

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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[E. V. WILSON,]

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WHOLE No. 39.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ADVICE TO MY SOUL.

BY MRS. MARY J. BILLINGS.

O my soul, cease thy dreaming,
In life's battles bear a part;
Boldly take up sword and gauntlet,
Hold them with a cheerful heart.
Knowest thou that life is combat?
And if victory you would win,
You must marshal well your forces,
Keep your weapons free from sin.

Let the angels tell the record,
And the heavenly hosts approve,
Of thy actions done, not doubting;
All in time will work for good.
Hast thou not some trusty weapon,
Resting erst within thy breast?
Take them up and boldly use them,
Of their strength give but a test.

Up and waken to thy duty,
To a knowledge, strong and deep,
Thou hast dreamed not of eretime,
In thy long inglorious sleep.
Dream you not how stupendous
Is the secret that you bare,
Neither guessed you half the power
That within you lays ensnared.

A great, deep, mysterious secret,
Of a life to be wrought out,
Into warm, heroic action,
Weakened not by fear or doubt.
Canst thou buckle on thy armor,
And stand boldly for the right?
God will aid you in the struggle,
He will help you win the fight.

Let not olden days of dalliance
Ever wanton with thy fate;
Trifle not with the knowledge,
Use it ere it is too late.
Can you find in old romances,
Sense of pleasure half so rife,
As at times comes on you, stirring,
Standing in the place of strife.

O, my soul, look not behind thee,
If work thou find to do at last,
Holy angels grasp thy labor
To overarch the crumbling past.
And at last, before God's altar,
Some little token you may find,
That will cheer you ere you falter,
In your labor for mankind.

Don't go preaching of the Master,
In empty words, loud and long,
But get up and do His bidding,
In kindly deeds unto the throng.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TALE OF LIFE:

OR,

THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

"Each word we speak, each thought we write,
Through future ages wings its way;
For weal or woe, it takes its flight,
Enwraps with gloom or sheds its ray."

"I speak not this to condemn you, for I have said
before that ye are in our hearts, to die and live with
you."

CHAPTER VII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
What mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

"Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive them that
trespass against me."

Among all the writings of ancient and modern poets; among all theological teachers, there is not to be found one sentence or one declaration that can ignore the beauty and truthfulness of the above extracts. He who, in his day, is reported to have spoken as nev-

er man spake before, gave unto his inquirers one commandment, "That ye love one another," and also embodied the principle of that statute in the prayer previously referred to, as containing every requirement of man, united with a solemn contract with the Creator. The poet who penned the lines heading this chapter felt this truth, and wove it into a poetic petition, and it proclaims an eternal equity that shall ultimately destroy and efface the dogma of an atonement.

Had Jesus' three years of ascribed labor only have produced "His Prayer," for the use of the human family, his labor would have been equally as efficacious as the record of recollections announce him to be. The principle of Divine Equity is manifested in the inspired prayer so distinctly and comprehensively that to deny it would be a sin, and to veil it from notice by the ingenuity of assumption is a crime.

From the first dawn of Spiritualism the declaration of this atonement theory of the church has been assailed, denied, and protested against, as an infringement upon Divine Equity, and an absurdity, at variance with love, justice, and truth, and mundane men cannot too earnestly condemn it as a snare, and proclaim it as untruthful.

I am thus explicit, in order to demonstrate the united purpose of every spirit that returns to earth, to war against this delusion, until the idea is rejected by the human race. The effect of the delusion upon the awaking spirit is most lamentable; the first question that a Christian puts to the attendant angel is, "Where is my Saviour, Jesus Christ?" and when he is informed that there is no personal Saviour, and that Jesus Christ is his divine brother only, he is horrified and inclined to regard the angel as a demon, deceiving the very elect. The task of convincing the neophyte of this error is at times very difficult, for the faith in this peculiar safety tale has become so strong that it needs the anguish and suffering of the hells to induce them to comprehend its crime.

I have, in part only, pictured to you my intense surprise at my mother's declaration, so that when she vanished from my view, and I found myself alone in this dense wood, that to my senses seemed to shut out every ray of light, I was most dejected. I looked around me, hoping to find a pathway that would lead me from the place, and with this resolution I arose determined to try and find an outlet; but alas, I had forgotten my first lesson—I could not walk. Earthly rule had ended, and the Spirit's law was hidden from me. In this fearful loneliness and despondency I resealed myself, and began to examine my frame. I found myself clothed in a dark mantle, different to the clothing of earth; my feet and hands and arms were bare, and I was conscious that I must present a revolting appearance; my flesh was also hued and seemingly freckled, as if I was suffering from some eruptive fever, my mind having been so engrossed by my mother that I had not perceived my individual condition, so that, now, when it became evident to me, I was awestruck and frightened. I threw myself upon the bank and wept in agony of spirit.

How long this sad condition lasted I cannot imagine; I was roused from my sorrow by

finding a hand placed firmly upon me, and the words of command given, "Arise and stand upon thy feet." I sprang with alacrity from the seat, and turning to behold who had spoken, I fell to the earth in terror, for before me stood a being of such transcendent beauty I was awestruck, and wished to flee away. The majesty of authority beamed from his eye and riveted my attention so exclusively that I was incapable of seeing beyond its stern gaze. I felt as a bird must feel when magnetized by the serpent, completely enervated and void of resistance. Prostrate I lay, gazing at that eye that read every thought of my life, and was annihilating me with its power. I trembled in every limb, and felt myself sinking, as it were, into the earth. Suddenly my vision darkened so that the figure appeared to fade away, or rather became dimmed or veiled to view; but I felt conscious of the presence, and the wonderful influence did not abate.

A gentle voice at my side whispered, "Be not afraid; the spirit before you is your guardian angel, come to teach you and conduct you from this spot into a brighter home."

I looked for the person speaking, when I beheld the outline of my mother's form, and I became quiet and contented. She then whispered to me, "Did I not say to thee, my child, that I would always be near thee, but invisible, until through rectification thou wert able to come where I dwell? Now, my child, behold thou canst not bear the appearance of thy guardian, and were I to unvail myself thou wouldst flee from me into the outward darkness, for such is the effect of thy life on earth, no record of salvation has come with thee into Spirit life. Now, my child, obey with confidence thy guide and fear not; pray to Our Father for aid and the fear will vanish away." The loved form faded away, and my guide reappearing, I endeavored to ask for aid, but could not. My guardian then advanced quickly to me, and lifting me as a child, bathed me in the stream, by the bank, and compelled me to drink of the stream; he then placed me on the bank again, and I went into a delicious sleep.

When I awoke I saw my guardian seated by my side, and believing myself unperceived, I took a good look at him. He seemed an old man of a venerable appearance, clothed in a white raiment, having a dark waist-band, and a staff of ebony lay at his feet. He quickly turned his head, and smiling, with an affectionate greeting, he laid his hand on mine, and whispered, "My son must not forget his mother's lesson; kneel with me, my child." We knelt side by side, and he repeated a prayer for my restoration to health and strength. At its close he again bathed me in the stream, which seemed to invigorate my body so wonderfully that I felt like a child.

Looking then at myself I found that I was as a child in form, but a man in feeling; my stature was less than my mortal body at death, and I only seemed to be a little boy, of a beautiful symmetry, and far surpassing in appearance my natural body. My guardian having seated himself by my side, placed his arm round my waist, and thus addressed me:

"My dear son, for in the capacity of a guardian I am empowered to so address you, and

in all my intercourse to regard you as my own child; and I claim from you the same confidence and respect that you would have extended to your earthly parent, only coercive authority is never assumed in our duties. We appeal to the intellectual faculties of our pupils, and thus win their confidence and love, so that we can become companions when you feel trust in and receive for investigation our teachings; we do not say to you that you are to accept what we impart, with an *obedient faith*, but, as all our lessons are based in experience, you are invited to examine them carefully for your acceptance, receiving *what you understand*, and *retaining* for a future consideration what exceeds your *present* comprehension; only bear ever in mind that Our Father never appoints a teacher or guardian to one neophyte who would deceive or delude. Those thus authorized have gained, through experience, the knowledge of Truth, necessarily superior to the pupil, and generally linked with his, so that the errors and deficiency of the mundane life can be clearly understood, defined, and corrected; a guardian to each mortal is appointed at birth, to guide and guard the frail human in life's pathways as far as they are able, so that the physical organization can be cultivated in ratio with the mental, both equally, for the progress law in nature. Consequently, my child, you can listen to me with confidence, while I lay before you a portion of your life on earth, sufficient to prepare you, from your present condition, to enter the 'Home of the Weary.'

"At this time you are only on the confines of the sphere immediately connected with the earth, where your Spiritual condition is examined into, so as to enable you to comprehend the laws of life and its responsibilities, and to learn the rule of motion and obedience to laws unknown to the earth sphere. Few, very few mortals, who have enjoyed on earth the many material advantages that you have had, enter the Spiritual life so ignorant and worldly-minded; you bring with you no record of a Spiritual knowledge worthy of consideration. What ideas of a future state of existence you possess to which your earth life is a prelude, are those based in an educational training of error and superstition, seemingly sincere in its outward appearance, but internally vain, selfish, and bigotted. You were a blind adherent and professor of a faith you did not understand, and a supporter of a creed you had never investigated, nor were disposed to inquire into; your life was that of an automaton only, moving obediently to the wishes of another, in aiding and supporting a scheme that pleased the imagination and the selfishness of mundane pride; the formulas of an outward obedience is observable, void of a personal examination, or even an enquiry into the formation of its institution, or a knowledge of its authority. Your observances were the type of apathy, and the slavish contentment of an indolent carelessness; you present a sad picture to Spirit life, that of one of our Creator's children, who had been blessed with good health, strength, and comparative comfort, free from manual toil, and surrounded with daily blessings on earth, having faculties far above mediocrity, that would have benefited your race and ennobled

yourself; but you surrendered all your mental power to a low, debasing employment, that of a money gambler, a speculator in stocks and bonds, denoting accumulations that enrich a few by starving the majority of God's family. The employment of your time on earth did not call for much assistance from others; the poor clerks or recorders of your dealings were estimated at the lowest price of your avarice, and not by the law of maintenance—maintenance as prescribed by the law of your God. Of all human occupations, that of the miserly, avaricious trafficker is the most despicable. Self is his idol; he never for one moment imagines that there is an after responsibility; that metes unto every man according as his life has been. Your views of consideration were most economical for your neighbor, most generous for yourself; your home indicated abundance, administered with ostentation, while the wants of your hirelings were limited by your estimate of their dependence; crumbs from your table (comparatively speaking) were good enough for your fellow brothers and sisters, equal before God with you.

"And what has been the result? Your abundance was swept away in a moment by the retributive power of the Almighty's laws, and you cursed the instrument, and that, too, in the name of your Maker. The fiat then went forth that you *should die*, in order that, as a spirit, you might be reclaimed and made to glorify your Saviour, in obedience to his laws; your own hand was the instrument used, while the curse hovered on your lips, your appeal to the Infinite to curse '*his own work*' in order to appease you, is a crime of no little magnitude, and is enregistered for judgment hereafter, when your brother man is a spirit; then you *both* will be judged by the Equity you have so fearfully invoked. The wail of agony that proceeded from your spirit mother reverberated through the heavens, and His mercy permitted your parents of Earth to aid me in my duty, for I had lost *my control*; but we hope yet to turn your curse into a blessing for you both, by compelling you to that obedience in Spirit life that will overshadow the evil by the good. Think not, my child, that the ways of man are unheeded; the cause that led you into error is enregistered against *its author*. In the midnight hour he is reminded of it; in his daily thoughts and acts it is in memory. The hand of death stayed the rectification on earth, and he knows and feels that he cannot obliterate the crime.

"The human mind, by indulgence, becomes callous for a time, and in the hour of occupation he may stay the small whisper, the voice of the soul is never silent, it ever reminds men of their deviations, and admonishes of a future reward; no earthly ostentation that you can invent can conceal the impress, no outward smile of malignant ire, though masked by hypocritical delusion, can go undetected. Society's rule may excuse, by *its practice*, the fault, but the cry of the widow and the tears of the orphan are had in *remembrance*. Men of the same habits and pursuits may endeavor to exonerate the deed, but the justice of God will vindicate the right, and close, by retribution, the career of men who deceive.

"Would, my child, you had selected any other pathway of earthly occupation than that of the trafficker in stocks; my control would have been stronger, and my voice regarded; but a foolish ambition led you on, step by step, until I saw that your lesson of life was linked with degradation of the mind through ostentation of the person, and I prayed for permission to receive your spirit after your fall; my wish has been granted, and you are now in Spirit life. *A few hours only have passed*, in mundane law, since your hand administered the dose, but to you it has been *an age* in experience. The folly and profitless tenor of your life is felt by you in spirit, and your head is bowed in contrition. My duty to you is a sacred office, and with His mercy I will reclaim you; but not, my child, by the way you imagine. I cannot ask Jesus to befriend us; if *there were truth in the theory you trusted in*, his doctrine is 'reverence to God and good will to man.' Your dying hope was a curse, and an insult to the Omnipotent. Jesus ordered all to honor the Father; but you dishonored him through your works. How then can you hope for salvation through any intercession? Where would you place justice if crime can be covered up, without rectification; a profession of faith in another's goodness, to obliterate your curse, and a misapplied life?

Such would be an absurdity, and an insult to the Equity of Purity.

"It is in vain, my child; no atoning idea, apart from a personal rectification, can overshadow your crime; not all the incense of the Jewish rites or Roman foible can dim the record you have made. When man violates a Spiritual law and appeals to a Spiritual power, the law he invokes must judge, and that Spiritual law is too pure for an evil application; hence, your mother's prayer, that her child's curse might become a blessing, through his rectification, and that prayer being based in good and guided by reverence, will prevail. As a spirit clothed in the dark mantle of repentance, you stand in the presence of angels; a mother's love shrouds you in affection, and my ebony staff shall guide you on your way. God's love, my dear child, is purer than anger, and his mercy bends the hearts of his children. You are as dear to him as the being you cursed, and he is equal with you in title; neither can mingle with angels until you are reconciled, and this period is in the future; his career is *not* ended, but when his hour draws nigh *you will be summoned* to receive him, and his spirit eye shall see at the same time his victim, accuser, and, I hope, *his brother*, with a smile of forgiveness and a hand to aid him in *his duty* of rectifying the errors of his earth life.

"And now, my child, I have little more at this time to say unto you. My first lesson has been confined to your *last deed*, in order to show you the nature of your offense. I have now to guide you from this wood into the home where the weary ones dwell; there your physical frame will be strengthened, and lessons of love will teach you the duties of your office, as a laborer on earth, unseen by men, visiting every haunt of your life, and every avenue impressed by your *influence*, where you strove to build up through error, you will labor to pull down; you aided the traffickers in gold and silver, stocks and bonds, paper records of deluding wares, that reduce to poverty your fellow beings, and to misery the widow and the orphan, against these your curse is enregistered, and your duty is, the application of that curse upon these traffickers, that their souls may be rescued by it. Your hand from henceforth is against these men forever on the earth, their offices and homes will be visited by you, in obedience to the law of retributive rectification, to arrest and frustrate the evil you suffered from, and of which you complained, will be your duty, bearing ever in mind that those fluctuations that give to you prosperity produced disappointment and injury on others. Thus your duty in repentance is two-fold, and becomes an arduous labor. You did not personally plan and inaugurate, by deception and delusion, the fluctuations, but you aided by your countenance, and for a period reaped the reward, and the time came for *you to feel* the force of deception; you forgot your previous profits, and cursed the lesson ordained.

"Such has been your conduct, and the atonement is proportionate; unseen, unfelt, and unimpeded, will you visit the brokers' offices, listen to their plans, hopes, desires, and fears, and wherever you perceive intrigue, deception, and artifice, your duty will be to save, to the uttermost, the victims, by influencing the mental power to avoid the snares and shun the allurements; this task will be arduous in consequence of the diversity of organizations you have to study and the desire of the minds. In others you will behold a type of yourself, in action as a dealer, your exultation in prosperity, and your despondency and crime in adversity, or rather the dawn of adversity; but you will behold, in the anxieties, distress, and labor of your poverty-stricken family, what was spared you as a mortal, by your death, in order that you [shall learn it from your Spirit life, and the suffering will be equally acute, it being the mental power that feels, and not the frame that decays. The human being is a representative type of the Spiritual. All these things will be taught you by degrees in the home I shall take you to, so that you may perceive and understand that there is no such thing as life, free from labor, or an existence, disconnected from duty to man; perpetual activity is the law of creation, as the promoter of that knowledge that leads to the adoration of our Creator. It is a foolish and a pitiable idea for the human race to imagine that reverence to God is to be displayed in temples of wood and stone, through a form, or forms, of wordy pleadings, periodically resorted to, with a sluggish indifference or an ignorant assumption.

This material temple worship is no religion; it is simply idolatry. Men assemble together at arranged periods, in gala costume, classified by the influences of wealth, in tiers of pews, to hear the singing of the hirelings and the music of the artist, relieved by the oral pleadings of a priest to the God of the Hebrews, whom you know not, do not comprehend, but whom you have united with a speciality, whose example you avoid, and whose principles you deride with indifference, preferring the outward display of public worship, so-called, to his recommendation of the private closet, and the deeds of charity, to manifest the light that is to shine before men, as a proof of sincerity, and a beacon of truth. This temple worship you erected by contribution and sustained by adoption, and what is its value? Did it arrest your curse, or make you think in the hour of your disappointment that you were doing wrong? Its tenets professed this power, but its example has not purified the mind, because it is sectarian in view and avaricious in feeling; distinctions of position and remuneration are the basis of its management, inaugurating pride, malice, and worldly conceits, in active contest against the declaration of good will to all, and that all are equal before God; consequently, as a religion, it is divided against itself, and must be brought to desolation, or else the teachings of Jesus are a fraud, and Truth, Justice, and Equity do not distinguish the government of God. Against such an absurdity all Nature revolts, and Nature will fight against the follies and theories of men until they are rooted out, and the children of man will unite with Nature's law alone in worshipping the Founder of Nature; then will man walk with God in spirit, owning his love and power, as manifested in all his works, from the granite to the rose, and from the almost invisible insect to man, unity in love, reverence, and duty to him alone.

"I will say nothing more to you, my son, at this time; conscious fear and terror are depicted upon your countenance, and my duty is to bear you hence, having roused into action the slumbering mind, so that you begin to view your acts from a truer standpoint, and discern the follies of your life. An infant in feebleness you have become, through the effects of the Spiritual atmosphere, which purifies the frame from the grossness of material error, and thus enables the neophyte to advance."

I had listened in bewildered amazement to this lecture of my guardian; as each truth was uttered my frame quivered beneath the shaft; the Spiritual view of my earthly life was so widely different to my preconceived thoughts that I felt I had no hope remaining. Life had imparted to me no abiding strength, my soul shrunk from me in terror, and my spirit was dumb before my accuser. I gazed upon him in an agony indescribable, and I wished the mountains to cover me from the face of my guide; his arm held me fast, or I should have fallen helpless before him, for there was no strength remaining, only the consciousness of guilt. To my pleading look he whispered, "Hope, and trust solely in His love, and as your faith is so will it be unto you."

My mother's influence dawned, and she called to my mind the faith of the despised Jew, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." The sentiment found an application and an adoption in my heart, and I bowed my head in reverence. My mother's arm closed round me, also, and thus supported, I stood between my rescuers. They united in prayer, and we advanced from the bank. My pathway was through the stream, and strength came from its influence, so that when we had crossed to the other side I saw in my pathway many flowers that, on earth, I had loved; they bloomed in freshness before me, the rose, the violet, and heliotrope, and I gazed with rapture upon the scene opening before me. The wood here was less dense in foliage, so that I beheld in the distance fields of rich cereals in different stages of growth. We were passing along an avenue of stately trees, trimmed to a nicety, and I thought we were approaching some nobleman's mansion. Earthly ideas crowded upon me, and I looked with an anxious curiosity for the termination of this avenue.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

JUDGE WARD NOT A LIAR.

MR. EDITOR: A correspondent of your paper, writing from the Chicago Public Library, controverts my article entitled, "Judge Ward and the Witches," which appeared Nov. 6th,

and presents his bill of exceptions thereto. I am willing to meet him in controversy, but I must insist on fair and honest conduct in what we do in the premises.

He does not state my *case* properly and truly—the documents, out of which the case arises, and upon which it mainly rests, are suppressed and garbled by him. He withholds my letter to Judge —, and quotes only a part of his letter to me in answer; taking especial care to clip off an important part thereof, and leaving out the figures necessary for the reader's reckoning of time. I am not accustomed to deal in such way in order to carry a point. *The suppression of a truth is the expression of a falsehood*, is an ancient maxim of much value. That the reader may understand the case, or matters in question, I claim the right; therefore beg leave to introduce here, our correspondence:

"Will Judge —, the reputed owner of the walking-stick, or rather bludgeon, now kept in these parlors as a curiosity by my friend Mansfield, please to inform me whether the stick is the veritable one with which he used to walk in his earth life? Also please to state whether the facts and circumstances of his day, denominated then and now, DELUSIONS, by the clergy and churches (which allow me to call the successors of the old Scribes and Pharisees), *were such indeed*, or were they realities, and deserving our credence as Spiritualists? And to make any other statements which he may deem advisable in this behalf.

"HORACE DRESSER."

The above was answered as follows:

"MY STRANGER FRIEND: Have you thought to invoke my spirit to earth again, after more than one hundred and seventy-five years a dweller of the land of souls? The object of which, I see, is to verify records, or footprints of the past. Yes, that is the identical oak sapling I cut with my own hand, on or near the place where several *innocent* people were hanged for that which they could not help any more than they could help breathing. I sat in judgment over them, but verily thought I was doing God service when I condemned them to die. Mather and others influenced me no doubt, much, to do as I did. Yes, that is the identical cane used by me as a walking-stick.

"I am JOSHUA WARD.

"To Horace Dresser.

"28th December, 1868."

I accept the letter of Judge Ward as genuine and truthful, and will now proceed to exonerate him from the gentle impeachment of your polemic neighbor of the Public Library, viz., "The spirit of Joshua Ward must be near the head of his class—of *tall liars*; that is, if his letter, copied above, be genuine."

Well, let me see whether he be a liar, as branded by my critic.

Judge Ward has not responded to the figures 1680, nor is he responsible for that date, though found on the label of the cane; that he himself placed such a label upon it, dated 1680, is too violent a presumption for belief; but it is presumable, and very likely to have been the act of a descendant of him, and if there be an anachronism in respect to the year of the trials of the witches, arising out of an error of the record made by a descendant, of what importance is it in this inquiry? It does not make the Judge a *liar*. I made no reference to the year 1680 in my letter to Judge Ward; his attention was not called to the date of the label, only to the cane itself, nor does he in his letter to me attempt to tell when he was judge and condemned the witches. What he does say is, that he has been in the land of souls more than one hundred and seventy-five years; this my learned historical critic may see, by working out a little problem in arithmetic, carries his demise back only to 1693, before which year the Judge was in earth life, and able to try causes in court. Our critic says the witch-cases were tried in 1692; now, for aught that appears, Judge Ward could have tried them, he lived till after this, till the next year, 1693. He nowhere says, as is alleged in the criticism in question, that he tried them in 1680, twelve years before. There is no foundation for controversy here. I consulted Judge W. about the ownership of the cane; to this he honestly replies, and adds that it was cut from an oak sapling—the stick is oak, as anyone can see.

But our critic says, "There was no Judge Ward, or Joshua Ward, living in Mass. or in New England at that date" (1680). Here I take issue with him, and if he himself is a truthful witness his statement is strong presumptive evidence that such a man did live in Salem, Mass., in 1680 (only in this particular do I accept our critic's testimony; his statements are mostly irrelevant to the question). He says he has handled a real flesh and blood Judge Ward! These are his words:

"Joshua H. Ward, an eminent judge in the

courts of Massachusetts, now deceased, was living in Salem about twenty-five years ago, and when a boy I have taken his hand a hundred times." Further on, the critic adds, still in trouble about the cane, "Perhaps it is his cane, with an erroneous inscription."

Very well, and now let me place here *my perhaps*: That this late Judge Ward, bearing the name *Joshua*, was a lineal descendant of the Joshua Ward whose existence is so positively denied by our critic. How natural it is to family pride and affection, to preserve the names of ancestors through the descending generations! Here we have a man by the name of WARD, whose name was *Joshua*, whose home was in Salem, the same old Salem of witchcraft memory and renown, who was an eminent judge, etc. Presumption favors the idea that my spirit correspondent, JOSHUA WARD, though silent as to where was his residence here, in this life, was a resident of this same historic Salem,

Where the great elms shut out the summer heats —
Where quiet reigns and breathes through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest."

I think if our critic will examine the genealogies and obituaries of the lately deceased Judge Joshua H. Ward, whom he mentions, he will find evidence that he is mistaken in saying there was no *Joshua Ward* living in New England in 1680.

Again, not content with his denials and negative testimony in respect to 1680, the critic, limiting himself to the Salem sort of witches, which were hung in 1692, saying no Judge Ward was on the bench during the witch trials of 1692, and giving the names of the judges who were on the bench, in conclusion says: "There was no Judge Ward or Joshua Ward living at that period." (1692.) No such man on the bench not only, but no such man *living anywhere!* His negations concerning 1680 were, that no such judge or person, at that time, was *living in Mass. or in New England!* Is not Judge Ward now well banished from being?

I answer, the man of straw, whom the critic has set up and warred against, is not now, nor ever was, *living*, on earth, in history, or in heaven. Neither have I claimed, nor has Judge Ward stated, that he sat in judgment upon the *Salem witches in 1692*; his letter does not fix time when or place where, nor does it particularize more than to tell about when he died, by telling how long he had been in the Spirit Realm. It is plain that he *lived* in earth life, *somewhere*, and tried witches at *some time*. If he lived to the usual age of man, his life certainly covered all the period of witchcraft, whensoever and wheresoever, in New England. Because he is not numbered or found among the judges mentioned by my critic, and who tried witches in 1692, it does not follow that he never lived, nor tried them at some other time and other place, than in 1692, in Salem. There were other witch trials by other judges than those named in the criticism.

In opposition to the notions advanced to prove Judge Ward to be a liar, I quote the report of a case tried by Judge JOSEPH DUDLEY, a judge not named or seen in the list furnished by our critic:

"They had also an *ocular demonstration* in one, who a little before had been executed for *witchcraft*, when *Joseph Dudley, Esq.*, was the chief-judge."—*Mather's Magnalia*, Vol. I., p. 188, with its italics.

"There were no witches hung in Salem, or elsewhere in New England, in 1680," quoth our historical critic of the Pub. Lib. When this case was tried does not appear. It may have been in 1680, for aught that appears. Dudley's name as judge dates as far back as 1676, on a roll of judges, running from 1629 to 1686 (*vide Magnalia*, vol. I., p. 129). The method adopted to prove Judge Ward of Spirit Land a liar, and never to have lived in New England, as readily and as logically shows Judge Dudley never lived in Mass., nor tried a witchcraft case there.

Once more, the critic says, "Cotton Mather in 1680, when it is alleged that he influenced Judge Ward to hang the witches, was seventeen years of age." Who has alleged that Mather influenced, etc., in 1680? I have not. I did not mention his name in my letter to Judge W., nor does he in his answer say that Mather influenced him only, in 1680. Whether he was only seventeen years old in that year, we have only the critic's voucher. I confess I am unable to ascertain how old he was in 1680. It is enough for my purpose to learn that at that

youthful period of his life he had genius, station, and *influence*, and that at some time in his life he influenced Judge Ward. I quote:

"His learning and godliness, and *ministerial abilities*, were so conspicuous that at the age of *seventeen years* he was called to be a public preacher in *Boston*, the *metropolis* of the whole English *America*; and within a while after that he was ordained *pastor* of the same church, whereof his own *father* was the *teacher*, and this at the unanimous desire of the people, and with the approbation of the *magistrates, ministers, and churches* in the vicinity of *Boston*."—*vide* Attestation to the Church History of New England. By John Higginson. Dated Salem, 1697; in *Mather's Magnalia*, vol. II., p. 9, with its italics.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I owe you an apology for my delay in defense of my article in your paper. I have been sick and confined to the house since Nov. 1st; I have not consulted Mr. Mansfield concerning the matter in controversy. Your correspondent seems to feel happy in his estimate of his criticism. Long live his happiness.

HORACE DRESSER.

Dec. 20, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ALL ABOUT THAT HOLLOW GLOBE AGAIN.

BY PROF. P. VAN HYATT.

It is presumed that the friends of the Hollow Globe theory have had their "say," and are quietly awaiting the shot from the other side. The Hollow Globe was not assailed because the theory was *new*, but because the theory is false in *fact*. It does not follow that, because any theory is new it must necessarily be true, from the fact that all innovations have been disputed inch by inch. A book that assumes such bold opposition to the accepted teachings of Science, as does the Hollow Globe, will hardly escape the gauntlet of carping criticism. The fact that it purports to come from the other side of the "Mystic River," will not suffice. The blind veneration which in ages past has overshadowed the reasoning faculties of man, is vanishing as a scroll, and all mandates and revelations, claiming superior illumination, must pass the same ordeal as a proposition from Euclid.

Some points connected with the subject are worthy of further consideration: To refute the Hollow theory, allusion was made to the principles which govern solids, in their formation from fluids. These have not been assailed, but complain that I borrowed them from Science; suppose this be true, what then? Herein lies the contest, and these proofs must be accepted. There are but few things belonging to the present era which are not borrowed from the past. The Hollow Globe theory is at least one hundred years old. The reindeer in Siberia disappeared on the approach of winter, and returned in good condition the following spring. They were supposed to pass inside the earth, where they found pasture and shelter. One, John C. Symmes, a captain in the regular army of the United States, espoused the Hollow theory. In 1819 he first made known his ideas on this subject by circulars. He resigned his position in the army, and devoted his life to his pet theory; he wrote a book known as "Symmes' Prophecy." He was anxious to sail in search of the Great Hole that opened into the interior. Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, presented his project to Congress, asking for aid to enable him to get inside the earth. The scheme was tabled. Symmes was discouraged because a majority in Congress could not see with him. His fame reached Russia, and Count Romansoff offered to furnish the necessary vessels and means, provided the expedition was prosecuted under the flag of the Russian government. This offer Mr. Symmes declined. The theory of Messrs. Lyon and Sherman is the same as that of Captain Symmes.

I alluded to comets as furnishing analogous proofs of the Igneous Theory. To offset this, my friends wish to know what orbits the comets will take when grown to worldhood. This difficulty is not serious; worlds are adjusted in accordance with the laws of attraction and gravitation. My friends doubt the correctness of the estimated length of comets' tails, also their supposed heated condition. To them, it is all guess-work, yet they are bold to assert that the spots on the sun are produced by the military evolutions of spirits. The swallowing of a comet, with tail and nucleus, is nothing to this.

Next comes hot springs and artesian wells. Suppose the St. Louis Prodigal says the earth

is locked in a frozen embrace, what is the testimony of the "ninety and nine" that have not gone astray?

My friends insist that volcanoes are the result of local causes; that extinct volcanoes have had the local cause "put out" by some subterranean passage of water. Prof. Denton is made to corroborate their theory on this point. This chain of reasoning is broken by the eruption of Mt. *Ætna* in 1755, when vast volumes of hot water were ejected from the crater, but failed to extinguish the cause; *Ætna* is still a volcano. Some of the volcanoes in Central America cast up mud and water as a business. There is no proof to show that water ever extinguished a single volcano.

Earthquakes were introduced in their order of date and locality, to show that they could not originate from local causes. The bounding and rebounding of this internal force from continent to continent, and from hemisphere to hemisphere, precludes all possibility of local causes, sufficient to produce such varied and extended phenomena.

My friends insist that I prove the interior of the earth a molten mass. This is like proving that Sunday comes on the first day of every week. Nothing can be plainer than the fact itself. When such volumes of melted material is ejected from the earth as was in the great eruption of Iceland in 1770, the following facts are apparent:

1st. The lava comes from the interior of the earth.

2d. The ejecting force is beneath the mass thrown to the surface.

3d. Both force and matter exist in the earth before the action takes place.

These facts are universal wherever and whenever eruptions occur. The frequency and general diffusion of these outbursts prove the interior of the earth to be a molten mass.

Friend Lyon sees an *if* in my way, and fails to find the same in his path, when, from the evidence gleaned from the artesian well at St. Louis, he assumes the earth to be a frozen, hollow mass. *If* the temperature increases so and so, then the interior of the earth is a molten mass; but *if* the temperature decreases so and so, then the earth is hollow and the shell is a frozen mass. Eliminate the *ifs* and see which assertion is backed by the most abundant proofs.

The little, one-horse explosion of melted iron running into a pool of water at Pittsburg is given to disprove the well authenticated occurrence at the Sandwich Islands in 1840. The lava from Stromboli frequently finds an underground passage and flows into the sea, thus opening up a chimney for all my friend's imaginary troubles with no disastrous consequences.

The tone of my friend Sherman's reply bears unmistakable evidence of coming from a mind that has been soundly "*skadged*," and has felt it to perfection. "Come, sweet spirit, hear me swear," would express his feelings. The fates have decreed that he be "*spanjazzled*" yet again. He ignores all the geological crack-brain theories of the past, and sets up shop on his own hook. It is to be feared he has been deceived, and has built upon the sands, and when the waves of reason beat against it great will be the fall. Let us examine his stock in store.

1st. His dodge as to solids is not artful. Bodies are designated as solid, liquid, and gaseous, in proportion to their density. The scientific world understands the nature of each, but cannot, from the fact that each atom is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, concede the atom to be hollow. A porous body and a hollow body are not synonymous terms. I have read the Hollow Globe very attentively, and failed to find the panacea of which he speaks. It is as easy to measure the tail of a comet as to see a spirit on the surface of the sun. *Borrowed criticism* to dissect a *borrowed theory* is admissible. His ideas are not reasonable to me; further, deponent saith not. Have read his chapters on earthquakes and volcanoes, and was not set forward any. He proposes a question to me, and then answers it himself. Perhaps he is pleased with his own answer.

Now, friend Sherman, you seem to be as one having eyes, but see not. When you say that a body in cooling off cools at the center first, the veriest Rip Van Winkle in Christendom knows better. You cannot dodge the formation of the earth's crust by any such subterfuge. The fires in all these vast worlds have had their burn, and are going out as fast as possi-

ble. No fuel is needed. Water is nothing but ashes left after the "burn." Friend Sherman, your questions are answered upon my own authority.

Friend Tinney's question is somewhat ambiguous. The earth is eliminating its heat, slowly but surely. It is analogous to a brick-kiln with the arches closed and left to cool. The heat passes into space. The center is the last to impart its heat. All brick-makers know this to be true. Animals and vegetables are not dependent on the earth for their construction. Earth is only a condition, while the growth of a plant is dependent upon the elements that surround it. There is as much of nervous system in a boot-jack as there is in the earth. Your logic is bad because your premises are false. The Chinese lily grows, blossoms, and is very fragrant, yet not a particle of soil is essential to its growth. Take a cubic yard of earth, dry it, and put it in a box, noting the exact weight of the soil. Now plant a few seeds of the Hubbard squash, and add the requisite warmth and moisture for the germination of the seeds. When grown to maturity weigh the vine and the squashes, dry and again weigh the soil. The soil weighs the same in both instances; but whence came the one hundred and fifty pounds of vegetable matter? Evidently from the elements that surround it.

[To be continued.]

For the Spiritualist at Work.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Nov. 16, '75.

BRO. WILSON: The Progressive Lyceums have been a comparative failure. No one attributes it to a faultiness of A. J. Davis' system. It is to be regretted that so beautiful a system has not kept on growing in success and favor. As there is said to be a reason for all things, doubtless there is one for this, and the only question will be to find it. "Seek and ye shall find," perhaps is all that is necessary. The Lyceum Manual is an extraordinary production of an extraordinary intelligence. Possibly it is so very extraordinary that we are not yet prepared to fully adopt it. Shakespeare's plays are sometimes cut down to suit the convenience of the players. It may be expedient and wise to cut down the Lyceum Manual for a while, to suit the convenience of existing conditions, and cease trying to adopt it entire till we shall have grown up to it. Adapt it, but not adopt it. Leave off some of the form and ceremony, the "pomp and circumstance," and simplify it to begin with. The Manual once reduced to practice in a simple manner, it could afterwards be carried out to fullness.

E. W. BALDWIN.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A VERITABLE ALLEGORY.

BY WATCHMAN.

Suggested on reading Moody and Sankey's popular revival song, "The Ninety and Nine."

A certain shepherd, noted for his kindness and care in tending his flock of one hundred sheep, but being too poor to build a fold, was therefore necessitated to keep watch and supervision over them. Near the close of a sultry day, according to his usual custom, on counting his flock he found only "ninety and nine," one having got lost and gone astray in the wilderness. Notwithstanding the lateness in the day, and the dangers of the undertaking, the good shepherd, leaving the "ninety and nine" in fancied security, fearlessly went forth in search of the lost sheep, with successful result, and joyfully returned in due time, with the redeemed one.

But, alas! what was his mortification and chagrin on finding the "ninety and nine" in a sadly demoralized condition, many entirely gone, whilst the remainder were closely shorn of their entire fleeces, looking more like a flock of goats than the original sheep. During his absence a number of wool and sheep merchants had banded together, secured the services of two notorious psychological sheep tamers, who proved so successful in their incantations as to entirely fleece the "ninety and nine," and entice many to be willingly and securely locked up in their divers sheep-folds, leaving to the poor shepherd barely the one lamb's fleece for future clothing, and a year's hard labor and care to recuperate the remainder of his flock.

Fremont, Ind.

They that govern make least noise.—*Selden*.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1876.

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

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.

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS,
172 & 174 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
Where Subscriptions may be paid and Advertisements received.

Terms—\$1.10 for Twenty-six numbers.
Single copies 5 cents.

After striking off every delinquent subscriber (and we found a large list of them) we have a goodly number left who, by letter, approve of us and our course, many of whom have heard us and know our truth, and know that all through this bitter war for a free platform and free speech, we have never spoken one bitter word against our enemies, or urged one of our friends to throw up this, that, or the other paper. We never stoop to these things. There are readers enough to support all, and every paper in the land, and we trust that they will be supported. We do, however, ask for our full share of support, and the reason why we ask is this: We have been true to our cause, to free speech and a free platform, and have refused to throw dirt at anyone.

With this record, we feel that we are entitled to the good will and confidence of our patrons, and ask them to come to our help; we need it. We have in our possession hundreds of letters from honest friends, who endorse our paper and speak well of it, and urge us on to publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK every week. Now, friends, we thank you all, but what we need most is the dollar, the almighty dollar. With it, we can publish a good paper; without it, we publish nothing. We, therefore, ask you to help us; let our sixteen hundred subscribers send us one dollar each, and our paper will be on your table every two weeks, full of loving words of cheer, of truth and good will toward all men.

We ask every subscriber to come to our help; do not let THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK fail for want of material aid. Let every subscriber send us \$1.10, and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is guaranteed for one year, once in two weeks.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

In closing up our delinquent subscription list, and balancing our account with THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, we were compelled to change the date of publication from once in two weeks to once a month. We shall continue to publish it on the first day of each month until Farmer Mary is able to take her place as secretary of the establishment.

We have dropped many subscribers and have a goodly number left, but not enough to warrant our publishing this paper oftener than once a month. We shall continue to send THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK to our subscribers, 26 numbers for \$1.10. So come to our help, friends, for we need it. Every paper in the land is calling on its subscribers for help. May we not call upon ours to come to the front and renew at once. Hence we ask you to help us. Do not let our paper die for want of encouragement. We have risked two thousand dollars in the enterprise; can't our subscribers risk as much? Therefore, renew. If every subscriber will, on reading this article, send us one dollar, this paper will be issued to them once in two weeks for one year. Come, who will be first? We will publish the amount each issue.

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Fifteenth Quarterly Meeting in Chicago, Ill., on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of March, 1876. The Convention will be called to order on Friday, the 10th, in Grow's Opera House, 517 West Madison street. Eminent speakers are already engaged, and others written to. It is already known that Susie M. Johnson, Capt. H. H. Brown, Dr. Samuel Maxwell, and Dr. Juliet H. Severance will be present.

N. B. We wish it distinctly understood that we expect to pay the traveling expenses

of those speakers we invite by letter. We ask every Spiritualist who reads this to attend. We shall place upon the platform the best talent in music, song, tests, and speaking that can be found in the ranks of Spiritualism.

Remember, that our platform is free, and that all subjects germane to humanity may be discussed thereon. Let all come, full of the spirit, full of truth, and good work. Every effort will be made to entertain all from abroad, meals will be furnished in the hall at cost.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. O. HOWARD, M. D., Pres.

E. V. WILSON, Sec.

"LOOK AT HIM IN HIS OWN MIRROR."

"E. V. Wilson, in the January number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, * * in speaking of the editor of the *Journal*, says, 'He does not deny that he has lied about us, but pleads the Baby Act, and cries over our effort to get our little property from us.' * * He sued us for libel, claiming \$25,000 damaged character. * * We have not pleaded any Baby Act to the old Germane's declarations, but we have filed a plea of *justification*, which is nothing less than the assumption that all we have said is true."

We quote the above from the *R.-P. Journal* of Feb. 26, Vol. XIX, No. 24. We now produce an extract from his plea in defense. Let the reader judge who pleads the Baby Act. Look at him in his own mirror.

"And now for a further plea in this behalf, the defendant says the plaintiff ought not to have his aforesaid action against him, the defendant; because, he says, that the several supposed causes of action, in the said declaration mentioned, did not, nor did either of them, accrue to the said plaintiff at any time within one year next before the commencement of this suit, in manner and form as the plaintiff has above complained against him, the defendant—and this the defendant is ready to verify: *Wherefore*, he prays judgment if the plaintiff ought to have the aforesaid action against him."

THE SIXTEEN CRUCIFED SAVIORS.

This book is one of the wonders of the age, and should be in the hands of every reformer. The following quotations speak for themselves and are worthy. Christna tells us,

1. "Those who do not control their passions cannot act properly toward others."
2. "The evils we inflict upon others follow us as our shadows follow our bodies."

Sakia, a Hindoo god, 600 B. C., leaves five commands:

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery, or any impurity.
4. Thou shalt not lie.
5. Thou shalt not intoxicate thyself.

Thammerz, of Syria, crucified 1160 B. C., of whom Godwin quotes this saying, "Trust ye in God, for out of his loins salvation is come unto us."

Julius Firmicus speaks of this God, "Rising from the dead for the salvation of the world."

The crucifixion of Wittoba, of the Telingonese, 552 B. C., Mr. Higgins tells us, is represented in his history with nail holes in his hands and the soles of his feet.

Iao, of Nepal, crucified 622 B. C., on a tree in Nepal, and his name occurs frequently in the holy bibles and other sacred books of other countries. Some suppose that Iao (often spelt Jao) is the root of the name of the Jewish God—Jehovah.

We shall quote more soul thoughts from this work, for they are all of them the words of Gods who were born men. And in connection with these Gods from Mr. Graves' book we would not overlook the Gods of the New Gospel of Health, by Dr. Stone.

We have these books for sale, the New Gospel of Health, \$2.50 in cloth; postage 35 cts. The Sixteen Crucified Saviors, \$2; postage 17 cts. We will send the two to one order for \$4.50, postage paid.

We will have for sale about the 10th of March, The Truths of Spiritualism. By E. V. Wilson, the Seer. 400 pages, 12mo, price, \$2, postage 20 cts. We ask every reader of our paper to send for this book; it is the wonder of the age, full of startling facts, fully authenticated.

Readers, we need your help; we do not want your money for nothing, but for value received. Every one sending us \$3 will receive

one copy of The Truths of Spiritualism, and twenty-six numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for one year, free of postage. Come, help us, we need it.

REMARKS.

Prof. Spinney, who was elected President of the Michigan State Spiritual Association at its last session, is a most eloquent and earnest speaker; as a worker, untiring, fearless, and brave; his position, therefore, as a presiding officer in connection with our Association, is truly gratifying and satisfactory to all.

To Spiritualists generally, and all lovers of art particularly, who may chance from time to time to visit Battle Creek, we would suggest that they call at the rooms of Dr. Geo. Newcomer, Main st., and see a most striking and beautiful representation of the different phases of progress and spheres, both in Spirit and in Earth life, which he has quite recently and most aptly portrayed, by an oil painting, the design of which is wonderful, and calls forth the admiration of all beholders.

Many present at the Convention gave him a call which resulted to their own pleasure and benefit. We regret that it was not placed on exhibition at the hall, that all present might behold and hear the Doctor explain its chief characteristics.

L. E. B.

THE VOICE OF THE ANGELS.

DEAR BRO. E. V. WILSON: From the enclosed you will learn the object of this note. In explanation will say that, for five years, I have persistently refused the importunities of Mr. Pardee and other prominent spirits of starting such a novel enterprise, until some three weeks since, when having become satisfied that my friends in Spirit life desired such a paper for their own use and control, I determined to give it a trial, and I take the liberty of asking you to give it an insertion in your *live* paper, and your criticism on it. The *Banner* folks will have it in their next week's issue and Mr. Rich thought you would do the same. Hoping you may consider it favorably, I remain with high consideration,

Fraternally, D. C. DENSMORE.

P. S. I used to be acquainted with you, but not having seen you but once in twelve or fifteen years, I presume that you may not remember me. I will say that, with not a single exception, this move is unqualifiedly condemned by everybody as the silliest of all silly things, and dare say you may think so too. So you see what fearful odds I have to work against. I asked the editor of the *Scientific* to give it an insertion; refused on the ground that his paper was of a higher order, and people that patronized his paper would not look at mine. So much for science! You will understand that I have no more to do with it, only as amanuensis and publisher, than the man in the moon, and hence the responsibility of success or failure rests entirely with others, although I shall have to bear all the ignominy of its failure.

D. C. D.

REMARKS.—We have received one copy of *The Voice of the Angels*, read it carefully, and find it full of good things. We knew L. Judd Pardee, and knew him to be faithful, true and free. We remember Bro. Densmore very well and recommend the Spiritualists of our country to sustain his efforts in publishing *The Voice of the Angels*. We cannot have too many blessings from our departed friends and loved ones. It is published at No. 5 Dwight st., Boston, Mass.; spirit of L. Judd Pardee, editor in chief; spirit D. K. Miner, business manager; D. C. Densmore, amanuensis and publisher. Price, yearly, \$1, payable in advance; single copy, 10 cts.

CALVINISM, FATALISM, AND OPTIMISM.

The Calvinism of Theology, the Fatalism of Sciences, and the Philosophy of Optimism, all go to prove that whatever is, is of necessity.

I do not believe in a free love at all, but a forced love.

Knowledge is intuitive and tuitive, innate and acquired.

Love is a principle of growth. There was a time when we did not love at all, and our innate or inherent love, if we have any, is not connected with innate love that can distinguish the foster mother from the natural mother.

There is no law but natural law. There are no fungoid or abnormal growths on nature.

Nature is one great stupendous whole, made of diversity on unity.

The arts and sciences conventionally are but parts of nature.

Hence, as an optimist, we make all allowance for everybody.

The hybrid or hermaphrodite—the mongrel—are as positively a part of the great variety of entities of living, moving beings in the great universe.

The above remarks were made by T. H. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind. They are the thoughts of an earnest man, and spoken in words that cannot be misunderstood. We hold that he is qualified to speak on this subject understandingly, for he was a Calvinist, and is now a believer in Optimism and Spiritualism.

We, however, believe in monogamy, or marriage, but hold that marriage grants no rights to one contracting party not shared by the other. The husband has no right whatever to coerce sexual relations with his wife, under the marriage contract. The relation between husband and wife must be governed by love, not lust, and whenever a woman holds sexual relations with her husband against her wish, will or desire, she is guilty of adultery, and whenever a man consociates with his wife against her will, or coerces her into sexual relations, he is a rapist, and should be tried for rape by the laws of the land.

The true marriage, the true family compact, must rest on the law of love. Children begotten outside of this law are unnatural results, and in violation of law. This, we hold, conflicts with Bro. Stewart's ideas as an Optimist, Scientist, and Calvinist. We make these remarks in earnest, and court a reply from Bro. S.

Our motto, one woman and one man, under contract to live sacredly for each other. All of their acts governed by and through love, and any condition outside of this is irregular and offensive to good society, to law, love, and order. Men and women, under these conditions, will not have a wife in one place, a mistress in another, and affinities in every town they may happen to be. Let us have a true marriage under law, founded on love, and then there will be no need of divorce courts.

A JUST CRITICISM.

We clip from the *Galveston Civilian*, of Jan. 31, the following just and righteous criticism, from one who knows not either of the parties referred. The editor of the *R.-P. Journal* builds a cabinet, and says to mediums, "Come here and give seances, and I will advertise you and take half the receipts. And so long as you work for my interest it is all right, and when you cease it is all wrong." And because mediums refuse to do so, then they are cheats and humbugs.

We hold that the medium is the mountain, and the *R.-P. Journal* the mouse; therefore, let the mouse go to the mountain, and not the mountain to the mouse, for tests.

TESTING MEDIUMS.—Two weeks since, we copied from a Michigan paper a narrative of seances by Mrs. Parry, a physical medium entirely unknown to us. To-day, we give from another journal an "Exposé of Mrs. Parry," with remarks by the *R.-P. Journal*. In the first narrative "Eye Witness" states he has been present at fifteen seances, and particularizes the last, where five forms were materialized at the window of the cabinet.

In the "Exposé," the failures at one seance are given. These are, 1. The control declines to use a barrel held brought by the sitters; 2. That flour placed in the hands of the unconscious medium was strewn over her hair, face, and dress; 3. That stitches in the sleeves had been ripped, but the threads not pulled out; 4. Paint, secretly placed on the hand-cuffs, was found on the medium's hand; and finally, a money-payment is offered if certain things will be done.

These statements are copied by the *R.-P. Journal*, without comment on their unsatisfactory character, and with "Remarks," which indicate a previous state of feeling between the parties. Of this we know nothing. But our experience in the study of these phenomena has shown us that the business relations which so often exist between publishers on one side, and writers and mediums on the other, do not always render the testimony of the first named the most reliable as to the value of books or the integrity of mediums.

The tests given in the "Exposé" are neither just in design nor conclusive in result. In fact they are remarkably inefficient and weak, and the conclusions drawn from them are not warranted by the facts. It is to us a matter of surprise that a journal so well informed as the *R.-P. Journal*, in all that relates to experiments with the highly sensitive conditions known as mediumship, should have given its apparent sanction to such illogical proceedings.

We desire to see all mediums thoroughly tested. But we do not believe that profession-

al advocates, like editors and publishers, are the proper self-constituted judges of such tests. As promulgators of facts, we believe that facts obtained by others than themselves will carry most weight with readers. The judicial quality of mind is as rare in the editorial as in all other professions.

No one would require of a chemist that he should demonstrate a new discovery in his branch of science, under conditions devised by some non-expert in that science. Yet, when testing new discoveries in the relations of matter, the most competent experts often fail. Prof. Tyndall himself, during his lectures in this country, often did so in tests before an audience, which he declared had succeeded perfectly but half an hour before in the laboratory. Something was the matter, but he did not know what, he said on one occasion.

It is our belief that in this new soul-science, where will power on one side and the most exquisite sensitivities the world knows on the other, enter so largely into the elements, tests should be prepared with the most thorough knowledge of the requisite conditions and the most complete freedom of judgment. Science tells us not to breathe on the bulb when reading the thermometer. The instrument which enables us to read the workings of psychology is a thousand times more sensitive than any instrument man ever made, and responds at once to the breathings of human will, passion, or interest.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Woodhull is winning golden opinions in every part of our country. The press speak well of her wherever she lectures, and the U. S. Lecturing Bureau has engaged her for a course of sixty lectures, and she is now carrying out the contract in the Southern States. We wish her success in all good works, and trust she may be indeed a benefactress to her sisters in sorrow. We wish we had room in our columns to publish her life story, as given in a Memphis paper. If all that is published in the papers of the land, in regard to her success, is true, then indeed has she won a victory over error, falsehood, slander, and bitterness, such as no other woman in America has achieved.

We are generous, and write for the good of all, and yet we do not wear the Woodhull colors; but prefer them to that other thing, flying from a flag-staff on Third avenue, in Chicago.

The First Society of Spiritualists are meeting with fine success under the new management. Miss Johnson gave full satisfaction, filling Grow's Opera House with an intelligent audience. The collections paid every expense and left a handsome balance in the treasurer's hands. Miss Johnson is re-engaged for March. The First Society of Spiritualists are radical, and believe in Progression. Their motto is "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

The Progressive Spiritualists hold religious services in Snow's Dancing Hall, corner of Green and Washington streets, every Sunday. Mr. John Collier, of England, filled the desk a part of January; John Robinson, Esq., of the Chicago press, speaking on the 30th; Hudson Tuttle, of Ohio, spoke on the 6th and 13th of February.

A third Society, under the management of Thomas Cook and Dr. McFadden, hold meetings in Druid Hall, 452 Milwaukee avenue, at 10:30 a. m., 2 and 7:30 p. m.

Thus we find Chicago has three Spiritual meetings each Sunday. They may be graded as follows: The very Conservative, the Radical, and extreme Radicals. All are doing their work, and we bid them God speed.

From Pomeroy's Democrat.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM IS.

Spiritualism being simply the physiological action of life, psychic or soul force, manifesting itself through materiality, producing every phenomena in nature, from crude motion up to the highest flight of intelligence, rests securely upon its own scientific basis, sustaining all true science, needs no collateral support, but (as it ever has done) boldly challenges investigation, despite all demons, devils, etc., which bigotry and ignorance have thrown in the way. All and every of these scare-crows (the legitimate off-spring of a distempered imagination) are most effectually laid by the concurrent testimony of every scientific man who has investigated the subject, from Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmadge, Prof. Hare, R. D. Owen, Eppes Sargent, to the report of the Dialectical Society of England.

Prof. Alfred A. Wallace, the distinguished scientist, in his pamphlet in defense of modern Spiritualism, distinctly avers, "The theory leads to a pure system of morality, with sanctions far more powerful and effective than any which either religious systems or philosophy have put forth." S. W. C. Fremont, Ind.

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.

THE TEST.

The following test is from our sister, Mrs. Pauline W. Stephens, of Sacramento, Cal.:

Mr. Peck, a materializing medium, has been here. He is a grand instrument, of great value to us and the Spiritual world. He informed me that E. V. Wilson first pointed out to him his mediumship. I received through him independent slate writing messages:

1. From Brother John, who gave words of cheer to all the dear ones yet in the form.
2. From my sons, Alvah and Theodore.
3. From my former husband, Wm. Kinsey.

They wrote words of comfort to me, which were very satisfactory.

We have here a lady medium, who also has independent slate writing. I visited her and received the following unpleasant message. It was in full daylight:

"My dear child: Your husband will be instantly killed by a stick of timber falling on him in '77; prepare for it. Your father,

"SAMUEL WILSON."

Brother, I saw that writing come out in bold relief, on a porcelain slate in full daylight, and without contact with human agency. Unpleasant news, is it not? and yet it is only one drop more in the already overfull cup of bitter life experience that has been my lot.

You know my own powers as a medium; well, herewith I send you an account of a seance that occurred in my presence. You will excuse the frequent occurrence of the personal pronoun. Not long since there called on me two gentlemen, they were young men and quite unlike. They asked for a sitting, I gave it, and here is what followed:

First, There appeared by the younger of the two an old man, whom I carefully described, also giving his age. The young man replied, "That is the father of my wife."

Second, Then there came to his side, or stood by him, a young woman. She was very much affected, and wept. On describing her carefully, he said, "It is my wife."

Then there came into the group an old lady, taking her place by his side. On describing her carefully, even to her dress, he said, weeping, "It is my mother."

The old lady then stepped to the young woman, who was yet weeping, and placing one arm around her waist, the other hand upon her head, she said, "My child, you must be calm, or you will fail in your purpose of reaching John." The young woman, by a great effort, became calm.

Soon there came a little girl to her side, she was a winsome, laughing little elf, about four years old. She placed her hands upon the knees of the gentleman referred to, looking up into his face, saying, "Papa, my papa." He was much affected.

Then the wife spoke, in a clear, calm voice, saying, "I have both the children with me, John." When, to my astonishment, there was a babe in her arms, seemingly about six months old. The wife and mother then bowed her head over her husband, placing one arm around his neck and kissing him, saying, "This is the happiest day of my life."

She then brought before my view their old home. I saw the house, the entrance into the hall, the parlor, and the furniture, giving a careful description of it. He answered, "It is a perfect description of the house in which she died."

She then opened a door which was closed when I saw the room in vision; it lead into the room in which she died, and I saw the manner of her death. In the picture, or vision, I saw the physician who attended her, the nurse, the wardrobe from which they selected the clothes in which they dressed her for the grave. It was in a town.

She (the spirit) then smiled, and said, "I remember it all; I will now show her (the medium) the other house." She then took me in vision to a country place, a white cottage, pleasantly situated on an elevated piece, from which there was a fine view, overlooking a thickly-settled neighborhood. She took me into the room where the little girl (their first) was born. The spirit wife then said, "I am not done yet." She then showed me the church in which they were married, together with the marriage cere-

mony, the officiating minister, and many of the prominent friends who were present. I saw her bridal dress, fully and carefully describing each particular feature of this wonderful panoramic view.

She then placed the babe upon the knees of the gentleman, and threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, "I am your darling wife, Louisa." The spirit turned to him, saying, "I have lived with aunt since I came to Spirit life and have our two children with me."

During all this time the mother had stood calmly by, with her hands resting upon the young wife. The two women and children then faded from my sight. And as soon as they were gone there came and stood between the two young men, an old man. Placing a hand on the head of each, he said, "These are my sons," which gave me the first intimation that they were brothers.

He then showed me a town in the old country, a village, a street, a house, and a strange looking old stone building, on describing which they exclaimed, "That is the place in which we were born. It is in Prussia, and the stone building is an old Roman tower, standing in the village in which we lived until we were ten years old. Then our father came to America."

The father then blessed his sons, mentioning the names of two others in his blessing, and disappeared.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26, 1876.

MR. E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir*: About six months ago, the subject of Spiritualism was introduced to my wife and myself, by Mr. Samuel Cooper. Since then my wife has been influenced several times. She has, within the last two weeks, given us the fire test several times, in the blaze of a large kerosene lamp.

Last night, while giving the fire test, she took hold of a young girl's hands (who was a looker-on) and rubbed them, and they then both washed their hands together in the flame which was very hot. The girl had never before seen anything of Spiritual demonstrations and had heard it talked of but very little. The blaze would burn the girl's hands instantly, whenever my wife's influence was withdrawn. Last Sunday night she was influenced to write, and the following is what she wrote. She was rocking the cradle during the time. She is not entranced, nor would you think she was influenced. We are told she will be entranced after a little. You will see that she uses no capital letters at the beginning of sentences; why, she does not know. She has commenced another communication from her control.

Yours, etc., A. M. GLASGOW.

486 W. Indiana st.

We are in a continued magnetic wave, and when we see anyone on whom we can exercise our magnetic power, we improve the opportunity to do so; not, however, to harm our subject, but rather to cultivate their mental power and improve their physical strength. We come in the still hour of night, possessing them before they are aware of our presence, and why? Because there are many obstacles in the way of perfect control; hence, we play the thief, that our control may be complete, thus convincing the skeptical of our complete control. Of course you must comply with the law and assist us, in submitting to our control, and as our medium we can and will open up the mysteries of life to your understanding. But you must be honest, true, and faithful, for we like the pure in heart and true in soul. We bid you visit the sick, do good to all, wrong no one, for we come not to torment you, but to do you good, to bless and give you advice. Whenever you see the way open in legitimate business transactions, enter upon it without hesitation, for it is right to earn money in this way.

Your world, the Earth, is ruled over or governed by immutable laws, and all are justified in obtaining wealth, but not to the injury of others. Some have soared high in their ambition to be rich, and are not willing that others should try their wings, and if they attempt it they are bared, stripped of their plumage by the avarice of their elders, and fall, never to rise again. Thus, in sadness and disappointment, they take the law into their own hand and end their existence here, only to enter a darker one hereafter. *This is cruelty refined.*

** All men are equal before the law, so far as their inherent rights in pursuit of happiness may be concerned in this world. In the Spiritual World it is the soul that advances in purity and truthfulness of character; and when

we see how needful it is for you to understand the law of Spiritual control, we exert ourselves to impart to you this knowledge, and yet we often fail through your lack of patience and want of experience. But if we could impress the world that there is a beautiful life beyond the stroke called death, with friends waiting to welcome them * * how consoling to the weary soul to hear the song of welcome from old time friends, from beyond the River of Death. * * How the heart will leap for joy at this reunion in the Spirit Land. * * Then you will see your once earthly friend, and be endowed with magnetic power to aid them in their progression in Earth life. * * The dark valley of death would be illuminated with deeds of love and words of cheer, until all are filled with joy in our heavenly home.

W. D.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORSE.

NEW BOSTON, ILL., Feb. 24, 1876.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK—*Dear Sir*: It is with regret and unfeigned sorrow that I call your attention to the article in your paper headed, "Mrs. H. Morse vs. E. V. Wilson—Who Tells the Truth?" in which you quote from the *R.-P. Journal*, Vol. 19, No. 17: "She (Mrs. Morse) desires us to say that she utterly ignores Social Freedom, and never authorized E. V. Wilson to announce her as a speaker at his forthcoming meeting at Rockford; but, on the contrary, told him that she would not mix with them under any circumstances."

Now, these are the facts: I called on Mr. Jones for no such purpose, and while there he broached the subject to me, cautioning me to keep away from the N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists, and to let you alone, for you were all free-lovers, and that no respectable Spiritualist would be at the convention.

I replied, "Mr. Jones, I have no quarrel with that convention or Mr. Wilson; nor do I wish to be mixed up in this matter, the Social question, or any other quarrel." I further told him that I had lectured all over Iowa, as well as in other Western States, and that in most places I found you had preceded me, and that in no place had I heard aught against you, but that your record was good, and free from slur, scandal, or taint.

I now write to you as an act of justice, that there is no foundation in fact for the statement made by Mr. Jones, as quoted in your paper, and the whole thing is a breach of confidence on the part of Mr. Jones. And I write you, as I told him, "I do not wish to take any part whatever in your personal affairs, for I consider myself the friend of both of you." I also told Mr. Jones that I had always heard it stated that E. V. Wilson was opposed to promiscuity and social freedom, as taught by Moses-Woodhullism. I wish it understood that I intend to be at the Chicago Convention on the 10th of March. Respectfully yours,

H. MORSE.

We have on hand, for sale, THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH, 520 pages, 120 illustrations, neatly bound in cloth, price, \$2.50, postage, 35 cts.; paper, \$1.25, postage, 25 cts.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS, 380 pages, bound in cloth, price, \$2.

WILCOX'S APPROACHING CONFLICT, price, 75 cts., postage, 20 cts.

JOHN BAKEWELL'S SERMON, reviewed by E. V. Wilson, price, 10 cts., postage, 2 cts.

Also one year of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, 26 numbers, 208 pages of the best reading matter ever published in Spiritualism. Price, \$1.10.

We will send all the above to one order for \$6.25, postage paid, not including the paper-bound New Gospel of Health.

We are in receipt of a bound copy of the *Christian Spiritualist*, Vol. 1, Samuel Watson, publisher and proprietor. It is worthy; accept our thanks, Bro. W. we will reciprocate ere long, by sending you Vol. I of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, neatly bound in cloth.

We are going South soon and expect to take Memphis in our tour, and will then renew old time memories with our old friend, in the City of the Bluffs.

All of our exchanges come to us, full of reform, full of truth, and chaste language, save one, and that cannot reform—it uses too much hair dye.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CATCHING THE DEVIL :

OR,

THAT SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY.

BY JOHN EUNYAN.

Day after day, there is offer'd, they say,
That sum of the Seven and fifty ;
To him who will bring that devilish old thing
Bound strong, as with th' green wythe.

But the Devil aint brought, nor yet is he caught,
Not e'en for the Seven and fifty ;
They say he is found, but cannot be bound
With cords, how'er so wythe.

For, mangre the test, he's a cherished guest,
In every human nature ;
For he'll stay up their hands, in all of their plans
Of revenge on a fellow creature.

Revenge is so sweet, 'tis even a treat,
Cherished more than the Seven and fifty ;
If you'd double the bid, th' world you'd not rid
Of this pestilent, troublesome " gifte."

Then what is your pelf, when 'tis just for myself
I want him, and him will I trust
To pay back my man, whenever he can,
Till biting, he shall bite the dust.

Deliver to me? why here, don't you see,
Through all of your searchings and findings,
For all of this year I've had him right here,
To help in my gripings and grindings.

Then how can I rest without such a guest,
Worth more than the Seven and fifty ;
When call'd to defend, then I want revenge ;
Then " ge us," oh, " ge us," th' " gifte."

Then think, not to find that one that will bind
That part of his cherished " gifte."
And deliver to you ; oh, no, 'twill not do ;
No, not for the Seven and fifty.

Do you think I would part with half of my heart,
And get just this Seven and fifty ?
Oh, no, 'tis not I, for I'd rather die
Than t' part with this " gifte," this " gifte."

Then 'tis useless to find, or e'en try to bind,
When looking from home for this " gifte " ;
Till, looking at self, we each bind our " Elf,"
And save the Seven and fifty.

Let no man fear for another year,
Of paying the Seven and fifty ;
For the Devil aint caught, and won't be bought,
While he is the cherished " gifte."

City of Despair, November, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE MICHIGAN STATE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

The Convention was called to order by Prof. Wm. F. Lyon, President, at 2:30 p.m., Friday, Jan. 14, 1876, with an opening address, brief and appropriate. Minutes of the last yearly meeting read and approved. After the appointment of committees the day's proceedings closed with song.

The evening session opened with conference for half an hour; short speeches by Messrs. Lyon, Winslow, and Woodruff.

MRS. M. J. HOLMES,

of Morenci, was then introduced, and addressed the Convention in a trance condition. She declared no living man or woman lived up to their highest convictions of right and wrong; all were fettered, none free, notwithstanding our boasted freedom; and still these conditions of bondage were in reality stepping-stones to final success and progression. Christianity being one great means of fettering the soul in its divinest, truest sense, yet existing side by side with Liberalism, the contrast had a marked effect for the better advancement of mankind.

She dwelt at some length on the fetters, through poverty, which trammelled so many lives, and restricted the proper growth of many human souls. That great relief might accrue to relieve the sorrows of mankind if only a mite was extracted from the stately church edifices and their consequent extravagances. Out of the unfolding and developing conditions comes higher and nobler purposes, such as qualify each individual to become a proper help to the other, until they become even as Gods.

PROF. A. B. SPINNEY

followed, addressing the audience in his usual happy and pleasing style, saying he heartily approved the plan of a People's Convention; that was the reason of his being present. Ignorance and error existed side by side; evil abounded everywhere. It was the great people that needed to be instructed and fed. He clung to no ism, represented no creed, but believed in one true and living God, and hoped for happiness beyond. He lived to heal the wounded and broken-hearted, to bless the needy and oppressed.

It mattered not what we had thought or lived in the past, " let the dead past bury its

dead." The idea was, what shall we do in the present, to make ourselves and others better and happier? If, as an association, we had committed errors and mistakes, let them be as mistakes; let dead issues be dead issues, and in all arguments let us not forget the law of kindness. Probe to the bottom if it be necessary, to remove error, but let it be done in charity and love. The great question is, Are we living a true Spiritual life? As the bright sunshine warms and develops all forms of beauty, so all the different forms and ceremonies of our various beliefs are the means of developing truth.

Charity is the result of a pure Spiritual unfoldment. We need cultivation of the spirit, that the body through spirit becomes purified. Charity vaunteth not itself, seeks not position, but hearts to bless, burdens to lighten. When we step out of ourselves and our selfishness, how much we find to do. Stand firm to truth, live true to your inner convictions and integrity. Let us commence to-night to exercise charity and kindness. No effort we make is lost, but comes back to us an hundred-fold, to bless and strengthen us. The consciousness of integrity of purpose is a blessing to be sought, and gives a calm and holy repose.

Mrs. Frank Knowles improvised and played a chant upon the subject of Charity.

Saturday morning.—Prof. Lyon made a brief and earnest speech upon the subject of Practical Thought and Work. The morning session was devoted to conference.

At the afternoon session G. W. Winslow, of Kalamazoo, chairman of committee on resolutions, offered the following:

WHEREAS, The question of the Bible in the schools and God in the constitution has already, in many parts of our country, become a live issue, with the prospect that it must soon become so to a greater or less extent throughout the country; and

WHEREAS, The whole people, without regard to their religious or irreligious opinions, are justly taxed for the support of our common schools and of our general government, and are therefore justly and equally entitled to the benefits to be derived from the same; and

WHEREAS, The destruction of our common schools must, in our opinion, ultimately end in the destruction of our government; and

WHEREAS, We fully accord with the sentiments expressed by President Grant in his last annual message, forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious, atheistic, or pagan ideas, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by the legislative or municipal powers, for the benefit of any other object, of any nature or kind whatever, in connection with this important question; therefore, be it

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that we deny the right of any school board or school teacher to introduce or tolerate the use of any version of any so-called sacred book, or to permit in any way the promulgation of any religious, atheistic, or pagan ideas in our schools.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the constitution of the United States now provides that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any public office or trust under the United States; also that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, the endorsement of any new feature, embodying therein the recognition of any religious, atheistic, or pagan creed, rite, or ordinance, would be virtually a religious test, to which a free people can and will never submit.

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that the resolutions heretofore passed at Charlotte and Jackson, regarding the social question and marriage laws, be rescinded.

S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, opposed the first resolution, and it was referred back to a committee. The second resolution was passed unanimously. The third resolution was passed, after much discussion.

The following dispatch was read:

ROCKFORD, ILL., Jan. 15.—To the Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists: The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists send greeting. Ten speakers present. Audience last night of 500. Liberal sentiments freely and fully expressed on all subjects. By order of the Convention.

[Signed] E. V. WILSON, Sec.

Discussion of the resolutions having occupied all the afternoon, especially discussion of the third resolution, the meeting adjourned until evening.

The Charlotte and Jackson resolutions which were rescinded by the adoption of the third resolution, were indorsements of the doctrines of Mrs. Woodhull, and as it now stands Michigan Spiritualists no longer endorse her doctrines as a body.

At the opening of the evening session, the Committee on Resolutions reported the following as a substitute for the first resolution offered in the afternoon, which was unanimously adopted, without debate:

Resolved, That the public educational system is a State and not a federal institution, excellent in many respects and faulty in others, and always open to criticism and amendment; that we are opposed to any interference by the federal government therewith; that public schools are established for the purpose of teaching sciences; that if sciences are religious that schools should be in so far religious; that if sciences are pagan or atheistic then schools should be in so far pagan or atheistic; but that we are opposed to any and all authoritative teaching of religious dogmas in public schools, the reading of any version of the Bible therein, as a recognized social book, or the introduction of prayers, religious hymns, or other so-called religious exercises.

The following reply was sent to the telegram received from the Illinois Association:

To the Northern Illinois State Spiritual Association: The Michigan State Association sends greeting. Telegram received. Twelve speakers present; all passes off harmoniously. The Charlotte resolutions indorsing Woodhull, were rescinded; also the Jackson resolutions abrogating the marriage laws.

Dr. J. V. Spencer offered a vote of thanks to the retiring officers for the efficient services rendered the Association and the cause of Free Thought. Adopted.

The following resolution was offered by S. B. McCracken, and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The statutes of this State and many of the practices under the government are in conflict with the constitution of the United States and of this State, which guarantee religious liberty and non-recognition by the civil government of any system of religious belief or practice; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the president of the convention, whose duty it shall be to prepare a form of memorial to be circulated for signatures, and to be presented to the next legislature, setting forth wherein such conflict exists, and asking for legislation that will harmonize the statutes with the fundamental law.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Dr. A. B. Spinney, of Detroit; Secretary, Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of Battle Creek; Treas., Mrs. Frank Reed Knowles, of Breedsville.

MRS. E. C. WOODRUFF,

of New York, addressed the audience, stating plain truths in a charming, easy way. She said, None are as good as their faith, none perfectly rounded out. We Spiritualists have boasted too much, are not so near heaven as we pretend. We have not mistaken truth, but have misapplied it. Everything is right in one sense, the cause which produced it; not always right in its results. Socialism is not created; it is the sediment from the bottom coming to the surface. There are many Magdalens, but where are the abandoned men? Mrs. Grundy tells very many truths, but not for any good purpose. Trash is abundant, even in the press it abounds. Let mediums cultivate their gifts, a cultured person is known as soon as they open their lips. Spiritualism is more rational than any other belief; I can think of nothing better. Among women in the church trustfulness and timidity is the ruination of the reasoning powers. We are of more value than sparrows, fear not. Look well to what you say, you are an angel and a spirit; there is no more royal work than this inner reformation.

We talk of taking on a Spiritual body, this is not true; we only cast off the physical. Death is no terrible thing; to most people it is a pleasant transition; we need to instill this into the minds of the young. No love is lost, it is more divine. I find no people who are not glad to listen to these truths. The world is about right in its final judgments; people are eventually taken for about what they are worth. A fine organism is better than wealth. Virtue is not inherited, but tendencies to virtue are; wealth of course brings advantages for culture and refinement, and as such should it only be appreciated. There are two phases of mediumship, general and special; all are general, a few are special. Let us remember, whatever phase of mediumship we possess, all should cultivate general gifts.

I would rather be this and bestow kindness than a physical medium to remove the Bunker Hill Monument. To use physical health morally is really only good health; how little of this capital we use rightly? A good fellow is always a little less than a man; a man who thinks well is more than a fellow. A fool laughs at facts, but a philosopher gets beneath the facts. If we firmly keep our position the world will acknowledge us; let us steadily keep on our course.

PROF. LYON

spoke as follows: The people are not so infatuated with eloquence as to prefer it to truth. Tolerance of liberal views is rapidly gaining

ground. Spiritualism has so developed the minds of the people that a man may even dare to speak his own convictions; it has taught all the truths that you find in a natural universe. We complain that the world is not very far advanced, but it is not so bad; but about right according to a natural law. We have been discouraged about inharmonies; this is not right. Hate is just as legitimate as love. Is there a being somewhere so intellectual as to plan the universe? The question is, Did God create the universe, or did the universe create a God? All mankind are dependent upon law; matter is eternal. What is not substance is nothing. There is no such thing as immaterial substance. Happiness is the highest realization of what enters into our senses. None can deprive us of our rights.

Sunday morning.—Convention called to order at 10 o'clock, Prof. Spinney in the chair. Conference for one-half hour.

A. E. Woodruff offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the Spiritual needs of the young demand of us immediate and persistent effort to bring them together with associative work, to the end that their susceptible minds may be saved from the corrupting, deluding influences of the superstitions of the day, and be imbued with the great living, vitalizing principles which underlie the Spiritual Philosophy.

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that it be advisable and expedient for the more populous counties of the State to organize county societies for the purpose of perfecting some plan of missionary work, whereby every county may keep in its employ a speaker, whose duty it shall be to speak in the different towns and villages and school districts of the county, and in all ways aid in the dissemination of our principles.

Many expressions of interest were called out by these resolutions, favoring the advancement of our faith, in a purely practical sense, with the necessary means to further this end.

S. B. McCracken,

of Detroit, next spoke upon the subject of Religious Symbols, after first paying a tribute of esteem to the noble hearts and willing hands of the friends at Battle Creek. He believed in religious revivals; thought it high time for one among Spiritualists. He alluded to the recognition of a personal Deity, also the day, Christmas, which he could not make a holiday in any special sense, because it endorsed the Christian's idea; thought it a day of merriment or the changing seasons only. In this sense a time of rejoicing, according to ancient customs.

He alluded more particularly to Organic work, assuming we ought to have special meetings, where our young could be taught our belief; this should be made attractive as possible. Take away the attractions thrown around the church and its success is gone. Society is really the only thing worth living for. There is much dishonesty, politically, religiously and socially. People are living a lie, and do not believe the religion they profess. We want a rational religion.

MISS R. A. WHITING

then addressed the meeting. She first alluded to the Association and its founders, one among which stood prominent—her lamented brother, A. B. Whiting, and stated that at every such meeting save one either he or she had been present, and at these gatherings claimed to have spoken only from the best of motives, and was willing to grant to others the same intention of purpose. The past had been fraught with sadness and changes, yet would not dare change it if 'twere in her power. "Faint not, O spirit, in dejected mood."

Who shall say that our success has not been brought about by our failures; could point out in many individual lives times when mistakes had been guidemarks to future good. Mistakes are necessities in one sense, yet we are ever wasting time in vain regrets. The past is gone, let it sink into oblivion; not however the oblivion of quiescence. Time is eternal; we are living for eternity through necessity.

She alluded to the various trials Spiritualism had undergone, some of which were seemingly both trivial and comical, yet nevertheless they had seemed at the time deep and heart-rending. The first great trial it had to undergo she termed its Church trial; then, when our accumulated force had spent itself in this direction, we had nothing else to do, so we fell to fighting each other; then came the trial which split us all to pieces.

Others there are, who possess such orderly natures that they become hobby-riders, to certain extents, and vainly endeavor to carry

Spiritualism along under that especial car of reform, be it temperance, diet, or dress. Now, we all claim to be reformers; our faith embraces all reforms. We respect all persons who depart from customs from an innate sense of duty to their own convictions; this is all right and a means of reform to all. God speed them all; but not one idea alone to carry Spiritualism. Of late there have come many trials, in the form of true or pretended Spiritual materialization. To us, the deeds of the present make the records of the past seem credible. One believes in one medium, another in others; one believes everything, others nothing. We are willing to credit them all with doing and acting to the best of their ability; we believe they do the best they can under the circumstances which control them; every person is the best judge of their own purposes. That our cause has many barriers is true; it matters not by whom builded or whom torn down. We have the best good will for the founders of this Association; to you and I the trust is given.

Miss Whiting closed with an original poem, entitled "Truth's Beacon Light."

MRS. FRANK KNOWLES

addressed the Convention, in the afternoon, upon the subject of "Variety and Diversity," as follows:

First, it is the variety of all Nature's works which makes them so pleasing to our vision. It is the diversity of our flowers which makes them so beautiful. Each finds their favorite, and selects their choice. We believe in one great principle, which creates this variety. We may take the varieties of nature as our platform. Each has his peculiar part; we accept no leader. Is there not beauty in this diversity? Let us have all the varied forms of expression in the conference, from the platform, and in the press. What if we do not always get a new thought; have we digested well all we have received? Everything new is not from the Spirit World directly; it comes from contact of mind with mind, spirit with spirit. Our religion is born of freedom and liberty.

We are made mediums by conditions prior to our birth. Let us live as harmonious as possible, that the angels may approach us. We do not curse the ground that produces an imperfect flower; so we should not curse conditions that produce an imperfect medium; help to cultivate and educate them. Knowledge is the key that unlocks the door of heaven; work for selfhood and our mediums; in helping others we assist ourselves.

Mrs. Knowles closed her remarks by an improvised poem, which was apt and appropriate to her thoughts.

PROF. SPINNEY

occupied the remainder of the afternoon. He said our highest thought came to us through Spiritualism. Man being a culmination of the finest atoms of the universe, possessing mentality and spirituality subject to the highest cultivation and quickening. It is the intellectuality of the masses that is spiritualizing the people. I care not how many phases of mediumship you possess, if there be only one among you that can give me conclusive evidence of spirit power. I am convinced of life beyond the grave.

All scientists believe in clairvoyance, but call it the illumination of the brain. I ask the scientist for an explanation of their belief outside a physical manifestation. The seat of pain is more often in the mind than in the body. I believe in Spiritualism because it corroborates history, both sacred and profane. If man be not immortal then all forms of nature are a mistake. I find it not only proved by science but the Bible as well. In ancient history, all this is lost among the lost arts, but proved today by Spiritualism. This life is a preparatory school to fit us for life beyond. Spiritualism fits us to live more properly. Sickly sentimentalism wants to die. I believe in industry and practical work. We must not wish to die, but live to do good and be useful. If every man must live, and upon their own merits, then the blood of Jesus has no atoning power, and there is just where we want to be. Let us toil energetically, that when our time comes to pass over the River, it may be with no regrets, and we can say cheerfully, "Our work is done."

The time has come when Spiritualists are going to pay homage to Intellect, and not fold their arms, idly waiting for the angels to instruct them. Let us enrich our souls in good gifts, exercising charity sufficient to cover our neighbors' faults. Let us be useful. Spiritualism has learned me to love money as a means

to bless others, instead of spending it in show; it also gives us the power to die happy. Purity of heart, and fulfilling the law of love, comprises all religion. If we come into the world with imperfect organisms, Spiritualism teaches us how to perfect them; and it also teaches us how to germinate life, that we may not have to go through all the hells of earth to obtain heaven and become purified.

The evening session commenced with conference for half an hour, after which

ALBERT STEGMAN

spoke as follows: He had been a Granger for two years, engaged in that work more specially; but hoped to be able to talk like a Spiritualist. It had been stated that we are living dishonest lives. Well, is that not the result of dishonest education? He should not fight, but should always deal the heaviest blows at error. If there was anything outside of Spiritualism he wanted to see the outside as well as the inside. There are no side issues to humanity; this philosophy is the philosophy of life, it embraces all issues. All I ask is to be a man. A weed in its place is as divine as a flower. I am no respecter of persons. If we press any subject of reform, some say we are "hobby-riders." This is not necessarily so. When we talk about good health, convenient dress, and proper diet, they point us out as "going about with a loaf of brown bread under our arm," etc. Some say their own appetite is the best judge; it is if it is natural, if not, it isn't.

We look at things from different standpoints. Some declare that a particular advanced idea will lead us to destruction; but no one except yourself can do this. I desire to learn how to live, not to die. The prevalent idea to-day is if any person possesses a greater share of common sense than another, to use it at the expense of your neighbor. There is a vast amount of work to be done. The world will not judge us by our talk, but by the lives we live at home. It is the little things that make up the sum of our lives. Women are slaves to drudgery; it is difficult to crown a slave. We scourge our children with our own sins. Let men cease to consume tobacco and other stimulants, and keep away from places unfit for their wives. Think you that a divine thought can come through such pollution? Let us commence at home to develop ourselves, then do our preaching.

An original poem was read by Mr. Preston. Prof. Spinney closed the Convention by appropriate remarks, relative to practical work and organization. He urged all to cultivate their gifts, especially those of mediumship, that the highest controls might assist their progress.

G. W. Winslow offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1. That we are truly grateful for the excellent music furnished us upon this occasion.

2. That we extend our hearty thanks to the friends of Battle Creek, for their kind hospitality to people from abroad attending the Convention.

3. That the proceedings of this meeting be published in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and other Spiritual papers.

A marked feature of this Convention was its singing, and we are under many obligations to the Stegemans, the Snow Sisters, Miss Pierce, A. M. Jordan, Miss Whiting, and others. The Convention has proved a grand success.

Convention adjourned *sine die*.

MRS. L. E. BAILEY, Sec.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE HOLLOW GLOBE.

FRIEND SHERMAN: Before replying to your criticisms, please allow me to ask for information. In quoting from the Hollow Globe, I supposed you meant what you said in asserting that every animal derives all its peculiarity of construction, with every element of its nature from the earth, and that it could not have imparted to the animal what it did not possess itself. But it seems I was mistaken in your philosophy.

Stop the combustion of food in your system and you will soon learn the necessity of internal fires. I supposed the same law applied to the world as a whole as to its constituent parts. You ask if we are fed from the earth, on what the earth feeds? I answer, on the elements in which it floats, and of which it is a combination, and without any God to assist in the operation. You say I have made a grand mistake in asserting that intelligence increases from the center to circumference of our planet. If such is the fact, the evidence will be gratefully re-

ceived, and save lumbering the columns of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK with speculations on derived conditions, without regard to organic law. It seems to me you set everything tangible to our senses at defiance, in asserting that the greatest intelligence is at the center, and grows weaker as it approaches the circumference. I had supposed that the Spirit World, although a constituent part of this material, was exterior, and consequently more intelligent than this internal. But your statements put a damper on that; but prompt the following questions:

Does man represent the head or tail, center or circumference of our earth? or, Which is nearest the center, man, or what has been supposed lower grades of being, between him and the center? One question more, to which all others are secondary, As the invisible and visible constitute all there is, are these two general conditions distinct entities, the one sovereign and the other subject, or interchanging relations? or, in other words, Are the powers of government derived from the governed or from a being or power that is independent of them? The last question, settled on its merits, furnishes the key that will unlock all others.

Yours truly, J. TINNEY.

Westfield, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SPIRIT REHEARSALS.

BY THOMAS SANBORN.

The inquiry is often made by mundane friends, How are spirits occupied in their new sphere of life? Does the yeoman still till the soil; the mechanic still follow the same occupation as in earth life; the merchant, commercial pursuits; or the professor the same branch of science that he taught in his first sphere?

Because of this inquiry, I have undertaken to give sketches from my own Spirit life experience, and in order that the reader may make comparison, I will state that in Earth life I was a professional actor, in both romance and comedy, while to my own conception my whole earth life was a tragedy. As my first score on the board evinced a lack of just conception, proper appreciation, and skillful execution, so in Spirit life, I found myself without that knowledge which was necessary, in order for me to use my opportunities to that advantage which I deemed desirable. Nevertheless, the great problem was before me, How shall I act well my part? An attempt at its solution entered another, Which is my part? Experience answered, "That to which your forte adapts you." "What is my forte?" "Opposition." It was therefore my part to espouse the cause of the despised, rejected outcast; whom the masked actors in the drama of "Public Sentiment" have kicked into the "pit." My part was not *affected play*, but real, devoted work; a part my nature loved. My forte, true to myself, to act what most I loved to do.

My part, the (en)counter part,
To the weak, strength impart;
The fearful, courage give;
If in despair a heart,
Inspire with hope to live.
The fallen "star" must rise,
And with new lustre shine.
To soothe the orphan's cries,
And make it child of mine;
The victim of foul slander,
Defend with words of praise;
To scandal ne'er pander;
The downcast always raise.
And maid betrothed, betrayed,
An outcast by my side,
Whom, in the gutter laid,
The passers-by deride,
(I may be frail as she,
Though in some other way.)
To me a sister be,
I would not thee betray.
The slave, with fetters bound,
Whether by hand or creed,
Where'er he may be found,
Shall by my aid be freed.
No time to wait have I,
Though mine's the "second part,"
If to "rehearse" I try,
"Recalls" the throbbing heart.
No "exit" now for me,
"Repeat," if nothing more;
A "benefit" to be
Responsive to "encore."

As the second part is as essential to the harmonious completion of the "play" as the leader, you cannot withdraw it without wholly destroying its beauty and power. The force of its eloquence depends upon the harmonious blending of the components. And though the curtain falls between the acts, and for awhile there seems to be a break, there is no blank meanwhile. In order that the connection with the succeeding act may be made complete, the

manager has signalled "drop." Neither can I separate the mundane and the Spiritual, delineating but one, and have the drama complete.

In the great amphitheatre of life, as you witness the enacting of the first act, while not conversant therewith, and having no programme, still you are semi-conscious that this is only the prelude, and when the curtain is beginning to lower you inwardly exclaim: "This surely cannot be the last; I am just beginning to be interested." You cannot anticipate in minutia, you cannot foretell in detail, still to you the drama is unfinished. You are held by some magic spell to the forthcoming act.

The curtain rises; new scenery, new characters, new associations! All before you new, yourself the same, save in your contemplation of the change opened to your gaze. The first has passed, yet, as the second act progresses, you are continually reverting to the former, so that before you now the two are blended, and you cannot banish the foregone if you would; you would not, though you could. They are inseparable, and you are inseparable from them. The very delineations are clothed in garb of eternal fabric. And still you say, "This all was feigned." Yet in the same your inner consciousness discovers the real. If to the mere observer the feigned contains a certain measure of the real, what must be the experience of him who stands before you, forcing upon you such conviction? It is his spirituality that is exercising this power; his spirit has adapted itself to those very conditions which he is portraying before you. Though "Richard be not himself again," himself is Richard again, and his spirit is living in the commingling of the past and present; his own experience is partaking with that of another. Therefore, reader, ask me not to draw lines of demarcation between the material and the Spiritual, for it is not in my power.

So, while the scene is being changed, patiently await the curtain's rise, accepting the grateful acknowledgments of the Master's second.

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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 PRAYERS.

Still as glass was the ocean
In the calm light and pale!
A hundred ships lay on it,
Each with a windless sail.

A hundred skippers fretting,
Each searching the sea and skies;
Each for a fair wind praying,
But never a wind would rise.

The prayers went up to heaven
In English, German, Greek;
Each of the hundred skippers,
In his own tongue would speak.

Each of the hundred skippers,
Loth in the calm to stay,
Wanted the wind to waken,
And blow him on his way.

Each in his own direction
Would have his good ship blown;
So a hundred winds were wanted,
Were each to secure his own.

Each on the deck was pacing,
With discontented mind;
And all, when the fair wind came not,
Considered the Lord unkind.

Poor fools! Had he granted their wishes,
Sad were the end to see;
The hundred winds would have hurled them
To the bottom of the sea.

STANZA.

Our lives are rivers gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost.
In one dark wave
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill—
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

—Longfellow.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A VOICE FROM MICHIGAN.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

'Tis twelve o'clock! The old year, seventy-five, has passed on, and upon the balmy air ring the Centennial bells, welcoming in the fresh new year, with her scroll tightly rolled, upon which is written the events to be enacted and the partial culmination of those events. The booming cannon salutes the young year, and youth, jubilant with excitement, are shouting Happy New Year, as they pass and repass my window. In the early years of our life, how tardily old time moves on; how we long for the holidays, which bring us so much pleasure, fun, and frolic; how eagerly we look forward to Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's gatherings in farm-house, mansion, and cottage.

Later in life, how swiftly come and go the years, each one bearing down the silent stream old atoms, treasured thoughts, hopes, and fears, which have performed their mission, and given an experience, from which we grow to larger and diviner thoughts and aspirations. As we lean upon the years, we sense with gratitude the lessons they impart, well knowing that though the discipline may seem severe, if we but discern the use and necessities of the teachings, we shall impart a healthful influence and weave for ourselves garments with which to clothe our spirits as we traverse the eternity of the future. From trials and surging sorrows come salvation from ignorance and error, lighting the vale that we may walk with firmer tread the path of knowledge, absorbing and enjoying the beautiful according to our capacity and intensity. Each year comes to us, freighted with golden opportunities, which, to an awakened consciousness, are replete with blessings and joys innumerable. Each year brings us nearer the Golden Gate, which will open for us to enter in; when we have gathered sufficient dust upon our garments and shoes, constituting us vigilant workers in the highways and byways of life. Each year the earthly gloss and dross of the outer falls away leaving the soul cleaner and nearer its true worth.

Dear readers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, let us not weary in well-doing. Let us labor for humanity, scattering seeds which, some time, may come forth and gladden generations who may come after us. Let us assist

our brother editor in his arduous labors to sustain, and build upon a permanent basis, his paper, the pet of his later years, and for which he is willing to work night and day.

And now, while my sick companion is resting in a quiet sleep, and the small hours are fast gaining length, I wish you all a Happy Progressive New Year.

Jan. 1, 1876.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

INTELLECT.

BY ELLA.

Intellect is "the power that shall keep the wheels of progression moving. It is the power that will overthrow vice, ignorance and intemperance. It is the power that will, ere many years, level to the ground old, worn-out customs and ceremonies. Drones and sluggards must stand aside, or be crushed under the wheels that know no retrogression. The time is not far distant when our world shall be shaken from pole to pole; old institutions shall totter and fall, as though an earthquake had shaken loose the very foundations of our globe. The pure shall be sifted from the impure, as the chaff is winnowed from the wheat.

Intellect shall be the instrument used to right many wrongs, and to free many slaves, for it is far-seeing, and shall reach through many difficulties. Conservation must bow before reformation. The chains of all kinds of bondage must be broken, never to be relinked while the ages roll onward. It will be a time that shall try the very soul of things; but the brave and true will conquer. Darkness will disappear in the light of the truth. Harmony will rise from the ashes of destruction; peace and freedom will rise from the graves of old theologies.

The new era is advancing upon us; let us bow the knee in prayer; let us humbly plead for light, that we may see the path and walk in it faithfully, for soon the conflict will be raging. Let the lower intellects be guided by the higher intellects, and the lower natures be governed by the spiritual natures; then all will be well.

Some of us have been bound for a purpose; but the same hands will again break our chains, it is promised, but the time is not yet. We behold the light shining from afar and we long to fathom still more deeply the mysteries of futurity. Before twenty years have rolled away the world shall be revolutionized. Slavery will be dead, and women will be free! Then intellect will shine forth, glorified by the eternal sun of liberty.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S HOME OR CHURCH.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

"Home, sweet home," is the song and hope of the weary, homeless traveler, and of the Spiritualists, who are constantly surrounded by spirits who have their peaceful heavenly homes made joyful by harmony and love, and the spirits' home is their church, dedicated to humanity and filled with all the glory of the universal God-power of knowledge and wisdom, which sanctifies every person and home it enters, in heaven or earth.

Intelligent spirits never dedicate churches to God, because they know he enters all peaceful hearts and homes, and dwells there, and blesses them, and dedicates them to himself; and his love, wisdom, justice, and truth surround all the inmates of that home, and they see each other as they are. Remember, Spiritualists, we must dedicate ourselves and homes to humanity according to knowledge and wisdom and God makes that his home. The mistake of Christ and Christians has been, they dedicated themselves and their churches to God, and he would not let his peace rest with them. Christ came to create war, and Christians made the church militant. Spirits came to make peace, and Spiritualists must make the church of humanity triumphant.

The first law which I consider necessary to be adopted to make that home or church of love and reason permanent, is that all who wish to establish it and be members of it, must allow their acts to be subject to thorough, quiet, orderly criticism at stated times. The comforts of life require a certain amount of labor and rest, these necessities cannot be obtained unless a sufficient number of hours' work each day is done to obtain them; then each person in the home is expected to do their full share, cheerfully and gladly, and be

glad that they are there to do it. Shirks, cheats and hypocrites would avoid such a home, and swindlers and despots would not subject themselves to such criticisms. The persons who form such a home will be known to each other nearly as well as the purest angels of heaven know each other, where they see each other's inmost thoughts.

I think I hear Spiritualists saying, Such a home cannot be made by the people of earth. Perhaps not; but we may come as near to it as A. J. Davis did in establishing the lyceums of heaven to instruct the children on earth, and do a great good in attempting to make a heavenly home for fair minded citizens. Just criticisms, made in a candid way, by a truthful critic, may be more charming to the pure in heart than the most fulsome flattery to the bold, wicked deceiver. People must reason or fight. They must submit their differences to the arbiter of battle or to the arbiter of reasoning, peaceful human justice. If people continue to progress as they have for the last few years, many heavenly homes will soon be made by the people on earth.

The second law that I will mention as necessary to be established to make this Spiritual church and home, is the true marriage law. Here again, the law of the purest spirits of heaven is our guide. There they are married for eternity, if they love each other so long; but, when love ceases marriage ends. It is a civil contract there, and should be the same on earth, the parties to the contract being responsible for all debts and liabilities incurred during the continuance of the contract. It is well known that the spirits contradict Christ's statement, that they are not married nor given in marriage in heaven, and the idea of his, that divorces should not be granted for any other abuses except adultery or fornication, is barbarous, and wholly opposed to civilized life and the practices of the best people among the most enlightened nations of the earth, and all Christian laws based upon his marriage and divorce principles are barbarous. Christ says, Matthew xix, 8: "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so." No divorces were granted to antediluvians, according to Genesis, but marrying and giving in marriage continued, until God was so angry that he drowned the whole race, except one family. And the earliest history of mankind show them to be savages, and wives were treated in the most cruel manner, sometimes killed, and among cannibals were eaten. There was no need of divorces then, among that people, "from the beginning."

But every civilized people must have laws consistent with civilization, and they must repudiate the savage and barbarous laws of Christ, or they will inaugurate the barbarities of the antediluvians, just as Christians have when they have had the power.

The religious people who are guided by faith and worship a man or a personal God, cannot belong to the true Spiritualist church or home, where they are guided by the laws and principles of justice and virtue as established knowledge and wisdom.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

GOD HAS FORGOTTEN YOU.

"Go to h—ll," said John F. to neighbor B.

"I shan't do it, John; but will pray for you, to-night."

"I don't want your prayers; and if you do pray for me God won't hear you, so there is no need trying, old fellow."

"Why won't God hear me, John?"

"Cause he has forgot you."

"Well, we will see," replied B.

Thus wrangled two neighbors in our hearing, and then we thought of God and all that word means. Who and what is he, and where does he dwell? And while thinking, there came up before us a beautiful picture.

We saw a cottage, nestled beneath the shade of evergreen trees; the door and windows open. In a pleasant room sat a wife and mother; before her there lay, in a little crib, a sweet, pretty-faced child. All around, carelessly strewn on the floor, were its playthings. All unconscious of danger, the child slept; soon the mother slept. We saw her lips move; drawing near, we heard her breathe forth a soul's prayer: "God, do not forget my child." We heard a noise as if something was stealthily crawling on the floor; we turned to see, and beheld a huge serpent approaching. We were spell-bound by the magnetism of its eye. Again the mother's lips moved: "Father, love

my child. Oh God, do not forget my darling." The serpent raised its head above the side of the crib, out flashed the forked tongue, the head was poised to strike.

"No, baby mine, God has not forgot you. And papa is coming, darling."

There was a flash of light in the room. The serpent lowered its head and slowly dragged its hideous form away. Again the mother's lips moved: "I thank thee, Father, God, for thy loving care. Nellie darling is saved; the angel of mercy heard my prayer, and turned the tempter away."

We saw by this mother an angel of light; he fanned her brow with a golden fan, at the same time breathed upon her face. Stooping low, he kissed her lips in peace, and she slept, while the angel watched over the child.

That night B. prayed for F.: "Father, Bro. F. is angry. The tempter has entered his soul. Send, we pray thee, an angel to his help. Breathe upon him peace, and make him love his neighbor as himself."

Again we saw, in the plain chamber of F., the angel of love. Gently laying his hand on the brow of F., he said, or seemed to say,

"Get thee up, my brother; go to thy neighbor. God has not forgotten either of you."

"I won't!" shouted F., as he sat bolt upright in his bed. "Well, if that wasn't a queer dream. What ails me? I tremble. I dreamed my father was here and bid me recall my cuss on Neighbor B.; but it was only a dream. Somehow I have not felt easy since I told B. to 'go to hell,' and that 'God had forgotten' him. I wonder if there is a God."

We heard a voice speak out of heaven, "Yes, a God in whom you live and breathe, and who knows your every thought; thy God is thy soul. Arise, go to your neighbor B., and promise on your soul to never again send a soul to hell."

Humbled before himself, F. asked, "Who speaks?"

"It is I, thy father. Twice to-night have I heard soul calls, and answered them; one from a mother whose child was in danger. I came, and the serpent tempter fled. The other, thy neighbor, called for help for thee. I have answered his prayer. I am thy father; my love is eternal and gentle as a mother's. Go, and save thyself."

F. was now thoroughly awake. He at once left his bed, dressed himself, and went direct to the house of B. There was a light in the window of his room. F. stopped beneath it; the window was open, and he heard the soul of B. saying, "Father, cause Bro. F. to prosper, to feel his error, to recall his harsh words, to save himself."

"I will, brother, with the help of angels, save myself from hell. God has not forgotten you or me; let us love God."

We saw these enemies locked in each other's arms, the old trouble removed. Again we saw the hideous form of the serpent slowly crawling away, and we heard the voice of our God, saying: "Hold the fort from foe within as well as foe without, and all will be well; for God hears every call, and his angel answers every summons. Then hold the fort, and all will be well."

And the vision passed away; but there was music in the air. It was the sweet music of a mother's soul, watching over her child, a brother's love saving a brother from degradation, sorrow, and despair.

Brothers, thus let us pray and watch that we be not led astray. Let us be a band of Spiritualists, working out our salvation. Let us have peace, for the feast of reason will soon be ready, and where anger dwells love has not an abiding place.

Milwaukee, Nov. 15, 1875.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—"Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and the pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its bed in the soil; the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes its memories on its followers and his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda, signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent."

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of the leading traits of character, with marked changes in past and future life. Terms, \$1 and two postage stamps. Address, Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN, Box 1205, Adrian, Mich.