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## Man.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

Man is more than house or town,  
More than palace, temple, crown;  
More than all the sage's lore,  
Counted Wisdom's precious store;  
More than telescope has seen,  
More than all that man has been;  
More than Bible, world-adored;  
Man's a greater name than Lord.

For him the fiery, primal globe,  
With moon-high flames, its golden robe;  
For him the elemental strife  
And peace that brought the dawn of life,  
Which broke through fogs and clouds its way,  
Till ages brought that radiant day  
In which man ripened on Life's tree,  
Whose roots o'erspread the cambrian sea.

Jehovah bows before man's name,  
And Jesus has no higher claim.  
No God, to whom men bend the knee,  
So good or great as he shall be.  
Within his comprehensive soul  
The planets of all systems roll;  
And in him lies the boundless sea,  
Whose islands are the nebulae.

## Orthodox Spiritualism.

BY J. W. BAILLET.

Nearly the whole Christian world of the present day deny that those who have departed this life ever return to earth, or at least that it is possible for them to hold communion with their friends who still remain; and how a people believing in the immortality of the soul, and in the truth of the accounts given in the Bible of the angels visiting the earth and conversing with mortals, can assume that nothing of the kind can take place at the present day, is to me a mystery. I can see no reason why the early inhabitants of earth should have been thus highly favored above us. If we are to believe the Bible—both the Old and New Testaments—these angelic visitors were once so common that their appearance caused little or no surprise.

I may have been but a superficial reader of the Scriptures, but I have never found anything to justify me in believing that any decree has ever gone forth that these communications should cease, and that we should be left in the dark except so far as these musty records of a barbarous people shall be able to enlighten us. And yet we find that the very people who accept the Bible as the word of God, and absolutely infallible, are they who cry out the loudest against any one in modern times who professes to be able to converse with the denizens of the upper world. They are the people who will tell you that it is contrary to the teachings of the Bible, and that there can be no means of communication opened between the two worlds; and so zealous do they become in attempting to overthrow the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, that in their anxiety to establish their point they upset their own doctrine and deny their own master as effectually as did Peter of old.

A Reverend gentleman, an ordained minister of the gospel of Christ, who takes his text from the Bible as the word of God, and stands up in a Christian church before a Christian audience for the purpose of disproving the reality of Modern Spiritualism, declares that we have no proof of the immortality of man, and that "the silence between the two worlds has never been broken!"

A rattlesnake in a fit of desperation will turn and bite himself, and die of that which God gave him as a means of defence; but a man, endowed with the divine gift of reason, and particularly one who has experienced the New Birth and been baptized with the Holy Ghost, ought to know better than to commit suicide in such a manner.

Did not an angel appear to Hagar in the wilderness and counsel her to return to the house of Abraham?—Gen. 16, 7. We read (Gen. 18) that the Lord appeared unto Abraham in the plains of Manoa, and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three *men* stood by him. Who were they? If we read the remainder of the chapter and the one following, there can be no doubt that they were *angels*, and moreover, that they bore the exact likeness of men; that they looked like men, spoke like men, washed their feet like men, sought the shade of a tree in the heat of the day like men, ate like men, and were in all respects as men, to the senses of Abraham and his wife. Whether they wearied and hungered and thirsted or not, may indeed be a question, but there can be no doubt that all these things appeared real to Abraham and Sarah. They were shown to them as *men*, whatever may have been the object.

"And he took butter and milk and the calf which he had dressed and set it before them, and they did eat."

"And the *men* rose up from thence and looked towards Sodom, and Abraham went with them to bring them on their way."

And again: "The *men* turned their faces from thence and went towards Sodom, but Abraham stood yet before the Lord."

Concerning the same *men*, we read in the following chapter: "And there came two *angels* to Sodom at even." And after a somewhat lengthy account as to how Lot entertained them, we are told that the people compassed the house around, and called unto Lot and said unto him, "Where are the men which came in to thee this night?" And following this account we learn that they were angels—messengers from Heaven sent to warn Lot and his family of approaching danger.

Again an angel appeared to Hagar and shewed her a well of water, that the life of her son might be saved.—Gen. 21, 17. Was it not an angel from Heaven that stayed the hand of Abraham when he was about to slay his only son Isaac and sacrifice him on the altar as a burnt offering?—Gen. 22, 11. And if these angelic messengers are not men who once lived on the earth, why are they always represented as men? They always seem to have appeared in this form when shown to the natural sight. The angels of God met Jacob when he was returning to his father with his wife and his children, and his cattle, after having spent twenty years in the service of Laban, his father-in-law, and Jacob said, "This is God's host."—Gen. 32, 1.

Again, Jacob wrestled all night with a *man*, (Gen. 33, 24.) and though Jacob says he saw God face to face, and evidently believed the being with whom he wrestled to have been God, who believes now that it was the Infinite Creator with whom he strove? Certainly no one in this enlightened age would entertain for a moment the idea that the Author of All strove all night in a wrestling match with a man. And moreover, Hosea says (in Hosea 12, 4,) that it was an *angel* with whom Jacob wrestled.

The opponents of Modern Spiritualism will laugh

at the idea of a *spirit* doing such a ridiculous thing, and say that their time might be better employed than in upsetting chairs and tables, and then accredit this feat to the Most High God! Yet Jacob proved himself the strongest, and his adversary asked him to let him go as day was breaking; by which we may infer that darkness was more favorable to the operations of angels than light, in that day as well as this. Moreover, he asked Jacob his name. Did not God know the name of one whom he had already chosen as the head of a people who were to be peculiarly his own? A spirit might indeed be ignorant as to who Jacob was—but God, never.

These things show to my mind either that these churchmen do not *read* their Bible, or that they do not *think* on what they read; or what is perhaps more probable, the priests have preached the fear of God to them until they have become such abject slaves, mentally, that they dare not render a decision in accordance with their reason and in opposition to the self-asserted authority of the church!

And while we are dealing with this question, let us turn to the 10th verse of the 34th chapter of Deuteronomy, and there we read, "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." And John says in his first epistle, chap. 4th, verse 10th, "No man hath seen God at any time." And God says, Ex. 33, 20, "There shall no man see me and live." From all which I conclude that, at least after the death of Moses, God has shown himself to no man, even if he did before, and consequently we can make nothing but angels of the beings who appeared to, and conversed with, so many men ages after. And the question then arises, what is an angel? They are certainly *men* to all intents and purposes, and the only question is as to whether they ever inhabited this earth or were created in Heaven as they are; and in fact this is not so important when we take into consideration the words of Jesus—Matt. 22, 30—"For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, *but are as the angels of God in Heaven.*" So it matters not whether they are "native and to the manor born," or are come to their estate through an earthly pilgrimage.

An angel appeared unto Joshua after his miraculous passage of the Jordan,—Joshua 5, 13—and he so exactly resembled a man, having a drawn sword in his hand, that Joshua evidently supposed he was addressing a mortal until he inquired whether he was addressing a friend or a foe, and was informed that the stranger was "captain of the Lord's host." An angel appeared unto Gideon and sent him to smite the Midianites.—Judges 6, 11. An angel appeared to the wife of Manoah, who afterwards became the mother of Sampson.—Judges 13, 3. And it is evident that he appeared so exactly like a man that she and her husband both supposed him to be one, for after a long conversation at his second visit, we read, verse 16, "For Manoah knew not that he was an angel of the Lord." She told her husband, after the first interview with the angel, and before Manoah had seen him, that he was a *man* of God. What she meant I do not pretend to know, but probably a prophet; but her words show that whether she knew him to be an angel or not, he bore the likeness of a man. We are told that "Manoah said unto his wife, we shall surely die because we have seen God."—Verse 22. How could they have seen God when Moses was the last man that ever saw him, and Moses

had so long ago been "gathered unto his fathers"? And moreover, it had already been decreed that no man should see his face and live. So, of course, we must decide that it was an angel, but so like a man as not to be distinguishable by external appearances.

But allowing that there is no well authenticated case up to this time where the spirit of a man who had departed this life, ever returned to communicate with his friends or acquaintances, we have an instance in the case of Saul, the woman of Endor, and Samuel, when Samuel was actually called up after having been long dead. There is no question here as to whether it was God or one of his angels, or some one else; the language is plain, it was Samuel and none other. Although we may safely infer that others might have been called instead of him, for we read (1st Sam. 28, 11), "Then said the woman, whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, bring me up Samuel." Does this look anything like Modern Spiritualism?

I go to a modern medium and tell her that I wish to spend an hour with the spirits of those whom the world calls dead. She asks me whom she shall bring up; I answer, "My Father." And the whole christian world who have been preaching the infallibility of the Bible to me all my life, cry out, "Humbug!" "Delusion!" "Insanity!" Anything to put a stop to the attempt to open a communication between the two worlds. The identity of my father may be as well established as was that of Samuel, but the whole thing must be frowned down; no one must look for any new evidence of the immortality of the soul and the proximity of the spirit-land to this world; the authority of the ancient writers must be accepted, and should any new evidence offer itself in corroboration of the old, it must be thrown aside as worthless or worse than worthless, because it lacks *age*. When we refer to the case of Saul, as authority to sustain our position, they tell us the woman was a witch, thereby striving to bring the whole evidence into disrepute by making it appear that Samuel was called up through the agency of the devil, instead of, as we claim, by natural laws. But the Bible does not call her a witch. It is the priest and commentator who give her that name, and take upon themselves the responsibility of making her an agent of his satanic majesty. Moreover, it is not very probable that Samuel, who was appointed to minister unto the Lord even before his birth, would be an instrument of the devil in deceiving one whom the Lord had appointed, and whom Samuel himself anointed King over God's chosen people. And of all those who say that evil spirits alone return, I would ask where they get their authority for saying that Samuel was not a good man here, or why we are to suppose that he was not a good man after having passed over the river which separates the known from the unknown world? And further, Samuel came not back as a "lying spirit." He told Saul the naked, hard, unwelcome truth. And the fact that Saul felt so badly that he committed suicide, does not prove that there was anything diabolical in the communication, nor justify us in saying what the sacred writer said (1st Chron. 10, 13, 14), that the Lord slew him for holding a conference with Samuel. Neither the Lord nor any one else slew him. He fell upon his own sword and took his own life; and we are told that the Lord slew him for consulting a spirit instead of an authorized prophet or priest,—by which we see that the men of God guarded their own interests in those days in the same manner as in our modern times. If I should cut my throat to-day, I wonder if the Lord would be accused of taking my life.

The destroying angel appeared to David at the threshing floor of Arannah, the Jebusite. (2nd Sam. 24, 17.) The Lord appeared to Elijah. (1st Kings 19, 5.)

Were not four men seen walking in the furnace, where the King of Babylon had caused but three to be placed? The fourth had the form of a man, and Nebuchadnezzar said he was an angel. (Daniel 3, 28.)

Every one in christendom is familiar with the story of the man's hand being seen in the act of writing on the wall, at the feast of Belshazzar, King of Babylon. (Dan. 5, 5.) This every Christian believes, but when I assert that I have witnessed the same phenomenon, and when my testimony is sustained by members of my own family, the word of not one of whom has ever been doubted when given on any other subject, and when we have the testimony of hundreds and thousands of as truthful men and women as can be found in the land, that they have seen the same; and finally, when the whole is backed up by the account as given in the book of Daniel,—we are hooted at as infidels, lunatics, idiots or agents of the devil, while the testimony of a single writer who lived twenty-four hundred years ago, and of whom we know nothing except what we gather from his own writings, is accepted as final and conclusive evidence; until it is proven to be true by modern developments, when the latest and best facts are thrown aside as a diabolical delusion, while the old story is still accepted as "God's truth." I cannot see why a story must necessarily have been told so long ago that nobody knows anything about the circumstances, or the character of the narrator, in order to give it a just claim to our consideration. I once thought I had good reason to doubt this story as told in the book of Daniel, but modern developments have proved to my mind, conclusively, that its truth is both possible and probable, and consequently I have no right to say it is false. And I hold that no one who believes the story as related in the Bible, has a right to say that we have not seen the same angelic beings. I hold that if it was possible then, it is possible now; and the fact that I know it occurs at the present time, forces me to acknowledge the truth of the old story, which otherwise I should certainly claim the right to doubt.

(To be continued.)

### Free Love.

BY WILLIAM TRAVIS.

Can you tell why it is that people take such malicious pleasure in confounding things that are different under a single name? Here is free love, for instance. Love means affection, and whatever of passion the nature and temperaments of the individual mixes with the pure feelings of the soul. More and more it is used for pure, profound and holy affection—the sympathies that bind true souls together, and which, the deeper and stronger they are, attach the soul to all that is pure and beautiful and good. And when we say "free love," we should mean that this affection is free, that souls are at liberty to love whoever is lovely, and in proportion to their lovableness; and that no one is to be compelled to marry without that affection which makes marriage sacred, and renders all its cares, burdens and bonds golden links of joy.

But this is not the thing most people mean by "free love." They mean freedom to quit the one to whom love has once been plighted and the hand given in solemn marriage, and to marry another who takes fancy captive for the time being. In other words, free divorce and free marriage. Now this is a matter entirely different from the first, involving the whole question of social order and civil society, as well as the duty of parents to children. It means social chaos. No wonder that those who see what is involved in this step, launch all the weapons in the armory of their rhetoric at the hydra-headed monster.

Now there is no doubt that, in many instances, our divorce laws are unjust, and people are held together who in every feeling and fibre of their being are wide

apart. There are many good and valid reasons, besides criminal conduct, why divorces should be granted. Let all that is possible be done to release those from the bonds of matrimony to whom it is merely a bond. But the thing wanted most is not free divorce, but a freer, deeper, holier love. The marriage relation is looked at altogether too much as a legal one, a matter of convenience, of taste, of fashion, of blood—and not enough as a matter of affection. It chafes for want of the oil that love supplies. It irritates because there is no soothing affection. It is a burden because there is no buoyant soul-force underneath, making all burdens light. And there is no way by which the marriage relation can be made beautiful, sacred and light as the smiles of angels, save by awakening more love in wedded hearts. There must be more love before marriage, and no marriages but those of love—a love so deep, and pure, and tender that those who have it shall never outgrow its inspiration; and then, instead of thinking of irritations and bonds, and looking for a more attractive partner to please the sated fancy, there should be a steady nurture of the love which makes life a joy, and without which it becomes empty if not unendurable.—*Golden Age, July 15, 1871.*

### "The Plebeian."

We have received several copies of a new two-cent daily paper from San Francisco, called the *Plebeian*, which, as its name implies, is devoted to the interests of the people. From the specimens which have come to hand, we are sure it is a wide-awake, outspoken, independent sheet, and these are characteristics which always command attention and *ought* to pay. We sincerely hope they will in this particular case. The people, the industrial classes, have too few journals advocating intelligently their distinctive claims. The tone and character of the *Plebeian* are worthy of commendation, and we trust its results will prove as satisfactory to the publishers as they could reasonably desire.

We are glad to recognize in its columns the "hand writ" of our old friend Julius H. Mott, whom we verily believe was originally intended from the foundation to be an editor. With good perceptions he observes minutely, thinks logically, writes clearly; is progressive, reformatory and radical, touching the great questions of the age, alive to all the issues of the day,—and withal is largely intuitive and inspirational. He is bound to do good service. G. A. B.

### The Free Parliament.

There is in London a club called "The Dialectical," to which a large number of the leading scientists, reformers, and literateurs belong. Sir John Lubbock is its president, and among its other officers are Viscount Amberly, Prof. Huxley, Frances Power Cobbe, and Geo. Henry Lewes. The feature of this society is to present all sides of every subject that is offered for consideration. There is nothing too sensitive nor too sacred to be there brought to the severe test of the Socratic method. Pure Logic is its presiding genius, and whoever sets forth one view in an elaborate essay is not let off until all opposing views, and the reasons for them, are placed by its side. A sort of Free Parliament of notable persons, the dread of all dogmatists, but a wonderful stimulant to thought, and broadener of views, and sweetener of charity.—*Theo. Tilton.*

At last we have a clue to the cause—the primary, if not the secondary cause—of the terrible Westfield accident. The explanation is furnished by a clergyman in one of the up-town churches of New York. He exposed the secret last Sunday to a very select audience, and he doubtless uttered it with greater unction because most of his pews were vacant. "Brethren," said he, "it was God's judgment; it was the Lord's anger against Sabbath-breakers!" Now let the engineer, as the competent agent of that judgment, be given a pension by the Board of Trade.—*Chicago Post.*

## Spiritualists in Council.

## Grand Mass Meeting at Abington.

TWO THOUSAND PERSONS PRESENT—SPEECHES, SONGS, ETC.—PREPARATIONS FOR A GRAND CAMPAIGN FOR SPREADING THE FAITH.

[Reported for the Boston Post.]

Whatever may be thought of their tenets, it is a fact patent to every observer of the progress of free religious thought that the ranks of the Spiritualists are increasing. Many there are also who, while not accepting all the dogmas of the leaders, have become convinced of the truth of some of them, and are on the straight road to complete conversion. To forward this tendency of a portion of the popular mind a grand mass meeting and convention was held at Island Grove, Abington, yesterday, and, in point of numerical attendance, was as successful as could have been desired by the most sanguine, about twenty-five hundred persons being on the ground. Special trains were run from Boston, Plymouth, Taunton and Fall River, all of which were crowded, and stages, wagons and other vehicles conveyed many hundreds to the grove from the neighboring towns and villages. It has been customary to hold meetings of this kind at this place, but that of yesterday has a significance far more important than any of its predecessors, as will be seen by the following condensed reports of some of the speakers' remarks. The company, or those who went by rail from Boston, arrived on the ground about a quarter past 10 o'clock, and, after depositing their luncheon bags, bundles and baskets, and refreshing themselves for a few moments, proceeded to the lower part of the grove where are the arrangements for open-air meetings, consisting of a speakers' stand and a goodly number of benches. It was a delightful day and the refreshing air from the pond was a fit preparative for the proceedings.

## THE FORENOON MEETING.

Over a thousand persons were collected on the seats or standing near the platform, and for a few minutes listened to vocal and instrumental music by the Columbian Quartette. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, then called the assemblage to order, saying he was happy to welcome them all, especially on a clear day. He had formerly taken counsel with the Jewish Jehovah about the weather, and was told that such things were left with the Devil; so he left the Jewish Jehovah and ever since had had fair weather. (Approving laughter.) There would, said the speaker, be no regular programme. They had come to take counsel as to the best means of organizing the forces of Spiritualism, and a call would be made for funds to forward the distribution of tracts and other publications, just as the Orthodox denomination had been doing. Where they printed thousands of pages now, they wanted to print and scatter broadcast over the land millions; where they sold for a small price they wanted to give away. He named several distinguished speakers who were present and announced Mr. George A. Bacon, of Boston, as the chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Bacon returned his thanks for the honor, and introduced Mr. A. A. Wheelock, of Cleveland, editor of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, who was alluded to as the Boanerges of the West.

Mr. Wheelock had not expected to commence the exercises of the day, but would attempt to interest the audience. He came in obedience to the inspiration of the hour, and as he looked back upon the past and looked upon the present occasion, he found floating through his mind an inquiry of no little moment and importance to the world, a sentiment heard time and again, and was forced to inquire, what is truth? What is its mission in the world? What is its relation to us? To-day, in this beautiful grove, thousands are constantly inquiring, what is truth? Over and over again this inquiry we must make. And in the book of life, said the speaker, I always find some lesson I must learn. The inquiry is constantly here, what is truth? What is the inevitable reality? Where is there something abiding? Looking over the past and present we find the Christians answer here and there. "Lo! this is truth! Lo! that is truth. We have the embodiment of the rev-

elation to man." What can truth do for us? What can truth do for the world? Tell us its effects upon individual intelligences, when it becomes an illumination like the sunlight. Does our relation to life and the future open it up to us? In answering the question, What is truth? as it relates to man's existence, we have our answer not on the theological basis of the past. We say because man has existed in the past he exists now; and because he exists now he will exist in the future. No form of Christianity extant at this day belongs to this land, except spiritual truth. It is foreign to this soil. It is of hot house growth and can only exist under the influence of the men who keep it in existence. All systems of Christianity, each of their creedal ideas, whatever they name it, becomes a Christian rope by which every mortal believer is fastened to their stake. And by and by some geological iconoclast like Denton will give it a stroke and up it will come! Then these wondering Christian bigots will say,—“Why, what man is this? Did we not have infallible truth here fastened with our stake? Can it be that this sinful world and these audacious teachers of science know anything about the truth? Have we not the revelations of God in our Bible?” But the revelation of science is more powerful than the revelation of Bibles. Science is of God. Bibles are of men. When the christian bigot perceives this, his real agony of soul commences. Then it is he begins to wrestle with this relentless and remorseless Devil of Christianity. If the person be sincere and honest, do not doubt as to results. The devil of superstition and bigotry, called Christianity, will be cast out, and a noble, pure, natural manhood and womanhood will be developed, capable of understanding and appreciating the truth. The speaker knew it was difficult to break these bonds, but when a Spiritualist ties himself to his stake he is just as much coming under the law of circumscribing as the Methodists or Presbyterians. No man was ever commissioned to make a rope or chain to put about this or that man's neck, to tie him up to the creedism of absolute authority here. I propose to hit this old theory on the head squarely. The old theory that man is sinful is as false as the idea of the Orthodox hell. Truth is this: Man has certain manifestations in his nature which have a certain language. Take this audience for illustration. What is the natural inquiry of every soul? It is asked in everything that pertains to your existence—what is there that is reliable? We not only ask what is truth in the exterior, but in the secret forces. What can make these lives beautiful and true? We want to pickle it down for use; we want something more than theological success, something more than Papal infallibility, more than the Christian pall of darkness thrown over humanity. Christianity is nothing more than the pall of darkness to day. No one can tell the glory of the people when they come to recognize the grandeur of this truth. Break these ropes of sand, and constantly inquire what man is and what God is. There are men prating about God who don't know the composite parts of their little finger, and yet they will tell all about God, what His divine purpose is to man, and what his design is about the world.

Mr. Wheelock recommended such people to read the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, [holding a bundle in his hand.] Read everything; but oh, mother know that you can find your bible in that beautiful babe in your arms; know that your associations with it is the command of God as much as the command to know yourself. The speaker said he would like to take up this subject logically and adduce the basis upon which it rests, and determine what is truth by analysis. Truth knows no form of compromise, no thought of error, no matter whether hoary headed or of recent birth; it says, “My mission is to banish darkness and error and give all that the human soul demands.” If you once establish this fact, you at once tip over the whole orthodox theory. The supply is as universal as the demand. The means are in our own hands, in our own heads. We can demonstrate it to ourselves. We must answer this great question, what is truth? When we shall have answered that question we have done with priest-craft.

Mr. Wheelock was frequently interrupted by applause, and when he sat down his auditors abundantly testified their gratification.

The choir sang, and Mr. John Wetherbee of Boston, was familiarly introduced as the “Deacon,” not ordained by any church or priest, but by the inspiration of the Infinite. He had not come prepared

to make a speech, and lest he could not get the proper inspiration, had brought Pythagoras and Plato in his pocket. But now he was under the inspiration of Mr. Wheelock, the tornado of the West, who it seemed had struck upon the great question of the age. Spiritualism is answering the great questions of the day, which are—“What is truth?” “If a man die shall he live again?” “What must I do to be saved?” I do not know what truth is, but one thing I do know, that which has been called truth is the stake which Spiritualism has pulled up. Spiritualism strikes at the root of the tree. The second question Spiritualism has answered in two ways. It says a man does not die, but passes on; if he dies he does not live again. “What shall I do to be saved?” has been the cry for ages. To be saved is to save others. Mr. Wetherbee likened the discovery of spiritual truth to the “striking of ile,” and defied the world to pump the well dry. He closed with a poetical quotation.

Other speakers not being ready the meeting adjourned till 2 P. M.

## THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

All having lunched or dined and enjoyed the bracing breeze, they reassembled near the speaker's stand at the appointed hour. There was singing by the quartette and two little girls, and the recitation of a poem entitled “The Respectable Lie,” by Miss Mary Doten, who prefaced the reading with some remarks, in which she alluded to the revelations of science as opposed to the tenets of Christianity, and concluded with the words “Science ignores hell, and chemistry finds a better use for sulphur.”

Prof. Wm. Denton of Boston, President of the Liberal Tract Society, took the stand, and said the most respectable of all lies was the religious lie, and the most respectable lie in this country is Christianity. We are born under the curse of Christianity as christians expound it. The Trinity is a three-fold lie and Jesus is as great a lie as any. I am here, said he, in the name of humanity, greater than Jesus himself, to speak the truth in the name of nature, and to overthrow these infernal lies that have been deceiving and ruining the people for ages. The foundation of Christianity is that we are to trust in Jesus, from whom we are to receive salvation. I will take the ground, and prove it, that Jesus was a fanatic; and if he should be here now and do what he did, you would say he was crazy. I have in my hand the bible, and will you turn to the fourth chapter of Matthew and read it for your instruction, and I want you to bear on it just as you do on pots or raising. Dare to allow yourselves to be true to yourselves and scatter all else to the winds. Prof. Denton then read the story of Christ's forty days' fast and temptation by the devil, and said no one was there but Jesus. He told it to the apostles who wrote his life, and likened it to a man who had been roaming about among the woods of New Hampshire. Jesus' life, continued he, was written by four men who made him out the best they could. If a man draws a portrait of a man and puts a pimple on his face, you say it must be true or it would not have been put there. So there are a few blemishes on Jesus' life. His habit of going upon the mountain to pray all night was evidence of insanity; his cursing the fig tree was evidence of his being crazy; what would you think of a man who would drive out of a church the people who take up a collection? Jesus' saying, “Destroy this temple,” etc., was evidence of an unbalanced mind; so too his commands to take no thought for raiment. “If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off,” is the talk of a madman.

The foregoing is in substance the remarks of the speaker, and the strain was continued to the close.

The other speakers, Dr. Gardner, Rev. J. L. Hatch, Miss Doten, S. T. Aldrich, a late convert from the Baptist denomination in Quincy, Miss Agnes M. Davis and Miss Carrie Cushman. They all agreed in the necessity of free and progressive thought, and Dr. Gardner especially advocated organization in the different towns for the distribution of tracts. The speakers were all warmly applauded and the large assemblage was evidently pleased with the proceedings.—*Boston Post, Aug. 7th, 1871.*

## "Unconscious Cerebration."

BY WILLIAM A. DUNKLEE.

One of the most difficult efforts of a materialistic mind is, to be satisfied there is a spirit,—an individual, conscious, thinking, active being—existing, independent of the physical body, after its dissolution. The reason is, the rule by which they measure spiritual things is material. Unless that to be measured is on the same plane, it cannot be measured. Their answer would be very much like Nicodemus' to Jesus when he was told of a second birth (John iii, iv). They cannot understand Paul when he said "there is a spiritual body as well as a natural body, because it cannot be proven by accepted physical laws. Each condition has its own laws. The mental differs from the physical.

Faith has been presented as a substitute for knowledge, and been accepted as such by many. The religious world have based a faith on records from two to four thousand years old, but have no present knowledge of facts to sustain them. But for a *feeling* of security, it would not bear them up at all. Such a feeling cannot satisfy the Materialist's mind; he requires something more tangible.

It is now about twenty-three years since the so-called "Rochester Knockings" were heard at the door of the Materialist's mind. He went to learn who was there, and met a something that imparted ideas; gave the name as one dead; stated incidents connected with the earth-life, sufficient to prove the right to such name. This was bringing spirit more tangible to the seeker. Then followed moving of tables by unseen power, entrancing persons, seeing spirit forms, hearing voices, and other developments, until millions are now satisfied of the existence of the spirit after the body has decayed.

It is a singular fact that those who live "by faith" on the dead past and those that deny spirit existence altogether, require the same evidence, repudiate the same facts, and oppose any inquiry into the phenomena of spiritual life. One because they do not believe it, the other because any intercourse with spirits (if it can be) is prohibited by a revelation in their oracle.

Frances Powell Cobbe has recently published under the head of Unconscious Cerebration (Mac-Millan's Magazine), "That visions, impressions and dreams arise from the unconscious action of the mind; from memory of the past covered up in the brain, as shown by a drowning person recalling a life of incidents in a few moments. But should you want to recall a sentence, the active volition of the mind could not; the more we try the less we think of it; only drop the volition and turn to some other thought or subject, it comes to us again."

"Visions, etc.," she continues, "are mythical. Through opium, morphine, over-labor and disease, the brain is stimulated to unnatural action and assumes most prodigious dimensions. In hundreds of cases of supposed revelations and predictions, both given in normal dreams and in various states of trance, I conceive that a careful reference to the laws of unconscious cerebration will rarely fail, if not to explain, at least to elucidate in a manner the *modus operandi* of the mystery. \* \* \* A remembrance, fastening on some special point to which attention is directed, obviously comes into play in many states, both of clairvoyance and (in a lesser degree) in natural dreams. The very least we can do before deciding that any revelation, past, present, or future, comes from any other source than such hyper-esthetic (*hyper*, excess; *esthetic*, science which treats of the beautiful) memory and judgment founded on it, is to examine carefully whether those faculties must be insufficient to account for it. The notorious fact that such revelation are always conterminous (bordering) with *somebody's* possible knowledge, gives us, of course, the best warrant for

doubting that they come from any ultra mundane sphere."

The "notorious fact" is a prejudged statement that "somebody" in the body must know it. Some of her own stories require the assumption that memory had forgotten, while unconscious cerebration restored the want, without a particle of evidence to sustain it.

Take, for instance, another—from the *Methodist Magazine*:—when the Rev. Mr. Mills, of England, was passing over his circuit, he chanced to stop as usual at a house where James, his wife and family had lived. While away to Conference, James and wife both died of a malignant disease. The family remained at the house. After retiring he was annoyed by noise in the room. Before breakfast he called for his horse and left for the next appointment, without giving his reason for so early a start.

While in that place—about three miles from where he slept—he dined with "Aunt Nancy," a member of his church, as was also the two that died. At dinner she said to Rev. Mr. M.: "I want you to preach my funeral sermon next Sabbath." This was on Tuesday. Surprised at such a request, he asked her the reason. She said, "When I was sweeping the entry this morning, I saw a man and woman coming down the road together. As they approached, I said, 'Is that you, James?' 'Yes,' he replied. \* \* \* 'I come to inform some person that I made a will, and where it may be found. We went to our former mansion to tell Rev. Mr. Mills, but he was frightened; we knew you would not be frightened, so we come to you. We passed him coming this way, and he will dine with you to-day. The will is in a private drawer in the desk, which opens with a secret spring (explains how to open it). Ask Mr. Mills to return after dinner to the house, get the will and go to the executors near by; then they can have all things satisfactorily settled with the family. And now,' said James, 'Nancy, we were permitted to inform you that on Friday next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, you will die and be with us.'"

Mr. Mills went as directed, found the will and delivered it to the executors, and all were satisfied with it. He also attended the funeral on the following Sabbath, for she died as announced.

Where was "somebody's" possible knowledge in this case? Whose memory had forgotten?

Again: a clairvoyant sees standing by me a spirit form; describes it, hears a name, and I recognize the description and the name, as an individual not in the body; therefore is conterminous with my knowledge, but not the clairvoyant's; my unconscious cerebration has made a picture visible to the clairvoyant's vision. Then I go to Mr. W. H. Mumler's and sit for a photograph, when lo! the photographic lens has seen the same unconscious cerebral picture, and by chemical agency has placed it on a plate of glass from which any number of pictures may be printed.

Has photography taken an ideal picture of my cerebral action, drawn from the depths of memory? Or is it a real, visible spirit from the "ultra mundane spheres," clothed with forces to be made visible? It seems to me that the materialist mind has here a material point on which to advance one step further into the imponderables, a point where the ultra mundane can meet them.

Perhaps they do not believe the photographic lens ever did such a thing as take such a picture. I cannot *make* a person believe what I may state, but the facts are too well substantiated to be doubted by persons directly connected with the result. But to the fact: Last winter a photographic card said to contain a spirit picture was sent to Brattleboro, Vt., for Mrs. W. At the same house resided Mr. and Mrs. S.; he was in consumption, and not expected to live many weeks. He said to his wife, "I want you

to go to Mr. Mumler's after I am gone, and sit for a picture, and I will come with our child."

He died in March last. The last of May she came to Boston and stopped with her sister, Mrs. H.; they together went to Mr. M.'s for the promised picture. While she sat before the camera she requested the husband to lay the child in her arms; she holding her right arm, and looking as if the child was already there. The result was her husband (recognized by all their friends) stands behind her, reaching the child over to her arm in front; his left arm crossing her left shoulder, his right arm supporting the child's shoulders. The figure of the child (in dress) shows across her chest and beyond her right shoulder, where its face is clearly visible. After seeing the above, I felt satisfied that there was no question but it was from the ultra mundane sphere.

On the 6th of July I went myself and sat for a picture. In ten minutes from the time I sat down, a negative was shown me of myself and a light form standing behind me. When printed and sent to me I found it to be the one desired mentally by me to be present, although out of the body thirty-six years, and no other likeness in existence. If my mental desire for her presence had created that form, it did not cause the arms to be laid over each shoulder and hold a wreath on my chest; neither did it ornament her head with flowers as the photograph has given it.

If these cases are the result of conscious or "unconscious cerebration," where the mind can so materialize a thought or image as to produce a perfect photographic outline, then has a field of investigation opened more astonishing than has yet been presented to the human mind. But if it is a spiritual manifestation, as I believe, then we have tangible evidence of spirit existence. It is another gem in the coronet of Spiritualism; it has opened another door of investigation into the arcana of spirit-life.

The power of photography to see what the human eye cannot see, has been shown by Mr. C. F. Varley, of England, in a statement made by him, (*see Eclectic, June, 1871, pp765.*): "He was making experiments by passing a current of electricity through a vacuum tube, the results of which were indicated by strong or faint touches of light about the poles. In one instance, although the experiment was carried on in a dark room, the light was so feeble that it could not be seen, and the operators doubted if the current were passing. But at the same time photography was at work, and in thirty minutes a very good picture was produced of what had taken place. This is a remarkable fact, indeed it borders on the wonderful, that a phenomenon invisible to the human eye should have been, so to speak, seen by the photographic lens, and a record thereof kept by chemical agency. It is highly suggestive, and we may anticipate that it will be turned to good account by practical philosophers."

DEATH OF PHOEBE CARY.—When Alice Cary died, the friends of the two talented sisters feared that Phoebe, whose delicate frame many months of anxious watching had exhausted, would follow almost immediately. But she lingered bravely on to write a biography which throws new light upon the sweet and spiritual character of the dead Alice. For some weeks she has been at Newport, apparently recovering; but on Monday night, after a brief, painful illness into which she relapsed, she died. Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1824, she with her talented sister, like the Brontes and the Alcotts, wrote for posterity most diligently when "ower young," but her first printed efforts appeared in 1850. As a writer her reputation did not equal that of Alice, but the two sisters were always so "happily allied" that one could hardly think of them as separate beings. Both Alice and Phoebe Cary first appealed to the public in a joint volume of verses.—*Boston Journal.*

## Personalia.

## INTERESTING LETTER FROM AN ITINERANT.

For a few weeks past I have been traveling in the middle and western portion of New York state for the purpose of gathering up strength with which to continue my labor as a clairvoyant physician among the sick and suffering of God's great family. At Ballston Spa, a few miles from Saratoga Springs, I passed a week in the pleasant home of Mr. Isaac Nash, one of the most earnest and consistent Spiritualists I ever saw. He is an old man, more than seventy years of age, and is looking forward calmly and joyfully to the time when he shall "step into that world of light," and there meet his beloved companion who passed on several years since, and from whom he has received some of the finest as well as the most consoling of messages I have ever read. Mrs. Marietta Smith, his housekeeper, is an excellent writing medium, and it is through her powers, mainly, that the communications have been given. Bro. Nash, I believe, is one of the few people who practice in their daily life the pure and beautiful teachings which are given us by the angels. His heart and home are ever open to the weary and needy. No word of condemnation, even to those who have wronged him, ever falls from his lips, but his broad mantle of charity covers the short-comings of all earth's children. May it be my happiness, while he and I are on this side, to grasp his honest hand and look into his genial face.

I spent one day at Saratoga Springs, where I met a number of the good friends and found them strong, earnest and hopeful in the faith of Spiritualism. Verily, there is no other belief under the sun that makes men and women so cheerful and light-hearted as our glorious gospel when once it gets fairly into our souls, and we realize the truth in all its beauty and brightness.

Of course I could not spend a day at Saratoga without being offered, at least, a dozen glasses of the famous Spring-water, which the people in that region appear to think so delicious, and drink in such quantities. Making a great effort to persuade myself that it was "nice," I managed to swallow a little that was given me at each spring we visited, until, finding that we encountered a spring at every corner, I began to fear that there was no end to them, and was fain to declare my honest convictions that I could not taste another drop of the horrid stuff without serious danger of an immediate rebellion in my stomach! I certainly think I could as soon learn to drink a tea made of lobelia, comfortably, as the Saratoga Springs water.

I shall never remember but with feelings of deep gratitude and pleasure my visit with Mr. and Mrs. Pollard, in the beautiful village of Deansville, N. Y. I arrived there at night, after a hard day's journey in the heat and dust, feeling very weary and seriously in need of rest and quiet. There are a few people in this world who have a natural faculty for doing things just right, and my friends, the Pollards, are among that happy number. How quietly, and yet how cordially, they opened their hearts and home to me, as though I had been an old and beloved friend instead of a stranger. No display, no formality, but a quiet, genuine heart-welcome that made me feel at once entirely at home and at rest. While in this family, quite a number of most excellent tests of spirit presence and identity were given through my powers. The name, *Harriet* was written upon my arm, and immediately afterwards a message came through my hand, given by the same spirit, in which she asked to see her husband; spoke of her children and many other things, completely establishing her identity. Her husband, who is a lawyer and a most intelligent man, was sent for. He came, was introduced to me, and again the spirit controlled my hand and gave him a long communication, contain-

ing facts which he recognized, but which were, of course, entirely unknown to me, he being a perfect stranger. He assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he was a firm believer in spirit communion, and related to me many interesting incidents connected with his investigation of Spiritualism, by which he was led to a knowledge of the truth.

Several others called upon me while there—strangers of whom I had never heard, and in more than one instance, names of their friends were written on my arm, besides messages with names, dates, &c.

From Deansville, I went to Earlville, some twenty miles, and it did seem as if "He had given his angels charge concerning me," for here again I was "taken in hand" and most tenderly cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Potter, who live on a large farm about a mile distant from the village of Earlville, surrounded by every comfort, as it seemed to me, that the human heart could desire. Mrs. Potter is one of those motherly women whose quick sympathies reach out to every human being, and whose hands never seem weary where there is work to do for the needy. She is somewhat past the meridian of life, and of course has had a share of sorrow that must come to us all, but it has left no shadow on her spirit. Hers is one of those bright, hopeful natures that it does one good to meet. Mr. Potter has excellent powers as a healer, and many stories were told me by the neighbors, of the wonderful cures that had been performed through his instrumentality. It was good to be in the presence of these friends, and I felt that I gained strength every moment that I remained with them. The second day of my visit there, Mr. Potter had occasion to go to the village, and asked me if I would like to accompany him. Just as I was about to step into the carriage Mrs. Potter, who was standing by my side, laid her hand on my arm saying, "now, if you get a word from my spirit friends while you are here, you will let me know, wont you?" Before I had time to answer, I felt the shock which precedes the writing on my arm, and removing the sleeve, the name *Sarah* appeared written distinctly. This was the name of their daughter in spirit life. Subsequently the same spirit communicated to her parents most satisfactorily. A brother also came and gave his full name, with many astonishing tests, involving business, his home affairs, etc.

In speaking of my visit to Earlville, I must not neglect to mention that I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Swift, and the kind attention shown me by them. Mr. Swift is a staunch and true reformer. He was with Garrison in his struggle with slavery, and is an active leader in woman suffrage, temperance, etc. As a Spiritualist, he is brave, earnest, and out-spoken at all times and in all places: courteous and friendly in his treatment of every one, honest and upright in all things, he wins the respect and friendship of all who know him.

On my way from Earlville to Rome, I passed one day at the famous Oneida Community. Descriptions of the buildings and grounds have been so often given that perhaps nothing I can say in that direction will be of interest. I cannot however forbear to speak of the flower gardens, which were very tastefully arranged, and filled with choice flowers in full bloom. The roses, particularly, were the finest, and, it seems to me, in the greatest variety I have ever seen. Throughout the house and grounds, the most perfect order and neatness prevailed. The men were well dressed, and, as a general thing, looked rather cheerful and happy. The women all wore the Bloomer costume, made in the most unbecoming fashion, with straight pants, from calico of some dull, ugly color. Their hair was cut short in their necks, and they looked, almost without exception, pale, haggard and melancholy. It is a well-known fact that these people ignore entirely the marriage relation, and consequently all exclusive affection. I had some conversation with one of the women who pro-

lately offered to show me the arrangement of the house. "Does it never happen," I asked, "that your young people fall in love, as we worldlings say, and want to marry?" "O, yes," she replied, "but of course that is selfishness, and we break it up as soon as possible. When we see," she added, "that men and women are inclined to give to each other the love that belongs to God, we think it time for us to interfere and set them right."

I was not a little gratified to learn that these people have a "holy horror" of Spiritualism, and that they get their "free love" ideas from the *bible*, which they believe to be the infallible word of God. It is a strange idea for *christians* to charge Spiritualists with being free lovers, and should they do so in my presence, I shall not fail to remind them of their brothers and sisters of the Oneida Community.

Yours for truth, J. M. C.

## A Confession.

Rumsellers want countenance and the church wants money. Hence, we see, in some instances, those whose business it is to damn their fellow men, exerting a controlling influence in the church, whose professed object is to save men. In Rochester, N. Y., the most genteel, fashionable dram-selling establishment, the Osborne House, is owned by a prominent member of the First Methodist Episcopal church.

In Wilkesbarre, Penn., the leading hotel is owned by a leading communicant of the same denomination. We are not prepared to say in how many other places the same thing exists. In these Methodist dram shops, without doubt, many a man, who would have shunned the low groggery, has taken the first step that led him down to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. The more vice is clad in the raiment of respectability, the more dangerous does it become. It ceases to be a wonder that the sons of devout Methodist preachers, in some cases, become inebriates when they form, in the houses of the brethren, the terrible appetite that has proved the ruin of so many of the strong and promising.—*Free Methodist*.

If it is true that confession is good for the soul, how full of piety must be the writer of the above extract. Keep on brother, you are bound for the kingdom! But how rotten the consistency of that church which not only tolerates, but seeks to cover up such a state of wickedness as this confession exposes, that it may fatten on its fruits.

The real value of any system of churchianity is more by the quality than by the quantity of its membership. What denomination of christians can truthfully boast of any superiority over the great mass of those who are in no way connected with any denomination or church? None. G. A. B.

## Advice to Women.

"M. C. A." (Mrs. Ames.) writes as follows to the New York Independent:—"In the world I see unrest, discontent, strife, sin. I see girls, children in years, from whose cheeks the first blush of innocence, from whose soul the last vestige of youth has gone; women sold to frivolity; women wasting most precious gifts; women whose ambition has no higher object than to mislead and triumph over men; men growing hard, selfish and wicked, the slaves of their passions, going down to death, with no hand to save, all for the lack of the true home.

Then I remember that the home is the first kingdom of the woman, in which her rights can never be dethroned—that all pure love, all high thoughts, all religion, all government, to live, must have their roots beneath its altar. Then I feel impelled to say to every woman who has a home, before all things—First your home. No matter how your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may outrun its doors, before everything let it be *first your home*. Be not its slave; be its minister. Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver glitters, that its food is delicious. Feed the love in it. Feed the truth in it. Feed thought and aspiration in it. Feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then shall come forth from its walls the true woman, the true man, who together shall rule and bless the land.

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A. A. WHEELOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—Paul.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, \* \* \* and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

**Understand It.**—All business transactions relating to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and all moneys for subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should be sent to A. A. Wheelock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

**Christianity—Its Influence on Human Progress.**

Although it may not be said that Christianity is responsible for the night of ignorance in which Europe wandered for over a thousand years, yet if not the sole cause, it was the chief and most active agent in the production of that awful catastrophe; and the prejudice then instilled against learning by ecclesiasticism has not yet wholly disappeared.

The first century was the floodtide of Roman intellectual greatness; the age of inimitable poetry, perfected history and diligent love of philosophy. Probably at no period in the history of the ancient world did the masses enjoy in a higher degree the comforts of life. The refinement of the few reached to the many, and the love of knowledge was not a monopoly of a select circle. The age immediately following yielded historians, lawyers and philosophers, who would have been illustrious in any period, and learning became so generally diffused that there were a greater number of cultivated minds than even in the Golden Era.

The third century presents a different picture. Learning everywhere despised, history degraded to lying chronicles, poetry and philosophy contemptible, and the Latin tongue corrupted into a barbarous jargon. The laws of Constantine and succeeding Emperors in the next century could not stay the tide of ignorance. If great men come not from the development of the times, they cannot be created by laws.

Why this rapid decline from the pinnacle of greatness, in two centuries, to the abyss of ignorance? Not the inundation of Northern hordes so much as the religion introduced in the Roman world during these centuries. The early Christians stigmatized learning as profane, and so identified was ancient literature with its worship that it was held in abhorrence. The council of Carthage in 398 forbid its being used by Bishops, and there was no risk of the ignorant masses incurring the danger of so doing. All physical sciences were held as impious and inconsistent to revelation.

As long as the Christians formed a small sect, the influence of this contempt for literature and learning could have little effect, but when they gained power and controlled the government their influence was exceedingly great. The offices of instructors of the Imperial family, and of the sons of distinguished men in the nation previously held by noble philosophers, was consigned to ignorant and superstitious priests. The knowledge of the Pagan world was discarded and the dogmas of theology supplied their place. The church absorbed all the mental activity of the times. The world of philosophy and poetry and profane history were discarded as unworthy attention. A new arena was opened for intellectual contest, on which engaged seemingly all the thoughts

of the centuries. This was polemic disputation. The solution of incomprehensible dogmas, by never ending verbal warfare.

As science expands the faculties and ennobles the life, so such disputations narrow the mind, dwarf its powers and make it imbecile. These studies of questions which are mere artificial formulas having no existence except in the imagination, corrupt irretrievably the fountains of knowledge. While the supporters of conflicting creeds, dogmas and vagaries, disputed, the Latin tongue became so corrupt that the fountain of ancient knowledge became sealed except to the learned. With the temples ruthlessly destroyed by those who considered them profane, and with them sank the old empire of thought. The heated disputants about vacuities finished instead their interminable discussions, which by pre-occupying the attention of those who cared to think, excluded the old literature.

Under this new order, ignorance was canonized. We can form no adequate conception of the darkness of human intellect at this period. Superstition, of course, grew like a rank and pestilent weed; and asceticism depressed the understanding to still lower depths. The monks might preserve and even copy old manuscripts, it would be impossible for them to produce anything new.

The old was cast aside, and the literature given instead was valueless. Even the minds of the thinkers were led astray along a path that began in ignorance and led nowhere.

When the barbarians overspread Rome they were plastic as children in the hands of the priests, and were easily persuaded to substitute the Mother of God and Christ in place of their peculiar deities. They were plastic from ignorance and scorned knowledge as effeminate. The new religion held high carnival. Ignorance is the "primeval slime" out of which infallible authority grows sleek and powerful. This Christian Hierarchy grew from century to century, grasping power by any possible means, staying its hand at no crime, pausing at no cruelty, until it seemed that Europe must inevitably become a Theocracy like that of ancient Egypt or the Druids. From commutation—a payment for pardons, from its share of intestate estates,—the church at one time owned the title deed of a great share of the lands of Europe, in some countries the greater half. Kings and Emperors bowed unclad in the porch of the palace of the Pope, who ruled with undisputed sway over spiritual, and sought in the same manner to seize temporal affairs.

Out of this night Europe emerged. How? By the influence of Christianity? Who after reviewing this dismal record of debasement and crime against humanity, can assert that the knowledge whereby Europe is blessed to-day, and by which she is superior to the hordes of her ancient forests, flowed from Christianity? If the Christian religion is so productive of advancement, why did it not put forth its fruits during the thousand years it held mankind in implicit obedience, and its nod was more potent than the laws of emperors? Did it foster learning? Countless martyrs at the stake and on the rack, whose only crime was extending human knowledge beyond prescribed limits, cry to the pitying heavens. For a thousand years it sat on the prostrate form of a great civilization and attempted to guide the course of events. What were the results? Read the chronicles of the dark ages; with blanched face and trembling nerves call up its scenes of fiendishness; when the representatives of this religion, clad with their power by God, wrought the work at which devils blushed. The morality of Europe sank below that of the Empire, even under Nero or Caligula. Morality disappeared with manly self-reliance and nobility of character as the Christian religion gained the ascendancy. We now witness its blasting effects on Spain, a fossil of the dark ages, where the

priest is more powerful than the King, whose throne he faithfully supports. The poison of unquestioning faith entered deep into the vital currents of Spanish life, benumbing the intellect. It is this same faith that supports the Hofsburgs on their thrones, like evil birds, preying on the people who hate and detest but dare not stir for fear of the terrible power unscrupulously exerted by the priesthood. Napoleon held his throne, and Louis, who apes his villainy without the mental power to exert his breadth of comprehension, steadies his position on the slack-rope of French politics by the same aid. Italy—oh, Italy! the fairest land on which the sun ever shone—the hydra there made his stronghold, and luxuriates in the midst of a nation of keenest intellect, but by his rule made brigands and beggars! The cowed monk and driveling priest are the types of church perfection.

Who wishes the hierarchy could have succeeded as they hoped, and made the Holy Faith, descended from the Apostles and sealed by the blood of martyrs, the triumphant ruler of Europe? When we read the history of its usurpations are we not thankful it did not succeed?

What then was the cause of the emergence from the night?

The hierarchy fought against a race of high spiritual temporal rulers. They were ignorant and superstitious, but had wills of their own nevertheless. They could not be quite crushed. After the Crusades, which exposed the fallibility and duplicity of the church, by foreign contest, the intellectual horizon of Europe began to enlarge. The introduction of the long buried classics through Arabic channels, stimulated the desire for knowledge ever present in the human mind when unrestrained.

Aristotle, a thousand years forgotten, became the leader in science, and the new civilization began at the identical point where research in accurate knowledge closed with the ancient philosophers. The church thundered its anthems, invented creeds, promulgated dogmas, of no avail. Intellect once awakened rushed onward in spite of chains.

Letters from "Over the Waters."

NUMBER TWO.

MRS. HARDINGE'S TESTIMONIAL.

Blessed are the workers. Not a word they breathe of truth and goodness shall be lost; not a sheaf forgotten in the harvest-time. Mrs. Hardinge wrought so gloriously for Spiritualism in London and the provinces last winter, the spirits would not consent to her leaving Britain for the home of her adoption, America, without a suitable testimonial of appreciation. The meeting came off in St. George's Hall; Gerald Massey, a distinguished English poet, in the chair. James Burns of the Spiritualist Publishing Institution, was the prime mover, and it was a grand success from conception to consummation. Mrs. Hardinge's masterly oration was the attraction of the evening. Several of the London journals gave fair and honorable reports of the proceedings. The following is from the London *Daily News*:

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS.

"There was a farewell conversazione of the Spiritualists of England last night at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, held in honor of Mrs. Emma Hardinge, previous to her departure for America. Gerald Massey, Esq. presided, and a number of fashionably dressed ladies and elderly gentlemen of the evidently well-to-do class were present, it must be inferred that there are a good many believers in Spiritualism in London. The Rev. J. M. Peebles delivered an address embodying greetings from eminent American Spiritualists, and announcing subscriptions from various persons to a testimonial to the lady who was the heroine of the gathering, and whom he described as the great, noble, and outspoken advocate of the truth of the ministry of spirits to earth, whose speech, whose oratorical powers, whose writings and commanding presence had called forth the admiration even of those who did not accept the philosophy of her divinely inspired

teachings. In America, he said, there were eleven millions of people who believe with Judge Edmonds that the spirits of our fathers and mothers, our friends, hold converse and communion with us.

"The programme was agreeably varied with vocal music by Mrs. Hicks, Miss Cooper, Miss Henry, Miss Kislbury, and an effective chorus, besides speeches from Mrs. Hardinge, Signor Damiani, Mr. Daw, and others; and after the presentation of the testimonial, which assumed the tangible and practically useful shape of a purse of money, came the very interesting and expressive ceremony of handshaking all round, which appears to be peculiar to that form of religious opinion, which is apparently now entitled to rank as a sect. There was an address also presented to the lady, in which her successful advocacy of her peculiar principles in the Sunday services conducted by her was dwelt upon, and regret at her departure expressed. Mrs. Hardinge's reply, which was delivered in a deep sonorous voice, and rose occasionally to the poetic vein, was consequently happy and successful. The burden of it, too, was that which has prompted all true poetry and all true divinity, universal love and the spiritual tie which unites all humanity. Communion with the invisible world she insisted had been demonstrated, as well as the indestructibility and unchangeableness of the spiritual element of man's nature; and she added that Spiritualism had produced and was carrying out scientific reforms which the professors of science did not even dream of, and bringing us to understand the truth, that teaching, and helping, and loving were more successful than bolts and bars in reforming criminals and preventing crime. Some of the music was of a high as well as of a pleasing character—a French song by Miss Cooper very deservedly eliciting an unanimous encore.

It is generally conceded that Mrs. Hardinge Brittan has never given such a series of able and logical lectures as during the past winter. She electrified the audiences. Highly inspired, at times, she entered the realms of prophecy and "spoke wiser than she knew." On the evening of July 2d, treating of the "signs," the "manifestations" and the phenomena of Spiritualism as only preliminary to something far more glorious, she exclaimed:

Can we come to any other conclusion than that this Pentecostal day is indeed to lead to the coming of a second Messiah? He is not yet in our midst; we are only listening to the voices that are crying in the wilderness. Those voices have come to us in the outward form of a spiritual science; but I do know that the baptism of fire is yet awaiting us. When we shall be found worthy to partake of it, when we can advance a step beyond this wilderness of phenomena to wait for the higher light which shall reveal to us the solemn truths of religion—sure, sure it will come. That kingdom for which we have been praying so earnestly, but so ignorantly, for 1800 years, seems, to our eyes, now to be dawning upon us. Our spirit friend is already by our side; already the illumination of the torch he carries has lighted up my soul and shown me a wonderful arcanum of forces I have not dreamed of; already my chamber is full of the presence of these spirit-people; the stones have become preachers, sounding out words of wonderful meaning; the insensate objects that are floating around me have become teachers, giving me an assurance of motor powers in the universe I never dreamed of. The mysteries are receding, and in their place I am beholding that I am in the midst of infinity; the measure of time is passing away, and instead of that, behold, the rolling ages are only measuring and ganging the mighty depths of eternity. And these are the revelations that are making me stand still and listen to the voice that cries in the midst of them all—"Be still and know that I am God!"

#### GERALD MASSEY, THE PEOPLE'S POET.

All genuine poets are inspired men. Some of them are outspoken Spiritualists. Among those who are honest enough, brave enough, to own their convictions, is Gerald Massey, an English poet, whose soul-songs are quite as popular in America as Britain. Presiding at Mrs. Hardinge's testimonial, we were privileged with a delightful interview the following day. But, who is he? What of him? and how is it that his poems so touch the hearts of all toilers? He is an affable, genial, self-made man, who has seen some forty years of rough and stormy weather. Struggling and fighting his way sword in hand to the temple gate of poesy, the victory is his. From a youth he was the anointed advocate—the interpreter of the common people. Social and volatile, singing the songs of the poor and down-trodden, subjected him to sneers, darts of envy and shafts of slander. Listen:

"I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,  
With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle,  
To feel the killing canker-worm of want,  
While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle;  
For I have felt it—yet from earth's cold real  
My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful  
The warm sunrise floods all the land ideal;  
And still it whispers to the worn and tearful—  
Hope on, hope ever,"

Referring to his trials, sufferings and poetical effusions in early life, he writes with tender pathos:

"I retain my verses as memorials of my past, as one might keep some worn out garment because he passed through the furnace in it; nothing doubting that in the future they will often prove my passports to the hearts and homes of thousands of the poor. \* \* \* They will know that I have suffered their sufferings, wept their tears, thought their thoughts and felt their feelings, and they will trust me.

"Yoke-fellows, listen  
Till tearful eyes glisten—  
'Tis the voice of the Future, the sweetest of all  
That makes the heart leap to its glorious call—  
Brothers, step forth in the Future's van,  
For the worst is past;  
Right conquers at last,  
And the better day dawns upon suffering man."

Born in 1828, the son of a canal boatman, residing at Tring, Gerald Massey, while yet a boy, learned to work for a living. When other boys were at school or chasing butterflies, young Massey was working in a silk mill for a few pence per day. Afterwards he labored from five in the morning till half past six in the evening at straw-plaiting. This was so unhealthy and the hours so long and tedious that Massey and his fellow workers suffered from severe attacks of fever.

The mother, though poor, sent her son, when possible, to the penny school in winter. When a little older he was promoted to an "errand boy," dividing his time between work and study. Though the iron of poverty, sorrow and suffering sunk deep into his youthful soul, the fires of poesy began early to flame demanding expression. The disparity, the injustice of the world, became, to use his own words, "scarred and blood-burnt into the very core of his being;" he could no longer restrain himself; he must denounce wrongdoers; he must sing of right and justice or die. Soon after the French Revolution he prepared a small volume of his poetic productions for the press. Critics pronounced him a poet with more enthusiasm than "culture or comeliness." Genius is ever a target for the jealous.

Considering trials, persecutions, struggles and relentless criticisms, is it strange that Massey's first poems should have been tinged with seathing sarcasm, and fierce, passionate denunciation of caste, aristocratic pretensions and social inequalities? His energy from the first was indomitable; he succeeded. Friends now gathered around him. He was denominated "the poet of the poor," who had energetically fought his way upward from the ranks of toil to the gate of the golden temple. Never in darkest hours or under the fiercest fires of adversaries, did he lose faith in God—faith in the divinity of humanity, faith in a better future for his fellow-workers.

His later poems are full of sunshine and love. He became a Spiritualist several years since. His wife was a medium. He has mediumistic powers himself. His last volume of poems—"The Tale of Eternity," is all ablaze with the principles of Spiritualism. May we not sing with him:

"There's no dearth of kindness in this world of ours;  
Only in our blindness we gather thorns for flowers.  
Oh! cherish God's best giving falling from above;  
Life were not worth living were it not for love."

#### THE PARLIAMENT.

It is a London fashion to turn night into day. This changes the order of things generally. Yesterday morning, with Stevens, Evans and a few others, we breakfasted at 11 o'clock, with Auberon Herbert, a member of Parliament famous for progressive tendencies. His private library is massive and fully up with

the times. Among other subjects of conversation were co-operation and Spiritualism. In the evening, introducing us to Mylne, Hughes, Richards, Jacob Bright and other members of the House of Commons, he kindly accompanied us into the House of Lords. Every thing had an appearance of the grim and dismal. The "Lords," wearing their hats, talk over national matters in a drawling, hesitating way, expecting the House to do the real work of legislation. That indescribable wig of the Law-lord, the flapping gowns, the sepulchral appearance of the bishops, the gold lavished upon the splendid chamber, the gorgeous throne graced by her majesty once a year—all disgusted us. The masses of the English are beginning to think the House of Lords neither useful nor ornamental. And then what is the use of a Queen to pay £80,000 a year? Parliament has just voted a yearly annuity of £15,000 to Prince Arthur. This inflames the people. A revolution in England is certain. Working classes will be heard—and bread they will have. Carlyle well says:

"England is full of wealth, yet England is dying of inanition. . . . In the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish. . . . I will venture to believe that in no time since the beginning of society was the lot of these same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; but it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold let-things-alone indifference—it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, infinite injustice."

There is nothing clearer than that the material destitution and degrading wretchedness of the masses is consequent upon the misapplication of labor and the misappropriation of its fruits. John Stuart Mill puts the thought in this form:

"If the bulk of the human race are always to remain as at present, slaves to toil, in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest; drudging from early morning till late at night for bare necessities, and with all the intellectual and moral deficiencies which that implies—I know not what there is which should make a person of any capacity of reason concern himself about the destinies of the human race."

#### DIXON AND MRS. DE MORGAN.

Americans have not forgotten the visit of the popular English writer, Hepworth Dixon, to their country a few years since, and his subsequent books—"New America," "Spiritual Wives," &c. During his trans-Atlantic tour he tarried a season with the Shakers at Mt. Lebanon, booking them in glowing colors, for English reading. Their communism, equality, industry, simplicity, honesty and scrupulous neatness, all charmed him. Last week Elder F. W. Evans, Mrs. De Morgan, wife of the late distinguished Prof. De Morgan, famous for an early adhesion to the phenomena of Spiritualism, and a few others with self were invited to dine with the Dixons. It was a feast of reason and flow of soul." Formalities aside, guests are at their ease in English homes. The paintings, the statuary, the wilderness of books, the magnificent scenery facing Regents Park, and the sharp "passages at arms" touching the merits of Spiritualism, between Mrs. De Morgan and Mr. Dixon, all conspired to make the two hours time at the dinner table thrillingly interesting and profitable. Mr. Dixon, though thoroughly read in the literature of Spiritualism, is no Spiritualist. His criticisms upon our authors were unique, racy and spicy. At this crisis, Elder Frederic having fared sumptuously upon vegetables, fruits and delicacies generally, slowly gathered himself into shape and told those present that in early life he was a materialist and a personal friend of Robert Owen; but forty years ago in America, he both witnessed and actually had conscious experiences of spiritual manifestations in his own person. A general wave of spiritual influx passed over the Shaker fraternities eleven years before the "Rochester rappings." These manifestations continued among them in all their various forms for seven

Concluded on 10th page.

## Wife-Love.

BY E. L. W.

E'en as old ocean with soft and wondrous powers  
 Climbs up these rocks caressingly,  
 Crowning them for ages with wreaths of white foam-flowers,  
 Filled with fragrant melody;  
 So do thy soul-waves climb the loftiest height  
 Of my poor life with flowers and song,  
 Filling all my being with a sweet delight  
 That knows no taint of doubt or wrong!

And as th' sun rolled up this golden summer morn,  
 On waves of amyethist and rose,  
 To greet the earth, which seems each day new-born,  
 When wakened from such sweet repose;  
 So, dearest, came thy love, lighting up my world  
 As sunrise lighted up the sea,  
 Until my innermost heart-life seemed imperled  
 With all sweet thoughts of home and thee!

Seaside, August, 1871.

## Spiritualism in Central Ohio.

Leaving Bro. Parks, we were soon domiciled at the pleasant home of Bro. Virgil D. Moore, one of the wealthy and successful farmers of Franklin County. Bro. Moore and wife are intelligent, earnest, live Spiritualists. Their attention was called to the matter in this wise:

About sixteen years ago, Roxana, the only child and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, was dangerously ill. Her case baffled the medical skill of all the learned physicians who were consulted (and they were not a few), including Dr. L. S. Gibson, of Tiffin, Ohio, an uncle of the then suffering Miss Moore, who declared he did not understand the case and could not save her life; all the doctors agreeing that she could not live, as was becoming painfully evident to her friends, unless something should be discovered to arrest what was to the medical fraternity unknown and in defiance of their skill, a fatal disease!

At this time there was living in the neighborhood, and part of the time in Mr. Moore's family, a poor boy by the name of Ben. Freeman, who was unconsciously controlled by a spirit calling himself Dr. Smith, and who not only examined Miss Moore's case, but prescribed for and cured her. She is living to-day in the physical body, a healthy woman, simply and only because a spirit came and controlled the organism of the poor, unlearned boy, Ben. Freeman, and cured her. The doctors could not do it; they owned up and gave up the case, after a thorough trial, as *hopeless*.

But the question we desire these wise doctors to answer is this—*Who and what* cured Miss Moore? Not the doctors; no, you won't pretend that. Not Ben. Freeman, for that would be exalting the inexperience and ignorance of a poor farmer boy above the boasted intelligence, science and skill of that profession! Of course such an answer would not reflect much credit upon the doctors. We can hardly expect them, even if they can't save life, to cut their own throats in this way. And yet, if they deny that spirits controlling and using a human organism cured Miss Moore, they thereby assert that the ignorance of a farmer boy is superior to and of more value than all the science and skill of the medical profession!

This is not the only case where spirits have interposed to save life when doctors have failed. There are thousands of such cases all over the land. But though the evidence is abundant, we do not expect them to confess the fact. Their education, prejudices, and especially their "bread and butter," requires them, as it does their pious allies, the Doctors of Divinity, to deny it. But there are those who can understand something as well as the Doctors of Divinity and Medicine. The intelligence of the age has become impressed and stamped with the *fact* that spirits do communicate and bless mortals by the intelligence they bring. Seeing this and feeling the great shock this glorious truth has given the world, as well as growing uneasy in regard to *results*, these wise doctors still seek to evade

and cover up the real benefits flowing out from this truth, by continually asking—as does the senseless ignoramus,—“Suppose Spiritualism is true, what good has it done?” “What good is there in it?” Can stupidity and dishonesty in the interest of pretended “grace divine” and medical science, make a more sublime manifestation of impudence and ignorance than this?

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, thus fortunately saved to them and her friends, is now Mrs. Allen, a happy wife and mother, who with her intelligent husband and two bright baby boys, we had the pleasure of meeting and visiting with at her father's. We could not help thinking of the great joy and happiness that must be Mr. and Mrs. Moore's as they daily enjoy not only the society of their darling child and her husband, but those dear little grand children too; and all because they were not too bigoted and prejudiced to have their daughter's life saved by spirits. They can answer, as can others, when the question is asked: “What good has Spiritualism done?”

While at Mr. Virgil Moore's we made a few calls, though not half the number we wished. In company with Mr. M. and his wife, we one day took dinner with Aunt Achsah Patterson, known in all that region of the country as a faithful, outspoken advocate of Spiritualism. Aunt Achsah, though getting on in years, we found as lively, social, full of wit and original as ever. After dinner we called upon Bro. and Sister Wilson. Mrs. W. had so far gained in her sickness as to be able to sit up. Mrs. Patterson and Wilson have been near neighbors for years. It was a sad experience that brought them to look to Spiritualism for hope and comfort no where else to be found. Mrs. Patterson's daughter and Mrs. Wilson's only child, a son, both found a watery grave, one dark night returning from spelling school, in Elm Creek, flowing just below Mrs. Patterson's house. It has been pretty generally believed that there was foul play by the two young men in the skiff with the children when it upset, as they easily waded out of the stream, leaving the children to drown without making any effort to save them.

Mrs. Wilson's boy was the *only heir* to a considerable property, which the family of those two young men were interested in, and *they* with the rest. Although nothing could be *proved*, there is a general feeling in the neighborhood that there was foul play. This occurred about twenty years ago. The wonderful “manifestations” with the Coons family was then occurring near Athens, in the Southern part of Ohio.

Mrs. Patterson hearing of them, though an ardent supporter and member of the church, determined to know for herself whether spirits could communicate. Accordingly the team was harnessed, sufficient provisions stored in the wagon, and a journey of over *one hundred miles* was made by Mrs. Patterson and her husband, to test the truth of spirit communion, and if possible, to hear from the dear child whose going out from them left their home as dark as the night on which she went, and their hearts as cold with the dew-damps of sorrow as the crystal waves of the pure stream that hushed in death's stillness the last heart-throb of the hopeful life of Libbie Patterson in the mortal body. Their efforts were crowned with success. Their spirit-child and daughter Libbie came and gave them such evidence of unmistakable identity, that they came back rejoicing in the certain, *conscious knowledge* that their child still lives! What is a journey of two hundred miles to gain and possess such priceless knowledge as this! Mrs. Wilson also investigated, and received evidence satisfying her mind of the truths of Spiritualism. Such are the circumstances which brought these neighbors to “a knowledge of the truth,” while evidences most satisfying increase with the passing years. Taking tea with the pleasant family of Mr. Wallace Moore, completed a day of social enjoyment by us and family seldom realized.

We must not omit to mention our pleasant visit with the family of Mrs. Turney, who has become a

widow since we visited this happy home two years ago. A notice of Bro. George Turney's “passing on” was published in last number of our paper. We found Sister Turney successfully managing a large farm, educating and otherwise providing for a family of six children, the youngest a babe only about two years of age.

Some may wonder how a woman could take hold and do all this without experience, the responsibility being suddenly left upon her. The secret is this, we apprehend, if secret there be,—Mrs. Turney is an intelligent, self-reliant, capable woman, and noble, true-hearted mother. *Necessity* brings into active operation powers and forces as naturally possessed by woman as man, but which have lain dormant under the obtained popular notion, that man is the head in all business matters, at least,—woman being a mere appendage; a costly luxury; a sort of necessary attachment to a well regulated house, that man can't well get along without.

True, Mrs. Turney has an excellent adviser and faithful friend in the person of her near neighbor, Virgil D. Moore, who was appointed administrator of her husband's estate. She also has the advice and loving counsel of her husband still, who comes frequently and controls her second son, giving direction in regard to business and advice in regard to the children. One instance will show how this widowed mother is still blest with the counsel and watchful care of her husband and father of her children. Early in the summer there was talk in the family about buying a mowing machine. Mrs. Turney knew nothing of the merits of the different machines. The boys had their minds made up and wanted her to buy an “Empire.” While they were talking of the matter one day at dinner, Mr. Turney came and controlled his second son, and fully explaining the difference in the two machines talked of, which neither she or the boys understood, advised and requested her to purchase the very machine that the boy *did not want!* The machine was bought. It has been tested, and proves to be just what George Turney, as a spirit, said it was, and as useful as he insisted it would be!

So we gladly shared their joy, that husband and father is still with that promising family of children and their faithful mother, with the same ceaseless, deathless love, watch and care, as when in the mortal form.

Saturday came bright and beautiful, the first day of the Grove meeting at Gahanna. The location was a beautiful grove, about a mile north of the village, where a speaker's stand had been erected and seats for several thousand persons provided.

It was indeed a beautiful spot, although one of the pious clergyman of Gahanna declared to his flock, in warning them to stay away from it, “that it was the devil's ground!” Admitting it to be the “devil's ground,” who are as well qualified to go upon it as the “saints?” And yet they were advised to stay away for fear they might be led off after the strange god of Spiritualism! But, dear brother of the church, if Spiritualism is “a delusion and a humbug,” how is it that a *saint*, filled with the “grace of God,” can be in danger! Is “delusion and humbug” more powerful than “God's grace,” and that too acting on a church member of the “fold of Christ”? If the “grace of God” has no more power with a “saint” than that, how could it effect a *sinner*? It would not be of any more account in effecting a *sinner* than a half gill of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing syrup! Oh, “these babes in Christ!” They are a feeble set. And then, the “milk of the word,” upon which they are fed. No wonder they are weak and puny in intellect upon moral questions. There can be no vigorous thought by such “babes”! Poor feeble things! They remind us of the “Babes in the Woods.” And what a “thicket and jungle,” this sectarian christian theology is! The only wonder is, that any single one of these poor christian “babes” ever find their way out of the thick underbrush of churchianity!

But to the meeting. The arrangement of the

friends was all that was necessary. A larger audience, we presume, was gathered there on Saturday, the busy season of the year, than could have been got together by all the churches in Gahanna, combined. A Grove meeting of Spiritualists at Gahanna! Only think of it! Not three years since, our missionary voice was heard in Gahanna, sounding the first note as a public lecturer, upon the subject of Spiritualism. No wonder some of the bluest Orthodox fossils thought it was Gabriel's trumpet calling the dead to judgment! Those were awful tones for Orthodox ears!

Gahanna, then, was so steeped in Orthodoxy one could feel it in the air; it was thick enough to cut with a case-knife! Only two Spiritualists in the town. Now some forty earnest Spiritualists can be found in Gahanna. We shall never forget the genuine inspiration of our good Bro. Wallace Moore, to have something done in Gahanna. While everybody else said, "no use to try to have a lecture on Spiritualism in Gahanna." Wallace seemed determined that the place should have the benefit of a "missionary." It was arranged that we should give three lectures in the large Hall used for school purposes. Our first lecture set the Orthodox boiling. The saints were filled with sacred wrath and moved with pious indignation, and undertook to prevent our having the Hall for the other lectures! Did they want the Hall to use? Oh, no; plenty of room in their already too vacant churches. What was the matter? Why, I had said that "I was as much the son of God as Jesus Christ;" at which declaration, a good pious sister in the church, who was present, rushed out of the Hall, saying, she could not sit and hear such blasphemy! That good woman is now an outspoken, earnest Spiritualist; and "all because," she said to us, "of your declaration, which, 'tis true, sent me out of the Hall in a real christian rage, but it also set me to thinking." This was the christian spirit manifest in the town, which did its utmost to prevent our having the Hall another evening.

This beautiful christian spirit did not prevail. Thanks to such brave hearted men as Messrs. Moore, Webster, Harris, Moon, Drake, and others; with their assistance, the spirit of A. A. Wheelock, State missionary, prevailed, and the lectures were given. As of old, some were pricked to the heart with the truths we uttered. Among the number, Mr. A. A. Noe, the intelligent and respected principal of the school, who now in the full freedom of his entire liberation from church bondage, and under inspiration from the spirit world, promises to become a faithful advocate and exponent of the great truths of Spiritualism. It was no little satisfaction to us to feel the warm hand-clasp of this earnest brother, and hear the assurance from his lips—"it was your lectures in Gahanna, Bro. Wheelock, that first opened my eyes to this great truth, so that I can truly say, 'whereas I was once blind, now I see!'" But our satisfaction was still greater, when after our lecture Saturday afternoon, he took the platform, and in a few well chosen words, gave public expression to the convictions of his soul, and before his friends and neighbors, declared himself a full-fledged Spiritualist, earnestly appealing to them and his venerable father, who was present, though still a pillar in the church, to come to a knowledge of this great truth. We trust Bro. Noe will put on the harness and go into the lecturing field. We believe that with growth and experience, he will be qualified to do much good.

After our lectures in Gahanna, setting the ball in motion, the "leaven" worked so vigorously that other noble workers were called to this field. E. V. Wilson came with some indisputable tests. The Sherman family came from Newark, Ohio, and settled there, so that the once benighted, Orthodox, Christian Gahanna, where it was three years ago considered worse than useless to speak of Spiritualism, now numbers not only over forty "in the faith," but has a resident family of test mediums,—Mr. John Sherman and his two sons, Moses and Henry—not excelled, we believe, as far as we could test them in a fair trial of two evenings, by

any persons that have ever had manifestations of spirit power.

We shall give in another part of our paper in detail, under head of "Phenomenal," an account of our two evenings with these mediums; simply saying here that we received, in their circles, some of the best and most satisfactory evidences of the existence and identification of spirits, we have ever had.

Sunday the grove was thronged. For miles about the country was represented by anxious listeners. Many came out from Columbus, and among the number we were heartily glad to see the genial face of Dr. Ben. Freeman, well known in that region of country, for the past sixteen years, as a most successful Clairvoyant Doctor. His office is in Columbus, where, during these long years, he has quietly, modestly and faithfully given himself to the control of spirits, to examine and cure disease. How successfully the spirits have worked this instrument to bless humanity, thousands can testify.

At our urgent request, Dr. Freeman came upon the stand in the afternoon, when he was controlled by the spirit who has used his organism so long to make examinations, giving his name as Dr. Smith. This spirit, evidently better posted than some of the M. D's on this side, gave us some valuable information about the physical organism; how he used Freeman's body as "a machine," as he termed it, finely illustrating to the audience, as the control did, the great value of mediumship to humanity, when fully understood and properly used.

The meeting was a grand success. Beyond words to express was the joy of our soul to find such advancement and permanent growth of our cause in this part of the state. The friends here are united. This is the secret of success. Oh, that our friends in other localities, where strife, selfishness and discord reign, would only possess themselves of this secret. Know this, only as there is unity, harmony and wise adaptation of means to ends, can there be growth and advancement in the spiritual, any more than in the physical. This law is just as changeless and as applicable to Humanity as to individuals.

The gathering shadows of Sunday evening found us once more under the hospitable roof of Bro. Elam Drake. Some changes here in the home circle, three years have made. Still, some of the members of this pleasant family, who have taken matrimonial wings and found a home of their own, were back taking a look into the old home-nest, doubtless gathering more strength thereby to make the new one "a joy forever." A glorious short visit we had with these dear old friends; missing, of course, and regretting the absence of the absent ones. How the time of one short evening flew! How fast we talked. Not half through, we must break off, and catch enough of sleep and rest to get an early start for Columbus in the morning.

Sweet memories, like a wreath of beautiful flowers, are gathered into our lives from our pleasant trip to Central Ohio. A. A. W.

#### Voices of Correspondents.

DOOR CREEK, Wis., August 1st, 1871.

Editor American Spiritualist:

Dear Sir,—Will you please notice the following in your paper:

Mr. Enos Churchill, a healing medium, of Pearceville, Wisconsin, is doing some remarkable cures. Among others, he has cured me of a cancer, pronounced such by one of our best surgeons. Very respectfully,

L. W. KETCHUM.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., July 29, 1871.

Dear Spiritualist:

I send you a little fragment; if you deem it worthy a place beside so many things that seem better, I shall feel honored, and try again. You are always greeted with joy in our valley home; your brave words give us hope for the future of mankind. Truly yours,

LIBBIE L. WATSON.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July, 1871.

Bro. Wheelock:

I observe upon the margin of my last paper two blue marks, or symbols, which I interpret to mean two papers, the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and Lyceum Banner.

The symbols being round and two in number, I also read as meaning two dollars.

With this understanding I forward the same to you, with my best wishes for the success of your noble enterprise.

Fraternally yours, P. I. CLUM.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 11, 1871.

Bro. Wheelock:

My attention was called yesterday to your article in the SPIRITUALIST, under date of July 15th, in which you allude to Mrs. Morrison, of Oswego, (the blind medium), and publish the communications received through her organism from Sarah Hall and James Tone, who went to spirit-life from this city. I can vouch for the perfect accuracy of both these communications. Am acquainted with Mr. S. C. Hall, the father of Sarah; with the parents of Jas. Tone I became acquainted in 1832, and have known the family up to the present time. J. T. and my only son were both employed in contiguous banks here, and a cordial intimacy existed between them for years before the decease of the former.

Reading the statements James requested you to publish, and not knowing personally whether some of them were literally true or not, I resolved to call at once on the mother and learn from her all the facts in the case. Mrs. T. was born and educated in the Catholic faith, and is a firm adherent to the teachings and practices of that church. Accompanied by my friend, Dr. J. C. Eaton,—favorably known in Cleveland years since, as a powerful healer, "a discerner of spirits," a well developed and reliable test medium, and whose Rooms at No. 8 Masonic Block, in this city, are visited by persons of first respectability and standing, as well as the lowly, seeking and obtaining valuable information in regard to intricate business transactions, and various matters pertaining to this and the life beyond,—we called on Mrs. T. at her spacious residence, 67 East Avenue, and received the fullest confirmation of every statement made to you by her son James, thus swelling the amount of incontestable proof furnished only by spiritual phenomena that man is immortal,—and

"That ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For the whole boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead."

R. G. MURRAY.

FORT DODGE, Iowa, July 2d, 1871.

Editors American Spiritualist:

As your paper comes to us every two weeks freighted with words of cheer from other localities so perhaps a few items from this portion of the great spiritual vineyard may serve as "crumbs of comfort" to some of the many wayfarers along the pathway of life.

"Human nature is akin," they say, and true it is our needs and our experiences are much the same. I have not much to tell you of our Society, having only a Lyceum in working order. Our Pre ident, Mr. Henry, has furnished a Hall free for the past three or four years, with the exception of a few dollars paid him last winter by the Lyceum; and he is willing to do that, and even more, if those that call themselves Spiritualists would avail themselves of his liberality and show interest on their part. Why is it that there is so much lukewarmness on the part of Spiritualists? I can see but one reason—I might say two, one dependent on the other: Church organizations are so expensive now that everybody is tired of the burden, and so soon as they grow out of the church they stop paying for preaching. We have no organization by which we can extort money, and consequently get but little; it will be better by and by.

Our Methodist friends are all beggars from the oldest to the youngest. Once a year, at least, a whole army of Sunday School scholars are sent out to beg. They find their way into every business house, every office, shop and dwelling, with their "please give me five cents;" sometimes for one object, sometimes for another, but always to build up our Society. Perhaps this is a good way; it is certainly Orthodox.

We enjoyed a fine treat a few weeks since in a course of lectures by Mrs. Bell Chamberlain, of Minn. The subjects were presented by a committee chosen by the audience, and were handled with great skill. The logic was forcible, the language well chosen, and the ideas advanced very aptly illustrated.

Mrs. C. is a clairvoyant, too, describing persons and scenes with great accuracy. Her description of spirits seen in the lecture Hall were nearly all recognized. Mrs. C. came to us a stranger, but she left with hosts of friends. There was quite a good attendance at her lectures; many persons who had never been at the hall before, came out to hear her and were well pleased.

Hoping, as the months roll along, to be able to greet other lecturers, I remain yours truly, A. M. S.

Continued from 7th page.

years. Then the controlling intelligences told them they were going to leave them for a season, to open tangible communications with the world—the Gentile world of materialists and doubting christians. And after affirming that he knew Spiritualism to be a fact—a present scientific fact, demonstrating a future existence, he closed by telling the friends present that the eighteen Societies and seventy Shaker communities in America were all Spiritualists. Elder F. W. Evans is to deliver a lecture Sunday evening in St. George's Hall, upon "Religious Communism." Hepworth Dixon will occupy the chair. Several members of Parliament are expected to occupy seats upon the platform. In Mrs. Dixon we saw just our ideal of a true English woman. Mrs. De Morgan is a woman of great refinement and large culture. Her volume entitled "From Matter to Spirit" did honor to the truth. The chief joy of her life centers in Spiritualism.

#### INDIA IN LONDON.

Southern Asia cradled the ancient religions. They rolled westward in waves of living inspiration. The Hindoo religion in a modified form is about to have a foot-hold in this Metropolitan city of the world. The *Bombay Gazette* tell us that in Joonaghur Kattywar "a meeting of influential high-caste natives was recently held, in which it was resolved to raise a subscription for the purpose of encouraging and assisting young Hindoos who desire to visit England with the object of finishing their education, and that a temple of Hurkeshwur Mahadew be erected in London out of the fund. About a lac of rupees was set apart for the purpose, and subscriptions are going forward in earnest."

An agent is now in the city to decide upon the location. Think of it—a Pagoda—a Hindoo Temple of worship in London! The young Hindoos now in the city usually attend upon the Sunday ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Conway. We counted five in his church last Sunday. None of them accept Trinitarianism. Jesus was "one of the world's saviors," say they. Thursday of last week we listened to a temperance speech from Baboo Sasipada Banerjee of the Brama Somaj school in India. He is on a mission to drunken London. "My people as a general thing," said he, "avoid meats and all strong drinks; but the standard has been lowered since our connection with the English of this country." What a comment upon a self-righteous, boasting Christianity!

#### PLEASE REMEMBER!

We take this method to whisper just a confidential word or two into the confidential ear of EVERY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS, whose SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE, to PLEASE remember—REMEMBER—REMEMBER that we WANT, NEED, and MUST have the MONEY! We want it NOW. One subscription is but a trifle to one individual. A number of such trifles to individuals, becomes a matter of GREAT MOMENT to us!

We now find names of several subscribers on our books who have given no heed to the "blue stamp" on the margin of their paper, making their subscription *over due some weeks!* We doubt not this is simply neglect.

PLEASE REMEMBER, then, and SEND us the MONEY AT ONCE. A. A. W.

#### JUST ISSUED.

That beautiful little book of Dialogues and Recitations, written by Mrs. Shepard, is now ready for sale. It is just the thing for Lyceums. All Lyceums have felt the great need of such a book as this. Send for it at once. The price is exceedingly low—plain cloth, substantially bound, 50 cents; embossed with gold lettering, 75c. Postage 8c. Only 2000 printed. First orders first served. A. A. W.

#### Personal and Local.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge is expected to arrive in this country this week. She sailed from Liverpool Aug. 10th. Spiritualists all over the country will rejoice that she has returned to us again to make her home here. We are in receipt of English papers giving an account of the generous testimonial given her by her many friends in London on the eve of her departure. We shall give our readers a full account of it in our next issue.

In behalf of thousands of her warm friends and admirers in this country, we welcome her to America and to her home in the hearts of American Spiritualists.

The *Banner of Light* in publishing an abstract of Mr. Wheelock's address delivered at the Harwich Camp Meeting, Sunday afternoon, says:

Mr. A. A. Wheelock, editor and active conductor of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, has made a most favorable impression during his present eastern visit, both as a gentleman, whose courteous bearing and devotion to the cause he advocates, commands equal respect in private as in public life, and also as a clear, philosophical speaker.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress of North Collins, N. Y., is being held at Hemlock Hall, Brant, N. Y., commencing yesterday and closing to-morrow. We received an extended notice of the meeting, but too late for our last issue.

Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a call the other day on his way East. He has been actively engaged in the West for several months, and has now gone into Pennsylvania. Will spend the time there and in N. Y. State until the National Convention at Troy.

Mrs. Abby E. Cutter, a lecturer on Woman's Rights, Physiology, &c., to Ladies, expects to come West, and will engage to speak on the above subjects wherever the friends will give her an opportunity. Address, AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST Office.

N. Frank White's address is Seymour, Ct. He is ready to make engagements for the fall and winter. Societies wanting an eloquent and instructive speaker will do well to give him an early call.

E. S. Wheeler has been doing a good work in Stafford Springs, Conn., for a month past. His lectures are always full of meat.

#### NOTICE.

The time for holding the Union Picnic in this city has been changed from the 16th to the 19th of September, to give the delegates to the National Convention at Troy, N. Y. time to arrive here. It is hoped that they will be present in full force. Every exertion will be made to make the Picnic a success. Several Lyceums have already promised to be here in a body, and others will send delegations. Suitable accommodations are guaranteed to all friends of the cause who may be present.

Another reason for the postponement is that the 16th is the last day of the Northern Ohio Fair and it is impossible to procure reduced car rates for the Lyceums on that day.

Spiritualists papers, please copy.

#### The Ohio State Convention.

This Convention of the Spiritualists of the State promises to be one of the most successful. Eminent speakers are engaged to be present, among whom are Giles B. Stebbins, Cephas B. Lynn, O. L. Sutliff, Prof. E. Whipple, Mrs. Hope Whipple, Mrs. Thompson, and others. We regard these meetings as chiefly beneficial as social reunions, where the friends in a common cause become better acquainted and united in closer fraternal bonds.

All who are interested in the spiritual movement should unite with the convention and make it a pentecostal time.

#### Ashley Hall Fund.

The following donations have been received for the rebuilding of the hall in Ashley. Among them is more than one "widow's mite." We thank all who have thus contributed for the Ashley friends, and hope many more will be found ready to assist them:

George Hosmer, Boston, Mass.	- - -	\$5.00
E. C., Philadelphia, Pa.	- - -	2.00
J. Crosby, Catonsville, Md.	- - -	10.00
A Friend, Washington, D. C.	- - -	25
John Feather, Manchester, Mich.	- - -	10
T. M. Watson & G. W. Williams, Whitewater, Wis.	- - -	1.00
J. B. B., Milwaukee, Wis.	- - -	25
E. Rooney, Golden City, Colorado Ter.	- - -	1.00
Julia A. H. Colby, Marshfield, Mo.	- - -	25
A. G. Wolcott, Wyandotte, Kansas,	- - -	1.00
A. H. Frank, Buffalo, N. Y.,	- - -	1.00
A Spiritualist, New Orleans, La.	- - -	25
Mrs. Margaret Mans. Butts, Chicago, Ill.	- - -	1.00
L. Kendall, Groton, N. H.	- - -	50
W. W. Billmire, Osborn, O.	- - -	50
C. Hostetter, Middlebury, Ind.	- - -	1.00
Total,	- - -	\$25.10

#### Lyceum Picnic.

The annual Union Picnic of the Ohio Lyceums is to be held in Cleveland, Sept. 19th. It will undoubtedly be much larger than any heretofore held, and a grand time is anticipated by all who intend taking part in it. Let all the Lyceums that can, be here in full force, and every one come that can who is not connected with a Lyceum, and see what a fine institution they are and how much the children enjoy themselves when they meet in this way. C. I. Thatcher has charge of the arrangements, and every one knows that what he undertakes always goes off finely.

#### Trial Subscribers.

We propose to make the following generous offer to our friends for trial subscribers to the remaining half of Volume 4:

For a Club of five new subscribers,	- - -	\$ 3 00
" " " ten " "	- - -	5 00
" " " twenty " "	- - -	10 00

And a copy of "Arcana of Spiritualism" to the one who obtains the Club of twenty.

A. A. W.

POS. AND NEG. POWDERS.—Read Prof. Spence's adv't in another column and send to him, or to this office, for the Powders, if you have any disease they will cure.

#### MEDIUMS AND SPEAKERS' CONVENTION AT LEROY, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers and others, will be held at Starr or Central Hall, Le Roy, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2nd and 3rd, commencing at 10 o'clock each day.

The New York State Spiritualists Association holds its annual session on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, in connection with this quarterly convention.

Let there be a general attendance from all parts of Western New York. The halls are commodious, the facilities for arriving there by railway ample, and the rich experiences of our past conventions furnish sufficient guarantee for the success of the present.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

	J. W. SEAVER,	} Com.
	GEO. W. TAYLOR,	
July 29, 1871.	A. E. TILDEN.	

#### GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Shalersville, Mantua and Freedom townships will hold their Annual Meeting the last Sunday in August, in Truman Vaughn's Grove, two miles east and one mile west of Mantua Station, Ohio.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer of Baltimore, and other speakers are engaged. All are invited.

P. S. There will be no meeting last Sunday of July as was advertised. D. M. KING.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists will be held in the village of Le Foy, Genesee county, N. Y., on Saturday, September 2, 1871, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue two days if thought expedient.

Each local Association of Spiritualists in the State, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Friends of Progress are entitled to, and earnestly requested to send two delegates, and an additional delegate for each fifty members, and fractions of that number over the first fifty.

The delegates to represent this State in the next Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists to be held in the city of Troy, N. Y., on the 12th day of September next, will be appointed at this meeting.

It is hoped and earnestly desired that each active society of Spiritualists and Children's Lyceums, in the State, will at once forward to the Secretary at Rochester, N. Y., the name of each Society and Lyceum, its location and number of members. Also, the names and address of such persons as may be desired for delegates from such localities, in order to enable the Convention to select the proper number of delegates, properly distributed throughout the State, as this is the only channel through which the delegation from this State can be received in the National Convention of the American Association, according to the provisions of its Constitution, and also its published call for the Convention.

J. W. SEAVER, President.

P. I. CLUM, Secretary.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 1871.

Ohio State Association of Spiritualists

Will hold its Fifth Annual Convention on the first Saturday and Sunday of September next, in Roberts' Hall, Milan, O., commencing at 11 a. m. Each local Society and Children's Progressive Lyceum is entitled to four delegates, and two additional for each fifty members, or fractional after the first fifty.

Important business will come before the Convention, and every Society and Lyceum in the State is earnestly requested to send a full delegation.

The well known and tried hospitality of the Milan Society is extended to all delegates, who will be provided with homes, as far as possible.

Eminent speakers are expected, who will be duly announced, and a cordial invitation is extended to all speakers and mediums; to all Spiritualists and Liberalists, to meet and renew their strength at this annual reunion.

Milan is situated three miles from Norwalk, on the Lake Shore R. R., and all trains are met by the hacks.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Pres't,  
GEO. W. WILSON, Rec. Sec'y,

EMMA TUTTLE, Cor. Sec'y.

Eighth National Convention.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days.

Each active State or Territorial organization of Spiritualists, within the limits of the United States of America, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members of such organization, and of each working local society, and each Progressive Lyceum within the boundaries of such State or Territory, provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory—Each Province of the American Continent shall be entitled to one delegate for each working Association within its limits, and the District of Columbia shall be entitled to two delegates.

Each active local Society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province, which has no General Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These associations are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof.

H. T. CHILD, M. D., Sec'y, HANNAH F. M. BROWN, Pres't,  
634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. Chicago, Ill.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Grafton and vicinity will hold a Grove Meeting on Saturday and Sunday, August 26th and 27th, in a grove opposite the residence of Duke Mennell, situate one mile west and one-half mile north of Grafton Centre, Lorain county. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson and other able speakers will be in attendance.

Lecturers' Appointments.

Mrs. S. M. Thompson will speak in the Free Church at La-Grange Centre, Lorain County, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday ev'gs, August 26th and 27th, 1871.

Bro. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, will lecture in Clay, N. Y., Sunday, August 27th, both forenoon and afternoon, and will also give a temperance address in the evening of the same day, in the M. E. Church of Clay.

THE REVIEWER.

What and where is the Spirit-World? A Lecture delivered before the semi-annual Convention of the Michigan Association of Spiritualists, at East Saginaw, June 11th, 1871. By Dr. George A. Lathrop. Northwestern Publishing Co., Chicago. pp33, paper; price, 25c.

A Lecture of more than ordinary ability, abounding in scientific illustration. The new theory of the Correlation of Forces, arrayed against immortality by the Materialists, is here most happily brought to bear incontrovertible evidence in favor of the future existence of man.

DOGMAIC AND REAL RELIGION. By James G. Clark.

This is the third tract published by the Syracuse Radical Club. Mr. Clark enjoys a wide and deserved reputation as a vocalist, and composer of some of the most exquisite songs of our language. Few Liberalists know how broad and deep are his reformatory convictions. This tract is his earnest protest against dogmatic Christianity. He says, "Dogmatic Christianity may be summed up in these words: War against Nature." "Like every relic of despotism; like every insult to reason; like every repudiator of God's image in human nature, it must die and sleep in an unhonored grave."

Never was truer sentiment than the following: "We hear it asked if doctrinal zeal can, in this country, be fanned into war. I answer, *mix it with state matters and see.*" \* \* \* The same spirit which dares in the name of God to curse a fellow-man in 'all his members,' will, if backed by civil power, destroy him. \* \* \* The blunder in Protestantism is in asking government to favor, even in the most vague and remote sense, any conviction of church and state.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Club will scatter these tracts broadcast, and liberalists cannot do a better act than assisting in their dissemination.

SPIRITUALISM A TEST OF CHRISTIANITY, or the True Believer and his work. A Lecture, by D. W. Hull.

This work has recently been published by the Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., No. 166 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., and is for sale at their office. We do not know the price of the pamphlet, but it cannot be expensive, and it would be well for every Spiritualist to have two or three copies to circulate among their neighbors.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Lewis French, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio, August 17th, 1871, by Rev. W. Day, Set: M. Burnham and Miss Clara H. Dunton, both of Painesville, Ohio.

OBITUARY.

Passed to Spirit-Life from the Earth home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wheeler, of Groton, N. Y., July 15th, 1871, Lynn H. Wheeler, aged 16 years.

In the early, sudden and unexpected departure of this excellent and noble young man, have the hearts of parents and many friends been made sad. The only child of two loving and harmonious beings, he received from his introduction into this world the best of attention and instruction that love could impart. He, with his parents, had not only faith, but knowledge in the life beyond this dim and infant state of existence, and as he approached the boundary of this mortal life, sweet and heavenly music from the other side saluted and cheered him on his journey, and in his passage to the summer land of immortality, from which he has already made several convincing and satisfactory visits to his sorrow stricken parents.

His funeral was attended from his late residence on the 17th inst. by a large concourse of people, including the Progressive Lyceum of McLean, of which he had been an active and honored member. A comforting and consoling spiritual address was given on the occasion by Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., after which the new made grave in McLean cemetery received with roses and flowers, as well as with tears, the earth-form of the beloved Lynn H. Wheeler.—Com

A RARE CHANCE!

A PARTNER WANTED, with from \$8,000 to \$10,000 capital, to engage in the manufacture and sale of a "popular medicine," which has been thoroughly and very successfully used during the past ten years.

The proprietor can satisfy any one that with proper advertising a VERY LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY can be realized from this business, as the real merits of this medicine "alone" have introduced it through the States of New York, Vermont, Maine, Wisconsin and Michigan, from whence orders are duplicated every few months.

For further particulars enquire of the MANAGING EDITOR of this paper.

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[This list is published gratuitously. It will be extended as fast as those interested notify us of its reliability. Will those concerned keep us posted?]

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THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

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Bratenahl Block, (Up-stairs.)

A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor.

The Managing Editor will answer calls for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies and attend Funerals.

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3	2.50	3.50	4.50	6.50	8.50	10.50	12.50	14.50	16.50	18.50	20.50	22.50	24.50	26.50	29.16
4	3.25	4.50	5.75	8.00	10.25	12.50	14.75	17.00	19.25	21.50	23.75	26.00	28.25	30.50	36.24
5	4.00	5.50	7.00	9.50	12.00	14.50	17.00	19.50	22.00	24.50	27.00	29.50	32.00	34.50	43.32
6	4.75	6.50	8.25	11.00	13.75	16.50	19.25	22.00	24.75	27.50	30.25	33.00	35.75	38.50	50.40
7	5.50	7.50	9.50	12.50	15.50	18.50	21.50	24.50	27.50	30.50	33.50	36.50	39.50	42.50	57.48
8	6.25	8.50	10.75	14.00	17.25	20.50	23.75	27.00	30.25	33.50	36.75	40.00	43.25	46.50	64.56
9	7.00	9.50	12.00	15.50	19.00	22.50	26.00	29.50	33.00	36.50	40.00	43.50	47.00	50.50	71.64
10	7.75	10.50	13.25	17.00	20.75	24.50	28.25	32.00	35.75	39.50	43.25	47.00	50.75	54.50	78.72
11	8.50	11.50	14.50	18.50	22.50	26.50	30.50	34.50	38.50	42.50	46.50	50.50	54.50	58.50	85.80
12	9.25	12.50	15.75	20.00	24.25	28.50	32.75	37.00	41.25	45.50	49.75	54.00	58.25	62.50	92.88
13	10.00	13.50	17.00	21.50	26.00	30.50	35.00	39.50	44.00	48.50	53.00	57.50	62.00	66.50	100.00

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Subscribers will please understand that when they see our "office stamp" upon the margin of their paper, in blue ink, it is the only notice we give that the time of their subscription has expired! It is also a special invitation from the Managing Editor, to have each one renew promptly.

Our Cleveland city subscribers will please take notice of the above, and also that there is 26 cents additional due from them, to pay for their postage, which we are obliged by law to pay, before mailing their papers.

A. A. W.

Agents for the American Spiritualist

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Norwalk	7.32	8.03	4.52	9.12	
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## Added Truths.

BY D. C. A.

Nature makes this just demand,  
The amelioration of human rights,  
Which are prostrate at sectarian command,  
Kept abased by interest and might.

Enveloped by fanatical darkness  
The free-born mind is enslaved,  
As ignorance makes the best fortress  
In which clerical banners may wave.

Affections that man never possessed  
Are made in alloy with his nature;  
This error has soothed him to rest  
And taught him he needed a preacher.

This mistaken conceiving must fade  
When right shows a different way,  
Protect nature in perfection as made,  
Let calumny do what it may.

Inhale not Bible aroma,  
Make wisdom a heavenly beacon;  
Arouse from sectarian coma  
And widely disseminate reason.

No longer your feelings suppress;  
Your reason improve and preserve;  
In public fear not to confess  
God in nature alone you will serve,

Who we trust has planned out a future  
Full of happiness yet unrevealed,  
Where hangs earth's family picture,  
Each countenance plain unconcealed,—

The whole drawn out by that Father  
Whose immaculate goodness will tell,  
In that great day of our future,  
Man only was author of Hell.

Then strive to remove this dejection,  
Let bigotry teach as it may,  
Seek only kind nature's protection  
And fear not the coming affray,

For God residing in matter  
Will unchanging in grandeur appear,  
Our sect-bound reason unfetter,  
And allay every biblical fear.

## Lyceum Banners.

G. Smithers, Musical Director of the Toledo Lyceum, writes us the following in regard to the elegant new Banner which they have recently purchased:

Harry J. Kellogg has just completed a beautiful Banner for our Lyceum, of which I will give you a brief description:

The Banner is 40 by 54 inches; the field is of heavy, dark blue silk, lined with buff, with an elegant oval painting in the center, representing a scene in the Summer-Land just after a shower; children playing in the foreground, and a bright rainbow is seen in the middle distance, one end losing itself in the foliage. Over the scene, in gold letters, is the words—Toledo, Ohio, and beneath is the word—Lyceum. An Olive branch in gold adorns each side of the painting. The banner is trimmed with heavy silver lace and tassel fringe. At the top is a drapery of rich green silk, looped in the center with a carving representing the sun with its golden rays. Silver cord and tassels are festooned from each side to the center of the banner. On each end of the cross bar is a gold acorn, and from each hang silver cord and tassels. At the extreme tip of the staff sits perched a beautiful carved dove, holding in its beak an Olive wreath. The staff is of highly polished Ash, with cuplet in the center that it may be taken apart for convenience. The banner taken all together is the most elegant that could be imagined, and does great credit to the skill and superior workmanship of the artist. Its total cost was \$100.

In addition to the above, we have a magnificent banner for the guardian, which was made by Mrs. W. G. Smithers, leader of Lake group, which with dust and rain covers for both banners, cost about \$16. All this money was raised by voluntary subscription of the officers, leaders and members of our Lyceum and Society.

"They do play such lovely sacred music at my daughter's," said a pious but deaf old lady. "There is one piece in particular that is so solemn and devotional, 'The soul bereft will find me.'" What she did hear was, "The girl I left behind me."

## Paragraphic.

It is a fine thing to be able to ripen without shriveling; to reach the calmness of age and still keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

Drunkenness is the great evil of the world. You will never remove it until you have organized better pleasures for the poor, especially those pleasures which should make drunkenness a slower affair.—*Arthur Helps.*

That is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power or place, honor or fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty.—*Self-Help.*

One of the numerous guide-books for the French soldiers in Germany, contained a prayer for soldiers in war time, in which occurred the following devout sentence: "Forget not Thou good God that in aiding France Thou defendest, at the same time, Thy Holy Church, whose eldest daughter is France!"

A clergyman in preparing his discourse on Sunday stopped occasionally to review what he had written and to erase what he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son who had numbered but five summers: "Father does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my son." "Then what makes you scratch it out!"

Love is the essence of divinity sparkling through the dust of mortality, bathing its object of attraction with an undying luster. This baptism is friendship. Strongest, purest, deepest, when most needed.—*Mrs. M. S. T. Hoadley.*

To every man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprises, when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think he alone has dark hours. They are the touch stones to try whether we are current metal or not.

The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of tongues. But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles. Let him hush.—*Emerson.*

There is a three year-old colored girl at Horn Lake, Miss., who has grey hairs on her head, and who presents the appearance of an old woman. She possesses a wonderful memory. Without knowing a single letter in the book, she can spell correctly any word in the English language that has ever been spelled in her hearing, and even words that she never heard before, she spells phonetically, leaving out no letter that is not silent when the word is pronounced.

Elder Knapp, who is preaching in Springfield, Mass. at present, stated in a recent sermon that he had no doubt his first wife had gone to hell with other Universalists, and continuing in that strain he waxed so hot that one man started to leave. Thereupon the Elder exclaimed, "there goes another man to hell," when he was met with the response, "Yes, have you any message to send your wife?" This scene is represented to have actually occurred.

Uncle Sam, a down East farmer, known far and wide by his patriotic title, had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sundays, but after a while this Sabbath breaker joined the church. One day our friend met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P—since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday he carried his ax on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat."

## THE YEAR BOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.

Our initial volume for 1871, presenting, so far as possible, the general status of Spiritualism for the year, has met with unexpected success. The public mind was ripe for the book. That it has been criticised both justly and unjustly, is true; and yet, it has met with a very cordial acceptance in this country and Europe. The sales have been extensive.

While we shall retain in the next volume the general features of the first, we shall endeavor to make it more comprehensive and superior in every way. We have secured able, biographical sketches of several of the most conspicuous of the early receivers of Spiritualism—such as Robert Hare, Robert Owen, John Pierpont, and others. The memory of these Fathers should be preserved, together with the striking evidences by which they were convinced of Spiritualism.

We shall greatly enlarge our record of facts, as they are the basis of our philosophy and of universal interest. Essays on subjects pertaining to Spiritualism have been promised by the best thinkers in our ranks in Europe and America; so that this department will equal the high standard of excellence attained in the first volume. One of the editors intends visiting England the ensuing summer for the express purpose of gathering material for the European department.

Friends—The volume for 1871 presents you with the results of last year's work. By it you see what are the demands for the Year Book of 1872. This important work is not ours, but yours; therefore, we ask—plead for your assistance. In order to make the Year Book as complete as possible, we address this Circular personally to every Spiritualist in the world, requesting them individually to assist us in perfecting our task, that it may be a correct representation of the present status of Spiritualism. We especially desire all mediums to write us, stating the character of their mediumship, facts, &c., and to hear from all public lecturers, and from any one who is interested in the advancement of the cause.

All correspondence or books for review in this country should be addressed to Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. All correspondence from England or the Old World should be addressed to J. M. Peebles, Cleveland, Ohio.

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