

The Ohio Spiritualist.

Organ of the
STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

"CHARITY FOR ALL:—MALICE TOWARD NONE."

Published Weekly.
\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 1.

CLEVELAND, O., SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1868.

NO. 12.

Every line of The Ohio Spiritualist is original unless otherwise designated.

THE FOUR GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN.

Four little girls! they were playing in glee,
Under the shade of an old arbor tree,
When an angel swept down from the azure skies,
And the children looked up with wondering eyes.
He blest them, and said in the tenderest voice,
"It is mine, little blossoms, to give you a choice:
So ask for the best which your wisdom may know,
And mine is the pleasure and power to bestow."

Then she with the black eyes said, "Beauty for me,"
And she with the hazel said, "Wealthy I'd be;"
The one with the gray cried, "Ah, fame for my part,"
And she with the blue, "Give me goodness of heart."
Then the angel smiled sweetly, and said, "It shall be,"
And floated away in the deep airy sea.

The fleet years flew onward, and brought to the four
The answering gifts from the angelic shore;
With each came the shadow attendant on bliss,
For we cannot taste joy and its bitter side miss.

The beauty was dazzling, but guided by mind,
To her faults and her foibles lamentably blind;
She lived like a butterfly blown by the wind
Hither and thither the roses to find.

And she who chose riches more wealthy became
Than Croesus of old; and I say, too, her shame,
That she wed with her hand, and no part of her heart,
And she saw, as her wealth grew, her joy-light depart.

The gray eyes were crowned with the laurels of fame,
The great world grew hoarse as it shouted her name;
But sad were the hours and o'erfreighted with pain,
And vanished the reaper who garnered this grain.

But she who chose goodness, not only was blest,
But found with that treasure she had all the rest!
It made the form lovely; it gave every grace,
And spread the veil beautiful over the face.
It drew to her friendship and ferventest love;
Her guardians were angels, most pure, from above.
Her life was unblemished, and worthy of fame,
And the whole world delighted to honor her name.
Ah! ye who are wanting a magical art
To make you most lovely—try goodness of heart.

The Spiritualist.

PREVENTION OF CRIME.

ONE of the recent questions before the Cleveland Lyceum, "What is the best means for doing away with crime?" elicited much thought and an unusual number of answers. This inquiry constitutes the problem of the ages, and every grade of mind has labored for its solution, from the earliest historic period, and before, no doubt, down to this hour. The desire to satisfactorily answer this question in practical life is the soul of all improvement, the animus of the million activities that surround us.

Human opinion and effort touching this subject, though greatly diversified in its subdivisions, has two leading aspects—the one looking toward individual, personal improvement as the only remedy for crime in society, and the other seeking through the strengthening and perfecting of institutions to reform the individual constituents of the body politic. These two aspects are well represented in history by the Catholic and Protestant elements in Christianity, and to-day on a larger scale by Modern Christianity as a whole and Modern Spiritualism. The former relies upon institutions, upon books, churches, creeds, laws, as the primary instrumentalities for human elevation, asserting that there is no power within the individual equal to the work of his redemption; the latter as distinctly declares the reverse—that "institutions were made for man, not man for institutions," and that all external establishments are at most but secondary aids to development. There is truth in both propositions, and, practically, either may be pushed to a hurtful extreme. For instance, to rely exclusively upon penal enactments for the doing away with crime would only secure its suppression—mark the word—for a time, to break out with increased fury. Prevention of latent crime is not enough for the philosophic reformer; nothing short of its removal from the breast of the individual can satisfy him. On the other hand, the removal of all external restraints and punishments by society from those sensuous unfortunates who have not grown to a perception of virtue and a controlling love for its practice, would lead at once to social anarchy, and individual injury.

There is a close correspondence between the individual and the community, or the nation, or the world, and both have been aptly compared to a piece of mechanism with which we are all familiar. In the infant nothing but vegetative or vital life is perceptible, the physical predominates so exclusively. For a long time every inherent mental quality is the servant of the physical, and obscured, moulded, controlled by it—just as the water when first put into the locomotive takes the shape, conforms to the

structure, is the veritable slave of, the engine which it is yet to assert its supremacy over and drive from country to country at its bidding. When the light of parental love has warmed into activity the latent energies slumbering within the infant mechanism, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," as it enters upon the journey of life, it goes forth continuously more and more obedient to those interior forces which it held in complete captivity! Whether its route to the Better Country be via the low bogs and dismal swamps of Whiskytown, Porkville and Jealousy, or along the high table land of Spirituality and Fraternity, rests with the track layers—the parents and society—but the propelling power, once undiscernable and now almighty, will not stop short of the Summer Land though hells should intervene. The stations of Superstition and Selfishness will be swept by, to be revisited by the return train of angelic ministrants, whose work it shall be to improve, adorn, reconstruct and rechristen every point from the Heavenly Terminus to the lowest station in Human Depravity. We are individually called to be assistants in this great work of Reform; and may we, in the spirit of a judicious eclecticism, unite willingly and self-sacrificingly in the work of lessening Crime and augmenting Virtue.

The nation, the world, too, is passing out of the infantile condition, is being controlled by, instead of controlling those spiritual laws which forevermore shall speed it along the pathway of Endless Progression.

THE SECULAR PRESS.

THE secular press rejects with scorn articles in defence of Spiritualism. Its moral standard is entirely too high to allow of such contamination. Wonderful Press! No; do not touch Spiritualism. Hold it up to obloquy and contempt. It is young and weak, and the wise of earth will laugh at your wit.

Let us look at this wonderfully pure press. Several columns of quack advertisements one would blush to read, and several columns devoted to full details of crimes, whose atrocities are heightened by the reporter's imagination; full particulars of prize-fights, rows, etc., *ad nauseam*. The morning papers are reeking with the slime of the villainy of the world. The weeklies are almost as bad in their way—the New York Ledger leading the train of "story" sheets, the most successful because the most vapid and sensational.

Journalism has a high and holy mission, but when thus prostituted its influence is most baleful, and inestimable for evil.

We do not blame the press for rejecting from its columns articles on Spiritualism. Such articles would appear like snowy pond-lilies blooming in the midst of the foul scum of stagnant morasses. We ask not this, but we do demand a reformation—the exclusion of disgusting details of crime, indecent advertisements, falsehoods published for sensation, the unscrupulous puffing of everything the editor is paid to notice, all of which have degraded it in the eyes of honest men.

NATIONAL LYCEUM CONVENTION.

At the Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Rochester, N. Y., August 25th to 28th, composed of delegates from fifteen States, the District of Columbia, and Canada, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we recommend to the Children's Progressive Lyceums to form State organizations, and from these a national organization, to hold periodical conventions, and that a committee of five be appointed to carry out that matter.

In pursuance of this, the committee have called The First National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, to be held at Horticultural Hall (Broad street above Spruce, in the city of Philadelphia, to commence on Thursday, the 28th day of November, at ten o'clock in the morning, and continue in session two days.

Each Progressive Lyceum on this Continent is invited to send two delegates, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members, and each State organization of Spiritualists is invited to send as many delegates as the State may have representatives in Congress. Where there is no State organization, each local organization of Spiritualists is invited to send two delegates. The days will be devoted to business; the first evening to a grand Lyceum exhibition; the second to a Soiree; the proceeds of which are to defray the expenses of the Convention. Free return tickets on the Pennsylvania Central or the Philadelphia & Erie railroads, good till Dec. 5th.

PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

A REVIEW OF SOME OLD THEORIES.

Richmond defines life as "a collection of phenomena which succeed each other during a definite time, in an organized body." This definition applies equally well to death as to life, for in the dead body changes go on in succession, as well as in the living. De Blainville defines it as "the two-fold internal movement of composition and decomposition, at once general and continuous," a definition which includes the entire mineral world, and makes a galvanic battery a living being. "Life," says Löwe, "is a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity." Spencer gives this in another form: "Life is a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive."

How completely these definitions fail will be seen if we suppose a philosopher, unacquainted with the phenomena of life, to apply any of them, and draw a conclusion as to what life really is. They all exclude its more refined mental and spiritual phenomena, and apply to mineral changes and mechanical contrivances, as well as to the complex manifestations of living beings. Conscious of its weakness, the latter author adds to his definition, making it stand thus: "Life is a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, corresponding with external coexistences and sequences." Thus completed, what idea does it convey of life, with its wonderful manifestations of intelligence and subtle workings of spirit? Cut out of the most concrete abstractions, it fails in distinguishing movements in a plant from those in a crystal. His illustration of the growth of a plant towards instead of away from the light, is against him, for solutions throw out crystals on the side where the light falls, rather than in the opposite direction.

Easy as the task appears of distinguishing between an oak, a lion and a stone, these representatives of three kingdoms insensibly fade at the borders of their dominions, and no subtle words can draw sharp boundary lines.

If it is difficult to define life, equally difficult is it to define death. The rule which would apply to everything below man, does not hold good with him. As his life stands in the way of all general expressions, so his death prevents a generalization in the definition of death. Ascending through all the lower forms of life, in his being the arch is complete, the structure stands firm, erect, beautiful, after the scaffolding of the body falls off. Death is change, is reorganization; with man it is immortal life.

Christians have connected everything revolting and terrible with Death. They have painted him as a ghastly skeleton upon a white horse, grasping a spear in his fleshless hand, or as a devouring monster.

They have the honor of originating these myths; there is nothing like them in the pagan world. The Greeks painted death as a beautiful sleeping child, or youth. In Eastern countries it is believed that death results from the love of some god, who snatches the spirit to heaven. The Lacedaemonians represented Death as asleep on a bed of down, watched by Morpheus and the Dreams. Death from drowning was imputed to love of the Nymphs, by whom the spirit was conducted under water to a beautiful place adorned with evergreens and flowers. All these myths shadow truth. The Pagan was as near it as the Christian. If Spiritualism render any service, it will be in sweeping away all these myths, and giving in their place a positive statement of spirit existence.

The spiritual body is an exact counterpart of the mortal, and constitutes, when separated from it, a perfect being, recognizable as the same as while in the body. The spirit has the exact form, size and expression of the physical body, and retains the same moral and intellectual faculties and culture.

Death has long been looked upon as a dreadful gulf, which divides the mortal life perhaps from oblivion—the vale of tears and sorrows, where man's noble faculties would perish in the darkness of eternity. Those who pretended to have full faith in the belief of the church, had little else but what has been described—a deep, everlasting sleep of mind in the cold earth.

A heavy veil of mist has hung over the rudimental sphere in regard to the great change all must meet when the body becomes worn and wasted, and they depart for the second sphere with these dreadful conceptions in their minds, and with dear friends and relations standing with minds full of terror at the approaching scene; the departing spirit approached that gulf, which when passed over it had been taught could not be repassed, and from the other side of which no traveler could return. With these dark clouds encompassing the departing spirit, death was feared as the fell destroyer of the race, and under those impressions the safe and easy journey was rendered tedious, and a real gulf of anguish.

The doctrine of the final resurrection of the body has prevented a true conception of death. No matter to what dogmas the devotees clung, in the finale all agreed in this. This belief is not dependent on Christianity; it extended throughout the ancient world. In Egypt, it was the death of Osiris by the malignant Typhon, and restoration to life by the lovely Isis, which was represented in religious festivals. In Syria it was Adonis, cut down in the bud of his age. Every year his death and resurrection were celebrated at Byphus, with magnificence. It lasted two days. The first was given to sorrow for his death, the second to universal rejoicing at his resurrection. In India, the same story is related, except that Adonis is Sita, the last consort of Mahadeva, whom he finds and bears with lamentations around the world. In Phrygia, Atys and Cybele were the personages of the myth. Atys, a beautiful shepherd boy, beloved of the mother of gods, suddenly dies, and she, frantic with grief, wanders over the world, scattering the blessings of agriculture. He is at last restored to her. Every year the assembled nations performed the drama with sobs and tears, succeeded with frantic demonstrations of joy. The Northmen constructed the same drama, but Atys became Baldur, their god of gentleness and beauty.

In the Druidic mysteries the initiate was led without words through the most terrible scenes, shadowing forth their belief in the transmigration of souls. He died, was buried, was resurrected. The priests enclosed him in a little boat, and set him adrift on the black, stormy waves, pointing him to a distant rock as the harbor of life.

Among the Incas of Peru, the mysteries were enacted with the horrible accompaniment of human sacrifice. The walls and floor of the obscurely lighted temple were washed with human blood. The initiate descended into the dark caverns under the temple along a path called the "path of the dead." Shadows fitted before him, and shrieked and wailed around him, sacrificial knives threatened him, and dreadful pitfalls and snares yawned before him. At last he reached a narrow fissure, through which he was thrust into the open air, and received by awaiting thousands with indescribable acclamations.

There existed among the most prominent North American Indian tribes, a dim and shadowy resemblance to these systems.

Christianity at its rise presented the aspect of a new Jewish sect, and through the apostolic age it was only the more liberal growth of the Jewish tree. In consequence, it imbibed the myths and dogmas of the Hebrew world, in a great degree. Among these dogmas was that of the resurrection of the body. Vague allusions are made to this doctrine in the New Testament. The phrase, "resurrection of the body," does not occur in the Scriptures, and is not referred to in any public creed, until the fourth century. This was not because the doctrine was not believed, but because it was so generally received, it was not mentioned. As soon as it was disputed, it was at once almost unanimously affirmed, and its disbelief was stigmatized as heresy. The uniform belief of all Christendom, from the time of the Apostles to the present, has been that the identical body of flesh, which we now possess shall be resurrected and again serve the spirit for habilitation. St. Augustine says, "Every man's body, however disposed here, shall be restored perfect in the resurrection," and his words have never been disputed by orthodox Christians.

Young, who is commonly classed with the poets, thus dolefully sings:

"Now charnels rattle; scattered limbs and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-moved advance, the neck, perhaps, to meet
The distant head, the distant head the feet.
Dreadful to view! See through the dusky sky,
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame."

How refreshing to turn from this disgusting scene of horrors, and listen to a song of truth:

"If lightning were the gross, corporeal frame
Of some angelic essence, whose bright thoughts,
As far surpassed in keen rapidity
The lagging action of his limbs, as doth
Man's mind his clay; with like excess of speed
To animated thought of lightning flies,
That spirit body o'er life's deeps divine,
Far past the golden isles of memory."

Mohammed engrafted this dogma into his theological system, and it is now taken in its literal sense by orthodox Moslems, though a powerful sect represent the heterodox idea of spiritualization. Through the middle ages, this doctrine prevailed, with only an occasional dissenting voice. It was supported by scholasticism, with subtle logic and metaphysical hair-splitting. "Science has shattered it to dust, but most conservative theologians still cling to it, and hold up its disgusting details as boldly and nauseatingly as ever." They contend that the example of Christ's resurrection proves the resurrection of all. A distinguished divine, Dr. Spring, writes: "Whether buried in the earth, or floating in the sea, or consumed by the flames, or enriching the battle field, or evaporating in the atmosphere, all, from Adam to the latest born, shall wend their way to the

great arena of the judgment. Every perished bone and every secret particle of dust shall obey the summons and come forth. If one could then look upon the earth, he would see it as one mighty, excavated globe, and wonder how such countless generations could have found a dwelling beneath its surface." When this doctrine is held up in its ugly deformity, its utter untractableness shown, and the keen edge of ridicule pointed against it, the Christian will spiritualize the whole scheme. He has no right to do so. The recognized authorities in theology receive the words literally, and it is heterodox to believe otherwise.

The resurrection of Christ proves the resurrection of all human bodies," says a distinguished theologian: "Christ rose in to heaven with his body of flesh and blood, and wears it there now, and will forever. Had he been there in body before, it would have been no such wonder that he should have returned with it, but that the flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone should be seated at the right hand of God, is worthy of the greatest admiration."

The Christian dogma of the resurrection of the body has its source in the wild speculations of Zoroaster the Persian lawgiver and prophet, and the dogmas of the Egyptian priesthood. It was adopted by the Jews, who in their close relations to that ancient people, were deeply impressed with the melodramatic outlines of this doctrine as taught at its source. The scheme ran thus: The good Ormuzd created man pure and happy, and to pass to a heavenly immortality, but the baleful Ahriman insinuated his hateful presence, and destroyed the plans of the Creator by introducing corruptions among mankind, to be expiated by disease and death of the body, and the consignment of the unclothed spirit to the terrible sufferings of hell.

But the great battle between the god of evil and good goes on unceasingly, and in the end the good shall triumph, and the evil one sink into discomfiture. All evil deeds will then be canceled, and the original order of things restored. Then all souls shall have their shattered bodies restored intact, and the grand march of creation commence anew.

If we substitute Satan for Ahriman, we have the Jewish doctrine complete. Satan corrupts mankind, for which they suffer death and the punishment of hell. The resurrection of the body restored man to his original condition of purity. In other words, God, the infinite and eternal spirit, came to earth, took on a human body, and ascended with it to heaven, and eternally retains the garments of flesh and blood, in order to teach man that in like manner his spirit will ascend. But Paul says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."

The church has misinterpreted the teachings of the gospel. You will not accuse me of desiring to uphold the infallibility of the bible. I wish to do it justice as a record of spiritual impressions and phenomena. Its teachings are filled with Spiritualism. Paul writes: "But some one will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what bodies do they come?" "Thou fool! that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be, but naked grain, and God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him." "There are celestial bodies and terrestrial bodies." "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." "Flesh and blood cannot inhabit the kingdom of God." "We shall all be changed, and bear the image of the heavenly, as we have borne the image of the earthly."

Let us look at the objections against the resurrection of the flesh, and the assigned reasons which render it a necessary part of the orthodox scheme of salvation. The dogma of a literal hell of fire being received, that of the resurrection is unavoidable, for fire and physical torture cannot apply to a disembodied spirit. The old body must be drawn from the tomb, and united with the spirit, that both together may suffer for sins that both together have committed. A living Presbyterian divine, in the fervor of his zeal for the welfare of sinners, exclaims: "The bodies of the damned in the resurrection shall be fit dwellings for their vile minds. With all those fearful and horrid expressions which every base and malignant passion wakes up in the human countenance, stamped upon it for eternity, and burned in by the flaming fury of their terrific wickedness, they will be compelled to look upon their own deformity, and to feel their fitting doom."

When the reasoner starts from wrong data, he runs as wild a course as the mathematician when he begins with wrong figures to work a problem. The admission of the dogma of hell brought about this one, still more absurd. If the body be resurrected, what body shall arise?—the body that died, or that which is possessed while in health? Physiologists affirm that the fleshy portions of the body change in from seven to thirty days; at the end of a year not a particle of the former body remains. If the body changes every month, we have twelve new bodies a year, and at three-score years and ten we have posses-

ed 840 bodies. At the final day, which shall be the honored seat of the soul? One has as good claim as the other. Perhaps all will be claimed—a theory for the flesh and spirit to suffer together for the sins committed together. And the miserable soul will possess a body as large as the writhing Titan, Tityrus, whose fabled body covered nine acres! If the last body be the honored one, and resurrected just as the spirit left it, as a major portion of mankind die by disease, what a loathsome assemblage must the last day present! In this case the saint will be obliged to drag his deformed body through eternity! The "Living Skeleton" must forever remain a skeleton; Daniel Lambert, the mammoth man, will weigh a half ton, either in one place or the other. The pale, sickly, cadaverous, deformed, remain pale, sickly, cadaverous, deformed, forever and ever. But Dr. Hitchcock evades the otherwise inexplicable difficulty by saying: "It is not necessary that the resurrected body should contain a single particle of the body laid in the grave, if it only contain particles of the same kind, united in the same proportion, and the compounds be made to assume the same form and structure as the natural body." What then became of the cardinal idea which renders resurrection necessary, the punishment of the sinful body? Such a resurrection would not at all meet the requirements and necessities. The explanation is a denial and desertion of the orthodox dogma, and more unreal than even that stupendous myth. It illustrates how entangled the philosopher becomes when he vainly attempts to harmonize science and theology. The device is a willful subterfuge to escape the difficulty; a forlorn hope of an expiring cause.

*Pearson on Creeds.
† The Resurrection of Spring, p. 26.

CALUMNY.

Be thou pure as ice, chaste as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny!—SHAKESPEARE.

Fact!—that is if you chance to be a reformer of any description whatever, particularly a Spiritualist. If you do not believe that all the church creeds and dogmas are just what they are preached up to be, then, my friend, look out, for the keen tongue of the "wicked calumniator" will dissect you, and present you to the world as a real anatomical curiosity, and a terror to reformers ever after. If your convictions of things are at all ultra, or in advance of the doctrines and opinions that were in vogue years ago, before this progressive world had attained its present state of enlightenment, when hell fire was in fashion and the devil in his prime; when ghosts and witches roamed the world at large, and fairies danced every night in the moonlight; before the light of science had taught mankind to reason and conclude properly. And if you infuse your convictions into practical life, you must expect, for you will not fail to receive, the disapprobation of those persons whose opinions come in contact with our own.

Why, my friend, supposing any of your professed friends choose to cut your acquaintance, and then say bitter things about you, because you have become a Spiritualist, and consequently an "infidel," would you weep your dear eyes out and sigh over false friends and "this inconstant world" in consequence of it? That would be exceedingly unphilosophical. Don't do it. Go off by yourself somewhere, and have a real good time "giving thanks" that the number of shallow pates you have to nod at is decreased.

You may as well hunt for a whale in the Mediterranean Sea, as for a person of talent or mental activity who has not been anathematized. For my own part, I cannot help considering the intended reproach a compliment. It certainly tells us we are making some impress upon the minds of our opposers, which stirs their souls to speech. I am inclined to think there is more hope of reforming those individuals who pay attention enough to us to talk about us, than of those who take everything perfectly calm, and rely with implicit confidence upon the omnipotence of the devil, and his power to seize and destroy us without any of their assistance.

Why, bless you, friend! do not look so downcast because some shadowed heart has breathed malicious things concerning you. What harm can it do you? It may, perhaps, for a day, darken your reputation, but your real character it cannot touch. That is in your own hands. You yourself may mar its purity, but the calumniator never can. No, no! the slanderer cannot shadow your true character any more than he can pluck the wreath of purity from an angel's brow. It is holy territory, over which you yourself hold absolute sway. It is sacred soil, which no tyrant can invade, and upon which no monster may rattle his chains. Oh, 'tis sweeter far to bear the assurance of conscious purity within the breast, and endure the bitter things that those who hate what to us is truth may utter, than to outrage our own God-given sense of right, and shape each thought, word and action to tickle their false notions.

Yes, yes! let my soul bask in the glorious sunlight of freedom! Heaven excuse me from measuring my actions by the opinions of any person. Let my soul roam unfettered through the bowers of conscious purity and innocence; let the invigorating beams of truth gleam upon me; let me be cheered by the smiles of an approving God, and I care not what the world may say. I shall have that within my heart its flatteries cannot bestow, nor its frowns chase away. Brother, Sister, have you wearied in meeting the cold "avalanche of opposing minds?" Smile, and look heavenward! You will there meet many answering smiles. The shining sape of a

host of answering spirits who labored here in the form, in past ages, will beam sympathetically upon you, and they will shed into your soul a holy influence which will linger long after you turn again to earth. Never despair because public opinion does not smile on you. I tell you, we shall all have more than one battle to fight with that grim monster before the world will be reformed.

Trust in thyself! Work, plan, decide, act, hope on, until, looking through faith's starry canopy, you see the day, not far in the future, when that ever-opposing monster will be subdued. Glorious day! Then will the angelic hosts join in chanting harmonious anthems of rejoicing; for how many pure aspirations are sacrificed at its unholy shrine; how many of the heart's holiest feelings are crucified upon its crimson cross!

PHENOMENAL.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.—The wonderful and rapid developments in the presence of Mr. Peter West, are of such a character as to surprise even the medium. A few evenings since entering his room he lazily set his hat on the stove. In a few moments it bounded down upon the floor, like a thing of life, and began hopping along towards him. When near him it began to raise as if to go upon his head. But Mr. W. was taken by surprise and before he knew what he was about he stretched out his hand and knocked the impertinent hat back upon the floor.

We spent a few minutes at his rooms, a few evenings since and saw the table rise several inches clear off the floor, heard raps, great and small without number, felt the shaking produced by invisibles, got writing upon the slate, all in a lighted room, much of which was startling.

Having had our wallet stolen lately, with the few dollars that was in it, we wrote on a small slip of paper and rolled it up in a pellet, as follows: What did we lose the other night? Without answering the question he placed his hand over the writing concealed from his view by several thicknesses of paper, and which was written when he was out of the room, and repeated the exact words we had written; a clear and convincing test to us of his mediumistic powers.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CORSET-STRINGS.

BY HATTIE HATEFUL.

Don't draw your corset strings quite so tightly about your eighteen inch waist, young lady, although eighteen inches is a monstrous waist—it is a greater waste to throw away your health to secure a smaller one.

Perhaps you think the men admire a tiny waist that can be clasped with two hands. Not a bit of it! Men are sensible enough to know that God never made one woman without lungs and heart inside her ribs; and if the place where those organs should be is reduced to a quarter part the natural size, they are also sensible enough to know that the lungs and heart must be somewhere, and if they are squeezed from their natural position, the next question is, "where are they?"

It is just like this, girls: Thousands of you are every day lacing up a nice little bundle for the angel of death to take away. It is your lie that you are drawing the fatal cords about! With your own white hands you are straining at the bands that must hurry you from earth. Every time you tighten your corset strings beyond the drawing of a free natural breath that will expand your lungs to the utmost, you are drawing your own life within the natural limits. You are killing yourself to follow a senseless fashion. You laugh at the foolish negro woman who must measure six feet about the waist to be considered fit for matrimony; but I tell you every black negro woman of them is more sensible than yourself, who tighten the fatal strings until there is nothing left of a natural waist but a backbone, the tip ends of two ribs, a scrap of cuticle, and eight strips of whalebone.

Just as though God did not know what he was about when he cut out the pattern for his Eve! Just as if you knew better than your Maker how many inches your waist ought to measure. When you can manufacture the lungs, heart and other organs about which you draw the corset strings, it will be time enough to make a whalebone basket to hold them, but while God makes the body, do give Him a chance to suit Himself about the size of the waist. It is of little consequence that your father or husband has a thousand dollars to pay the doctor, every little while.

No matter if your mother mourns over your failing health, and anxious friends sigh and whisper that you are falling into a decline. No matter if your life is cut short by the habit of tight lacing, if you can only show to your fashionable friends a waist six inches smaller than the average. Only think of it! A waist so small that it can be clasped with two hands! That is even better than wearing the smallest bonnet, and having four new ones a year, isn't it?

Gleason's Literary Companion.

Read "Calumny," "Corset-Strings," and "Our Meeting-House"—all excellent articles. We like this No. Do you?

The Spiritualist.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Editors and Proprietors.
H. O. HAMMOND, Office, 111 Superior St.
CLEVELAND, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, '68.

THE junior editor of this paper would say that while he wishes to greet personally all the friends of the cause from abroad, who may call at the office of THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST, as well as those resident in the city, and indeed would be sorry not to have these calls, such is the pressure of imperative duties upon him that general conversation and extended interviews cannot be had, neither can he often respond to invitations to attend circles, evening sociables and so forth. This explanation is made because certain parties have mistaken the brevity of his remarks with them for "coldness."

SHALL WE HAVE A COLLEGE?

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION has only two objects in view: placing Missionaries in the field and the erection of at least one National College. Now the question arises, is it time to move in the latter direction; are the Spiritualists of this country prepared to assume the responsibility of founding such an Institute of learning? We sincerely believe that they are. We believe that they are not only ready, but anxiously awaiting an opportunity. Look at our situation. We believe in mental freedom, and to gain it we have been obliged to withstand the shafts of scorn and hatred of an angry church we have deserted. We have learned by bitter experience how painful it is to shake off old beliefs and strike out into new paths. But we have done so, bearing scorn and jeers, and the questionings of a disturbed conscience unsatisfied of what was right, and now walk calmly in sunny paths. We know that we were moulded by our early education; we know had we been taught differently all this struggle would have been spared us. Yet, knowing this we send our children to schools where these errors (we know that they are errors, to our cost,) are taught as divine truths, and from day to day and year to year are kept before them.

A friend of ours sent his daughter, but a child, to a noted Institute east of this city. She was a member of the Lyceum, and had imbibed liberal views. The Principal of this Institute at once commenced looking after the interests of her soul, and not meeting with success, called in a clergyman. After he had labored awhile, he said: "Now, child, tell your story and I'll tell mine, and the one who tells the best story shall be believed." Think of it, Spiritualists! Send your daughters to be "finished" where a priest who has devoted his life-time to the study of mystification pits himself against their innocence! She could not bear the pressure, and left the school, for another, where, though less direct effort is made, she attends a prayer in the morning, a prayer at dinner, a prayer at night, and a prayer before each recitation—eight prayers in all every day—a bible class and one meeting Sunday, and a prayer-meeting on Thursday!

"What shall I do?" you ask, "My children must be educated, and I can send them nowhere else."

This is the point. You see the need of a free college; free in the absolute sense of the word, where our children can be educated after the true method, and grow up whole men and women; a college as much in advance of the old as our Lyceum is better than the Orthodox Sunday School; where our daughters shall be placed on terms of equality with our sons, learning the same branches and competing for the same honorable positions.

That such a school will be sustained there can be no doubt, were it once started. What is needed is funds for the erection of the necessary buildings, and its endowment, for it should be fully endowed if possible. We believe that the funds can be raised in a year, and in three years the college be opened for instruction. The time for listlessness has gone by; action is now demanded. A great work is before us, and our means should be liberally bestowed. It is said that when \$100,000 are subscribed the erection of the buildings will be commenced. That amount should be taken by this State alone. To do so would require but a few dollars from each Spiritualist, and then we could have a fair weight of influence in deciding its location. Spiritualists of the State, this is no slight affair, to be passed by with a glance; it is of momentous consequence. The Old is banding against us, and we cannot wage the battle much longer as isolated reformers. We must unite, for the purpose of strength, and our children must not be committed to the care of those who will exert every effort to educate them into beliefs directly opposed to our own ideas of truth. Do not say that you are not afraid of your children being contaminated. Perhaps they are so well taught at home that they will not be, but you know every day somebody's are brought to receive the dogmas taught, and you know the whole machinery is constructed and operated for the sole purpose of compelling assent. Not your children, but these "somebody's" chil-

dren," are the ones to save. There are few children so thoroughly independent that they will not be warped by the combined efforts of a college faculty. With the respect for the teachers' learning will arise regard for what he may teach of religion. The mental instructor will be confounded with the priest, and years of thought cannot efface the unsupported assertions early fastened on the mind of youth.

The result rests with ourselves. The proper mental and spiritual growth of our children depends on the use we make of a few dollars. Shall they be taught what we loath as false and injurious, or truths which make them noble and too magnanimous to stoop to a bad act? Shall they become educated into the church, or into manhood, and womanhood? The spirit world awaits your decision.

TO-MORROW—DEDICATION—THE SPIRITUALIST.

TO-MORROW is the day fixed upon for the "dedication" of the pleasant and commodious new Spiritual Hall in Cleveland. To-morrow the cleanly pages that bear these lines will find their way into the hands of the hundreds there assembled, as well as upon the tables of many homes in and out of the State. To-morrow—to-day—this sheet, while rejoicing with those who rejoice, asks to be remembered by those who have not yet become its supporters, and asks it as a matter of justice to those not wealthy persons who are giving their money, or labor, to its support—in one instance at least giving almost every dollar, and every hour, to its maintenance. It is true the State Association, and individuals, have pledged its support, and besides, subscribed five hundred dollars bonus—a part of which has been paid—but yet instead of there being less necessity than before for personal effort on your part, there is more, for the change from a semi-monthly to a weekly issue has involved an additional expense of nearly one hundred dollars per month.

Number 13 concludes most of the "three months subscriptions." No papers sent to anybody—except the charity list—after the expiration of the time paid for. Now is the time to subscribe for one year.

Language cannot convey the extent of our thanks to those who have placed THE SPIRITUALIST on a foundation which, with the continued efforts of our friends, may reasonably be considered secure beyond a doubt.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We are much obliged to the Banner of Light for its recent favorable notices of this paper. If we merit success, Brother Colby, we feel assured that we shall meet our just measure; and that we may we are exerting our utmost energy.

By the way, the Banner copied the following sentences from us: "Our faith in Phenomenal Spiritualism is unwavering, for we have repeatedly witnessed and been the subject of tests the most skeptical have failed to controvert. It has the approval of absolute knowledge." The Banner should have gone one sentence further, for we are as anxious to be understood in the one respect as the other: "But while we rest with the utmost confidence upon the sublime and soul-satisfying realities of Spiritualism, we are equally certain that a large proportion of so-called 'mediumship' and 'manifestations' are unqualified impositions upon human credulity." Will the Banner reproduce the former sentence in connection with the latter? They were introductory to an article on Physical Manifestations.

THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST.—This young and promising candidate for public favor among Spiritualists and reformers, is rapidly taking its position in the front ranks of our glorious and heaven-born cause. Having only reached its ninth issue, it now comes forth as the great mouthpiece of the State organ of the Spiritualists of Ohio. We are gratified to thus see the faithfulness of its originator, H. O. Hammond, so signally and promptly rewarded. THE SPIRITUALIST has every assurance now to warrant its success. The late Convention of Ohio State Spiritualists raised about five hundred dollars, and pledged the State for one thousand subscribers. Added to this he has associated with him the well-known author, medium and writer, Hudson Tuttle. Another grand element of success is that, added to the energy and perseverance of Brother Hammond, he is also a practical typo, and can set type as well as indite an editorial. Bravo, Brothers! let us in love and union, with "charity for all—malice toward none," valiantly assault the strongholds of error, superstition and ignorance, shouting, victory and excelsior!

Thank you, Brothers of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. It is our desire to merit the good opinion of our cotemporaries generally, but especially to be useful in the cause we advocate. It should be remembered that whatever credit may be due on account of the establishment of this paper in Ohio, belongs not by any means exclusively to one or two individuals, but to many. We should like to publish the names of the (\$25) life subscribers to THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST, but are prevented by the fact that their modesty is equal to their generosity and zeal. But aside from these, we cannot forbear mentioning, E. S. Wheeler, Geo. Rose, James Lawrence, A. A. Wheel-

ock, A. B. French, Ira Davenport, Mrs. S. M. Thompson and Mrs. Carrie Lewis, as special practical friends of the enterprise. Don't think because we have printed their names and not the others, that they are less modest, but that our gratitude makes us risk their displeasure.

ADMONITORY.

EVERY step in progress is attended by new duties, responsibilities and dangers. Prosperity tests severely the moral stamina and fidelity to principles of organizations and societies, as well as of individuals; and not every temperament can move straight-forward towards the mind's purest and justest conceptions while surrounded by the seductive influences of prospective wealth and popularity. Spiritualists! see to it that the peculiar, divine inspiration that has thrilled you through the days of weakness and of unmerited obloquy, be not measurably entombed in organizations, institutions and edifices. They have, like money, no character in and of themselves, but are moral or immoral, promoters of advancement or hindrances thereto, according to their use. The question is, shall we as individuals and societies be as really humanitarian, as truly in sympathy with the lowest classes of society—not in profession merely but in action—and as completely indifferent to every form and phase of aristocracy except that of worth, as heretofore? If not, then they are a curse rather than a blessing.

Just as surely as the laws of nature exist, thousands of persons who are intellectually free from the Old, but not morally grown to its requirements, much less to the status of the New, will, as soon as Spiritualism becomes measurably popular in a community, attach themselves to it. There are others already identified with it who tremble before the earnest utterance of radicalisms the world stands in need of, and which they know in their very souls are great, glorious truths, sparkling from the fount of inspiration.

Oh, let us remember that "the cause" of practical justice to the humblest individual, recognition of real instead of reputed worth, and the calm, friendly but unflinching criticism of all popular weaknesses, delusions and shams, is above all isms whatever, and is the very essence of the multiplied messages from the higher life. Let us be valiant workers in this Incoming Dispensation, with an eye single to the glory of God, and with a purpose so holy that every organization and instrumentality in our hands shall be a beacon to guide humanity to more exalted stations.

PERSONAL.

A. B. FRENCH.—It will be noticed by his card in this number, that this indefatigable worker has taken the field assigned him by the Board of Directors of the American Association of Spiritualists. That Society could not have made a better choice. Able, efficient, a thorough worker, a genial spirit, he has gained the golden opinions of all the Spiritualists of the State, who will rejoice at this new trust reposed in him. For the next two months he labors in Ohio. We know that he will receive hearty greetings from all the localities he will visit, and that he will confer great benefit on them. His mission is fraught with greatest consequence, and its success is the success of our philosophy.

O. L. TUTTLE spoke last Sunday at Shalersville, and had a good attendance. He writes: "They want a society formed, and a lyceum, and as soon as I can get the funds, and Brother Wheelock to help, we can form a society there of about thirty members, and get a club of subscribers for the paper. Keep up good courage, for the work will go on gloriously, and in a year there will be force and power all over the State, to move on to the accomplishment of one of the grandest results ever witnessed among men. I am winding up my business matters, and getting on the spiritual harness, to break up the turf of sects and spread the genial soil of humanity to the sunlight of truth, where the seed of science and the spiritual philosophy may spring forth in all the glory of millennial life, and with the angels I will work, as the servant of the Lord, until the great work is done."

ELDER KNAPP is preaching in California, and meeting Benjamin Todd, editor of the Banner of Progress, in discussion it is reported the Elder has the nap daily taken off from him.

We are requested to state that Dr. Newcomer has removed his office from 144 Seneca street to Halle's Block, (New Spiritual Hall.)

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND HOADLEY will speak in Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, during October.

J. M. PEEBLES is addressing the Spiritualists of Chicago, with his usual encouraging success.

E. V. WILSON lectures in Nebraska and Missouri during October and November.

Dr. J. R. NEWTON opens an office at Bangor, Me., on the 16th of October.

MOSES HULL speaks in Chicago during November.

THE CHICAGO LEGAL NEWS is the title of a new paper to be started in October, devoted to legal information, and what is remarkable, it is to be edited by a woman, Mrs. Myra Brodwell.

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NOT CREDITED.—The article printed last week, entitled "Was Judas at the Lord's Supper?" should have been credited to the Banner of Light. By the way, the Religio copied that beautiful original poem, "Censured," from our columns, and forgot to say it was from this paper.

We are sorry the number of our paper containing the report of the State Convention did not reach our Michigan cotemporary, The Present Age—which fact we learn by letter from Bro. Fox. We assured him that we would send advance proof-slips to his office, but as the galleys were not closed till just before going to press, we mailed him a paper instead, at an early hour after publication. Brother, we do earnestly hope your arduous and unselfish labors may be abundantly crowned with the success they so richly deserve.

THE "Evidences of Spiritualism," published in Nos. 10 and 11, form the introduction to an unpublished volume, "Arcana of Spiritualism," by the senior editor. The work will be published in these columns, in the form of detached essays, under different headings, covering the whole field of Spiritualism. These articles contain the best inspirations received during the sixteen years mediumship of their author.

It seems that John Allen, the "wickedest man in New York," has made a hopeless failure in his attempt at lecturing. Never was there such an instance of religious pretence, charlatanism and imposture. A rough has been taken from the cesspool of corruption, and made notorious, simply by a pretense of conversion, and the vanity of some meek eyed clergyman has been gratified by being allowed to pray in a dance house which a brute would blush to enter. It is claimed this dance house master is a Christian now. We sincerely hope he is, and that he will leave off old habits, quit his old associates, and show by his life that there is something really gained; but his attempt to convert his "wicked" notoriety into profit, by his lecturing project, which was simply exhibiting himself to gratify a morbid desire to see this "wickedest man," does not speak well for him. He has made an interesting item subject for the press, ever since he was resurrected from obscurity, and by means peculiar to himself, has, to use a forcible expression, "sold" the well-intentioned but venal missionaries who worked at his seemingly hopeless case.

The Hungarian Diet proposes to establish universal religious toleration throughout the kingdom. Elder Knapp, speaking of long prayer, once said: "When Peter endeavored to walk upon the water, to meet his master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water."

Several hundred families styling themselves Friends of Jerusalem, are going to leave Wurzburg in August next, and settle in Palestine. They base their creed on certain chapters in Jeremiah.

[If Spiritualism should send such a colony to Jerusalem as this or the ill-fated "Jaffa" settlement, what a howl would arise from the secular press; but founded on some ambiguous passages of the bible, it is passed by. Is there never an end to these delusions?—Eds.]

OUR MEETING-HOUSE.

DEAR SPIRITUALIST.—We Spiritualists have a splendid temple to congregate in these warm sunny days; and, thank heaven, those who may feel inclined, if there are any such, can't lock us out of it, for we have a perfect right to enjoy its beauties and charming retreats. Yes, presuming as some may deem it, we Spiritualists, in common with the rest of humanity, claim to "own a pew" in the fane of Nature.

And could our wildest fancies picture aught more magnificent? Its roof is the azure-vaunted sky; its altar the verdant, flower-gemmed earth; its lamps the sun, moon and stars, all beautifully draped with silvery mist; the clouds are bright pictures painted by the Divine Artist, to adorn its walls; its choir is the tiny forest birds and the low murmuring of the leaves; its organ is the wind and its bible is the face of nature; its preachers are the angels.

It rejoices my heart that our harmonial friends all over the country are holding meetings in the leafy groves and the grand old woods, hoping to aid in spreading light and truth over the shadowed world. I love these gatherings; all seem so unrestrained and happy, one may reasonably suppose that the mind is influenced by the sublime scenes around. As I looked around upon the people assembled at these meetings, I could but contrast the scene with the aspect usually presented at a fashionable church, where (expressing myself in the language of a poet, slightly "devised" and corrected) they all

"Wear such long faces, just as if their Maker, The God of goodness, was an undertaker."

To me it seems grander and more fitting to worship God in the glorious temple of his own creation, than to assemble in edifices which our feeble hands have built, be they ever so elegant.

Nature has been lamentably deserted for the artificial. Men almost forget that she is replete with beautiful and practical lessons, which, if we but read aright, will teach us many of our duties to our fellow beings. While reading in her open volumes, we learn that God sends his blessings alike on all, whether Jew, Christian, Pagan or Mahomedan; Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptist or Spiritualist, and we see, by the light of the great example, that we, too, should cherish kindly feelings for all, and not allow our interests and affections to be bounded by the narrow circle of a church or nation. Let us, as far as is possible, extend our sympathies and affections irrespective of opinions. The opinions of those whose belief is not in harmony with pure may be as dear and as true to them as

ours is to us. We cannot be too careful how we spit our venom on those who do not believe with us—or rather, let us fully determine not to cherish any such thing.

I have sometimes been grieved, since I embraced the belief of Spiritualism, to see those whom I had loved in the church turn coldly away. Early friendships are pure and dear, but they are often fleeting. Two years ago, I was a school girl in the pleasant village of F—. The memory of those days is all laden with the records of happy hours: they tell of long rambles on the bank of a blue stream, with a dear, congenial friend by my side; of hours of study and of earnest conversation, while listening to the music of its waves, and sipping the flower-wreathed cup of poetry and devotion. We only read the poetry of life, then, and almost forgot that it contains prose, too. Her love cheered my studious hours, and cast sunshine along my pathway many cloudy days. Soon we parted, with many pledges of long remembrance and frequent correspondence. Her home lay among the green hills in a quiet valley, far from mine. Whenever my mind dwelt on early friends, her image beamed the brightest, and when fancy sought out the homes of early friends, it always flew to hers first and lingered longest. Her letters came often, and were always read with eagerness. In one of them she said: "Emma, I hear that you have become a Spiritualist. Is it true? I never thought you would be enticed by that class of people, and be led into its shadowy mists and fearful uncertainties, to grope your way destitute of the divine light of the Bible."

I answered her frankly, and as well as I could, concluding my letter by telling her that I hoped our friendship would remain unchanged, although we might differ somewhat in opinion. She has never written me since. Her father is one of the watchmen on the walls of Zion, and doubtless foresaw the result of a free correspondence with one of "infidel" principles. Sometimes these things sadden me for a moment, and then I think that the light and consolation I have received from the study and belief of Spiritualism would be an ample consolation, were there not one to blend a smile or drop a tear of sympathy with me. But perhaps I have been relating what will be of slight interest to you, my friend. Let us return to nature's lessons. In Nature we can trace the great laws of equality which should govern the human family. Nature would have us all stand as brethren, on one broad platform; she would banish from our vocabulary the names of slave and despot, and draw the silvery cord of fraternity around the vilest and most despairing heart.

I think the temporal condition of man will have to be made more equal, and his burdens lighter, before the masses will call for more refined elements—before we can witness that high state of spiritual unfoldment which we so much desire. I do not advocate equality of station or of abilities, but of rights and privileges. We cannot expect that the man who is obliged to labor constantly for the support of himself and those dependent on him, will call earnestly for the food which his divine nature would require to bring him up to a high state of spiritual enjoyment.

You who are luxuriating in splendor unrestrained; you who are floating through life on a golden sea; you who claim to own thousands of acres of God's free soil, while others of your fellow beings have not a home to call their own; you are doing more, perhaps, than you imagine to retain that mental degradation which still lingers to darken the world. You have no right to rob your brethren of the inheritance which the Father of all bestowed upon them as well as upon you. There is a mighty grab game being played. Friends of humanity, don't engage in it.

EXTRACTS, CLIPPINGS, ETC.

DON'T BE A LOBSTER.—A lobster when left high and dry among the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is, and dies, although the slightest exercise would enable him to reach the waves which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a "tide in human affairs" that casts men into "tight places" and leaves them their like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its shoulders and carry them to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes will never be realized. Nor is it right that they should be. The social element ought not to help him who makes no effort to help himself.

It is thought very strange by Christians, that there should be any Atheists, or those who disbelieve the existence of God. But there must necessarily be such people, for can man, by his reason, comprehend the nature of God? No; and what faculty does he possess higher than his reason? None. To know God, it were necessary to be his equal at the least; an inferior being can never conceive the nature of one infinitely his superior. Indeed, man does not know the essence of any single natural object, how then can he know or even imagine aught of that which is supernatural? It is evident that if there be a God, man is so constituted that he cannot comprehend Him,—and therefore there are Atheists; no doubt a great many of them, if we knew the exact number.

Protestantism is vastly superior to Catholicism in the fact that it is not compatible with the uniformity of any religious doctrine. Protestantism is founded on the right of reasoning, and wherever this is allowed, the uniformity of doctrine cannot last, since the power of reasoning differs in degree in different persons. Catholicism, on the other, does not permit this mental freedom and hence its Church is comparatively intact or united; but as its bond of union is defective in principle—being ignorance and superstition rather than inquiry and reason—it cannot last always, for the Liberal element, which is increasing, will eventually bring it to an end. If Catholicism does not keep pace in liberality with the community at large, its influence must by degrees diminish, and finally cease altogether.—Boston Investigator.

The mountain that lifts its granite forehead above the clouds, meets the stern rebuke of the tempest; storms of rain, snow, sleet and fire war against its daring pinnacles. So the man who towers above his fellows and looks beyond this life, thro' its clouds and enveloping shadows, into the next, must expect the storms, the lightnings and the thunders of his perilous position; but genius, and genius alone like the granite mountain will stand unmoved amid the contention of popular elements, and survey with calmness the opposing forces, and with a Godlike serenity of soul and magnanimity of courage, dare all their strength combined. And when the sun breaks again from the clouds, it will stand with calm meekness on its adamantine base, while above its head circles the bow of promise, and its sides are strewn with glittering diamonds.

"The word of God may present difficulties and absurdities to the minds of Infidels who distort its sense, but to the humble believer it is plain as the way of salvation."—Christian correspondent.

Belief is like a pair of colored spectacles; if you put on a green pair you see everything green; if you wear a dark pair you see everything that color. When the spectacles are discarded we see the various colors and shades around us and we observe that there is quite a variety. Liberals, at least, try not to distort the meaning of the Bible, and if they ever misrepresent it, we fear those believers who oppose liberal propositions for frank discussion and mutual enlightenment must bear a large share of the responsibility. The more ignorant a Christian is, the more easy it seems to him to understand, explain and prove the divinity of the Bible; but as Paul intimated, philosophy spoils faith.—Chicago Liberal.

Storms and whirlwinds are wonders, working in nature's garden, tearing up the old and decaying trees, making room for a fresher and younger growth, which otherwise would be dwarfed from deficiency of sunlight. So revolutions in the human world are but occasional whirlwinds, extinguishing the worn out usages of the past, that new and brighter systems may mature.

I have observed that the mother, fresh from the hands of the shearer, was not recognized by her lambskins. Many a human mother has found that she was scarcely recognized by her offspring, when she came to them shorn of all her worldly possessions.

Mad dogs bite those only who intercept them; and it is better to let them pass unnoticed than risk life in the inglorious combat. So it is better, oftentimes, to let fanatics die a natural death than to exalt them at once to a conspicuous position by attacking them.

The laboratory is useless when the chemist has departed. The body is nothing when the spirit has fled. The worn out garment is laid aside without hesitation. So should the spirit cast off the body at death.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

With a wise man, the end has great weight in justifying the means.

WEALTH.

The insatiable desire for wealth has brought us as a nation to the verge of ruin. The fact is startling, anomalous, yet true. Aaron made a golden calf for the worship of Israel in the wilderness. We worship the gold of which the idol was made. No Moses, though he came direct from the presence of the Eternal, with the laws in his hands, could compel us to resign our god. We have come to love wealth for its own sake, and thereby become corrupt.

Mr. Moneybags can do as he pleases, without risk of being out of style, for he makes the style. Moneybags is the god of America. He receives the humble homage of our nation. Genius may abide its time, unless worshipping at his shrine. Genius which tells us how to make cents into eagles, is applauded, is invited to dinner; but genius delving after absolute truth is refused the pickled bone from the kitchen.

The bee seeks a store of honey against winter; so of the squirrel, with its magazines of walnuts and acorns. You never heard of a squirrel boarding forty thousand bushels of nuts. That would be impossible. Very well; it would be as impossible for a man to lay up as many dollars, if he did not compel others to help him. No man by honest labor can become wealthy, more than a squirrel can gather so many nuts. To become so, he must get the help of others, without rendering a proper equivalent, reserving the balance for himself.

If a squirrel could say, "Here, I own this wood lot, enclosed in this line of fence. It came down to me from the antediluvian squirrel saved by Noah; you can do so by giving me half," then this aristocratic squirrel might get his forty thousand bushels; not otherwise. But if the squirrels who "pay rent" can have but half as much as they would have were it not for the aristocrat's title, or else they are compelled to labor twice as hard, or perhaps suffer both disadvantages. The squirrel is satisfied with his acorns; the man with his dollars. Beyond the little which satisfies the bodily wants, the board is useless. This venerable, aristocratic squirrel may, after watching his mouldering pile for years, until gray with anxiety and trembling on the brink of death, leave his store to the maintenance of orphan squirrels. Miserable fool, seeking posthumous notoriety! Infamy will write your name with curses on every oak of the forest! Had it not been for your rent, there would have been no orphans to feed. As small credit gains the man who waits death before using the means for good placed in his hands.

Colleges, asylums, libraries, founded by the munificence of Moneybags on his death bed, to gain the applause of coming generations, how puerile. Very good in themselves, but reeking with corruption at their source. Gray old squirrel, the mouldiness of your hoard has rotted your heart out long ago, and though the world smiles a "thank you," very graciously for your gifts, the silliest clown within the walls of your college, well knows not from over abundance of heart came your gift, but from the lowest selfishness which sought to retain your money even after the journey of the Styx, building you a monument at which the crowd would gape, and repeat your name with adoration. In America you have gained your end. The Yankee comprehends you, and seeks to do likewise. Your lesson reads to him in this wise: Never stand for the troubles of conscience. Conscience is a bad thing. Play your cards well, and turn a trump if your antagonist is a weakling. Never mind. Get all you can, and when you get through with it, endow a college to teach the ignorant, or asylums for the wandering. You will thereby not only have the enjoyment through life, but the means to make all right at death, and also obtain a great name.

AMELIORATION OF THE SOCIAL EVIL.

Nor long ago it was published in the papers, that a society of two hundred of the most respectable and philanthropic ladies in one of the continental cities of Europe, were engaged in the work of reclaiming their fallen sisters from a fate worse than death.

These noble women search the streets and by-ways for the poor outcasts, and meet and converse with them—learn their histories—their needs—and in most cases are able to induce them to go to an asylum for a day or two when employment is found for them in respectable families. Others who have but lately been inducted into vicious ways, and are young in years, are sent back to their parents or guardians.

Quite an excitement has been raised among the procuresses and others engaged in the unholy trade of degrading humanity in that city.

It is to be hoped that the women of the present age, will learn to exercise this charity towards the unfortunate of their sex—for in this is the true solution of the problem "how to get rid of the Social Evil?" Let Woman engage in the holy work.—R. P. Journal.

TEA DRUNKARDS.

Fanny Fern has said many very sensible things, but nothing more needful to be said nor more true than the following in the Ledger:

I have never, in any temperance discussion, written or spoken, heard or seen any mention of this class of inebriates, and yet the drunkards on tea are just as surely sapping the foundations of life, as the devourers of whisky or gin. That women only, or mostly, are the victims, does not lessen the importance of my statement. I say mostly, for I have in my recollection at least two literary men of note, who primed themselves on strong green tea, without sugar or milk, for and literary effort, when overtaken nature flagged. One of them became, in consequence, subject to distressing fits, and has since deceased.

But it is the women who practice this form of inebriation of whom I would speak. The working girls, the seamstresses, the tenders in shops, who being able to pay but slender price for board, get badly-cooked poor food; and, in consequence, often three times a day, call for the fatal "cup of tea" which for the moment "sets them up," as they call it, and enables them to shoulder again the load they have dropped, till another fit of exhaustion overtakes them, worse than the preceding, to be followed by a repetition of the same pro tem. remedy. Then follow indigestion, headaches, sleepless nights, and the usual long train of miseries, which any physician who has ever been called upon to prescribe for these overworked, underfed unfortunate, will immediately endorse. Tea, to the working girl, taken in this way, is like the corner grocery drink to the working man, and just as deadly in its results as if it sent her reeling through the streets, as rum does him; although she neither

sees, nor knows, nor would admit it, any more than he would. Sometimes when you speak to them about it, they reply, "But I must have something to keep me up; I have no appetite for food; I am so tired all the time, and tea makes me feel so good."

The old plea of the drunkard the world over. Look at these weary women, with dark circles about their eyes, nervous almost to insanity, ready to cry at the slightest notice, the blue veins on their temples looking as if they were painted outside the skin. Look at their long, thin, sick-looking fingers, and their slow, weary steps, from which all the elasticity of youth has departed. See them swallowing "pills" by the dozen, and trying every quack medicine afloat, instead of resisting the enemy which has done all or two-thirds the mischief.

The nation, the world, too, is passing out of the infantile condition, is being controlled by, instead of controlling those spiritual laws which forevermore shall speed it along the pathway of Endless Progression.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF OHIO.—Having been appointed by the American Association of Spiritualists, as their General Western Agent, I shall commence the work immediately in this State. It is my purpose to visit, if possible, each organized Society in the State, and also the neighborhoods adjacent to them, where the friends may desire lectures, soliciting annual and life members to the Association, also donations and subscriptions for the National College. The claims of this Association are of vital importance to Spiritualists everywhere. Its objects are plainly stated in the articles of association. It is for the Spiritualists of the great West to decide whether, after so many fruitless attempts, the time has not fully come for concerted action.

It is a sad comment upon the millions of Spiritualists we now claim in the United States, if they are waiting in the seat or liberality to build one college where their children may be educated free from the influence of Secularism. A harmonious and liberal response from the Spiritualists of Ohio alone, would secure this important object, and I can but believe that your action will furnish positive evidence to the Spiritualists of the United States, that the work of this Association is neither "uncalled for" nor "premature." Let each man and woman interested in the work determine how much they do to help forward the movement, and be prepared to do so cheerfully when I shall reach your several localities. Those desiring lectures will please address me at once. A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, O.

OHIO SPIRITUAL DIRECTORY.

It is highly essential to the accuracy of this Directory that the officers of Societies and Lyceums furnish us the required data.

- Mrs. NELLIE L. BRONSON, 15th street, Toledo.
A. A. FORD, inspirational speaker, North West.
Mrs. MARY L. SWARTZ, trance speaker, Toledo.
HIDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights.
Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 161 St. Clair st., Cleveland.
E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, Cleveland.
Prof. E. WHIPPLE, lecturer upon Geology and the Spiritual Philosophy, Clyde.
A. A. WHEELLOCK, Toledo, box 643.
LOIS WAISBROOKER's permanent address is Box 53, Hudson, O. At present address care of Henry Stagg, St. Louis, Mo.
J. H. RANDALL, Elmore, will answer calls to lecture Sundays.
H. L. CLARKE, trance speaker, Painesville.
E. J. DUNCOX, inspirational speaker, Gardington.
A. B. FRENCH, President State Association, lecturer, Clyde.
O. F. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtabula county, speaks in Monroe Center the first, in Andover the second, and in Thompson the third Sunday of every month.

MEETINGS.

- CLEVELAND.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets in Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street, on Sunday, at half past ten, A. M., and seven P. M. Lyceum meets at ten A. M. Mr. Geo. Rose, Conductor; Miss Clara Curtis, Guardian; T. Lees, Secretary.
CINCEPATI.—Progressive Association holds meetings every Sunday in Willis Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at ten A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.
THOMPSON.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings at Thompson Center. The officers are Henry Hurlburt, D. Woolcott, A. Stillson, E. Stockwell, V. Stockwell, E. Hurlburt and R. Hurlburt.
MILAN.—Spiritualists and Liberalists' Association and Children's Progressive Lyceum. Lyceum meets at half past ten A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.
TOLEDO.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in old Masonic Hall, Summit street, at half past seven P. M. All are invited free. Progressive Lyceum in the same place, every Sunday at ten A. M. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. Wheelock, Guardian.

- CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Greenwood Hall, Corner of Sixth and Vine streets, where they hold regular meetings, Sundays, at half past ten A. M., and half past seven P. M.
AKRON.—Lyceum organized June 7. Meets at Empire Hall at ten A. M., every Sunday.
KIRTLAND.—Society and Lyceum. President, M. Milliken; Conductor, F. O. Rich; Secretary, Thos. O. Brown; Treasurer, M. Milliken.
PAINEVILLE.—Lyceum meets at half past ten A. M., in Child's Hall. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.
GENEVA.—Lyceum meets at ten o'clock, A. M. W. H. Saxton, Conductor; Mrs. W. H. Saxton, Guardian.

FIRE-PROOF COMPOSITION.

L. A. WILDER & CO., Manufacturers and dealers in N. Blake's Fire Proof Composition, on Roofing Cement. This Cement is applied to Shingle, Tin, Felt and Slate Roofs; is fire and water proof, will not crack, chip or peel, and is cheaper than any roofing composition in the market. Call and examine specimens at 136 Bank street, room 1, Cleveland, O.; 146 Dearborn street, room 7, Chicago, Ill.

MORSE'S FOUNTAIN PEN! BEST IN USE! THESE PENS WILL HOLD INK ENOUGH! With once dipping to write a business letter, and will outwear six of the best steel pens ever made. They are non-corrosive, and will write as smooth as a gold pen. Agents wanted. Terms liberal. Sent by mail for thirty cents per box of one dozen. GEO. WM. WILSON, General Agent for Ohio, Auburn, Georgia Co., Ohio.

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DR. NEWCOMER, the Hoiler and Medical Physician—office 144 Seneca street, Cleveland, invites the sick and variously afflicted to call and test his skill as a physician, and his powers of healing. He has a Specific Remedy for Catarrh, Canker, and Throat Diseases, as well as inflamed eyes. His mode of treatment is, 1st, Mechanical, 2d, Medical, 3d, Vital—direct from the fountain of life—and relief is immediate. No charges where no relief can be given. Fees moderate.

DEDUCTIVE AND INDUCTIVE RESEARCH.

NUMBER TEN.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Mediumship comprehends the entire manifestation of the law of life; the manner of spirit in its influence through matter. As the grosser forms or conditions of matter cannot be directly and palpably influenced by the action of mind, and as all matter is positively controlled by spirit, conditions argue the existence of intermediate agencies, by the use of which the processes of existence are maintained. Investigation makes known the fact as supposed, and this class of elements, substances or persons are denominated mediums. Some materials are soluble only in certain powerful acids; others dissolve in water. Alcohol is required by many, and ether, chloroform, various gases, air, and even light, have the same effect upon their chemical relatives. The atmosphere is burdened with substance in solution, and the solar spectrum detects traces of minerals in the rays of light. All these solvents are denominated mediums in the nomenclature of science. They absorb the elements of the materials held in solution. Becoming thus impregnated, they transmit or communicate the varied qualities, potencies, influences, and effects which inhere in such substances. If an indefinite number of solid spheres are freely suspended in contact with each other, and the first of the series is struck, thus having force communicated to itself, it will not be moved, for the force will be transmitted from one to another of the spheres, becoming manifest in the last, which will be propelled forward into space with a force equivalent to that at first communicated. In fact it is the same force, and all the spheres between the first and the last are intermediates, or mediums for transmitting or communicating that influence. It is demonstrable that electric force, magnetic power, a psychological impulse, a mental impression, thought or idea, may be transmitted or communicated, onward from object to object from organization to organization, from soul to soul, from spirit to spirit. Every object, organization, soul and spirit, between the first action or origin of the force, impulse, impression or idea, being an intermediate or medium for transmitting or communicating such power or thought. The "sensitives" of the experimenter with "od force," the "subjects" of the magnetizer, all receive and manifest the influence of imperceptible elements, or transmit and communicate the thought, will and purpose of the operator in magnetisms. Thus they are intermediates or mediums between forces and effects, or between the thought, will and intelligence of one person, and the consciousness of a third. The mind of the magnetizer being made known, communicated through the passive organization of the sensitive, subject or medium. As the laws of mind are unvarying, all intelligence under like conditions may act in the same manner. The influences of the Circle are recognized, transmitted or communicated by a class of persons who are sensitive and subject to those influences. Wherever such influences are supposed to be the power or action of spirits, such persons are denominated spirit mediums. Their peculiarity is mediumship. Mediumship has two unfoldings as of the active and passive voice. The one is of the order sensitive, and the other of the class called subjects; the one is developed to recognize and appreciate, the other to communicate and act.

As there have been three natures or departments of life discovered in the individual, so there exist three degrees or grand divisions of mediumship, whose characteristics are evolved as the controlling influence is active in or upon the physical or external, the magnetic or intermediate, or the spiritual interior of the medium, involving the body, soul or spirit. Each of these degrees may be manifest at once, in the same person at the same time. Each degree unfolds a variety of phases, increasing in number from the physical to the spiritual. These phases produce developments which result in phenomena, manifestations and communications, in proper and particular order.

MANOMIN: A Rhythmic Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion and the Minnesota Massacres. By MYRON COLONEY.

A poem with this title lies on our table. Myron Coloney is Conductor of the St. Louis Lyceum; an able, generous and good man, and knowing him makes the coming of his book like a visit from himself. Those who admire the simple ballad style of song, will be charmed with this volume. The author says it was thrown off while oppressed with other and conflicting cares, and was published as thus written. It is to be regretted that he did not devote more time and care to its perfection, and thus tone down and soften its parts. Perhaps, however, it would have lost in freshness what it gained in polish. As it is, it is characteristically western. It breathes of vast prairies, illimitable forests, silent and majestic rivers. Its human nature is western nature. It has passages of singular beauty, and now and then the true poetic inspiration comes like an illimitable wave, and the reader is charmed by its melody.

The author being a firm Spiritualist, his book is pervaded by his belief. The plot of the story embraces it, and it is woven like spangles of gold through its texture. We have several quotations marked, but have not space to make them; and to quote would be only to mar what must be read to be appreciated.

LONG-WINDED PREACHERS.—A correspondent of a contemporary, protesting against the preaching of long sermons, dwells with a particular sense of injury upon the tactics employed one Sunday by his own clergyman. "I appeal," he says, "to you and to the public whether this was fair, viz: to say, 'Lastly'; then, after a long interval, 'Finally'; then, 'Time permits me to say no more than these last words'; then, 'To conclude,' then, 'Just once more'; and yet go on and on as if the sermon had only just been commenced? Further was it fair, after coming to the end of a pathetic description, which I venture to say nine-tenths of the congregation took to be the end of the sermon, to use the words, 'And now, in the accustomed tone, which caused me and some others to rise with commendable alacrity, and yet to follow them up, not with the well-known formula, but with 'Once again?'"

Of all women she is most to be pitied who has a slow-paced suitor; he is worse than a retrograding one. How admirable, how prompt, how perfectly satisfactory, was the conduct of the Puritan, who rode up to the door of the house where dwelt the girl of his choice, and, having desired her to be called to him, said, without circumlocution, "Rachel the Lord hath sent me to marry thee!" when the girl answered, with equal promptitude and devotedness, "The Lord's will be done!"—Ex.

LATENT MEMORIES.

The total sum of the ideas, impressions, and experiences which form the mental history of each man, with the single exception of that which is consciously present to thought at any given moment, exists in the latent state. It is a familiar fact of experience that memory holds at least a large portion of this aggregate. Does it so hold the whole of it that nothing is irretrievably lost from its grasp? A negative reply to this question admits of no proof, since the effort to prove it would virtually imply the conscious presence of the thing alleged to be forgotten.

Moreover, the laws of association, by which the different parts of life are firmly linked together, convert the mind into a delicate and complicated mechanism of keys, any one of which, being touched, may give forth a million of notes; and these again may be multiplied into other millions, and so on in continuous progression, till the ear of thought may perhaps hear all that thought ever held. These laws, working with more than electric speed, and always with the most perfect regularity, and without inhering in the mind itself, preclude all accident, and all uncertainty about the operations of memory. One hardly knows how or where to fix the boundaries of a process conditioned, facilitated, and energized by such powerful laws.

The numerous instances of remarkable memory familiar to the student of mental science indicate the vast resources of this faculty. The man, for example, who, being blindfolded, can play several games of chess with as many different antagonists—keeping in his mind's eye the exact position of all the pieces in each of these games—achieves what would be regarded as an impossibility if it had not been frequently done. Themistocles, an ancient Grecian, could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus could repeat the name of every soldier in his army. Hortensius, one of the orators of Rome, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, could enumerate from memory all the things sold, their prices, and the names of all the purchasers. Ben Johnson could repeat, word for word, all that he had ever written; and indeed whole books that he had simply read. Seneca, the rhetorician, was able to repeat two thousand names in the exact order in which they had been spoken to him; and, on one occasion, two hundred unconnected verses having been pronounced in his hearing, he at once repeated the whole of them in a reversed order, beginning with the last verse and proceeding backward to the first. It is said of Pascal that he "forgot nothing of what he had read, heard, or seen." Sir William Hamilton, on whose authority we give the above facts, mentions the case of a young Corsican who could, without a moment's hesitation, repeat "thirty-six thousand names in the order in which he had heard them, and then reverse the order and proceed backward to the first"—being able to do this after the lapse of a whole year between the time of hearing the names and that of repeating them.

Facts thus prove memory to be a vast power. Moving with the celerity of a seraph, and disinterring the past as if gifted with omniscience, it wings its way through distant scenes and distant times, connecting all the periods of our being in the unity of one conscious and continuous life. And if such be memory here in this nascent and infantile state, what then may it not be, and what may it not do, when it shall soar in progressive expansion and enlargement through the ages of a coming eternity? Present facts form an august prophecy in respect to the future. We surely shall not forget the world whence we came, or fail to recognize ourselves as the identical beings who in that world passed through all the varying scenes of an earthly life. There is an ample provision in the very structure of the soul for that final review of which the Bible speaks, and to which it is constantly calling our earnest attention.

What we have to remember at the close of life and in the eternal state will depend upon the contents of our earthly history. Memory creates nothing, but simply reports what has been created. How we shall be affected by its keen and vigilant gaze, when life is closing or closed, is a question which deserves serious thought while that life is passing. Any act which we cannot review without satisfaction and pleasure is better omitted than done. Memory may be thought it need not be, our eternal misfortune. It is possible so to live as to make our memories pleasant in this world, and more so in that which is to come. If we do not thus live, the fault will be our own. Painful memories have their seat in sinful action.—Independent.

A REGULAR CAMPAIGN.—We like to see people do good everywhere, and try to be as good as possible at the same time; but it is questionable if carrying religion into campaigning, as the Young Men's Christian Associations are doing, is calculated to increase the respect for the profession or excite any more sincere zeal in the minds of the people. These Associations have given out publicly that they have taken the field for the cause of religion,

just as the political parties have, and they intend to ply similar spirit, for the propagation of their schemes. This is aggressive, certainly; but whether it is a system that will ever result in doing more than making proselytes, instead of Christians, at this day admits of no question.—Banner of Light.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

"This phrase has become a caption for newspapers and magazines, and a by-word in the mouths of orators and demagogues. How few, of those that make use of it, appreciate the ideas it involves! The spirit of the age is a wonderful, shifting, progressing, sublime thing. Within our memory, what revolutions it has achieved—what castes and oppressions broken! The spirit of age wears a raiment of light—it courses the earth, companion of steam and lightning, bearing art, science and civilization upward and onward. It has cast off its cowl and robes of darkness, its old shield of error and lies and tyrannies, and with an intense hatred of falsehood and wrong, it urges the human race to battle with whatever degrades, impoverishes, or desolates mankind. The spirit of the age is free, fearless, and aspiring. It thirsts for all knowledge; it scorns to stand still; it grasps the elements and transmutes them to all conceivable agencies for the progress of man; his progress in intelligence, wealth, power, freedom and humanity.

The spirit of the age is a hater of dogmas—an abominator of empty rituals and forms. It exposes the tyranny of crown and mitre; knows no sanctity for evil kings or evil rulers. Revolution animates and guides it—revolution is its watch-word, wide as civilization extends. It is the bursting fire in the dark atmosphere, purifying the moral, social and political heavens. It is the storm and tempest, purging the clouds of abused ages to get up a clear and serene sky. It is the tramp of earthquakes and the rock of volcanoes, restoring equilibrium to the earth. The spirit of the age—look at it! On the seas and on the land, how beautiful and majestic! What chariots, drawn, as it were, by fire, and white wings, fed by exhaustless winds, bear it to triumph! Truth, mercy, justice and love are its body-guard; and, gazing sunward, it pauses not, though venerable injustice and cant and craft howl in torment as it strides on to the future."

GOOD SIGNS.

Among the bad signs of our times that are kept constantly before the people by the press, is occasionally a good sign which is not as likely to attract the attention of writers. Of this class, is the decay and departure of the use of tobacco, which is evidently destined ere long to be entirely excluded from all good society in this country. It is already ordered out of the parlors, sitting-rooms, and out of the whole house, by many of the first families. Smoking of it is forbidden in the cars and most of the decent stores and offices of our cities and large towns, and chewing will be also before long. Respectable society in our large cities is already ashamed of its members that use tobacco and tries to apologize for them as it would for any other delinquency—not as a crime, but as a filthy and degrading habit, to which the party is a slave, and for which he (not she) is to be pitied.

In the large cities the use, both in smoking and chewing, is already sinking down to the poorest and lowest class of society. Newsboys, boot-black and loafers, that spend a good share of their time in saloons and on street corners and about the dens of vice, are still most addicted to the pernicious habit, and no duties or high prices seem to keep it out of their reach. The poor boy, who has no shoes and scarcely any pants, will black two pairs of boots and take his pay in one poor cigar or a paper of tobacco, and poison his poor body, because no one teaches him the evil effects, and he sees many of the men with whom he is compelled to associate, smoke and chew, and he longs to pe thoughtfully, if he has not the stature of a man. Ignorance lies at the bottom of this vicious habit with the young, but our hope lies in its being driven out of all decent places and society.—Warren Chase.

KINDNESS.—No other trait can so adorn and dignify human nature as kindness. When we know a man to be kind we instinctively feel that he is noble. No matter how humble his circumstances, nor how rough his external appearance, if he has a warm and generous heart we value his good opinion, we seek his society, we secretly put him down on our list of friends. How often do we hear the expression concerning some one whose manners lack polish, who has been frowned on by fortune, or has turned aside from the path of rectitude, "Well, after all, he is a good-hearted man;" and the tongue of the traducer is silenced, the mantle of charity falls on the child of misfortune, so instinctively do we recognize the worth and beauty of this heavenly virtue.—Ex.

THERE are two classes of popular men—those pliant souls who yield gracefully to the force of circumstances; who have a bow, a smile, or a pleasant word for

every one, but are not deep in thought or single in purpose; and those patient, plodding characters, who rise superior to surroundings, and by devotion to one idea win the confidence and respect of their fellows. He who has not the pliancy of the former, nor the executive ability of the latter, may be considered unfortunate.—Spiritual Rostrum.

HEAVEN.

"And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth and the height of it are equal."—Rev. 21: 16

Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet, which being cubed is 496,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven; add half of the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,192,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4066, the cubical feet in a room 16 feet square, and 16 feet high, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose that the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 33 years and 4 months, making 2,700,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years making in all 270,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 such worlds, equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 27,000,000,000,000 persons. Then there would be a room 16 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 16 feet high for each person, and yet there would be room.

Now I'd give a bright sixpence to know who the calculating, mathematical author of the above is. In my humble opinion, he, she, or it, as the case may be, possesses about as high conceptions of Heaven as the Hottentot artist did, who imagined it to be an immense field, fenced in by sausage links, and having a fountain in the center which constantly afforded abundant supplies of warm pot-pie. E.

A PROTEST.

DEAR BANNER.—At the last National Convention, I had the honor, though absent, of being appointed on a committee to carry out measures for State and National Lyceum organizations. Accordingly I signed a call, which was subsequently sent to me, for a Lyceum Convention, to be held in Philadelphia in November. But on due reflection, I wish to enter a protest against the movement proposed by the Rochester Convention, and to withdraw from any co-operation therein.

It is my conviction that the Convention, though loyal to the Lyceum interests, made a mistake in separating the Children's Progressive Lyceum from the American Association of Spiritualists. In the first place, a strong and vigorous parent organization has no moral right to shove an infant and dependent bud "out in the cold," and bid it come to fruition as best it may. That, surely, has a thoughtless, if not hard and selfish look. In the second place, the young Lyceum cause ought not to be burdened by a cumbersome organization, when its interests could be better served by a reasonable degree of attention on the part of the parent cause. A little thought, a little fostering care, a little love, and a small portion of the three or four days devoted to the deliberations of the annual conventions, would cover the Lyceum claims, and enable it to grow into beautiful proportions under the sheltering wing of the Association. Yours for the Lyceum, MARY F. DAVIS.

A STARTLING INNOVATION.—On Wednesday afternoon, September 2nd, a young man, who for some time has officiated as acting pastor of the Universalist church in Marblehead, Mass., was ordained. Two ordained women-preachers took part in the exercises. Rev. Mrs. Phebe A. Hanford gave the charge to the candidate, and Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown offered the closing prayer. This novel arrangement drew together a large assembly, and must have seemed a startling innovation to that portion of the community who believe the command of Paul, that women should keep silence in meeting, to be a divine mandate.—Present Age.

THE ATMOSPHERE.—Did you ever think that you live and move in an ocean? Many of you will laugh at the idea, but it is a fact. Fishes live in a watery ocean, in which they float and breathe; and we live in an air-ocean, which bathes us on every side, and fills our lungs with life. What is this great aerial sea which surrounds us in a concentric layer the entire earth? If we describe it, we should say it is forty-five miles deep; that is, extends upward above our heads that distance. Thus it is several times deeper than the Atlantic in its deepest place.

It is densest at the surface of the earth, where it is needed, and rapidly becomes rarified as we ascend. Travelers find great difficulty in breathing on the summits of lofty mountains. Humboldt says that the blood flowed from his nose and eyes before he reached the summit of the giant volcano cone of Cotopaxi; and those who ascend in balloons repeat the story.

This ocean of air is invisible; but when in motion its force is terrible. When the winds blow at the rate of five miles an hour, they are soft and gentle as down; but at one hundred miles an hour they become whirlwinds and tornadoes, prostrating, in a moment, the proudest work of man.

The air is a gas, which is another word for ghost, because it was once thought to be a spirit, from its not being seen. Every substance which can be converted into vapor is

contained in the air; but two gases make up its bulk. These are oxygen and nitrogen. The latter seems thrown in to dilute the former; for if the air was pure oxygen, should die with fever, and the world would burn to ashes. By uniting with the coal, oxygen yields us heat; and by uniting with the oil in our lamp, gives us light.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

"Then give, oh! give to me a wife Who can cook beef and mutton, Who faints not at a carving knife, And tucks each straying button."

Listen, girls! what a chorus of women all singing the same song. I should like some of you would step up and offer services—some of you who are just a low-pated enough not to know any better—who imagine that it would be "fun" to be nicely installed as superintendent of a wee kitchen, and principal of a man; to get a situation to work on your board, at cooking beef steak and chops, making delicious puddings and splendid jellies, compounding tea cakes, ginger snaps to please the exquisite of some accomplished gormandizer.

I do not particularly fancy gentlemen whose "love lies in their stomachs," and confidently assert that it would be impossible for one of them to run fast enough to coax me to marry him.

I really wish I could exercise a little more charity towards that class of men who are crying with their victual-obstruction, voices, or speaking in their hearts the language of our text. I know I ought to be I am aware of the fact that it is necessary for them to eat their way through every thing.

Oh, how delectable whiskers do look! But I've seen some that I guess did a specimen just went past in the street. 'Twas a young hopeful, rejoicing in his hat, clean linen, gold-headed cane, and imaginary moustache! There were precisely one dozen hairs composing it, measuring in length from one-half to three-fourths of an inch. I took particular notice—who wouldn't?

I wonder what these everlasting stars will do when they get to the spirit world. Guess they'll petition to go to the Hottentot's heaven, which an ancient artist represented as consisting of a large field, fenced in with sausages, having a fountain of pie in the centre, to which every one could help himself, and all could enjoy alike benefits, except that those who had lived the most exemplary lives on earth, were capacitated to eat the largest quantity.

I was much amused by a little incident which occurred at a grove meeting, a long since. I was sitting in a carriage, little way off from the stand, conversing with one of the lecturers, when we saw aged, gray-haired man coming towards us. He was leaning on his staff, and his countenance indicated mental anxiety. He came slowly up, took my friend by the hand, and in the kindest manner possible with sincerity beaming in every look, said, "I understand, sir, that you profess to have some absolute knowledge of the land beyond the grave. I wish to know whether that land is similar to that whether they have anything to eat there. My object in inquiring is to ascertain whether I can enjoy myself there."

I felt a strong inclination to titter in then, and consequently you and I, my friend, lost the benefit of the answer. PEARL JEWEL

OHIO SPIRITUAL DIRECTORY.

It is highly essential to the accuracy of this Directory that the officers of Societies and Lyceums in this State furnish the required data.

Mrs. NELLIE L. BROOKS, 15th Street, Toledo. A. A. POND, inspirational speaker, North West. Mrs. MARY L. SMITH, trance speaker, Toledo. HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights. Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 161 St. Clair st., Cleveland. E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, Cleveland. Prof. E. WHIPPLE, lecturer upon Geology and Spiritual Philosophy, Clyde. A. A. WHEELLOCK, Toledo, box 643. LOUIS WAISBROKER's permanent address is Box 1, Hudson, O. At present address care of Box 1, Stage, St. Louis, Mo. J. H. LANDALL, Elmora, will answer calls to lecturers on Sundays.

H. L. CLARKE, trance speaker, Painesville. H. J. DUBOIS, inspirational speaker, Cardington. A. B. FRENCH, President State Association, Leona, Clyde. O. P. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtabula county, speaks in Monroe Center the first, in Dover the second, and in Thompson the third day of every month.

MEETINGS.

CLEVELAND.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets in Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street, Sunday, at half past ten A. M., and every Friday Lyceum meets at ten A. M. Mr. Geo. Ross, conductor; Miss Clara Curtis, Guardian; T. Lee, secretary.

CYCLE.—Progressive Association holds weekly every Sunday in Willis Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at ten A. M. A. B. French, conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

THOMPSON.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings at Thompson Center. The officers are Henry Hurlburt, D. Woolcott, A. Stillson, I. Stockwell, V. Stockwell, E. Hurlburt and R. Hurlburt.

MILAN.—Spiritualists and Liberalists' Association and Children's Progressive Lyceum. Lyceum meets at half past ten A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

TOLEDO.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in old Masonic Hall, Summit street, at half past seven P. M. All are invited free. Progressive Lyceum in the same place, every Sunday at ten A. M. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. Wheelock, Guardian.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and have secured Greenwood Hall, Corner of Sixth and 7th streets, where they hold regular meetings, Sunday at half past ten A. M., and half past seven P. M.

AKRON.—Lyceum organized June 7. Meets in Empire Hall at ten A. M., every Sunday.

KIRTLAND.—Society and Lyceum. President, M. Milliken; Conductor, F. C. Rich; Secretary, J. O. Brown; Treasurer, M. Milliken.

PAINESVILLE.—Lyceum meets at half past ten A. M. in Child's Hall. A. G. Smith, Conductor; E. Dewey, Guardian. GENEA.—Lyceum meets at ten o'clock, A. M. W. H. Saxton, Conductor; Mrs. W. H. Saxton, Guardian.