

Life,—and its Issues.

# SPIRITUAL MONTHLY

AND LYCEUM RECORD.

J. H. POWELL, EDITOR.

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## To the Patrons of the Spiritual Monthly.

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### FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS :

For centuries the teacher and the taught have made use of the methods of theology to correct the *issues* of experience and combine the natural factors of the mind. They have *failed*; and the preference everywhere felt and so profoundly expressed for Spiritual tests, spiritual manifestations and communications, prove how far the desire for intellectual *certainty* transcends the limits of traditional faith.

Spiritualism, therefore, is as natural as necessary, and as *useful* as beautiful, looked at from the needs of the inquirer and the ministrations of the spirits. Its influence is transforming the deformities of Christian faith and practice, and is fast becoming a revolutionary power in the age. It is, therefore, as friendly to progress as it is confirmative of the hopes and aspirations of the mind.

This, however, is its possible and ideal character, rather than its developed actual; for the human and the spiritual mix and mingle in the conditions of the Medium, and the character of the phenomena, — making it difficult, at times, to know where the one ends and the other is *free*! The future usefulness, therefore, of Mediums and Spirits, turn mainly on the ability of Science to prevent future confusion, and aid in making spirit-intercourse more demonstrative and Spiritualism proportionately scientific.

To this end and for this purpose, it is deemed advisable to make a change in the *methods* of proving and verifying the facts of Spiritual Science. Men of learning, in common with experienced Spiritualists,

desire the proposed contribution to intellectual exactness in matters spiritual, and promise co-operation and good will. Its main intellectual support, however, must be found among liberal and learned Spiritualists; who can give to Science their knowledge of the personal habits and general characteristics of the Mediums — thus helping the world to a better theory of the *conditioned*. Observation has done much in this department, but much remains to be done; before Mediumship will belong to Science, and Spiritualism to the Religion of Mankind.

The better, however, to aid in this department of mental and spiritual reform, the *Monthly* will hereafter be published and known as the SPIRITUAL ANALYST and SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Devoted to the critical examination of the phenomena, philosophy and *tests* of spirit-intercourse, its pages are open to all truth seekers and scientific verifiers; who may care to co-operate in classifying the facts and demonstrating the knowledge of spirit-manifestations. It sends greetings to all such, in the *interest* of Science and Freedom, Progress and Fraternity.

Co-operatively,

J. H. W. TOOHEY.

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## TO OUR PATRONS AND AGENTS.

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The delay incidental to the change in the editorial management of the Magazine, will be prolonged for a month longer, in order to give the inquirer and the critic an opportunity to contribute to the next issue, which will appear early in May. After which, the ANALYST will appear orderly and in season.

We can assure our friends the delay in the issue of the Magazine has been very annoying to ourselves, and they have our thanks for the patience they have universally manifested.

W. F. BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS,

50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

# The Spiritual Monthly.

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VOL. I... FEBRUARY, 1871... NO. V.

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## LABOR AND PATIENCE.

LIFE is a school in which we learn the language of fact not always with delight. Much, very much, depends on the state of our souls as to the pleasure or displeasure of life's tasks.

Some of us cultivate a taste for knowledge and feel content to endure considerable pain in its acquisition; others grow impatient over a difficult lesson, and grumble, to the loss of time and mental profit.

"'Tis not in our stars but in ourselves  
That we are underlings."

The aphorism of Longfellow, —

"Learn to labor and to wait,"

Has a deathless significance for all life's students. He who runs may read and realize the divine uses of patience allied to labor.

We may be patient and yet idle. Dilletantism or lackadaisical foppery can never win for us the crown of learning, or lead us even as far as the gates of the kingdom of knowledge.

Labor has no gloved hands, but horny, scarred, and strong. Its nobleness depends on no pedigree, or titles, or conferred privileges. It is the Hercules that compels the physical globe to bear its steam chariots over its breast, and to yield up treasures of gold, silver, and iron.

Labor holds its title-deeds in its supreme strength. The world acknowledges, without an exception, the mighty mission of labor. Yet it is the slave of mind, and is controlled by a thought. The union of Mind and Labor for the advancement of mankind is the wisdom of philosophy and the glory of religion.

Life's lessons are not easily acquired even by the apt students. It is well that we know this, in order that we may labor on, assured

that there is no possible reward without the necessary perseverance, — no crown without the cross.

First, preparatory tillage of the soil; second, seed-sowing; third, the harvest. This is the order of Nature.

Precocity may rush through its lessons to the concern of the whole school. Shooting-stars expend their lustre rapidly, and are soon forgotten. Venus and Jupiter seem immortal, revolving in their orbits unfaillingly.

The students who plod with their soul in their tasks make the ripe scholars. Those who lack courage and wait for good fortune or good angels to shower upon them the golden treasures of thought, may wait through a life-time in vain.

Patience is a blessing to the worker, and a scourge to the idler. First labor, then wisely *wait* for the harvest. Fail to delve, all the patience in the world cannot produce a nugget.

“Learn to labor and to wait.”

Noble maxim! philosophy woven into verse! truth told sweetly by a classic poet! He who practically appreciates the philosophic injunction is of all men the best student in Life's great school.

Latin, Greek, Hebrew, all languages, compared with the language of philosophy taught in the lessons of labor and patience are dry stubble.

The language of life is the expression of Nature, whose nouns and adjectives never change. Fixed facts, — immutable rules, taught in the colleges of Experience. The realm of ethics has its central lines marked as plainly to the student as the dividing lines of the poles.

The martyrs of reform, crucified christs of the world, who have labored and *waited* through sad years for the enthronement of righteousness, could not turn the wheels of progress one pace quicker, but in the effort were dragged under and crushed.

They labored and waited, perhaps, too impatiently. Heroes are not the men to rest content with established wrong; they take on discontent as readily as drinkers and swearers their vile habits. If the reformers were less impetuous, there would be less martyrdom and, possibly, less need for martyrs. Be this as it may, patience is a divine guest to the patriot. He cannot turn back the tide of the world's sea, but must needs wait; he may lave in it at his own risk.

Humanity rises by slow degrees from one stage to another. It is not possible to lift it on to the apex of moral and spiritual perfection

in an instant. Time for all things, for the growth of a mustard-seed to the growth of a world.

We may feel discouraged at the undeviating slowness of growth. That will not affect the law of growth in the slightest degree. Wisdom dictates obedience to the highest promptings of the soul, and a recognition of life's divine lessons everywhere manifest.

The sailor in a storm can only wisely obey the wise orders of the captain, and trust in the great I Am, the Divine Orderer of events, for the rest. He may rave like a maniac to the furious winds, "Be still." He may leave the pumps and pray never so penitent; he may think of his far-off home, his mother, wife, and children, until tears rain from his eyes. All will not avert the hand of destiny. If the ship is saved he may *think* in some way his prayers or tears availed. But if it is lost —

Prayer, in storm or calm, is good, when the soul is in need of spiritual blessings and can realize its power, — good for experience and joy; but unless the necessity pre-exist for the extinction of a planet, or the destruction by water, fire, or sword, of a people, it seems to us impossible that it can affect their destiny, any more than it could cause the Bible to be printed in all languages upon the everlasting rocks. So with the tender feelings of reformers, when arrayed against the powerful conservative forces which counterpoise the heavy wheels of Progress. This lesson is taught by the unanimous experience of the world's martyrs. History is of little profit to us if we do not learn its prominent lessons.

"Learn to labor and to wait." Labor assiduously, not recklessly, but wisely, that the right may come uppermost; that men and women may rise to full moral and spiritual stature; that the lamb and the lion may feed together in pleasant pastures; that the millennium, blessed time of peace on earth and good will to men, may be fully realized. But wait with patience the dowry of the years.

"Dreamers, and sages, and prophets, never  
Quickened the pulse of life's vast Forever."

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HUMAN BROTHERHOOD. "The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that same kind assistance wipes the death-dews from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt. — *Sir W. Scott.*

## THE MEDIUMS.

## CHAPTER IX.

## FACTS — CONTINUED.

“Well, but my wife’s spirit informs me that I am right in devoting my life to the spread of spiritual truth, and I *know* her to have been good,” reiterated Mr. Humphrey.

“Then by all means act upon her advice, but do not suppose because she is a spirit she knows everything, or because Spiritualism is a truth, the people will thank you for endeavoring to make them wise.” Mr. Forbes said this with apparent *nonchalance*.

Mr. Humphrey replied with earnestness, “I have lived long enough to know, Mr. Forbes, that the remarks you tender have sound philosophy. I know that there is danger in placing too much reliance on human beings. About spirits, however, I have less knowledge, and must bow to you. I propose to act in all my investigations with caution, yet with steadiness of purpose.”

“That appears to me to be the only safe course you can run, Mr. Humphrey. Once lose caution and steadiness in these spiritual matters, I will not answer for the end justifying the means. That which is cognizant to our natural senses becomes, on acquaintance, very familiar, and we have excellent opportunities of giving legitimate tests, and thereby proving our safeguards. But it is very difficult to treat spiritual realities in the same way. The people all believe the evidence of their five senses, but that which comes not within their common experience they distrust; consequently, the difficulties increase in proportion to the rarity and marvelousness of the facts.”

“Very true; but if testimony is of any value, I do not myself see how thinking beings can ignore spiritual or ultra-mundane existences, seeing that the Bible and profane history uniformly recognize the appearances of the spirits or souls of those who were once in the flesh. My plan would be to make a case out with nothing but facts, substantiated by unimpeachable witnesses; then conviction would naturally enough follow.”

“Your plan,” persisted Mr. Forbes, “is a good one, undoubtedly, but you nevertheless overlook one little item, viz., the people’s preparatory mental condition for the reception of your facts. In my experience I have found that the more I have instanced facts in support of my postulates, the further my listeners got from me.

This is all natural enough too, considering how far off mankind are from a full and wise appreciation of spiritual things."

"The greater need, therefore, for myself and others to cudgel them into conversion."

"Do so with all hearty good wishes. I am only glad I have myself lost zest in that way," rejoined Mr. Forbes.

"Well! well! the world has not progressed without some sacrifices. I am disposed to hold fast to my flag, and hope to do valiant battle yet for the good cause. Do you not think that the consciousness of devoting one's time and talents to the defence of unpopular truth, even supposing that little advance be made, is of itself satisfactory to a right mind? We all of us know that great political, social, and religious movements have been mostly originated by isolated or fragmentary portions of humanity. First the acorn, then the oak. It is from the multitude of particles the mountain is formed. A mustard-seed, accidentally falling upon a rock, has germinated until the tiny seed has split the mighty rock. Thus we see from small beginnings great results accrue. This, to my mind gives conclusive reasons for my projected mission. I would not have you believe, Mr. Forbes, however, that my enthusiasm is effervescent, and not under the sober eye of my judgment. I feel quite equal to the task I have to undertake. All I want, as I have already intimated, is a goodly array of facts. Let me find my path paved with them; I shall tread it with courage and confidence."

"Had I not forsworn philosophy, Mr. Humphrey, I should envy you; as it is, I can but aid you to facts, and leave you to pave your path with them. All I hope is that they may not be flints or glass to cut your feet."

"Well, for the sake of improving the time, suppose we try and evoke the spirits."

"With all my heart, Mr. Humphrey; now that we are alone, we can possibly get something good."

The two mediums sat down opposite each other, at a small round table, which began to jump about freely in a few seconds.

Mr. Forbes brought his nose in close proximity with the top of the table, and said, "Now, kind spirits, please give us some good physical movements."

The table gradually rose from the ground, and took a horizontal position in mid-air, with its legs pointing towards Mr. Humphrey, who rubbed his eyes to ascertain if he were actually awake. "Well! well! this is marvellous."

"Very," added Mr. Forbes, "but do you think people will believe you, when you tell them this for one of your facts?"

"I am free to confess they will not be likely; but yet that is no reason why they should not be told." The table came to the ground. "The more extraordinary the fact, the greater the difficulty of making it known, the more need is there that it should be known."

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes placed his nose near the table a second time. "Thank you, kind spirits, for lifting the table off the ground; will you now favor us with something more?" The table gave three knocks. The mediums sat in silence a few seconds; nothing was heard or seen.

"Are they gone?" inquired Mr. Humphrey. "Quiet," was the reply. Then rose above the table a white, bloodless hand, with nails and form as perfect as a human hand, but yet so different. "Do you see it?" whispered Mr. Forbes. "Certainly; it is a white hand." Then it was gone, and Mr. Humphrey drew a long breath.

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, you are a powerful medium."

"Thank you for the compliment; but I am not so sure but these manifestations originate through your mediumship, Mr. Humphrey; but to settle that point we will ask the spirits. He then inquired in his usual manner, and making use of the alphabet, obtained signals to the following letters:—

*We act through both.*

Perhaps Mr. Forbes was less disposed to attribute all the wonder to himself, not because he was deficient in the organ of self-esteem, but because he liked Mr. Humphrey, and felt anxious to serve him.

"There, you see," he said, with a knowing smile, "you must not give me too much credit. But let us obtain all the manifestations we can, for I can assure you that what has already taken place is greatly superior to anything I have before seen for a long time."

"I have heard that musical instruments have been played by invisible agency; do you think I have been misinformed?"

"Not at all; suppose you get an instrument and try."

Mr. Humphrey rose and opened a cupboard, and brought from it a guitar. He then sat down again, and following the instructions of Mr. Forbes, held the guitar between his knees.

"Now, kind spirits, please favor us with a tune," came from the lips of Mr. Forbes, as he brought his nose close to the table.

The piece of furniture ambled about in token of assent. All was silence, which was broken, sure enough, by a beautifully timed

rehearsal of "Ye Banks and Bracs." Mr. Humphrey's face was radiant with delight.

"It is my own wife's admired piece. She used to play it on this very instrument!" he exclaimed.

"It is very satisfactory, no doubt, to your own mind, teaching you the truth of spirit power, Mr. Humphrey. Here is another fact for your paving stones. But if you could not expect people to believe the table rose up in the manner it did, do you think you can with less difficulty convince them of this more beautiful and marvelous evidence of invisible intelligence?"

"At any rate, Mr. Forbes, I shall try. Galileo was imprisoned for asserting a physical fact; yet that fact is now recognized. Columbus was pronounced an insane adventurer for asserting his idea of a new world, but he nevertheless discovered one, and now who doubts his sanity? Even Jesus, the founder of Christianity, had to preach his divine doctrines amidst incarnate persecution; he was poor, without a place to lay his head; his followers were ignorant fishermen; he was crucified; and yet, what mighty results have originated from his teachings!"

"I cannot but honor your devotion, Mr. Humphrey, but let us obtain some more paving-stones for you."

He placed his nose near the table again, and said, "Will the spirits kindly do something else?" The table immediately ambled an affirmative. "Thank you." A second had scarcely passed when Mr. Humphrey exclaimed, "A hand has hold of my leg." "And one has hold of mine, too," shouted Mr. Forbes. Then a number of extraordinary rappings were heard about the ceiling and walls. At last nothing was heard or felt.

"You see, Mr. Humphrey, you keep adding to your paving-stones. When do you propose laying them on your road?"

"That question is one that I cannot exactly answer, but I have just thought that we could not do better than go over to Shirley this afternoon, and commence operations by astonishing Mr. and Mrs. Peerless, the parents of my wife."

"You had better ask the spirit of your wife, if she is still present, to meet us there," said Mr. Forbes.

"An excellent thought!" exclaimed Mr. Humphrey, gratefully. He took a pencil and held it on some paper, saying, "Will my dear wife meet us this afternoon at Shirley?" His hand was moved —

*I will endeavor to be there at six o'clock this evening, but you must not be disappointed if I am not there.*

"But tell me, can you not come if you desire?" His hand moved again —

*Spirits, like mortals, are limited in power, and are bound by conditions. I may be able to be near and yet not to communicate.*

"But can you not tell me why?" His hand wrote —

*I am often near, and wish to make myself seen and felt by you, my dear husband, but other spirits of an evil nature prevent me from doing so, and sometimes the conditions of circles are not proper for communications.*

"Can you inform me how you pass your time in the spirit-world?" He wrote again —

*We are permitted to descend to those we love on earth, to impress them with holy thoughts, and to lead them to Jesus. We sing lovely songs, and play on golden harps.*

Mr. Humphrey was gratified and very serious. He had witnessed such marvelous evidence of spirit-power as he deemed sufficient to subdue the firmest skeptic. If he could only obtain similar manifestations at Shirley, he thought even Mr. Peerless would be brought into the fold of the faithful.

After dinner, Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes drove over to Shirley, leaving Mrs. Bates, the housekeeper, in her room, busying herself with her needle, and moodily meditating on the 'orrible spirits, and what was likely to be the end of such wicked workings of the devil. The good woman looked very pale from excess of terror, proving that even her strong nerves were capable of being shocked. She had prayed earnestly during the night that she might have strength sufficient to resist the Evil One, whenever she might be called upon to sit at the table. It is true that the housekeeper could not meet the arguments of Mr. Humphrey, and that she almost lost her devil idea while she sat some part of the *seance* out, but then allowance must be made for her high respect for her master, and the winning way of his kind words and smiles. Mrs. Bates was a regular attendant at a small Wesleyan chapel, not two miles from Humphrey Villa. She had her notions engraved upon her brain, by a process of logic wondrously convincing to herself, but to few others. Mr. Pearman, the minister at the chapel, was about as perfect a fanatic as could be found. He always talked more of the devil than of Jesus, and hesitated not to employ hard terms when speaking of any other denomination but his own. Mrs. Bates had sat under his ministrations regularly for years, and had always

accepted his pious *ipse dixit* as perfect gospel. Mr. Pearman had inoculated his flock with devil-virus so much that the personality of his sable Satanship was the most prominent figure in their minds' eye. If familiarity breeds contempt, there may have been some advantage gained, but the disadvantage was, that in that case contempt occupied the soul to the exclusion of the higher attributes of love and faith. Mrs. Bates was just the sort of person to imbibe the Rev. Mr. Pearmain's teachings, for she had such faith in his wisdom, eloquence, and righteousness, that it would not be surprising if she, in an absent mood, had substituted him for Jesus.

The housekeeper was just in the act of trying to conceive a way to convince her master of the error of his ways, when Humphrey Villa was honored with a visitor in the person of the Rev. Thomas Pearman, of Zion Chapel. He was a stiff-built man of almost thirty-five years; his head was large, his neck thick and short, and he was unfortunately disfigured in one of his eyes, which had an awkward habit of squinting. Mrs. Bates, the good soul, never imagined for a moment that beauty of countenance would take a man to heaven, neither did she assume that because Mr. Pearman was ugly it accounted for his ugly idea of the devil.

It was evident to Mr. Pearman that there was something on the housekeeper's mind, which was betrayed in her pale countenance, and which did not momentarily vanish, even at the unexpected but welcome presence of her idol. The truth, like murder, will out.

Mr. Pearman appeared to Mrs. Bates in two characters; the one as pastor, the other as lover. He took great pains to make the one character a cloak to hide the other, and the good-natured woman assisted him all she could. He often visited her, but Mr. Humphrey did not consider him a *follower*, only of John Wesley; therefore his visits excited no suspicion. Whenever he came, Margaret was requested to do an inconceivable number of jobs about the up-stairs apartments, which she did very willingly, without the least suspicion.

"You do not look well, dear," said the minister, in a pitying tone, as his eye squinted compassion, and he took her hand, giving it a grasp or two.

"To say what's nothing but sacred truth, I've 'ad a 'orrible time of it with the spirits, Mr. Pearman."

"The what? Mrs. Bates," exclaimed Mr. Pearman.

"Why, the 'orrible spirits."

It took considerable time for the housekeeper to give a full account of all the doings, in her presence, the over night. When,

however, she had fairly laid the matter before him, he paused, only to collect his tremendous thoughts for one full sweeping declamation.

"My dear, as you value me, and your eternal interests, have nothing more to do with such workings of the devil. He is groveling like a roaring lion under the table, ready to tear you to pieces. Remember this, and you will not sit again." The Rev. Thomas Pearman squinted horribly, and put his face into contortions.

"I knew the 'orrible spirits was of the devil; I told Mr. 'Umphrey so, but he, poor man, cannot see it."

"My dear Mrs. Bates, I very much fear you are in great temptation in this devil's den. I shall not sleep night or day until I am permitted to take you to myself, snatching you, as it were, a brand from the burning." He drew the housekeeper near him, gave another trio of squints, and kissed her.

Mrs. Bates tossed up her head, disturbed her cap-frills, and called him a naughty man to do such "orrible deeds." There was such a mixture of piety and love,—such a deal of squinting interspersed with so many references to the devil, and so many repetitions of "orribles" that it would take a chapter to report them.

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## CHAPTER X.

### FRESH INCIDENTS.

When the mind is pre-occupied with some great idea which pushes other important practical thoughts out of court, and taxes the fancy to rear innumerable castles which may topple down like so many air bubbles, or when the mind has hold of a grand idea, which, under fair conditions, will develop substantial habitations for future occupancy, how every outward, stubborn image of stone or wood, which occupies posts on the public highway, fade from light, "like baseless fabrics of a vision!" If a vacant mind exhibits an idiotic countenance, a mind wholly filled with one idea displays, very often, an apparently foolish one. Yet to make a world it requires something besides material, and something more than mere skill; that wondrous genius of design, which gives character to the features, form, gait, and thoughts of each individual. Men are alike only in their types, forming units of distinct classes, but the merest child of a philosopher can mark distinction in every man of all men he beholds. Perhaps Mr. Humphrey was made large, both in body

and brain, to give him strength and space to support the weight of the one grand idea, which seemed to extrude all minor ones. On the way to Shirley, he saw nothing but the vision of his mind, and heard nothing save his own voice and that of Jeremiah Forbes. When he arrived at his father-in-law's, he was so absorbed with his own great schemes for the conversion of mankind to Spiritualism, that he could not be said to possess the faintest recollection of any object he had passed on the way. Mr. Forbes was not in the least degree absent to himself or to surrounding forms, animate and inanimate. He looked about him, playing with his walking-stick, admiring the scenery, which claimed his special attention in the direction of the Isle of Wight. The sun was shining, not with full but partial effulgence, allowing the eye, without pain, to catch glimpses of scenery across the gleaming water. Mr. Forbes addressed Mr. Humphrey two or three times, but all he got was brief rejoinders, satisfying him that he must strike a different key if he would produce harmonious responses. About the distance of a stone's throw from the little village of Shirley, a poor drayman was in deep distress. He had accidentally led his horses too near a low embankment, which caused the overturning of the dray and the diffusion of some beer casks; but so absolutely abstracted was Mr. Humphrey, that he drove on as utterly unconscious of the condition of the drayman and his dray, as though he had never passed them. Mr. Forbes remarked it would be a good thing "If one or two strong men were near to come to the man's assistance."

"I trust we shall do so," said Mr. Humphrey, substituting in his own mind Mr. Peerless for the drayman.

"How can we aid the man by driving past him, Mr. Humphrey?" inquired Mr. Forbes, with one of his knowing smiles.

"Oh! very well, Mr. Forbes. My father-in-law is certainly very stubborn in this spiritual matter, but if we drive his stubbornness out of him by showing him stubborn facts, depend upon it we shall aid him to conviction in spite of himself."

"You evidently misunderstand me, Mr. Humphrey. I allude to that poor brewer's drayman we have just passed."

"Brewer's drayman! I saw no brewer's drayman, Mr. Forbes; pray what has happened?"

Mr. Forbes referred to the state of the dray, and the sorry distress he saw evinced in the drayman's face.

"Well! well! dear me," exclaimed Mr. Humphrey agitated, "I declare I did not see the man; suppose we just drive to the 'Shirley

Arms' and tell them to send assistance." Mr. Humphrey, with all the humanity of his noble nature, lost no time in performing this little act of charity, returning all the better for it to his father-in-law's.

Mrs. Peerless, who was engaged reading, sat alone in the drawing-room, which commanded a view of the west side of her garden. She rose to welcome Mr. Humphrey and his friend, telling them to make themselves quite at home."

"Where is Mr. Peerless?" inquired Mr. Humphrey, as he proceeded to a seat and motioned Mr. Forbes to another.

"He is not within, but will be in the course of an hour or so, therefore you must make your mind up to amuse me during his absence."

"That will afford us both pleasure; what say you, Mr. Forbes?" said Mr. Humphrey, with his usual kindly tone and smile.

"Nothing pleases me, I can assure you, like having a commission to fulfil for the ladies;" and Mr. Forbes put on one of his sweetest smiles.

"I hope your friend Charles is not a bachelor," said Mrs. Peerless, with an arch smile.

Mr. Forbes slightly blushed, while his thoughts flew over to Gravesend.

"He must answer that question for himself, good mother, and forgive a woman's curiosity," intimated Mr. Humphrey.

"I must confess, madam, that I belong to the order of bachelors at present, but hope to desert it shortly," said Mr. Forbes, and he spoke feelingly. Mr. Humphrey and Mrs. Peerless exchanged significant glances, which were unobserved by Mr. Forbes. Much conversation of a merry, light character, preceded the divulgement of the son-in-law's object in the present visit. Mrs. Peerless was put in possession of the facts which had taken place since Mr. Forbes had been at Southampton. She expressed herself interested, and placed reliance on all that was told her.

"We have come over to afford Mr. Peerless a chance of unravelling the spiritual web. What say you, mother, will he be able to do it?" As Mr. Humphrey asked the question he looked unusually wise.

"I really must say, Charles, that I do not for a moment imagine Peerless will be able to account for a single fact you can establish, but you know his decisive manner on most topics, therefore if you can draw a confession out of him that he is wrong, pray do so. I shall offer no resistance."

"That is kind of you. Suppose, Mr. Forbes, we stroll in the garden for a change. Will you come too, mother, or have you other matters of a domestic nature to attend?" Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes rose.

"Perhaps I may join you, Charles," said the lady, "but pray do not neglect to watch how my flowers have progressed. You know how I amuse myself in the garden, and what pleasure it affords me. I really believe if it were not for my natural taste for horticulture, I should feel myself hermetically sealed under cover of *ennui*."

The two gentlemen went into the garden and found the time pass pleasantly while they inspected the diversified shrubs and flowers which grew profusely in tastily arranged beds. Presently Mrs. Peerless joined them, taking delight in pointing out the most favored of her flowers. Never did gardener attend with more devotion to the culture of the plants under his care, than did Mrs. Peerless to those she nurtured.

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## COMMON SENSE AND ITS ISSUES.

BY J. H. W. TOOHEY.

PHILOSOPHY, as "the Science of first principles," has generalized "fundamental truth" into unity of origin and universality of application; and yet, her distinctions and definitions of *life* have proved for the most part short-sighted and superficial.\* The subject-matter remains complex in spite of long and laborious attempts at simplification. Nature's many-sidedness enlarges on the vigilance of the keenest observer and most faithful classifier. Function and sphere multiply objectively; and the many-phased wonder-workers of the *infinitely little* command the attention of the thoughtful, as well as the more imposing instruments of the infinitely grand. Microscope and telescope only aid in swelling the tale of wonder, by giving new faces to the *old* forces underlying the phenomena of the *Universal*.

Thus, we are learning the *orderly* story of objective nature; each fresh discovery enforcing the *moral* that adorns the tale of *law* and *order* throughout the realms of space. If the same exactness of

\* The inefficiency of the merely speculative in philosophy and science, has been so generally acknowledged, that it was almost common-place for Voltaire to assert that "the systems of Pythagoras, Demveritus, Plato, Descartes and Liebnitz have all tumbled to the ground." And he adds, "it is best to be satisfied with making experiments.—*Letter to A. M. D'E. S. . . . July, 1776.*

"classified fact and demonstrated knowledge" cannot be reported for Biology and Anthropology, it is because the subject-matter is more complex, and the complication more difficult of access and accurate observation. Diversified phenomena requires close attention and systematic analysis to justify a scientific conclusion. It is more difficult, accordingly, than is apt to appear at first sight, to define the *true nature* of man, and fix upon his place in Nature. To reason from what *we know* upon the subject is in the right direction, provided, always, we know enough to justify a reason. Facts are good always; but when we *know* their family affinities and relationships, they are *better*. There is more to them; and we can make more of them. Like all other individualities in the universe, they must represent *quality*. Delicacy of phenomena has a spontaneous and an adduced side, requiring refined discrimination. Hence the need of time for the development of characteristics in the object, and verification of analysis by the student. But time itself is secondary to the conditions entering into the science of life and the higher combinations of the natural.

These considerations bring us from the general to the particular; from phenomema to analysis, suggesting the conditions upon which the science of the true, and the philosophy of the universal, are possible; the detail of which belong to Zoology, Physiology, Pathology, Chemistry, Geology; food, soil and climate. These consume the study of a life time; and yet a knowledge of each is fundamentally essential in analyzing the phenomena of life and the *causation* of character. The significance of this very statement recalls the protracted infancy of science and its unpromising beginnings; for it has been truly said that "Astronomy commenced in Astrology; Chemistry was preceded by Alchemy; medicine by the philosopher's stone; physics by magic; while philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence have passed through their phases of extravagance."\*

Naturally enough we wait the advent of an *exact* definition of life, and an equally exact exposition of its *uses*. Proximate philosophies, supported by individual industry and speculative generalization, abound. The fragmentary precedes the unitary, as the snowflake goes before the avalanche; but each bears witness to the development of truth, in criticizing and correcting the confusion of popular theories. Biological facts, therefore, wait further and better analysis and more natural classification, in order to reach that "science of first principles" underlying the nature of things and the ministry of the unitary whole. We *need* this, for, if we aspire to know more,

\* Dr. Ashbumer's Introduction to Richenbach's Dynamics.

we *must* be more, notwithstanding the philosophic assurance, that "humanity lives always and learns ever."

History and personal experience, then, are more or less fundamental. They enter into the science of the real and the philosophy of the possible. The knowledge of the one must justify the assumptions of the other. Generalization must wait upon patient observation and systematic thinking, since the excess of hasty generalization has in a marked degree marred the ministrations of truth and the administrations of justice. Nations, as well as individuals, have been made to suffer from this lack of *wholeness*; the evil consequences of which reproduce themselves in every department of the republic of letters. Misleading the generous purposes of education, nature has been forced into a stunted and dwarfed narrow-mindedness, wholly at war with the aspirations of the average man,—injuring alike the expansions of philanthropy and the moralism of law. Supporting superficial conceptions of the possible in life, a barbarous conventionalism has delighted in caste, laws, and class legislation, to the great re-tardation of human development and disgrace of civilization. Abounding in super-spiritual pretences, the fraternities of social intercourse has been mainly ignored—brotherhood itself passing for little more than a glittering generality. But the evil of this fragmentary development and one-sided culture is multitudinous. It misleads the intuitions of the religious sense, perverts the plainest precepts of "Revelation," and quarrels with the commonest lessons of experience.

Philosophers, therefore, and men and women of less pretension, may, do, *honestly* differ in opinion about the cause or causes of this perverseness in matters human; and while they are collecting the necessary evidence to justify old conclusions, or support the pretensions of new theories, attention is hereby called to one of the misleading forces; a kind of philosophic offender, known as "common sense." This offspring of the *genus homo* is supposed to be of the masculine gender, and of modern lineage. Very *uncivil* wars and religious (?) controversies preceded its advent. Born in the interests of individualism, and "the rights of private judgment," it grew self-assertive, and assumed "a mission" as soon as it could "go-it-alone!" Since then it has been claimed by all parties, having served all, abandoned all, without proving beneficent to any. The supposed merits of this assumptive genius, has made it popular with the majority. Its authority has been lightly, if ever, questioned, and the central conceit goes unchallenged. It is high time, therefore, to

put this offending member on trial, for "the age is essentially inovating, of searching scrutiny into *all* pretensions." The interests of progress suggest it, the amenities of philosophy commend it, and the wholeness of human nature demand it! But ere we argue the case in detail, let "common sense" be heard in its own right. Webster's Dictionary is good American authority for a definition of terms, and it has the merit of being popular without being quite as profound as German metaphysics. He says, "sense in general comes from the Latin word *sensus* or *sentio*, to feel or perceive; while common sense is generalized into a kind of instinct or short process of reasoning, perceives truth, the relation of cause and effect, &c., and hence enables the possessor to discover what is right, useful, expedient or proper, and adopts the best means to accomplish his purpose. This power seems to be the gift of nature, improved by experience and observation."

This is comprehensive if not logical. It covers nearly every aspect of life and every phase of experience. But assertion is not argument, much less logic; and in spite of the instruction, the explanation provokes questions and dissent. We ask, then, if "common sense" is "a kind of instinct," a "gift from nature, enabling the possessor to discover what is right, useful, expedient and proper," why this almost endless conflict of interests, personal feud, and religious antagonism?

If "common sense" is common to the family of man, what is there in the nature of things to prevent men and women from agreeing upon fundamental truth and living the science of life? And why do even philosophers fail so often in comprehending essential truth, and the "best means" for accomplishing desired ends?

To these and kindred questions there is but one intelligent answer, viz.: the philosophy is not true, the definition is not good. "Common sense" is an assumption of the intellect; a theory on a theory;" for sense of any kind never has been common to the sons and daughters of men. The senses, the commonest instruments of animated nature, are not uniform in development, or equal in authority to the individual. Confessedly men and women have "eyes and see not, ears and hear not;" and these are among the necessary agencies of needed sense. But were there no defects in organic life, the extreme differences in brain development and mind culture, would beget inequality in sense, making its commonness impossible. There are, however, defects of body and mind; and so numerous and aggravated are they in the world, that Pathology contests with Physiology the throne of heaven and the empire of thought.

Passing from the sphere of general statement to the developments of experience, we seek the needed demonstrations for the existence and usefulness of "common sense." In Protestant countries individualism is a philosophy, and "the right of private judgment" a dogma. Religion and politics, therefore, unite to make "common sense" respectable, if not useful. But as yet it has proved impossible. Individualities antagonize rather than harmonize. It tends to dissent, and culminates in controversies. In law, literature, medicine and theology, the issues are bewildering. "Common sense" is a standard of appeal in each; a phrase of authority to each, and a power behind the throne of every assertion. It constructs the issues, supports the methods, and justifies the conclusions reached. It is *logic* to the student of proprieties, *prudence* to "the man-of-money," *clear-sightedness* to the trader, and *grace* to the saint; and to each it makes "the end justify the means." History is its "curiosity-shop," while life, busy, bustling life, is the actual, practical exemplification of its handiwork.

The picture darkens, however, in passing from the one to the many; from the individual to the populace; since in the growth, trials and triumphs of public opinion, "common sense" has been by turns counsel and accuser. Leader of parties and expositor of laws, it sways the advocate, controls the judge, and packs the jury. Conservative from instinct, it clings to authority and loves popularity. With or without principle, it talks of the "public good," and insists upon "law and order," while persecuting the reforming thought and secular civilization. As a matter of consistency, it "stoned the prophets," poisoned Socrates, and crucified Jesus, in echoing the ignorance of the times, the conceits of the multitude, and the barbarism of law.

Coming nearer home, the same conflicts of interest and angularity of character follows the fickle and inconstant rule of "common sense." Patronizing the idealism of Jesus, that gave a name to Christendom, and the moralism of "the Golden Rule" to modern society, it sneers at the declaration of America's rights, and humanity's wrongs as "glittering generalities." Professing great love for domesticity and "home, sweet home," it has allowed the family circle to "lose caste," and its government to become "old foggy." "Honor thy father and thy mother," is obsolete as a command, and very inoperative as a sentiment, in spite of the Decalogue. Religion, too, that "was wont to work by love and purify the heart," has grown worldly and logical. Paul, not Jesus, is the master-builder of the

creeds; and "prove all things," not *love all*, the rallying cry of the sectarian. "New Lights" or "old fogies," the issues are the same; and Nature is still quarrelling with "Grace." "The Church" may be "infallible," but "Rome and Reason" are at war, traditional "common sense" fighting secular progress. Pastors and people support the conflict, determined to make a fallible man an *infallible* Pope; while Protestantism ignores "*the Church*," condemns her officers, and laughs at her ceremonies. But differ as they may upon Church rule and ethical philosophy, they agree that an "infidel" has few rights the churchman "is bound to respect."\* In politics, however, sense is secular, if not common; for it ignores the higher-law, placing expediency before conscience; platforms for principles. Legislating for party rather than humanity, its outlooks are selfish and provisional, rather than equitable and universal. And medicine, although it has lived so exclusively on "common sense" as nearly to ignore Science, is nevertheless a chaos of hard words and harder theories. Here the conflicts of opinion are not simply incidental, but mutually antagonizing; prompting Dr. James Johnson to "declare his conscientious opinion, founded upon long experience and reflection, that "if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist nor drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness, less mortality than now prevails."†

After this general survey, we ask what proof have we that "common sense" is "a gift of nature, improved by experience and observation?" Comparing evidence with Webster, we are free to answer, none! It is a hasty generalization, and should be abandoned. Reasoning *from* particular to particular, should be the universal method. Insisting upon individualization of issue the complex is avoided, and nothing taken for granted. Making facts basis, principles fundamental, and Philosophy universal. Observation becomes a science, logic inductive, keeping the mind "within the limits of the knowable." Meeting "every man in his own humor," and every issue on its merits, the idiosyncracies of the individual are made subordinate to the certainties of knowledge.

These are *mind marks*, and enter into the science of logic and the philosophy of the *real*. They ignore the assumptive, and insist upon

\* Pierre Boyle, in the 17th century, said: "To burn a heretic is the only point upon which *all* theologians agree."—*North American Review for October, 1870. Art. Pierre Boyle.*

† Editor of the London Medical, Chirurgical Review.

particularization. And the better to test their value and justify the proposed mental reform, we appeal to history, which is said to be "philosophy taught by example."

In the days of '76, and during the "times that tried men's souls," Thomas Paine gave *his* version of "common sense" to a struggling people. They vindicated the Rights of Man, and the *need* of the Nation's independence, supporting aspirations for freedom in the brave, awakening hopes of success in the timid, while denouncing the *villainies* that brought about a long and cruel war. The Nation, through the properly appointed representatives, thanked and rewarded Mr. Paine for his heroic services. In England, however, only a few years before, Lord Chesterfield published a paper called "*Common Sense*," which had for its object the perpetuation of the monarchy and the saving of the king's revenues; the one from expenditure, and the other from republican agitation. Nevertheless, Lord Chesterfield attached very little meaning to "common sense;" for, in his attempted explanation of his paper's name, he says: "If any should ask me what I mean by 'common sense,' I would be at a loss to answer. Indeed, *it might* be called the *plain rule* of reason, by which we judge of others rather than direct ourselves; called common because, like *common honesty*, it should be so, rather than because it is." A remarkable concession for such an individual to make, writing on "common sense; a concession, however, characterized by the nicest discrimination and tact.

*Generalization* was more easy to the French Revolution, however, and "common sense" had a jubilee. For, if ever *sense* was *common* to a people, it was during the maddening conflicts of that tragic drama. It grew with the historic development of the nation, and became "a revelation" of crime. For centuries it had been a household tradition and a fireside story; the moral of which was the wrongs and robberies of "the common people." The government, with few exceptions, was as inefficient as the Court was profligate; while avarice, cruelty and crime characterized the 18th century aristocracy of Church and State. But the judgment had come, for the Revolution was abroad. An awaked, outraged people demanded retribution. The sacrifices, no less than the cruelties of the hour, bespeak the seriousness of the times; and "the common people," so generally passive, looked to violence and the shedding of blood for momentary relief and general safety. Truly, the "avenging angel" was abroad; and all parties spoke the language of savage earnestness and exterminating antagonism. During that mental tempest, D'Hol-

back's "System of Nature and Good Sense" were the gospels to all, expecting mental rest in Atheism and eternal sleep, "common sense" having repudiated theology for philosophy and the Naturalism of Hobbs, Helvetius, and J. J. Rosseau.

The Revolution, however, became a frenzy, and its bewildering tumults silenced the healthier and broader sympathies of normal life; narrowing the fraternities of nature into intensified fear and selfishness. Since then, "common sense" in England has done little beyond slandering the French people, magnifying the exceptional outrages of the conflict. Michelet justly asks, therefore, what would you have done? Tell us, you officious counsellors, you friendly enemies, sages of European aristocracy, you who so carefully pour calumny on the hatred you have planted, sitting at your ease on the dead bodies of Ireland, Italy and Poland, deign to answer? Have not your revolutions of *interest*\* cost more than *our* revolutions of *ideas*? †

England's answer was before the world. For over a half a century "the horrors of the French Revolution" had been thrown in the face of every man demanding reform. The clamors of the tired and fleeced suitors of Lord Eldon's Court were silenced by "the horrors of the French Revolution." Old Sarum and Grampond lengthened out their "rotten" existence by supping upon the "horrors of the French Revolution." Point to the festering corruption of the Church establishment, and it lifted up its holy hands at "the horrors of the French Revolution." The Catholics were persecuted, the Irish gibbeted, and printers transported to atone for "the horrors of the French Revolution." The poor starved in damp cellars, while the landlord fattened his protected soil with "the horrors of the French Revolution." In a word, these "horrors" constituted the chief staple of the Tory argument and declamation, and were a conclusive answer to all who asked for *cheap bread, religious toleration, law reform*, reduced taxes, and enlarged suffrage. ‡

Toryism for the moment forgot the English butcheries in India, Ireland and America, as well as the part taken by England in devel-

\* National character is not to be estimated from isolated facts or temporary ebullitions. In England, the character of the French has generally been regarded as volatile and unsteady; but it must be remembered that the English nation changed its religion *four times* in the space of twenty-one years; a circumstance which has no parallel in France or any country in the world.—*John Bigland's "Considerations of the Character and Circumstances of Nations."*

† History of the French Revolution.

‡ H. B. Stanton's "Sketches of Reform and Reformers."

oping "the horrors of the French Revolution." But *expediency* rather than honesty or consistency has ever characterized political "common sense" and party logic. Mendizable's reply to Mr. Borrow's about circulating "the Bible in Spain," points to the moral and adorns the humanity of Toryism all the world over. "My good sir," said that Minister, "it is not the Bible that we want, but rather *guns* and *gunpowder* to put down the rebels with; and, *above all, money*, that we may pay the troops. Whenever you come with these three things, you shall have a hearty welcome; if not, we can really dispense with your visits, however great the honor." \*

This is the language of a Christian minister, and the managing head of a Catholic nation; and it recalls the assertion of Menander, that "it is not in the power of God to make a polite soldier;" for it appears to be a fact in morals, as well as in physics, A. Slade, of the English navy, being authority. "He says, Menan, like a good soldier, received the mandates of his chief more than fastwas or bulls. And thought the hubbub of drums sweeter music than Imam's voice, or church bells. And such must generally be the case with a military man, *so little can religion* affect his acts. His best conception is the wholesale slaughter of his fellow creatures. Rapine comes in the way of his trade. Nor is the tenth commandment much respected by him. The ninth he respects because it is gentlemanly to do so. The fourth he often considers a bore. The second he is led to infringe for the sake of a pretty face. The third is a dead letter with him. Even the respect which he naturally has for the fifth commandment would be modified to the detriment of cellar and larder, were the respectable persons there included to be on the opposite side; but at all events, it is quite free from the selfish consideration of having his days prolonged in or out of the land." †

No doubt this is the logic of the war system, and the "common sense" of the English navy on the subject; but it is neither good sense, nor average humanity, to practice a profession having such savage requirements. Admiral Slade, thinking otherwise, may honestly consider war a necessary expression of life; but human nature protests; and *all* that make civilization the expositor of civil, moral and religious law, repudiates the assumption. *Warriors* and moralists alike controvert the assertion, and insist upon *peace*. "The war," said the Great Gustavus, "which we carry on as a

\* Borrow's Bible in Spain.

† Travels in Turkey, by A. Slade. 1st Vol.

remedy, is the most insupportable of all earthly evils; worse than any of the evils it proposes to avert.\* But here, as elsewhere, "common sense" does not understand the highest interests of those it professes to serve. Fostering the local and the personal at the expense of the equitable and the universal, individuals and "governments" provoke the evils of which humanity complains. Reproducing the conceits and follies of past generations, the *evils of society*, "like tunes on a barrel organ," repeat themselves, with very little variation in a generation. Attempting too much, they accomplish too little, and punish genius and scholarship for correcting their blunders. "They have even imposed severe penalties on the students of nature, who broke with the beliefs and customs of the past. Astrology, accordingly, remained more orthodox than Astronomy, on the Copernican system. In 1624 the Parliament of Paris decreed death to all who should teach maxims opposed to Aristotle and approved authors. Thirteen years later, Descartes thought himself safer in Holland than in France. Even in Holland he was obliged to seek the protection of the local magistrates and the French Ambassador against the violence of Voet, a bigoted Protestant professor and preacher, who also thundered against Harvey's theory as *irreligious*. In 1656 Pascal wrote of the earth as the center of the universe, although he knew that Galileo was right. Even in 1683 the comedian Raynard says that the Copernican system was considered heretical in Paris; and still later, Libnitz forgot himself so far as to speak of the Newtonian theory as *immoral*. Even in our enlightened era, philosophers, when they find their arguments too feeble to upset the positions of a rival, have recourse to "the logic which is not of this world," and pronounce them *wicked*.†

Thus, genius and the industry of science have been kept back by the authority of government and the conventionalism of "time-serving men." "Common sense" rulers and "worldly-wise theologians pronounced them dangerous, and they were reprobated accordingly. Thinkers, and men and women with *new views*, have had to "*do penance*" for knowing more than their neighbors; while the *saviours* of "the people," from Galileo to Fulton, have had to suffer from the *pretensions* of "common sense." A fashionable folly, imposed not alone by "the common people," for "when New-

\* Mrs. Jamison's Memoir of Chistina.

† North American Review for October, 1770. Art. Peirre Boyle.

ton made known his discovery of the composition of light, it was disputed by some of the first men of science in Europe; and some of them never acknowledged its correctness."

In observation, no less than in speculation, "common sense" has been at fault, for when Geology lifted the curtain of Time, and demonstrated the old age of the planet and the vast antiquity of man, learned ignorance and vulgar sense united in calling it infidel and irreligious. Accepting the witticism of Voltaire, learned gentlemen, in and out of "the church," agreed to a foregone conclusion, insisting that "the world" was a *coquette, and concealed her age.*" But "time works wonders," and educates the most ignorant; compelling even theologians to acknowledge pre-historic history and pre-Adamite races.

When Harvey returned from Padua, having made himself master of all that was known in the best schools of his age, he, conscious of the defects of the science, worked for its perfection; and when *light* came, and he had *demonstrated* the circulation of the blood, by explaining the *use* and *functions* of the *valves* in the heart, his reward was contempt and neglect from the profession. Yes, though he had the good fortune to *see* the workings of the heart, one of his patients having a shot wound in the breast, which gave him ocular demonstration of the *fact*, and his conclusions. Yes, though King Charles had been to witness the phenomenon, and was the friend if not the convert of Harvey, in spite of reason, fact, and kingly influence, the discovery was ignored by the mass of the medical profession. And history makes the *fact* significant for after ages, since those members of the art whose years had passed "thirty-six" or "forty," could not be brought to examine the subject, much less accept its new doctrine.\*

Phrenology has been before the minds of men for something over three quarters of a century, and has done a work of wonder in that time. It has done more to change the views of men, enlighten their philosophy, explain mental phenomena, give rational views of idiocy, insanity, partial genius, dreaming, memory, and the discords of domestic and social life, than all else the world of mind had ever known. Yet, what was its reception? Read the reviews of "Blackwood" and others. Learn the treatment Drs. Gall and Spurzheim received from the authorities of Austria and France.

And know what theology has done and is doing to keep it out

\* Dr. Aitkin's Elements of Physiology.

of the churches. Know and learn all this, and then remember it is what is called "common sense" that sanctions such conduct.

In Mechanics, as in Law, Legislation, Government, Medicine, Religion and Science, "common sense" has had its conflicts with the inventions of *genius* and the physical improvements of the day. Here, as elsewhere, reforming thought has had to *educate* "common sense," and make it *sensible* of the wants of the people. Even the government of the Cæsars needed the ministry of *uncommon sense*; for in the Golden Age of Rome, a *rush-light* was a luxury, and people were content to keep good hours, not knowing how to destroy physical darkness. "Light, more light still," came mechanically as well as mentally, with the succession of the ages. It was an event of importance, therefore, for Heming in England to move the lighted-lamp from the house to the street, and save the way-farer at night from stray paths and mud-gutters. A *dim* light, no doubt, but an improvement on darkness, and worthy of consideration, which lead *some* of the "common sense" people to ask why this improvement on the order of "creation? Had not God made the sun to rule the day, and the moon and stars to shine at night, and wherefore meddle with His government of Nature? It was an *innovation*, evidently, and might prove a heresy eventually! But the more thoughtful *thanked* the heretic for his "new light," and blessed nature for the gift of illumination, without dreaming the time was at hand when a liquid fire would go through the earth with the speed of the wind, in vessels fashioned by the hand of man, to dispel physical darkness, and give perpetual day to all who need it.

In more modern times, the lesson of educating "common sense" repeats itself, for as late as 1817, in America, when Governor Morris and De Witt Clinton commenced that stupendous work that fashioned into life the largest canal in the world, few, very few, were the friends that gathered around the enterprise. "Common sense" spoken from clear minds, could see nought but failure and misfortune in the issue. Even Thomas Jefferson, whose name and fame are associated with the glories of the sage and statesman, was not an encourager to the enterprise. But in 1825, after the labors of eight years and five months, the work was done, and seldom has the sunlight of Heaven looked upon a happier and lovelier scene. It was worthy of Humanity—for it was a happy people rejoicing in the peaceful victory of their leaders—a people blessing with cheers and rewarding with acts of reverence, the men who had

is a man-of-war, but of great power; his devil a kind of "rough-and-ready," but of great invention.

This sketch of the every-day manifestations of "common sense" is not a fancy, but a sad reality. The detail may be found in "the conflicts of the ages," and in "the struggle for existence;" such as the great artist, Time, has developed in the past, and is making worked for their good, almost against the popular will, a people thanking their benefactors.

Since then, have come the water-works, which, when first introduced, was a like subject for doubt and mirth; notwithstanding that in the life and adventures of Columbus as well as in the biography of Fulton, there are *facts* which might have given tone and clearness to common sense, were such a thing possible on a new subject. But in spite of *doubt*, expense and trouble, the "Croton" has come to bless New York with purification and long life. Thanks to *genius*, not "common sense," we have veins and arteries in the earth, carrying *health* and *light* to the children of an advanced and advancing civilization.

We now turn to the street to read the signs of the times, and learn, if possible, the significance of the panorama before us! To see the actors in the drama of "common sense" perform their parts and illustrate their issues.

Here we find the representatives of the past, as well as the "hopes of the future," and to each and all, common sense is the magic mirror of light. So powerful are its dogmas, that men modify themselves to its most contracted and selfish teachings, and after kneeling at the shrine which their own hands have raised, baptize themselves in the *belief* that "*the voice of the people is the voice of God.*" This dogma, so practically set forth, has been with many the terror of life. In the halls of judgment, in the Inquisition, the mockery of trial, the terrors of death by faggot and stake, the long and solemn procession that marched the suffering victim to the place of sacrifice, and the fiendish glee that rejoiced at the death of a heretic, are all mottoes on the floating banners in the breeze of time — common sense being authority. The cynic and the satirist alike find room for comment and reflection in this "melancholy jar of atoms," and both give man up as the most savage and unfeeling of animals.

Selfishness has closed its doors on the poor and needy, and sense has called it economy! A cold and cynical philosophy has gone through life in ease, with plenty, more than heart could wish, and

lives of the great and good, is not the offspring of "common sense," for common sense is a still agent, working keenly, but seldom away from home. It is the *ego* principle in all its declensions. Unlike that universal Spirit that

"Knows no high, no low, no great, no small,  
But fills and bounds, connects and equals all,"

it works on part of the soul only, and from the contractions *incidental* to its birth, is narrow and proud. Its temper is violent, and in the many stages of its development, when its deformities have been shewn, it has done little else than slander its benefactor, on the same principle with Byron's hero, who "*not knowing what to say — swore.*" In all time slander and its modifications have come from this school; and those who use our common tongue for the *worst* of purposes, are graduates from its teachings. The villanies of social life come into being from this *lower law*, and find apology for the same. The pirate on the sea, the robber on the highway, and the assassin in his deed of blood, have but one logic, in common with the advocates of "common sense": "Sin if you will, but don't make a fool of yourself and be caught." Speculations of all kinds are set on foot to put *money* in the purse — no matter who may suffer by the issue. The human mind, as well as body, is made to do all kinds of violence to itself to please the wishes of "common sense."

Quackery of all kinds is puffed in the papers, if it has money on its side; on "the principle" that men and women like to be humbugged if it can be done handsomely. In any event, be cool and civil, is the admonition of "common sense" to his children; for passion distorts your features, and roughness destroys the effect of your elocution. Keep *cool*, and you will succeed. Accordingly, when "common sense" goes to church he puts on his best, and holds his head erect, instead of doing penance for his sins. When he pleads in court he winks at facts, if that is the way to succeed. In all kinds of logic he makes the worst appear the better reasons, and frowns on scruples, for he knows no higher law than success, no higher aim than self! His admonitions are personal reflections; his best sayings personal conceits, not truths. His maxims of prudence are get and keep; for charity begins at home. His prayer is, bless me and mine, for trouble is disagreeable. His love is *lust*, and sours with the using. His emblem the thistle, not the rose. His offspring are numerous, and follow the lead of discord, strife and antagonism. His heaven is built on pride, his hell on hate. His God

prominent in the present. It is *not* written in the interest of "*depravity*," "native, total or human," but because the mind has too long been the victim of superficial observation, bad logic and worse reasoning. Because, as Dr. Spurzheim says, "Men have long been treated as children; they have been taught that ignorance and superstition are *virtues*; that *fear* is wisdom, and that they can honor God more by flattery than by moral excellence." Because a new age and a new era demand a better and truer philosophy; one that comprehends the devotion of religion, the affection of love, and the purity of the angels, without having itself contaminated by the vulgarities of society. Philosophy should be discriminative, because Nature, who has given such nice phases of character to all things, and blends the variety of endless individualities in the harmony of union, has made all things for *use*, and, therefore, for appreciation. Vulgar generalities that, by some cant phrase, can put to blush the finest organism, should be ignored by the reformers of this age.

The phrase "common sense" has so long done duty and "dirty work" alternately, that we need some discriminative system by which to correct impressions, understand character, and harmonize angularities of individual organism. Phrenology has done *part* of this for *me*, and in the language of Dr. Spurzheim, "saved me from *misanthropy*." But we need to know more, and learn that conscious life is *not common*, either in *quality* or *quantity*, and, therefore, there can be no such *sense* as common sense, philosophically. That the great principles of science, of absolute right, eternal justice and the harmony of Nature's economy, will be understood and reduced to practice, needs no prophetic sight to see, by one who can read the meaning of our age; — but even when this has come to pass, there will be such Spiritual insight into the delicacies of mental growth and culture, as to keep the mind from vulgarizing the conceptions of friends and acquaintances by generalisms.

In the meantime, however, we need discrimination, because we hear voices from the Spirit-land, who say, you must not "put *new* wine into *old* bottles," nor patch up that coat of many colors, consistency. Because we have been in the dark long enough, and now is the time to speak words full of life and meaning.

There must be a resurrection, and that soon, for as we now live, the seed of discord is growing to a vigorous action, and by and by its lusty manhood may wake to deeds of violence and blood. The world's minority of "Saints" and martyrs, sages and poets, Spiritual heroes and philosophers, have yet to be appreciated, for the

sense has called it prudence! The young heart that loves the good, and from the overflow of soul speaks to the spirits of men of a new life with *holier motives*, is looked at with pity, for *sense* could never so forget itself.

The heroism of all times comes not to this school for motive or inspiration. That Divine forgetfulness of self which shines in the things which now claim the homage of the many, must give way to the loves of the few; for is it not written, "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first?" A purer faith must come, and come it will. This will change the picture of life and give to man his wholeness, by making life a blessing and not a curse. A new standard must be raised, and the eyes of mankind, yes, and human mind, fixed thereon. The conscious Spirit must wake from the sleep of ages to a new life, and the child of a day must learn *heirship* with all time. The discords of home and domestic life must pass away, and love, pure and lasting, take its place. A new philosophy and literature will come forth, as flowers come in spring, and younger generations will bless the *memories* of those who worked the wondrous change. "Common sense" will give place to reason, public opinion to moral worth, and *man* will stand confessed in *practice*, as now in *theory*, the type of Deity.

Science will be the handmaid of religion, not its enemy; and life shall be happy in knowing earth may be a paradise, not a "wilder-ness." The human form will be a mould of beauty, with a joyous Spirit and a thankful soul. Decrepitude shall pass away, and Spirits grown old before their time, shall be made young by the power of love. Peace, the ever present sun of the *pure and good*, shall dwell among men forever. Mental night shall have passed, and the light of Heaven shall "lighten every soul that cometh into the world."

Man will be to man a brother, and to woman a friend; petty cliques will die, personalities shall be forgotten, and "*light, more light still*," the watchword of all! God will then be a Father indeed, not a king, nor a judge, for "*perfect love casteth out fear*." His laws will be loved and obeyed, and perpetual youth and beauty will gladden all who live. The sun will shine on the children of love, and the curtain of night will gather round the repose of affection, while a *tenderness* of inner life, that has *no name*, will expand in every soul, as fragrance issues from the rose! Then will the *will* of God "be done on earth as it is done in heaven," for "the desire of all nations shall come" in the culmination of Spiritual life and social harmony. Such is the mission of Scientific Spiritualism.

## MARION'S GRAVE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

In a grave-yard near the Wye,  
 Where ripe, ruddy apples grew,  
 And the over-arching sky,  
 Sun-eyed smiled on grass and dew;

Near an ivied, ancient wall,  
 Where a sapling, proud and wild,  
 And the grasses, green and tall,  
 Graced the grave of our dear child,

I, her pilgrim parent stood,  
 After half a score of years;  
 And my mind, in feeling's mood,  
 Gave my eyes no ready tears.

All the past since she was here  
 In her body fair and frail;  
 All her gentle graces dear,  
 And her features thin and pale;

All my hopes and anxious fears,  
 Daily watchings and caressings;  
 All her mother's painful tears  
 Mingling pure maternal blessings;

All, like loving spirits, came  
 Down the passage of the years,  
 Whispering Marion's hallowed name,  
 And I shed no ready tears;

For I felt her presence blessing,  
 And her kisses as of old,  
 While the zephyrs sailed caressing,  
 And the grave was touched with gold.

Buried 'neath a tiny lot,  
 Near a wall and antique cave,  
 Where no tablet marks the spot, —  
 There, I found our cherub's grave.

And I loved the sacred scene,  
 Sanctified by all that's pure;  
 Glad with summer's golden sheen,  
 Rich with memories that endure.

And I stood beside her tomb  
 As the zephyrs toyed with flowers,  
 And Nature's mirth made light of gloom,  
 And Orpheus charmed the hours;

Saying: — Marion! angel beauty!  
 Thou, my child, who knew no guile,  
 Guide me in the ways of duty,  
 Where no shameless sins defile.

Often in life's weakest season  
 When the light of duty waned,  
 And my soul was dead to reason,  
 And my acts have others pained;

I have felt thy angel hand  
 Stay my footsteps, guardian soul!  
 And my feet have trod the land  
 Leading toward life's heavenly goal.

In a grave-yard, near the Wye,  
 Where the rocks in pride arise,  
 In a grave-yard, where the eye  
 Greets the verdure with surprise,

There I stood by Marion's grave,  
 Like a pilgrim at a shrine,  
 With a heart, though sad, yet brave,  
 And a feeling all divine.

## PROGRESSIVE DOTTINGS.

THE conflict of religious opinion is not likely to abate its ardor these twenty years to come. Theological zealots have a game to play and stakes to win in the playing of it. Spiritualists who realize the saving grace of knowledge, and learn to reciprocate right principles and obey the dicta of cultured conscience, may not expect to evade their legitimate tasks in the theological conflict. It is pusillanimity to talk of gentle submission to the fates, and non-intervention in the affairs of mankind outside, what is regarded as spiritual facts and philosophy by noncommittalists and others who happen to know that tables dance in reply to intelligent interrogatories. We, at least, shall not fail to show, to the best of our poor powers, that all matters of interest to the human family are not without deep import to spiritualists.

The first dotting that calls for consideration, is the appended report of the *Boston Journal*, of the Rev. W. H. H. Murray's opening service at Music Hall, in this city:

The Sunday evening evangelical services at Music Hall were continued last evening with a sermon by Rev. W. H. H. Murray. The Hall was densely packed by the vast audience that poured in as soon as the doors were opened. The usual prelude of song under the direction of Prof. Tourjee, occupied the half hour before the service. The Scripture lesson was from the first chapter of John, and after the prayer the Congregation sang "Before Jehovah's awful throne ye nations bow with sacred joy," to the tune of "Hamburg." Mr. Murray's subject was the knowledge of Christ, and the text he chose as the basis of his remarks was Ephesians, 3d chapter and nineteenth verse: "And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." In this passage he said the apostle was striving to impress the universal nature of the atonement. In addressing his audience a shadow came over the landscape of his hope, as there were doubtless many present to whom he should speak of an experience they had never known. Those who did not know Christ were 1900 years in the rear of the world's present position. Not only were there many who were not Christians, but there were those who professed to be religious teachers who had no experimental knowledge of Christ in life. They knew him as a good and generous being; as a wise teacher of ethics; but what heartless, meagre knowledge was this? Was he to be regarded as no more than one of a dozen teachers? What was a Christless Christianity worth? Mr. Murray had no fears of the cold, spiritless, tame affair known as Free Religion. Such a religion had no vitality, and such preachers had no gospel to preach, no sin to convict, no Bible to expound. When the pulpit became a Lyceum platform and Jesus only a man, there was no basis for a powerful religious movement in New England. Such gospel was like a ship glued together. The religion that was preached in Horticultural Hall went to pieces down in North street. There was no converting power in such a religion; there was no muscle in it, and the good abhor such a re-

ligion as impiety. Their wants were real and deeply felt, and a real and deeply felt religion was needed. To know Christ with the head, was not to know him as Paul prayed that the Ephesians might know him. Persons must know him in their experiences and their griefs. The path which leads one to the knowledge of Christ was the same that led one to know a man. Men were not seen at a glance, but only as their character was developed by time. No one knew who his friends were, until it cost something to be a friend, until they were called upon to stand up in his defence.

In conclusion, he said that the creeds of the Evangelical churches were better than the practice of Evangelical Christians. What the harp needed was the living player, and the Spirit of God would wake every feeling to harmonious action. His prayer was that the Evangelical churches might be enlarged, and that no spirit of sectarian jealousy should enter them. The day of denominational warfare in Boston was passed, and never should a denominational flag symbol over him.

This is whole-souled; just the thing for a devout Orthodox congregation. But what "The knowledge of Christ" is we are not informed; if so, our brains need cudgelling. If this sort of stuff is to pass for religion, Heaven carry us back "1900 years in the rear" of Mr. Murray's piety. Amen to the prayer for the enlargement of denominationalism to the exclusion of sectarianism. But stop — Mr. Murray does not mean what he says, or he says what either he or we don't understand. Enlarge the churches to the expunging of sectarianism, and lo — presto — Mr. Murray's "Knowledge of Christ" ceases to trouble multitudes who may find some comfort in "Free Religion." The fact is Boston has not, by a long way, got through denominational warfare, or sectarianism, which is its muscle and sinew.

What a tribute to the crowds that pack Music Hall, this report! Common sense, avant! "The knowledge of Christ," of which the Murrays talk so much, but of which we, cold, fearful, wretched infidels that we are, confess to know nothing, has made our preacher sectarian — but, poor man! he does not see it — hence his prayer that "sectarian jealousy" may die out of the churches.

It is not possible to hold "by the knowledge of Christ" in the Orthodox sense, and at the same time admit practical freedom in religion. No hope for humanitarianism, which is the vitalizer of true religion, while the Murrays can attract crowds to listen to such high pressure effusions of cant and nonsense.

"The right shall yet come uppermost,  
And justice shall be done."

Poetic, yes; that is all; poetic justice would not forego its meas-

ure in the mind of Mackay. Would to God that our social arrangements,

“Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,”

could claim no freedom from the fiat of Justice. It is most time that “The knowledge of Christ” ministers, like Mr. Murray, turned an attentive ear to the deafening complaints of the victims of social injustice. Here is a brief story which ought not to be confined to the columns of the *Boston Herald*, from which we clip it :

HOW A SAILOR IS KEPT OUT OF HIS WAGES.—I am a shipwrecked sailor, and I wish to publish in your valuable paper the gross injustice done me by Dr. T. H. Smith, in whose ship I lately sailed. I sailed from New York in the ship *Levanter* May the 6th, 1869, on a voyage to Callao and other ports on the coast of Peru, and back to London; and while on the passage from London towards Boston, spontaneous combustion of rags, oils, ale, porter, etc., caused our ship to be burnt at sea, July 26th, 1870, and we barely escaped with our lives, in our boats. We were picked up by a fisherman and taken to Marblehead, and after we arrived in Boston and rated and extended our protest, we applied to Dr. Smith for our wages, as I for one was anxious to go home to the Cape to see my friends, whom I had not seen for two years. The doctor told me he would pay me no wages, and in a most insulting manner told me to go to — and look for wages. After calling upon the doctor several times for my pay, each time being treated in the most scornful manner, I applied to the law. My case was tried in the Municipal Court, and the full amount of wages due me was awarded me by that Court, but the doctor appealed, and my case will not be tried again before April. Now I don't presume to find fault with the liberal laws of our free and happy land, but I ask, in the name of all truth and justice, how is a poor man to live who has no earthly way of earning a dollar but to go to sea for it, if the law will thus suffer a man to defraud a poor shipwrecked mariner out of the paltry sum he nearly lost his life in earning, until it is all sunk in lawyer's fees? I have followed the sea for the past fifteen years, and I am proud to say that this is the first time I have been in Court for the recovery of wages.

JAMES CONNOLLY,

Late Mate of Ship *Levanter*.

Fie upon your “Christian dogmas,” ye sticklers for gospel and law; they are more worthless than the paper upon which they are printed, unless the world gain in goodness, and justice sit upon the judgment seat. James Connolly is only one of thousands of victims whose poverty places them at a disadvantage in the hands of rich rogues.

Oh for the reign of pure religion, the Millenium of progress! Henry Ward Beecher is a genius, which everybody admits. He says very many good things, and deserves quite as much for saying them as we or you, kind reader, for the same, but he often gets

more. But then he is Beecher, a fact of which he cannot be ignorant, though he be unaccountable for it. Here we gladly add to all the good things we collect, the Providence, R. I. "*Star's*" report of his lecture in that city, on Happiness :

Said he: Though man was royally built, yet his soul was like an organ badly played. Every path of life was intended for peaceful enjoyment, and scattered up and down, here and there, was a large amount of happiness, but it was generally momentary, not continuous. In general, he said, childhood was the happiest period of our existence; but then we knew not how to prize it. If we could only have our childhood after the harsh experiences of life, then we could all be happy. Men measure happiness by reason, and children by their imaginations; but reason being stingy, and imagination profuse, childhood believes and is happy, while manhood doubts and is unhappy. With all his miseries, life was a grand spectacle. The best people were not always the happiest, because true happiness depends so much upon the disposition, circumstances, opportunities, luck, or what the Christian calls Providence. Happiness was a venture, and a larger view of the normal causes thereof was needed. There was no channel that would bring one surely into happiness. We knew well enough how to live virtuously, and to die happily, but the thing was to understand how to be happy here and now. There was much truth in the statement of the old French philosopher, who said that happiness consisted, first, in occupation, second, in occupation, and third, in occupation. But the man or woman who was occupied from sixteen to eighteen hours a day at hard work would have another idea about happiness. There could be no real happiness without health.

The lecturer then proceeded to explode the idea of the philosophers who have harped so much about natural laws being the basis of happiness, saying that every man carried his own natural laws within himself. Happiness was the harmony of all our conditions, but we must have self-control to preserve the equilibrium. All happiness was the normal product of our nervous system. We must not go out after happiness, as we would to buy goods, but it was to be found in the vibration of a nerve. The string was in you, though another hand might strike it. The human body was simply the soil, and circumstances the climate, but they must cooperate to produce happiness.

He then pointed out how organization and education affected us in seeking to be happy. Different persons could not be equally happy. Those grapes that secreted the most sugar made the best wine. After dwelling for some time on those activities of the mind that generate sensibility and excitement, sorting out our faculties into upper and lower groups, the speaker said the great mass of uncultivated men confounded excitement and happiness, and could not distinguish between them. Distributive happiness was the order of nature, one kind this moment and another the next; but every man must determine what part of his mind he would live by, if he expects to be happy. But the peculiar folly of this age was the great waste of nerve force, or brain dissipation. The diseases of the present day were those of nerve origin, not of the blood, as of yore. The trouble is, our good people are living too fast. There is excitement in the very air, and in all our great cities the raw material of insanity was increasing rapidly. Excessive work was the style of the age, and the counting house was as full of stimulants as the bar-room. There were three kinds of dissipation — the excessive use of brain force, the increase of

blood by luxurious living, and the black kind, which runs to crime, filth and the gutter. To be happy it was not necessary to be so very rich. Most rich men soar higher than happiness flies.

Then, again, our so-called fashionable amusements were the most dismal instruments of torture. Enjoyment of the right kind is a moral force, conforming to some law of common sense. Now-a-days, our social gatherings were given not so much to make guests happy as to show what you've got. A rich neighbor had made a fool of himself, and you could not be happy till you eclipsed him. Social parties thus set on foot, through vanity, were simply wicked. We must meet men as we meet our children. Our entertainments must be changed. There was more real happiness in a regular summer picnic than a dozen grand parties. There must be a regular exercise of our faculties within, if we expect to be happy. Amusements were indispensable, but they properly belong to those who had been overtaxed. Amusements were not good simply because innocent *per se*. To be right, they must be good for you. An amusement that destroyed health and vitality was not the one for you, but every one must find out what amusement is best for his own organization. In conclusion, he said that religion developed happiness in secret places that cannot be measured. It can never be estimated by the strength of a creed, but love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness and self-control were the words that struck upon the heart like the notes of a marriage bell. This was the power that dwelt in silence, sustained us in decay, and gave admission into the kingdom. It had no equal, and gave joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Wm. Denton's heterodox sermon from the Orthodox text "Shall the Judge of all the earth do right?" was one of his best radical utterances. Mr. Murray should have heard it and digested the strong logic that lay the monstrosities of Orthodoxy at the feet of Reason as with an "inevitable axe." Denton is equal to all emergencies, and shows not only courage of the heroic cast, but a continuous freshness, that holds his auditors. Mr. Murray can draw larger crowds than Denton, but the advantage is manifestly on the side of the "Geologist and Radical," for he gives matter for the grasp of common sense, founded upon strict scientific theses. Would that Murray were half as understandable.

Boston is not altogether puritanical, or "the Spiritual Monthly," Banner of Light," Investigator, Radical, and other liberal papers, would not hold ground. Theatricals have their sphere of usefulness, and run counter to sanctimoniousness. We love to witness good acting. Walter Montgomery, certainly one of the grandest of modern players, has run through a round of Shakesperian characters to singularly small houses, except the first. He went away disappointed, so were we, in sympathy with him.

Fetchter carried away, after an *au revoir*, something less than

4500 dollars, tendered as a complimentary. He is doubtless an actor in melodrama, and merits praise, but in comparison with Montgomery, Fechter, in our judgment, can scarcely hope for applause. Sensationalism is the despot of the stage, as elsewhere. Montgomery said, at the close of his rendition of Richard 3d, — Boston is "a cruel place." The same night Fechter have exclaimed, with brightened eyes, *au revoir*, "till we meet again." We hope sincerely that an opportunity will be afforded Montgomery to renew acquaintance with Boston under more promising aspects. This much in the interest of simple justice to one of the finest actors of modern days.

But what have these dottings to do with Spiritualism? They are part of life and its issues, and it is our bent to give them a place here. Mr. Fechter's "complimentary" was a monster success. Over *three thousand dollars*, clear of all expenses. He magnanimously presented the whole to charitable institutions.

Dr. Hammond's theses, stale and unprofitable as they are as a solution of the phenomena of Spiritualism, have received at the hands of Alfred E. Giles, in the *Banner of Light*, a most telling and scholarly scorching. There have been few reviews of late in the Spiritual publications which seem to us better done and better timed. It is good to have a Dr. Hammond now and again start up to tempt the metal of such excellent writers on our side as Giles. God speed the right.

The Labor Reform League of Massachusetts made small progress at Elliot Hall during its two days' sessions. A good deal of "smart" talking was mingled with some unseemly jargon and uncalled for vituperation. Still the objects of the League command respectful consideration, and touch the core of the world's social rottenness. There was no call for the strictures on Spiritualism, which fell from the lips of some of the speakers. Spiritualists have done all they could towards the inauguration of harmonious institutions in the short time they have possessed life, as a movement, and we saw that the audiences of the League were made up of a majority of Spiritualists, and even the platform was not left solely to anti-spiritualist speakers. Let the League press forward; we wish them success in the establishment of universal equity, but opine that harsh words, spiced with ill manners, will aid them none, but rather retard their progress towards the millenium.

The Woman's Suffrage Convention at Tremont Temple display-

ed the usual amount of feminine fire and masculine fervor. No doubt they have cause for rejoicing at the evident progress made, but we do wish that they would not sue for favors to any man or party, but simply and resolutely take their stand on principle, and demand their just rights, whether it pleases Governor Claflin or any other person to favor or oppose. We are sorry to observe a tendency towards political policies on the part of some foremost leaders, to whom we had looked for better things.

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### SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

BEFORE leaving England for America in 1867, we were on friendly terms with Mr. W. D. Meers, who was then a remarkable Psychical medium. We resided within ten minutes' walk of each other, and frequently interchanged visits. Since that time our lots have been cast in widely different spheres, he in New Zealand, we in the United States. It was with no small surprise and pleasure that we read in the January number of *Human Nature*, the following, which calls for no comment at our hands, as it tells its own story. We shall be glad to learn if Mr. Meers attested the manifestation of the voice. If so, the particulars of the seance resolve themselves into an astounding evidence of the power of the human spirit to visit distant scenes, and manifest even while holding tenure with the body.

We have been permitted to make the following interesting extracts from a letter to Mr. Everitt, written by Mr. D. W. Meers, Dunedin, dated Sept. 30, 1870.

This article is worthy of the most careful perusal. It shows that the spirit can leave the body and journey in the spirit world and to other countries of the earth, and that the spirit of a human being, yet in the flesh, can travel from one side of the globe to the other, and manifest itself at the spirit circle in the audible voice:

"Your kind and interesting letter, dated the 20th June, came to hand on the 18th instant, and such a letter, from such a friend, has given both my wife and myself an earnest craving to return to dear old England, and its many social and domestic joys, and to again participate in the pleasures of spiritual communion, of that elevating and wonderful character, such as is obtained through the mediumship of your dear wife. We out here can get nothing beyond tipping, rapping, and writing by the planchette, except under very

favorable conditions, when a few of our new mediums occasionally obtain a glimpse of a spirit form, and see spirit light; but this, you perhaps will say, is fair progress, when we consider that up to the time of our arrival, not a single person in this city had ever been present at a seance, although they were spiritualists, but they relied entirely on book evidence.

The subject was not altogether popular until last June, when I was solicited to give a Lecture on Spiritualism, in aid of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. I at length consented, and the largest hall in the town was engaged. Two hundred extra seats were fitted, and on the eventful evening, with the Mayor in the chair, I stood before a crowded audience of upwards of six hundred of the most fashionable and wealthy inhabitants of this city, and I have to thank God for helping me on that occasion, as my lecture occupied about two hours and a half, and was considered in every way a decided success. Every paper in New Zealand had articles upon it, and in every instance it was favorably, and in some cases flatteringly spoken of. And now I must tell you what followed; it set the whole town in a state of furious excitement, and within a month there was upwards of two hundred regularly organized circles formed, and phenomena obtained at almost all of them. The greater part are now being most successfully conducted, in addition to which a periodical devoted to Spiritualism was started, which I regret to say our limited population could not support, so we only had five weekly issues.

We are visited by the most influential and wealthy men in the province, but we have no meetings or gatherings like yours, no spirit messages of the wonderful and beautiful description such as you are blest with, but God and myself only knows how much I crave for them. I do not envy you, my dear friend, but I do most sincerely wish we could sometimes meet in the company of the holy angels that gather round your altar, and bring their heavenly food and blessings to your happy home. If I can get a chance of coming at some time when you are holding a seance, I will try to speak in the audible voice, and in Mrs. E.'s presence. I think it highly probable I may succeed, and if so, that will be a wonderful evidence of spirit journeying, and it is worth a trial. It would be such an important fact, that it is worth any amount of patience and time if it can be accomplished. I have no doubt about my coming to you while we were on the ocean, when Mrs. Everitt and Mrs. Hardinge saw me — and, therefore, why not again?

The spiritual friends are about starting a Children's Lyceum in this city; we expect to commence operations in a week or two, as all the necessary books came from America about a fortnight ago, so you will perceive we are rather a go-a-head class out here. If this succeeds, our next step will be to form a spiritual church for free and liberal teaching, not to be in any way secular or formal. The matter is now under consideration, and about seventy persons are prepared to support it. The poor Presbyterian ministers are almost raving mad with us. They tell their congregations we are a set of infidels, and rushing to hell headlong, but strange to say, the more bitter they are against us the more come over on our side, as the thinking part of the community seems to prefer our tolerant doctrine to the wrathful condemnation of their own ministers. I almost fear our little population is too limited to support an independent church, but we are trying it very hard.

We have a young girl here in a similar state to the Welsh fasting girl. She resides with her parents about ten miles from town, and belongs to a very respectable family; she has not tasted food for several months, with the exception of a little liquid occasionally, but nothing solid, as she is unable to swallow it. She is called the Tairia fasting girl, and occasionally sees visions, and holds converse with angels, joins in their singing, and describes what she sees in most beautiful language. She is perfectly sane in every respect, and is visited by hundreds of persons. If I can get an opportunity I purpose paying her a visit, and try if I can make anything of her case. Several friends wish me to go and report my opinion on her.

I enclose in this a small photograph of Dunedin, showing our lovely bay and giant hills, some of which are three or four thousand feet high, and are covered with evergreen native trees and shrubs, and swarm with birds, some of which are so tame that, when sitting, they will pick a crumb out of the hand, and hop upon us as if we were perches placed there for their special use and amusement.

I must not forget to tell you that we have been promised the audible voice during the approaching spring, not through our mediumship, but in our presence. I wish we may get it.

Our garden is now in beautiful order, and I could easily gather a cart load of flowers, and scarcely miss them, and this month is equal to March in England."

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MR. MEERS SPEAKS IN THE AUDIBLE VOICE AT A SPIRIT CIRCLE IN LONDON.

The following account of a seance which took place at 15 South-

ampton Row, on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1870, is a fitting and instructive supplement to Mr. Meers' letter, especially as regards the part in which he hopes to be able to speak in the audible voice at some circle in London. That the reader may thoroughly appreciate the merits of this performance, he must understand that Mr. Meers was in New Zealand, and the circle at which he spoke audibly was in London. Hence, Mr. Meers attended that circle spiritually as a disembodied spirit would do, and produced the phenomena peculiar to a spirit. The particulars are as follows:—The circle was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, Mr. Daw, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Cogman, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Mary Wooderson, Miss Nisbet, Miss Mawle, Mr. and Mrs. Burns. After certain passages of Scripture illustrative of spiritual manifestations had been read by Mr. Burns under the instruction of the spirits, Mr. Everitt offered prayer. Various sounds were heard in the table, and delicious and cooling perfumes were showered upon the sitters several times during the evening, and each time the kind of perfume was varied.

It should be stated that after the reading of the Scriptures all lights were extinguished and the room was in dense darkness. Spirit lights were seen, the brightest and largest that have ever been witnessed at Mrs. Everitt's circles. At one time they appeared like large butterflies or bats of fire winging their flight through the darkness; then they appeared like balls, fountains of fire, and large irregular masses of light of the size of an outstretched hand. A seer saw a spiritual figure preparing these lights, and she could tell when the sitters might expect to see a light, from the preparations by the spirits which she saw going on. When the sitters engaged in singing these phenomena were intensified. Mr. Cogman's spirits influenced him in a very humorous manner a great part of the evening, which caused much hilarity, and tended to harmonize the minds of those present. Nippy, the Indian spirit came and talked through the tube. Mr. Cogman held a conversation with this spirit in an unknown tongue, and they seemed to understand each other perfectly.

Before the spirit voice was heard Mrs. Everitt and Mrs. Burns passed into the trance. The tube was carried up to the ceiling, and John Watt saluted the company and carried on some conversation, which he renewed during the latter part of the seance. When Mrs. Burns came out of the trance he asked her to tell what she had seen in the spirit world. She said she remembered meet-

ing Mrs. Everitt and walking in a beautiful wood. They approached a mountain, up which they walked some distance, but Mrs. Everitt got tired and turned aside among some flowers, while Mrs. Burns persevered in the ascent till she gained the top. From this eminence she saw a large city, and from a plain below her there were bands of spirits carrying flowers to circles in various parts of the earth. She remembered following these spirits to six different circles, and counted eight sitters at one of them. She visited in spirit the circle at which her body sat, and though the spirits around it were quite visible to her, yet the sitters were as it were in a cloud, and she would not have recognized it as her own circle if John Watt had not called her attention to it. She was then taken to the large conservatory where these beautiful flowers were grown, and its beauty was too great for description. It is from these flowers that the spirits produce the perfumes for the spirit circles. She particularly remembered passing over a green plain, and then a great expanse of water. She found herself in a balmy climate where the trees were fresh and green, and many flowers. A man was seen riding on a grey horse, and she entered a white house in which people were engaged holding a seance. At this point she was brought out of the trance, and thought she had been in New Zealand.

Immediately after this one of the most wonderful phenomena that has yet occurred in modern Spiritualism took place. A voice spoke through the tube, in a husky whisper at first, but it afterwards got to be more distinct. It said, "Mr. Everitt, I want to speak to you. I have been trying to come to you for some time. I can't stop long, but take note of the date and time that I am here. God bless you, dear friend, we are all well here. Good night." Mr. Everitt exclaimed, "Who are you?" "I am your friend, Mr. Meers," and with a hasty adieu the phenomenon ended. We ought to observe that this took place about eleven o'clock in the evening of December 6, 1870, and we hope Mr. Meers will be able to give some corroboration of this statement from his personal experience at the time. His memory of these events would, however, much depend on questions being put to him, while in the trance, by those who sat with him.

We can from these wonderful facts understand the import of the passage which the spirits directed to be read. Ezekiel 8 and 3: "And he put forth the form of an hand and took me by a lock of mine head, and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the

heaven, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem, to the door of the inner gate that looketh towards the North, where was the seat of the image of jealousy which provoketh to jealousy."

Mrs. Everitt came out of the trance in due course, and corroborated all that Mrs. Burns had said respecting their mutual wanderings in the brighter lands. This was one of the most important and enjoyable seances we ever attended, and in some degree illustrates the wonderful gift of mediumship possessed by Mrs. Everitt.

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### WHAT A COMMUNITY!

A YOUNG Men's Christian Association is dead — dead as a door nail! It has had a consumption, slow and wasting, and finally has gone — up — for there is no future for such as these. When they go up, it is up in the sense of oblivion. This Association was in Pawtucket, a village some four miles from Pawtucket. Its existence covered only a brief period of four years, two and a half of which have been sickly, hectic, wheezy and wan. We have sought its record of good deeds, but they are few. It was an Orthodox, Theological affair, and the reader well knows that the philosophy which is the concomitant of Orthodoxy is cold and cheerless. There is no sweet charity about or in it, but a stiff formalism, a heartless dogmatism, an entire false conception of life and its issues. Man is totally depraved, God cursed and therefore to be by man cursed till he shall come into the fold of the church, washed in the blood of Christ, by which redemption alone is to be assured and secured.

After such a pattern was this Pawtucket Christian Association. It was rich in prayers, but poor in charity. The ruffled sea of life, tossing restlessly upon its surface, men, women and children, could toss forever for all its efforts. The pining poor might shudder and shiver and starve, no relief came from the Christian Association. I do not mean to say there were no individual instances where it might not have ministered, but only this; there was no large-hearted expansive charity which ran out into the by-ways and administered balm to the sick, poor and disconsolate. It could commend such to the consolations of its religion, the mercy of Christ, but would these clothe nakedness and stop the gnawings of hunger? This religion, charity or philanthropy, which has words only, and unnecessary ones at that, where deeds are needed, is sorry stuff. Oh

how vain are the mutterings of priests, the rantings of zealots, and the prayers of the faithful, when back, behind and under all there is not the heart of humanity. Humanity, its good and enfoldment, is the key note of all religion. Without it religion is a bubble, a mere formalism, a thing of the head, not the heart.

While the committee of the Association were in conclave preparing for its demise, and framing the resolutions which were to apologize for the event, in another room of the same building was Mr. A. C. L. Dorsey, writing a letter to the Chief of Police of the city of Providence, advising him of the gift of \$250, to be by him expended for breakfasts, a thousand in number, for the unfortunate who might be forced to seek the shelter of the station-house to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Dorsey proposed to give them a good breakfast as a supplement to their night's lodging. He is known as the gentleman who of late has made the anniversary of his birthday, Jan. 31, an occasion to give the inmates of the State Prisons of New England a dinner, and sometimes others in addition. His beneficence is proverbial, but by the majority of those who profess great things in the service of the Lord, he would be, without doubt, consigned to perdition. Such is the course of the religious world; he who does not pronounce the shibboleth of creed or class is of no account, but must be anathematized. Well, I choose to stand on the side of Humanity, and if I go to the devil, I shall be pretty sure to find pleasant quarters and good company.

WILLIAM FOSTER, Jr.

PROVIDENCE Dec. 21, 1870.

# The Lyceum Record.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTION

MERCANTILE HALL, DEC. 11, 1870.

TEMPLE GROUP. The subjects were, "The Letter-Carrier," (continued), "Flowers," and "How to Make Home Happy."

UNION GROUP. An article on "Profane Swearing" was read.

STAR GROUP. What is truth? *By Edwin D. Stickney.*—

A real fact without coloring.

BANNER GROUP. Is it a waste of money for the rich to spend their wealth in building and furnishing costly houses?

*By W. S. French.*—I answer, decidedly; no! For, in every way, they are helping the poor. First, are those that cast the bricks; next, the hod-carriers, then the masons, the carpenters, and others on the house itself; then, the furniture, the dealers, the carpet-man, the artists; and a great many more, too numerous to mention;—all come in for a share of the money. Some old fogies may say that it is a waste of money to build these nice and costly residences, and if you reply that it is *not* because it gives employment to the poor, they say that the rich might do a great deal more good by giving their money to those who need it. Ah, my friends, that is a mistaken charity which gives *money* to the poor instead of work. They must earn their bread and butter; or else, thousands of the poor will grow to be sots and slaves of the worst description. I do not wish to be understood as condemning the giver of money or other articles to those who need them and cannot earn them. But I do condemn the idea; that for the rich to give away their money to those who are abundantly able to earn it is better than to erect houses and give employment to the needy. Let a man *earn* his money by the sweat of his brow, and he will feel more noble, manly, and free, than if he had been given twice the amount; and it will do him ten times the good. But as some of us may not agree about this, I will say, as I began, that I think it is *not* a waste of money for the rich to build costly houses, but that it is a great benefit to the poor.

To what degree are we influenced by ministering spirits?

*By J. F. Kemp.*—That we cannot say. For ever are we surrounded by spirits ministering unto us, as our souls need and require their assistance. As we progress into higher conditions, and as we become more spiritual, we shall have a larger comprehension of the mission of spirits. Therefore, we cannot say to what extent we are controlled by unseen influences.

SHORE GROUP. What is Charity? *By Carrie Shelhamer.*—Charity is a feeling which we at times have, to help and befriend our neighbors, not only in food and clothing, but by overlooking their faults and trying to help them to overcome them; to slander none, but speak the best we can of every one; to despise no one (no matter how fallen), but to lend them a helping hand in time of trouble. Such is Charity. Did each and every one of us cultivate her friendship, the world would be the better for it. Were we all to have charity for one another, we should have a race of noble men and women. God speed the day when Charity shall be practised, as well as preached throughout the land.

*By Maria Adams.*—Love and good will to all humanity. Seeking to build up, rather than to crush down. Charity is doing all the good we can to one another. We make our lives happy, when we live in a charitable manner.

*By Dora White.*—Charity is the true goodness of the heart, when rightly expressed to one another.

*By Florence E. Thayer.*—Love for the whole human family.

*By Anna M. Pickering.*—Love for every one.

MOUNTAIN GROUP. Why should we love our home?

*By Annie Teel.*—"The dearest spot on earth to me, is home, sweet home. So sang the poet. How fitting are these words to our own thoughts of home.

There we passed our childish days, when as the tiny baby we received the outpourings of loving hearts, and as we advanced from infancy to childhood many acts were done to endear to us home—to such an extent, that when away from the well remembered portal, our heart yearns for one sight of each beloved nook or tree, made sacred by its relation to our home. There our mother's caress and our father's wise counsel greets us at each turn. As we leave its holy influence, how desolate seems the world. As our thoughts travel back to its endearing ties, (were it ours) we would gladly give the most precious of earthly possessions for one brief visit to the home of childhood—to be surrounded, once again, by the loving hearts of those so well remembered.

*By Affy Peabody.*—Because there we find our father, and mother, and those who do all they can to make us happy. There we meet with loving hearts and smiling faces; our troubles and sorrows find sympathy; and we are advised for our own benefit. Home is the abode of love and happiness; therefore, we should encourage and cherish its holy influences.

SYLVAN GROUP.—*By Chas. J. Wheeler.*—No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

GROTTO GROUP.—What is true religion? *By Julia Abbott.*—True religion does not consist in believing in Jesus, and having your sins washed away by his blood; but in living the life he lived, in doing good, in lifting up the crushed ones of earth to a higher life, doing deeds of charity to those that are in the lower walks of life, and speaking kindly to the erring ones. While you are partaking of the blessings of life and revelling in luxury, think how many there are that would be glad of even a crust from your table; but, if they should ask for bread, you would give them a stone. How scarce is true religion, even now, among us! If we should live up to the Christ principle within us, how much happier we should be! *By Florence Collier.*—Charity to all mankind, purity of thought and action, communion with the angel-world, and perfect trust in God.

*By Hattie Melvin.*—To be truthful, honest, and upright, in all our dealings.

BEACON GROUP. An essay was read by the leader, *Mrs L. G. Richardson*, on the subject, "What is the greatest evil in the world?"

RIVER GROUP. What do I love most? *By Bertie Lovejoy.*—Every thing that is beautiful. *By Hattie Collier.*—My parents voices. *By Nelson Innes.*—I love to do good, and make others happy. *By Gallen L. Stone.*—My parents, *By Freddy Simonds.*—I love to come to the Lyceum.

ELIOT HALL, January 8, 1871.

TEMPLE GROUP. An essay was read upon "Noon."

MOUNTAIN GROUP. The Sabbath Day. *By Annie Peel.* What a change has taken place in the manner of observing the Sabbath! From the time that the inspired medium, Moses, uttered the command, "The seventh day thou shalt keep holy," amendment after amendment has been made, until, to-day, an entirely different construction is placed upon its mystical idolatry, and it is openly proclaimed that the "Sabbath is for man, not man for the Sabbath." From the prayer-meetings, dull and insipid sermons, and stiff-necked camp-meetings, we have emerged into a new era of lectures, concerts, lyceums, excursions, and miscellaneous amusement, which the six days of toil that have passed render necessary. In some parts of our country Liberalism has succeeded in bursting the fetters of old-fogyism, so that the theatres are opened, and thousands are enjoying the portraits of life as shown in the drama. Imagine the consternation of Wesley, and others of his time and clique, if they could but return and enter one of our theatres upon the Sabbath day. The hell-fire and brimstone that they would shower down upon the heads of those present would be more than was necessary to smother Sodom and Gomorrah. Still, there is more truth and beauty, more ennobling and exalting ideas pronounced from the stage, than there is from the pulpit. The one shows plainly the errors and vicissitudes of life, with the road to repentance and improvement, whereas the other condemns thousands to eternal punishment because they cannot believe its doctrines. There is more true feeling to be seen, and more good to be derived from witnessing the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," than from the whole bundle of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. Yet Mrs. Stowe would be shocked and horror-stricken at witnessing her truths proclaimed upon the Sabbath. The day is, however, near at hand when methodistical Boston will see her museum and other theatres open and full, while the Tremont Temple potentate will declaim his blasphemous doctrines to a few of his fossilized humbugs. To the Spiritual Philosophy belong the thanks of millions of overburdened minds, that find the gates of despotism unbarred, and themselves allowed to spend the Sabbath as best suits their fancy. It has taken twenty years to proceed so far; but, like a snow-ball, it keeps constantly increasing its dimensions, and soon it will overwhelm all opposition.

The church forbids the Public Library being opened; and, thus, the very men who pay for its privileges are denied its benefits. The rich men have their own libraries; but the poor tax-payer is driven to church, or obliged to stay at home.

The bright sun of reason shines upon us with its golden rays, and the end of Puritanism is near. The Sabbath will soon be fully recognized as a day of rest, instead of merely a time for religious exercises.

SHORE GROUP. What is my greatest happiness on the Sabbath?

*By Cora Stone.* My chief happiness is in attending the Lyceum. There I meet many dear friends and companions, and participate in the exercises — always taking active part in that in which I can do the most good.

*By Maria Adams.* To hail a pleasant day, and, above all, cheerful faces. To be an attentive listener, so that, at the close of the day, I can see that I have profited much in knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism.

*By Cora B. Benson.* To come to the Lyceum, and make all around me happy.

*By Ida L. Benson.* In attending the Lyceum, and gleaning the truth from its teachings.

*By Florence Thayer.* To feel that I love all, and am doing right.

*By Helen Libby.* To make others happy, and do all the good I can, both in the Lyceum and out.

*By Carrie Shelhamer.* My greatest happiness on the Sabbath is to come to the Lyceum and be obedient to my Leader.

*By Frankie Harvey.* I am the happiest when I can do the most good.

*By Nellie Chubbuck.* To come to the Lyceum, to be of a cheerful mind, and to work for the cause of the Lyceum.

IMPORTANCE OF RESOLUTION.—‘Resolution,’ says a writer, is omnipotent.’ And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most as the best of all our powers and capacities, and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort, we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it even the weakest are right; without it we shall accomplish nothing; with it everything. A man who is deeply in earnest acts upon the motto of the pickaxe on the old seal: ‘Either, I will find a way, or I will make one.’ He has some what the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied, ‘Circumstances! I make or control circumstances not bow to them! In self-cultivation, as in everything else, to think we are able is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is often attainment. Everywhere are the means of progeess, if we have but the spirit the fixed purpose to use them. And if like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto Higher—forever higher!’ we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end by that very resolution has scealed the end chief survivor to it; and so he that siezes the grand aide of self-cultivation and solely resolves upon it will find that idea, that resolution, burning like living fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, serching out or making means, giving courage for despondancy, as strength for weakness; and like the star in the East to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sun of all perfection. If we are but fixed and resolute—bent on self-improvement, we shall find nerves enough to it on every side, and at every movement; and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled spectre-ships, which sailed the fastest in the very teeth of the wind! — *Rev. Byron Edwards.*

## EDITORIAL VALEDICTORY.

LIFE is a series of changes. The *certainties of to-day* are blown-bubbles to-morrow. We are poor human waifs upon a treacherous stream, which floats us gaily along in the gleam of Fortune's sunlight, only, as it would seem, to dash us upon rocks, and leave us to the mercies of misfortune's storms.

We may regret, but cannot alter, the controlling circumstances that bid us utter the sad word "Farewell." It is neither wise nor necessary to make public private grievances. We therefore content ourselves with the word "Farewell," and say so much in justification of the adjective "Sad." Accepting the decrees of the hour, we retire from the Editorial Department of "The Spiritual Monthly," having rendered into the hands of the Publishers, Messrs. Brown & Twitchell, our right to all interest in future issues of the Magazine.

We cannot, however, part with our kind patrons, many of them personal and warm friends, without a word, and feel happy. Besides, it is proper that we inform the subscribers, who have paid up their subscriptions, that the publishers will see to it that the "Spiritual Monthly" is forwarded according to promise.

We have from the first behaved in faith, with the knowledge of the need of "a monthly" in the interests of Spiritualism, and it is superfluous to say, progress. We started in view of difficulties that we venture now to say few men would be bold enough to confront. Nevertheless, having placed our hand to the plough, we pressed slowly but surely ahead. Few seemed to manifest confidence in the work. Able contributors held aloof. Not possessing means to pay for literary assistance, and receiving little or none, we were compelled either to borrow old matter, or write new to a larger extent than we anticipated. The issues with this number will show that we have not had recourse to much borrowed matter. This explanation will, we trust, satisfy the reader who may have carped upon the fact of so much of the Magazine being filled by us. In addition to the writing, we worked hard to secure subscribers, and succeeded in obtaining nearly all on the books. Add the multiplied journeys to and from the office, and numerous attendances at public Spiritualists Halls to push the sale, and it will be readily seen that our burden was not light; yet, although an empty purse, with concomitant social struggles, was an almost constant experience, we never failed to do our best for the Magazine, believing in its usefulness, and realizing recurring evidence of the all-potent truths of Spiritualism, to which we are proud to acknowledge our indebtedness. Nor did we desire to retire from the duties, however arduous, which from the commencement of the Magazine have been cheerfully fulfilled by us.

Although up to this date we had not obtained a liberal supply of contributions from foreign sources, we saw available aid in the literary department in the future. This promise may be fulfilled for the Magazine through its future editor or editors. Had we remained, uninterrupted, in our course, several improvements would have been added, among which was contemplated a monthly *resumé* of Continental Spiritualism.

The encouragement, although not large, was gratifying, in the success of the Magazine, considering the puny efforts, comparatively, that have been made to float it on the public sea. What its future prospects and aspects may be we do not conjecture, but doubt not success will be attained if merited. Our difficulties, inevitable and soul-harrowing to a degree, should not obstruct the way of those

who may succeed us. Originators and pioneers do not always, if often, realize in hard cash, but, on the contrary, hard work, and sad remembrances, the fruits of their designs and pursuits. But if their plans are valuable, the world will be the gainer. Compensation is allied to *Eternal Justice*—and sooner or later personal ambitions and claims will sink our vain selves to their distinctive level.

“Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

What the Magazine lacked in variety and the highest literary culture, was supplied fully in devotion to principles, always plainly stated, with the sacredness of Truth as a perpetual beacon.

Regarding Science the result of demonstrated fact, as authoritative, we essayed to give her strong voice a hearing, and had no fears for the issue. But Science to us is not confined to the operations of the physical courses, but enters into the entire range of Spiritual as well as Material forces. Science, therefore, embraces the perplexing subject of mediumship, and fails us not when we look, by the aid of its light, at recurring, palpable, objective mediumistic manifestations.

Rob us of our facts, and the whole subject of Spiritualism recedes into vapor “like the baseless fabric of a vision.” “The Spiritual Monthly” was inaugurated in the service of Spiritualism, and consequently in that of mediumship. To direct its course against the one is to deal a blow at the other. So much for those who, in the name of “Science,” have the assurance, whilst calling themselves “Spiritualists,” to harpoon mediums, and, by disturbing their passivity, render their manifestations, for a time, mixed and unreliable. To such our parting word is—“humility.” Only bring to the investigation of mediumship the patience and gentleness which the peers of mind ever bring to the investigation of “Natural” science, and we shall have no word of complaint, and the sensitive and suffering mediums will develop in a happier atmosphere.

Our zeal in the cause of Spiritualism, which is the cause of Humanity, is not one jot or tittle lessened. We are ready to devote ourselves to its service in whatsoever way shall open before us in consonance with our convictions of the right, which is ever the best. If, however, it shall appear that for us there is no further call, either for the exercise of tongue or pen in the interest of the cause in which we have for many years toiled, suffered and rejoiced, we can perform whatever may be the tasks of the hour, in the blessed assurance that we are ministered to by angels in the degree that they are permitted to approach and minister unto us. What are the most splendid worldly triumphs worth in comparison with this sublime knowledge, grounded on the every-day verities of spirit communion?

We retire from the Editorial Chair with no feeling of having failed, to the very best of our poor ability and circumstances, to place readable and instructive matter before the people, and to increase, all we could, the subscribers, so as to lighten the financial burden of the publishers. A clear conscience is worth more than all material aggrandizement. He who barter that for any emolument or post of worldly honor, obtains a shadow in exchange for a substance, dross for refined gold. In repeating the word Farewell, we will add that we treasure kindly feelings towards Messrs. Brown & Twitchell, and ask for their Magazine such support as it shall merit.

With this number our responsibility in the editorial department and part proprietorship, ceases.

J. H. POWELL, 38 Lopez Street, *Cambridgeport, Mass.*



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