the facts they had discovered, and there was as much added to the deposit of the world's knowledge. It was an enormous contribution in either case. But they did not undertake to compel one to adopt their views. The theory stood on its own merits to be proved or disproved. Yet, I suppose the happiness of mankind intellectually, morally, and physically has been affected more by the discoveries of Galileo, Newton, and Tycho Brahe than by the rhapsodies of Isaiah and the cosmogony of Moses.

We ask no greater freedom than the Master had, we will accept no less. Ignorance is identical; knowledge is diverse. Ignorance produces a vast uniformity; knowledge differentiates. In this, ignorance is like darkness, which reduces all to a common hue, while light brings forth the individual and the multiple variety. It is our duty to be children of the light. We have, therefore, each soul to gather with sincerity as we can. Heredity, education, surrounding influences, prejudices, opportunities for study must modify our reception of all authorities. It is simply folly to place in the same pew one who can not read, and one who is in the foremost rank of scholars, and ask if they agree concerning the book, or the possible deductions from it. How it is that the genuine Unitarian finds it impossible to co-operate with many so-called religious efforts. These movements presuppose authority. They are possible only as private judgment gives way to an individual interpreter.

Secondly, the genuine Unitarian denies as frankly and fully all supernatural authority. He refuses with compromise to submit his conscience to the dictation of a book. If there are reasons for doubting the sufficiency of the illumination of the living teacher, there is more reason for doubting the sufficiency of the translated writings of ancient teachers. If we can not allow the inspiration of living men, we see no reason for granting that of the dead. Why should one or two of the fighting kings of Israel, with exceedingly bad records be considered specially capable of acting as scribes of God. We do not deny the value of the valuable, but propose to test its value by our own judgments. The Bible is a book of great

value; but it has no such unique value and so supreme authority that it is either historically or theologically a sufficient guide. There can be no compromise here, for if there be a book whose words are divine and sole arbiters of all questions, then we have no ground to stand on short of the literal interpretation of its words. We must take it word for word as from God's lips, and all other is valueless. Archaeology, geology, ethnology are of no value whatever. They cross the track of revelation. The sun can stand still. Man was made of nothing. Darwinism is false. The silly story of Babel is proven. Elijah's chariot of fire was literal. This once established, the absolute book is followed by the absolute interpreter. The Catholic is right and the Protestant is wrong. But if the Protestant be right in denying the inspiration of the Catholic church, is he not absurd in falling back on the inspiration of the Jewish church. When Luther burnt the pope's bull he nailed up his own thesis. The first step was taken toward the liberation of the soul from bondage to church, to creed, and to scriptures. The Unitarian frankly but firmly refuses to believe that any volume comes from supernatural sources. It affirms that the moral life of the Bible is the same as the moral life of to-day; that it was the product of just that degree of goodness and good sense that dwelt in each writer's soul.

All physical life is from the sun, yesterday, to-day, always. The sun's heat ages ago was stored up in coal beds, in past bogs, in oil wells, but nowhere and in no way to displace or supplant the sun itself. We use the heat and the coal and the oil gladly, and they render us valuable service. But the great luminary is still the god of day; the indispensable giver of light, heat, season, and life. He is greeted with the same joy every morning; the trees clap their hands at his presence every spring. He hides his face for a night, and we grow gloomy and ill. So God has ever stored up His moral light in the sayings and doings of great men; but not all combined can enable us to dispense with God's daily presence in the soul. We use the scriptures and rejoice at the help they give in our rough work; but what coal fire are to the sun, such are book-lights to God. We turn to Him every morning with the same joy as the indispensable Lord of the soul, the light of life, the giver of growth and virtue and peace. In Him we live and move and have our being. His glory floods the soul and brings in the beauty of our ever-varying seasons of emotion and thought. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men. It is one of the puzzling facts of history that men should fall under the power of oracles and soothsayings and books. That the Bible says it should be rendered that John Paul, or David in raptly less enlightened times, said it. If they are to displace and supplant our reasons by their authority, then do they supplant God who enlightened them, but leave us to be enlightened second hand.

Thirdly, the genuine Unitarian makes no compromise on the question of God. To him God is one, absolute and omnipresent and indivisible. That which fills all already fills all parts. No human being can be divine except in purpose, will, and character. The stories that come from all the eastern religions concerning a God in the flesh arise from the ancient and childish conception of God as a mighty being hid somewhere behind the clouds or in the depths of lights or invisible in the elements. Such a God occasionally showed Himself on the earth. He talked with Adam. He made matter out of nothing and shaped it in six days. He hewed the stone and carved the ten commandments for Moses. He was alive in Jesus. He ate, drank, slept, suffered, and died. In India and in Egypt He was quite as frequent a visitor.

But from the earliest days of philosophy down, Paul, Plato, Kant, Spinoza, Swedenborg, as well as the English metaphysicians and scientists, have conceived God as the universal soul. What room is there for any other God but the omnipotent, omnipresent, operating force of nature? God walk the earth! God is always here. Kant says you can not consider mind and matter as separate.

There is no middle ground. All theorizing about Jesus as unnatural, as superhuman, as Lord, except by virtue of character, is futile. We may or may not be all agreed that He was the wisest and best of men. But if so, He was the wisest only in certain fields. He had a genius for religion. He was the product of the centering life and thought of Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, India. His father was the age; His mother was Jerusalem. We shall bicker about Him, but heartily rejoice in Him; we will not deny Him nor worship Him; or if an Unitarian does he justifies himself. Every christological hymn is a relic of heathenism. Let us rather name a day of the week in His honor as we have of that other hero of our own blood, Woden. Why callest thou Me good, he cried. There is but one good, that is God. We repeat His own charge to give the glory to God only.

The genuine Unitarian must also stand the fire, and refuse to co-operate in efforts to establish false theology. He can not consistently stultify his own views, and do good combined with evil. This involves him necessarily in much misunderstanding. He will be misjudged. But time will defend him. The aftermath of powerful and fanatical religious fervor is, first, miracles and then Second Adventism. Already the literal return of this slain God is looked for by His Chicago followers. I should not be surprised to see Him coming in the clouds any day, says one of the leaders. You can make nothing of his immense Tabernacle movement that has shaken the churches to their foundation, but the grossest materialism. It is modern fetishism. It worships a book; it is inconceivable except on the conception of a literal hell. It runs directly toward a millennial rule of Jesus. It involves all the machinery of life; all our industries; all the morality and virtue of the world, in the category of worldliness and comparative worthlessness. Morality is less than nothing. It is filthy rags. The tangle of resurrections and revelations, and the establishment of a theocracy are part of this absurd programme. Any day Jesus may be looked for to turn and overturn and set up an absolutism over the globe. The process by which man has been developed is to be stayed. He is to be revolutionized into perfect citizenship. The saints are to constitute the cabinet and foreign ministers of a world monarch, and the heathen as well as the philosophical converted to right seeing and dead uniformity of sentiment by force. Revival! Of what is this a revival? It is the same old brute force and materialism endeavoring to ride down spiritual life and thought that has often appeared in history.

The genuine Unitarian must, as a consequence of the points already taken, assert strongly the authority of a man's own moral judgment to decide for himself what

is right and what is best. Man, by this doctrine, is no longer an accused exile, the spawn of a pair driven by God from paradise. He is not a wretch whose business it is to sing the plaudits of his spiritual king to placate his angry Father and flee from wrath to come. He is what his reason asserts, every inch a man, with all the dangers and all the privileges of manhood involved in the consequences of virtue or vice. He is gifted with reason. He has some experience. He is capable of illumination by commencing with the infinite moral light. Man stands now foremost next to the Deity. He has no terror behind or before him, except those that lie in the line of his moral choice.

The genuine Unitarian must necessarily deny the paraphernalia of heaven and hell. The future to him is a vast blank in which the imagination can play, but can bring back no more definite knowledge than that given by Milton, the Egyptian priests, or the Apocalypses. Horses, dragons, scarlet women, fantastic figures, judges, hounds are commingled in one fantastic masquerade by the impudences of prophecy. The Unitarian believing in God now, trust Him forever. There is too much to know this side of the grave for the fecklessness of time. I know no man who more deserves the whipping-post than one who calls off men's minds from the earnest study of what God has laid at the door of his senses; and strives to terrify him into fear of science, a hatred for rationalism, and a satisfaction with lazy preparation for a judgment day. That shameful gossip day has robbed us of too many golden days of sunshine and work. This only we know, that we shall sow as we reap—no better, no worse; and we abide content. God is good; God is wise; we trust Him and work when we can see and while we can see. There is no authority concerning the future except that as now, so always; virtue leads to joy, vice to misery.

Genuine Unitarianism, therefore, undertakes to establish a religion of character in the place of a religion of creed. It may or it may not value miracles and prophecies, and interpretations of prophecies; it does value truth and honor, and temperance, and all the virtues. These things make the worth of a soul, and here the emphasis should be placed. This is the material that God has stocked the world with, to feed the spirit. It is our moral duty to use it. The Unitarian may or he may not care to study ancient faiths, he may or he may not have him to read the relations of Darwin, Gray, Spencer, Tyndal, or Huxley; he yet believes in using all means at his command to help himself and his neighbor toward the retreat of seekers after light; not of the retreat of idealists. Unitarians are workers, but not so much in prayer circles as in home circles and in charity of circles.

By what standard then are we guided in our judgment of religious character. Every man standeth or falleth to himself. We do not undertake this judgment. It is not possible to separate sinners from saints in this world. It never will be possible in a world of moral choice. It is impossible to determine what has struck the right line of thought, or who has the exact emotional life. We know no way whereby we can say this man is converted and that one is not; this man is going to heaven and that one will reach the pit; this one has a creed that suits God, that one has not. It seems to me blasphemy for any man to enter into God's family and endeavor to divide it, saying this God has left to torment, those He has chosen for life. So far as any one may speak for Unitarians there is a general feeling that we have nothing to do but to strive to better ourselves and better our neighbors, and so to honor our Maker.

This platform of free thought, and free inquiry, of free hope, and intensified individuality, gives the only lasting platform of union and fellowship. Unitarianism grows possible just in proportion as each one is willing to refrain from meddling with his neighbor's private affairs. The star chamber and inquisitorial courts lasted up to the present century. Something feeble like them exist in every ecclesiastical court. When I am condemned to eternal torments because I deny the value to my soul of a slain goat, or a slain man, or any other bloody sacrifice, I may laugh at the threat, but that does not mitigate the crime of the threatener.

Finally, genuine Unitarianism is pre-eminently honest. It is the one faith that never hides itself behind fine-spun language. If it doubts, it is its privilege to question. If it disbelieves the assertion of the multitude, it is not afraid to say it. There are thousands who have lost their old confidence in the authority of a book, the supernatural birth of Jesus, the myths of the Old Testament. Miracles are quietly sneered at as absurd. Others know that the underlying theology of orthodox religion involving an atonement by the slaughter of an innocent God to pacify the Father of the universe is false. Sooner or later all will come to see it, and the intensity of barbarism in our blood will be eliminated. But honor, the better hope of the race, the love of God, all appeal to us to speak plainly and not hide the truth.

The Joint Discussion. The people of this town enjoyed a rare treat in listening to the debate between B. F. Underwood, of Boston, and Clark Braden, President of Abingdon College, in Illinois. It began on Monday evening, the 6th inst., and concluded on Saturday evening, the 10th. We should fail to do justice to both disputants if we did not acknowledge that they handled the subjects skillfully, and we may say, satisfactorily to their hearers. It is gratifying to know that the people of this town and vicinity showed an unusual amount of liberality in listening to these champions, although warned not to attend, by the pastors of some of the churches, at least; our Court House being crowded to overflowing every night. Of course the prejudices were in favor of Mr. Braden. Mr. Underwood acquitted himself on this as on previous occasions, with entire satisfaction to those having liberal views. While Mr. Braden had all of his matter in manuscript form and principally read his side of the arguments, Mr. Underwood handled the subjects extemporaneously, thereby proving him to possess an almost exhaustless amount of learning and skill, which compelled the admiration and respect of all his hearers.

We should do injustice to this occasion if we fail to state that although some of the churches tried to divert people from these meetings, the house was crowded twice on Sunday to hear Mr. Braden and again in the evening to hear Mr. Underwood, who on about an hour's notice, delivered a three hours' extemporaneous answer to Mr. Braden's remarks, which was enthusiastically admired by the crowded house he was addressing, to 10 o'clock at night. It is gratifying to chronicle that some of the churches had the good sense to close their evening meetings and go to hear Mr. Underwood.—Independent, Toledo, Iowa.

THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Letter from Mrs. Emma Tuttle. COL. BUNDY—Dear Brother, I can not tell you how terrible it seems to me that poor Mr. Jones should meet so violent a death at the hands of a worthless villain. Is it not too bad? To your dear wife and the family, please express my warmest sympathy and affection. Yours truly, EMMA TUTTLE.

Letter from Hudson Tuttle. DEAR BUNDY—To day came your brief announcement of the terrible blow you have received. I hasten to express my sympathy, and I assure you that I will stand by you. Express my own and Mrs. Tuttle's deepest sympathy to Mrs. Bundy and the family, in this terrible affliction. Truly and Fraternally, HUDSON TUTTLE. Berlin Heights, O.

Letter from Thos. Cook. DEAR COLONEL—With inexpressible astonishment I learned by a telegram in a St. Paul paper, on Friday last, of the cold blooded assassination of S. S. Jones, in his office. His friends in this "up country" hold their hands up in horror, and looking earnestly claim "Can it be possible?" If he is translated to Spirit-life, of one thing I am quite sure, and it is this, that he is still deeply interested in the success of the dear old JOURNAL. Oskais, Douglass Co., Minn.

Letter from J. S. Gahrlov. It is with regret we learn of the assassination of Bro. S. S. Jones. It is, however, some consolation to believe that through his death the Spirit-world has received a spirit of high order. We believe Bro. S. S. Jones will, no doubt, be enabled to render great assistance to those upon whom devolve the task of editing the dear old JOURNAL. We believe we shall hear from him soon and often. Plum Hollow, Iowa.

Letter from D. A. Eddy. FRIEND BUNDY—I am so overwhelmed with grief at the shocking news of Mr. S. S. Jones' cowardly, inhuman murder, that it completely unfits me for business. I am looking anxiously for further particulars. I had the enclosed articles cut out to send before I got this stunning news. The paper must go on, if the proprietor has gone to the other side. His influence and counsel will not be lost. Cleveland, O.

Letter from E. T. Child, H. D. BROTHER BUNDY—I thank you for the dispatch just received. I felt that it was so, and that those persons had received far more at his hands than they deserved, and had manifested their ingratitude in this diabolical manner. It makes me very sad to think that we can not have our brother's physical presence with us, but I rejoice to know that you can and will defend his character against all slander. Do your best, brother, and I shall be glad to help you. Send me one hundred copies extra of the next number. I know brother Jones' friends will demand them. From all sides I hear but one sentiment of just indignation at the crime. You may rest assured the paper will be in greater demand than ever. Let us strive to make it better. Faithfully Yours, HENRY T. CHILD. Philadelphia.

Note from R. Crowell, Author of "Primitive Christianity," etc. COL. BUNDY—What a calamity has befallen your house, his family and the cause! I can not believe there can be any sufficient reason for the charge made by Pike. In regard to your suggestion that I should direct my attention to the subject of penal institutions, I have for two years past entertained the idea, and I am, as occasion presents, gathering materials, but I am afraid it will be some time yet before I can do anything decisive in the matter. It is a big job, and to do it, as I must do it well, I must expect a great deal of labor to be devoted to it, and that I can not bestow at present. I thank you for the suggestion, and it is a little remarkable that I should have entertained the same idea. I shall await the news of the proceedings in Pike's case with much interest, and expect to find Spiritualists and Spiritualism maligned, and hope Mr. Jones' character may be vindicated. I am very sorry for his family. Yours very truly, R. CROWELL. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letter from Capt. E. H. Brown. BRO. BUNDY—I bought a Times on the train yesterday, P. M., and was shocked by the report of Bro. Jones' assassination. I have not yet recovered my equilibrium. Spiritualism has lost a champion that will be missed. When liberty was degenerating into license, when in reacting from authority the acceptors of spirit communion were vibrating to the opposite end of the arc, and would, many of them, write over Spiritualism the word Sensualism, he used the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as a balance wheel, and with all his great firmness at the helm, saved us and brought progressive humanity again to its right mind. I can never be forgetful of this good done, and though I did not always sympathize with the methods, I still shared with him in the end to be gained and rejoiced at the result. That same hand will now be missed, but as Lincoln could go after Lee's surrender, so could our brother now be spared, and I trust that in that other life he was more needed than here and will help us still more. May the philosophy he worked for, sustain you all now in your affliction, and oh! do not, I pray, follow the poor obsessed old man that did the deed, with any vengeance. Let legal justice have its way, but in the name of poor deluded humanity, in the name of our poor, hard-working media already tormented by the spirits of murderers and villains; in the name of the angels of help that come ever to our aid, do not follow him with personal feeling. The protection society needs, let it have, but "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and the hell he has entered by this terrible crime is enough; aye! in my soul I pity him. I have prayed all night and day to the angels to overshadow you all, and bring the light and strength you need. My sympathies go out to you all, and if there should arise any way that by word, pen or hand I can assist, command me freely. Fraternally yours, CAPT. E. H. BROWN. Warsaw, Ill.

Letter from Prof. B. F. Underwood. DEAR BUNDY—I have just read with much astonishment in the Chicago Evening Journal, that Mr. Jones was fatally shot in his office yesterday afternoon. A wave that you neither have the time nor are in a mood to read letters, even from personal friends at this time, yet I can not refrain from writing a line giving expression to my profound sorrow, and tendering to Mrs. Bundy and yourself, and the other members of Mr. Jones' family, my heartfelt sympathy in this sad bereavement. While your hearts are yet bleeding from the loss of one who was so near and dear to you, it is not a fit time for those outside your family circle to dwell on the loss they feel in the death of a generous, warm hearted friend, nor to speak of the loss our Liberal Cause has sustained by the death of one of its prominent and effective workers. I little thought when I was in conversation with Mr. Jones a few days ago in his office, that that would be my last interview with him, and that he was so soon to be deprived of life, and by the bullet of an assassin.

I feel that I ought to ask pardon for even writing these few lines. Hoping that time will soothe the grief caused by this sad and tragic event, even though it can not repair the loss, with sincere sympathy I remain, Truly Yours, B. F. UNDERWOOD. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Letter from Mrs. E. M. Welch. MR. EDITOR—It is with deep, heart-felt sorrow that I write you upon the very sudden exit of our friend, S. S. Jones. I visited him a few weeks ago, and enjoyed some hours of an ever-to-be-remembered afternoon, standing so close to the gates already ajar, recognizing the glorious lights that escaped from their portals, yet not conscious that they were already lighting the way to a larger, nobler life to our friend. My husband and self have been acquainted with Mr. Jones for a number of years. Five years ago, we visited him while in deep sorrow. We had just parted with our eldest son, almost 20 years old, killed instantly by a locomotive, the fifth of our six children who were taken from us with almost as little warning. He sympathized so sincerely with us, strove so heartily to get the best mediums to give us sittings, putting himself to much inconvenience. He spoke so tenderly of his own son, who had left the form after a brief illness. The gentle sympathy of the man with our sorrow, showing a heart tender and generous to the distress of others, won our regard and respect; and our subsequent acquaintance has only served to deepen and strengthen the tie. We have considered him a tower of strength in the cause of Spiritualism, upright and conscientious, standing boldly for the right—exposing wrong and error, never palliating, nor trying to heal over the dangerous, insidious evils, but as a good, faithful surgeon, sending the knife and probe to the very depths, and exposing their poisonous centers. The stand he has taken upon all questions appertaining to Spiritualism, and infringements upon the rights of mediumship, have strengthened the wavering, given courage to the faint-hearted, and largely helped to build up our glorious cause, and while saddened by the loss of his personal presence, yet we know the spirit having stepped forth from its fetters of clay, will still glory in the good and true; and as his life work was the sending forth of gospels, of messengers of light, voices from the Spirit-world, just so will the spirit, released from the time-worn, feeble body, still work with interesting zeal in the good cause, ever inspiring to new efforts the energies of his co-workers. With much sympathy for you all, I remain yours truly, Mrs. E. M. WELCH. St. Paul, Minn.

Letter from C. W. Cook. DEAR JOURNAL—We can address your honored Chief no more. The daily papers brought us the sad, sad news, that the hand of an assassin had laid him low. The thousands who have been wont to read with delight his thought-laden sentences, will miss his guiding hand from your bright columns. He has gone from a life of labor in the cause of human progress on earth, to continue his labors in fairer fields and more propitious circumstances in the beautiful beyond. We mourn his untimely and tragic departure. The world needs such workers as he in the cause of truth and human development. But his influence lives after him, and many will emulate his efforts to promote unadulterated Spiritualism with its clear science, profound philosophy and pure morality; thus preparing the way for the happy era of the Harmonical Philosophy.

A nation like his will never cease his search for truth, nor his efforts to apply it to ameliorate the condition of his fellows. Hence, he with other dwellers in Spirit-spheres will return on missions of peace and good will to earth, and his own may yet be the hand which shall guide his murderer from the awful hell of his present condition into a better life. Oh! the awfulness of that murderer's present condition surpasses the horror of that dark deed which slew one who so oft had befriended the perpetrator, and who had grown gray in his labors for humanity. The assassin's bullet could pierce the body of his victim, but his spirit—himself, it could not harm. The good old man has gone to dwell in a brighter world, while his assassin is plunged into the depths of the darkness of a murderer's hell. If the philanthropic soul of the aged victim could again command those cold lips, it would urge in firm and kindly voice in behalf of the assassin, that "justice be tempered with mercy."

The spirit of our murdered Brother! the angels welcomed that as a co-laborer in higher realms of thought and philanthropy, and a co-possessor of happiness inconceivable by dwellers in this rudimental sphere. His body, the casket which held so true a soul, we found wetting in its gore! Oh! "Take it up tenderly! Lift it with care!" The soul of a hero was late dwelling there: A hero for Truth who fought valiant and long. Proclaiming the right, exposing the wrong! Lay it where flowers around it may bloom, And beauty surround the tear-bedewed tomb; Where the stars may look down with sorrowing eye That one so true hearted by foul murder should die; Where the friends of Progression all freely And vowed to continue the work he begun; Thus even in death, as in life, it shall be A help from dark error the world to set free.

C. W. COOK. Warsaw, Ill.

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The Transition from Earth to Spirit-Life.

Death is common to all things. The flower only blooms to present its variegated hues to the world, and gladden the senses with its aroma and presence, and then it withers and dies. Some are plucked before they fade, and perish in the hands of an admirer; others are trodden under foot by ruthless feet, and others still, are made into bouquets, and while they are perishing, add beauty to a room now prostrate in death. Even they are performing a mission; are spiritualizing a substance which assists in adding aroma after death to the spheres above, even as souls have here, survive for a season, and then ascend to Spirit-life to swell the ranks of those in the immortal realms. Birth and death are common to all things, and each acts its part well, even as one atom, or a combination of atoms, exists in making up the vast universe of God.

Calculations on earth are of frequent occurrence. They sweep over the fair face of civilization in the form of war, pestilence, famine, cyclones, or crime, and the advanced philosopher sees through all these clouds the glorious sunshine, the bright stars, and blue firmament, that will finally come forth to gladden the hearts of mankind.

Death, or the change from earth to Spirit-life, is within itself transcendently beautiful. The transition from midnight darkness to a bright summer morning, ushered in by the entrance of birds and the rising sun, is far less glorious than the coming of the spirit from its earthly tenement. The dead bursts forth from the leaves that surround it, and presents to the world a rainbow tinted flower. As a bud, its mission was only half completed. The immortal spirit, animated with divine principles, abides off the outer, and claims one of the many mansions of the Father. As confined to earth, unaccompanied with dust, its mission was not even half finished—in that, just begun! Your face covered with dust and scales, will soon emerge into a new life and grander realizations! The old disappears, and the new advances in more beautiful garb, in more glorious vesture. The change from earth to Spirit-life, is simply an ascent into brighter and purer realms. It is putting off the old and assuming the new! The bursting of buds, the blooming of flowers, or the unfolding of delicious fruit from the blossoms of a tree, are as nothing compared with that change from the exterior world, to one that is interior, and unseen to mortal eyes. The transition, then, from earth to Spirit-life, is a divine process; and beautiful, yes, more beautiful in its nature, than the coming of man, clouded with materiality, can realize.

The belief of the necessity may interfere with the full development of man, and crush out all the hopes of an ambitious mind on earth, but it can not render less grand and ennobling the new birth, or the process of transition to realms above. The assassin can not penetrate the thin veil that screens the many mansions of our Father God and Mother Nature, and behold the fruitless, the new-born spirit, more grand, more stately, more forgiving, walk the gilded floors of Spirit-life! Could he see the change, the glorious transition, and the celebrities that welcomed the new-born spirit, with anthems of joy, he would hide his head in shame and remorse, and pray to the angels to soften his hardened nature. Even if you fall by the hands of a heartless villain, the spiritual birth takes place all the same, and is none the less beautiful.

Bishop Poll, who was killed in battle by the bursting of a shell, through the mediumship of A. A. Whellock, said, "I passed suddenly from my earthly body, upon the battle field. I had no expectation of going, or when in a lingering sickness—a winking away of the body—one looking forward to the change. I was not looking for it. A bursting shell thrown from the enemy's guns forced my spirit out of my physical body, by which for the time all my powers of sensation seemed benumbed. The memory of this is not pleasant to recall. In the condition where the spirit withdraws slowly from the physical form, and consciousness extends to the external functions, it is often permitted to see the forces it is to occupy, and to see those who come to welcome, and lovingly aid and assist, as they may in the change which the spirit is to experience! When that is the case, then indeed the stream of death is very narrow! When that is the case, the experience of the spirit is of a most happy character. When the mind forces and all the powers of the being are brought into requisition to harmonize with nature's requirements in the change, the spirit often sees the forms of loved ones and feels the presence of the infinite soul. You may have the experience, if calmly in full possession of the mind-force, and ripened for it, you may pass through the change as gently as scarcely to note it, unless it be in the full consciousness of a joyous deliverance from earthly trials. This may be your experience, as it has been the experience of many.

When entering spirit-life in the full possession of consciousness, each spirit is taken to that condition of life to which it is naturally adapted; and is aided by the kind guides who welcome it and assist in the process of change, or the new birth! This is the new birth spoken of by our Elder Brother, and there is no other. Leaving the physical form by the natural change called death, and entering the spiritual body, is being born again! In my own case, unfortunately to myself, passing out of my physical form suddenly and by violence, I was rendered insensible for a time, and when I awoke to consciousness, found myself

possessing a body so natural to me, that for a time it was with difficulty that I could comprehend I had changed conditions of life! So like my earthly form was my spirit body I then occupied, that I failed to realize in my bewildered condition the change that I had experienced; but when I came clearly to understand the situation, I found myself surrounded by loving friends, who were kindly administering to all my necessities."

Whatever may cause death, the same divine process in all cases follows. The spiritual birth can not be stopped by the spirit of a vile criminal; as well stop the earth in its course, or the phases of the moon, or the tides of the ocean. The second, or spiritual birth, to one whose aspirations are pure and noble, is simply a step—a long step, too—in advance, above the paltry affairs that engage the attention of men. He who stands on the mountain top, increases the area of his vision, and beholds the earth spread out as a map beneath him, and the grandeur of creation is more fully manifested to the senses. In a cave, how limited his vision, how narrow the radius of his observation. In spirit-life, the soul illuminated with pure motives and high resolves, holds communion with the wise sages of past ages; but in a felon's cell, frequented by vermin; with a bed of straw, and huge iron bars enclosing the prison, oh! what a difference! Contemplate the contrast! Behold the two! One clothed in white raiments coming with messages of peace, good will, love and charity; the other in a miserable cell, with his eyes unlighted with hate, tongue poisoned with falsehood and slander, living a life too wretched for a person to contemplate. The contrast is as plain and as well defined, as that exhibited between the brightest light and midnight darkness!

Our philosophy, radiant with the teachings of angels, inculcates the exercise of charity towards all; and never incites one to be revengful. "Pity the poor criminal," says the Angel of Light, "and try to reform him." He is merely sick, and when cured, the prince of sinners will sweep over him and stir up notions heretofore dormant. Society, however, must be protected. The criminal must be considered as under the guardianship of law, and he who would lift the assassin's hand, must be restrained!

Another Anniversary. The word anniversary means variously. It is applied to a day, says Webster, on which some remarkable event is annually celebrated, or a day on which an interesting event is commemorated, by solemnities of religion or exhibition of respect; in the Roman Catholic Church, an office yearly performed for the souls of the deceased; the act of celebration; performance in honor of an event.

Of course, as applied to that eventful moment, in which Modern Spiritualism was ushered into the world, it means more properly an expression of supreme joy, that the gates of the Supernal Regions swing on their hinges, and through the aperture of which the angelic faces of our dear ones peer, and in sweetest tones whisper their loving messages! Is it not proper, then, that with anthems of joy and pleasurable emotions, we welcome each year that which first sent a flood of light into the world, bearing upon it the smiles and cheering words of our departed ones? In reference to the day, etc., Celia M. Hill, Secretary of the First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, writes under the following head:

THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. "In the forthcoming Anniversary, the 31st of March, would it not be well to inquire into the origin of this day and the facts that led to its adoption by the Spiritualists?"

Previous to March, 1858, there had been no Annual Celebration of the Rochester Tappings; and by reference to the Year-book of Spiritualism by Tuttle and Peckles, published in 1871 by Wm. White & Co., of Boston, I find that the idea emanated from a band of spirits through the mediumship of Mr. Jas. Lawrence, of this city, in a communication given Nov. 12th, 1856, a portion of which I quote:

"Some acknowledgment should be made for this glorious change, the advent of which has never yet been celebrated as a matter of public rejoicing by the assembled multitudes of Spiritualists throughout the land. It is time some such tribute should be paid to those who have presented to the world, a means of emancipation from error, a day of universal jubilee to be observed through all coming time!"

"The facts as I have given them are not generally known, and I now request the publication of this statement so that there may be a proper consistency in the exercises of the day which all good Spiritualists love to celebrate, and that the different presiding officers of the forthcoming celebration of the 20th Anniversary, in reviewing the situation, may be able to give an intelligent and truthful history of the Spiritualists' Xmas-day. In Cleveland we have already commenced taking steps necessary for a celebration worthy of the occasion. Spiritualism holds its own in this city and the Children's Lyceum is improving, and expects to take a leading part as it always has done in the past, on the 31st of this month. Bishop A. Beales, the trance speaker and singer, is yet with us and has succeeded in awakening a general activity among Spiritualists, and will, in connection with other speakers, participate in the forthcoming jubilee."

THE KEY! THE KEY! Give us the Key that Opens the Doors to the Temple of Nature. NUMBER XIII. ORTHODOXICAL PILLDOZERS AND PRAYERDOZERS—THE PILL-BAG WARFARE AGAINST MAGNETIC HEALERS AND NEW REMEDIES.

Indeed, there are Orthodox methods of cure, of relieving human beings of various maladies they are subjected to, as well as an Orthodox system to doctor the moral delinquency of mankind generally. If you boldly step aside from the customary use of pills in their application to the ills of the flesh, look out for a dismal howl on the part of Orthodox physicians! And if, too, you have the sublime boldness to walk over pulpits, cathedrals, tall spires, bibles, holy hymn books, and ecclesiastical gowns, you, too, will induce a dolorous yell to arise on the part of Orthodox Christians. In the former case, when the pill bags of Orthodox physicians are assailed, ripped open, and their worthless contents sent careering into a mud hole, whose turbid waters they render still darker and more pestilential,—goodness, how quickly they entreat the legislature to protect them from the advancing host of progressive healers; how earnestly they pray for protection, and to have their opposers excluded altogether from practice. In the latter case, when a Liberalist, Free-thinker or Spiritualist, discarding the religious rubbish of the past, Orthodox ministers fly to the family altar, and they, too, petition and pray—to God however—to beat back the advancing host that have no respect for the religion that was founded 1800 years ago, more or less.

There is, indeed, a great similarity between Orthodox physicians and Orthodox Christians; the former pray to, and petition the Legislature; the latter, however, go direct to God—pray to and petition him! In this State, Texas, Nebraska and Michigan, the Orthodox physicians have been on the alert, but they have not always been successful in carrying their point, and not in a single case would they have succeeded if proper efforts had been made against them.

The methods of doctoring the ills that poor mortal flesh is subject to, are as numerous, almost, as the different religions. The Allopath, in many cases, relies on counter-irritation; causes one disease to cure another. At one time in the history of the healing art, a potent remedy was friction, and St. John Long of London, was its principal advocate. Some of his patients died, and of course he was punished therefore. The Homoeopathist, however, having a broader platform, and more comprehensive views, says, first remove the cause of disease, and the effect will cease. They use infinitesimal doses; indeed, it is said that on one occasion Hahneman, the founder of this school of medicine, called on a patient, and not having the remedy he desired at hand, he merely thought of it, and the effect was such on the sick-one, that he immediately recovered, which was equally as marvelous in its influence as the Orthodox forgiveness of sins.

We have, too, among the various methods of cure, electricity. It was supposed that when Franklin drew it from the heavens, it came from near the throne of God, and must of course, be potent in the cure of disease. It, too, is tinged with Orthodoxy, though not bad enough to hurt anybody. Then comes the Botanic or herb doctor, the Swedish or movement-cure healer, and Turkish-bath system of banishing diseases. One celebrated physician, finding that his clothes were badly perfumed by an animal that frequents woodsheds and hen-roosts, and that by burying them in the earth this disagreeable odor was extracted, straightway adopted the plan of burying his patients in the earth in order to relieve them of certain maladies. In France we have the grape cure; in this country the milk cure, and blue glass method of banishing disease. Indeed, the human mind is ever on the alert for new remedies, and it is not necessary for a person to be dubbed "M. D.," in order to make a valuable acquisition to medical science.

You know that the New Zealander, somewhat heathenish in his notions, is addicted to the curious habit of tattooing his person in a great variety of colors, and it was curious that those tattooed in blue, were much more stalwart than those who used red, green or yellow colors; those using blue above the waist and yellow below, would soon develop great breadth of chest, while his yellow tattooed legs, would seem to wither like a blasted plant or shrub. Here was a discovery which, if it had been followed up carefully and critically, would have led to important results. We do not think, however, that tattooing will be adopted in this country, even in blue, which acted so efficaciously in expanding the chest and lungs of the heathen. It might be well for certain Orthodox religionists to tattoo their foreheads blue,—perhaps thereby their mental capacity might be enlarged.

In this progressive age, the utmost freedom is demanded in the investigations of any subject. The tendency among Orthodox Christians is the same as among Orthodox physicians; the one ends with "hian" and the other with "ejan," and the end sought by both is about the same, the suppression of free thought and investigation! The magnetic healer—the one through whose organism the life-giving essences are imparted—is ostracized by the Orthodox physician. It makes no difference to them how marvelous the cures, or how potent the

magnetism he imparts to the diseased member, they pray to, and petition the Legislature to protect them against his "empiricism."

What the world needs is more liberality among physicians. The remedies of one age, are considered useless by the next generation. The Indians at one time would flog the insane, and even that severe method often effected a cure. A German, being conducted to an insane asylum, jumped off a bridge, struck on the rocks beneath, and was immediately cured! It would not be well, however, to cause all the insane to jump off a bridge expecting they would be relieved by so doing. Again we have prayer, earnest supplication to Deity, as another system of healing the sick. Rev. Talmage of New York, the clownish preacher, says he brought back through the potent efficacy of prayer three truant reckless children, who had deserted their parents. Why don't he try to cause the return of Charlie Ross by the same method? Prayer is good in some cases; but it is not a universal cure-all; it is, probably, as efficacious as Ayr's Purgative Pills or old Mother Winslow's soothing syrup.

Now, if all who practice the healing art, must have a diploma, we insist that those who try to heal through prayer, shall also be compelled to have the omnipresent "sheep skin." What more right have they to try to heal through prayer—long winded vociferous prayer,—than the magnetic healer to cure by laying on of hands? Would it not be amusing to compel all those Orthodox Divines who expect to cure the sick through the efficacy of prayer, to have the M. D.'s sheepskin pinned to their back, with an office—perhaps in their coat tail!

The fact of it is, no one knows absolutely, when sick, what cures him, especially if under the treatment of a pilldozer. "D—n you, get out of that bed," said a physician in Ohio to his patient. With fire in his eye, and a fire brand in his hand, she was driven out of her bed, and was perfectly cured, though she had been confined to her room for many years. A hearty laugh cured a sick man; a sneeze brought the ebbing life back to another. "The house is on fire," cried the servant girl to an old man bowed down with rheumatism. He instantly threw away his crutches and assisted in saving the house; he has not had an attack of Rheumatism since.

The world does not want to be hampered with Orthodox physicians. Progressive thought needs spacious rooms. True, give us educated healers; they will in due time arise to the surface. The fittest only will survive; that which is adapted to the wants of humanity will be lasting; error can not long endure. Physicians of different orders of practice are required, and each one should feel kindly towards all his brethren in the healing art.

We sometimes think that the practice of some in prayer, is simply the worst of empiricism and subterfuge—the thinnest bosh in fact, for such inconsistent entreaties are made to the throne of grace. Two ships meet on mid ocean, going in different directions. The waves roll mountain high, the rain and sleet pour down in torrents, the lightning flashes, and heaven's artillery thunders worse than Grant's ever did before Vicksburg or Richmond! Two ministers are on their knees in their respective boats, one praying for favorable winds from the North, and the other from the South, thus illustrating the foolishness of prayer sometimes. And then, again, as Prof. Swing well says, the Church will pray that a person sick of fever or palsy may recover, but it has never prayed that a lost limb, an amputated arm or foot, might grow out again and form a new hand or new foot. All prayer has thus kept itself well within the domain of natural law, and, perhaps without knowing the fact, has given all its testimony in favor of all the ordinary laws of causation. The inexorable logic of natural law has thus always modified prayer, and has made the very ones who expect marvels and miracles kept as closely as possible, not to difficult miracles, but to easy ones. Men will not pray for rain in Sahara because the clouds and thunder are two far away. They are prudent in not demanding anything very difficult of the Lord.

And why don't the pilldozers (we don't mean by this honorable physicians) insist that those who practice the healing art through prayer, should have a diploma? How can a man pray correctly to God, unless he can correctly diagnose the disease? If an empirical prayerdozer, should pray to God to physic a person, when he simply needed an emetic or a Turkish bath, or a little gentle rubbing down with a coarse towel, disastrous results might follow! Don't society need protection from such a healing prayerdozer, and will not the professional pilldozer pray and petition the Legislators of the different States, at once to protect us from such infamous empiricism?

In conclusion of this article we say, "Give us a Key that can unlock the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and open an avenue, too, for the angels to come with their pure magnetism, and unite in one grand effort to cure the numerous ills that flesh is heir to." Let all classes of physicians and healers (all are needed) have ample room; the fittest only will survive. The world must advance so that Bulldozers, Pilldozers and Prayerdozers will fall naturally in the background, and reason and common sense prevail.

It is said that the Moslem pilgrimages to Mecca are every year growing larger. Last year over 140,000 pilgrims reached Mecca.

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