

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY.

PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. I.—NO. 11. [E. V. WILSON.]

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THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

O, glad New Year, so beautiful and bright,
Welcome, thrice welcome, to our hearts and homes;
We parted from the Old Year at the gate—
With reverent heads, as shutting out a friend,
We closed it softly, for he comes no more,
And now, New Year, we would begin with thee,
And live a life so pure and free from sin
That shall not shame us when we part with thee.
We would have charity, that sweetest gift,
That we might "do to others as we would
That they should do to us." Make new resolves
To help our neighbor as his need may be,
As Heaven helps us in basket and store.
O, glad New Year, so lusty and so strong,
Infuse thy young life in our feeble limbs—
Fire up our hearts, and wing our weary feet,
That halt so long in the thorny road of life.
Twelve fleeting months and thou wilt have grown gray
As yonder Old Year passing out of sight;
It thus behoves us to sow goodly seed,
And pray that God will daily water it,
And send His sunshine to bring forth good fruit,
In loving deeds, and tender thoughts and words,
That blessing others shall enrich ourselves.

From the Atlantic for December.

RESULTS FROM MY SPIRITUAL STUDIES.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

[Continued from last issue.]

These broad views of the subject did not come to me distinctly at first. More than a decade had been spent in this branch of study ere I clearly perceived that phenomenal evidence touching a life to come is the one special want of the present time; the want for lack of which civilization halts and scruples. It may be that two thousand years ago the reign of Law was one of those premature ideas of which Jesus said to his followers: "Ye cannot bear them now." But our age is ripe for its reception. We no longer need belief in the Infallible. We have outgrown it.

If, as one of old said, "To everything there is a season," there may have been a time in the past, when such a belief was in place. Obedience is fitting in childhood. We cannot always give a young child the reasons for our bidding; he must learn to obey, to a certain extent, without reasons: and the fiction of parental infallibility comes in, appropriately enough, to our aid. So it may have been in the childhood of the world. But when we become men we put away childish things.

Thus, to influence the superstitious ignorance of the first century, and to compel its attention to the teachings of a system the innate beauty and moral grandeur of which were insufficient then to recommend it, it may have needed works which that ignorance should imagine to be miraculous; but to act upon the spiritual apathy of our more scientific day, it needs phenomena, acknowledged to be genuine, yet of an intermundane character.

This need is not timely only, but urgent. It is far short of the truth to say that the material progress of the world in the last hundred years has exceeded that obtained in any ten previous centuries. But the advance in morality has not kept pace with that in all physical arts and sciences. Especially in this new country of ours, liable to the excesses and shortcomings of youth, improvement in human conduct and affections, as compared with improvement in mechanical agencies, lags lamentably behind. Public morality is at a lower ebb than it was twenty or thirty years ago; our legislative bodies are less pure, our public service generally more stained with venality. But public morality reacts on private morals. The vice diseases which originate in politics cannot be confined to politics: they are sure to infect, first our business marts, then the home circle itself. Never has there been a time when a great reformatory agency was more pressingly needed among us than now.

But, aside from modern Spiritualism, what great reformatory influences have we, that are fitted to arrest this widespread growth of selfish and mercenary vices? On the one hand Orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic, based on infallibility and backed by wealth and powerful organizations. On the other,

Secularism, based on the assumption that we ought to restrict all our thoughts and cares to this world; seeing that we know, and can know, nothing of any other; and this assumption is backed by the daily increasing influence of science.

Is there any reasonable hope that either of the above agencies will so foster and advance the moral and the intellectual man, as to bring these humanizing influences of our nature abreast with the material and the intellectual, that have so far outstripped them?

What has Orthodoxy, Catholic or Protestant, done—say in the last three hundred years—to justify the faith that she is the civilizing agent we need? Both of her branches have increased enormously in riches and in number of churches and ecclesiastical foundations. Thus strengthened, the two have been carrying on an intestine war of creeds; and in the main, probably, the advantage has, so far, rested with the Catholic. [1] But has either branch, with all its vast resources and far-reaching appliances, stemmed the current of selfishness and venality, public or private? If this current has set in for the last quarter of a century in spite of all that a wealthy and popular Orthodoxy has done, what warrant have we for reasonable belief that the evil current of the past will be arrested and turned back by the same Orthodoxy, in the future?

Or shall we look to Secularism, subverter of religious faith, for relief and reform? She has not, during the last twenty-five years, been in the ascendant, and therefore cannot be charged, as justly as Orthodoxy, with inability to arrest the modern decadence of morality among us. But shall we elevate and enoble man by ignoring the spiritual element within him? Will human beings be less venal, less selfish,—less disposed to eat, drink, and be merry, regardless of higher aims,—if we tell them, and if they believe, that this is the only world we shall ever know; and that we may enjoy ourselves here free of all thought or care for others, without regard to consequences in any world to come?

It is further to be taken into account that, if the reign of Law prevail, the days of Orthodoxy (in the usual sense of the term) are numbered; her foundation fails. With the discarding of the Miraculous dies out also faith in infallibility, whether of man or book. But infallibility is the basis of all Orthodoxy's dogmatic beliefs; and that undermined, the whole superstructure of dogmatism falls. What survives will survive in the shape of reason-acknowledged truth, not of imposed dogma.

The acceptance of universal law as ruling principle tends to sustain, not to imperil, Secularism. And if, under law, no trustworthy evidence of the spiritual be found, then, under the reign of law, Secularism will flourish; and the peril will be to religion itself; including, among others, the ethical system of Christ, intimately allied, as in the secularist's view it is, with exploded fables.

But I see no fair prospect in the future of any harmonious progress in true civilization without the aid of religion, and—more specifically stated—of the ethical and spiritual system put forth by Jesus; I speak here, however, of Christianity in its primitive aspect, divested of alien scholasticisms which its author never taught.

If this general statement—the result of special inquiries, earnestly prosecuted through two decades—be accepted as correctly indicating the present state of the religious world, then, though it does not prove the truth of modern Spiritualism, seeing that a belief may be timely and desirable, yet unstained by evidence, it does enable us to reach a just conception of the position to which this new phase of faith will, if it stand the test, be entitled, in its connection with civilization and soul-progress.

It will be conceded that if Spiritualism's phenomena prove real, these will establish, past possible denial or doubt, the fact that this is not the end-all of our being; and thus it will cut up Secularism, root and branch, by

adducing what must win the credence of mankind at last, the evidence of our senses. [2] This is the evidence by which Jesus won the belief of his disciples. His appearance after death to a number of witnesses was, to the early Christians, the rock-foundation of their faith; failing which, they admitted that the entire structure must fall. "If the dead rise not," was their argument, "then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain." [3] Thus primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism rest, for evidence, on the same basis.

But the question will remain, how far the teachings of this modern faith tend to ethical and spiritual culture. The inquiry will suggest itself also whether these conform to, or diverge from, the moral and spiritual precepts of Christianity. The answer mainly depends on the manner of defining an important word.

It is to be conceded that long-continued and exclusive devotion to (alleged) messages from the next world has often given birth, in Spiritualism as in Theology, to a vague and heavy literature, in which common-sense has small part. Nevertheless, slurs against the current effusions of Spiritualism, come with a bad grace from those, standing afar off, who have never lifted a finger to sift profitable from worthless, or done aught, in any way, to elevate or correct what they condemn.

Of the hundreds of volumes, English, French, and German, filled with such effusions, I deemed it a duty to look through what seemed the most promising; a task tedious and bootless in one sense, but very satisfactory in another; tedious and of small results in so far as they contained thousands of non-essential details and ill-considered speculations, varying as widely from each other as do the sentiments expressed by mundane authors; but satisfactory and instructive in this, that, with exceptions too rare to invalidate the rule, they persistently agree in asserting, or assenting to, certain all-essential statements and great vital principles; and also—this is no less important—they agree in discarding, or ignoring, certain orthodox dogmas, including the common popular conceptions in regard to the life to come. And this concurrence of ideas happens no matter who, or where, the mediums or psychics or sensitives (call them what we will) may be; it happens alike whether these are persons cultivated or uncultivated, inhabitants of Europe or America, of India or Australia or New Zealand; it happens whether, in their normal condition, they are, or were, Catholics or Protestants or Jews, Presbyterians or Universalists, Methodists or Deists, believers or unbelievers in another world.

This happens, also, no matter what may have been the former creed of the (alleged) communicating spirits. No Catholic ever sends back word that he has seen purgatorial flames, or met the patron saint of his earthly idolatry. No Protestant has anything to report about angels round the throne, whose sole end and aim—whose one source of bliss—is to "glorify God and enjoy him forever." No Calvinist who has reached the other world ever alludes to that hell where he once believed that all his fellow-creatures, save only an elect few, were to be eternally tormented. None of Milton's angels, loyal or rebellious, are to be heard of; their only representatives being certain spirits of the departed,—now messengers of peace,—who return to earth to cheer mourning friends, to speak of a better world, to aid those who are weary and heavy-laden, and to exercise guardian care over the orphan and the desolate.

Spiritualism, in every country to which its influences extend, has worked a thorough revolution in the popular opinions touching the conditions and pursuits of the next life. The dreams of the past fit away. There opens up to us a world (to use Swedenborg's phase) of uses; a world with occupations and duties and enjoyments as numerous and varied as we find them here; a world, however,—so uniformly runs the record,—better, higher, far nobler in aim and purpose, than ours; yet, in effect, a

world wherein the life which now is, is supplemented by that which is to come.

Is this an unworthy conception of heaven? Is it a conception less salutary, less elevating, than that which speaks to us of joining the angelic hosts and sharing their changeless avocation? Nay, truly, it is far more worthy both of God and man. What is Christ's idea of the service to be rendered by the creature to the Creator? Adulation, long prayers? (What prayer so short as his?) According to him, God's judgment touching service is: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto me."

How numerous and distinct are the virtuous emotions that now move the heart of man! The promptings to acts of benevolence and deeds of mercy, the stirrings of magnanimity, the efforts of self-denial; fortitude, courage, energy, perseverance, resignation; the devotion of love and the yearnings of compassion, —what a varied list is here! And in that man who confesses the practical shortcomings of his life, who feels how far better has been his nature than its manifestations, who knows how often in this world noble impulse has been repressed, how many generous aspirations have here scarcely been called into action,—in the heart of such a man must not the hope be strong that the present life may have a sequel and a complement in another? He who has labored long and patiently to control and discipline a wayward nature, may he not properly desire, and rationally expect, that he will be allowed to prosecute the task, here so imperfectly commenced, there, where there is no flesh to be weak if the spirit be willing? Shall the philanthropist, whose life has been one long series of benefactions to his race, be blamed if he cannot surrender at death, without regret, the godlike impulse that bids him succor the afflicted and heal the broken heart? Even he whose days have been spent in exploring the secrets of nature, can he be expected, unmoved, to relinquish, with his earthly body, the study of that science to which his heart was wedded? And, far more, shall a loving and compassionate nature anticipate with complacency the period when the soul, all consecrated to worship or filled with its own supreme felicity, shall no longer select, among its fellow-creatures, its objects either of pity or of love?

But shall man be blamed if he look with coldness on a prospective state that shuts him out from almost all the qualities he has been wont to admire, and all the sympathies that have hitherto bound him to his kind? Is it strange that an upright and energetic being finds little attraction in a future where one virtue, one duty, is instantly to supersede, in his character and career, the thousand virtues, the thousand duties which, here below, his Creator has required at his hands?

It is true that the messages of Spiritualism, so far, have presented to us only outlines of our future home, without any distinct filling up of the picture. We see as through a glass, darkly. Perhaps it is best so. Perhaps some law of intermundane communion forbids more. Too vivid an intuision might render us impatient of earthly sufferings, even of earthly duties. And that might be dangerous; for earthly life and its tasks are an indispensable preparation for our next phase of being. Each world, like each age of man, has its own sphere with its appropriate avocations; to be worked out with reference the one to the other, but not to be interchanged.

Yet enough has been disclosed to cheer the darkest days of our pilgrimage here, by the assurance that not an aspiration after good that fades, nor a dream of the beautiful that vanishes, but will find noble field and fair realization by and by, in a better land.

Meanwhile, what motive to exertion in self-culture more powerful than the assurance that not an effort to train our hearts or store our minds made here, but has its result and its reward in the hereafter? We are the architects of our destiny; inflicting our own punishments, selecting our own rewards. Our righteousness is a meed to be patiently earned, not miracu-

lously bestowed nor mysteriously imputed. When Death comes, he neither deprives us of the virtues nor relieves us of the vices of which he finds us possessed. Our moral, social, and intellectual qualities pass with us to the next world; there constituting our identity and determining our state. So also the evil. That dark vestment of sin with which, in a vicious life, a man may have become endued, clings to him, close as the tunic of Nessus, through the death-change. He retains his evil identity; he decides his degraded rank. Is there, in the prospect of a hell begirt with flames, stronger influence to deter from vice than in the looming up of a fate like that? [4]

In proportion as the public mind is trained to be dispassionate and logical, will it reach the conviction that such a conception of the next world, if it once obtain firm hold on society, will work a revolution in morals and in soul-culture which it is hopeless to expect either of Orthodoxy or Secularism.

As regards another all-important ethical question, I have never, in any spiritual communication of authentic stamp, found variance from the opinion that monogamy, in this world as in the next, is the only fitting and happy social condition; and that polygamy, whether openly carried out, as by the Turks and Mormons, or secretly practiced, as the great sin of great cities, brings individual infirmity, moral and spiritual, and ultimately national decadence, in its train.

I can afford space here for but a very few brief specimens of communications obtained by me on the above subjects.

March 8, 1857, I had this:

Question (mental).—What are the chief occupations in heaven?

Answer (purporting to come from Violet).—Seconding God's great design.

April 18, 1857, came these replies:

Question (mental).—Are you allowed to answer inquiries regarding the world in which you are?

Answer (by Violet).—Every good person may satisfy himself regarding heaven.

Question.—Can you tell us anything about it?

Answer.—According as one behaves, own heaven or hell.

And on June 6, 1857:

Question (mental).—Can you inform us as to what is usually called hell?

Answer (by Violet).—A state of mind produced by the groveling nature of man.

And, on another occasion, in reply to a similar question:

"If enmity to living being had led God, he would have included his castaway in close fetters." [5]

On February 19, 1857, I had these remarkable answers:

Question (mental).—Is there, in the spirit world, anything corresponding to marriage?

Answer (by Violet).—A corresponding feeling, but different.

Question (mental).—Wherein different?

Answer (after a pause).—Greatly firmer, for being cemented by more cogent, deep, and pure emotion.

Question (mental).—Is it eternal?

Answer (again after a pause).—Can give holy love no limit,

Question (mental).—Are all spirits connected by such ties?

Answer (promptly).—Yes. [6]

Spiritualism disavows (or, more usually, ignores) all such dogmas as the following:

1. That all men and women are originally depraved, therefore objects of God's anger, and that they can be justified before him only by the blood of one of the Persons of the God-head, to-wit, Jesus Christ; who was made to bear and doomed to suffer for the sins of the human race.

2. That God has elected a certain number of his creatures to enjoy eternal happiness in heaven, not on account of their merits or works, but because of righteousness imputed to them in virtue of their faith in the vicarious atonement and of their belief in their own election: [7] and that he has condemned all the rest of mankind to everlasting torment in hell.

3. That God permits a personal devil to roam the earth, seeking whom he may deceive and bring to ruin, body and soul.

4. That God, more than eighteen centuries since, miraculously suspended his laws, in proof of the divinity of Christ, and in attestation of certain great moral and spiritual truths.

5. That eight human beings, living during the first century (to-wit, the four Evangelists and St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, and St. Jude), were endowed by God with the gift of plenary inspiration so long as they were writing the biographies of Christ, the Epistles, and the book of Revelation. Therefore, that every verse and word therein contained is infallibly true.

6. That Death, coming into the world by sin, is to be taken as a punishment; being the expression of God's wrath to man. [8]

If belief in these tenets is essential to constitute a Christian, then is Spiritualism opposed to Christianity; but I have elsewhere [9] given at length my reasons for the conviction that they were never taught by Christ; and that, withal, they are untrue in fact, and grievously demoralizing in tendency. I know of no doctrine more thoroughly vicious in practice than this, that character and conduct in the present world do not determine our state in the next.

Yet Spiritualism does not teach that we earn heaven by our merits or works. She teaches that, in the next world, we gravitate to the position for which, by life on earth, we have fitted ourselves; and that we occupy that position because we are fitted for it.

The notion that, despite vices and crimes, we win heaven by faith in certain dogmas belongs to a rude past age of public wrong and private outrage, in which men, deeply conscious of their sins, sought to avert the consequences of these while continuing to indulge in them. Three thousand years ago sins were treated, among the Hebrews, as if they were tangible and movable objects that could be detached from the sinner by a high priest, and sent away, as cumbersome rubbish might be, on a beast of burden. [10] But we cannot escape sins by a shifting of them from ourselves to another living being, mundane or divine; any more than we can evade the fever that consumes us or the plague that threatens life, by transfer of either to friend or foe. God's immutable law is against it. He has made it impossible to detach effect from cause. A sinful life may be amended. A man, sorrowing over the evil he has done, may learn to do well. Then only, with the cessation of the cause, can cease the effect of sin.

As Spiritualism regards it, there is but one door by which the sinner can enter heaven; and over it is written—REPENTANCE.

Surely it is time that the world should be rid of dogmatic illusions. Assumed as Christian doctrine, they so load down Christianity that her grandest truths come to be doubted, and her most benign influences lose their hold upon mankind.

Condensed into briefest terms, what are the characteristics of Christ's teachings?

Hunger and thirst after the right; not for the profit of it, but because it is the right. Truth, at all hazards; not from fear of the consequences that follow a breach of it, but from hatred of falsehood. Beneficence, especially to the fatherless and widows in their affliction. Helping the poor. Ministering to the stranger, the hungry, the naked, the sick, and those in bonds. That which we do unto them we do unto God.

The element of forgivness, in a degree unknown among us yet, is another marked feature. An erring brother pardoned even to seventy times seven. One who "was a sinner" absolved because of her love and her repentence. A frail offender, excommunicated by society, set free, uncondemned, and bidden to sin no more.

There are warnings against the danger of riches, against overmuch thought for the morrow, against eager seeking of place or power. The treasures which moth and rust corrupt, the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in synagogues, are declared to be objects unworthy to engross the heart of man.

All are encouraged to have faith and hope; engaging in secret prayer indeed, yet with the assurance that the Father knows human needs, and will provide, before we ask him; but, above all and beyond all, as stamp and witness of Christian discipleship, as the very fulfillment of God's behests, we are incited to something greater than faith, greater than hope, uplifting as their influence is, even to the supreme law of all—LOVE.

If these principles, all indorsed and enforced by Spiritualism when its researches are prosecuted in an enlightened manner, are the very essence of Christ's system of ethics and theology; if they include, also, the best sentiments contained in all the great religions of the world; then is Spiritualism essentially, pre-eminently, a great religious element; then is Spiritualism a most efficient ally of Christianity.

As to the aspect of the Great Future according to Spiritualism, presenting it, not as a life engrossed either by ceaseless adoration or else by endless penal suffering, but as a life of activity and of progress, if that be not a Christian, neither is it an anti-Christian view of the matter. With the exception of a few words in accordance with Spiritualism's views, to-wit, the passage about "many mansions," and the promise to the repentant thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," Jesus gives us no details: perhaps these are some of the many things which he thought the world of his day unfit to bear. A learned (and certainly not heterodox) authority on the subject tells us: "Respecting the condition of the dead, whether before or after the resurrection, we know very little indeed. * * * Dogmatism on this topic appears to be peculiarly misplaced." [11]

But, in conclusion, it is in regard to one great subject, interdicted by the worldling, put aside by the money-getter, dreaded as the evil of evils by mankind, that the influence of Spiritualism is triumphant. No wrath of God kindled by Adam's sin; no King of Terrors, the Avenger; no valley of the shadow of death to darken the close of man's sojourn here; but an Emancipating Angel kindly summoning erring and suffering creatures to a better world and a higher life—such are its teachings, enforced not by creed-articles but by natural phenomena; not by the dim subtleties of schoolmen, but by the clear, irresistible evidence of sense.

It is true that by a brave and upright man, if he be alone in this world, death may be viewed with passionless equanimity: a few hours or days or weeks of pain, perhaps—soon over—that is all. It is when he strikes at us through others, that Death thrusts home his dart. He is victor, not when he takes us hence, but when he wrests from us the life of our life, and leaves us here exanimate save only in the faculty of suffering.

In that most melodious and most passionate of wails for the dead, from which I have already quoted, well has its author earned the title to be spoken of as one

How few men have ever written soul-searching lines like these:

"I blame not Death because he bare

The use of virtue out of earth:

I know transplanted human worth

Will bloom to profit, other where.

"For this alone on Death I break

The wrath that garners in my heart;

He put our lives so far apart

We cannot hear each other speak.

"Oh, therefore from the sightless range

With gods in unconjectured bliss,

Oh, from the distance of the abyss

Of ten-fold complicated change.

"Descend and touch and enter; hear

The wish too strong for words to name;

That in this blindness of the frame

My Ghost may feel that thine is near." [12]

To such a yearning appeal as that Spiritualism alone has the consoling reply: "Take comfort, mourning heart! You are permitted to receive messages of love and consolation from the lost ones; you may even see their faces—ere you yourself depart for the beautiful land where they dwell."

[1] As to this, see Address to the Protestant Clergy, prefixed to *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*; §§ 1, 2, and 3.

[2] Archbishop Tillotson, arguing against the *real presence*, says: "Infidelity were hardly possible to men, if all men had the same evidences for the Christian religion which they have against transubstantiation; that is, the clear and irresistible evidence of sense." (Seirons, 8th Ed., London. Sermon xxiv.)

[3] 1 Cor. xv. 16, 17. But see also Acts ii. 32, iv. 33, x. 40, 41, xiii. 30, 31, etc.

[4] The ideas here very briefly sketched, touching our state and avocations in the next phase of life, will be found set forth at large in *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* (published by me in 1860); book vi. chap. 1, on the Change at Death.

[5] Some of these answers, quaint and terse, are a little obscure. This last evidently means: "We must suppose God to be actuated by enmity toward man, if we imagine he condemns reprobates to a hopeless hell."

And in a previous reply we have to supply the words: "one decides one's"; so that it shall read: "According as one behaves, one decides one's own heaven or hell."

[6] As explanation of this occasional obscurity I here add an answer which I obtained from Violet, April 24, 1857:

Question (mental).—Do we usually get communications from you worded just as you intended to word them?

Answer.—I seldom succeed in saying clearly what I wish.

[7] From the official declaration of the early Protestant faith I quote: "Men cannot be justified before God by their own strength, merits, or works; but are justified freely, for Christ's sake, through faith, when they believe that they are received into favor, and that sins are remitted on account of Christ, who, by his death, made satisfaction for our sins. This faith God imputes for righteousness." (Augsburg Confession, part i. art. 4.)

[8] "It were a light and easy thing for a Christian to suffer and overcome death, if he knew not that it were God's wrath." (Luther's Table Talk.)

[9] *Debatable Land*; Address to Protestant Clergy, §§ 10 and 11.

[10] Leviticus xvi. 10-21.

[11] Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; Art. "Hell."

[12] In Memoriam, §§ 81, 92.

THE EDDY BROTHERS.

Leon Case writes to the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* a long communication describing the location of Spirit Vale, and what he saw and heard while there, from which we make the following condensation and extracts:

Spirit Vale lies about seven miles north of Rutland, in the town of Chittenden, Rutland county, Vermont, comprising about five hundred acres of moderately good land in the form of creek-bottom meadows and slight uplands. The home of the Eddys is situated near the middle of the vale, and is a beautiful and romantic spot. The house is a large, common-looking farm-house, erected about eighty-five years ago, and was originally a tavern, being the first frame house erected in the town. The spirits of wine once dispensed in the old tavern

have no place in the frugal, temperate household of to-day. The Eddy family proper comprises eight children (both parents being dead), some of whom are married. There are four boys and four girls, all of them said to be mediums to some extent. Three of them are at home—William, Horatio, and a Mrs. Brown.

William and Horatio, now respectively thirty-two and twenty-eight years of age, were so unfortunate through their early mediumship as to lead into the school-house their invisible friends, who made such constant rappings and thumpings around them that the boys could not be tolerated, and were expelled, the one after three months trial, the other after four weeks.

They have learned somehow to read and write. At eleven years of age William was "hired out" by his father to a man who exhibited him throughout the country as a medium for physical manifestations—untingy ropes and all other sort of things. Previous to this time the boys' father—who was a Methodist—had been a frequent witness of the boys' mysterious doings.

He had heard the raps; he found them playing with other little children invisible to him, and which they insisted they saw, etc.; and his Methodist bigotry taught him they were possessed of the devil, and in order to exorcise

that being, he gave the boys frequent and unmerciful beatings, poured boiling-hot water along William's spine, which he supposed to be the most vulnerable part to attack and destroy the "old sarpint." The mother is represented to have been a woman of more than ordinary intellectual and moral character—a medium herself—who saw the spirit playmates of her children, and sympathized and protected them as well as she could from the brutality of their Christian father.

The "circle-room" is a hall about forty feet in length by eighteen feet in width, constructed last year over the old one-story kitchen. It is a plain unpainted room, about ten feet in height, lighted by three windows on the north and south sides, with entrance door in the east end. A chimney two and a half feet wide runs up through the floor at the west end, jutting into the room and forming one end of the cabinet, a lathed and plastered closet two and a half feet wide and seven feet long. A square window was cut in this closet to let in the air for hot summer nights. Over the frame work of this window on the outside mosquito-netting has been stretched, firmly fastened with tacks, and further secured in fourteen places with sealing-wax. "No human being can get through that netting without breaking a thread of it," says the visitor.

Having assured himself of so much, and also that there is no ingress into that simple closet except through the doorway open before all, no trap door for conspirators, and no place to deposit a large secret wardrobe in, and that no human being is in the closet, the investigator takes his seat on one of two lines of plain wooden benches, about eight feet from the platform. Here, with his fellow visitors, and in full light of a kerosene lamp, he awaits the coming of William, who upon entering proceeds directly through the closet door, takes from his chair therein a blanket, hangs it over the little window before referred to, and suspends another over the doorway of the closet—the door remains always open. Lifting the blanket (veil) he re-enters, takes his seat, and is said to be entranced at once.

Meanwhile the spectators join hands usually, and the conductor of the circle turns down the light to a dim degree of light, but sufficient to enable one to often distinctly see the facets of the apparitions, and always their full forms. Sometimes the conductor suggests singing, or music on the violin. All who can sing do so for a few minutes, sometimes five, say, sometimes more—when, behold! (usually preceded, however, by spirit voices in the closet) the veil lifts, and out steps, for example, a something in human form, dressed as a female, in short skirt, etc., and whose foot falls, sometimes lightly, sometimes ponderously, on the platform, as she strides it or dances to the music of the violin. Old habits, visitors of a week, perhaps, hail her as "Honto." She bows and smiles her thanks, and sometimes laughingly responds to praise of her excellent dancing, and the wit of some of her "pranks." Perhaps she, at somebody's request, lets down her wealth of long, black hair, etc. She stays out, may be, three minutes, darts into the closet to "recuperate" her strength in its atmosphere, and comes forth again, doing this perhaps five times before she takes final leave. Sometimes, frequently of late, she constructs what in the parlance of the place is called "spirit cloth."

Often an elderly lady, a devout believer, a neighbor, named Mrs. Cleveland, a woman who has in nowise lost her senses like a zealot, but seems the rather to have sharpened them among the spirits for the last year or more, and whom all visitors learn to respect for her candor as well as good sense, together with a Mr. Pritchard, a well-preserved gentleman of sixty years of age, a very sensible and undoubtedly most reliable man, and who has been boarding at the Eddys' since May last, having gone there at first to stay a few days—is called by the "conducting" and "materializing" spirits within the closet to sit on one end of the platform, while Mr. P. takes the other end, for the purpose of strengthening "the battery"—magnetic, to use the phraseology of the circle-room. Well, Honto, not having before approached either one of these, steps before Mr. P., for example, bends over as if trying to discover something invisible to the visitors, and also invisible or undiscovered by Mr. P. She extends her open hand and picks from his lap, it may be, a something very fine, scarcely perceptible as she holds it up, small in volume, so small that she seems to hold it in the hollow of her hand, perhaps. She unfolds it a little, goes to the other end of the platform and puts an end of it in Mrs. Cleveland's hand, and further unfolds the substance until its full dimensions seem to be reached, (two, three, or four feet), when, clasping its corners in her hands (Mrs. C. still holding her end), extends her arms apart to the full length and walks across the platform, the "veil," "shawl," or "cloth" growing in width and length as she moves (not as if stretched) until it has become twelve feet long, perhaps, and, may be, five feet wide, when she gathers it into a now bulky mass, raises the veil and casts it into the closet.

"Who came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world."

This "spirit cloth" manufacture, I find on turning to my notes, she opened seven times one night. Mrs. Cleveland says it sometimes folds like silk, at other times like a velvet fabric, sometimes like linen, etc., but generally like nothing with which she is acquainted. It is sometimes light in color, and so thin that one can see the chimney-wall through it, at others opaque and apparently thick. This cloth, the "spirits" explain, is made by "Honto," or invisible spirits attending her, out of materials in the atmosphere of the room, upon the little invisible "spirit cloth," as a basis, and which has been placed on Mr. P.'s lap, for example, by invisible agencies before Honto enters upon the platform. Honto sometimes takes these little things from Mr. P.'s head, or finds them in the fold of his vest, from the head and underneath the shawl of Mrs. C., or from under Mrs. C.'s feet, as it appears, and as Mrs. C. asserts. The cloth, the spirits say, is used in the construction of dresses for female spirits who wish to appear to their friends in the circle, but have not yet learned the cloth-maker's art, I suppose. It is observed that after one of Honto's cloth-making nights more female spirits appear than on other nights.

"Honto" frequently dances with Mrs. Cleveland, takes Mr. Pritchard's arm and promenades the stage, and would dance with him but that he is lame. She sometimes comes down the platform, and, it is said, shakes hands with "old friends," visitors whom she fancies. She came down, the night of my stay, to take a wreath of flowers brought her by a lady, but I did not see her partially veiled face clearly. She is said to be a very good-looking Indian girl by those who have distinctly seen her face. On one occasion she stayed out long enough to burn six matches, one after the other, and which she held before her swarthy face—so I am told by several persons that night present. The outlines of her face are good, though "Indian." She is full of hilarity, and used to talk much a few months ago, we are told, before she went into the cloth business. This for some mysterious reason makes such demands on her powers as to interfere with her articulation. Mrs. Cleveland, one night, while holding Honto's hand, ventured, in an affectionate way, to grasp her arms, but was shocked to find that the sleeve of the sack Honto wore was empty, to her touch—the hands, but not the arms, had been "materialized;" so says the good old lady, and there's nobody to dispute her. On one day of my stay there Col. Olcott, sending to Rutland therefor, procured one of Fairbank's platform scales, and placed them on the platform to weigh the spirits with. None were found strong enough to try the experiment but "Honto," the reason alleged being that the scales were yet unfitly magnetized iron. But Honto tried, and after some effort got well poised, and was found to weigh eighty-eight pounds. By mistake her weight was first announced as one hundred and thirty-eight (the one hundred pounds weight at the end of the beam having been taken off and the fifty pounds one put in its place without the weigher's knowledge), but such is her bulk that no one expressed surprise at the announcement. She went behind the veil, reappeared, and was weighed again—this time fifty-eight pounds—again departing and returning, the same fifty-eight pounds, and finally sixty-five pounds.

Honto departs after doing many other things which I have no space to recount. A little more singing or playing occurs, and a tall form appears. *En passant*, Honto is five feet three inches in height according to measures which Col. Olcott has placed on either side of the closet door, and which we can all distinctly see; and I will remark here that William, the medium, is five feet nine and a half inches in height, I think, is broad-shouldered (as several of the male spirits who appear are not), and weighs one hundred and seventy-nine pounds. I may as well add here that one night he was tied into his chair and a "telegraphic" rope, so attached to him as to indicate if he stirred, was run through the doorway, pulled taut, and tied to the balustrade. This was done to please some witless investigator, and, I think, satisfied several persons, perhaps. At any rate, the rope remained stretched, and indicated no movement in the closet. The tall form measures six feet two inches, is symmetrically proportioned, and quite gaily attired in Indian costume, with short frock, striped with red, yellow, etc., and extending to the knees. His feet are covered with moccasins. Long, black hair, parted in the middle, falls over his shoulders. He is stately and stern, but smiles at the salutations given to "Santum," said to have been chief of an Indian tribe who once inhabited the forests about Spirit Vale. He departs presently, and other Indians of various sizes and in various costumes come out of the closet, one after the other. Perhaps a half dozen appear. These are old attendants, and have special names, such as "Bright Star," a female with a glittering "star" in her coronet; "Swift Cloud," and other stalwart males of different sizes. These are said to be the special friends of the Eddy family, whose mother was exceedingly kind to the remnant of a tribe which, till a few years ago, lingered on the mountains near by.

The Indians gone, presently a thin old lady, neatly attired in white robe and cap, lifts the veil feebly, steps upon the platform, is saluted by the apparently unsuspecting Mr. Pritchard, "Oh, mother! I am very glad to see you again." (She had appeared before, but not lately.) She replies in gentle tones, and takes his hand. He rises to give her his chair, but she declines, and bids him stand, in order that we may see their comparative heights. So

slender and in her long dress, she has seemed taller than he as she stood alone, but she is now found to be three inches shorter, and is a small woman. They converse eagerly, making the most of their time, she speaking in a loud whisper. They talk of family affairs, as we are obliged to overhear. She also speaks to him of the people before her, and wonders that any of them can "doubt with such evidence before them." He assures her that they do believe, etc. Their colloquy is very tender. She remains out perhaps three minutes, evidently as long as she dares, and then, kissing her son quite audibly, retires. She has once sunk down on the platform and vanished, gradually, rapidly, in the sight of the audience; so Mr. P. and others present inform me. On that occasion the medium became sick and remained so for some two or three days. The declaration of the spirits is that for purposes of the "materializations," some element is abstracted from the medium and must be restored to him, otherwise his health is affected. Certain it is (as I convinced myself one night) that the spirits rush directly to the medium when they finally leave the platform. Mrs. P. died sixteen years ago, and nobody could well witness the meeting of mother and son and resist the conviction that Mr. P. as firmly believed the apparition to be his mother as when he last met his "real mother" before her death.

Another old lady next appears, dressed in white, but in different style from Mrs. P. She steps forward near the balustrade, seeming quite strong, and is greeted by a Mrs. — and a Mr. Carpenter among the audience as "mother," and by both with an earnestness and joy which abundantly evince their satisfaction. She talks in clear whisper to her children, affectionately and in a highly moral style, and presently departs, promising to come again and as often as she is permitted. Mr. C., the son, I ought, perhaps, to say, is an unusually clear-headed investigator—a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age, who has added to an evidently good early education that of extensive traveling, having circumnavigated the globe, lived among various nations, and witnessed, I believe, the juggleries of India—a man not likely to be easily "carried away." He came to Spirit Vale a few weeks before I met him there, to look into the matter a little, as he had abundant leisure.

Again the veil is lifted, and a manly form appears, dressed in black frock coat, black pantaloons and vest, with side whiskers and dark hair. Nobody recognizes him at first. The query, beginning at one end of the line of sitters, "Is that for me?" and followed by "For me?" which runs along the line, is answered by the spirit, with strong raps on the chimney, and with a gladsome expression of face to the inquiry of a lady, a new-comer, that night attended by her husband, and from the town of Pittsford, a few miles away. They are pieists of the Methodist school, and distinguished pillars of their local conventicle, I am told. The lady exclaims, "Is that you?" calling a name which I forget—that of a brother. He replies by raps and nods "Yes," and tries to speak, but is unable, for this is his first reincarnation or "new birth," or rather re-birth. The spirit retires and the lady says "It was just his form, but I did not see the face very clearly" (the form a rather marked one). Soon again another being appears, a man, larger than his predecessor, and for the same lady, another brother—"Horatio," I believe, is the name she gave him. He struggled to speak unavailingly, and left.

Once more the veil is raised, and a thin, middle-aged lady approached, holding in arms, and wrapped in a sort of blanket, a babe of a year or two of age. Its head was very finely shaped, and its dark eyes lustrous. Its features were very distinctly seen. It nestled a little, smiled in its spirit nurse's face, and lifted its little hands high, outstretched its arms and threw them about the nurse's neck. Nobody identified either nurse or babe. The question "For me?" went round.

A lady at my side (from Chelsea, Mass.), a goodly little woman, accompanied there by her husband, a man of strong brain, a sort of Websterian head, and who has played an important part in life as an inventor and successful business man, and who is slow to believe, but at last comes to acknowledge the "reality of the phenomena," though unsettled as to what the "force" behind them is,—the little woman is told by the nurse's raps that they are for her. "Is that you, Maria?" she asks. "Yes." "Is that my child?" "Yes." "I thank you for coming. I have been told that you have care of my children, and I am glad. Come again as soon as you can, will you not?" The nurse retires with the child. The lady told me that "Maria" was her sister, if I rightly recollect, and that her last child died fifteen years ago. She had lost three.

Once more the veil is pushed aside, and a tall man, six feet one inch in height, and unable to get out of the door without stooping, an old man, stands there. He is addressed by Mr. Brown and wife (an Eddy) as "Father Brown," and several visitors exclaim, "Mr. Brown." In a heavy but pleasant voice he speaks to his children and all; sometimes (for he comes as often as he can—nearly every night) he talks of the difficulties he and his fellow-spirits have in assisting other spirits to "materialize," and of various general matters—of the good or bad weather for materializing, of things he has noticed his children and friends doing that day, saying, for example, to his son (as if he, the father, had been abroad for the day and came home at night), "I see you've had a 'raising' to-day,"—referring to a large shop. "You'll have a good building."

He advises his son about his health, etc., all very "family-wise." His discourse is always sensible, often witty, always kindly. He seems to be a very charitable man, excusing people's faults and "looking on the good side" of everything.

I have not observed in the foregoing the exact order of a night's "phenomena," but I have given less rather than more than usually occurs; and we will dispense with the "materializing" for now, as William comes out of the closet, looking a little warm, sometimes, and leaves the hall. On the first night I rose to go as soon as William left the closet; but, others lingering, comparing notes, I tarried for two or three minutes, when it was announced unexpectedly that we would now have one of Horatio's "dark circles." Suffice it, at this point, that in the dark circle many most wonderful things are done, and such exquisite music is made with rude instruments, by "spirit bands," that old musicians, operatic singers, etc., exclaim when it ceases, "Beautiful!" "sublime!" "grand;" and declare that they have never known the power of music before; and among the spirits at these dark circles is, invariably, I believe, one named "Mayflower," a child, said to have been an Italian, who improvises verse quite readily, sometimes very cleverly, upon any subject given her, like the *improvvisor* one meets everywhere in Italy, and quite as correctly as the most of them. She also versifies in English. Judging by her sweet voice, and the beautiful things she says—and she talks a good deal, as well as plays and sings delightfully—this being a most wonderfully "tender thing of fancy." Surely she exceeds, in loveliness of character, anything which the most subtle vision and tongue of the poets has ever revealed to me, and I dare say that all who visit the Eddys' seances will give like testimony regarding her. Whence did she come? Wherefore there? Her sweet simplicity and beautiful emotional nature, to say nothing of her very considerable talent, would win her a fortune in a year on the boards of a metropolitan theatre. She comes down from the platform, shakes hands with many in the circle, pats their faces, whispers and talks to them. Brings flowers and takes others in return, braids bracelets of ribbons for them, and, though the darkness is intense, picks up any small thing from the floor as readily as if it were daylight, etc., etc.

Horatio's "light seances" are marvels in their way, and more surprising to new visitors in general, I think, than William's materializing ones, for so real are the personages in the latter, that one can't consider, at first, how much he ought to be surprised! This I judge to be the universal result of the first night's observations. I have spoken of the chimney jutting into the room. A blazing lamp lights the hall, and we sit within eight feet of the platform. From this outer corner of the chimney, and about four feet below the ceiling, a cord is drawn to the south wall of the hall. In the space thus defined, a sort of "recess," sits a leafless table or long stand, covered with various small, rude musical instruments, and bells, broken rapiers, etc. William takes the blankets from his closet window and the door, and he or anybody hangs them on the cord, thirty pairs of eyes, perhaps, looking on. William steps aside, and Horatio comes in and takes a seat outside of the blankets. Before he is fairly seated, perhaps, we hear a "rushing" and crowding, as if a score of "spirits" were already there behind the blankets, and may be a little bell or tambourine, or something else, is thrown over the cord upon the platform or upon the floor, and bells are rung, etc. The medium seated, some man is invited from the circle, usually a new-comer, no matter who, to sit with the medium, first being asked to remove his coat and bare his left arm, which he does. He takes his place by Horatio's right side, takes the latter's right hand in his left, while Horatio clasps the man's bare arm with his own left hand, and some person is called to sit at the other sitter's right and hold his right hand. This is done to make a strong "battery," they say, and also to make sure to the audience that the sitter next to Horatio is not a conspirator "having a (right) hand in the game," whereupon the two, Horatio and the man on his right, are covered with a blanket extending from their shoulders down upon the platform, shutting out the light from around their bodies. Sometimes music is now called for, and the medium becomes entranced. Suddenly, above the blankets are seen hands, some small, others large, some old and bony, some symmetrical, others less so. I think I counted six up at one time. They usually dart up and rapidly disappear. Some remain up a few seconds. An old hand, long, thin, and bony, reaches out between the blankets and strokes the brow and hair of the sitter—and on one occasion it seemed to me that such a hand, with, say, three inches of forearm attached, was projected clear from the blankets as if there was nothing behind to move it, for I thought I saw only a bit of space, of about three inches, behind the hand. The spirits would say, in such case, that only the hand and wrist were "materialized." The medium speaks, in a voice not always like his own, and describes an elderly lady behind the sitter—with great minuteness. The old hand again pushes out between the blankets, and strokes the head of its owner's son, for the sitter has discovered, in Horatio's description, his mother. The hand is withdrawn, and the sitter's back is strongly beaten, through the blankets, as if by somebody in glee over his presence. Little hands, perhaps, come and pat his face—some children that he has lost. More hands are thrust above and over the cord and somebody discovers

one which indicates a desire to write. A flat surface, a pamphlet, tambourine, no matter what, is found, a card placed on it, and a pencil given to the hand. It writes, in sight of all, some name; it may be that of the spirit itself, or that of a visitor, or an absent friend of somebody in the circle. Other hands wish to write; a package of blank cards is given to a spirit hand, with pencils—which are taken behind the blankets. Quickly a card is thrown over, and speedily the whole pack is showered upon the platform, every card found to be written on, having the names of spirit *habitués* of the seances, sending "compliments" to this and that person present or parties absent, or bearing some name never heard of there before, but which some visitor says he knows all about. Musical instruments are played on; a guitar is extended at full length into the hall, so that we may see that no hand touches it, and fine music is given. The cords of the instrument vibrate, so that it is probable that this is not an acoustic deception. Many like things occur,—and finally, perhaps, a spirit hand reaches over the blanket, which extends a foot or more above the medium's head, and places on his shoulders a solid iron ring, six inches or so in diameter. The medium gives evidence of deep entrancement, seems to be in pain, moves his head to one side with a shiver; and the blanket is withdrawn from before the medium and sitter, and the latter, without having released his grasp of the medium's hand, finds the ring on his own arm. He is asked, perhaps, "Did you let go your hold?" and his answer is abundant assurance that if that act is jugglery he is as much deceived as the rest.

This will give the reader a fair understanding of Horatio's "light seances," I think. One hand, the right, lacking the little finger, and belonging to one "George Dix," always appears, and is held up for quite a long time. "Dix" says he was drowned on the ill-fated steamer President, which left Liverpool over twenty years ago, and has never been heard from, save through "Dix." One evening some persons were called up to grasp the spirit hands. So strong were their owners as to be able to pull stout men over upon the medium and sitter.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

When Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm, and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to set out for Boston, his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's city tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the homespun genus; here's fun." Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a poooty thick settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweepin' sight of hous'n in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should guess so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."

"Ya-as, I beaus 'em home—tew meetin' and singin' s'chewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank-ee; don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git eout. I eat toast—never heard of such a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumfounded company, "I wish you a very good morning."

Mr. Beecher replies to an inquiry in the *Christian Union*, as to whether he thinks God enjoys praise, in this way: "We do not think that God is pleased with the perfunctory laudations of long prayers, or anthems 'executed' without feeling, or that he would be delighted by the insertion of his name in the Constitution of the United States. God can not be praised by joint resolutions."

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 2, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DU-PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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Our friends in Michigan will please take notice that CARLOS E. WRIGHT, of Maple Valley, Montcalm Co., Mich., will receive subscriptions for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, until further notice. E. V. WILSON.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

Spiritualists of America, we send you greetings from the shores of time. These greetings we send in our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and from an earnest, honest soul, who loves Spiritualism with a first, last and final love. A love that jealousy guards every feature of its divine nature, watching its unfoldings with a zeal that is earnest and energetic.

We send you greetings this new year, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE, from the shadow and spirit of 1874. Dark, bitter, malevolent, and full of foul-mouthed spleen, as has been the unwarranted attacks on us by several of our cotemporaries during the past year, involving our pecuniary, social, moral and physical being, WE STILL LIVE, and in the face of the fact that our enemies, and especially THE ENEMY, has been assured by a "band of Spirit Chemists that we should be removed from this sphere of action through the stroke called death, from this life, before the close of 1874," and yet we still live "with our face to the enemy," ready to do battle for the truth.

The past year has been an important one in the history of Spiritualism, and like every important epoch in the world's history, whether it be of nations, states, principles, societies or individuals, the storm came first, then follows growth, progress, truth; after which comes the peace and calm.

The year past has been to the world the birth-year of great events. Political parties are shaken to their center, and as a people we are before the world without a political party. The church and sectarian elements, as well as all society organizations, have been and are in a state of wild commotion. Revolution rules in the mental world to-day. What will it result in? Who can and will cast the horoscope of 1875-6? Out of this year of turmoil, strife and bitterness comes Spiritualism with its shining garments of truth, white and pure with the ripe wisdom of ages. Not only the dim shadowings of man's sensate nature hath stepped out of the hitherto unknown, but the physical fact, the body, the immortal house builded up without hands, before our eyes under crucial test conditions, thus establishes the fact of the eternity of man's nature, socially, morally and physically. These facts are all independent of creeds, of faith; conditions being the correct results of nature, and nature's laws.

We have been an humble instrument in nature's laws, working for the cause of Spiritual progression for twenty-two years next July, and as medium, seer, writer and speaker, have done our work as best we could. Our life-work has culminated in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. This paper is the result of the bitter spirit and malevolent attack upon us by the Spiritual press, and we have learned this stern lesson, that bitterness, spleen, anger and hate, are too expensive for us to deal in—hence can never have a place in our columns.

Therefore, readers, Spiritualists, we come to you with the olive branch of peace, extending an open hand, a frank nature, an honest manhood. We come to you THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, that we ever have been, ever will be. We are radical in all things; demand free speech, a free platform, and a free press; and never will we strike A FOE or FRIEND through the columns of our paper and refuse him, her, or them, the right of reply. That is the coward's work, not ours. "Let us have peace," but rather death than the coward's peace, or the assassin's grave. Thus we write, thus we teach, thus we live, and thus we shall die to live again.

With this New Year's greetings we send out three thousand papers to our friends and foes. We ask you to read them, read carefully, and send us a subscription, or a new subscriber in return, and we will send them an honest sheet freighted with manly and womanly thoughts full of life. We beg for no donation to keep our paper alive; we ask for subscribers. The power of life is within us, therefore we shall live. In our late unpleasantness with Mr. Jones and the *Religious-Philosophical Journal*, we appealed to the people and they have sustained us, and at this writing we have full 1,800 bona fide subscribers—not all for the full year, but many of them are, and all will be ere the year is up. Four hundred of these subscribed promising to pay, and have not. We have kept our word and furnished a far better paper than we expected to; and when we have two thousand paid up subscribers we will publish a weekly paper, and when we have ten thousand subscribers, we will publish a weekly sixteen page paper, fourteen full pages of new matter for \$2.50 postage paid.

Our platform will be as follows: 1. Free speech, free platform, free press, always with due regard to the use of language. 2. We shall maintain the family compact, the monogamic law of marriage under just legal regulations, and the education and care of children under the supervision of their parents. 3. We demand for woman the same rights and privileges that man enjoys. 4. We shall favor compulsory education of the masses, and that intelligence, and not sex, wealth, or property be the test of franchise. 5. That the State shall be independent of credal elements or the influence of the church, and that God and his Christ shall be kept out of the constitutional form of our government so long as they remain in a foreign country, and only to be recognized when they dwell in person with us in the United States, and then only in the exact ratio of their intelligence. 6. We demand that every male adulterer, fornicator, and seducer be hurled from society into the ditch with his victim, and compelled to remain there until society will restore both to fellowship. Why should society demand that woman should go to the bridal bed a virgin in purity and not the man? Our demand is, and ever will be, compel man to give woman as pure a soul as he demands from her. We are opposed to the communal system in all and every form; to sexual promiscuity or freedom, the education of children by the State under communal systems. Thus we declare our platform, on which we have stood for twenty odd years, and shall stand, ever ready to endorse any and every progressive step or feature calculated to benefit the human family.

And now dear readers let us be friends, and if we differ in opinion let us not abuse each other because of this difference, but rather let us bridge the gulf, not, however, at the expense of our truth.

We ask you to support our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, not in large donations to encourage expensive habits, but in subscriptions, for which we will give you value received. You can remit us quarterly, half yearly, or yearly, in advance, and we leave it optional with you to send the postage or not. The paper, on receipt of the subscription, will be sent to the full amount of the sum sent.

Let this bitter spirit stop, our time is all too short to indulge in it. Let us organize independent of a creed, on a business basis, for mutual strength and support. Our people do not care to listen to our wranglings. Why continue them?

To our brothers and sisters in the editorial chair, let us look after the interests of our readers, and not after the faults and errors of each other; let us be true to the sacred calling we ought to love, and which we believe we all of us do.

To our speakers and mediums, we give you words of cheer; help us, for our paper is the fruit of our persecution. To the Spiritualists everywhere, we send you a first rate, right down good paper. We ask you to send us subscribers, the more the better.

Our terms are 13 numbers for 50 cents, 26 numbers for \$1, 52 numbers for \$2.

N. B. We will send seven numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK to trial subscribers for 25 cents. And now may peace, harmony, and progression be ours all through this grand new year of 1875, and for ever after. Selah.

Dr. Brown writes words of comfort from Milwaukee, for which we are thankful.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting at Grow's Opera Hall, 517 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, 1875. This organization is the only association of Spiritualists in Illinois, and has run the gauntlet of public opinion, the misrepresentation of the press and bitterness of the enemies of Spiritualism, and yet lives. We are to-day a success, founded on the rock of justice. We know no creed or sect; we wear the shoulder straps of no press, pope, party or person. Our platform is free, and free speech will be tolerated. The Convention will be governed by parliamentary usages, and will be called to order at 10 o'clock Friday morning, January 8th, and continue its sessions over Sunday, the 10th, 1875.

Spiritualists of the Northwest, it is winter, and you have time to spare. Improve the opportunity and come up to this Convention.

Let us show the world that we are a law-abiding, orderly people, and that we have been woefully misrepresented. Let us teach those who malign us a lesson. Let Illinois be well represented, and let Wisconsin come out in force. Will Michigan and Indiana respond? Come and hear and see for yourselves, as well as help us in the great work we are doing.

Bring with you all kinds of provisions for our table, and blankets, buffalo robes, and comforters. Let us have a camp meeting in winter. It will be a new feature, and one that will bless you.

Our hall is clean and tidy, well warmed, and with good water, closets, and ante-rooms on the same floor. Let us have a Spiritual Convention that will make itself felt throughout the country.

We wish to introduce a plan for a home for our worn out and superannuated mediums, seers, and speakers. There is a proposition to be considered for a State Association, the camp meeting for next summer—all of these matters of business will be for us to consider. Come then, to this Tenth Quarterly Meeting at Chicago, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of January, 1875.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

THE WARNING VOICE.

This article appeared in the *Spiritual Telegraph* in 1855, and is true to the letter. We were nine years old then, and yet how well we remember the dark complexioned man from the old world, Uncle Thaniel:

A neighbor of mine, Mr. Frink, was one day chopping wood in his yard, when he heard a voice near him, and just over his head, saying, "Put thy house in order, for this night thou shalt surely die." He stopped his work, listened for a moment, when it was repeated. He went into his house, closed up his worldly affairs, and died the next morning at a quarter before one, P. M.

ANOTHER CASE.

My mother had a brother who entered the British army at the early age of seventeen, was early promoted to office; left Canada for Europe, and was not heard from for forty years. During his absence his mother died; it was twenty-five years after he left for the Old World. My mother was with her when she died. It was near midnight; and just before the old lady breathed her last, she rose up in the bed and exclaimed in an unnatural voice, very sharp and shrill, "Thaniel, Thaniel! I come!" (my uncle's name was Nathaniel, but he was called Thaniel) and fell back on the bed a corpse.

Years rolled on; nothing was thought of her last words; nothing heard of my uncle. My mother married, moved into central New York, and had lived there many years. I was, at the time referred to, a lad of some ten years.

It was a beautiful day in May. I was playing on the grass in our well ordered yard. My mother was at work in the general reception room, or parlor of farm-houses of 1827. I heard the gate swing or open; I looked up, and there stood near me a dark-complexioned, tall man, well advanced in years. He asked who lived in that house.

I answered, "My father."

"Well, well, my lad, I supposed as much; but what is your father's name?"

I replied, "Samuel Wilson."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Charlotte Nutting."

"Was the family of Vermont?"

"Yes."

He then walked past me to the house, and with child-like curiosity, I followed him. He entered without knocking at the door, walked up to my mother and kissed her, saying, "How do you do, Charlotte?"

My mother's answer was, as she pushed him from her, "I do not know you, sir; who are you?"

"Listen," said he, "I am a stranger from the Old World. I have come many thousand

miles to ask you a question or two, and to kiss you once more."

"Well," said my mother, "proceed with your questions."

"Your mother died fifteen years ago last —, at about one o'clock, or near midnight, and her last words were, 'Thaniel, Thaniel, I come?'"

"Yes," said my mother, "and they referred to a brother of mine whom we have not heard from in forty years. When last heard from he was in Europe, serving in the British army."

"Well, Charlotte," said he, "I am that brother, and I have a most wonderful story to tell you about our mother. Charlotte, at the time of our mother's death, I was associated with Lord —, as private secretary, and was in Palestine, near the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem. We had just concluded a most pleasant visit to the Mount of Olives—had looked at the tomb of David—stood on Calvary's hill, and thought much of the stirring scenes of the times of our dear Saviour. At night-fall we retired to our tents. It was a beautiful night. Just such a one as that on which the daughters of Judah sent forth their songs of praise to God, in the days of David and Solomon. We retired at the usual hour. I was sporting again with my brothers and sisters. Then I slept and dreamed; and the burden of my dream was unpleasant. I was trying to get into my father's house and could not. At last my efforts awoke me, and the dream was so vivid that I could not sleep. I looked at my watch and found that it was past midnight. I walked out in the open air and gazed up at the stars, and thought of the time when the shepherds, guided by one of those beautiful gems, came from the east of Palestine with their offerings to the child Jesus; and then I thought of the crucifixion of that same child, thirty-four years afterward, and how darkness pervaded the land, and how the heavens and earth were shaken, and how all nature mourned at the revolting scene that put the finishing touch upon the mad career of this stiff-necked people. Then my mind turned toward my own native land—to the home of my father—and I was sad. I entered my tent, laid down on my camp-bed, and tried to sleep. All at once a strange feeling came over me, and while I was wondering what it could be, there came a sudden flash of light, so brilliant and clear that I thought the tent on fire. In an instant it was gone. Again it came, and more brilliant than before. I was alarmed and aroused my companions. Again it was repeated; this time the light was accompanied by a sound that resembled the hum of many voices. Another flash of light, and then all was dark again. In a moment there came a voice clear and distinct, as of one talking; that voice was my mother's. I heard her exclaim, 'Thaniel, Thaniel, I come!' and then all was still. Soon, too, there came a singular and strange feeling, and in a moment I knew that my mother was dead and had visited me from her spirit-home; and I resolved within myself that if ever I returned I would ascertain when she died, and what were her last words. I have found that they were as I expected."

Do we not see in this testimony that same principle manifested—evidence of that same power that spake unto Moses on Mount Sinai; that called unto Adam, "Where art thou?" in the Garden of Eden; that bade Gabriel go tell Daniel the vision; that said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" that said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutes thou me?" And shall we ignore the testimony of honest men and women of the present time? Why declare that revelation has passed? Why not credit God and his angels with as much power to communicate with mortals to-day as four thousand years ago?

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Readers, our paper is now in its 11th number, and is a living truth. The people have endorsed it as strictly a Spiritual paper, a truth-teller, devoted to our cause, the interests of the speaker, medium, and seer. We wear the shoulderstraps of no one, party or organization. Our paper is free in thought and chaste in language, and no bitterness toward any shall appear in our columns. Our subscription list is increasing at a wonderful rate. This month, up to date, we have personally taken over one hundred and fifty subscribers. Sister Drake has sent us a list of 12 yearly ones from Ogden and Denver, and 32 by mail. This is an endorsement that speaks for itself. And now readers, if those of our subscribers who promised to take our paper before it was published will send up their subscriptions on reading this, we will soon publish it weekly; and when we reach 10,000 subscribers we pledge ourselves to send you a 16 page paper, postage free, at \$2.50 a year, superior to any Spiritual paper ever before published.

Come help us do our work; your work. Let us purge ourselves of all bitterness; let us work for humanity. We ask no donation of money to sustain us in idleness or luxury; we ask for subscriptions, for which we will send you its full worth in choice Spiritual literature.

Read the statement below, and then think

of the columns of abuse you have paid for at the rate of \$3 a year, and then compare those columns with the amount of truth you are receiving on the following terms, viz.: 13 Nos. for 50 cents; 26 Nos. for \$1; and 52 Nos. for \$2; then choose you between.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7, 1874.

E. V. WILSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: At your request I have measured the reading matter of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Dec. 5, 1874, and find the number of ems to be (not including advertisements and business notices) 97,266. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK of Nov. 7, 1874, contains 84,893 ems of reading matter, exclusive of advertisements; 12,373 less than the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

On the eighth page of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* are two columns of type which was evidently set for a book, and inserted in the paper in the same measure as for the book, probably to save resetting the type, consisting of 14,592 ems. Deducting this amount leaves 82,674 ems new reading matter for that issue, being 2,219 ems less reading matter than is given in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Very respectfully, etc.,

S. K. REED.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We present our readers this week with a careful report of the annual meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists, taken from the *Detroit Post* of the 15th ult. It is refreshing to find a newspaper that dare tell the truth; giving a fair statement of all that takes place in our conventions without exaggeration. In our next we will give our views of the work accomplished at this the Ninth Annual Session of the Spiritualists of Michigan. We met many who subscribed for our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Our extremity, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; we call upon all honest and true Spiritualists to come to our help, and increase our circulation. Our enterprise is the direct fruit of 1st, *The bitter fruit or spirit*; 2d, *The extreme fanaticism of Spiritualism* as taught by certain parties. Our circulation is increasing at the rate of 150 a month, and we are bound to make it THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK indeed.

The Kingdom of Heaven has had orders from on high to rest for a "time and half time." So says Thomas Scott, and it must be so; for he claims to be influenced by the third part of God—Jesus. Our readers will remember *The Kingdom* said of us when we removed to Chicago, "Gone home to die." No pity for us. Yet we do feel sorry for *The Kingdom*, and wish it might continue for ever.

The *Banner of Light* comes to us this week brim full of good things, and clean, as Spiritual papers always should be; free from slang. O, how we have been surfeited with slang and abuse for the year 1874. Let us have done with it; it is too expensive to Spiritualism.

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly is in our hands—not as an X, but by actual purchase—half its original size. This paper has received more help from its friends in the line of donations than any other paper started with the claim of being a Spiritual paper, (and, by the way, it is not strictly speaking a Spiritual paper, it is Woodhull & Claflin—their views, thoughts, sayings, and doings, and nothing else,) with the single exception of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is before us, and is readable, this week. The columns of this paper are free from slang for once in over a year; and if it will turn out in the future as this week, Dec. 19, it will again become a welcome visitor to many a home. But don't forget that THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has wrought this change in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The Hollow Globe; the world's agitator and reconciler. A treatise on the physical conformation of the earth, given through the organization of M. L. Sherman, M. D., and written by Prof. Wm. F. Lyon; 447 pages, price \$2. This is a readable book and full of ideas. To be had of the author, at Adrian, Mich. Send and get it.

We have many letters on hand which will be noticed in due time.

Any failure in our paper coming to hand will be rectified on notifying our publishers, Messrs. Hazlitt & Reed, 172 and 174 Clark Street.

Cephas B. Lynn spoke in Chicago during December, with good success.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

CORINTH, MICHIGAN.

A little town, of some three or four hundred inhabitants, twelve miles south of Grand Rapids, in the wood country of Kent Co. The land is rolling and well adapted to agricultural pursuits, as well as fruit. The winter wheat looks well and bids fair for a fine crop; but the farmer must remember that the wheat has to run the gauntlet of several enemies between this time and harvest, and all the fair promise of to-day may end in cheat, chinch bugs and smut.

The people of this portion of Michigan seem well-to-do and prosperous, have many good houses and barns, and their orchards are looking well.

We gave three lectures at Corinth, and notwithstanding the nights were cloudy, very dark, and any quantity of slop and mud underfoot, the large school house was well filled with intelligent men and women, some coming three and four miles to hear the gospel of Spiritual truth. Our lectures were educational and free from the bitter spirit. We gave many fine tests of spirit life. The following will interest our readers:

No. 1. A boy came before us; he was about twelve years of age, and stated to us that his name was Charley, and that he was drowned two years ago last spring. We fully described him, and stated to the audience that we felt as though Charley had not told us correctly, for we could not conceive how he could be drowned in this place, as there was not a stream of water near here large enough to drown him in.

The people stated there was a boy such as you have described, who lived here some three years ago, by the name of Charley; he went up to Grand river and was drowned.

No. 2. To an old lady: We see with you a group of spirits, men and women; there are four of them. The first one is an old lady unlike you. She is not as tall, and very stout, fleshy; her hair is very white. The second one is a man full six feet in height, rather spare, dark complexion, features large and angular; he is a man of firm mind, very positive, and of more than ordinary capacity of character. The third spirit is that of a man, rather spare, fair complexion, medium height, weight one hundred and forty-five or fifty pounds; his hair is dark brown, features open, eyes hazel and clear in expression; his age about five and thirty when he left this life. The fourth spirit is that of a woman; we will be very careful in describing her; she died as a child, many years ago, and is now a full grown woman in spirit life; she is very fair, features oval and smooth, mouth small, light brown hair, full, expressive eyes, and we judge them blue in color; there is some resemblance in her face to yours. This spirit turns to me, saying, "Mother, we present to you this evening a part of our family group in spirit life. We are a happy family, and await you coming." We close the door against retreat, and affirm this statement to be true. What do you know about it? we said.

The lady answered: "Really, I do not recognize anything of what you have described; you must be mistaken." May we ask you a few questions? "O, yes, as many as you please." Very well, will you describe your father and mother? She did so. We promptly answered, we did see them. Have you lost a brother? "No; I have but one, and he is living to-day." Did you ever bury a daughter, a little child? "No; I never buried a daughter. I will say, however, that you have described a stepson of my mother's who died at thirty-five years of age, and this is the only one out the four that I can in any manner recognize." At this point, an old man arose, went to her, and whispered to her a little, then came back and said: "The woman you were talking to is my wife, and you have described her grandmother to the letter. She was stout, very, and fair, at sixty-nine years her hair was white as snow. And the step-brother or son is exceedingly correct. The grandfather I never knew."

After meeting, a lady called the woman's attention to the fact that she had informed her of a daughter she had lost, when a child nine months old. The lady looked surprised, saying: "Yes, so I did; I declare, I had forgotten it; why, yes, I did bury a

little daughter, just as he said, but I never once thought of her. My soul, what will he think."

There are a good many things to think of in this statement of test facts. Their denials, and after approval. We do not believe for moment that this woman intended to equivocate, or deny the truth, and yet how a mother could forget her child is, to say the least, very remarkable. We further state that her want of memory may be traced to physical or local difficulties. That this woman had overlooked the loss of her child is true, and yet it is strange. Mind reading is out of the question, and not for a moment to be considered. The Spiritual explanation, then, is the only rational one we can reach.

No. 3. A man, who came forward for reading and test, of whom we stated: The right shoulder of this man has a defect; it is of the upper arm and shoulder, from a blow or breaking of a bone. The next weak point is in the left hip and in the groin, and is of long standing.

The man replied: "The difficulty spoken of in the arm and shoulder is correct; the use of my arm is impaired by having it broken some time ago. The trouble in the left hip I do not recognize, but will say that years ago I had what is called a black swelling in the left groin; that was a very ugly thing at the time, but does not trouble me now." Subsequently we were informed that his wife said that he frequently complained of the left hip, as Mr. W. had described.

No. 4. Mr. H., we saw with you last night a woman of medium height, form rather spare, weight 130 and not to exceed 140 pounds; her features are full, open, and well defined; she was a woman of more than an ordinary mind, full of energy; her dress is peculiar and short, reaching only to the ankles; she has on heavy shoes. We saw her last night with you, and she is with you now. She shows us an open, level country-looking forward over a level plain about one mile in width—beyond, a hilly country. On our right, a low, swampy, or bog land; on our left, high rolling land, under a fine state of cultivation; in front of us, and near the hill, we see a plain cottage building, and in front of it we see this spirit woman, then a woman of this world material; by her side stands a stout, rugged boy. The scene changes, the boy is a man twenty-four years old, and is away from the old home. Sixteen years ago, another change affecting him locally, and, in fact, resulting in the man here before me. You are the boy and man from this house in the old world, and this woman is with you to-night. She is your mother.

"Yes, sir, she is my mother, and all you have said is true, save the statement of sixteen years ago. I must think of that. The old home and mother, far away beyond the sea; His eye drooped and seemed busy at work with the long ago.

No. 5. To a young man we said: We wish the audience to carefully observe our position as well as statement we are about to make, for we want to show you on what ground we stand for proof, as well as the fact that we do not read the mind of our subject. We then said to this young man: Please tell us what took place with you when you were sixteen years old, in September, not later than the 15th? After reflecting for a few moments, he replied: "I can think of nothing whatever, of any importance." Do you know where you were at that time? "Yes." Well, sir, the time was important, and there is a fact in history there that has marked your life. "Well, I give it up, and if there is, you know more about it than I do." Well, sir, we will tell you. Late in August of that year, there are two persons disputing about you. One is your father, the other is not, nor is it your mother. One of these parties want you to take a certain course and do certain things, the other objects, and thus they dispute. In September you solve the problem, cut short the dispute, take upon yourself the responsibility of results, and are not to-day what either of those parties wanted you to be. Your mother is here and tells me these things. Then, turning to the audience, we said, we close the door against retreat, and on the testimony of the mother, who is present, we affirm the truth of this statement.

"You are right; one of the parties was my father, the other no blood relation, and as you say, I did cut the matter short in September of the year I was sixteen, and am not what either of these parties wanted me to be," he replied.

"In the law it is written, with *men* of other tongues and other lips will I speak unto this people; and yet for all that will they not hear me, saith the Lord." 1 Cor. xiv., 21. How admirably Paul sustain us in the above quotation. Again, in the thirty-second verse, "And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." Either Paul was an ass and dolt, or our opponents, the objectors to Spiritualism, are. Which?

No. 6. To a lady. When sixteen, in your seventeenth year, there is a change with you that affects your whole life, socially, locally, and pecuniarily. Again, when twenty-two, there comes up a business transaction involving considerable amount, which you oppose. You were overruled and your opinion set aside, and just so far as those who acted in opposition to you carried out the plan, it proved a failure and dead loss. There is here two spirits; one of them is a brother of yours, and the other I believe to be your daughter or sister, who died a child. What do you know about it?

The woman answered: "Not anything; you are wrong in my case altogether. Nothing took place at the dates referred to that would warrant your statement. I have not buried a daughter or sister as little children."

This case was evidently a failure, and wherefore? It was not in the history of Mrs. C. Whose history was it? Not mine. What of "Diakka"? Again, does not this failure preclude the possibility of mind reading.

No. 7. A sad scene. A woman spirit stood before us in the agony of death, from mal-practice in giving birth to a child. She was about thirty-five years of age, well developed, good looking, and refined in appearance, and stated that she died nearly three years ago, and within two miles of the house in which we spoke. We fully described her, and she was readily identified. This was a sad scene to witness what we did, and remember as we do the death of one we loved in the long ago. Thus we live at the mercy of a god of revenge—the numbskull doctor and the editorial assassin. The first takes soul revenge, the second ruins the casket in which the soul dwells, and the third delights to stand in his coward den and throw his venom broadcast, besmirching all who do not pay tribute to him.

There is a secret drawer containing valuables, in every human heart, if we only knew how to touch the spring.

OBITUARY.

We are in receipt of letters from the Pacific slope. Our sister, Paulina W. Stephens, has been overtaken with grief, and mourns the loss of her son. When speaking of him to us, on the occasion of her late visit to Illinois, she said: "I have great hopes of Alva, and that one day in the great future he will be an honor to our family." Sister, Alva is not dead, but liveth; an angel now in a world of progression. He is with those whom we loved, whose memory is sweet to call to mind. Alike we have wept beside the grave of our companion and children. How like, the circumstances of our lives: thy husband and my wife, each in the spirit world; your boys and girls, and my boys and girls, each of us four children there; each of us seers and mediums. These children and companions of whom we love to think, and who loved us in earth life, are now angel helpers, waiting on the shining shore for our coming. Alva will, on ascending the golden stairs, meet the dear ones there; and then, hand in hand, will backward turn in holy love to give us cheer.

Weep on, sister; not as one who cannot be comforted, but for joy that we shall all meet on the fields of green, in the summer land; where William, and Arches, Edwin and Alva, and the other darlings, will bid us welcome, and through their experience and our own truth we will find a home already prepared for us.

Below we give the touching remarks made on the occasion of the burial of Alva Stephens, son of our only sister, Paulina. Alva was killed by the fall of a gravel bank, near Sacramento, Cal., on the 19th November, together with Conrad Himmelman.

A TOUCHING SCENE—The joint funeral of the two men, Himmelman and Stephens, who were killed in the gravel pit on Thursday last, was largely attended yesterday afternoon—the line of carriages extending some five blocks. As the remains of Himmelman were lowered to their last resting place, the large crowd, together with the mourning friends of both families, stood in respectful silence, while the Rev. Mathias Goethe made earnest and touching remarks upon the suddenness of these deaths, the certainty of a life beyond, and the necessity of a proper life here in order to benefit that beyond. When the last respects were paid to the eldest of these two victims, the large assembly moved silently over to the portion of the ground where young Stephens was to be placed. When his body was lowered away, Mr. Josiah Johnson, of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, made a few appropriate and kind remarks, at the close of which Mr. Goethe again stepped forward, saying he wished to add a few words, that this youth had been one of the first scholars that came to his school, a number of years ago when he, a stranger in a strange land, had undertaken to sustain a private school in this city. That in all these years this child, now a young man, had been with him, he had never known him to be untruthful in word or act; ever studious in his studies and kind in his demeanor toward teacher and fellow-scholars. At the close of his touching words, at which many eyes were made moist, the work of filling in the grave commenced; one stepping forward dropping a bouquet therein, then another, till many beautiful floral tributes mingled with the filling earth in memory of this young soul who had passed beyond.

From The Detroit Post.
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

BATTLE CREEK, December 11, 1874.
 The State Association of Spiritualists convened in ninth annual session at Stuart Hall this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by the President, Elias G. Manchester, of Bedford, and opened with a song by Mrs. Frank A. Knowles, of Breeds-ville.

The President announced that at the last annual meeting, held at Jackson, it was decided to hold the semi-annual meeting in June at Marshall, but as the brethren in that city were not prepared for the convention, it was postponed, and this was the first meeting of the Association held since the last annual convention.

The following committees were appointed by the President:

Order of Business—Mrs. Mary A. Cummings, Battle Creek; A. Kiser, Kalamazoo; Mrs. R. Loomis, Battle Creek; Mrs. M. A. Jewett, Jackson; Abner Hitchcock, Ann Arbor.

Resolutions—Benj. Todd, Port Huron; C. H. Silliman, Albion; Geo. W. Winslow, Kalamazoo; Mrs. John Meachem, Battle Creek; Mrs. Frank A. Knowles, Breedsville.

E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill., editor of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, made short speech: He felt it his duty to work; had been a worker all of his life, and the experience that he had received was a lesson for eternity. He hoped that the convention would accomplish something. The time had come for Spiritualists to raise a cry of justice; they should build up instead of tearing down. He hoped that they would take action in this convention for preparing a home for superannuated mediums. The work has begun in Illinois; now let it be begun in Michigan. There are already a number of mediums who are homeless and nearly destitute. Spiritualists have something to build up and should concentrate their strength to carry out practical work. He said: What are we doing for organization, and do we need organization? We are strong in numbers but are weak for lack of organization. Strength is necessary for union, but to be united we must agree. It would be well for us to come out and define what Spiritualism is; its aim and its object. In doing so we would be writing the bible of the future.

A preliminary organization having been perfected, the convention adjourned until evening.

The hall, which is the regular place of meeting for the Spiritualist Society of this city, has been decorated with evergreens and artificial flowers in very handsome style.

The convention convened in the evening at 7 o'clock, when the President announced the following as a Committee on Finance; H. M. Shafer, of Galesburg; D. Powers, of Climax; M. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. B. Cole, and Mrs. Mary A. Cummings, of Battle Creek.

The first half hour was occupied as a conference meeting, and short addresses were made by T. S. A. Pope, of Chicago, and Dr. C. D. Grimes, of Kalamazoo, and a poem delivered by Benj. Todd, of Port Huron.

The first speaker of the evening was Susie M. Johnson, of Bay City. She remarked: I am a Spiritualist because I find positive evidence that spirits exist. I believe that Spiritualism involves all other subjects. If it is anything Spiritualism is a fact, and involves the well being of humanity here and hereafter. I know no subject foreign to Spiritualism. She then went into a trance and spoke under influence. Spiritualists were urged to work together for one universal purpose. They did not realize that the spirit of tyranny was converging its powers to a center; that is what the Evangelical Alliance is doing, and the infallibility of the Pope is pointing to it. They should lay aside all trifling matters and write and stem the tide. The spirits told years ago what was to come, but Spiritualists have yet to learn that every social, religious, and political privilege is threatened; let them work together hand in hand and liberty be their watchword. Spiritualists are eventually to fraternize but will never crystallize into a narrow, bigoted sect. They should be made fraternal through common necessity. We hope that this may be the result; that they may work together in common sympathy for their common interest.

E. V. Wilson was the next speaker. He said: It is surprising to see the interest cropping out in every direction in Spiritualism. The people are accepting it—accepting it from an advanced standpoint—the standpoint of freedom. Creeds have run their length; have done their work, but true religion is on the increase. One thing I want to speak of is the children of the day. The children of Spiritualists are not educated to respect the religion of their parents. The parents' ideas are ignored. It is time that Spiritualists should command their children to respect their religion. Our lyceums are to-day a failure, for want of change in the programme; have had the same programme, same songs, and same ideas for the past twelve years. It is time that a new system was devised. True language of love is jealousy. Maternal affection is the only tie that binds well regulated families. I hold the family circle above all other systems. It is the result of the experiences of civilized ages. Communism tears down, but does not build up. It is the dread of Europe and America. It is fostered in America by an element of discord that is flowing in from the old world. He then spoke of the projected home or retreat for worn out mediums. Let us be doing something instead of wrangling over difficulties.

Let this convention appoint a committee of three to meet with the Illinois Spiritualists' Association on the 8th, 9th and 10th of January, and take action in regard to remodeling and reforming our Sabbath-school system; also take measures to collect a fund for the establishment of an institution known as the Spiritualists' Home for Superannuated Mediums—a place of rest free to all. He also urged upon Spiritualists the necessity of frequent social meetings. Referring to politics, he said that we needed reform from the White House to every cottage. Neither party will elect their next President in 1876, but a President will be elected by the people. The next President would be a man who lived less than 500 miles from here and is 48 years of age. He will hold the destiny of the country in his hands, and the country will either continue as a republic or become divided like Mexico, in small States.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS—A PLATFORM.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 12.—The convention met this morning at 10 o'clock. The first half hour was spent in conference. Remarks were made by Geo. W. Winslow, of Kalamazoo; Wm. Westonfield, of Albion; E. V. Wilson, of Illinois; Elijah Woodworth, of Leslie; M. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh.

Benj. Todd resigned the chairmanship of the Committee on Resolutions, stating his reasons, when called upon to do so, that he would not serve on the committee because Geo. W. Winslow, of Kalamazoo, was a member of it. He said that Winslow had slandered and maligned him through the newspapers.

The President appointed A. M. Worden, of South Bend, to the vacancy.

The first speaker was Dr. M. L. Sherman, of Adrian, through whose mediumship the book entitled "The Hollow Globe" was given. His subject was "Negative and Positive Forces as they Exist in Nature." He believed that each individual is a microcosm or mirror of all that there is in the universe. All nature is right, and there is no wrong in nature. All power in nature exists in itself, and all there is in nature is from the elements of nature itself.

Dr. Sherman was followed by Susie M. Johnson. The attempt to cure evils and vices rather than the causes that produce them is wrong. It is impossible to make a temperate man of any child born of intemperate parents. There will be some form of intemperance manifest in the child. The excesses that crop out in one generation will crop out in another. As much as we deplore the vices that surround us and seek to remedy them, the evil is not materially checked. The seeds are sown and must fructify. Speaking of Spiritualism, the question was often asked what good it had done? It has determined the fact of immortality through spirit communion, which fact alone is sufficient to give enough work for 50,000 years to the body and soul.

The afternoon session convened at 2 o'clock. The first order of business was the annual election of officers. Mr. Elias C. Manchester was re-elected on the first ballot, but that gentleman declined the honor with thanks, as he said that he could not consistently with his own private duties attend to the duties of the presiding officer of the Association.

On the fifth ballot Prof. Wm. F. Lyon, of Adrian, was elected President. That gentleman then came forward and thanked the convention for the honor conferred upon him.

The remaining officers were elected on the first ballot, as follows:

Secretary—Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of Battle Creek.

Treasurer—Mrs. Mary A. Cummings, of Battle Creek.

Trustees—Hugh M. Shafer, of Galesburg; M. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Marion Todd, of Port Huron.

After a song by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stedgeman, of Allegan, Prof. Lyon occupied the platform for half an hour, showing how the Pope represented the retrograding influences of the dark ages and Tyndal the progressive tendencies of the present age. What Tyndal and Darwin had failed to elucidate Spiritualism explains.

The evening session was called to order at 7 o'clock. M. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh, related personal clairvoyant experiences, which were quite interesting.

A. M. Worden, of South Bend, Ind., chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following as the majority report:

Resolved, That we rescind all former resolutions and leave the good sense of the people free to settle all side issues.

This resolution was, by vote, ordered to be spread upon the records.

Geo. W. Winslow, of Kalamazoo, offered the following as the minority report, which was adopted almost unanimously:

WHEREAS, Individual private opinion is, among Spiritualists, held to be a personal right too sacred to be surrendered; and,

WHEREAS, Difference of opinion in regard to what is termed the "social question" here, to a great extent, caused a dissension in our ranks and paralyzed our efforts in the promulgation of the truths we all fondly cherish; and,

WHEREAS, It is extremely desirable that, if possible, we find some neutral ground on which we can "agree to disagree"; therefore,

Resolved, As the sense of this convention,

1. That each individual has an undisputed right to indorse or advocate just such doctrines or theories in regard to the so-called "social question," or marriage laws, as may to him or her seem best calculated to benefit the individual and the community.

2. That we as a body, in accordance with the spirit of the foregoing, decline either to

approve or condemn the doctrines or theories advocated by any person or any paper, and that we decline to express any opinion as to the marriage laws of our State.

3. That we decline to adopt any person or paper as our "organ" or mouthpiece, thus leaving each individual at perfect liberty to make his or her own selections.

The resolutions elicited from different persons short but very animated remarks, showing that much difference of opinion existed. The resolutions were passed, however, to the credit of the members of the convention, without a repetition of the disgraceful scenes enacted at previous conventions at the time of adopting resolutions, when each member had some "hobby" which he wished to force on other people, and to have incorporated in the resolutions.

The evening lecture was by Benj. Todd, of Port Huron, who took for his subject "The prophecy of the past and the prophecy of the future concerning Spiritualism." He stated that all substance is spirit forces more or less solidified; that all individualized intelligences are the result of individualized spirit germs that have ever existed as such; that no parents create children but simply frame conditions that can attract the spirit germs; that when born it is born into spirit life as to the positive part, but a reflex or negative passes through the earth life to gain the experiences of earth life, and that the union of the positive and negative takes place at death, when they become one and inseparable; that the time is fast approaching when that union will take place prior to death, then they will have the power to materialize or dematerialize at will, and there will be no more death.

An inspirational poem, by Mrs. Frank A. Knowles, and a song by Mr. and Mrs. Stedgeman, concluded the exercises of the evening.

THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDING.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 13.—To-day was the third and last of the State Spiritualists' Association.

Met at 9:30 A. M. Conference for one hour, which was occupied with remarks by M. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh; Elijah Woodworth, of Leslie; John Ramsey, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Joseph N. Parrish, of Battle Creek; E. H. Pearl, of Elkhorn Rapids; E. V. Wilson, of Illinois; Dr. M. L. Sherman, of Adrian; Robert Baker, of Breedsville; Mrs. Mary Nye, of Battle Creek; a poem by Mrs. C. H. Talmadge, of Marshall, and recitation of a poem by Miss Lydia Bailey, of Battle Creek.

After a song by Mr. and Mrs. Stedgeman, of Allegan, T. S. A. Pope, of Chicago, was introduced as the first speaker: "Love ye one another, for love worketh no evil." This, he thought, led to virtue and the brotherhood of man.

Dr. C. H. Grimes, of Kalamazoo, spoke of the operations of life and the living principle. The things that we see are temporal; the things that we do not see are eternal. Spiritualism demonstrates immortality and the first great cause.

Albert Stedgeman, of Allegan, commanded the strict attention of the audience, and his remarks won the hearty approval of all. He did not approve of paid speakers at such meetings. This was a time when the people should come together and have a conference; every person should have a chance to be heard. He had doubts about the Spiritualists doing in the earth life the practical work that they should do. They were soaring too much in the realms of the ideal. Earth is the place to do practical work, and the home was the place to begin the work. Spiritualists should practice their belief and live it. In his opinion they talked loud and practiced little. They should live so that they would be living epistles known and read by all men. The lessons that the spirits have taught are of no use unless Spiritualists put them into practical use.

The Association convened in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, and after considerable discussion as to the programme, the convention decided to spend the afternoon in a conference meeting. Remarks and short addresses were made on various subjects by the following persons: E. C. Manchester, of Bedford; Dr. Sherman, of Kalamazoo; Mrs. Frank A. Knowles, of Breedsville; Mrs. R. Loomis, of Battle Creek; Mrs. Mary Woodhull, of Mattawan; A. M. Worden, of South Bend, Ind.; Robert Baker, of Breedsville; J. C. Wyatt, of Battle Creek; Mrs. C. H. Talmadge, of Marshall; Mrs. A. A. Whitney, of Battle Creek; Dr. J. V. Spencer, of Battle Creek; W. W. Lobdell, of Bedford; C. H. Talmadge, of Marshall; Chas. H. Preston, of Battle Creek; John Ramsey, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of Battle Creek; Dr. Grimes, of Kalamazoo; M. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh; Albert Stedgeman, of Allegan.

Up to the afternoon session the convention had been very harmonious, but it was evident that certain persons, those who forced the Woodhull resolutions upon the Association at Charlotte and Jackson, were determined to "run the convention." Their arrogance brought matters to a climax during the afternoon session, when the whole convention got into a wrangle, resulting in the withdrawal from the room of the leader of the discordant element "in high dudgeon." The members of the Association were much pleased at this action on his part, and now congratulate themselves that this disturbance-producing man having left them they will in the future have harmonious meetings.

At the evening session Mr. E. V. Wilson spoke upon the different phases of Spiritualism, and then gave a seance, during which he

gave many tests, which proved very interesting to the audience, in fact was the most interesting part of the entire proceedings of the convention.

Mr. Wilson was followed by Charles H. Preston, of this city, and by Dr. Sherman, of Adrian, both of whom spoke in the trance state.

After adopting the resolutions thanking the Spiritualists of Battle Creek for the hospitable manner in which they had entertained them, the Association adjourned.

The attendance throughout was large, especially to-day.

FROM ISAAC PADEN.

E. V. WILSON—*Dear Brother*: I have not written to you since you fell out, or was thrown out of the *R.-P. Journal*, and dropped into *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Question—are you like father Adam, who "fell up," or did you fall down? Time will have to decide this. I myself took exceptions to the *R.-P. Journal*, though a constant reader of it from its origin until the last year. I saw unless the *Journal* and its editor was praised, and all who dared to differ in opinion condemned and cursed, they were considered dead-heads, and could not get a fair hearing through its columns. With this exception, it has been and is now a grand and good paper. But within the last year or so, it has done much in the way of discord, and causing a division (*seasoned with hatred*) in the Spiritual ranks. Yet we hope it may return to its original position, and do honor to the cause that gave it birth. We truly differ from the harsh and slanderous style pursued by Bro. Jones of late, against those who differ in opinion in reference to the best course to be pursued in this fiery ordeal, through which we are now passing.

I would here say to you, Bro. Wilson, we have too much imperfection of our own, to demand perfection of others, and we are so apt to err in judgment, it is full time we give more heed to the fundamental principles of Spiritualism, "charity toward all and malice toward none." If others choose to eat onions and garlic, while we ourselves claim the right of choice, we should grant it to others. Free press, free speech, and free platform, was once the motto of the *R.-P. Journal*. And as *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* has taken the same position, take heed lest you fail. It is much easier to say than to do. With the exception of a little harshness, or, in other words, unfriendly feeling, toward Bro. Jones, you are printing a very good paper. The last number is excellent. I here send you \$2, to secure the privilege of reading it the year out.

I have been of late very active in the interest of *The Truth Seeker*, and have written several pieces for it. I thought at one time *The Truth Seeker* and *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* were going to form a weekly paper (the two), and while on a visit to Pennsylvania, last fall (a few days after you were at Lineville), I got several joint subscribers; but, learning you had made different arrangements, I did not send them. I wrote a few thoughts on the Jews and their God, which was intended for *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, and I submitted it to Bro. Taylor for criticism, who said he was or intended to be interested as its editor, and he sent it to D. M. Bennett, who published the two first chapters in October, number one, second volume, and will commence again the next in second volume, number eight, and print the balance. There are some eight or nine chapters; the last is the best. I would have been glad if it had been published in your paper. D. M. tells me he intends to publish the piece in book form, and has got my consent. My best wishes in your undertaking. By all means avoid slander, misrepresentation, and personal abuse; let your columns be graced with brotherly admonition; you have an undisputed right to differ in opinion with S. S. Jones, as well as with Victoria Woodhull, but no right to personally abuse either.

Yours truly,
ISAAC PADEN.
Woodhull, Dec. 13, 1874.

December 10, 1874.

DEAR BROTHER WILSON: You may remember of visiting my home in Oswego, some eighteen years ago, and gave me a good test from my father, who passed away by the rupturing of a blood vessel some years before. I think this circumstance will call me to your mind.

Having seen some copies of your paper, *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, and thinking it a valuable medium of dispensing our glorious philosophy, and having dedicated all my energy

to the cause of humanity, feel I cannot do better than to contribute my mite to its circulation. You will send one copy to my address for one year, and for the balance of the enclosed check send a copy to each of the names herein annexed (*twenty names*). I think and trust it will sow seed enough to give you quite a number of them as permanent subscribers; at all events I think it will do good. Wishing you a hearty success in this your laudable undertaking, and knowing the truthful worker is sure of his future reward, I remain,

Faithfully yours, A HUMANITARIAN.

[We thank you, brother, and well remember you when in Oswego, long years ago. We know your truth, "and the truth will make you free." Will others do likewise. At the rate we are receiving subscribers we will have three thousand at the close of our first year.—ED.]

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL. GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

CHAPTER VIII.

Python, seeing the turn affairs had taken, and his own danger, instantly leaped to the ground and vanished.

"How careless in me," exclaimed Vulcan, "to leave the root of the tree exposed. Python then means to destroy the tree."

"He cannot destroy it; for it is supported by the tree of life; but he has poisoned it with his fangs," said Apollo.

We were so absorbed in our contemplation of the probable fate of the tree, that we did not notice the presence of Hermes, until Esaulon's attention being attracted by the rustling of his wings, he remarked:

"There goes Hermes; I might have known he would have followed Python. I must follow him, for he bodes us no good."

Adam and Eve, in partaking of the fruit, had become conscious of a higher condition; they perceived that they had advanced beyond the status of mere animals; that they were endowed with higher powers than those of mere instinct, and therefore for them to remain naked, was not becoming their station. Constructiveness was called into exercise, and they made for themselves aprons of palm leaves. The Hebrew account says *fig* leaves—a mistake; I know they were *palm*. You are also informed from the same source, that on account of a sense of *shame*, your first parents covered their nakedness; but allow me, being so intimately acquainted with the circumstances, to express my firm conviction that such was not the case. Adam and Eve were supremely happy in the enjoyment of their new-born love. Why should they not, in the consciousness of their superiority to their surroundings, desire to keep sanctified unto themselves all that cherished that love?

The following evening, I heard the voice of my father calling:

"Adam, where art thou?"

Adam, perceiving the displeasure of my father, and fearing him because of his disobedience, sought to hide himself; but Eve, conscious of her own integrity, prevailed upon him to leave his hiding place, in answer to the call. Adam apologized for hiding, giving as an excuse, "because he was naked." What man would not try to hide himself under such circumstances; especially if there was imminent danger of his being caught in the company of a pretty woman in a like nude condition? Adam, finding this apology only exposed the more his guilt, too much like many of his sons of to-day, laid all the blame upon his wife.

O! my forlorn daughters of to-day, when your cowardly lovers have betrayed you, and made you stock for the public gaze, and excuse themselves on the ground that you should not have tempted him so; rejoice, in that ye are able to share in the lot of your time-honored mother. Have ye shed bitter tears because of your lot? she shed them, too, long years ago. Has your holy love been polluted by the blighting breath of the betrayer? remember her, whose heart, which beat high at morn with the joy of new-born love; at night, lay bleeding at her feet. Still, she was too noble to cast an accusation upon him who deserted her; too forgiving to reproach him, whom she loved; she gave the accuser's question the simple answer: "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Eve made no concession; she condemned not herself; she conceived of no wrong

on her own part; she obeyed the law of her nature, as modified by her surroundings. O, ye daughters of Eve! would that ye inherited more of your mother's independence, and more of her fidelity to nature.

Father gave Python no opportunity to put in a defense for his conduct, but condemned him for life to abide in the form of a serpent. But for this curse upon him, he would have resumed his former shape. The curse, he intended for Eve, was visited upon himself. Justice will, sooner or later overtake him who seeks to hinder or pervert nature's course. Beware, ye modern Pythons, how ye lay snares, lest ye yourselves be caught by them. Python, unable to resume the biped form, could not return to heaven; thus, ever earth-bound, he can only crawl. Not long since, Apollo gave him his death-wound; his expiring struggle will be long, for he has grown until he encompasses the earth.

Father pronounced no curse upon Eve; he told her what he saw would be the inevitable result of her course, since Python poisoned the tree. Neither cursed he Adam; he plainly told him of the path that lay before him.

With the knowledge of their higher condition, came its hopes and joys, as also its responsibilities and duties. Think not, O man, that you are to reap the advantages of progression, without labor; if at the harvesting you would gather, you must sow in the spring time; if, at the last, you would obtain only the useful, improve the passing summer, in uprooting the noxious weeds that mingle in your crop.

Again Apollo brought his lyre into requisition, as he sang:

"The garden here, the gods have made,
That man and woman here may dwell;
And that its verdure never fade,
Gave them a part to do as well.
Man, though the first, was not so fair
As she, who next found here a place.
Why Strength and Beauty thus compare?
For Wisdom, Beauty led the race.
I, to woman, the laurel give;
To her, well earned, belongs the prize.
To man she gives, to know and live,
Bereft of her his wisdom dies."

The Baptist ministers of Boston held a lively meeting Nov. 16th to condemn the action of some of their members who passed—in the convention two weeks ago—resolutions indorsing the action of the Long Island Baptist Association, in disfellowshipping Lee Avenue Baptist church for open communion practices. Considerable feeling was manifested, and quite a split upon the question has occurred. Positive action deferred.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting in Grown's Opera Hall, 517 W. Madison street, Chicago, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of January, 1875. The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock on Friday morning, January 8th, and continue over Sunday, the 10th.

The Convention will be conducted under strict parliamentary usages. We invite written articles on Spiritualism, and subjects germane to humanity, to be forwarded to us to be read before our society.

The best talent in the land will be present, including seers, speakers, healers, writing and physical mediums. Spiritualists of the West, come to this Convention. Let us make it the *Convention of the West!* Remember our platform is a free one, and speakers will find themselves untrammeled.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.
E. V. WILSON, Secretary.
Lombard, Ill., Nov. 30th, 1874.

CENTRAL NEW YORK SPIRITUAL MEETING

The Spiritualists of Central New York will hold a two days' meeting, in Music Hall, West Winfield, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, January 2nd and 3d, 1875, to commence at 1 p. m. Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Lynn, Mass., and others, are engaged to speak. Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., will be here to give tests in public. The friends will entertain all they can. Board at the hotels for \$1 per day. All are invited to come and take part in our meeting. A good time may be expected, and the cause of humanity advanced.

DR. E. F. BEALS.
West Winfield, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1874.

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"I take great pleasure in recommending Mr. John Collier, as a faithful and eloquent advocate of Spiritualism."

J. M. PEEBLES.
Hampton, N. J., Sept. 8, 1874.

Mr. Collier would be happy to correspond with Societies in any part of the United States. Address

"BANNER OF LIGHT,"

9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

[We are in receipt of the above, from Bro. Peebles, and cheerfully give it place.—ED.]

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Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois.* Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

[The following beautiful poem by Tennyson, so prophetic, we give to our readers with New Year's greeting.]

NEW YEAR BELLS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free.
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

This has been the cry from our cradle up to womanhood, dinned in our ears, "this is woman's sphere" to do this and to do that, and she should stay within the prescribed limits, with no thought or aspiration beyond. This is in direct contradiction of nature's laws that are ever at work, and we know our sphere to be just what our capacity enables us to fill. Who has any right to drive stakes, and say this alone is your sphere, walk therein, and seek not to step over its boundaries. It reminds us of the garden of Eden, walled in, and the famous tree. But the woman did eat, and so she will now eat of the tree of knowledge and live forever, realizing her self-hood, her individuality, that says unto her soul, "walk by the side of man, no longer a slave, subject to his will and pleasure, but his equal." The time for woman to know herself has come. The woman who says, "I am contented as I am," is to be pitied not blamed, as she is paralyzed in all her mentality, and needs some great shock of electric life to arouse and quicken her soul into life. Angels help her when it comes, as it will surely, sooner or later. Many there are who say, "why make all this talk about our rights, and the laws, and giving us the ballot—let us remain quiet in our home sphere, and let these things right themselves." Let those stay there whose soul goes out no further, but there are brave souls who feel the inspiration of the hour, and know that woman is to reign queen in her own realm of individual sovereignty, with man as her equal—king only in his own sphere.

Sisters, take courage; light is dawning, and the quickening influence of divine inspiration are at work, and our souls are being quickened and brought into living rapport with its divine power, and soon the grand army of individualized women will show to the world her true sphere, and none will question.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES DENOTE REVOLUTION.

In what? In our political, religious, and social life. There can be no escape from it; we are already within the whirlpool, and in every phase of life "change, change," is written with the pen of evolution, in letters of inspirational fire, that never grows dim. Look around you, what do you see? Look at the political strife, religious warfare, alterations, and overturning of the church doctrines, creedally and socially. Where are we to-day? The

cesspool of society stirred to its depths, bringing to the surface all its filth and scum thereof, sending abroad a stench equal to that of olden time, and thus showing the foundation of the present social system crumbling away, being rotten to the core. Why should we hold up our hands in holy horror, and turn our faces away, that we may not see the real condition of things as they exist to-day? As long as these evils exist, and we know that they do, is it not better to recognize the evil, that we may know better how to remedy it?

Revolution, socially, is more the province of women to contend with; and when we, as women, come to recognize the evil and its cause, it can be remedied, but not otherwise. We have a mighty work to do, and it is time we knew it, and was up and doing. What is this social revolution? Emancipation of women from the state of bondage and slavery, ever existing in the past. We are slaves. Our mothers and grandmothers before us—and from the beginning this state of slavery has existed, and is it not time we felt the chains, and arise in our majesty and might and throw them off? We feel that it is. And why this hue and cry against us? Those who would stay this mighty wave of revolutionary progress are like so many thirsty blood hounds let loose upon our track, with no object in view only to forge the chains still closer about us, and retard this work of woman's freedom, which shall yet be the crowning glory of the Nineteenth century. Nothing can stop its wondrous march, and we call upon those women whose souls have not yet felt the electric fire of freedom, borne by the angel of progress, now in our midst and knocking at the door of every soul, to open and listen to its voice and join the ranks and wave the banner of individual sovereignty, that alone can bring us victory, enabling us to overcome all that opposes our progress, and to stand by the side of man, working with him as one soul—solving together the problem of life, bringing us into rapport with nature's God. This is our work, and it can be done and will be.

THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

From the queen on her throne to the maid behind the mill, let this grateful truth be known, that spirit is the redeemer of man.

Long enough the bigot's creed sought to sway the minds of men, let them now from chains be free to learn the spirit of truth again.

Let our glorious Spiritualism fan a flame of light and truth for ages in the distant future, and teach man anew to worship nature.

Wherever is heard the cry of anguish wrung from a mother's heart, there Spiritualism will do its work and wipe away the bitter tear.

Mortals, we come with purpose bold, hands to do and hearts to dare, tearing down the creeds of old, reason teaching in their place.

Free for every faith, sect and creed, no belief under ban—our speech and platform is free to all indeed—to woman as well as man.

When Spiritualism shall reign, as in the coming years it will, fleets and armies will be in vain, for man in reason will deal with man, and all will be just.

Hushed will be the din of war, gone from use the sword and spear—from out of creedal gloom a light shall rise, the human heart to cheer.

It is the light of Spiritualism, flashing up from out the creedal gloom, guiding mortals on their way, through reason's teaching, to a happy home.

How our hearts with rapture thrill, as the glorious light we scan—it takes away the fear of death, and gives a future life to man.

REMARKS.—The above beautiful thoughts were given by a member of our home circle—Isa. There are five mediums of us, all actuated by loving influences, jealously guarded in the divinity of our nature. We meet once in two weeks for counsel with the angels, and the results of these counsels always depend on the life we have led during the *interim*. If we have been bitter and unpleasant, corresponding results are received; if harmony has been the ruling element, then comes joy, bliss, and heaven is with us, and there is joy in the household. Sweet is the counsel of the angel world when it finds a happy, united family circle—the only kingdom of heaven on earth. God, through nature's law, when understood, is indeed good.—ED.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness, and the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains.

Science.

WONDERFUL TELEGRAPH INVENTIONS.—An official in the Bavarian telegraph office has invented a wonderful apparatus by which not alone autographs, but signs and even portraits can be sent along the wires. The inventor is Herr Hencker, of Munich, and his "electromagnetic copying apparatus," as he calls it, has already been secured by a Frankfort banking firm. This apparatus, without the aid of a telegraphist, can transmit writing in different languages, signatures, portraits, plans, etc., to any distance with perfect resemblance to the original in all points. Among other exploits of this wonderful invention, it telegraphed the opening speech of the singer's festival, which took place lately, as printed, surrounded by garlands of oak and laurel; also bills of exchange, government dispatches in cipher, messages in Greek and Hebrew letters, an arrest warrant with portrait of the person "wanted," and a map as used by generals in time of war, with the intended movements of the troops marked out upon it. An impression of the object, writing, drawing, etc., is taken in a prepared ink on a sort of silver paper, which is rolled on a revolving cylinder and forwarded to its destination without further visible aid.

IMPRINT OF A BEAR ON A ROCK.—At Mr. Guernsey's photograph gallery, in Colorado Springs, there is a photograph of the figure of a bear on a rock. This curious impression interested the members of the Hayden survey, and the subject came to the attention of the Professor. Below we reproduce a copy of the note of explanation in Mr. Guernsey's possession. The figure, as shown on the rock, is called "a great natural curiosity."

"In the county of Bent, on the Purgatoire river, eighteen miles from Las Animas, Col., on the smooth face of a sandstone cliff, overhung by a wall of rock a hundred or more feet high, there is the life-size photograph, as it were, of a grizzly bear. The picture is not an accidental resemblance to a bear, but a picture more perfect and life-like than any human art can supply. The short tail standing straight out, the ears visible, the claws standing out in bold relief, the mouth open, with eyes and teeth plainly to be seen, the natural attitude, all demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that the picture is a photograph taken by a stroke of lightning during the progress of a storm."

Dr. Hayden, judging from the photograph, is of the opinion that it is the work of some of our Indians.—*Denver News*.

MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATIONS OF AIR.—Mr. Cunningham, of Calcutta, has published a work of great importance, detailing the results of laborious experiments made by himself regarding the dust contained in the atmosphere in the vicinity of that city. Among other things, he states that distinct infusorial animalcules, their germs or ova, are almost entirely absent from atmospheric dust. Distinct bacteria can hardly ever be detected, but fine molecules of uncertain nature are almost always present. Bacteria are frequently to be found in the air, derived from sewers. Spores and other vegetable cells are constantly present in atmospheric dust. The majority of them are living and capable of growth. No connection can be traced between the numbers of bacteria, spores, etc., and the occurrence of diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, ague, or dengue. The amount of inorganic and amorphous particles and other débris directly depend upon moisture and wind velocity. The amount of spores and vegetable cells appears to be independent of wind and moisture. The dust examined by Mr. Cunningham was collected by a special aereoscope, and was not scraped from horizontal quiescent surfaces, as by Ehrenberg's method.

Besides the irremediable darkening of oil paintings by age, they are also liable to deterioration by the cracking of the paint on severe drying, and also to loss of brilliancy by the formation of numberless small fissures in the originally transparent, heavy film of varnish upon them. The former effect can only be removed by the tedious filling of the cracks with fresh paint. As a means of remedying the latter, Dr. Weigelt suggests, as an improvement on a plan proposed by Pettenkofer, that the varnish be partially dissolved, and the fissures thus filled up, by leading upon the picture, through a gum tube, a blast of air saturated with alcohol, by blowing it, by means of a bellows, through a flask containing alcohol, and gently warmed.

Paper recently introduced into the market in sheets, half of which are gummed on both sides, and the other half on one side, and divided into strips and squares of different sizes by perforations, like sheets of postage stamps, promises to be very convenient in many ways—the doubly-gummed answering for fixing drawings in books, labels on glass, etc. It is stated that the mixture by which it is coated is prepared by dissolving six parts of glue, previously soaked for a day in cold water, two parts of sugar, and three parts of gum arabic in twenty-four parts of water by the aid of heat.

The right man to follow any cause, let it be what it will, is he who loves it well enough to fling to it everything he has in this world, and then think that not enough, and so fling himself after it. This last item often weighs down the scales held in heaven, and the man gets what he gave himself for.—*Jean Ingelow*.

Saws and Straws.

If you have done a good deed, boast not of it. Where there is so much light the shadow is deep.—*Goethe*.

Noble discontent is the path to heaven.—*T. W. Higginson*.

Always scorn appearances, and you always may.—*Emerson*.

Greatness once and forever has done with opinion.—*Emerson*.

A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eyes.—*George Eliot*.

The secret of fashion is to surprise, never to disappoint.—*Bulwer*.

Defect in manners is usually the deficiency of finer perceptions.—*Emerson*.

That is true plenty, not to have, but not to want, riches.—*St. Chrysostom*.

Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.—*Plutarch*.

It is a strange fact that wise men learn more from fools than fools do from wise men.

So sure as we see men, so sure we are that holy men have seen angels.—*Bishop Hall*.

Truth lies in the bounlessness of things. It is in setting bounds that you create falsehood.—*Frederick R. Marvin*.

The darkest cloud which overshadows human life may often appear brightest to the angels who watch over us from heaven.

Fear not; for God has at last let loose His thinkers, and their voices now tremble in the mighty depths of this old world.—*Menken*.

It is needful that a man be true; not that he live. Are men dogs, that they must be happy? Luther dared to be undone.—*Theodore Parker*.

Stop! I see the boatman nearing;
See, the snowy sail is set,
And the oars are floating idly,
And the sail is drifting wet.—*Marvin*.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying off into space.

Great souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm;
Serene within their might, they soar above
The whirlwind and the storm.

Let it not trouble you that asses kick and dogs bark. Are you affronted? If the man is not below your anger, let it be below you to be angry.

Jean Ingelow has beautifully said of the parent and teacher's work, that "children receive the love of one generation and pay it to another."

MAXIMS.—It is not wise to wake a sleeping lion. Judge not men or things at first sight. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind. Labor brings pleasure; idleness, pain.

Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.

Virtue may be misrepresented, persecuted, consigned to the grave, but the righteous wake not more assuredly to the reality of their hopes, than does virtue to an immortal remembrance.

Afar behind expression, hides
The thing to be expressed.
Deep underneath all that we do,
And all we seem,
Lie what we feel;
And what we feel, we are.—*R. G. Hosmer*.

Truth being founded upon a rock, you must boldly dig to see its foundations, without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations you cause it to fall.

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth, there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful which begins here and passes before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

People talk of originality. What do they mean? As soon as we are born, the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so unto the end: and, after all, what can we truly call our own but energy, power and will? Could I point out all I owe to my great fore-runner and contemporaries, truly there would remain but little over.—*Goethe*.

Why do you mourn, O Marcia, your dead son? The meanest part of him, which he stripped off as his garment, is left behind; but the finer part, after tarrying for awhile among us, until it is purified and rids itself of any vestige of mortality, rises on high, and seeks the abode of the immortals, where he shall meet the Scipios and the Catos.—*Seneca*.

Oh man! fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest life should efface them. There is neither to-day nor yesterday in the powerful echoes of memory; there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt. There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and lives out at the same instant every moment of its love. Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours, none over the soul.—*Lamartine*.