

Philadelphia Department.

By N. T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, 146 Race-street, Philadelphia.

The Reformation of Individuals and of Society.

In a recent charge given by a Judge in this city, he uses these words: "We punish crime in the interest of the innocent, and not of the guilty. When sentences are imposed, they are for the protection of society, and not for the reformation of the criminal." To us it is as if we said of the individuality of his system, he said, "Whilst the latter is ever at sight of me, it is the primary object of your trial." Certainly, no one will charge Judge Eaton with lacking energy in this, but we will. It is very well argued in his defense, that the philosopher, the statesman, and the philanthropist, are far beyond him in the idea of society, in the elaborate and exacting machinery of criminal laws and courts, of jails and penitentiaries, and the extensive policy arrangements that society has established.

They look for the reformation of the criminal as the only true means of protecting society. It is a common experience in all this country, to have old offenders before the magistrates again, and in their sentences to add largely to the penalties of the last.

The subject of reform involves many profound questions. An individual becomes the victim of some habit.—I lay hold on him and with execulpation by a former grasp, but impervious to his family's influence, I withdraw—such repetition creates a stronger hold in the system.

This will may be strong to overcome this, but the dead accumulated little by little until at last it breaks down all the barriers that will have been able to stand up, and with such new indulgence a condition is produced which gives it still more power to overcome it.

This leads to the class of physical-moral evils. There are others which seem to be only moral evils, as forgery, theft, and disputation, fraud and falsehood, by mere repetition of the whole shafts of the individual, and corruption. "Wherever we go" is as I pointed out recently, "it is by emanation of our free-will, in our past conditions, that we do in which we are doing, and are urged to press on, even upward, in the right line, that will place us in better conditions with each successive evolution."

Like the river on the broad expanse of ocean, each one has to take his bearing and climate, his latitude and longitude, and to the sea which is on the road before him, with no star of inspiration to guide him. Like the mariner on the weary waste of waters, who sees the gloom and darkness of the storm, and uncertainty and danger, and neither knows whither their bark is swelling.

But the mariner with chart, and compass, and stars over him, like spiritual ideals; as Carl Schröder, which though he may never reach, are real and sure goals, by which we may know the way to that end he has. So the philosopher knows by the grand standpoint of his world; that ever shines above and beyond him, how to guide his bark safely to a peaceful haven.

Tau from childhood's earliest consciousness, through all life's changing scenes, till manhood's decline, we stand now on the physical plane of life. "Where are we?

On the intellectual plane, the same question may ever be recurring with pride, and a smile, we shall at least slight it, but carefully measuring our knowledge of life, we shall find it is not so much to all that the grand performance of the esthetic and spiritual principles in the human soul. Where the individual has not some foundation of this kind, it is very hard to accomplish anything.

We have spoken of the pledge as a moral means of reforming the future, and as a cause for good, will do in effect them. Such statements as this judge were, will never reach the criminal's heart.

Comparing in life from these stations of the good, will not place them in a position to overtake evil habits. It is only by close and exacting friendship, that we can enter the inner circle of the human soul, and to remove the obstructions which lie in the way of the growth of those principles which are to produce true and permanent reform. The teacher, and other friends who are engaged in this work, are not directly involved in his acts, requiring a different treatment of the same educational principles. One of the common faults of these persons is, that it is not the act, but his desire, that is to be destroyed. The principle of justice will show this a false position. Every ethical knowledge that human beings exist, the application of the law, is essential to reform.

We need a new code and a new legislation of it; based upon the law of self-interest which exists between man and man, and which does not attempt to remedy one wrong by committing another. All men, however criminal, have a keen sense of appreciation of it, just as the punishment, which are to often made under the avarice of such sentiments as we have quoted. Spiritualism teaches that no man or a society has any right to punish; that God does not punish; that it is the offender who violates law, and becomes amenable to its penalties, that brings the suffering upon himself.

We do not fail to say, that a society has no right to punish a criminal,—that the ultimate extent of its rightful power is to restrain one who violates his laws, and that only to the extent of its own power, and with this comes an obligation to remove the cause that had led to crime, and to treat the criminal as a man and a brother, and always to let him, rather than to condemn and denounce him, to be led to悔改。The feelings which have produced the evil, and other friends have failed to recognize this in the recognition of these divine principles of love and forgiveness, which were so completely and earnestly taught by Jesus. We believe that the violation of law always brings its penalty, and that when a society concretely steps in, and with bitter denunciation and fierce vengeance, punishes the criminal to the end of the law; the just and righteous compensation which it does to the world has ever witnessed.

What are We?

We may ask this question a thousand times, and the different answers which come to us, will each be an expression of our interior condition. If our question be only as to the external and physical relations, the answer will be more nearly alike for each one who copies the same locality; but if we close our eyes to the exterior forms around us, and make the same questions intellectually, we shall find that the dwellers in the same locality occupy very different positions. One has polished up and brightened all the beautiful machinery of the intellect and structure, through which the mental powers express themselves, and are unfolded; and with these clear, high and comprehensive, he grasps and spans the Universe, and takes in all kinds of "works," and his thoughts are at home, as with lightning-speed they traverse from one to another, and far away into space, on their own free wings, and as they go, so goes the individual.

In the domain of principles that operate to

the grand and beautiful machinery of the Universe, such a man finds a home and companion; everywhere. He walks up on the green earth, and is ready to hold converse with animated nature, with trees and flowers, with babbling brooks, with rocks, and mountain, and streams and oceans, because these are old and familiar friends.

A voter is groping amid the most superficial, with feeble intellect, uncalculated, untrained, uneducated, and to the comprehension of those he holds in divine principles which are everywhere to be seen, as far as the eye can see, except in the distance, and here, to receive me, the step goes to my feet, in "Where art thou?" brings a silent awe, and yet a truthful one, for although we may deceive others, we must thereby change our real condition.

On the spiritual plane, hardly less ignorant and the condition are the child of a life of quiet.

Standing side by side with the spiritually folded and beautifully illuminated soul, we find the low, growing being, whose poor soul is completely the master of the man, that the nature is buried beneath the crushing weight of passion and lust, and the man walks the earth with an aversion of the spirit, and beauty of the spiritual and divine things, while the body is ruled by the animal and material.

The will may be strong to overcome this, but the dead accumulated little by little until at last it breaks down all the barriers that will have been able to stand up, and with such new indulgence a condition is produced which gives it still more power to overcome it.

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Testimonial of a Cure by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the Healing Medium.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON.—Some three months since, I wrote you, inclosing a lock of hair, asking you to prescribe for my disease, which was pronounced by physicians agnathia, tooth, &c. You sent me a prescription and directions, saying that my case was a very bad one, but best being advised, the right to be nearly cured, and the ten days or several more fully destroyed. My right hand was also much affected with the disease, and I could not write for a week.

My feet are now entirely well; I think, as well as they were. My hand is almost cured of the disease, but the fingers are still somewhat stiff, and the thumb is still weak. I am still unable to hold a pencil, and to the comprehension of those I hold in my hand, and to the writing of my name, which is still very difficult. I have a great desire to travel, and to go to Europe, but I have no money, and I am afraid to leave my home, as I have no one to care for me.

My friend, Brother Cull, of the place I formerly resided, has called on me while at College, a few days ago, and offered to give me money to travel, and to help me get a passage to Europe. I am still, however, in doubt about the right time to go, as I have no money, and I am afraid to leave my home, as I have no one to care for me.

Very respectfully, L. O. OXONIAN.

Paris, U. S. Dec 4th, 1870.

A MUSICAL BOX.

CROWN'S GREAT WORKS.

Mr. MAX STEPHENS has issued a new volume of his first appearance of "Mile. Charles Nodier's Large Grand Noveau Concerto, the first piece, No. 1, Opus 24, December 18th, Wednesday, 7 P. M., at the Concert Hall, 24th Street, New York, at eight o'clock, in the evening, in a dress grand. Nodier's Matinée, Saturday, Dec. 25th, at half past seven, in the evening, in a dress grand. Nodier's Concerto, Sunday, Dec. 26th, at half past seven, in the fourth grand, Nodier's Concerto, Monday, Dec. 27th, at half past seven, in the evening.

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NICH. A. H. ROBINSON,
Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium.

148, Fourth Avenue.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on reciting a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature most probably, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the occult object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the case, and the physician will diagnose the nature most probably, and prescribe the proper remedy.

Her self she claims an knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "to report" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in curable cases through the nervous and muscular forces latent in the system of the human frame. This prescription to read itself, and be it in internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given and applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple they may seem to be. Remember it is not the quality of the compound, but the medicinal effect that is produced, that science takes account of.

One prescription is equally sufficient, but the patient is not permanent, unless one is given every second or third day, and it should be made in about ten days after the last, each time etc., for any change that may appear in the symptoms.

Mr. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of the one who calls upon her.

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The Museum.

IS IT FINISHED?

An Address by Nellie J. T. Brigham and Thomas Gale Foster.—At Memorial Hall Philadelphia, June 18, 1870.

Reported by Henry T. Child M. D.

NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM: We take for our subject this one little question:

Is it finished? We are told that when the body of an older teacher of the truth was crucified, his last words were, "It is finished." This referred only to a certain work which he had done, for he taught that "the Father worketh hitherto and I work."

He also taught his disciples that he would be with them with a power which could save them.

When we ask the question in the outward, Is it finished? the answer comes back through the boundless laws of the Universe, no! Development goes on forever. Men may talk of the spirit of nature, as the blind man talks of others, or of the stars which he does not see, and the "doubt" who they speak of God as the Creator, and of all that exists below an Atom. When we look away from this nature; when we seek to find on the heights of the mountain tops, or in the valleys where the Father, the Christ, has reigned, we fail. We may go over the wide world, and from everything the voice ever came up, it is not finished; therefore, through all the world there is not such a thing as creation or such a power as Creator in the sense that anything is finished.

We do not deny the existence of God, but that he brings forward from nothing the power which we see in this world, a special creation, we cannot accept, for whatever lives and grows, and moves, and has development, day by day. We never saw any thing grow, but a two-fold relation is manifest. First, the result itself, and around it is a cause itself. By through all the wide world of nature, and of spirit, we find there is no resting spot, no development that is upon itself the sign and seal of God's finished work. The present, with all its glorious power, is only one link in the ladder of everlasting progress. The great fault with man is, that when he has received any truth, beautiful in itself, when the path or the present unfolds it, when they at last comprehend it, they say truly this is sublime and beautiful and fair, there can be nothing beyond this, it is all complete. So they fold their arms with satisfaction about them and say it is finished. Still the voice of man's spiritual nature pleads for more, insisting that the old is good and useful in its way, but only useful when it lays the foundation for the new—that which is to be. Man often does well when he looks back through the dim and misty halls of recollection. It does well when he grasps the truth to-day; but he does not well when he says, this is all there is, far from the world of thought the words goes forth—it is not finished. Science comes to man and says, read the truths of Nature, and add the hand writing of the spirit of development in all that you are around you, as well as yourself. High blinks his eyes, and says, it is finished. Did not God give us the life which is the history of Creation. Man says, that when the mighty sun stands at the dawn of creation, the work was finished, and all that man had to do was to look at it, and behold what God had done.

Throughout all Nature comes to man these words, Turn not I do not finish, in ceaseless revolutions within in the grand rhythmic harmony of the Universe, and in every human heart, there comes to me of God's truth written in the stars, and everywhere on the earth, and in the broad soul, saying always, God's work is never finished. It runs through the depths of the earth, we find that there are teachings, which say that the Father is ever making, and through all the world of matter beneath you feel he ever says, I am not finished.

There is a class of persons who cling fondly to the past; they have a sort of all the life that is, confusion, and then try like the prodigal son to live upon the husks, and refuse to answer the call of the Father. They say the old writing, the old tradition, the old ways, the old beliefs. We say, it is all finished, and this is enough for us to know. There are commandments in the ancient revelation teaching man, "to seek and be still, and know that I shall receive."

Let man, therefore, ask for truth, and see if he has spoken falsely to him. Let him see through the broad boundless universe for truth, and truth will ever answer, that nothing is false.

Theology says, It is finished. Does not the Bible tell you that the heavens and the earth were created in a certain length of time, and God pronounced them finished? They say, You never have seen me tell on the word is not done? Would not the science build up its theories about the actual condition? Come now, we look at this world. We take up a little handful of gravel, and we find that all its atoms have been rounded off, their present shape. We know that must have been the action of strong forces in space, rolling waves, or chemical forces must have acted to make the rounded globules of stone that form that gravel. We look up in the ocean, the mariner tells us far away as a voyage, and a few years after he finds to his surprise, there has suddenly risen above the surface of the water an island composed of volcanic matter. This may stand for years, and the waves roll over it. In time it will begin to grow green and beautiful with blossoms, and these become as ab de si for man. Why, throughout all this world nothing is finished. There are winds, waves, earthquakes and volcanoes; there are changes continually going on. The little coral insect labors to lay the foundations of islands and continents, and all over the world God's truth says of this work, it is not finished. But one says, some parts of it are finished. That man physically, intellectually and spiritually, is finished. This is not so. The world is growing everywhere, and man also, so in the dark hour of night when the earth itself seemed lost, it is preparing for higher and grander conditions—the grand mechanisms are only tuning their instruments, only preparing for that wonderful harmony that the world shall have dreamed and prayed, and which shall fall on the glorified perceptions of the human spirit.

The changes that take place in nature, are all in accordance with law—sometimes the floods sweep away certain parts of the country, but at other times bring forth beauty and harmony. If she takes from one part of the country fulfulness, it is only that she lifts a handful of the golden dust to drop it down. In another place, the changes that take place in nature, are all progressive, for if we look deeper into nature, and ask, why is it that these strange and mysterious agencies of nature shake the earth, these strange underground convulsions. There is a natural solution of this problem. When the terrible power of the earthquake is felt, it is not that the angry Deity threatens to destroy it, it is simply an evidence that the world is not at an impasse, but after death, purified from the maladies of earth, and blooming in the garden of immortality. He says to himself, If I am to live forever, I will be honest and truthful to-day. What matters it if the friend upon whom I believe is to be banished and persecuted, and trees, changes, and waves away? I live forever, there will be a compensation for all.

So the soul says, I will labor for the right. The world may not bring praise to me, but score and contempt. Friends whom I have cherished, may turn from me as coldness and suspicion. I will speak the truth, and do the work I find to do, with the consciousness that not only now, but after death, purified from the maladies of earth, and blooming in the garden of immortality, I shall look down from the brighter land—from the crystal islands of peace and happiness, and find my kind to the here,—not by the world praising me, but by their taking up the truth that he scattered along his pathway, and bringing forth a har-

bor strewn up and forth, and the earth is covered for miles with it. These great waves of fire are the building up of mountains. We know that always the surface grows thicker and thicker when the central fire recedes; and so what man calls discord, is only an evidence of action, and action in nature is always an evidence of harmony. This is the work of nature, and nature's spirit through all these changes, says to you again and again, It is not finished, and the which is true of these outward things, is also true of the spirit that is within you.

We pass over all grades of being beneath us, and in all we find the law of progression still in action. We come to man's self. We find there are great varieties in these—some are high, and pure, and dignified, and others are small and weak that it would seem necessary to go back and have the wheel of mortality revolve several times before the brain comes into proper position; that it must have a long time before this can be immortal. We almost question whether there are not some persons who are so degraded that they have no individuality. We find it extremely difficult to draw the line between man and his brother when we look at the lowest forms. We see in each a small immortal spark, which may be a pure, or a bumblebee. It seems almost impossible that God should humor a little spiritual perception.

While you are looking up at such a soul as that, did you ever think that there might be a soul as far above you in that they might also say, can it be possible that this is my brother? Throughout all his life is a chain placed at both ends by the hand of the Father. A part of it is in the dust, but nevertheless link is lost from God. True self-hood belongs to all, those links of the chain, and they are welded together—some of them are in the mud, and slime, and dust of earth, and some of them are rained and segregated with the angels. Some of them are in sorrow and tears, and others shine pure with the lustre of heavenly light, but we never see a single link of the unbroken chain, we know it belongs to this great brotherhood of man, and we know that our Father is the Father of all, from the lowest to the highest soul that is in existence.

We repeat again these words: It is not finished. No man is finished; no class of men are finished. The mad that is satisfied with what it is, and what it knows, is soon to be pitied, for while it imagines it sees light, it is only such dim light as shines through the windows of misery and falsehood. Through all this world was only a grand high way from one world to another, and it did not only do ship's g., like huge white-winged birds, from one world to another, but now under the ocean's throbding heart, a cable cord is laid that bears from one shore to another words of sympathy, of strength and intelligence.—It is that one part of the world feels and knows the thoughts of the other as they are uttered.

In the olden times, when men were frightened at death, they looked up to the life above—they said, It is finished. Death was to them that the seas were to the old mariners, and the life beyond was peopled with strange phantoms.

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How do you answer for all this? You say that a medium will give you a beautiful truth, but does not live by the light himself or herself, a you say: Can it be true? How could an angel give us to us?

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