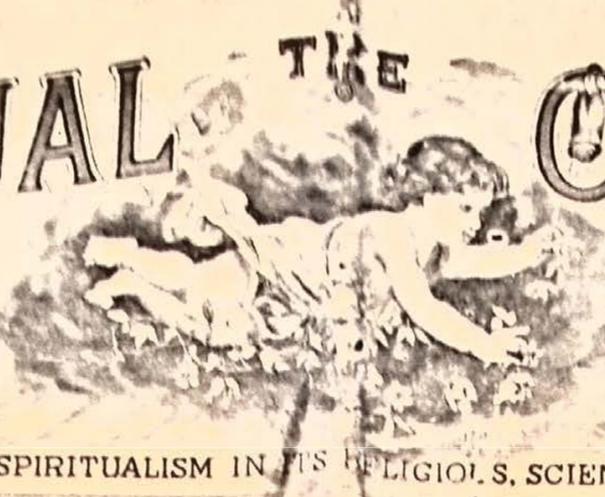


SPIRITUAL THE OFFERING

DEVOTED TO THE ADVOCACY OF SPIRITUALISM IN ITS RELIGIOUS, SCIENTIFIC AND HUMANITARIAN ASPECTS.

VOL. VII. \$2.00 PER ANNUM. OTTUMWA, IOWA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885. \$1.00 SIX MONTHS. NO. 33.



Greeting to Flowers from a Conservatory.

The old earth is brown and bare, no bud or blossom anywhere,
While beside the dancing brook, in many a sheltered nook,
The snow is gleaming,
Whence then these lovely flowers, fair as if from Nature's bowers,
Perfect as if each tint and dye had been caught from summer sky,
Can I be dreaming?

Surely such lovely bloom, such rare and rich perfume,
Making the morning air voiceful with tender prayer,
Must have been given
From some bright world above, some radiant sphere of love,
Where sweet flowers symbolize the pure love that never dies,
In that fair heaven.

Flowers are God's angels, and bring a nobler gospel than priest
or king.
His evangelists, who proclaim the living source from whence they came
Heralds of light!
Announcing the dawn of day, proclaiming the perfect way,
Showing to mortal eyes the glories of paradise,
We yield to thy might.

BROWN BEE.

Reported Expressly for the Offering by Chas. Y. Richmond. "Why Is There an Anniversary of Spiritualism?"

An Anniversary Discourse by THOMAS STARR KING, given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Sunday evening, March 29, 1885.

INVOCATION:

Light of all the ages, Life of all the universe, Infinite God! Thou who made all worlds and moving suns, but who art the one moveless and Eternal Light. Thou who in the midst of atoms art the Infinite and only source of life: we praise and bless Thee evermore for every blessing since the earth yields of its abundance, and the stored treasures of the ages are given unto the hand of man for the needs of daily life, that which adorns and beautifies and supports the material structure: we praise Thee for the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the sky, for the abundance of the harvest and for the wonders that man, with his hand and brain hath wrought in accordance with Thy law and love. We would praise Thee for the invisible, impalpable, yet real life, that lies beyond and within, far removed from the senses, the abode of the soul—the adornment of the immortal spirit, the glory of life eternal, for that bread of life that from day to day feeds the hungry spirit when far from the earth's turmoil, within the silence of the soul, each one seeks for the Divine, and finds the voice waiting there. We praise Thee for that life that conquers death; for that life that conquers the fear of death; for that glory of eternity gleaming from beyond all sepulchres and tombs in the resurrection, the life of the immortal ones. O God, Thy children would praise Thee, that ever around their lonely pathways, even when despair might sit brooding upon their hearts, the messengers of life immortal with quickening breath are there; that beside every lonely grave the voice that would be forgotten of man, the voice immortal, whispers unto the silent mourner; that in the midst of those who walk in the shadows of earthly life, and for whom there is not a kindly smile, angels and ministering spirits are there, and ward off the severest blows, and turn them unto the knowledge of life immortal. O Thou Light beyond all gloom, Thou glory amid all the clouds, Thou splendor ineffable, Thou Life Eternal. May every heart forget its sorrow, every life turn from its troubles, and every spirit find communion in the light and loving presence of those immortal ones who are near, and as they turn one after another the pages of life may they find written thereon the names of the best beloved ones, those nearest and dearest unto their homes, until death shall no longer hold them but only life eternal. Even as now the spring-time prepares to quicken the buds into leaf and blossom where late only the snowy frost blossoms have been, so where sorrow rested may the hand of life immortal open the gateways to the immortal gardens, and where the deep frosts of disappointment have seemed to sear life and rob it of its bloom, may the glory of that eternal life and light gleam into their dwellings until the song-birds shall awaken and the buds shall blossom again, and all the fruitions of the earth yield their treasures and harvests unto eternity. O! for such treasures Thy children praise Thee ever, and forevermore. Amen.

DISCOURSE:

"There is nothing new under the sun." "Behold, I make all things new." These seemingly contradictory passages, one in the Old and the other in the New Testament, prove the two-fold nature of truth; for, as has been truly said, there can be nothing new, and yet all things are new as presented to the human vision. This spring-time is a new spring, the buds, the grasses, the leaves, the forms of life will everywhere be new, and yet it is that same old life that from within the earth each year since time began has yielded buds and blossoms unto the eye. The birds will be new that come forth from the nests, and no one expects to find last year's brood still within the nest; they are off on wings of brightness, themselves the builders of the small habitations that are to shelter their young.

Spiritualism is our new spring-time, is the young growth that the Ancient Father and Mother God bestows upon the earth according to its need, is the new nest, the new rosebud and the new blossom hanging upon the Tree of Life for those who live now. It is not enough that we read of the Eden-time in the first morning of creation. The Eden-time of to-day is on the earth; it gladdens the home with its loveliness, the fireside with its love, the child that comes to that fireside is a fresh, new life, as full of joy to the household as though never a babe were born before.

Christians forget not Moses, even while they remember the "Year of Our Lord," and all things whatever worthy of possession that are chronicled in human life with the recurring periods that bring again the same baptism of the primal morning, the same expression from the fountain of truth. If any truth could be new, it would destroy its value as truth, for it would prove it had a beginning, and might some time die, that the great source of truth itself might perish. If any form of truth could be perpetual it would be a source of sorrow, for it would prove that forms are beyond soul; that the form of life itself might linger when the spirit had departed; but as all things can be "new" in form from the great ancient source of all truth, so Spiritualism has an anniversary to-day for the sake of

the new birth that it brings into the world, the new birth of the old truth, the new form of the ancient revelation, the new light which forever and forever has existed, or from the former shrine which forever and forever has existed.

To apologize for Spiritualists celebrating that which, in the present form, is new, would be like apologizing for celebrating the birth of a child, or the anniversary of the birth of some one who had released his country from thralldom. Freedom is old, but heroes are born to do war for freedom, and must needs be remembered for all time, since they make special application of her presence and bring her to man's remembrance.

In the midst of past ages of dungeous and dismal chains, we have never known of a new birth of the form of truth in the world that was not baptised and sanctified in the light of the ages, we have never known an ancient splendor that did not forever and ever put forth its light with the recurrent period of the ages, and persist in showing man that it was truth, notwithstanding all the errors with which it was enshrouded. Therefore this day is celebrated. "What new thing has Spiritualism revealed?" one asks. If it had revealed old things perfectly to your understanding, it would have accomplished its work already. But it is revealing more and more the things that are forever true, and because forever true, they might not be named new, except to the individual understanding. The new methods, new application, new inspiration, new breath of life drawn from conscious contact with the immortal world is new to whomsoever experiences it; no matter if prophets had it before, no matter if it was felt upon Sinai, or if in the bosom of the apostles it slumbered, or came forth as an all sublime and potent flame. That was their breath, their life, their inspiration not yours.

To-day's bread is for to-day's hunger; the manifestation of Spiritualism at this hour is for the need of this hour. It comes in voices and ways and manifestations adapted to the needs of the world. In material ways, proving alas! how material is the age in which it comes; in intellectual ways, proving alas! how men worship at the shrine of the intellect, neglecting the spirit in ways spiritual, silently, softly, proving that many lives turn to the abundance of spiritual bestowments, to find there their strength and succor. What matters it if Hesiod told that "millions of spiritual beings walked the earth unseen;" what matters it if Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Wordsworth, (that same Wordsworth whose song to immortality expresses perhaps more than any modern poet) Tennyson, Longfellow, all have told of this immortal life? The song-bird that sings to your ear is the robin near your dwelling, you can not hear the skylark, far away in England, nor know where the nightingale is hiding in the groves of Italy, you must hear your nightingale near to your own spirit. The song that never leaves your heart is your robin's, that just above the door perches and sings as though there was never another robin in all the world. This is the meaning of the new light, the new life.

Ages and ages have passed away and each time God has spoken with the voice of angels, messengers and ministering spirits; Christ has healed the sick and the gifts of the spirit have been poured upon his disciples, but that has gone, and the record only remains. You can not live upon the record, any more than you can upon the memory of last year's grain; you must have the living grain, the vital life. That which has existence at the present hour, that which has come in distinct form, having tangible shape, no more dangerous to the ancient truth that preceded it, than one child's life endangers the life of another in the household. All are gathered into the fold, the eldest as well as the youngest. This new born angel of God's love, this angel of the new light, the New Dispensation, the coming life, is in no more danger of crowding out the old truth, than the moon is of blotting out the sun, or the sun itself of blotting out all other forms from the material universe, with its own form. Light added to light, glory upon glory, day added unto day, testimony unto testimony, makes the complete record of all the years and the benefit that this is the present day is that it is a living record; that it is the grain with the present vital life in it; that it is not the stored wheat that Joseph held so carelessly in Egypt; that however safely garnered there in ancient time would not feed you now; nor is it the voice of God speaking to Abraham, however the Divine Messenger might have appeared then, your vision can not see that messenger, except with the eye of faith, but the living messenger, the one God has appointed to walk by your side, the voice of the angel that appears to you, the form that out of the sky is revealed unto your vision, the voice that testifies by your fireside, the spirit that is your ministering spirit, this is the meaning of the revelation of the present hour. And when we are asked, with clamorous tongue, "why some great new light has not been poured upon the world by Spiritualism?" we say, who has added a single ray of light to the sun, though manifold are their uses, however. In the photographer's gallery ray's of light may be used that are invisible to the naked eye, still no light has been added to the sun. The spirit world has turned on another ray of light, another avenue that opens to the great store house of God's sunshine, have cleared away the darkness of individual materialism, individual error, individual prejudice and have let the spirituality of a purer atmosphere shine into the world, which is scarcely recognized, but at the same time if they had done nothing more than to show that the sunlight still is the sunlight, that materialism has not blotted it out after all, that there is another light and life in eternity that materialism has denied; if they had done nothing more than to keep the pathway open between this and the spirit world, it would have answered the need of the present hour, for it is precisely that need that is required. Generations come and go. Geniuses gather the fruitage of all the ages, but daily life is very derogatory to spiritual perceptions, and as chimney flues in the dwelling are liable to become obstructed by accumulations from the burning coals, or as the windows of your dwellings cease to give perfect light when dust and fog and tempest accumulate, the

debris of the city upon them, so the daily wear and tear is that which obscures the immortal sunshine, and the business of Spiritualism is to keep that window clear, to keep that flue open for the breath of life to ignite the flame within you. And this business, this message, this enlightenment, coming to individual lives, may seem to be no "great truth" in the world, simply because geniuses have announced it, but to live it, to be a portion of it, to take it home to the dwelling, to the heart and life is the great thing, in the midst of all the turmoil and materialism of daily life.

We hail then, the Anniversary of Spiritualism, as we hail the birthday of the latest born of the household, the latest born of the household of God, the latest of His messengers that have taken on the form, shape, and habitation of clay. It comes into human life the sweet, the impalpable, the abiding, the living thing of the hour; it comes without denying or questioning the right of Gods ancient children to their life. It comes without saying I am here instead of Moses, or Christ the apostles, but I am here because I am sent; I am here because I am born into the world of human thought according to the need, according to God's will. I am here because the birth of truth is forevermore in response to human need, no apology is needed, no explanation is required. One poet may sing none the less because other poets have sung before him. He who rises to the strain of the great masters of poesy or music is none the less prized because others have sung before him. The same song of immortal spring, of immortal life may be sung in every age, and still man never grow weary of it. The same testimony may be given according to the needs of every age, still man requires it always, for people as nations, repeat the histories of past time. You have but to study human history to see that, in all forms of material life, one nation begins, rises to perfection, or the heights of its power, and declines, repeating the history of preceding nations. You have but to watch the growth of families. They are born, they grow to youth, maturity and pass on to old age, the lives succeeding each other in seemingly monotonous manner.

But the children of our own household, their smiles are more interesting than other little ones, the ties of consanguinity blind us to their faults, and open our eyes to their virtues, to their beauty and intelligence, to the stranger they might have none of these, and the religion that is brought home to each individual life, that serves the purpose of each individual want, and is the religion most prized by that individual. Though prophets have sung afar off in remote ages, and though geniuses have chanted their songs on Olympian heights, still the song that is sung in the dwelling, and the prayer that is heard by the fireside must be the living song, the living prayer for every life.

Besides, Modern Spiritualism needs an anniversary to remind people of its lowly beginning, just as Christendom needs an anniversary, "The Year of our Lord" to remind the proud, the haughty, the wealthy and the great who worship in cathedrals and in lordly temples, who bend in places of material power, of the lowly birth of Christ. What would not Christians have done in the name of Christ other than they have done, had they not been reminded of this?

Now, when they ask, why Spiritualism has not come to the exalted, the intellectual, the intelligent, the clergy, the men of science those who could appreciate and understand it, they are referred to the doctors in the temple disputing with Christ; to Jesus and his disciples, to his having chosen the "foolish things to confound the wise, and the weak things to confound the strong," and they remember in something of humility that their Christ was not the expected King of the Jews," but was put to death as a malefactor.

Spiritualism came in the lowliest guise among little children, its first interpreters were the weak ones of the earth, certainly they have confounded the strong and wise, and these weak and foolish ones, have many times and oft been selected from the multitude who consider themselves strong, intelligent and powerful, to prove that strength is not always given to the mighty, that wisdom is not always enshrined in the lives of those who are praised of men. Little children have been made the mouth pieces of the spirit, because less wise in their own conceit and then there could be no wisdom with which to accuse them of imposing upon their betters.

There are two horns of the dilemma presented to the wise men, either the learning of the schools is folly, or that which comes from the lips of children, youths, maidens and uneducated women is from a spiritual source. In all the history of Modern Spiritualism the wise have been obliged to come to Spiritualism. This has come to the lowly and the foolish to confound the wise. To these various shrines, the lowly dwellings, these uneducated ones, these obscure ones, these infants, the voice and message of the other world has come purposely that the learning of the schools might search and find it out, and those exalted in position might decide what it was, since, if it came in the sphere of those accredited with intelligence, people would say: "Oh, but he is a student, he is a scholar, he may be well able to do this himself."

I confess to you, who speak to you this night, with humility, that I shared the ignorance and criticism of the clergy while I was on the earth. "Why did not Spiritualism come to those who were intelligent?" I found the answer the moment I stepped across the silent stream and became a spirit.

Of what value to come to those ensphered and enshrined in their own intelligence, when the voice from beyond the grave would scarcely be recognized, and when, if the inspiration were there, man would claim it to be the result of his genius, or power or gift? Nay, the wonders of Spiritualism have been wrought in the world in the face of and before the eyes of all the culture, the enlightenment, the science, the intelligence of the nineteenth century to show what it could do without them. And for one I am glad of it that the intelligence and wisdom that has guided this movement, has brought it, not unto the most intellectual, but face to face with them, where

Concluded on Eighth Page.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"Little Children Love One Another."

Edited by Oulina, through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (Water Lily).

Poem.

BY OULINA.

Minnewah* says in the "butterfly life"
The life that lies beyond the pale river,
There are shining "trails" of golden truth
That flow on and on like a glowing river,
Until they reach in the mystic flow
The "caterpillar" life of mortals below.

And Minnewah says in the "hunting grounds"
Made of the fathers' endless love,
There is plenty of room for every one
Who passes into the realm above,
That the "blankets" are shiny and soft and white
For those who dwell in truth's perfect light.

But she says the pale face has "crooked tongues,"
And does not make "straight talk" on the earth,
But the "butterfly life" is single of speech
And only the true can have higher birth
And Minnewah knows for she lives there,
Where all is bright and true and fair.

In the "caterpillar" state you cannot see,
The shining thoughts of the council above
Nor can you hear the silvery speech
Of the "butterfly life" with its perfect love,
Only thy broken fragments of light
That they fling down the trail of heavens height.

But Minnewah and all "messengers"
Who bear the blossoms of hunting grounds
Above, who from heaven's counsel fires
Come to the earth where woe abounds
Say all shall emerge one day thro' love
To the "butterfly life" in realms above.

*Minnewah the control of "Crystal Stream."

"Liss;"

OR, THREE STAGES OF LIFE.

A story in three parts by Oulina written through her medium (Water Lily) Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.]

PART III.

CHAPTER I.—BUTTERFLY.

Golden was the day, perfect the early September sunshine, when Mr. Kindheart took Melissa and his little class again into the orchard for a lesson. The grass was still green, the fruit upon the apple trees had grown large and fair, with here and there a tree laden with red and yellow apples.

All was fair and bright and beautiful. Melissa's face shown with a new and wonderful light, she was no longer a dreamy, shy, awkward girl, but bright, active, attentive and almost pretty. Meta held her lovingly by one hand, and little Rose by the other, the latter parted company with them at the first garden, and went away to Miss Kindheart who was waiting among the flowers for her little group to join her.

Mr. Kindheart held something carefully concealed by a gauze covering; and, waiting for all the girls to be seated, he began to ask them questions:

"Who remembers the lesson of the caterpillar?"

"I do," answered every one of the class.

"Melissa, tell what you remember."

Then Melissa described the appearance, genus, name, habits, etc., of the worm.

She remembered that Mr. Kindheart had said, it was the larve or larval state of a certain kind of insect (any lepidopterous insect), and that it preceded another state.

"What is that other state?" asked Mr. Kindheart.

"The chrysalis," answered Meta and Melissa.

"Meta describe the chrysalis."

"It is the form into which the caterpillar or larve passes, a sort of sheath which it seems to weave for itself of the substance of its own body."

"What is the sheath called, especially of the silkworm?"

No one answered; finally Melissa suddenly said: "The cocoon."

"That is correct, but who told you Melissa?"

"I remembered it sir."

Mr. Kindheart was not sure that he had told the class that name, and he wondered at Melissa's ready answer.

"Now," said Mr. Kindheart "I am prepared to show you the final stage of the larve, the perfect insect." And carefully unwinding the gauze screen, yet still retaining it as a fairy-like prison for what it held, he showed them a sight of wonder. Just emerging from the chrysalis state, with one wing slightly folded and the other expanded, was a most gorgeous and richly tinted butterfly; another was fully set free and seemed to waken as from a sleep.

"Does any one know the name of these beauties?"

All exclaimed in one breath: "Butterflies, they are butterflies!"

"And these," resumed their kind teacher, "were once the caterpillar that you shrank from with such dread, the crawling, creeping things, who feed upon leaves and the fibre of plants, sometimes doing great damage to beautiful shrubs and flowers, that substance serves at last to make the silken fibre of the chrysalis, and in the case of the silkworm the cocoons are composed of the finely spun thread that when unwound and collected in a mass, forms the silken robes of the dames of fashion, those blue ribbons, Beatrice, and the pink ones, Jane, that you wear, were the cocoons of the silkworm. Here we have the final state of the caterpillar, these beautiful creatures will soon fly from my hand and be feeding on the honey dew of flowers like veritable fairies, this beautiful existence seems a compensation for the ugliness and almost loathsome state in which we first see them. Sometime I mean to tell you all about the thoughts suggested by this change of the worm into a butterfly, but we have had a long talk and now I will let them go."

The girls followed their teacher into the garden of flowers, the smaller children gathered around and exclaimed: "O, butterflies!" Then Mr. Kindheart carefully unwound the gauze-like screen; the gay creatures felt the glow of the warm sunshine and after a moment of flutter and poise, they sailed joyfully away.

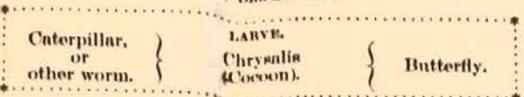
Little Ned looked longingly after them and wanted to follow in the chase, but he looked at Miss Kindheart and her eyes said "No."

Mr. Kindheart said: "Ah Neddie, my boy, I used to chase butterflies too, but suppose you were playing or eating, and a great, big giant should come and throw a net or a dark cage over you and carry you away and in trying to escape your arms and legs would be broken, you wouldn't like it, would you?"

"No sir," and Neddie watched the lovely things with a look of

great benevolence on his face, as much as to say: "I'll let you fly but I could catch you if I would, only it would'n't be right."

Mr. Kindheart wrote on the blackboard:



And each of the class wrote in turn the words under the copy furnished by their teacher.

Melissa was radiant. "That's just like Baby Bessie, only he didn't weave his shroud, maybe he did too, I mean the white sleep that he seemed to be in, and now he is awake and shines so, I wonder if they know. I must wait, perhaps Mr. Kindheart knows and will ask me, then I can speak." And Melissa waited.

At home all was changed. Mrs. Sighborn had grown to love Melissa very dearly, she seemed to lean upon her and watch her every movement with great interest. After the event in the church Melissa became a sort of wonder to the people, although some laughed and thought she was only "excited" or "nervous," but Mr. and Mrs. Sighborn talked it over and he settled it, as he usually did all questions, in his quiet way: "I've always believed our friends in the other world were near us, and if angels talked to people in olden times, I do not know why they may not do so now."

So Mrs. Sighborn felt a sort of happiness in knowing that Melissa "saw things pertaining to the other world" and that sometime she would tell her more.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Offering.

The Comforter;

OR, THE LIFE LINE OF LITTLE JOE.

BY EVA A. H. BARNES.

CHAPTER XIV.

Time glided on magic wings o'er Glen Farm, and The Home and its inmates. Ten busy, happy years have passed away, since the summer spent by Robert Wentworth, and his children at Glen Farm; and now Roderic, the elder son, is to visit once more his father's friend, Roderic Densmore. He has but just returned from two years study on the continent. His passion for art has never grown less, still he is more of a dreamer than a worker. He has ever kept in his heart a picture of this quiet valley nestled among the evergreen hills of Pennsylvania. He also looks with reverent love upon his god-father, with whom he has always corresponded, and if the truth must be told a gentler presence oft times sweeps a chord of memory's lyre, bringing to mind a fair, young girl with clustering, golden hair, and rich dark eyes of reddish brown which mirror depths unfathomed in a pure young soul. He was to have come on Saturday but missed a train, and came to Forest House too late to reach his destination that night. The following day he got a livery to take him on to Glen Farm. As he was unexpected he found no one at home, either here or at The Home, excepting Hannah, the housekeeper who told him they were all at Sunday school out at the Pine Grove. He therefore left his baggage, and took his way alone over the well remembered path leading to Pine Grove, which lay perhaps a half mile at the right. It was June, and a perfect day. His artist eyes were filled with the beauty of the scene while his heart leaped joyfully with the mere sensation of being alive. Yes, there they were, about thirty or forty persons in all, mostly children. They were divided into classes like unto the orthodox fashion, yet the instruction given and the thoughts called forth were more in the spirit of the age, and the bible was seldom used except as slight reference. Here was much knowledge imparted in regard to history and science. The world in which we live now, furnishing such an amount of material for thought and investigation that little time was given to preparing for "the world to come." Practical moral instruction was given also, while singing and invocation awakened the reverent emotional nature. Roderic seated himself quietly and listened attentively to all the exercises, which were to him a novel revelation. Prominent among the teachers were Lillian and Joe. In fact much of the work at The Home had fallen upon them of late for Uncle Roderic was getting feeble. Mrs. Lattimer was still the animating principle, seemingly, of all work. Her loving, grand nature scintillating good deeds, as naturally as sunbeams light. In fact, by their beautiful lives the founders of The Home had come to possess the perfect confidence of the entire community in spite of their heretical notions, hence the children and young people all united with them in their Sunday School, and also on all festival days of which they had many.

Roderic was greeted warmly by his old friends and they drifted homeward in the glad sunshine, now pausing to gather wild flowers, and now to listen more effectively to some reminiscence of Uncle Roderic. "Ah, my boy," he said to his namesake, resting a hand tenderly on his shoulder, "they couldn't make a Catholic of thee, could they?"

"No sir, but they got about all my money!"

"Well, well, thee can earn more. So Lennox run away and turned soldier? Well he did not escape discipline thereby."

"No sir, it is pretty hard on the lad, but I am not sure but that it is a good thing after all."

"And where is Madeline?"

"She is with my mother, who seems to have developed a great affection for her from some hidden recess of her nature. Madeline is a devout Catholic also, which is an added bond. You know they sold the home at St. Augustine, that was hardest of all for me, and the money has gone, a princely sum, through, if not into Father Rinaldo's hands."

"A shame, a grievous shame!" said Uncle Roderic.

The weeks that followed were full of torture to Joe Good, "Little Joe" no longer. He had come to man's estate almost unawares, but those weeks following the coming of Roderic Wentworth opened to him the depths of his manly nature; showed him the strength and power of the love he had cherished unknowingly for Lillian Lattimer. He also saw her passing from him, at least so he told himself. Roderic Wentworth was possessed, it seemed to him, of all those attractions which Lillian would prize. He was beautiful, talented and noble. He had always been Joe's ideal of perfection, and he loved him as an own brother. It was also clear to all, that Lillian wove a magic spell for Roderic. He was never happy out of her sight, and adoration beamed from his eye and spoke in every gesture while in her presence. Many eyes watched with interest this part of the drama enacted in this quiet spot, but even Mrs. Lattimer, with all her mother's intuition, failed to divine the ruling thought of Lillian's life. And she moved among them, calm and fair and courteous and kind, and gave no token that the undercurrent of her life was stirred.

[To be Continued]

Riddles and Answers.

Since our last week's OFFERING was issued, several correct answers have been received, and a good many incorrect. Some of the letters are interesting and we publish, although the award has been given. The answer from the seventy-two year old boy and the editress' response will please our young friends and perhaps, some of the grown up boys and girls.

Mrs. Fox: I will guess your riddle. I will ask no prize, as I am a boy nearly 72 years old. J. WHITTEMORE, M. D.

'Tis true, no mortal eye can see
The Breath of Life in you or me;
Life nestles in the heart of flowers,
Whose fragrance fills our summer bowers.

Life gives our blood its ceaseless flow
As up and down life's path we go,
The breath of life like heavenly air,
Goes with us to the house of prayer.

At every banquet high or low,
'Tis moving gently to and fro,
Long life with sweetest joys of heaven
Be to the riddle-maker given.

THE RESPONSE.

The riddle-maker is glad indeed
That a boy of seventy-two will read
The riddles cast among the flowers,
Blooming sweetly in the children's bowers.

It is very easy for all to see
How suggestive "the breath of life" would be,
To one who has long sought in vain
The secret of life in heart and brain.

Fragrance like life is locked from sight,
So many failed to guess the riddle right,
But when the children have another
We hope to hear from our young brother.

To My Young Friends:

I am so glad that so many of my little friends read our paper and try to guess the riddles. Grandma B. sent a riddle but it was too hard for me to guess, I thank her for her kind letters and the photographs. I am just getting over the whooping cough, but think I caught more cold yesterday. Mr. Gray is making a street railway from Ottumwa to the Mineral Springs and I pass some of my time watching them. Day before yesterday I made a mud man: it was nearly three feet high; I made a pipe and put it in his mouth and he looked like an Irishman coming from his work on the street. Yesterday I had a young friend from the city come and stay with me all day: his name is Wilber Porter; he said he did not like my mud man because he could not talk. This is "April fool's day" but instead of fooling I write a letter to you. Mrs. Mackley's little boy guessed the last riddle right; he is only seven years old. I think he is quite a smart boy to guess such a hard riddle as that. MORTON P. FOX.

JERICHO, VERMONT, March, 24.

EDITORS OFFERING:—Having seen your Riddle in the OFFERING of March, 21, I put on my thinking cap, as admonished, and although small boys can not be expected to have attended banquets or to have peeped into the hearts of flowers to find mysterious things, yet they have a remarkable ability to smell and find good things, (especially in the pantry) as you probably know and so can guess about anything in which smell takes the principle part, as I think this Riddle does. I guess that the subject is the *Aroma of Flowers*, because it is unseen, yet known by all, and is locked in the hearts of flowers and is borne on the breath of evening air, is present at each banquet, because flowers are there, and is admired and loved by all for its fragrant, delightful smell. If I have guessed right, please send the picture to me.

Yours truly, W. A. BENTLY.

DIMONDALE, MICH., March, 26.

EDITORS OFFERING:—As I was reading the OFFERING, I noticed a Riddle therein. I think the answer is *Perfume* for it is unseen by mortal eyes and is known by all beneath the skies. It floats on the breath of evening air and goes to the house of prayer, when people carry a bouquet of flowers. It floats in the air to each banquet high and low, for we all admire and love it so. My folks take the OFFERING and we think a great deal of it, they are Spiritualists; we sit twice a week for development. My mother has got so she is a good medium. I wrote a letter before this, but for some reason or other you did not receive it. I live so far away I don't think you will get this in time. Hoping that you will prosper in your good work, I will express my thanks and gratitude due you for the picture, where the Fox family lived.

Yours with my best wishes, ALVERDIA C. MARTIN.

EDITORS OFFERING:—I think the answer to the last Riddle is the *Aroma of Flowers*. We can not see the perfume of flowers, yet everybody knows it beneath the skies. It often rests in sunny bowers, because where it is warm and sunny there are always flowers: it is locked in the heart of flowers as most of them have a very sweet odor. In summer when there are plenty of flowers, the odor is always on the breath of evening air and comes gently to the house of prayer. They always have flowers at the banquets, so the odor of flowers would be at each festival high and low, moving lightly to and fro, and every body admires and loves it. I hope this is right as I should like to have the picture called "Dawning Light." Yours truly, ALMA PIERCE.

PEARL, ILL., March 29.

Morton P. Fox:—I tried to guess the Riddle in the OFFERING, and as I did not get it quite right I did not get your picture and I guessed whisky; and I understand that I can have it for twenty-five cents, and as I want to see how you look I will send twenty-five cents for your picture. Sometime when I get my picture taken I will send you one to let you know how I look. Yours in spirit and truth, BLANCHE HARRIS.

RIDGEWOOD, N. Y., March 23.

EDITORS OFFERING:—We received the OFFERING of the 21st to-day. I think the answer to the Riddle is *Perfume*, because it can not be seen by mortal eyes, yet all know it is there, and when flowers bloom below it often rests in sunny bowers; it is on the breath of the evening air and comes gently to the house of prayer when churches and spiritual halls are decorated with flowers; it is at each banquet high or low, because the table is decorated with them, and moved lightly to and fro by the air; all admire their perfume. I like to read the OFFERING very much. I have guessed all of the other riddles but Grandma B.'s; we have your pictures, and so did not write. Now I will close; if my answer is correct send the picture to VIOLA M. LEE.

Grandma B. sends three stereoscopic views of a snow-flake and the following letter.

EDITORS OFFERING:—I send you three stereoscopic views of snow crystals photographed, with microscope and camera. Two of them to be sent to the first person or persons, who guesses right, or nearest right, Grandma's riddle, and the remaining one to the editress—she may select. As the subject was so nearly like the one before it, I hesitated in presenting it at all, but as this has reference to the individual crystals and their beautiful perfect forms, as well as to the white mass which people regard as without form or beauty, I thought perhaps it might be acceptable and the similarity overlooked. Please send to who you think best. Ella should have one for her nice letter, and the other to who you think best. It may be hard to guess, as snow crystals are red occasionally on the Alps and in the polar regions.

The editress sends her gift to Anna Lynch Smith, because of the several good letters she has written.

A gentleman sends for answer the following Riddle. He makes no premium offer, but for the best answer, sent before April 20, the editor will send that large, beautiful engraving, "Nearer My God to Thee":

A RIDDLE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS:

I am, it may be said,
Always green when I am red;
But I am not always seen
To be red when I am green;
But before my days are fled
I am black and green and red;
Yet the world is such a quack
That it always calls me black.

Written for the Offering. Saturday Night.

BY JUDGE M. P. BOWENBANKS.

We do not know how it came about, but we do know that the "Saturday Night" (as the materialists call it) in organizing our...

For thirty years we have been engaged in the examination of human testimony; in the direct, as well as in the cross-examination, of witnesses...

We have carried out this line of conduct, not only in courts of justice, but we have extended this rule into all the departments of life coming under our observation...

And now, comes up an incident for thought and comparison. To-day, we read in a paper which now lies on our table these lines:

"The Methodist Conference in Chicago, passed resolutions to set apart last Sunday as a special day of prayer for Gen. Grant, for his physical and spiritual well being and that he may be spared in God's providence, long to enjoy the high honors which his genius and patriotism have won on fields of battle and in the state."

Appropos to this, we have before us another paper, from which we copy the following incident in regard to a little boy who prayed to this same God, in all the faith and simplicity of his childish trustful nature.

This little boy was only five years old and had entered the Phelps Industrial School, No. 235, East 5th street, New York City. He was a beautiful child, with large gray eyes, brown hair, rosy cheeks, and very full, regular features.

Thus, day after day, and week after week passed, until one day he came in looking so thin and pale that his teacher asked him to go home and rest, that he might feel better to-morrow.

We once read in a book, said to be holy, these words, "Ask and ye shall receive." Yet, this noble boy's prayer was not answered by this aristocratic orthodox God, this God, that it is said, numbers the hairs on people's heads, this God, that is so full of love and kindness.

This little child in its faith and simplicity prayed to this good, kind, loving God of the bible, with its hands clasped in holy reverence, "Give us this day our daily bread." Could anything be more touching, more appealing, more holy, or more reverential?

and yet so trusting: "Give us, O Father, grandma and me, our daily bread."

Now, dear reader! We have been looking at both these pictures to-night! In one, we see pomp and display advertised in the daily papers, calling attention to the fact that by authority of church law, prayers will be offered up at a special time for one subject high in rank; that he may be favored in a special manner by God, and thus escape the consequences of a just law; while the other, being but a poor, simple, loving, starving child, had no great bishop, no church decorated in artistic style, and no appeal to God in his behalf.

As we look at these pictures, one so grand, so rich and aristocratic, the other so poor, so plain, so simple and unpretentious, our bump of causality becomes aroused and excited, and we begin to inquire into the reason, the why and the wherefore of this great and mighty contrast.

If God is so anxious to answer prayer, why did he disregard the simple, trustful, petition of that little confiding child?

If he will pay no regard to the widow and the orphan, is it reasonable to suppose he will put himself at work curing cancers in the mouth of generals and ex-presidents, caused by an excessive and intemperate use of the nastiest and vilest of poisons, "Tobacco?"

Why single out General Grant as a special object for united prayers on the part of the Methodist churches of Chicago? Does Grant stand higher in the estimation of that God, than did the simple, confiding, pure and loving child? ("For of such is the kingdom of heaven.")

Think with us as you read our thoughts, dear readers! Think with us of the mothers, the sisters, the wives, all over the land, that sorrow and mourn for the lost and loved ones that died on the battlefield, or in the sickly hospital in our cruel civil war.

We respect General Grant as a soldier, we respect him for the service he rendered his country. But while we do this, we can not forget the thousands of poor boys that now sleep in unknown graves. We can not forget those poor boys that waded streams, breasted storms, that woke at sound of drum or bugle, rushed into the ranks, to meet death in the face of the deadly cannon, the screeching shell, or the rattling musket.

So to-night, dear readers, while the Methodist churches at Chicago offer up vain and gaudy, pompous and stylish prayers, for generals and nobles, kings and emperors, that God may bless them, with special favors, in preference to all others, we will utter our solemn appeal in our private room, to the sons and daughters of America, collectively and unitedly, to remember the dead on the battle field, the wounded and maimed, the sick and suffering of all our country's defenders, from the general down to the poor wounded boy that died on the field, or in the hospital or prison; remember the fathers and mothers that mourn.

So to-night, dear readers, while the Methodist churches at Chicago offer up vain and gaudy, pompous and stylish prayers, for generals and nobles, kings and emperors, that God may bless them, with special favors, in preference to all others, we will utter our solemn appeal in our private room, to the sons and daughters of America, collectively and unitedly, to remember the dead on the battle field, the wounded and maimed, the sick and suffering of all our country's defenders, from the general down to the poor wounded boy that died on the field, or in the hospital or prison; remember the fathers and mothers that mourn.

Written for the Offering. Estelle Earl's Journal.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY—NO. 9.

June 30.—This will be a farewell chapter; farewell, the saddest word in the English language, as mother, home and heaven, have been said to be the three sweetest.

I protest against the last however, heaven savors so much of the golden harps and the one never-ending song, the shining streets paved with the hard gleaming metal, set with gems of course; the very thought is tiresome.

How much more beautiful and natural the lovely "Summer Land" of the spirit, green, glorious hills bathed in mellow radiance, flowery vales and isles of beauty in golden shimmering seas, with quiet, dove-like cottages, folding their happy human treasures, safe amid the waving trees. That is my ideal of happiness and rest.

Alas, how many long and weary years, how many bitter pains, must lie between me and the blessed gates of that lovely paradise. But it is comforting to know that, wander as I may and must, it will sometime prove an actual fact. Nothing can prevent the change or debar me from my inheritance.

Of late I have lived very much within myself, folded about, so to speak, with the web of my own fanciful dreaming, with only my little pen for company; outside of this, life seems but a hollow mockery. Restless, dissatisfied with myself as I am, I can see no one with whom I would exchange places; why not make the most of the few sources of pleasure that are mine, and not expect to receive a share of the whole.

Whether remonstrates gently against my making such a hermit of myself, and Dick and Violet and the rest protest that it is useless, and ridiculous etc.; and they fancy they are doing me a kindness to drag me with them to dances and charade parties, when all the time I am longing for the dear quiet of my room and the lovely ideal faces and forms that cluster around my writing table. Here is my world, the true world of my spirit; and sometimes I can almost hear the rustle of fairy robes around me in the sweet stillness, and feel the touch of hands softer than sunbeams on my forehead. O would I had but the power to penetrate the veil, to catch but a glimpse now and then of those delightful scenes, the merest echo of the celestial harmonies of spirit spheres.

Breathe fairy winds through golden harps On far off shining seas, And hear those fainting strains to me Amid these waving trees; 'Twill be enough for me to know But fragments of the song, My earth-bound heart would faint to hear That glorious strain too long. But I must say farewell to all these quiet dreamings; farewell to

the old home in the tree-grilled valley, to the sweet cool waters of the spring, boiling and bubbling over the white pebbles, at the foot of the oak tree where every year the mocking-birds make their nest and sing; farewell to the hillside with the grand old trees that I have watched with such exultant joy, when the summer storms made them toss and wave like the billows of old ocean; farewell to all familiar scenes and faces, for next week we shall start upon our long journey to southwest Missouri. Everything has changed hands and we have no longer an abiding place in the land. But hope still lights the onward path and whispers of a fairer, brighter landscape, and a home under those southern skies. Will she prove, as too often in the past, but an alluring vision? Time will tell.

Meanwhile, I welcome the change, for what says the old proverb: "Nothing risked, nothing gained."

Yesterday, Herbert and Emma, who have been established for some weeks in their new home at Riverview, were up here, and in the evening we held our farewell seance, with nearly all the members present; several interesting developments were the result.

Emma was first entranced and informed us that she was about to leave her body in our care for a season, and make a short visit home and then to a distant state, upon a mission of some importance; she complained of the light, which was burning at its usual height upon a table, but at some distance from the medium.

Mother was about to leave the circle for the purpose of lowering it; but Emma begged her not to trouble herself.

Said she: "I will blow it out myself before I go."

She leaned back in her chair apparently in a deep, unbreathing sleep, and almost immediately the light suddenly vanished. An examination showed the wick not turned down, and there was no chance for a puff of air from any direction, the windows all being closed and curtains down, as the night was rather chilly. We were greatly surprised and interested, as it was a new development to us.

After making her usual rounds, Emma again reanimated her physical part lying so dormant in the chair, and reported the many interesting incidents of her journey.

"But what did you do with the lamp, Emma?" questioned one.

"I stepped up to the table and blew down the chimney, just as any one would, then I went out at the window," she answered.

Now, I wonder who among our good orthodox neighbors would believe a tale like that; verily not one, I can scarcely believe it myself even now.

Next in order came a short lecture from Mrs. Brinkly, upon the changes in nature, from physical to spiritual planes of being, the text being suggested from a half blown rose which I had given; such sweet, natural subjects, our wise teachers always choose, so different from the stale rehash of bible texts one always hears at church. After this Violet described several beautiful visions as connected with different members of the circle; she is developing quite rapidly in this peculiar phase of clairvoyance in which we all take especial delight. To me was given this picture, which I transcribe as one of the gems of memory. Is it an emblem of what my life is to be?

She says: "I see a wide foaming river, its waters all breaking into billows and flecked with white; I see you, Estelle, in the stream wading deeper and farther up the current, plunging ever and anon into the wild waters over your head; again I see you stand upon a tall bank studded with flowers and green mosses. You pluck a few sprays and fold them lovingly to your bosom, then you make another wild leap into the foamy waters. You look defiance at the elements, outstretch your arms and encircle a form which seems ever hovering near you, a mystic airy figure with large blue eyes and long golden hair. I cannot explain the vision yet as it seems to overshadow me at times, I feel as though you would gain some lofty summit in life through the aid of this beautiful goddess; but you will gain it through much tribulation, your heart will be wrung with the keenest anguish of life."

[To be Continued.]

A Word of Inquiry.

EDITORS OFFERING:—There is in a late number of the OFFERING, an article entitled "A Warning to Girls" that I cannot pass over unnoticed. I have waited a little hoping that some more able pen than mine would take up the question, but such not being the case "I rise to a point of order" in the defence.

Now I have not a word to say against the warning, so far as the girls are concerned; nothing could be more certain in a general sense than the fact that a man who uses intoxicating drinks ever so slightly before marriage, will remain a drunkard to the end of the chapter. And I would like to remark in passing, that when the giant of intemperance has once been fairly vanquished, I hope the next great blow will be directed against another almost as vile as he and that is tobacco. But what I particularly object to in the aforesaid article was the decision of the very wise and able judge of all womankind, that when a poor, misguided sister has made one mistake and got herself into a seething sea of trouble she must remain there, flounder about in the breakers, or go down under them as she pleases, and not expect any one to help her.

I wonder how His Honor would have enjoyed being tied to a raw-boned, vinegar-faced female, who had a pleasant little way of boxing his ears and making him sit on the front stoop and stone raisins for the pies, and hold the baby and grind the coffee, and who took snuff and wore her slippers down at the heel, and done all manner of atrocious things, and then when he asked for redress to have some female woman, in a mother hubbard dress and a poke bonnet, who happened to have the right of office, remark, "No siree, by no means; you knew she was a spicily little vixen and a bit careless in her attire when you married her, but you hoped to win her over to a better way of life. Now you may just stick to it and do the best you can."

I fancy he would have squirmed out of that decision to the best of his legal ability. In these days of asylums for idiots, and societies for a prevention of cruelty to animal, it does seem a little strange that a woman should be left out. True, she was foolish to rely upon a man's promise before marriage, but as her promise to become his wife was evidently based upon his to reform. I don't see why she should have been holden and no mention made of the other party.

I don't know much of law, but I should think in common justice that the failure of one party to fulfill a promise upon the performance of which the faith of the other was pledged ought to dissolve the contract. If this wonderful man-made law could be turned around in such a case so as to give the possession of her own children and all the property, if there was any, into the hands of the wife, instead of sending her back to be abused and insulted without stint, for having dared to cry out, I wonder how it would work. But then I am only a woman and that is a woman's view of the case.

S. E. MACKLEY.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

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What Has Been Learned from Spirits?

This question is frequently asked in a manner that implies, if spirits could hold intelligent communion with mortals, they would have corrected all the evils and reformed all the abuses of society. If a Spiritualist is in perplexity or trouble, he is asked, in an ironical tone: "Why don't you consult the spirits?" And if an accident occurs: "Where were the spirits, why did they not prevent it?" If an article is lost, mislaid or stolen, spirits are expected to replace it, or at least tell where it may be found. Again, it is often asked: "Why do Spiritualists fear fire, shipwreck, or any kind of danger, are not spirits capable of caring for them and why do they manifest as great desire to remain upon earth as other people, if they really know there is a better world, in which their condition will be infinitely superior to what it is here?"

Such questions are suggested by a desire to ridicule a subject of which the questioner manifests a lamentable ignorance. In the past, spirits were supposed to be omniscient and omnipresent and all their utterances were once received as infallible; but from Modern Spiritualism it has been ascertained that they are endowed with no supernatural powers; intelligences communicating with mortals are the spirits of men and women who are as much under the supremacy of law as they were before leaving the body, and in fact, it is far more difficult for them to work effectively upon the material plane of life than before death.

Spirit life is not to be understood as a condition in which the highest aim is to watch and guard the inhabitants of earth; such a condition would prove disastrous to mortals and spirits, the former would lose the self-reliance and steadiness of purpose essential to the unfolding of the noblest attributes, becoming weak and irresolute, the effect upon spirits can easily be imagined.

While it is undoubtedly true that some mediums have controls who warn them of approaching danger, it is also true that their spirit friends are not with them for the sole purpose of protection. If this statement need illustration it will be found in the numerous cases where worthy mediums have been known to suffer for the necessities of life, and the many others who have been permitted to be subjected to the most shameful treatment by those who attended their seances in the guise of friendship, yet with the determination of grabbing the spirit and ruining the reputation of the medium. If spirit intervention is ever needed, it is under such circumstances, yet again and again have mediums been left to go through the fiery ordeal alone and without a word of warning from those upon whom they depended for protection. This is sufficient evidence, that as a rule, spirits do not warn of approaching danger, and as this seeming indifference, even to those in whom they would be supposed to have the greatest interest, cannot always be attributed to lack of knowledge, nor want of opportunity to convey intelligence, it must be assumed that provision for material welfare is no part of their work and that in ignoring it, they are acting in accord with laws governing them as spirits, laws which like many on the material plane, seem to ignore material interests, while out-working, grand results for the race, or, it may be that this seemingly unpardonable indifference pertains exclusively to a class of spirits why have not yet overcome the extreme selfishness of their natures.

Spirits constantly assert their interest in the progress of the race and by their noble efforts to present truth and liberate the mind from bondage to the crude ideas of the past, have already accomplished a great work, but it should not be forgotten that much of their time has necessarily been given to convince mortals of the reality of their presence and prepare them to receive the advanced ideas and principles that were to be presented and that this primary work is not completed and will not be, so long as immortality is doubted. Spirits cannot accomplish any reformatory work until mortals are prepared for it; they can present basic principles, but can not furnish capacity to comprehend them, nor the unselfish devotion to truth essential to its propagation. Spirits are educating the people out of preconceived opinions and preparing for changes that cannot be inaugurated until public opinion has been sufficiently advanced to discern the injustice and great wrong of existing systems.

Not only have spirits taught that they are not supernatural beings, and are powerless to transcend the laws of Nature, but they have given important truths in regard to the spirit and its destiny. From them it has been learned that man is not to become a spirit, but that he is a spirit now; that he was not created when his material form came into existence and is not dependent upon it for the continuance of individualized life. Under the ministrations of spirits, earth-life assumes an importance never before possessed; it is recognized as a primary school in which it is essential to remain as long as possible, a garden in which the soul seeks to unfold to outer consciousness the perfection of its innate powers. To Spiritualists, earth-life is as essential, as full-orbed and beautiful as spirit life, and they cherish it, not from fear of death, but that they may reap the full, ripe harvest and be prepared to enter understandingly into the next stage of being.

They have learned that life with its storm and strife,

Is not a painted bubble

To be cast aside on the foaming tide,

At the first wave of trouble.

The recognition of the stupendous fact that, the destiny of the

soul is forever onward and upward, projecting more and more fully into outward consciousness the living attributes constituting its selfhood, has a tendency to awaken the loftiest aspirations and noblest desires, while the satisfactory evidence that the loved ones who pass from the sight of physical vision, enter spheres of beauty prepared for their reception, and that eventually not only will the barriers of conflicting beliefs and the cruel misunderstandings be removed, but also the limitations barring soul from soul, will all vanish in that beautiful realm where the mists will be rolled away and the dear ones will gather the fruits of knowledge in spheres of eternal day.

Death and the Hereafter.

The beautiful religion of Spiritualism tends to remove the veil of obscurity which hangs before the scenes of the life hereafter; and, bringing us into actual communion with the dwellers of the spiritual world, gives us a stronger sense of its reality and a deeper feeling of interest in its concerns. Hence, the true Spiritualist must find the things of sense and time considerably dwarfed in his constant contemplation of the glorious existence that awaits all who are faithful to the dictates of conscience here below.

The Spiritualist should be able to view the great change that awaits all the living with perfect equanimity. To die, he knows, is just as natural as to be born; and, with a clear conscience, he need not fear the dreams that may come to him in that "sleep of death," when he has "shuffled off the mortal coil;" but, let it be ever remembered, only with a clear conscience, for otherwise we know that terrible retributions are to be encountered by the unclothed spirit, in the world of subjective contemplation, where "there is nothing hidden which shall not be made known."

But the Spiritualist can not be terrified by any idea of "falling into the hands of an avenging deity;" for he knows that, as the apostle John said, "God is love;" and he can truly exclaim with the Hebrew prophet, "What doth the Lord require of me but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God?" He is not rendered anxious by any theological mysticism—by any alarm lest he may have believed too little or too much. He knows that he can not be justified by mere faith; but that the purity of his motives and the rectitude of his conduct can alone justify him before the unerring tribunal of his own conscience, and save him from its inexorable sentence of condemnation.

The spirit world is truly one of objective realities, but these seem to depend largely upon our own subjective states. Spirits, in communication with us, speak of its scenes, objects, and experiences as similar to those of the embodied life; but there is reason to believe that this is not essentially the fact, but only true in relation to the peculiar condition of spirit life, which, while analogous to the earth life, is totally different from it.

The limitations of sense, time and space or distance (as we understand it) so thoroughly control our lives here, that we can not at all conceive what life would be without them. Could a caterpillar, if endowed with intelligence and consciousness, in its slow, crawling, sensual life, confined to a few feet upon the ground, and with a vision extending scarcely beyond the leaf upon which he is gorging himself, conceive of the glorious existence that awaits him, when rising above the earth he has become a gorgeous butterfly, able to wing his way swiftly from flower to flower, and soar upward toward the blue vault of the empyrean?

Let us imagine, if we can, the change that would be wrought in our lives if duration, to us, were no longer regularly divided into equal portions by the movements of the heavenly bodies, but to be measured only by the states of our own consciousness; or if we found ourselves instantly transported to the place whither our thoughts directed us; and if we found, moreover, our subjective mental states working themselves out into objective surroundings. In the earth life we are confronted only with externality, the inner and real being concealed; but in spirit life externality gives place to reality, and we are soon made aware that the objects of our spiritual senses are neither fallacious in their appearance nor transient in their duration.

The spirit world is a real world, and a most delightful one, if we have prepared ourselves for its peculiar conditions and enjoyments. It must be, moreover, better adapted to our existence as spiritual beings than that in which we now dwell. Those who have cultivated their spiritual nature must feel that the earthly life, while subserving its special purpose, does not satisfy their aspirations as spirits. They feel imprisoned in the trammels of the flesh; they long for more freedom; they would go whither their thoughts tend, on errands of love and mercy, or in pursuit of a knowledge of the hidden, unexplored mysteries of the universe.

The spirits speak with rapture of the transition from the bonds of the flesh, when they are in a condition to enjoy this wondrous emancipation.

One exclaims:

"I have obtained freedom; and, my pinions being no longer clipped, I wing my flight through ever-ascending grades of knowledge and conception."

We do not mean to say that the spiritual state has no limitations; it is, like that of earth, governed by law. But there seems to be this difference between the material and the spiritual life: in the former, we constantly meet with antagonisms, by means of which we are compelled to exercise our self-will, and thus develop our individuality; while, in the latter, such obstacles are not met with. The spirit, by the operation of law, goes to the sphere for which it is fitted—the sphere in which it can gratify its desires, satisfy its wants, realize its aspirations—and advances only as these change. Thus earthly conditions impressed upon the spirit are exceedingly persistent.

Blessed are those spirits who, in the earth life, have established within themselves those principles of activity that comport with truly spiritual spheres, that necessarily lead upward toward the light, not downward toward the darkness. If they have always been groveling in the mire of earthly passions and desires; if they have never cultivated their intellectual or spiritual nature; if selfish ambition—for wealth, power, or the praise of men, has been the all-engrossing principle of their lives, they will find themselves in spirit life truly wretched. They will find themselves in a condition which, though the only one adapted to their spiritual progress, will not satisfy their wishes and tastes, neither will their associates and surroundings. They will advance, undoubtedly; but only through toilsome effort, and perhaps much suffering.

In this time of "returning spirits," much has been learned of these principles and conditions of spirit life, which were previously unknown, or revealed only in obscure symbolism; and it behooves all of us to study the lessons that have been taught us from the various spheres of being, from which light has been vouchsafed to us. There is reason to think that the philosophy of *Death and the Hereafter* does not receive all the attention it should have; and that very many Spiritualists are not as mindful as they should be of its practical, admonitory lessons.

H. K.

Anniversaries and Indications for the Future.

From Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Boston, Flint, and many other places, and in fact from every place where anniversary exercises had been announced in the OFFERING, encouraging accounts come to us of the success of the meetings, and the general prosperity of the cause. As evidence of the rapid growth of Spiritualism, this is but one of the indications of the year; to have Spiritualists zealous in the cause they have espoused, is, perhaps, a more certain promise of successful work in the immediate future than any other, but the fact stands out in bold relief that the public mind is more generally awakened, and far more favorable to a candid investigation of the subject than ever before.

The demand upon our columns is so great we cannot possibly make room for all reports received. One brief letter, from our Minneapolis correspondent, is all this week:

EDITORS OFFERING:—The First Society had a grand and very successful Thirty-seventh Anniversary. The President, Mr. S. N. Aspinwall on opening said: "My friends, we are assembled here this morning to celebrate the Thirty-seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, called by some the New Religion, or the Religion of the New Dispensation; a religion that in the short space of thirty-seven years, has made itself known throughout the civilized world, and numbers among its converts some of the strongest minds and brightest intellects of the present age. I am glad to see so large an audience present and hope that the utmost unity and harmony will prevail. After singing by the choir, we will listen to a poem by Mrs. Tryon, and then to the controls of Dr. Russell, who will be followed by those of Mrs. Coombs, Dr. Thomas and Mrs. Lepler of Anoka." The speakers gave good satisfaction. At 3 p. m. a Medium's Meeting was held and many tests were given and acknowledged; the 7:30 evening meeting was crowded and a powerful lecture given by Dr. Thomas' controls. Thus the good work goes on.

Yours fraternally, Sherman.

Minneapolis, April 3, 1885.

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE

Anniversary of Boston is said, by our correspondent, to have been a grand affair. A full report is before us, which will appear next week; it will include a synopsis of the lectures of Mr. Fletcher in the morning, Mrs. Colby in the afternoon, and the deeply interesting discourse of Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher in the evening, the subject by request being her "Prison Life." Our readers may therefore anticipate another rich treat next week. We have lots of good things in store for them.

One of the best indications of a more rapid dissemination of the teachings of Spiritualism in the future, arises from the fact that during the past year there has been manifest among Spiritualists quite generally, a disposition to dissociate themselves from materialists. The OFFERING has again and again presented the absolute inconsistency of this unnatural amalgamation of utterly conflicting elements into local or state organizations; the only wonder is why such movements were ever inaugurated. Michigan was the first, if we mistake not, to try the experiment; it proved a failure there, as was predicted by the best informed Spiritualists. A majority have seen the folly of the movement and abandoned it, none too soon however, for the good of the cause in that strongly Spiritualistic state.

There and elsewhere a union is urged because Spiritualists and materialists hold like views in favoring a purely secular government, taxation of church property, etc. True, and so do thousands of churchmen. Individuals and separate societies if they please, can harmonize and unite in efforts for the accomplishment of that work; but the Liberal movement, so-called, wherever there has been a union, has proved deleterious to Spiritualism, for which numerous satisfactory reasons could be given.

There could not possibly be a greater misnomer applied to the materialists of to-day, than the word *liberal*, for the world has seldom, if ever, know of a more *illiberal* class of which abundant evidence can be produced in its treatment of Spiritualists and Spiritualism. If evidence is needed, read the writings of the materialists in their journals, and listen to the lectures of Mr. Watts, their, at present, most noted speaker. A few months ago an effort was made to instil new life into the Liberal Leagues. To reconcile conflicting elements, the National League professedly adopted the original *Nine Demands*, thus virtually promising to adhere to them. Mr. Watts has been engaged at a good salary to advocate the League cause, we have read his lectures, and almost without exception they are utterly inconsistent with the work to be accomplished. His whole theme is antagonism to the Christian religion and the promulgation of his Atheistic and materialistic dogmas. By reading the *Nine Demands* it is plainly seen that this is foreign to the objects in view. Can any one reasonably hope that tirades against their religion will be likely to induce churchmen or even individuals from the great body of non-churchmen to favor a purely secular government. Whether Christianity be true or false, has no more to do with the legitimate work of the Liberal League, as contemplated by its originators, than has the truth or falsity of Spiritualism or any other system of religious thought. The OFFERING will favor every movement for the secularization of the government in all its departments, and recommends Spiritualists everywhere to unite with materialists, Christians or any other class favoring that object, but further than this, efforts for organization are worse than useless. Spiritualists have a grand mission and strict adherence to it, will carry forward all incidental reformatory work.

Women The Pillars of a Church.

"For the average young man, the church offers few attractions; whether it is because of the poor quality of the spiritual food offered or the growth of an irreligious tendency, the fact remains that the young men who attend Sunday services with a view to spiritual instruction are few and far between. And it is one of the ironies of fate that woman whom the Christian religion raised from a condition of servitude to her present elevated place in human society, is now its tower of strength.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*"

It is very strange that the editor of a secular paper should be, either so ignorant or perverse, as to write an article so utterly devoid of truth. True, woman's condition is far better than in the past, she has with man advanced to higher conditions, the same causes that have elevated men have tended to elevate woman and but for the teachings of Christianity, she would to-day be man's equal in "human society" in all the relations of life; but she is not and why? Go to the Christians bible, his infallible standard of authority and there read:

Ephesians, 5: 22, 23, 24: Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.

For further evidence in this direction, read the following and learn how Christianity has "elevated (?) woman."

I. Corinthians, 15: 34, 35: Let your women keep silent in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in church.

Human Brotherhood—A Contrast.

"Spiritualism gives the true basis to a brotherhood of humanity. The whole human race can unite when its common and glorious destiny is a demonstrated fact. The inequalities of human conditions, and even of development in this brief earth-life, disappear. Whatever good we do goes on forever. It gives to every one who opens his eyes to its facts a destiny, a career, and a dignity so far beyond our little political and social distinctions as to force upon us the sense of equality and the sentiment of fraternity."—*London Light*.

"As truthfully and consistently might the hyenas or wolves claim to constitute a brotherhood of hyenas or wolves, as for mankind, or any portion of them, to set up a claim to human brotherhood."—*Mind and Matter*.

"Viewing man in his personal state as a tripartite being, composed of a spiritual, an intellectual, and a bodily nature, the spirits say that, as respects the former side of his nature—the spiritual—his duty may be summed up as growth in knowledge of self, of his duty to self, and the great brotherhood of which he is a unit, and of his own future destiny as an accountable being."—*M. A. (Oron)*.

Unquestionably, as far as men, in the exercise of their selfish, animal passions, approximate to hyenas and wolves, they are, equally with these and other ferocious brutes, devoid of fraternity. The unspiritualized man, that is, he whose spiritual nature is undeveloped, is an approximation, in a greater or less degree, to the hyena or wolf; and it is as sad as true that this may be said of a large, perhaps the larger part, of mankind. Fraternity is usually cherished as a sentiment, instead of being practiced as a principle or rule of conduct. It should not be so. It is not so in the higher spheres of spirit life, called *Fraternia* by a spirit speaking through Mrs. Richmond.

Unfortunate must be the condition of that embodied soul who has lost all sense of fraternity. We should be sorry to hold, and still more to teach, that Modern Spiritualism denies either the "brotherhood of man" or its correlative, the "fatherhood of God."

"Love God and man!" This ancient creed

Must be outwrought in daily deed,
Or thou art helpless in thy creed,
Love God in man. He asks no more,
He only doth his God adore
Who loves his brother evermore."

These lines are a part of the product of modern inspiration, which, it seems scarcely requisite to say, teaches, as that of all ages has taught, the fundamental doctrine of human brotherhood.

H. K.

GENERAL GRANT, THE END OF MORTAL LIFE.—The conquering hero of the late great rebellion must fall before the universal reaper of human life, perhaps, while indicting these brief thoughts, he who demanded from the enemies of his country: "Immediate and unconditional surrender," as the only alternative, has himself been compelled to submit to a no less relentless demand and has passed on where must go, the high and low, the ignoble as well as those the earth deems noble and great. The death of Ex-President Grant is hourly expected and apparently no earthly power can save him. The country will mourn, as it should, for General Grant, in the history of the republic will stand second to only two, Washington and Lincoln. Not as a statesman do we speak of him, for, as President he undoubtedly made serious mistakes; but how very few if taken inexperienced from civil or military life would have done as well. As a successful chieftain he commands the admiration of the world and the gratitude of the American people. Our respected contributor, Judge Rosecrans, in his remarks this week, does not intend to disparage General Grant, or lessen a due appreciation of him in the hearts of the people. True, in the sight of the great power to which he refers, the poor crippled soldier may stand equal, and we cannot forget the boys that sleep in unknown graves and others who have returned maimed and broken in health but their sufferings would have been all in vain and the government lost, had not a skillful commander been found to lead them to final victory. As the man to fill the presidential chair was found in the person of Abraham Lincoln, destiny pointed in like manner to Ulysses S. Grant as the man who has to lead the army of brave men to overthrow the most powerful rebellion the world has ever known. For over a year, and during the most eventful period of the war we served under General Grant; from Vicksburg to Petersburg, with him we fought under the stars and stripes, and to him more than any other military man we ascribe the honor of restoring our country to peace and we trust to future harmony.

THE OFFERING'S NEW HEAD.—Scores of letters are receive from appreciative readers of the OFFERING, complimenting its new dress and very beautiful and appropriate head. Thanks friends. Our Democratic neighbor speaks approvingly, as does the *Banner*, and *Mind and Matter* whose steadfast friendship we have always appreciated.

"THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING appears with a new head and new dress. It is a typographical beauty. The head is peculiarly appropriate and graceful. THE OFFERING holds high rank among spiritual publication and has a national circulation."—*Ottumwa Daily Democrat*.

"THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING of March 28, comes to our table the present week with a new vignette heading. The design is exceedingly tasty. We are glad to see this evidence of material prosperity, as it opens the door for spiritual growth as well. May success attend our contemporary's efforts to sow the good seed of spiritual emancipation over the length and breadth of the land."—*Banner of Light*.

"THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING of March 28, comes to us in a new and most beautiful dress 'from top to toe,' making us feel in our well worn and usual attire very much as if we were behind the times; but we do not despair of being able to put on some new garments, if not a 'bran new' dress, by the time we reach volume seven. In the mean time we must be content to appear in our every day attire, and trust our sturdy worth will not be lost sight of, even if our attire does look somewhat threadbare. We none the less rejoice at the prosperity of our most highly esteemed contemporaries of the Great Western exponent of Spiritualism. The new heading of the OFFERING is very beautiful and suggestive and most tastefully appropriate, while the general make up and matter is in perfect keeping with it. We most sincerely congratulate Colonel and Mrs. Fox, upon this living proof of the success of their great journalistic undertaking. Long may they and the OFFERING live to continue the good and blessed work they are doing!"—*Mind and Matter*.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA.—G. H. Hawes, of San Francisco, our regular correspondent, kindly keeps the OFFERING posted in all matters pertaining to the interest of Spiritualism in California, and particularly in that city. Speaking of the recent celebration, he says, "the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was never so largely and fittingly celebrated as yesterday. Six or seven meetings held at different halls; will send you an account for the OFFERING at the earliest moment possible." We are glad to learn from our correspondent that arrangements have been fully completed with George Chainey to occupy Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, during the months of May and June, perhaps longer. The society is to be congratulated; Mr. Chainey will arouse the enthusiasm of all Spiritualists, and awaken a new interest among the people generally. Mr. Chainey had previously informed us of this movement.

EARTH BOUND SPIRITS. There are conflicting views among Spiritualists upon this subject; the topic is an important one, and we shall be glad to give well considered articles for or against the sentiments enunciated at Mrs. Fletcher's *Conversations*. We think her articles that have appeared in the OFFERING very valuable. The following from a prominent New England medium will be read with interest. It is certainly a very great mistake to expect to find a spirit world where all are good, it would be as unnatural as the Christian heaven:

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. March 20, 1885.

EDITORS OFFERING.—The articles on "Earth Bound Spirits," are valuable to all seekers for truth. We have had the beauties of spirit life portrayed in glowing colors from our rostrums all over the land. I think it time we had the worst side of life in spirit life presented, with all the ignorance and crime we as mortals send to spirit life to make a beautiful summer land. It has always seemed to poor little simple me, that all this talk about the beautiful spirit life is not warranted from the facts, sending as we do such poor material to make angels of. I suppose I am terribly practical but I have been a medium many years and I have liberated thousands of earth bound spirits. I know whereof I speak. Sometime in the future I may have something to say on this very important subject. Life means work for all time. Please find names for specimen copies of OFFERING. Wishing you all success I am fraternally yours.

Mrs. MARY J. HEALY.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.—It will be recollected, that a few weeks ago we noticed application of a Chicago boy to the courts of that city for injunction to prevent the principal of one of the common schools from expelling him for refusing to participate in religious worship. From one of the Chicago papers we learn the result as follows:

"Judge Tuley has passed upon the case in which an injunction was sought to restrain Philip Reher, the principal of the common school at Rogers Park, from preventing Stephen F. Ennis, a fourteen year old boy of the Roman Catholic faith, from attending the school without participating in certain religious worship. The Judge held that under the laws of Illinois no form of religious worship could be compelled in the public schools. It was not shown that the Directors had compelled it, although it was true that a teacher was their agent. Judge Tuley ordered that the complainant call upon the Directors, and if they refused to take him back, or if after permitting him to return they compelled him to participate in the worship, he would then consider the advisability of issuing an injunction."

The fact that teachers or officers, have no right to require students to participate in religious exercises, is here clearly recognized. The subject must be agitated, until public opinion shall demand that our schools be strictly secular.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?—As long as Spiritualists are unorganized there will be as many answers to the above question as there are opinions among questioners. To one class of individuals Spiritualism is the demonstration of immortality and nothing more; to another it signifies communion with friends; to some persons it is a philosophy embracing in its broad sweep, all subjects of interest to humanity; others see in it only a religion appealing to the spiritual nature and revealing spiritual truths. By some persons it is termed a science and its phenomena considered capable of being systematized and classified; others assert that the conditions essential for scientific accuracy are lacking. If an attempt is made to answer the question in accordance with the teachings of spirits, one is met by the same difficulty, for there is as great diversity of opinion among spirits as mortals. The impossibility of avoiding the presentation of individual opinions in answering the question, will be perceived. The power of spirits to communicate with mortals seems almost the only basis upon which all unite, but this is recognized as but a small part of Spiritualism. Will there ever be an answer satisfactory to all?

"EXPOSURE OF J. H. MOTT."—This is the heading of articles to be found running through all the papers just now, charging that he has recently been exposed, arrested for obtaining money under false pretences, and bound over to await the action of the grand jury. This is all we know of the case at this writing, having seen no paper giving particular account of the affair. Will our Kansas City, friends give us an impartial account. We doubt not after full investigation it will prove utterly ineffectual to detract in the least from the well established claims of Spiritualism, and probably not from Mr. Mott's claim to mediumship. An old resident of Memphis, Mo. the home of Mott for many years writes as follows: "I suppose you have heard of the expose at Kansas City; it does not convince us here; who have attended hundreds of his seances that he is a fraud and though as a man he is a miserable failure, I will say, I do not believe that Mott himself, ever took a thing into his cabinet, or came to the aperture, save when he was brought there by the spirits when entranced. I have seen him many a time, when the power to materialize was exhausted, but the tests given to me, proved to my mind beyond a doubt that he knew nothing of it." S. N. STOUT."

GEORGE CHAINEY IN OTTUMWA.—In another place we publish an appointment for Mr. Chainey in Chicago, next Sunday. We are now glad indeed to announce that on *Monday evening, April 13*, he will lecture in Liberal Hall, Ottumwa. Subject: "*Medusa and Perseus or the Tragedy of the Soul*." This is a subject that will inspire this remarkably eloquent speaker and call into action his well-known powers of oratory. Mr. Chainey has recently been converted from Materialism to Spiritualism, somewhat to the surprise of Col. Ingersoll, (his intimate friend) who addressed him a letter of enquiry upon the subject. Mr. C's reply was published in the OFFERING. Mr. Chainey as an orator is hardly second to Col. Ingersoll, to whom he is not inappropriately likened, and we hope to see a very large audience present to hear him. It will well repay friends from distant places to arrange to be in Ottumwa on that occasion. Mrs. Anna Kimball, the well-known psychometrist, will be present and at the close of the lecture will give psychometric readings.

SPECIMEN COPIES, NAMES WANTED.—We send this week, a number of copies of the OFFERING to the several meeting advertised for Saturday and Sunday next, also to persons in different parts of the country whose names have been sent us. We appeal to friends at the meetings and others into whose hands these papers may fall to aid us in our work by getting subscribers. The OFFERING is the cheapest Spiritual paper ever published and in point of merit will compare favorably with any other. We ask too for the names of *Spiritualists* everywhere who would probably take the paper if they liked it; to all such we cheerfully send specimen copies.

DR. PARDUN.—A letter received from S. N. Stout, speaks in glowing terms of the doctor as a successful Magnetic Healer and of his unbounded kindness and charity to the poor. Instances are given that certainly speak volumes in praise of the genuine goodness of Dr. Pardun, bestowing the same care and attention upon those who can never be expected to pay a cent, as upon the most wealthy.

A LETTER OF ENQUIRY.—We publish the following from a subscriber, because as Mr. Pidgeon advertised in the OFFERING, justice seems to demand it. If the parties named can explain we shall cheerfully publish:

OSHKOSH, WIS. March 30, 1885.

EDITORS OFFERING.—I saw in the SPIRITUAL OFFERING, some one I forget the name, received a test through a sealed letter given through a Mr. Pidgeon, 208 North Alabama street, Indianapolis, Indiana. I thought I would write to him, so I wrote to him for terms and received a letter from a Mrs. B. K. Smith, stating terms and saying Mr. Pidgeon was out of the city and would not be back until the first of next week, so I waited until I thought he would be back, then I sent my sealed letter and money, but got no answer. I waited about a month then I again wrote, but still no answer, the name on the envelope that I got was B. K. Smith, commission merchant. Do you know those parties, it looks to me like a swindle, do not you think it would be well to caution the people in your paper,

Yours respectfully

STEPHEN R. STALEY, 826 Pearl Street.

A MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.—We were speaking of Spiritualism, when our friend Mrs. W. said:

"It seemed so strange to leave our beautiful home and go down into what I had always called one of the most objectionable parts of the city to see a medium. The house was old and dilapidated and I could not prevent a shudder on entering the small, disorderly, and poorly ventilated room. The medium was a coarse, illiterate, unprepossessing man, and my first impulse was to fly from the place, for it seemed wrong to ask my darling to come to such a place; but remembering all I had suffered, and that my only hope of receiving a word from my darling was in staying, I took the proffered chair. One hour from that time I was as loathe to leave as I had been to enter. In that little room I had received my first unmistakable evidence of immortality. The little girl who had been the joy and pride of my life had given such assurance of her presence that my sorrow was turned to gladness. That poor medium had transformed my life, and I can never think of him without saying, 'God bless you.'"

ANOTHER REMARKABLY ABLE DISCOURSE, by Thomas Starr King, through the inspirational mediumship of Mrs. Richmond, is this week given to our readers. In connection with the morning discourse of the same day, (published last week), a better knowledge is obtained of Spiritualism, than was ever before published in the same space, and together they constitute all that is essential to be said on anniversary day,—a time when it is presumed a large number attend who know little of Spiritualism, its history and philosophy. These two issues of the OFFERING ought to be widely circulated; to aid friends in doing so, fourteen copies (seven of each) will be sent to any address for fifty cents, thirty copies for one dollar. Spiritualists everywhere ought to avail themselves of this opportunity to spread the teachings of Spiritualism as expounded by its most prominent advocate.

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL SOCIETY OF CHICAGO, is to be doubly blessed next Sunday. Mrs. Richmond and her spirit guides are to conduct the exercises as usual, and George Chainey, is to lecture morning and evening. Subject of the morning discourse: "*My Religious Experiences*," and in the evening: "*The Ideal Man and Woman*." We predict a very large attendance, for all will anticipate a rich treat. Mr. Chainey's reputation as one of the most eloquent speakers on the American rostrum, is well established, and the fact of his late conversion from materialism to Spiritualism, will awaken a desire to hear his reasons, which will doubtless be given in his morning discourse. We understand Mr. Chainey visits Chicago by special invitation from the guides of Mrs. Richmond.

MANY THANKS to Mrs. E. T. Dickinson of Limona, Florida, for the sprig of orange blossoms; they reminded us of a land that is fairer than this, and of noble hearts that sympathize in the good work to which we have dedicated life. We hope some day to visit the friends in the south and enjoy the beauty and sweetness of their genial clime.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We desire to have it distinctly understood, that we do not endorse the claims of advertisers in the OFFERING unless a special note appears to that effect. Our readers must judge of the merits or demerits of whatever appears in advertising columns. Many are positively rejected.

WILL LECTURE AND ATTEND FUNERALS.—The editress, although devoting more time to the OFFERING than heretofore, will answer calls for occasional lectures, and will attend funerals, if not too distant.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—We can supply the OFFERING from No. 25, the commencement of "*Julia Bisbee; or, From Life to Death—From Death to Life*."

COMMON SENSE ON MONEY.—We have the new and greatly enlarged edition of this excellent work. Sent postage paid on receipt of 25 cents.

Mrs. Richmond's Work in Chicago.

On last Thursday evening, the "Band of Harmony" held their regular meeting at the residence of Mrs. Mathews; several strangers received names and poems from Ouma, after a long and animated conversation with her on a variety of interesting topics. The discourse this morning was entitled "Some Modern Miracles," by spirit "Phenix." He said that which it was unquestionably true that a great many things in ancient times, which were called miracles, were only the result of natural law, it was also true that many which now occur and are accredited to natural law by some scientists, are miracles. Natural law is the result of volition of spirit power independent of law. The physical manifestations of Modern Spiritualism are, what he termed, miracles, for there is no law of nature which can control them, for they bear no relation to cause and sequence. He also said, that the more one explored into the realm of science, or the more they knew about science, the less they would ascribe these manifestations to that realm. He then related some very interesting personal experiences while in earth life. He said that a spirit said to him, through a young man who was in his employ:

"I can turn water into wine without your knowing the process." He said he held a glass of water in his hand, out at arms length, and saw the water slowly change to the color of wine, and that it had the taste and aroma of wine. This was a miracle, and thus, the changing of the water to wine by Jesus, at the wedding of Cana, was a miracle, for it was done by spiritual and not physical agency, for Jesus possessed and understood the power of the spirit.

He told many more of his experiences, while upon the earth, in this direction, all of which were exceedingly interesting and instructive, some occurring in his own family.

He said that so long as man did not understand the laws of nature, he would be subservient to them, they would be superior to him, but as soon as he became spiritualized enough to understand the volition of the spirit, why then, he could control the forces of nature. This evening the subject for the discourse will be: "*The True Resurrection*," from the sphere of John Wesley. CHICAGO, April 3, 1885. CORVOLVOLOCA.

Published in the Offering by Request.
Mining.

BY OUIDA.

Subject given for the poem by "Harvest Field of Ripening Grain," (for a stranger), at the Ladies' Union, March 12, 1885.

Mining upon the lower earth
Is for gold and silver and other ore,
And "precious things" and "things of worth,"
(Those things that rust forevermore).

Mining within the darkness here
Is for what the eye and sense reveal,
All gathered in the mortal sphere,
And what the earth may oft conceal.

God has placed all precious things
Hidden afar, far out of sight;
He has made the song-bird's fleetest wings
That sing the sweetest toward the light;
And oftentimes deapest the solitude
The nightingale sings his song in the wood.

The gold is hidden far from your sense,
For God knew Mammon would here prevail,
And to secure earth's recompense
In trying you ne'er would fail.

There is no place so deep, so dark
But man in that place will delve for gold;
There is no voice to which he will not hark
To hear its guidance if it only hath told
Where the hidden treasure may be found,
Deep buried within the ground.

Mine in that way, God has given
You sense and intelligence to know;
Seek for your gold, as far as it goes,
It will serve you while on earth below.

But it will not succeed when death comes here,
Nor tell you how far, when out of sight,
Your treasures of the dust appear,
They are hidden from the golden light.

There is no mining upon the earth
That can bring the gold of comfort near;
There is no diamond that has worth
That can restore your loved ones dear.

Mine in that way* for your heavenly gold!
Turn all your shafts toward the light!
And the ladder seen by one of old
Leads to God's mining camp and height.

And there, as all the angels know,
The treasures of the soul are found—
Upon the earth, for the needs below,
You must delve for gold within the ground,
But for the treasure known in heaven
Probe deep within the heart of love—
And that mining shaft to you is given
That leads unto the gold above.

*Pointing Above.

Aspiration.

Written for the Offering.

BY A GREEK LADY—SPIRIT CONTROL OF W. W. C.

Long I sought to reach a haven, where I could responsive find,
Echo to my soul's deep yearnings, filled with love and truth divine.
How my heart doth grieve with longings for a soul's responsive song,
Will the zephyrs waft it to me, on the wings of spirit strong?

Send it forth with tender mercy, filled with fragrance rare and fine;
Let my soul, inhale the sweetness wafted on the wings of time.

Oh I thought, when filled with sadness, that no rest my soul could find,
E'er the tear of sorrow vanished pity came and rescued mine.

Then the calm, that o'er me shadowed; breathing out its sweetest love
Hope came gleaming thro' the darkness, anchored to the shores above.

Written for the Offering.

Julia Bisbee:

OR, FROM LIFE TO DEATH—FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY OLD EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER IX.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have already learned that Maud West was a companion of Julia Bisbee on the eastern bound train, both bound for Newport, at the time of the collision. An excursion train had been attached at Millville.

The two families were on terms of intimacy, and the girls being only daughters, became almost like sisters, Maud being but a few months older than Julia.

There was something more than what is ordinarily called friendship in New York, between these families. In this case friendship was a vital reality, and not merely a conventional conceit. In every populous town there is a large class among the rich and aristocratic families who can boast of a very extensive range of friends. When parties and receptions are given, there is hardly any limit to the numbers invited. It is hard to find the exact boundary line between the aristocracy and middle class, and really this line is constantly fluctuating as the waves of wealth ebb and flow. A lady may boast of the friendship and love of a highly prized friend this week, whom she will not recognize on the street next. To-day she may be proud to welcome to her mansion and her splendid parlors, a dearly loved friend, and everywhere she will boast her acquaintance with such a rich and fine lady; next day the loved one, through fraud or fortune, has dropped out of her set, and in a week she is forgotten. The same is true of men, although in a less degree. Business relations give, for policy sake, a wider range of pretended friendship, but the principle is all the same. Self-interest, pride and popularity are ruling motives; popularity rules mostly among fashionable women, and the greed of gain among men.

The Bisbees and Wests had numerous friends of this kind. They, it must be confessed, belonged to the wealthy and aristocratic class, and were not wholly innocent of the errors and follies of their class. But there was a deep undercurrent of goodness for goodness' sake unusual in that class of society.

But, as we have said before, the friendship between these two families was of another kind. They entirely put aside conventionalities of intercourse, called upon each other without cards or ceremonies, unbent themselves to conversation, confided in each other's sincerity, and were all sincere. Both Mrs. West and Mrs. Bisbee were true-hearted women, good wives and good, loving mothers, and dearly loved each other. The gentlemen were also in like manner on terms of intimacy.

Mrs. West had only two children; Fred, now twenty years old, and the lost and lamented Maud, two years younger.

Mrs. Bisbee had one son two years younger than Julia. The friendly intimacy between both parents and children was informal

real and close as it could well be. These ladies, unlike most of their class, had superintended the training and education of their children. The attachment existing between the different members of these two families was close and perfect, and after the terrible bereavement of both, a new bond of sympathy was formed between them. A similarity of sufferings often more closely unite sympathetic hearts. It was so in this instance.

On one occasion Mrs. West said to her friend: "Mrs. Bisbee, you have one consolation which is denied me. You were able to identify the remains of your Julia, and you know the loved body now lies under the monument you have erected to her memory. We have indeed a monument of the same pattern, but alas where are the remains of my precious Maud?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bisbee, "I am thankful for even that small consolation. But, after all, that does not afford me the satisfaction I had expected. I have such strange feelings about Julia; it is impossible to realize that she is dead. Of course I have no reason to doubt her death; but it seems just as though she were away somewhere and would soon be at home again. I have tried to think of her in heaven, but I can form no connected view of her home above. I sometimes dream of her, but it gives me no relief. I am always in some trouble, and among strangers. I know she must be with Maud in glory—they loved each other so, I think they can not be separated now. Only last night I dreamed of seeing Maud. She looked as bright and happy as an angel, and she was all surrouned by angelic spirits. She looked so beautiful, so peaceful, so happy. Oh if I could only see Julia in that way it would afford me a world of joy."

"Oh, Mrs. Bisbee, I am sorry you can not dream about dear Julia. I wonder I never see Julia when I have such visions of Maud. One night, I never felt as though I had been to sleep, but of course I had, she came to me and looked as natural as in life, and oh so happy. She seemed to talk as naturally as could be. She said she was very happy; she was sorry for me, but if I could see her in her heavenly home, I would not wish her back again. I feel her presence more and more, and it makes me very happy. Oh, Mrs. Bisbee, I almost believe she does actually come to me when I am fully awake. Can that be possible?"

"I have never had any such visions of Julia. All my dreams of her have been unpleasant, and sometimes frightful. But, after my mother died so happily, I used very often to have just such visions of her as you describe about Maud, and last night she seemed to come again just as she used to, only she appeared more glorious. She said I must not mourn for Julia; she was well cared for, and sometime I should meet her again. She said we must never look in graves for our lost friends. This dream, if it was a dream, did me much good. Yes, I know I shall see dear Julia again, and I often think the time is not far distant. I have thought much about Julia's peculiar notions about death and the future state, and I have thought more of it since her death than ever before. I used sometimes to think she was visionary. She was a good praying girl, but she would never unite with any church. She never seemed to have much faith in ministers, and often said she did not think any one could be saved according to church creeds. She never admitted that she was totally depraved, and did not believe any one else was. She often said that if she never went to heaven, as a reward for her good works, she never expected to go there at all. Then she did not believe in heaven or hell as is generally preached. She believed that death was only leaving this body of flesh for a body of spirit, and that we would go into another world just as we left this, and that every thing would be just as natural there as here, only very much better. Now, Mrs. West, can you think that such notions as that have anything to do with my not seeing her as you see Maud?"

"No; Mrs. Bisbee, that can not be for Maud had just such views, and was stronger in them than Julia, if possible, and you see how happy she is. I think Julia is just as happy, if we only could see her. I can not think why we do not, I think by and by we shall see her too, as we see Maud and your mother. What do you think, Mrs. Bisbee, is the real truth about these visions? Do we really see our friends whom we call dead, or is it all a dream? Do you think our friends ever really come back to us from another world?"

"Well, I have thought a great deal about that subject, and have read a good many accounts of such things, and I can not help thinking they sometimes do, perhaps oftener than we imagine. The more I think of it, the more inclined I am to think that Julia did really see and converse with spirits, as she thought she did. She told me she got her peculiar religious notions from spirits. I am sure I do not know where else she got them. I have heard her talk to spirits, and ask them to help her and others in trouble, just as she would ask mortals. I have talked a great deal with Julia about death, and her notions were not the common views of church people, but I confess I could never answer her arguments; and her father only said she was visionary. She certainly seemed to have good reasons for what she thought to be true. Sometimes I feared they were not exactly according to the Bible in every respect, but she often said nothing could be better than truth, and that those who lived in the other life ought to know more about what it really was than anybody else. Death, she said, did not change the nature of the soul—did not make it good or bad, happy or unhappy. What we call death was a step into a higher form of life, and that all souls would eternally advance toward holiness and happiness. She often said she could not believe God could be angry with his children, or send any souls to endless suffering. And she wholly discarded the idea of immediate conversion or salvation through the merits of Christ's blood. Every person must work out his own salvation or never be saved; and the more I think of it the more I am inclined to her opinion."

Mrs. West said: "I have always been prejudiced against Spiritualism, and this seems to be their philosophy, but my dear Maud used to argue just in that way, and it was always impossible to answer her arguments;—well, I never really tried. I used to think, when talking to Maud, that I should be afraid to see a spirit, but I can not be afraid of Maud. I mean to learn more of this thing. Mr. West is getting somewhat interested in the subject, and we have really thought of taking lessons in a quiet manner of our servant. My girl, Eunice Richards, and the man of all work, Tom White, are full in the faith. They are to be married in a little time."

"It is just so with my help," said Mrs. Bisbee; "James Roe, the best man in the house, is said to be a writing medium and a clairvoyant. He thinks he sees a great many spirits. Eliza James told me yesterday he had seen Maud and talked with her. If he can see Maud, I don't see why he can not as well see Julia. I can not help thinking they are together. I am told that James writes when under control, as they call it, very rapidly and often very correctly. If he really does that, I don't know but I shall be compelled to believe there is more in it than I have thought, because I know he is a very bad writer, and spells worse than he writes. The stories they tell about these manifestations are very much like some of the bible stories. There is something wonderful about it."

"Well," said Mrs. West, "I hope it is all true. It certainly is a beautiful and comforting belief. If these things are so, it demonstrates the immortality of human souls. It annihilates the fear of God as

an angry, cruel being. It puts out the fires of hell and brings heaven close, oh so close, to us. I must and will investigate it. If Mr. Bisbee was not so much opposed to it, I would go to some of those circles. I think I shall before long, as it is. I would go to some medium if I knew I could talk with Julia; I can not think it would be wrong."

"Do you know, Mrs. Bisbee, that Eunice is just as confident that she has talked with Maud through your man, James Roe, as she is that she ever saw her in the body. She told her things that I am certain she could not have known. This seemed almost a demonstration. But there was one thing that perplexed me, and rather shook my faith. Eunice asked Maud if Julia was with her, and she answered that she was not. She then asked if she knew where she was. The reply was that she was not permitted to tell where she was now, but she thought her friends would hear from her soon. Now, if she could tell so many things about her other friends, and some almost strangers, I can not see why she would not, if she could, tell something more definite about her best friend, Julia."

"Well, that is certainly very strange," replied Mrs. Bisbee; "yet there may be a reason which they can not explain. On the other hand it may be all a deception. I think I must know more about it some how. There seemed to be a promise that we shall get some message from Julia sometime."

After several days of suspense, and frequent conversations on the subject, Mrs. Bisbee and Mrs. West obtained the unwilling consent of their husbands to attend a circle with the before mentioned four servants. It was to be kept a perfect secret, and held in the servant's sitting room at General Bisbee's mansion. Before the time of meeting both the gentlemen concluded to attend with their ladies. The scene was a good deal embarrassing for a time. The medium, James Roe, was a good deal confused, and so were the other servants. All the parties were rather awkward. It was a long time before James was influenced, and all present were about to give up in despair, when suddenly James became more powerfully influenced than ever before. A paper and pencil had been provided and lay on the table. His hand was controlled and he rapidly wrote a message for General Bisbee. It ran thus:

Dear Brother:—I am glad to meet you here. My control of this hand must be short. I am aware that you, more than any other, desire to get a message from your daughter. There are reasons why that can not be to-night. But be patient, dear brother, you shall hear from her as soon as possible. It is well with Julia. Your brother,

AUSTIN B.

General Bisbee took the paper and read it in silence. He then handed it to his wife and asked her if she ever saw that hand-writing.

"Why, yes; it looks like your brother's writing."

"So it is; it is perfect. This thing is strange."

Then followed message after message from friends and relatives of the different persons present—from some who had been long in spirit life. The writing was in most cases fully recognized, and all messages were characteristic as far as the writers were known. Then came the description of spirits. Among many others, Maud West and Mrs. Bisbee's mother. Near the close came a new feature. Eunice Richards became entranced by an Indian, and gave an address in the Indian tongue, which no one could fully understand. Mr. West, who had been much among the Indians in early life, understood many of the words and could make out a few short sentences.

Then the same control undertook to say something in English, but it was so broken that but little could be understood.

The gentlemen retired perplexed, but determined to further investigate. One thing they freely confessed that there was a power behind the mediums—James Roe, to save his life, could not have written those messages in a week, and Eunice had never heard an Indian talk, if, indeed, she had ever seen one.

The circles were continued and became more and more powerful and convincing. They were no longer held in secret. Hundreds were convinced of the truth of spirit communion.

Churches excluded their members who became believers, and ministers hurled anathemas against all who dared to have communion with heaven through mediums, or presumed to doubt the divine authority of the priesthood, or to question the orthodox plan of salvation.

But the tide of truth, of light and life and good will to man rolls on gloriously, and thousands are crying:

"O Death where is thy sting!
O Grave where is thy victory?"

[To be Continued.]

Is Christianity Barbarous?

BY WARREN CHASE.

For many years, and by much observation, I have found the sections of our country where there was the lowest state of morals and the most ignorance, cruelty and semi-barbarism, there was the most reckless defence of Christianity, and generally the most who called themselves Christians. The rowdies are generally the first to take up arms or clubs and brickbats in its defence, and are the leaders in persecution of those who expose its errors. A little incident in my late experience called out this item. While I was engaged in Cincinnati, Ohio, a friend on the other side of the river, in Kentucky, asked me if I would ride out with him some twelve miles into the country and lecture one evening during my stay. I assured him I would. He said he had some relatives there, one or two families, who were interested in the subject, but that it was in a religious neighborhood and I must be mild. I assured him I could feed milk to babes who could not chew meat. I knew the savage, barbarous condition of some parts of the state, for we constantly see articles relating some of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders that are on record, and of the terrible family feuds, resulting often in many murders; but of course we were not going into any such neighborhoods, but only into a civilized part of the state, as I supposed. He arranged a time with his friends, and advertised a lecture from me on the evidences of a future life, sending out posters, etc., never once thinking of an objection. But the churches took the alarm, and went to the trustees of the hall and warned them against opening it, so that when the friend went for it he was told it could not be had for any such purpose, as he had learned it was for Spiritualism. Not expecting to be thus foiled he said the school house would do, and of course that could be had, as it was always open for lectures; but on applying for it he was told by the trustees who had the key, that it could not be had unless a bond was given to repair all damages, as he had been notified that if it was opened for a spiritual lecture it would be burned down. So word was sent us and we did not go. Was there any objection except Christianity? If so, I can not find it. They do not want any proof of another life, nor do they want the people to get any. Is it not the same spirit that burned the martyrs, drowned the witches, hung the quakers and imprisoned Kneeland and Bennett, and would all of us if it could?

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March, 1885.

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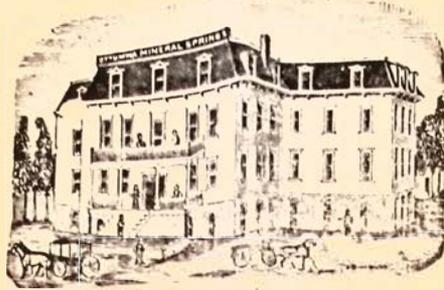
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Continued from First Page.

they are compelled to see it, to meet it, to account for it, to explain it and overcome it, or to step over and array themselves on the side to which it belongs.

Came it within the church it would be set down to the spirit of that church or sect wherever it might appear, and instead of truth receiving the credit, the Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, or whatever denomination received it, would declare it was the result of their particular creed, their fidelity to the teachings of Christ. Outside of all denominations, it is the voice that comes distinctly to all and says: Now Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, who ever you may be, the voice of the spirit summons you wherever you can meet it, as Christ summoned his disciples to the sea-side, by the lowly stream upon Olivet, in the wilderness by the wayside, forsaking temples because temples were frequented by men, because temples bore testimony to human service instead of Divine. So, outside of all places accredited to human worship the great spirit of Spiritualism has summoned men and women to the Universal Temple of God's praise. I am glad that its instruments have been chosen from among those that were not especially distinguished in any denominational work. I am glad that such of the clergy as have received it, have been compelled to accept it, notwithstanding their denominational prejudices; to accept as it is, a visitation outside of the creeds and sects of Christendom—the new voice of the spirit of God to man.

Had it come within the Roman Catholic, it would have shared the fate of the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine miracles that have been wrought among the saints; it would have been put to death first and deified afterward, and the Romish Church would have the credit; as it is the world has put it to death thousands of times, and each time it has been resurrected. As it is, though mediums may have been found wanting, though failing in any individual particular, though found human in far too many respects, there are mediums often found to attest the truth, who even proclaim themselves unworthy instruments, yet still are the voices of truth. For was it not said of the disciples, that unworthy vessels, human not divine were chosen? Therefore has it come among the weak, the human with its testimony and divine voices and it becomes more valuable to those who are looking critically, inquiringly and intellectually. For while the ancients said: "Can any good come out of Nazareth," the modern pharisee has said, "can any good come of Spiritualism? so low, so unworthy." But it has arisen like sweet spring-time flowers, lowly in their places of origin but filling all the earth with bright starry blossoms, buttercups, daisies, violets dear to every human life. I thank God a thousand times that Spiritualism has not been accredited to the Catholic or Protestant churches to the skill of any institution of learning, to any human mind instead of the divine, but that it is a universal voice, that it is a summoning voice, that it speaks to every human soul, that it does not scorn the prince because he is a prince but visits the lowly cottage as well as the castle, that the king upon his throne may have the message from the spirit world, notwithstanding he is a king, and the lowly peasant may be strengthened and uplifted by it without the permission of the king. I thank God that no priest nor altar nor any sacerdotal shrine holds this sacred message of Infinite love, that it speaks its word every recurrent spring-time as gladly as flowers and birds sing their praises in testimony of the blossoming of spring, and I thank God that you, who at this time are here to give the testimony of your gratitude for what it has wrought in your lives, remember it not as a place, not as an altar up-bid by man, not as a theory advanced by science, not as a creed enunciated by any church but as the sweet, loving breath and vitality of immortal spring-time in your lives; that you can count the months and years, in so many numbers since you were born into its knowledge, since it came with its influence to loosen the flood gates of tears and set free your hearts from the life-long bondage of the fear of death.

Since your little darling went away, perhaps you have known it, that bright, blue-eyed darling with golden hair, who was the light of your dwelling who went out into the world of spirits; there was no science that could tell you where she had gone, there was no religion that could explain to you the state or condition of that child. And then the voice of Spiritualism came to you and restored her to your presence, gave you living evidence that she was there, and in many messages and many ways told you that she lives and is standing by your side. Perhaps it came when your mother went, the mother whose smile was the love-light of your dwelling, who through long years had borne patiently and silently the labor of love, when she left, the earthly dwelling was dark and desolate. There could be words said above her casket, but they would be words that sounded afar off, you knew you had lost the one light and love that gave you life, and then when that great need was filled by the message: "My son I am not dead, my daughter I am still with you, I minister to you each day, I share the duties of each day, I uplift the burdens and trials from your life as best I can." You date your birth unto this light from that time. You know that the coming and going, the passing to and fro upon the earth in all the trials and cares of daily business and perplexities, that nothing will ever silence that mother's voice again, that no death can come between you and her, but that death will restore you fully to her presence, for it will be the death of your own material form. Now, I say, it is needful to remember such an Anniversary it is needful that you be reminded of that birth which makes glad the whole world and takes away the one ancient terror from the earth. When we are asked, "what new thing Spiritualism ever has revealed?" It has revealed that same thing, that philosophers, poets, men of science, in all ages of the world have been seeking, the one "magic stone" the one "fountain of perpetual life," the one thing that kills and conquers death, namely: eternal life. If it be not the voice that has revealed it to another, still it is the voice that has revealed it to you, and when you compare those whose friends have passed away under the usual forms of religious worship with the light that Spiritualism brings, it seems to me that between the dead and the living Christ, Spiritualism has made an archway of immortal flowers, restored the living Christ, the living light, by the hand of your own child. It seems to me that children whom Christ blessed and said of such are the kingdom of heaven have brought the master near to your dwellings, while in the creed and dogma enunciated afar off, the vital life the living present comfort has been denied. I do not say that Christians have no consolation. I say that if they have, they can not deny to Spiritualism the consolation that it brings to the world, if they have not, they may refuse it since they do not know it lives; but had the name of Christianity satisfied the thought of immortality, there would have been no materialists in Christendom, there would not have been four-fifths of the inhabitants of Christian lands, who do not worship in any place of worship.

For the four-fifths outside of all denominations of worship Spiritualism is a message; it may not be heeded by the one-fifth who do worship, but certainly the message is needed by the others. And when over all the earth the sublime and perfect light and life of truth shall triumph over the desire for truth known only in my way, in the individual way, it will then be found that not only is Spiritualism the new light for the new day but that it is that which solves the light of every preceding age, as also belonging to the same central source of light and life. And while I would not for one moment that Spiritualists should forget the day of its advent, of the acknowledgement of the communion between the two worlds, I would still have you remember that it is more, that it explains every unexplainable event relating to occult and invisible powers that has ever occurred in the history of the world; that it explains all those occurrences that have been set down to tradition and superstition, and the fear of the mysterious that could never be explained, placing them in their proper order in the proper position that they should occupy. While I would not have you forget that this is a new light I would have you declare that the same light under similar forms has expressed itself in every age of the world. That it was under the same light that the Quakers and Shakers perceived and saw the illumining power of the spirit, that it was under the same

light that John Murray saw the nest of a wiser and diviner interpretation of the beneficent words of Revelation, in the final and ultimate restoration of the souls of all; that it was under this light that John Priestly also beheld the broader interpretation, both of nature and theology; that it was under this light that John Wesley perceived the ministering powers of angels and spirits, and preached to his followers the mild and beautiful interpretation of the word of God; that it was under this light in the middle ages voices were heard, announcements were made, even while the darkness of night was supposed to rest upon the religion of Christendom; that it was under this light that martyrs and saints in every age have received the illumining power that enabled them to conquer death; that through this light men of science and invention have confessed that that which they have discovered was not their creation, but only their perception.

A modern inventor who bids fair to rival any of his predecessors in works that will be of the greatest benefit to mankind in all the world, has said, "I do not invent these things I see them, they are there beforehand for me to see." With this confession all geniuses stand alike arranged in proper order, perceiving by the illumining power of the spirit that which is there, which has been waiting for them, which prepared by some mind of superior vision and wisdom is ready when they perceive it. In that realm of causation that lies beyond the feeble sense of man what wonders are waiting for you to grasp, what perceptions shall be enkindled within the mind of man to know of these mysteries that now are veiled! The to-morrows are to you wrapped in profoundest mystery, to the unsealed vision of the inventor who has passed beyond death, the to-morrows are now; all you seek is there made known from those wonderful minds whose history on earth form the vital page of living human life, and you will one day see that instead of climbing up to those heights, to grasp the very nature of those laws, there are kind interpreters that have gone on before to prepare the way, who see the light and tell you that it is coming.

I have seen the mother bird prepare the way for the flight of the young bird, diving beneath to catch it should it fall. I have seen the duckling, kindly guided by the careful and attentive parent to the water and then again assisted upon the grassy slope of the shore. I have seen the mother lead her babe across the room that it may learn to use its untried limbs, in the same manner those who have tried the world of mind more than you, who are in a realm, one step nearer causation than you, who perceive more than you do of the wonderful laws of life, of autonomic force, have prepared the way for your feet, lead you gently by the hand, open your vision when it is ready to the principle that is to be what you form an invention. Does this rob mankind of any portion of the credit? No blind man can walk in the light of the sun and perceive it, even though it were shown to him in a thousand ways he could not see it the vision is there, however much it may be quickened by spirit guardians and guides. Therefore do not allow your self-esteem, and self-praise to come as the only shadow between yourself and spirit guidance, that is universal.

Do geniuses scorn to admit that they gather inspiration from the past? Does not Bailey in the matchless poem, Festus, declare that one came to him from realms invisible, oft times answering his summons, whom he met with questioning, and when the answer came he would fall back upon his own soul like the receding tide only to summon him again with other questions, and always this immortal responded to his call? Does not Shakespeare speak of those invisible beings? Does not Milton freely converse with them? Take away from poesy and art, the presence of angels and ministering spirits and the powers of immortal life, and you have a form without a soul, an instrument without harmony, notes of music without sound, and voiceless forms. Take away from the words of the Inspired Record that communion of angels and messengers permitted all the way from the days of Moses, up to the final book of Revelation of John upon the Isle of Patmos, and you take out all that is vital, all that has the breath of life, take away from human existence that which has savored of the immortal essence, even in daily life, that invisible, almost impalpable, yet perceptible odor of the gardens of paradise; take away the hope and expectation and the certainty of immortal life; take away the visions and premonitions of every age, the aspirations and imaginations of the young, of the dreamers and what they dream, and you take away all that is vital in human life, leaving but the dust and ashes and bitter weeds of human strife and selfishness.

Oh, whatever shall kindle upon your altars the fire of immortality, whatever shall make the amaranth bloom where late the yew tree has spread its desolating shadow, whatever shall cause the lilies and roses and violets, to blossom in your gardens, where but late the weeping willow has stood, the name of heaven, let it come. The world is not so free nor so happy nor so certain of immortality nor so conscious of being that it does not require every voice, every power, every testimony, and whatever God has permitted to come for evidence, whatever light can illumine the light you already have, beyond all, whatever light can illumine your shadow, can make a certainty where there was doubt, can give knowledge where there was hope, can give proof that is divine and absolute where there was only trembling faith, in the name of heaven, let it come; for tombs and sepulchres are every where in the world, the hearts of humanity are crying out that the hunger of the day be appeased, for immortal bread as well as bread of daily life.

Spiritualists, you may not have sent missionaries abroad, you may not belong to any church organization for the purpose of proselyting, you may not desire to build up temples nor altars nor material shrines; you may not wish to anoint priests nor consecrate vast cathedrals to your worship, but oh, let no hour pass that you do not bear grateful testimony in your lives, in your hearts, in your daily speech, in your constant endeavor to that light that is in your temple, to that light that illumines your dwelling, to that immortality that has annihilated death to that presence that has breathed out its fair and glorious breath upon the world and makes this very spring-time, of the year of our Lord, eighteen eighty five, attest to more human souls that acknowledge the immortality of man than ever before in the history of the world, more that have been uplifted from the burden of doubt and darkness, of bitterness and gloom, by the one light that though scorned and despised and reviled in the high places of the world, makes beautiful the meadows and fields of grain, wherein the harvests of eternity are gathered.

BENEDICTION.

May that birth that giveth unto every spring its blossoming, and unto every soul its immortal wings be yours forever.

Reported for the Offering.

Powers of Thought.

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

[The following is the summary of a conversation on the above subject at Mrs. Willis Fletcher's parlors, No. 30 Yarmouth street, Boston, and in its composition, the writer has endeavored to express and concentrate the general sentiment and spirit of all present.]

The evil eye of the Oriental, doing harm on such as it is cast involves a truth. So does the Sandwich Islander's idea that an enemy may "pray him to death." The same law works in the "curse" of scripture, and in the working of "spells." Acknowledge that thought is substance and can be transmitted from mind to mind, and we leave the door open to the idea that mind may be affected for good or ill according to the nature of the thought sent us from another. So "curses" or "blessings" do work harm or good. The good will of any person directed toward us is for us a thought power or agency for good. The evil will is a thought substance directed toward us in its nature and effect a poison.

Besides the evil wish of any person in flesh and blood may carry with it the attendant effort to our injury of their associate and kindred spirits, and the power of these to work harm in many ways is much greater than is generally realized.

These can affect and poison the mind by playing on its chords of suspicion, fear, jealousy, pride. The more impressionable the person with whom they deal, the easier their work. Impressionable mediumship is a door as open to evil as good agencies, unless that door is well guarded.

When the mind is in this manner affected physical weakness or some form of disease may soon follow as a natural result. Evil

thought is evil substance and such evil substance assimilates with and poisons the blood.

As the "evil," "earth-bound" or "immature spirits" live on the earth and are ever all about us and are in fact the only permanent dwellers in spirit on the earth plane of life, we may get a faint conception of the immensity and importance of this unseen power for evil among us.

All reformatory work is precisely that which most excites their antagonism, and all prominent in advancing better ideas of life and living are those against whom their efforts are chiefly directed. All earnest and persistent workers are in especial danger from this cause and may have ten active unseen enemies in spirit to one in the flesh.

Paul realized the force and meaning of these truths when he speaks of a "warring with the powers of darkness" and inferring that these "powers" were even more to be dreaded than those of earth, seen and tangible. Witness the result for ill on any persons health of a continued condition of anger, fear, suspense. If you desired to bring both physical and mental torment to any one could you find any method more efficacious than the continual whispering into their ear of thoughts calculated to inspire such sentiments. The evil unseen do this.

Fire rightly used proves one of the greatest sources of comfort. It can also become the means of horrible torment. The same principle holds good in the impressionable organization. Such organization, ignorant of the law governing its workings, may plunge itself into the deepest misery by unconsciously keeping the door wide open to evil agencies. So all envious, jealous, suspicious thought, all harboring of fear, melancholy, gloom, despond, hopelessness is the harboring of just so much poison to mind and of course to body. How to get rid of these?

The remedy is simple. It lies in asking, demanding, desiring, praying to be rid of these adverse agencies; also in persistent endeavor to close the ear and shut the door to the unpleasant thought, be it of what nature it may. This with some, perhaps many, is not so easy; for mind may be trained unconsciously to the habit of good or evil thought and life-long habit may render it at first difficult to close the door and shut the ear to evil whisperings.

Yet the world has not yet recognized the full import and meaning of the words of the Christ. "Ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Our prevailing habit of thought is a mental structure we carry with us, solid in proportion to the time occupied in building it up, and always attracting to it like character of thought and mind. This solidity of structure and its attractive power may all be of envious, hopeless, greedy, desponding or their evil thought. This will surely carry with it an unhealthy body. Such may be the permanent character of thought in the mind of an impressionable medium. Is there not in this a key as to the cause of insanity, and every degree of hypochondria.

Written for the Offering.

Holy Days.

BY WARREN CHASE.

It is curious in a country as intelligent as ours to find people who believe one day more holy and sacred than another, and that it is wrong to do right on some days, when it may be right to do wrong on others in some cases. As a day of rest and recreation one day in seven may be justly, properly and legally set apart, but certainly not as the churches hold, because it is holier than other days, and set apart by authority of any God as a holy day of rest. We have no Christian God's day in our weekly calendar. Sunday, the first day of our week, which most of the Christians keep as the holy day, and which other Christians deny as the holy day, was named for the Sun, which was probably the first heavenly God ever worshipped by mortal, and by more than any other God in the vast catalogue, and with more propriety, and if Christians had set this apart as the Sun's day, and had prayed to the sun for our daily bread, or good crops and weather, it would be more reasonable than connecting it with the Jewish Sabbath or a resurrection of the Son of God from death and the grave, as they try now to do or try to believe.

Monday is the Moon's day, the second object, or person, in the original trinity of sun, moon and stars, or, the perhaps, equally old Egyptian trinity of father, mother and child, for both of these antecedents by many thousand years the Christian trinity and even the Jewish God, Jehovah. Monday is the holy day of the Greeks, and as sacred as the Christian Sunday, and with equally good authority, so we should be careful not to sin on Monday, because it is holy time.

Tuesday is named for a petty god, Tuiseo, and is the holy day of the Persians, on which they say their prayers, bring their offerings to their Gods as Christians do on Sunday, and it is equally sacred and precious time, and it is not right to do wrong on Tuesday, because it is a holy day of rest from labor, and consecrated to the God of many people.

Wednesday is named for Woden, a god supposed to have something to do with the winds and weather, and is the holy day of the millions of Assyrians, on which their prayers are offered and sacrifices made as the Christian's are on Sunday, and it is equally holy and as faithfully observed, and it would be just as well for all to keep that day as any one in the seven. Do no wrong act on Wednesday, for it is holy.

Thursday is named for Thor, another petty god of some note among the little gods, as we call them, and is the holy day of the Egyptians, on which the millions go to prayers and praises, ask favors of their Gods, as Christians do on Sunday, and with as good success in obtaining them from any foreign God or supernatural agency. As Thursday is a holy day, we should all abstain from sinful and wicked acts on this day of the week, and if we pray, join the Egyptians in prayer to their old gods, which are much older than any the Christians have.

Friday is named for Friga, a goddess of some note, and it seems well to have one female in the list of gods for week-day names, and probably our Catholics would like to change it to Mary, but it is too well fixed, and we must let the Christians go without a name in the list. Friday is the holy day of the Mohammedans, who are about as numerous as Christians, although, as a sect, about six hundred years younger; but Mahomet was a warrior, and pushed his religion with the sword, which the Christians refused to do till the Roman Government took it up, and then it conquered a belief with the sword. Allah and Mahomet, his prophet, gets many prayers on Friday, and the day is very holy, so we should not sin.

Saturday is named for Sator, another petty god of some note, and is well-known to be the holy Sabbath of the Jews and some Christians, and the day of prayers, so the Gods get praises and prayers every day, and every day is holy and none set apart for sin and drunkenness. Spiritualists should abstain from both.

What a pity the Christians could not have had the days in the week named for the trinity, and several distinguished founders of the church, or the most essential persons in the great work of redemption; and, as Judas was one whose part could not have been dispensed with, perhaps we could have given him a day; and Peter, the rock on which the Catholic Church is built, and from whom the Pope got the keys of heaven and hell, by which he can let persons through purgatory, and the apostle who was most like Judas, as he denied and Judas betrayed (both about alike), they should each have a day, named for them—Petersday and Judasday and as Friday is called an unholy day, probably because it is named for a female, it might be well to name it for Pilate or Herod, the tetrarch, and then give Saturday to Saul of Tarsus. Why do not our Christian brethren get up a convention and change these heathen names? It would be a good job for Brother Joseph Cook, and he could get Talmage and Moody to help him, and the Chatauqua annual meeting would be a good time to start it. It is a shame to have the heathen names used in a Christian country like this. But perhaps they are waiting till they get God and the bible in our constitution, and Christ acknowledged as the ruler of the nation. CINCINNATI, OHIO, March, 1885.