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Truth fears no task, holds at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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"SPIRITUALISM NOT PROVEN."

An Address Before the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

BY COL. E. Q. GOODRICH, OF NEW YORK CITY.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS, I want to have a talk. I do not believe that I have anything new to say; nor do I believe that I shall say it in any new way. I shall be fair and courteous, as I am bound to be on a platform that is yielded alike to friend and opponent; but I shall not be able to resist a habit of speaking in a plain, straightforward Anglo-Saxon, and of saying things by their right names. It is certain that your religion, and its practice, have one characteristic that marks it from all others—the invitation to a free discussion of its claims. You invite an unbeliever upon your platform, to do that for which a Christian church would incarcerate.

And, now, I would like to state very briefly, what seem to me to be the most prominent distinguishing features of Spiritualism as against Christianity, presuming one or the other to be true. I believe that if there is an existence after this, the mode alleged by Spiritualism, both as to place and manner, to be infinitely more probable than any declared by any one of the old religious systems. I believe, as claimed by Spiritualism, that relations so close and continuous, a directing force so intimate and salutary, a life in such thorough harmony with the wishes and judgments of the living, must have a capacity for happiness incomparably greater than any conditions of the future as enunciated by Christianity.

The Christian's heaven is a place where none but the most wickedly selfish could be happy, and his hell, a spot that should have but the one occupant—the God who made it.

The Spiritualist's home for the dead is where the laws of justice and mercy are supreme; where all may be happy; where none can be lost; and where the largest good may be perpetually gained for both living and dead.

The Christian's doctrine of the life to come, may be perhaps, honestly preached; but the man or woman has not been born, who honestly prays for its consummation. The Spiritualist has but to sit and listen, to hear out of the mouth of every other religionist in the world, "What a beautiful doctrine is Spiritualism, and how I wish it was true."

The Christian's dead are forever removed from any possibility of help or influence to the living.

The Spiritualist's dead are where their tender care and influence is constant, certain and inevitable.

The Christian's motive is fear of punishment and love of reward.

The Spiritualist's motive is the consciousness of joy and comfort he may each moment be giving to every loving heart that has gone before.

The Christian's belief has nothing in it but dread, and doubt, and terror for the end.

The Spiritualist is as content in the future as the child on a Christmas eve.

The Christian's authority is based absolutely and altogether upon legend, tradition and the history of a church, whose hands are besmeared with every drop of blood that has ever been shed by either law, war or massacre. Its sibboleth is a book whose author and support is that same church, and all science and educa-

tion must and do denounce both book and church as the aggregation of lying and hypocrisy. There is not a square inch upon the globe's surface, upon which there was ever one single happening that has either established or corroborated the Christian dogma. Upon how frail a basis rests this whole fabric of the church. Wrench from under it the glamor of antiquity, the marvellous contributions of art and literature, the tendency of all races to superstitious beliefs, the social belongings, the support of governments, and the paid advocacy, and how certain it is that the whole structure will fall to the ground in a single day, and this simply because there will be left to it, not one word of evidence, not a syllable of testimony, that logic, analysis and human history will not thoroughly and forever hurl from the reach and sight of mankind. And, my friends, I have no wish, I am sure, to unfairly offend any in the treatment of the claims of any religion; and so I do not believe it useful to be in the perpetual use of philippic and anathemas either the devil or the good it has done; no history can record its uses and its abuses of mankind; its men and women have been more than gods and lower than devils; it has been the mightiest helper to all else beside itself, and it has been the most desolating curse; in its future are possibilities too grand and momentous for contemplation; or, it may plunge the fairest portions of this globe into interminable war and anarchy. For all its blessings it yield it honor and glory, for its accursed wrongs I bear it a most intense hate and detestation.

Spiritualism has its authority in actual, present, living evidences, a testimony capable of a searching, antagonizing criticism; that does not want as accessory either the Buddhist's idol, the Hebrew's seal, the Catholic's hat, or the Protestant's surplice. It deals with the present as it is. It claims the right, and uses it, to reject or accept as common sense and a wise judgment may dictate. It demonstrates where it will. There is not a freeman in the land that has not witnessed some phenomena, and at the hands of its own, and under circumstances where trick or delusion was impossible.

The Christian's doctrine is as ductile to the demands of a moving age as the Democratic nomination is to the greed of the party. It is all things to all men, and to all times. Geo. B. Cheever preached the sin of slavery in our city, and his church was razed to the ground. To-day, when there is no slavery, the American church are all Cheevers. Half a century since there was a material hell for the unthinking babe and the thinking skeptic. To-day the old hell has hardly an exponent. Their theme was how to deprive the heretic of his civil and social rights; now it harangues its depleted audiences against the well dealt blows of the scientist and free thinker.

The Spiritualist's doctrine has been, is now and will always be, simply: The dead do live, they can and do communicate. Spiritualism does not want to add to or abate one tittle of that creed—it could not, if it would.

If in no manner is the change in thought so manifest in the Christian church as in perhaps, the accidental and occasional utterances of its clergy. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Cambridge, in a recent sermon at the church of the Messiah in this city, while discoursing eloquently upon the character of Christ, hats, and in a most impressive manner, says: "It must have lived—it must have lived!" By emphasis and earnestness, showing how stoutly he was trying to resist the sentiment of doubt and unbelief that has almost wholly obtained in the denomination in which he is so eminent.

Joseph Cook has lately said: "Let Christianity be judged by its results; by the communities where it most prevails. And let it, if there be a spot on the earth upon which either technical or practical Christianity has a footing and hold, it is in the Southern States of this Union. There is not an organization of any sort there that is not wholly Christian. The people are wholly that. To honestly doubt, or to think and utter freely of religions, is a crime and the penalty lynching. And what are Mr. Cook's results? I don't care to quote their present aspect—the Ku-klux, White Leaguers, tinsed ballots—its Hampton and Butlers; but go back in its history less than a score of years and recall, if you have the heart to do it, the hellish atrocities of the internal rebel prisons, with a record of systematic and regulated cruelties unparalleled in the story of any country. I have in my possession, among other rebel archives, an original resolution, unanimously passed at a recent meeting in the Rebel Assembly at Richmond, in 1864, declaring 'The Fort Pillow massacre, the assassination of President Lincoln, the firing of the New York hotels, and the treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville, Libby and Salisbury, a proper retaliation of the Emancipation Proclamation.' Christianity two thousand years old and this the latest result!"

I hold Joseph Cook to his proposition, and claim that if he has the semblance of sincerity, he will admit that Christianity deserves to be buried so deep, as that a thousand volcanoes in a thousand centuries would fall to bring its dragon head again to the surface; and you, Spiritualists, may demand of him, as against such a showing of Christianity, to discover in all the literature of Spiritualism, a single sentence, that in teaching man's duty to his fellows and

his country, does not teach the highest patriotism and the largest humanity.

At the funeral service over the remains of two distinguished merchants of this city, some months ago, whose remarkable history the most of you remember, there were present, Bishop Potter, Drs. Washburn, Dr. Henry Potter, Dr. Prentice and many others of the clergy; a presence that should have prevented the slightest tendency to heretical mutterings—yet Dr. Prentice said in words, as nearly as I can recollect: "There abides in the mind of every person present a terrible doubt, lurking continually to our great distress and unhappiness; and, for myself, I am frank to admit, that, if I were to judge of the record intellectually, I would say, 'this is the last of it.'"

And this to say of an institution, after the life and treasure sacrificed, and the torture and suffering borne in its maintenance.

Now, my friends, will you permit me to give what the Materialist claims, as against you. And he urges the following as among the impossibilities:

"The existence of what is technically called spirit in this life.

"The existence of a spirit, or an intelligence, outside and independent of a body, in a next life.

If an existence, with a body, and having an intelligence, how has it the force claimed for it and the invisible?

Why, presuming the human eye to be governed by the same law in all heads alike, are the returning dead always to be seen by the favored few and never by the unwillingly blind others?"

If the dogma of Spiritualism be true, and it is the source of so much satisfaction to its adherents, and has the claimed power for good, why do not the agencies in the other hemisphere see to it, that the whole wide world is made a convert, and at a bound. It seems possible, if we are to believe the present authorities. When we remember all of the alleged manifestations, why has there not been some one or more statements or disclosures that shall be of patent, public interest—facts that could be publicly substantiated and impossible of contradiction. Seemingly nothing else has failed to be done. The wildest of prophecy, generally unfulfilled; the most material of materializations, from apparelled men and women, with all the powers of speech and action, down to a fragile mulberry leaf—the ushering into the presence of any possessor of a dollar, any dead from Christ, down to James Buchanan.

Ships, with their precious freights of life go down to the graves of the sea; the assassin and murderer fling the souls of their victims out into the world of uncertainty, crime and wickedness blazoned from and trick its thousands of betrayed; and, in all of this, the world is powerless of help or redress, because it don't know, while the Spirit-world, that is bound to know, and is equally bound to tell, is as still and silent as the tomb.

I urge as against Spiritualism, that it is an outgrowth of the old theology; and, I believe it fair to claim that but for it, the peculiar phenomena would never, perhaps, have occurred; or, if occurring, some other accounting would have been found for it. We are all the trees whose twigs have been bent. We are, in spite of ourselves, while sturdy in doubt, losing all faith in all creeds, the facile creatures of superstition; and we are as unable to shake its coils as the religious propagandists are unwilling.

I urge also that the persistent and sometimes bigoted, partisanship of the adherents of Spiritualism virtually shuts off all efforts that shall find any other solution of the wonderful phenomena. With most of you it is either Spiritualism or nothing—either Spiritualism or a fraud. The materialistic skeptic admits the phenomena and contends mainly for its integrity; will say, with Prof. Hare, that, if there be one single sentence out of the millions claimed to be delivered by spirits, honestly of spiritual origin, then Spiritualism is proven; but he waits and watches and supplicates for that one. The average Spiritualist receives with the greed of an ostrich, everything from everybody, and yet hungers. The Materialist makes the simplest of manifestations run the gauntlet of doubt and a rigid investigation.

I urge further against Spiritualism that it presents to us the coming life as one of general intellectual retrogression. In no walk of science, literature or art has there been one single stump uprooted, one clearing made, or one shrub planted. The loom and steam engine have not, gained one revolution in all the thirty years of Spiritualism. In all the wealth of dead and living engineers, the living are not enriched by the application of a single new principle. Limitless as must be the spirit's vision and abode, not a new fact discovered, not a word of teaching or encouragement to the far-watching and impatient astronomer. The plodding, untriable chemist looks about and around for one suggestion that may make new results; but his eyes come back unsatisfied to his books and his faithful old creche. The delving geologist, remembering the power of research that spirits are alleged to possess, and that they do traverse in and over the earth quicker than thought, listens in an equal wonder and disappointment. And now as always, undaid by either Christianity or Spiritualism, every student in every branch of study, gets for himself and his kind nothing but the outcome of hard, toilsome, patient

work. Science is not made easier by one whisper from any other world than this.

Literature has fared so badly that it seems almost ungenerous to apply the criticism. What a precious, gladsome, green spot in the desert would it be to find any one of those who did so well before, give back to the world any thing that did not insult them, from the after. If the Shakespeare and Southey, the Milton and Moore, the Byron and Bruno, the Parker and Poe, have in truth been talking to us, then, indeed have our gods tumbled.

I sincerely believe that if I was firmly fixed in the dogma of Spiritualism, the emanations from the Spirit-world through the pencil, brush or chisel, or through any department of art, would shake me to the root; for no where is the showing so unfortunate. I do not recollect an instance of an alleged work of art, by a spirit, that has not been simply hideous. All of you, I am sure, look with delight upon good pictures, and are fully able to appreciate the beautiful productions of our own artists—the Harts, Gifford, De Has, Bierstadt and others, and to understand how deep the gulf between them and the wretched canvasses that have been brought to this hall, and hung for your admiration; and how certain it is that but for the pretence of a spiritual agency in the creation of these daubs, you would, all of you, demand their complete obliteration.

IN THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

I suppose we all know what it is to be in the spirit on a week day—the spirit of the time and place. I go into my study, and become absorbed in a book. The author may be dead and gone this thousand years, and no other trace of him remain on the earth; but if he has hidden his spirit in that book, and I can find it, he opens his heart to me, and I open mine to him, and find myself touched as he was touched before he went out of the body to God. I cannot help the tears in my eyes as I read, any more than he could help them when he wrote; or the strong throb of the heart, or the ripple of laughter. I see what he saw in human homes and human lives, catch the vision of the open heavens he brings me or the lurid flame and smoke. I am in the spirit of this master of my morning, and his spirit is in me. My senses are simply messengers between his soul and mine. I seem to hear the voice, when I read, as they used to hear who knew the writer. There is a spell on me, which makes time and circumstance of no account; and I wonder how my morning has slipped away.

Suppose, again, I leave my study, and go down into the city. If it is a busy time, it makes no matter where I go, I find those I seek in the spirit of their week-day business. So I have to tell my story promptly, and go. If I should try to make a few remarks on Wednesday night, you might hear with a touch of grace on a Sunday, you would listen with a patience born of respect to the minister, perhaps, or his office, but you would be glad when it was over, so that you could get back to your work. Now, this spirit is as true to the time and place as that was by which I was lost in my book. Business, you say, is business; and that is what you are there for. Not to be in that spirit is to fail in the task you have undertaken; and to have people lounge about and get in the way during the hours when business is done in our stores and offices is an insult and hindrance to the genius of the day, because time then is not only money, but it is that precious commodity of which money is only one result. It is the opportunity for doing the thing God has given us to do there and then. You are there in those hours to do something as sacred and supreme in its own way as worship is, and must not be hindered. When Master Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, left his business and rushed out to the war, and was hard at work one day for his regiment, a minister came to him, and wanted to take his time hearing all about a church he wanted to build to St. Peter. "No time at all to hear about St. Peter, mind too full of salt-petre," the busy man answered. "Still, as Peter was the only fighter among them, take that money quick, and go away." That was the true spirit, and so it is always. If my friend is the man I am thinking about, doing good wholesome work, I see no reason why I should say he is not in the spirit of the Lord when he guides the springs of industries that reach into a thousand hands as surely as the minister who preaches a sermon or pours out a prayer which touches the springs of thought and emotion in a thousand hearts.

To be in the spirit, then, in the simplest sense, is no mystery we cannot fathom. It is as real and true a thing as to be alive, and is indeed neither more nor less than becoming intensely alive to the meaning and purpose of the day. We all remember times when we have gone to our work all out of trim, unable to fix the mind on what we had to do, half dead as it were to the demand, finding as the day went on that things were slipping through our hands to no purpose; and, when night came, we said sadly, with the Emperor, "I have lost a day." We have lost the day, because we have not caught its spirit; but on another day we have found, we were so clear of head and sure of hand that we have done the work of two men, and come out all

aglow with the spirit which has borne us up as on the wings of eagles. Leave this absorbing and inspiring spirit out of the account, then, and we are powerless to do anything supremely well. We drift with the tide, far behind in the race, are like the clock which always loses time, and would have to give up, if we had no hope that the old fervent fire would come back to us again, and make the spirit equal to the day.

Nor can we help seeing that the best work we ever do has this quality in it above all others; it is done in the spirit, or it is never done as it should be. From nursing a little child to fighting a battle, from forging a bolt to painting the Christ in the temple, and from working in a saw-mill to singing the "Messiah," we must have this essence and spirit of all well-doing in us, or else we never do well. You bear with your workman who has no heart in his work as long as you can, because you think he may come round and catch the spirit of his task, and so become a good workman. But if you find after all your waiting that the hand is there, but not the heart, you have to let him go, because to have such a man about your place is like having a bad wheel in a machine, or a broken spring. And so able employers keep those men at last, and those alone, who are in some fair measure one with them in the spirit of the work they have to do. While no doubt this is true again that, when we have made a fair allowance for native ability in those young men who begin at the foot of the ladder and climb to the top, we shall find they are the men who have an absorbing interest in the concern, are watchful and careful, and able to pay honestly, "I and my employer are one." This, as a rule, is the story of the young man who begins with no advantage of position or patronage, and makes his way to a good place. He is in the spirit of his work, and gives his heart to it not half the time but all the time, not grudgingly but gladly, and not merely for the sake of the salary.

A good friend of mine, who used to ride the circuit with Mr. Lincoln in the West at an early day, told me not long ago that he always knew when Lincoln was sure to win his cause. He had to feel sure he was right, and then the sense of justice and right so absorbed his very soul that his words were like a hammer and a fire, and he was in the spirit.

So no man can ever preach to any purpose whose spirit is not lost in the truth he tries to tell. Take that element out of his effort, and the sermon may be as fine as hands and head can make it, yet the very deacons will go to sleep. But let him be in the spirit, and, though the sermon then may be poor enough, there shall come a time when something which is not in the form of words, but "in the Holy Spirit," as Jesus says, "and in fire," shall carry all before it, like the rushing of a mighty wind. I have heard that Jonathan Edwards preached once in a dismal old meeting-house in New England from the text, "Your feet shall slide in due time." The people settled down comfortably to listen, as they had done for many years, and to sleep. And why not to sleep, for the preacher hardly raises his voice above the merest monotone, and the sermon is written and read? The man so awayed and stormed them as he went on with his discourse, and painted picture after picture of the impending doom, that numbers in the congregation clung to the pillars in solid affright, so terrible was the chasm which seemed to open before their very eyes. The earth was shuddering under them, the level floor sloping toward the fires. The word had grown to this. Out of years of brooding on a misconception of God, a monstrous birth but fearfully true to the preacher, and, by consequence, fearfully true to the hearer, Jonathan Edwards was in the spirit. And so you may set this truth in whatever light you will, of business or study, of work on the common levels or on the loftiest summits, you touch the one verity everywhere, that to be wholly in the spirit of what you do is the final secret of worth in doing.

Since the Egyptians painted a lotus upon the wall, since Job felt the awful voice of thunder, since Solomon attempted to love his gardens and to write an essay upon the trees and flowers, since the Greek thinkers wore garlands of green leaves, nature has been working within the spirit of man as though to make it tender as the voice of a harp and sensitive enough to believe in the existence of God. She withdraws her spring and her summer at the end of six months, not that this flow of the beautiful may be in successive waves, and that the soul in the depths of winter may think upon the gorgeous scenes that are gone and may wonder how many more such blossoming will come between its loving heart and the grave.—Prof. Swain.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, a Spiritualist, lectured at the court house Sunday, on the natural evidence of man's immortality. It was a pretty good argument, too, based on scientific facts. He combated the materialistic notion that mind is the product of organized matter, and held just the contrary—that matter is the product of spirit—rather, that the one is only the outward manifestation of the other.—Clarinda (Iowa) Herald.

The Non-Christianity of Liberal Protestantism. Translated from the German of Edward von Hartman, by Hudson Tuttle and J. A. Heinszoh.

The Protestant principles in an unavoidable course of advancing criticism, not only are undermining and destroying the authority of popes and councils, of traditions and fathers of the church, but just in the same manner the authority of Jesus, to which all others refer as the direct messenger of a divine revelation.

Having reached this conclusion, there is no reason for conceding a higher authority to Jesus, the son of the carpenter, than to Peter the fisherman, or to Paul the carpet-weaver, for we must now measure all these authorities by the same rule and accept only so much of their doctrines as is consistent with modern culture. But as the principal position taken by all representatives of the Christian idea has become worthless; it is only the subordinate and incidental views of doctrines to which the representatives of "modern Christianity" adhere. This is called eclecticism.

But with evolution they take a position outside of evolution, from the phases of which they select that which is suitable for their purpose. This selection is made from motives and considerations foreign to the cause of evolution peculiar to the period from which it is made. Even those who have abandoned the pretension to be Christians, may occasionally quote passages from the Scriptures, in the same manner as poets are cited; not for greater power of demonstration, but only for rhetorical flourish, or as apt expressions of thought.

Liberal Protestantism has almost arrived at the point when it makes use of passages of Scripture only in this manner, at the same time it endeavors to profit by the veneration of the people for the Bible which survives the destruction of the belief in revealed religion. This is as unfair as to use the respect for Jesus, as previously mentioned in the same manner; both these juggling tricks will be discarded by the laity of liberal Protestantism.

It is a question of very little importance whether a Christian minister pleases to use texts of Scripture as subjects for his sermons, after a complete destruction of their authority, and such use would be for the ministers a sort of harmless enjoyment, if it did not mislead by retaining the base form and character of a Christian sermon, which should be an exposition of the revealed word of God. Liberal Protestantism endeavors by such impostures to deceive by false appearance, as if there existed an historical continuity with positive Christianity, while in truth this continuity has been forever destroyed by abandoning the belief in revelation and the authority of the Bible.

There no longer exists any good reason for such a minister to found his sermons on Bible texts, since his reason is the only and highest measure for the estimate of everything offered him. If he wants to trust in the dogmatic opinions of others he is entitled to do so, and it depends only on policy and considerations of rhetoric, whether he chooses his text for illustration from modern or classical, profane or theological; Chinese or Buddhist; Jewish or Christian authors. He only wants a suitable, concise expression of the idea which he intends to advocate in his sermon, and not as authority.

The only reason why these ministers refer only to authors in the New Testament, is because they insinuate a nearer connection with it than any other book. This insinuation is, however, untrue, as all the principal dogmatic views of the teaching of the New Testament are discarded by them. All that is positive in this scriptural eclecticism of these ministers is limited to subordinate matters, and is completely distorted by unhistorical interpretation of their meaning.

Negatively they accept from such authors only that in which the dogmatic principles are expressly or tacitly denied. For example, they point to Paul for negation of the Mosaic laws; to St. John for their complete separation from Judaism (and indifference to the Lord's supper); to Jesus for the negation of the metaphysical, fundamental Christian dogmas, which could not have had their beginning after the death of Jesus, since a Christian religion deviating from Judaism could only be established after his death. Evidently such a negative eclecticism cannot claim the least positive interest, as it serves only as a means of disintegrating and destroying criticism. It can only be of any interest for the time when the positive object to be destroyed exists in historical vigor necessitating a continuation of the combat.

The question now arises: What right have Liberal Protestants to call themselves Christians abstractly because their parents had them baptized and confirmed? In all past time there has been one visible sign common to all professors of the Christian religion: The "belief in Christ." Jews and Mohammedans believe in the God of Christ as much as do Christians, and Mohammedans believe also in Christ as a wise and virtuous prophet who was favored with the love of God. If this were sufficient they are better Christians than ourselves. To make us Christians, therefore, we must accept Christ in a broader sense. But as we have now seen, the Liberal Protestants do not believe in Christ as Luther, Thomas Aquinas, St. John, Paul, or Peter believed in him, and certainly not as Jesus believed in himself, as Christ, the anointed, the Messiah.

How do they then believe in him? They believe in him as the founder of the Christian religion. In Jesus cannot be considered as the conscious willing founder of a new religion and hence the only form in which Liberal Protestants do believe in Christ is thereby proved to be unhistorical.

Yet if we even leave this untouched, we can not admit that the formal qualities of the founder of a religion, would suffice to obtain a membership by the simple belief in those formal qualities. For all non-Christians who have heard about Christ as related in the Christian tradition, do believe in him as the founder of the Christian religion. It would be unreasonable to suppose the Christian faith consisted in believing in Christ, as the founder of the belief that he was the founder of it. The necessary result of ignoring the belief in Christ, is to declare such belief insignificant, and to search other where for a decisive sign of this right of membership, than where, with hardly an exception, search has been made for the last eighteen centuries. This fact alone proves the destruction of the continuity of historical Christianity.

truthfulness when they wish to be acknowledged as Christians because they pretend to be so; all I maintain is that such persons have not a clear understanding of the Protestant principle, or they delude themselves about the results of critical historical research, and I furthermore assert that at the present rapid rate of progress of their consciousness. It can be plainly seen how uncomfortable they are in their present position. This may explain why the negative reply of Strauss, "Are we still Christians?" created such a passionate attack from the very ranks of Liberal Protestants. It is true that the argument of Strauss in this part of his work, is very superficial, because it does not consider in any manner the position of Liberal Protestantism, and is satisfied with the endeavor showing our estrangement from the orthodox conception of Christianity; but the results of his criticism are the only impregnable ones of his "confession," and these exhaust their value in this bold declaration.

The remarkable passionate feeling against Strauss, and intolerance against liberal views in general may be easily explained by the insecurity of the position of Liberal Protestants. The less their Christianity, and the more artificial their relation thereto, with more eager care have they to watch the narrow boundary which keeps them separated from the unchristian world. They themselves admit this. Christians who have still to dispose of rich and positive treasures, may be to a certain extent tolerant, but when somersaults are applied to sustain the illusion of Christianity, then is tolerance within the domain of Christian views, towards radical ideas, impossible.

It is well known that all religious parties are only tolerant and advocate tolerance, when opposed, and oppressed by overruling majorities; but as soon as they hold the reins in their own hands, there is no more talk about liberality; on the contrary as a rule they become more intolerant than their predecessors. This historical phenomena would be repeated should Liberal Protestantism become the ruling power, and it would surpass in intolerance all its predecessors. It to-day ill-humoredly tolerates the unchristian philosophy, in so far that it borrows from its armory weapons to increase the work of critical destruction. Yet should Liberal Protestantism succeed in dislodging the orthodox from its seat of power, this philosophy would never find a more bitter enemy.

The Liberal Protestantism of "Independent congregations"—a generation ago—took a far more straightforward course, although it was likewise mistaken as to its Christianity. It was convinced that it could not remain in a national church, which rests on a positive Christian foundation. Difficult would it be to decide whether those societies would have made good use of worldly power if there had been a fair prospect for them to attain supreme authority within the national church. Perhaps the fate of those congregations is a warning to the Liberal Protestantism of the present not to depend on the support of the people, but to strive for a position granted by government. Such a procedure would be the severest judgment of the case, which, indeed, is quite unpopular, and only borrows national popularity. It would, in that manner admit that the people cannot become enthusiastic for Liberal Protestantism, and can be made serviceable only by application of traditional hierarchical machinery; while, as is well known, religious movements have at all times, only proved to possess vitality, when the people took warm and enthusiastic interest. But as the people whom this Liberal Protestantism attempts to proselyte, are by no means in a strict sense Christian, it can not be its concealed unchristian element which frightens them away; and as except in large cities they have by no means become irreligious, but rather have in their hearts a decided desire for a suitable answer to their religious longings in accordance with the spirit of the time; therefore it can only be the principles of Liberal Protestantism or want of all principles, when the people take interest in it only so far as it opposes traditional authorities; 4. who else supplies the political and not the religious wants. Those who do not attend Liberal Protestant meetings from hatred of orthodoxy, or to enjoy the eloquence of the speakers, take Sunday morning walks, or devote their time to work or study.

SOCIAL SCIENCE PAPERS.

Labor as a Factor in Social Science.

BY REV. WM. TUCKER.

Man was created for labor. Anatomy, biology, physiology and psychology all teach this. His physical, intellectual, animal and moral constitution, all show his adaptation to work. His whole organism is fitted for productive industry, and adapts him to the duties and task of the field, the forest, the farm, the workshop, the mine, the laboratory, the school-room, and the business mart. Labor is necessary for his development, health, perfection and enjoyment. Growth of faculties results from their use, skill comes with persistent effort, and enjoyment results from active exercise. The powers that are not used are lost, and faculties that are not exercised can not be retained. Organs perish if they are not used. The eye that is not used loses its power of vision, and the ear that is not used, loses its power of hearing. The skill of the unused hand is lost and the nerves and muscles of the unused leg become paralyzed. The brain that is not exercised in thought loses the power to think, and the tongue that will not talk loses the gift of language and power of speech. Nature drops the organs that can not be used; for moles in the ground and fishes in the streams where there is no light are without eyes—the function of vision being impossible nature builds no organ to perform such a function. The terms by which we hold all God's gifts and nature's blessings in use, and poverty always results from idleness; poverty of nature comes of inactivity; we may have the means, without the capacity for enjoyment. Poverty of goods and poverty in nature alike come as the results of idleness. There is more enjoyment in pursuit than in possession; and more happiness in making than in owning a fortune. The one is active, the other passive; the one is life, the other death; the one promotes growth, the other decay.

Labor is the great educator. The function of education is not scholarship but manhood—it is not so much the acquirement of knowledge, as the development of faculties, and the evolution of powers. Labor does this as nothing else will, and is, therefore, the great educator of the race. This throws light on a very important ethical question: It is often said man is under no obligations to do that which he has not the ability to do. This is a mistake. Potential and not actual ability, is the measure of man's obligation to make effort. Man is under obligation to try to do a great many things he has not the ability to do. The ability comes with and by the effort, and in no other way. We must make the effort to do the work as the necessary condition of securing ability to do it. Ability to walk, talk, speak, write, sing, draw, paint, and

solve problems is acquired by the effort we make to do these things and in no other way. The ability is created by the effort and we must make the effort or we will never have the ability. Hence the obligation to make it.

We live in a world where labor is necessary to success and prosperity. Neither nature or the God of nature ever does for us what we can do for ourselves. It gives us soil but it does not plough it; God gives us seeds but he does not sow them; material but he does work it into houses, machinery, garments, food or thought. We must do this. This is our work, because we have or can acquire the ability to do it. Here is the field and the function of labor in social science. It develops capacity, creates ability, turns thoughts into things, seed into harvest, soil and sunshine into food and raiment, trees into houses and forests into cities. It develops nature's resources, uses natural powers, employs natural forces, works up natural material and creates property and wealth. It has creative power, performs a creative function, and shows that man has a divine nature and does a divine work. God is a worker and creator and so is man.

The universe is God's handiwork, but parts of it has been very much improved by the labor of man. The new heavens and the new earth have come by the labor of man. Man by work has not only recreated the world, but he has recreated himself. Old things are passing away and all things are becoming new.

This is the result of the creating and transforming power of labor. It fulfills prophecy and in more senses than one is the mediator between God and man, and savior of the world.

Camden, Ohio.

That "Woman of Endor."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. My attention was called a few days since to a volume by a certain Rev. Daniel March, D. D., entitled "Night Scenes in the Bible," published in 1869.

One of the "scenes" is called "Saul's night at Endor," and is such an apt illustration of the unfair and dishonest methods of orthodox clergymen, in misconstruing and straining Scripture to suit their own purposes, that some comments may not be uninteresting to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Permit me to premise first, what should, in all cases be considered axiomatic, that no one has the right to construe Bible texts, where they manifestly appear to be simple narrations of historical occurrences and plain matters of fact, any further, or in any light that the simple accounts will not bear. Any claim to instruct from the Bible, by allegorizing, or as they call it "spiritualizing" what was plainly written as a record of actual occurrences, is equally unwarranted and worthless, for aught else than as ideal illustrations of the notions of the romancer.

A critical reviewer might find much fault with the false impressions conveyed throughout many parts of the Reverend gentleman's florid and imaginative production, but our business is with the "Woman of Endor," and Daniel March's efforts by slandering and misrepresenting her, to cast odium upon modern Spiritualism.

By what authority of Scripture does he say "one of these wretched cabins forming the entrance of a rocky cavern on the mountain side Saul and his attendants seek out in the darkness and enter." "In that damp and diabolical den, at midnight, they find a solitary hag, who receives their late intrusion with mingled terror and cursing." "Her fear is allayed by the promise of secrecy, and her wrath is appeased by the offer of a rich reward." How is this for a reverend romancer? Not a word is said in the text of any reward being given or accepted.

"In this wretched hamlet of Endor, with a heathen name and a half heathen population, this outcast woman of Israel has hidden herself away, that she may the more safely and profitably practice the profane imposture of divination." "She pretends to the power of calling back the spirits of the departed and wresting the secrets from the unknown future. But she has no more power over the spirits of the dead than the Caffre rain-maker has over the clouds." "She has no more knowledge of the future than the Gypsy fortune-teller who pretends to read the decrees of eternal destiny in the lines of the hand."

"Her magical arts are wicked and forbidden, not because they have any power over spiritual agencies, good or evil, but because they are impostures and lies."

"And it is to consult this low, cunning and abominable creature" "that the anointed King of Israel comes in the hour of his greatest extremity." "And here he is on the night of imminent and terrible destiny to himself and his people"

"In the den of a sorceress, asking to be made the dupe of the vilest imposture." "He might have had omniscience for his guide and the strength of the Almighty for his shield; yet he seeks light from a conjuror of the prince of darkness." "Wasting his strength and unnerving his heart by consulting with the wicked and worthless woman of Endor."

"And the woman said to Saul, whom shall I bring up unto thee? And Saul said, bring me up, Samuel." "And before the woman had time to practice her arts for the deception of the king beheld, at the command of God, Samuel actually appeared." "The woman herself had not the least expectation of any such thing." Of course D. March, D. D. knows. "She was so startled and terrified that she cried out with a shriek of horror."

"Her magical arts had no power to compel the great prophet to leave the society of Abraham and Moses and appear in that den of sorcery." "The spirit of the mighty dead have something else to do than to answer the call of conjurers and clairvoyants in any age or in any land, and if they were to come down from their high seats in bliss, they would bring better messages and wiser counsels than the seers and mediums of modern times have reported in their name." One word by the way, Rev. Daniel. Being so good at construing Scripture, please tell us if Samuel was enjoying "the society of Abraham and Moses," how it is that, according to the text, he came "ascending out of the earth?" How is it again that Samuel said to Saul, (whom you make out to be such a God-forsaken King) "to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me?" Methinks Abraham and Moses must move in mixed society; or is it not possible that even the great prophet might still have been earth bound for his savagery in such matters as hewing to pieces that king of the Amalekites, whom the more merciful Saul had spared? One word more in passing: You either ignorantly or willfully misconstrue the position of "the seers and mediums of modern times." They claim no power, by art, to "call the spirits of the mighty dead from their high seats in bliss. Their abnormal developments of constitutional gifts, manifested in a divine order of spiritual law, and in and through such gifts, the "mighty dead" are glad of their own motion, to embrace the opportunity of briefly lifting the veil that wisely hangs between the outer and inner world.

He continues: "It was by the power and appointment of the Infinite God that Samuel appeared to confront the arts of the sorcerer." What a strange "confronting" was this! to command the great prophet of Israel to cooperate with a "low, cunning and abominable creature," "a confederate of the prince of darkness" in full demonstration, rather than disproof, of the genuineness of the gifts possessed by this woman of Endor.

Such a jumble of false logic, false construction and false deduction, needs but to be quoted, and compared by careful reading, with the simple Scripture narrative (I. Samuel 28th chap.) to confound the Reverend falsifier and convict him of dishonorably slandering what appears to have been a worthy and considerate woman, long since gone to associate in the Spirit-world, with her equals and her superiors—long since reaping the fruition of that spiritual communion denied her in this life, by bigoted and cruel men, save in secret caves of the mountains.

What, then, is the correct construction to be put upon the narrative? Manifestly that the woman was a true medium driven into secrecy by unrighteous laws. The jealous, savage God of Israel forsok Saul, according to the Book, because he did not carry out with sufficient exactitude his bloody commands conveyed through this same Samuel. "Now go and smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass;" because forsooth, the Amalekites exercised their natural right in defending their land from the barbarous and plundering hordes of Israel. When thus forsaken, and getting no responses through the regular sacerdotal sources, he naturally sought to obtain knowledge from sources believed to be still accessible to him; and did not seek in vain.

There is nought in the Bible account to warrant the assertion that the woman shrieked with horror, when she saw Samuel; but all students of mediumistic science (to use such a term) can readily perceive how consistent it was, for the presence of a powerful spirit, to so open her spiritual eyes that she at once perceived the truth, and cried out with a loud voice, "Why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul!"

Who is this Daniel March, D. D., that being a professed believer in the Bible as the word of God, dares to thus torture and "pervert" its plain meaning and evident construction, that thus "darkeneth counsel" by words without "knowledge" in a vain effort to bolster his dogmatic theology, in the face of the thousands of earnest men and women, who by the study of scripture, along with all other rational methods of attaining knowledge, are endeavoring to honestly solve the great problem of life? Whose every effort, by careful study is to determine for themselves how far the Divine order permits communion between the two conditions of life, and to what extent it is consistent with physical, moral and spiritual well being, to determine, in fact, how far the ancient laws against intercourse with familiar spirits, may be a presumption against its healthfulness, or whether these laws originated in the bigoted, self-seeking minds of such men as Daniel March, D. D., mainly for the purpose of bolstering up a tyrannical sacerdotal order.

We will not extend our remarks by arguing at present, these momentous questions. They are now on trial before a rational people and in a rational age. Our good and kind departed friends are counsellors, and it may not be amiss to add, like the fearless child in the storm at sea, "Father's at the helm."

Our reverend D. D. gives us, in his book, a well executed engraving to illustrate the "Night at Endor." Poets and artists are oftentimes seers of truth, and in this case the artistic conception casts shame upon Dr. March's falsely drawn verbal picture. The "diabolical den" a rocky mountain cavern, is lighted with the blazing embers, the same, perhaps as those that "cooked the fatted calf," the lofty spirit of Samuel, enveloped in his mantle, stands sternly in the half shadow, with hand uplifted, addressing the prostrate Saul. Beside him, "this wicked and worthless woman of Endor," "this solitary hag," "this low, cunning and abominable creature," "a confederate of the prince of darkness," stands, with the full light reflected upon her seemly garments, hands crossed upon her bosom, sedate, reverent, calm and intellectual, as befits intimate friends of the "mighty dead;" just as we have known, in this age, men and women who are gifted with like mediumistic power; and through whom, undoubted prophecies have been made and fulfilled. If our philosophy be true, before Dr. March reaches the society of the "just made perfect," he will first hang his head in shame, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance of the sins of unwarranted slander and leasing making.

J. G. JACKSON.

Hokessin, Delaware.

Some Mistakes Corrected.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Absolute truth is a difficult thing to get at in this world; at best we can only approximate it, no matter how careful and painstaking our researches. In making statements of facts in my various writings for the press, I endeavor to be as accurate as possible; but spite of all my precaution mistakes and inaccuracies will creep in. Being neither omniscient nor omnipresent, I am compelled to rely on various external sources of information. Newspaper reports, the accounts of friends, oral and written, statements in books, all have to be utilized in the compilation of facts for publication. Among other sources of error are likewise imperfect memory, misunderstandings and misconstruction of what is read or heard, etc.

These remarks are called forth by the fact that Bro. Peebles has informed me recently that some errors of statement are found in my critique of his new Hymn Book, published a few weeks ago in the JOURNAL. I am glad that our brother has pointed out these errors. If, at any time, any one discovers any errors in anything I may publish I specially request that they be pointed out either in print or by letter, to myself. If the latter way, I will make correction myself, and always be glad to do so. I never want any one to be misled in any manner by me. Facts are what I aim to present; the truth is what I am desirous of advancing. So I again request all errors I may make to be pointed out, in order that due correction may be made.

In the critique referred to, I said that Dr. E. C. Dunn had renounced Spiritualism, and declared his mediumship a delusion. This was based on newspaper statements uncontradicted. I had seen it several times in the JOURNAL that Dr. Dunn had renounced Spiritualism and, if I remember aright, had lectured against Spiritualism. This being true, it would naturally follow that his mediumship was a delusion. No one had ever contradicted these statements, to my knowledge, so I was warranted in asserting what I did. Dr. Peebles says, however, that though Dr. Dunn has joined an orthodox church, he has not renounced his mediumship, but I think still exercises it. I trust Dr. Peebles

will state in the JOURNAL the precise status of Dr. Dunn, so that no misunderstandings of his position may result. Let us have the facts.

I also said that Dr. Peebles, in a public address in New York, defended the truth of the immaculate conception of Jesus. The Doctor says he did not defend this dogma; but in his discourse in referring to it he instanced the mode by which Joseph Cook sought to find a foothold for its truth in the scientific facts that virgin silkworms, bees, etc., produce offspring, independent of the male. I understand Mr. Peebles to say that he referred to Mr. Cook's arguments without endorsing them. Will Bro. Peebles please state exactly what he did say, so that there may be no misunderstanding on the subject. I don't wish any one to have a wrong impression thereupon from what I have written. Let the people have the truth.

My informant in this case was a gentleman who heard Mr. Peebles on the occasion in question. I am sure that he would not intentionally misrepresent, and that he told me what he honestly believed Mr. Peebles to have meant; but he may have failed to catch the true drift of Mr. Peebles's words, and thought that he intended to endorse the cogency of Mr. Cook's remarks. I am glad to hear that Mr. Peebles has not retrograded so far into superstitious of Christian mysticism as to believe in so transparent an absurdity as the birth of Jesus devoid of a human father. So far as I know, none of our prominent Christian Spiritualists in America accept this relic of first century ascension, a fact which reflects credit on their judgment. If they would only go a little farther, and cast aside a few more of the old-time errors clinging to them, and plant themselves upon the broad ground of rational common sense Spiritualism, to the exclusion of all narrow sectarian, or Christian, phases, how much nearer the "Kingdom of God" they would be.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Weary Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman that is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil, toil that is never ended and ever begun, without making life a treadmill of labor, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price, the cost of health, strength, happiness and all that makes life endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it.

She loses health and spirits and hopefulness, and, more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her sere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, and her very nature is changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as weary feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her faculties are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come, and even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself the curse of overwork. —Sanitary Magazine.

The following good story of the Emperor William is related by the Berlin correspondent of the Boston Post: "Last year, while hunting in Silesia with the Duke of Mecklenburg and the King of Saxony, the aged Kaiser proposed returning to their castle on foot; but, soon becoming weary of the walk, he hailed a passing wagon, and requested the driver to take them home. The peasant complied, but could not long restrain his curiosity, and soon remarked, 'I suppose it is all right, and you look all right; but will you please tell me who you are?' 'I am the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg,' 'Oho-o-o!' exclaimed the rustic; 'and who are you?' 'I am the King of Saxony.' 'Oho! oh!' ejaculated the driver; 'and you, mister, who are you?' 'I am the Emperor.' 'There, that will do, my friends,' grinned the peasant; 'and I dare say you would like to know who I am. I am the Shah of Persia, and when it comes to joking I can take my part as well as the next man. The three sovereigns were convulsed with laughter, but the peasant drew a long face when he found that he had been the only joker.'

HONEST ADVICE.—If a man have reasoned himself into atheism or infidelity or pantheism, let him define his position in a square and manly fashion. If he believe in the Bible, let him say that, and honestly interpret it. If he have arrived at the conviction that there is no immortality except for the redeemed, or that those who miss salvation here will find another chance in the next world, or that all men will share alike in the infinite compassion of the Father of us all, let him define his position and give his reason for it, so that all may know precisely what he believes and why he believes it, and have done with all fog and haze of profession and pretense. If we know where we all stand, we can hope for comfort in difference, if not in unity; but let us have no drifting about in thick weather to risk the safety of us all.—The Congregationalist.

"How are You, My Old Friend?"

Asked a bright looking man. "Oh! I feel miserable, I'm bilious and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort? that's what I take when I'm out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney-Wort is the sure cure for biliousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.—Long Branch News.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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Magnetism.

The external acts of man, his power to strike hard, to run or row, or chop wood, to handle tools, etc., are tolerably well understood, for they are tangible to the daily observation of the senses.

True we have had even from the remote past of India and European Middle Ages some gleams of light—occult research, intuitive statement and wonderful incident, yet little that is systematic or satisfactory.

There is a very common superstition among popular medical men of the antediluvian school, that the phenomena of magnetism (or mesmerism) are the concomitants of hysterical states of the nervous system.

Therefore we recommend the judicious use of human magnetism in nearly all cases of disease—especially the use of your own magnetic energy on different parts of your own body.

Magnetism as a healing agent is opening the way, for the sick seek relief first, and the touch that soothes and heals is welcomed and the health it brings helps to drive all devils away.

Almost seventy years ago M. Deluze, an eminent French scientist, wrote a "Critical History of Magnetism," the result of twenty-nine years of careful research carried on with the fidelity and care that marked all the acts of one of the best of men.

He concludes after his thirty years' study: "Magnetism presents phenomena which may enlighten us upon our physical organizations, and upon the faculties of our soul.

together, and diminish the ills to which they are exposed." At a later date (1826) he wrote "Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism," a work remarkably clear and simple in style yet wisely practical.

"When the magnetizer acts upon the patient, they are said to be in communication (rapport). That is to say, we mean by the word communication, a peculiar and induced condition, which causes the magnetizer to exert an influence on the patient, there being between them a communication of the vital principle.

"The perfectness and benefit of this depends upon the moral and physical condition of the persons. Experienced magnetizers know in themselves when this takes place....Magnetism at a distance is more soothing, and some nervous persons can bear no other....The fingers ought to be a little separated, and slightly bent, so that their ends be directed toward the person magnetized....Where any one has a local pain it is natural to carry the magnetic action to the suffering part.

"The following rule, with some exceptions, seems to be established: "Accumulate and concentrate the magnetic fluid on the suffering point; then draw off the pain toward the extremities. For example; for a pain in the shoulder, hold your hand on it some minutes; then descend, and having quitted the ends of the fingers, re-commence patiently the same process.

"These are but a few of the many directions and suggestions of this eminent and careful man. In the appendix of the translation of his work by T. C. Hartshorn is a single curious fact—one of many well authenticated: On a clairvoyant girl in this country a few years ago being asked by the operator: "Can you tell the time?" answering: "No; our clock does not go."

Leaving the great Frenchman we give a word from A. J. Davis, the intuitive view of the same important subject, which all Spiritualists should surely understand and think of. In the Harbinger of Health, pp. 87, etc., Mr. Davis says: "There is a very common superstition among popular medical men of the antediluvian school, that the phenomena of magnetism (or mesmerism) are the concomitants of hysterical states of the nervous system.

Therefore we recommend the judicious use of human magnetism in nearly all cases of disease—especially the use of your own magnetic energy on different parts of your own body. Your left side can treat your right side; your right side can magnetize your left side; your vital centres can give the surfaces a thorough magnetic sweating; your hands will do the bidding of your brain; and your brain will act obedient to the commands of a well ordered judgment.

As the eminent M. De Preysegue said: "You must have an active will to do good, a firm faith in your power, and an active confidence in employing it." Magnetism is a useful, a spiritualizing, and a sublime agent for energy and health. It is the all pervading sympathy which connects us with the absolute condition and sufferings of our fellow men.

These practical directions and excellent suggestions may help to awaken thought on an important subject. Magnetism is to be one of the great remedial powers and agencies. Medical men must adopt it, and will—after unprofessional sagacity, intuitive thought, and clairvoyance have opened the way.

Mark Twain's Second-hand Soul.

In sketches of the Boston Radical Club the story is told of Mark Twain that, after leaving the club-room where evolution had been discussed, he said to a friend in the street: "I'm sorry we had to come away. I don't care much about evolution, but when they struck on metempsychosis, I got interested. That doctrine accounts for me;

I knew there was something the matter but never knew what it was before. Its the passing off on a man of an old, damaged, second-hand soul that makes all the trouble."

Mark wants to be an original article, soul and body both, not a reincarnation of a second-hand article.

The Platonist.

A courageous man is Thomas N. Johnson. In the utilitarian West, its people absorbed in outward things; their "daily walk and conversation" being to the shop and the mill and the farm, and of railroads and lumber and mines of gold and silver and fat cattle and pork and traps and fensels; he bravely issues a fair sixteen page monthly sheet, "devoted chiefly to the dissemination of the Platonic Philosophy in all its phases," and speaks out in this wise on his title page:

In this degenerated age, when the senses are apothecized, materialism absurdly considered philosophy, folly and ignorance popularized, and the dictum, "Get money, eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," exemplifies the actions of millions of mankind, there certainly is a necessity for a journal which shall be a candid, bold and fearless exponent of the Platonic Philosophy—a philosophy totally subversive of sensualism, materialism, folly and ignorance. This philosophy recognizes the essential immortality and divinity of the human soul, and posits its highest happiness as an approximation to, and union with, the Absolute One.

The Editor will endeavor to make the Platonist interesting and valuable alike to the thinker, the scholar and the philosopher. All honor to him, and may he find that "there is a soul beneath the ribs of (materialistic) death." These absorbing outward occupations of our western people are good and noble, rightly viewed. They are means to the end of a richer inner-life.

Not merely how to get wealth, but how to use it, is the problem, and the divine Plato loved outward adornment and elegant life while he loved inward beauty more, holding the first as but type and image of the last.

The Platonist issues from St. Louis, where Mr. Harris, with his Journal of Speculative Philosophy, bravely opened the way, but the \$2.00 yearly subscription and all letters etc., must go to Mr. Johnson at Osceola, St. Clair Co., Missouri.

These extracts give a taste of the quality, of this sheet: PEARLS OF WISDOM. [GATHERED FROM PLATONIC SOURCES.] He who is perfectly vanquished by riches can never be just.

Reason is frequently more persuasive than gold itself. Unreasonable pleasures bring forth pain. To desire immoderately is the province of a boy, and not of a man.

Vehement desires about any one thing render the soul blind with respect to other things. A worthy and an unworthy man are to be judged, not from their actions only, but also from their will.

It is not indeed useless to procure wealth, but to procure it from injustice is the most pernicious of all things. It is a shameful thing for a man to be employed about the affairs of others, but to be ignorant of his own.

The Divinity has not a place in the earth more allied to his nature than a pure and holy soul. He who believes that Divinity beholds all things will not sin, either secretly or openly. For the most complete injustice is—to seem just when not so.

Ignorance must be referred to that which has no true being, and knowledge to real existence. Put not confidence in all men, but in those that are worthy; for to do the former is the province of a stupid man, but the latter of a wise man.

The lovers of common stories and spectacles delight in fine sounds, colors and figures, and everything made up of these; but the nature of beauty itself their intellect is unable to discern and admire.

The man is a fool who deems anything ridiculous except what is bad, and tries to stigmatize as ridiculous any other idea but that of the foolish and the vicious, or employs himself seriously with any other end in view but that of the good. Do you think it a marvellous thing that a person who has just quitted the contemplation of divine objects for the study of human infirmities should betray awkwardness and appear very ridiculous when, with his sight still dazed, and before he has become sufficiently habituated to the darkness that reigns around, he finds himself compelled to contend in courts of law, or elsewhere, about the shadows of justice, or images which throw the shadows, and to enter the lists in questions involving the arbitrary suppositions entertained by those who have never yet had a glimpse of justice itself? No, it is anything but marvellous.

Slocum Howland.—A Long and Beautiful Life.

The Auburn (N. Y.) Journal brings a column of fit obituary of this good man by Howard Glyndon,—the nom de plume of a gifted woman. He passed away, June 21st, with paralysis, aged 87 years, and is thus spoken of:

"Always gentle, quiet and unobtrusive, as anxious to save others trouble as he was to take trouble for them, his going out was like his living, without noise or disturbance.

To the last he showed the same gentle, brave, sweet nature, unswayed by contact with the world, like a little child in his simplicity, patience, trustfulness,—even as he had been great and strong as a man, by reason of his firmness, industry, prudence, his sagacious foresight and unbounded benevolence.

Perhaps the fact in his life that stands out most strikingly next to his untiring benevolence and unselfishness, is, that though always a consistent member of the society of orthodox Friends there was never in him any favor of sectarianism or bigotry. In him there was to be found, to quote John Woolman:

"No narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but he believed that sincere, upright hearted people in every society, who truly loved God were accepted of him."

From the commencement of the agitation he was an unchanging abolitionist, a firm supporter of Garrison, and in his quiet, useful way did a great deal more to help the cause practically than many whose names are known by their high-sounding declarations only.

He kept the even tenor of his way, kind, serene, gentle and harmless to the last, always forgetful of self and thoughtful of others, his lamp burned serenely, shed a cheering light around and went gently out. Many have said of him: "He was the best man I ever knew."

I think I never before so realized the fact that the inward life moulds the outward frame, as I did in standing beside the lifeless body of Slocum Howland. The soul had left its worn-out house, but plainly the tenement showed what manner of man the dweller had been. The face was beautiful in its quiet pallor; the brow was sublime in its marble benignity and showed that no evil or resentful thoughts had ever harbored there.

Purity, peace and good will toward all men had rounded it into perfect beauty. The whole face was a most touching witness to the beautiful life which the absent one had lived in the discarded frame, and it was impossible not to think that it had found a better and brighter setting, more befitting its worth in that pleasant country where it was entitled to live. "Nothing was there for tears, nothing for which to mourn and beat the breast." An inexpressible calm seemed to wrap him around and to make itself felt throughout the room.

All this, and more, is true of this venerable man,—simple, modest, wise, faithful and full of kindness, his presence was like a benediction; and his sagacity and quiet persistence gave weight to his counsel and strength to all who knew him.

"A Spirit's Opinion of the Bible Revision."

The Olive Branch comes monthly, bearing its tidings of peace and hope. In the July issue is "A Spirit's Opinion of the Revision," from which the following is worthy of note, as one of the best things said on this much discussed subject:

"You never hear of men attempting to readjust the movements of the planetary bodies, they never attempt to change the laws of nature; the seasons continue to come and go in accordance with the decrees of the powers which set them in motion; men study the laws of nature as they study other laws; they track the sun in its orbit, and they mark out the revolutions of the earth, and they are satisfied with what they are enabled to discover. No one has ever criticised the laws of attraction and repulsion; they are, so far as reason teaches and mathematics can demonstrate, fixed facts. But the discoveries of astronomers are not regarded as infallible; they may be improved upon. But the word of God, given for the guidance of men, which has been declared infallible, men have proved to be very fallible, and there is but one conclusion to arrive at; that either God never dictated the writing of the book, or if he did, it was before he had become possessed of infinite intelligence.

"The men who have done this work have set the seal of death upon the dogmas and creeds of the church; they have indirectly assisted us in the work we, as spirits, have undertaken to perform, which is to remove the film of mental death from the eyes of the living. There is an old prophecy in existence, that the world would come to an end in eighty-one. There have been various opinions expressed regarding the authenticity of this crude prediction, yet we see where this prophecy may be applied, and before the closing of the year, it will be admitted that there was a meaning to this homely prediction. The beginning of the end of dogmatic theology has made its appearance; the publication and issuing of the first edition of the revised work, was the death knell to all creeds; still, like a strong man, the church may wrestle with the destroyer of its powers, but time will reveal the fact that the only semblance of life left, is in the outer forms; the foundations are gone, the spires are tottering, and soon there will be heard the trumpet blast of reason calling her to judgment.

"For the past thirty years the Spirit-world has kept repeating the necessity of men exercising the powers nature has endowed them with, in matters of religion; the church has as determinedly protested against the exercise of reason, and demanded that strong unswerving faith was all that was necessary. But what has faith to rest upon to-day? The book of the law has been proven not to be infallible. What of the countless millions who have passed on, relying on the promises made, which, after all, were but the words of men? This revision has not been made too soon; the world is ripe for the change; the church has been driven to do this work, and the power which compelled her will ere long be recognized as the voice of God speaking through men."

SOCIAL SCIENCE PAPERS, by Rev. Wm. Tucker, in our columns are excellent articles, the products of a sound and ripe thinker and an honest man. Let all read and "inwardly digest" them.

A Good Test in an Illinois Farm House.

From an intelligent Illinois woman, a Spiritualist, as are her husband and mother, all pleasantly at home on their prairie farm, comes a good statement of mediumship in the family. Almost thirty years ago a brother, on a farm near by, was so singularly affected that many supposed him insane. He spoke in what seemed to be strange tongues, acted unlike himself, but did no harm and was wisely cared for by his friends.

One day, at her house, a Russian peddler opened his pack in this brother's presence for the sale of his goods. The brother addressed him in an unknown language, the peddler replied, greatly surprised, and for a half hour they carried on a rapid and earnest talk, until the man, in a rage, tossed his wares into his pack and left. He went to the neighbors and said that man had talked very strangely to him, in Russian, but did not tell what he had said.

Another brother was a medium, as was this lady, our informant, and she said the two brothers often talked in French and German, neither of them knowing any language but their own, when in the normal state.

They became satisfied all this was mediumship, the brother regained his usual condition by degrees, and lived for years in strong health, and with occasional flashes of these powers. Years after a strange lady, a medium, sat by his bedside as he was sick, told him of his past experience, his Russian talks, and said that it was the spirit of a French physician, a distant kinsman, who thus influenced him and had guarded him a good deal from his youth. This lady had no outward means of learning these facts.

All this comes from a person of high repute for good sense and integrity.

Lake Bluff Camp Meeting.—A Pious Lie.

Under Evangelical auspices a Camp Meeting is going on at the beautiful Lake Bluff, a few miles north of this city. By all fair efforts its managers and speakers have the right to uphold their religious views, but not by gross falsehood. The Inter-Ocean of the 15th has the following paragraph in its report of the meeting:

Mrs. Hauser spoke of the influence of "The Light of Asia" on Christian missions. The work she said was working a powerful influence against Christianity. Buddha appeared on the stage 2,500 years ago. Not long after, Confucius appeared in China, and other eminent characters in different quarters of the world. Buddha had a grand purpose, but in his own words, "the lamp whose oil is spent fills not." He gave a "religion" which tempts and rewards all licentiousness. It is in view of this fact that the Christian world should send the gospel to his followers.

We have no wish or intent to become a Buddhist; it is truth we want. Not a word can this pious falsifier find in Buddha's gospels "which tempts and rewards all licentiousness" or any crime. In the Dhammapada he says: "If a man commit a sin let him not do it again; let him not delight in sin; pain is the outcome of evil....Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the awakened." This is from the translation by Max Muller, high authority, not an infidel but an eminent Christian Professor. If this Mrs. Hauser is ignorant let her keep silent and learn; if she is not ignorant she is worse. What she said is false. The morals taught by Buddha were as clean as those taught by Christ.

Jesse Shepard.—A Musical Seance.

On Thursday evening, July 14th, a score of invited persons met Mr. Shepard at the residence of the editor. For an hour and a half he gave wonderful piano-music—from the great European masters, and of Persian and Russian origin, as he stated, all marked by special and striking and widely varying quality and style. In the dark, a duet, with piano music, was given; the playing remarkable, his voice alternating from bass to soprano, giving the impression that a man and woman stood either side of him and sang. The marvellous compass, from a bass heavy and deep to the clear and long-sustained highest soprano, was greatly admired. In the company were two highly competent German musicians, and they both said that it seemed several times as though other fingers beside his own must have done their part on the piano keys.

Mr. S. goes to Colorado after a few days stay; and a few seances here. Impostors are playing the trick of assuming names of good mediums. We give Mr. Shepard's personal appearance as a safeguard.

He is thirty years old, six feet two inches tall, weighs 180 lb., has black hair and dark eyes, fresh countenance—full moustache, and is erect and vigorous in aspect. He carries credentials with him—in Russian, French and English, and is ever ready to show them.

"Spiritualism not Proven."

On our first page will be found an address, with this title, given by Col. Goodrich before the Brooklyn Fraternity of Spiritualists, who were ready to hear the statements of a fair and honest doubter. Its critical suggestions will help us to look closer to the foundations of our views, and see that they are sure.

Col. Goodrich aims at candid fairness but, from his criticisms of the literature and art of Spiritualism, it is manifest that he is not familiar with their higher aspects. His talk will help us to be less crude.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Garden of God.

BY MRS. E. R. HUGHES.

O memory sweet! O childhood's glad hour!
Borne back on a tide rolling waves;
Soft as a sunbeam, kissed by a shower,
Is the incense borne from thy grave.

Letter from Mrs. M. A. Noteman, the Test and Healing Medium—A Communication from Dr. Noteman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
The enclosed communication purports to come from our worthy brother, Dr. D. Noteman. I send it to you by request of his deeply afflicted widow.

COMMUNICATION FROM DR. NOTEMAN.

BRO. BUNNY: I am indebted to you for many valuable contributions in my life journey.

My exit from the earth-life was sudden and severe. I left a work unfinished, that I had hoped to have consummated for the good of my wife and child.

I ask that I be indebted to your valuable papers so I do. For years it was my habit to feel that I owe much to its liberal teachings.

I am convinced that there are three principles which, indeed, form the trinity in the economy of nature.

Men talk dippantly about natural law, as though it obtained by some special enactment.

The law of controlling power of any being is its inherent impulse, bent, tendency in a definite direction by virtue of the quality of its own constituents.

Plato wrote: "Let him who would live well attain to truth, and then, still then, will he cease from sorrow."

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"On Every Height there Lies Repose."

All of true life is an ascent, an upward climbing toward some height of truth or love. It is wearisome and hard, and only when our feet have reached the top can we hope to find the peace and light of repose.

There are few places that express the state of rest after temptation more beautifully to me than one of the valleys in the Swiss Alps.

How wise are the sun-loving creatures of Nature! On such a height you learn the deeper secrets of its infinite glory.

The quiet, simple peasant-folk who live here, seem closely akin to the early dwellers on earth.

All pieces express states, and such a resting place in life speaks more fully than language can.

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Madame Plevovskiy—Identification of Spirits.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
We hear much questioning of the identity of spirits purporting to give messages under such and such names, and are often troubled about it.

On the Saturday afternoon following the execution of the Nihilists at St. Petersburg, as I was lying on the sofa in my library, my thoughts absorbed in something entirely foreign to what I am relating.

The words were so unusual to me, so vehement, so sorrowful, that I was startled, and trying to be passive, I waited for something more.

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Spiritual Funerals, Important Suggestions.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
It is commendable to illustrate our faith in the final ceremonies. Timid, time-serving and lukewarm believers may still follow the rat and employ a popular clergyman to misrepresent them.

On the Saturday afternoon following the execution of the Nihilists at St. Petersburg, as I was lying on the sofa in my library, my thoughts absorbed in something entirely foreign to what I am relating.

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Notes and Extracts.

He prayeth best who loveth best.—Cleridge.
Faith is a powerful stimulant in the work of reform.
Nothing comes by chance; nothing grows by chance.

Christianity in its systematic aspect, must stand or fall as a system, upon its own intrinsic merits.
It is said that Jesus died to save sinners; but according to the estimate there will be few saved; hence his death was a failure.

The priesthood are powerless to cope with Spiritualism, and eventually it will destroy the whole fabric of orthodox theology.
Unless spiritual teachers come in direct contact with the spiritual world they cannot become efficient leaders of the people.

Have we ever yet seen a finished man? We think not, not even in Jesus orocrates. The divine ideal involves eternal betterment.
Unitarians of to-day are drifting farther and farther away from the old faiths, until they are no more essentially Christian than they are Buddhists.

Study the spirits more closely, if possible, and discern of what kind they are. Clasp hands with, listen to, and obey the instructions of those having wisdom.
The good things of life are not to be had singly but come to us with a mixture, like a school-boy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it.—Charles Lamb.

Beneath the light of spiritual truth superstitious fogs will be dispersed, and the great cloud which has hung like a pall over humanity will be lifted by the hands of angels.
Spirits do not claim infallibility, they are only human beings disrobed of flesh and blood, they are human as yet, and speak within the compass of their knowledge; consequently they do not, and cannot all agree upon speculative points.

There is a steady current of telegraphic communication going on between the inhabitants of earth and those of heaven. We use the term heaven because it is so familiar to all people.
We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.—George Eliot.

Refrain to-night, and that shall lend a hand of easiness to the next abstinence—the next more easy; for you must can change the stamp of nature, and either curb the devil or throw him out with wondrous potency.—Shakespeare.
Men doubt immortality because they have not sufficient evidence to satisfy them that it is a fact, and whoever can give to the world evidence that cannot be refuted, becomes the greatest savior of the race, whether he be Christian or heathen.

If you would learn of a future life, you must obtain your information from some one who has been there. If you want positive proof of immortality, you must come into contact with some one who has passed through the ordeal of change.
All the human race, from the first intelligent being that drew breath upon this world, to the last individual who shall expire, will enjoy the fruition of knowledge which God has prepared for man.

Did Jesus leave his abode in the heavens—a God—and take upon himself a human form, with all that such a change implies? What object could there have been in his doing so? If infinite, he could have done vastly more as a God than as a man.
Christianity is simply a crystallization of a certain stage of growth; a recognition of certain ideas; a formulated system; a concrete organization in which divine truth and mortal error are strangely mingled, and a revelation in one respect, and a human mistake in another.

Superstitious notions have shut out the human family from the spiritual influence of heaven, and have welded an indurated roll back the mighty tide of inspiration; but at length it is again sweeping down upon the earth, and, ultimately, not a vestige of priestly intolerance will remain.
A man who can act with a cheerful and easy conscience is trusted by high and low. He is quite independent, and may stand forth like a prince, though clad in the garb of poverty. Whoever knows him honors him; and he stands without fear before the judgment seat, and looks death steadfastly in the face.—Zschokke.

I said it in the mountain-path,
I say it in the meadow's shade;
The best thing's mortal life,
Are these which every mortal shares.
The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet.
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet.—Lucy Larcom.

Rev. Mr. Beecher in a late sermon said: Liberalism and rationalism were rising ruffies, were fixing ruffled shirts, and putting collars on men who were rotten within. "If there is one thing I consider thoroughly indecent," continued Mr. Beecher, "it is the way in which criminals are cosseted and carried out of life. When a murderer is to be hanged women send flowers to him, and would kiss him as he goes to the gallows to him, and philanthropists hurry after him 'he is going to die.' Are not 10,000 persons dying all around, and there is nobody to run to them. There is no sympathy for them. But if a monster is to die for foul murder, floodgates of sympathy are opened, and newspapers tell how he died trampled in Jesus. Each day there is a man who goes to the gallows through the common sewers at the last moment, just before the last effort to obtain a pardon, suddenly blossoms out into fervent religious life! I don't believe it.

Mediumship, in the hands of dishonest persons, is destined to bring dishonor upon the cause of Spiritualism, and block the wheels of progress. "Not knowing the law ye do err," was said in ages past; not knowing the law of control, causes much truth-seeking souls to err in their conceptions of what Spiritualism is, and what its missions are; but evil may be wrought through mediumship, even when the instrument used is the soul of honor. Conditions are often thrown around sensitives by persons attending the cause, and communications have been given which were in direct conflict with the usual sentiments and principles expressed; a person familiar with the law of control, and withal possessing strong psychological powers, naturally attracts kindred elements from among those unseen forces; and when desiring to secure a particular object, can, and often do so surround themselves and the medium with these conditions, that they obtain what they desire. This is one of the most dangerous abuses of the mediumistic laws, and one which we especially want to guard the movement against, because great wrongs have been perpetrated through and by these means.—Oliver Branch.

Bulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness. The way is that the glorious aspirations, which leap like fire from the temples of our hearts, wander about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, and set above the great of our limited cognitions, are forever nodding us with their inapproachable glory! And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for higher destinies than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever."

Criticism of Hudson Tuttle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
I regret the necessity which appears to be imposed upon me, of troubling you with remarks concerning the perils and uncertainties of any one individual, but the occasion having arisen, the necessity is as imperative, so far as I am concerned, as though many others besides myself felt the foundations to which they have trusted shaking.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

It would seem scarcely possible that a man in his sober senses, to say nothing of a man of "H. T.'s" acknowledged ability, would leave the word "me" out of the above second line without perceiving his error, and certainly no far-seeing man, perceiving an omission, would let it pass uncorrected. Judge, then, of my consternation when I read these comments on that line: "How the 'Good Shepherd' can cover green pastures with 'down'; where he gets so much 'down,' or how he keeps it there in windy weather, and 'what he covered' with 'down' is 'the mind.'"

On the principal streets of San Jose there is a large manufacturing establishment, the workrooms of which overlook the rear yard of a Chinaman, who has lived here long and on the confidence and esteem of many citizens. One, and perhaps others, of the young men employed in the factory have at various times wantonly annoyed their inoffensive neighbor. The spirit of mischief and devilry finally culminated in the cruel act of balling the horse, and from the shop windows snarling poultry from the yard below. Then forbearance ceased. An officer was called, and after he had seen a fowl with a fish hook in its throat, from which dangled a portion of the line, together they visited the owner of the factory, who expressed surprise and regret that any of his men had been guilty of such conduct. He requested them to go to the rear and investigate, and said that he would at once discharge the guilty ones, as he wished no such men around him. The officer soon satisfied himself as to the identity of the person sought. The young man was quite anxious to do the "square thing," by rendering compensation for the damage done. This the Chinaman declined, but said that he did not want him prosecuted, nor discharged; that perhaps his tormentor had been thoughtless; that probably the trouble would cease, and if so, he would forgive him. If this young man is understood to be the same who has been mentioned in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" as a "Christian" who has been "deceived from which he will derive benefit"—The San Jose Mercury.

Is He a Heathen?
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Emerson.

The charming "Reminiscences of a Journalist," by Charles T. Congdon, published last year, contains a pleasant passing allusion to Emerson, from which the Index extracts the following: "It is curious that I should first have heard the lovely voice of Ralph Waldo Emerson when he was the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson. One day there came into our pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer as an angel might have read and prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but its best was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice. I remember of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, who had a delicate charm, simplicity, quaintness, and wisdom, with occasional illustrations from nature, which were about the most delicate and dainty things of the kind which I had ever heard. I could understand them, if not the philosophical novelty of the discourse. Mr. Emerson preached for a good many Sundays, lodging in the home of a Quaker lady. I just below. Seated at my own door, I saw him often go by, and once in the exuberance of my childish admiration I ventured to nod to him and say, 'Good-morning!' To my astonishment, he also nodded, and smilingly said, 'Good-morning!' And that is all the conversation I ever had with the sage of Concord."

J. H. Fellmann writes: I must confess that I am well pleased with the JOURNAL. We got six papers, but I think more of the JOURNAL than any one of the rest. I must spare \$2.50 for the good old JOURNAL. May the good spirits enable you to publish as good a paper in the future as you have formerly done, for which I shall ever be thankful to you. I will be a subscriber for the JOURNAL as long as I can furnish the money to pay for it.

Religion, as a mere intellectual system, is more a philosophy than a worship. As such, it cannot be sustained in the world except among those who find their delight in thought. But as a life, as an experience, as strength, as comfort, as hope, as worship, the full soul of man will ever find in it the greatest joy.—Z. W. Thomas.

The simplest of small headstones marks the grave of William Penn in Buckinghamshire, England. The only inscription it bears is "William Penn, 1717." It is almost hidden in grass and wild flowers.

TRUE WORSHIP.

Extracts from a Trance Discourse, Delivered through the Mediumship of Mr. Walter Howell at Barrow in Farness.

"The hour cometh and now is when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

The churches of all ages have had their own revelations adapted to their tastes of reception and their capacity to understand. There ever has been a continuation of that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The outward clothing in which revelations have been couched in past ages, may be varied, but underlying all—by whatever formula it may be covered, in whatever language it may be given—there has existed the principle of divine truth.

On the death of George Ripley, founder of the "Brook Farm Community," the London Standard discourses thus: "To those whose memory extends back forty years the death of George Ripley will recall the famous experiment with which his name will ever be connected."

This commune was a gathering of great hearted idealists, full of life and enthusiasm. After studying a few notices of their life which the members have placed on record, the reader is inclined to believe that the Brook Farmers looked on the whole affair as if a communal life was a prolonged picnic.

The members chopped wood and talked of the infinite, peeled apples and reconstructed the universe; and as Hawthorne expressed "felt they were leading a righteous and heaven-blessed way of life."

In the Christian Church, there may prevail among the minds of the people that which is erroneous, yet to the advanced there is a more interior perception of the underlying principle of truth, which everywhere is true inspiration.

As a man ascends into the spiritual state of life, and from the mount of transfigured thought gazes upon the earth from that high standpoint of development to which he has attained, his perception of truth will be different to that of others.

The love of self at the expense of others. The law of the higher life, "is the love of others, at the expense of self."

The higher law does not manufacture communal life out of the earthly one, nor from its conditions: but creates all things anew according to the law of the higher emotional life in man.

according to the law of the higher emotional life in man. Fulfilling that remarkable prophecy—Jer. 31:31, etc.; "That not a stone for a foundation nor for corner could be accepted from the lower life, in rearing the social structures appropriate to the higher one."

Brook Farm Community.

BY DANIEL FRASER.

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The correspondent of the Standard states: "Man does not love his brother—he eats him." Is this not true politically? And under the competitive system do not men swallow one another up?

The unrestrained action of the propensities from the eating of huge mounds of buckwheat cakes to the criminal extravagance of Delmonico's, the absorbing speculations of the merchant, and the exploits of the warrior, are at variance with the beneficent procedure of communal life.

The writer lately had a visit with one of the survivors of the Brook Farm Community. It was refreshing to hear the testimony: "that George Ripley and his companions sought the elevation of the lowly, and that social privileges and distinctions were like open to all."

The Lord's Prayer in all Ages.

The following is the most complete and comprehensive collection of the various renderings of the Lord's prayer, as given in the gospel according to Matthew, ever published. It is issued in a most striking manner the changes the English language has undergone during its history.

These several versions are in the Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Danish-Saxon, Scotch and English:

GOTHIC (A. D. 380).

Swa un hidajath jus: (So now bid [pray] ye.) Atfa unsar tau in himinan. (Father our thou in heaven.) Weiha! namo thein. (Be sanctified name thine.) Kwimad thindinassus theins, (Come kingdom thine.) Wairthai-wilja theins, swe in himinan jah ana airthai. (Be done will thine, so in heaven and on earth.) Hlaf unsarana thana sintainan gif uns himna daga. (Loaf our the daily give us this day.) Jah afit uns thatel skulans sijatara swa-swa jah wesaletan than skulian unsainin. (And our bread us in fastiduhaj, (And not bring us into temptation.) Ak lausal uns of thamma ubilin. (But loose us of the evil.) Unte theins let thindau gardi, jah mahta, jah wulthus in aiwin. Amen. (Because thine is kingdom and might and glory in some. Amen.)

ANGLO-SAXON (ABOUT A. D. 700).

Uren Fader thic arth in heofnas, Sic gehalgud thic noma. To-cymeth thic ric, Sic thic willa sue is in heofnas and in eor-tha. Uren hlaf ofer-wirtlic sel us to-dæg, And forgef us scylda urna, sue we forgefren scyldgun urum. And ne inled usith in costnunge, Ah gefrig urich from ifra. Amen.

DANISH SAXON (ABOUT A. D. 875).

Eornstlicc gebadath cow thus: Fader ure thu the eart on heofnum, Si thin nama gehalgod. To become thin ric. Geweorthe thin willa on eorthis, swa swa on heofenum. Ure daghwamlican hlaf syls us to-dæg, And forgef us ure gyltas, swa swa we for-gifath urum gyltendum. And ne gelæde thes us on costnunge, Ac alys us fram yfele. Sothlia.

DANISH SAXON (ABOUT A. D. 880, TRANSLATED BY ELDRED).

Fader uren, thu arth in heofnum, Si gehalgud noma thin, To-cymeth ric thin, Sic willa thin sue is in heofnas and in eor-tha. Hlaf unsone of wirtlic sel us to-dæg, And fergef us scylda urna sue ure fergefen scyldgun usum, And ne inled usith in costnunge, Uh gefrig usich from yfele. Amen.

DANISH SAXON (ABOUT A. D. 900).

Thu ure Fader the eart on heofenum, Si thin nama gehalgod. Cume thin ric, Si thin willa on eartha swa swa on heofenum. Syls us to-dæg urne dagwaulicau hlaf, And forgef us ure gyltas swa swa we for-gifath than the with us agyltath, And ne læd thu us on costnunge, Ac alys us fram yfele. Amen.

OLD ENGLISH (METRICAL VERSION BY POPE ADRIAN, ABOUT 1156).

Ure Fadyr in heavenrich Thy name be halyed everlich. Thou bring us thy michel bliss: Als hit in heaven y-do, Evar in yearth beene it also. That holy bread that lasteth ay Thou sent us this like day. Forgef us all that we have don, As we forgefeth uoh other mon. Ne let us fall into fonding, Ac shield us fro the fowle thing. Amen.

OLD ENGLISH (ABOUT 1160).

Ure Fader thu the on heofene eart, Swo thin name gehalgod. To-come thin ric, Geworde thin willon heofene and on earthe. Syls us to-dæg urne daghwamliche hlaf, And forgef us ure gyltas swa we forgyfath seon. Thare the with us agylteth And ne læd thou us on costnunge Ac alys us fram yfele. Amen.

ENGLISH (MS. OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY).

Fader our that art in heve, Hallowid be th name

Leume thy kinereloh, Y-wor the thi willa also is in hevne so be on erthe. Oure lehe-dayes bred gif us to-day, And forgef us our gyltas also we forgefethoure gyltare, And ne led ous nowth into fondingge, Auth ales ows of harme. Amen.

ENGLISH (WYOLIFFE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1860).

Our Fadir that art in hevnes, Hallowid be th name, Thy kyngdom cumme-to, Be th willa don as in hevne and in erthe; Gif to vs this day ouer breed oure other substance, And forgef to vs ouer dettis as we forgef to our dettors, And lede vs nat in to temptacoun, but delyure vs fro yuel. Amen.

ENGLISH (PURVEY'S REVISION, 1868).

Our Fadir that art in hevnes, Hallowid be th name, Thy kyngdom come-to, Be th willa done in erthe as in hevne; Gif to us this dai oure breed over other substance, And forgef to us oure dettis as we forgef to our dettors, And lede vs not in to temptacoun, but delyure vs fro yuel. Amen.

ENGLISH (ABOUT 1430).

Oure Fadir that art in hevnes, Hallowid be thy name, Thy kyngdom come to thee, Be th willa don in earthe as in hevne. Gif to us this day oure breed over other substance, And forgef to us oure dettis as we forgef to our dettors, And lede us not into temptation, But deliver us from ivel. Amen.

ENGLISH (TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1525).

O v're father which art in heven, Hallowid be thy name, Let Thy kyngdom come, Thy will be fulfilled, as well in erth as hit ys in hev'n.

Geve vs this daye our dayly breade, And forgef vs oure trespasses even as we forgef the whom we trespaspe vs, Leede us not in'to temptation, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen.

ENGLISH (JOHN BRADFORD, M. A., MARTYR, 1555).

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowid be thy name, Let thy kyngdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread, And forgef us our debts, as we forgef them that are debtors unto us, And lede us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

For thine is the kyngdom, thine is the power, thine is the glory forever. Amen.

(ENGLISH GENEVA VERSION, 1560).

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heauen, Hallowid be thy name; Thy kyngdome come, Thy will be done even in earth as it is in heauen. Give vs this day our daily bread, And forgef vs our dettes as we also forgef our dettors, And lede vs not into tentation but deliuer vs from evil;

SOUTH SCOTTISH.

Our Fader whilk ar in hevin, Hallowit be thy name, Thy kyngdom cum, Thy will be doin in erth as it is in hev'n. Gif us yira day our daily bread, And forgef us our sinnis as we forgef them that sin agains us, And led us not into tentation, But delyver us from evil. Amen.

SCOTTISH.

Our Father ghulkit art in heawine, Sanctifit be thy name, Thy kyngdom cum, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heawin. Gif us this day our daylik breid, And forgef us our dettis as ve forgef we our dettours, And lede us nocht in tentation, But delyver us from ewill. Amen.

ENGLISH (ANTHONY PURVEY, QUAKER, 1760).

Thus therefore do you pray: Our Father who art in heaven, Sacredly revered be thy name, Let thy kingdom come; May thy will be done even on the earth according as in heaven. Give us our daily bread to-day, And forgef us our trespasses as we also forgef those that trespass against us, And do not bring us into trial, but deliver us from wickedness; Since the kingdom, power, and glory is thine forever. So let it be.

DOUAY (ROMAN CATHOLIC) VERSION.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowid be thy name, Thy kyngdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our super-substantial bread.

And forgef us our debts, as we also forgef our dettors, And lede us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

AUTHORIZED (KING JAMES) VERSION.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowid be thy name, Thy kyngdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgef us our debts, as we forgef our dettors.

NEW REVISION.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowid be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgef us our debts, as we also have forgefven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

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