

Life,—and its Issues.

SPIRITUAL MONTHLY

AND LYCEUM RECORD.

J. H. POWELL, EDITOR.

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The Spiritual Monthly.

VOL. I.... JANUARY, 1871.... No. IV.

MRS. H. B. STOWE ON SPIRITUALISM.

MRS. H. B. STOWE writes with a ready pen. Few subjects fail her in material for interest and instruction. She is an authority amongst the authorities. Hence, that she has deigned to write an exhaustive paper in "The Christian Union" on the subject of "Spiritualism," we, who are of the pioneer grade, born to suffer "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" in the defense of the unpopular gospel, ought to bow our heads in grateful subjection.

Mrs. Stowe has succeeded in proving that the modern Christian churches are not spiritualistic.

"Now, if we compare the religious teachings of the present century with those of any past one, we shall find that the practical spiritualistic belief taught by the Bible has, to a great extent, dropped out of it."

This is equal to saying that the Bible has ceased to be a lamp unto the feet of the Christian world to any noticeable degree.

Mrs. Stowe is pained at sight of the true picture of Christendom reflected by the facts of Spiritualism.

"In reading the life of Jesus Christ, nothing is more evident than that he was acting all the while in view of *unseen* and spiritual influences," and she continues to trace his conflicts with the invisible operator, Satan, "a person ever present in the mind of Christ."

To us who are not, like Mrs. Stowe, initiated into the mysteries of Christ, it seems a little singular that a person so elevated in purity as Christ is represented to have been, should draw to himself the very Prince of Darkness, and, according to Mrs. Stowe, scarcely be free from his presence. Not much safety in soul-purity if this be so. All the lessons we have learned of spirit-influence show that the only safety from sin is to keep from sinning, and upon the principle

that "birds of a feather flock together," angels, in and out of the form, are not troubled more than is for their good with the presence of evil spirits.

"In short, the life of Christ, as viewed by himself, was not a conflict with enemies *in the flesh*, but with an invisible enemy, artful, powerful, old as the foundations of the world, and ruling by his influences over evil spirits and men in the flesh."

Thus the argument is climaxed by Mrs. Stowe, who, doubtless, regards Satan as an existence actual as that of Christ himself.

But we must not forget that Mrs. Stowe is dealing with Spiritualism upon a Bible platform and in so doing adds another wall of defence to the innumerable walls erected during the past twenty-two years.

The ministering angels are marshalled along in due order, and we read what is patent to every Bible student.

"Thus between two contending forces of the invisible world was Christianity inaugurated." Mrs. Stowe up to this point has proved that Christendom is anti-Christian, although she does not say so, but on the contrary writes her article in the interest of Christianity. We rejoice that at least one authority in letters has the courage to tell the truth, although it should prove fatal to theology. Bible believers, don't hesitate to read Mrs. Stowe's clinching criticisms of your position in relation to modern spirit-manifestations.

"Now let us notice in what regions and in what classes of mind the modern spiritualistic religion has most converts. To a remarkable degree it takes minds which have been denuded of all faith in spirits; minds which are empty, swept of all spiritual belief, are the ones into which any amount of spirits can enter and take possession. That is to say, the human soul, in a state of starvation for one of its normal and most necessary articles of food, devours right and left every marvel of modern Spiritualism, however crude."

Modern Spiritualism does n't blush to take charge of these turn-outs from the churches and the other modern schools of infidelity. What else could she do? Surely the churches had a long trial, but failed to feed the hungry with spiritual food; hence the starvelings sought and obtained in Spiritualism the one great need of the soul.

Surely Mrs. Stowe talks in quite a merry mood here. Let her compare the crudities of modern Spiritualism with those of her own favored faith. The food her church offers the hungry soul is such as would utterly starve any soul that has not the privilege of feeding elsewhere.

The monstrous personal devil in which she believes is sufficient alone to pall upon the spiritual appetite and make its stomach dangerously rebellious. But what is that for a dish compared with the physical blood of Christ, which has to be swallowed at a bolus by all who reach the kingdom.

Denuded of all faith in spirits! no wonder when such doctrinal food is placed before the hungry spirit. The fact is, and Mrs. Stowe is authority, the Christians have not held by the primitive faith; they have abandoned the spiritual for the gross material, and grown to be Christians only in name. Multitudes could not find food for their souls in Christendom, and sought it in infidelity. Modern Spiritualism came along; the Christian outlaws found food suitable to their palates, and many of them eat unwisely. Not to be wondered at. We don't mind listening to a list of our defects from Mrs. Stowe, or any other person, but do not feel like submitting to be *something less than Christians*, which is the sort of refined palaver with which Mrs. Stowe treats us.

"Instead of angels, whose countenance is as the lightning, they will have ghosts, and tippings, and tappings, and rappings. Instead of the great beneficent miracles recorded in Scripture, they will have senseless clattering of furniture and breaking of crockery. Instead of Christ's own promise, "He that keepeth my commandments I will love him and manifest *myself*," they will have manifestations from all sorts of anonymous spirits, good, bad, and indifferent."

If this isn't twaddle, although Mrs. Stowe talks it, we must confess to an utter ignorance of what twaddle means. Here Mrs. Stowe has been belaboring the poor churches for their lack of spirituality, and, to make her own case clear, has descended to the level of the low hordes that swallow "any amount of spirits," disembodied, is meant, of course. But what does it all amount to? Simply a presentation of the old Orthodox pill with the Stowe stamp upon it.

Spiritualism is all true, Mrs. Stowe is ready to prove; but no Spiritualism is good but the Spiritualism of Christ. Get a manifestation of the spirit of Christ, and all the "anonymous spirits, good, bad, and indifferent" may go, where they doubtless belong in the estimation of Mrs. Stowe, if she only had courage to say so, to the devil.

It happens that Spiritualists are not, as a rule, Orthodox, so there is a chance for other spirits beside Christ to manifest, and we think

it more blessed, notwithstanding Mrs. Stowe's reiteration of Christ's promise, to receive a direct manifestation from a dear spirit child or parent, than from Christ himself.

Mrs. Stowe represents a large religious body, and may be looked upon as the voice of that body; but until she can represent humanity, she can never do justice to Spiritualism, which is as superior to her Christianity as the sun is higher than the earth.

If any one is desirous of judging Spiritualism from the Christian standpoint, let him read Mrs. Stowe. Interspersed with much that is scholarly and true to facts, he will discover views, "cabined, cribbed, and confined" by the inevitable boundary lines of the Christian system.

What a different picture, Christianity viewed from the standpoint of Spiritualism! But Mrs. Stowe is not able to photograph it. Her intolerant "ism" robs her of room.

Yet we get a glance of Mrs. Stowe off her Christian hobby, but only for an instant. She returns to it as a child to its rocking-horse, and we sigh to think that so much strength should be devoted to a wooden toy.

"The cold scientists who, without pity and without sympathy, have supposed that they have had under their dissecting knives the very phenomena that have eluded their fellows, mistake."

Then, Mrs. Stowe, true to her Christian instincts, returns to her rocking-horse, and talks again of "the vulgar, noisy, outward phenomena of tippings and rappings, and signs and wonders, — vulgar and profane attacks on the Bible, which form part of the utterances of modern seers."

This is the spice that tickles the palate of the readers of Mrs. Stowe's article. She knows that a wholesale acceptance of Spiritualism would never receive the attention that wisly-washy stuff, like that we allude to, will ensure with a class of readers who boast of a special care for the morals of the race.

Call a thing "vulgar" and it is banned from fashionable circles. But there is much vulgar claptrap yclept "religious" that passes current in the same circles.

Spiritualism, according to Mrs. Stowe, has taken in a host of hungry souls, greedy for spiritual food, — no matter what sort, so that it be food. This is a glorious work for Spiritualism; it has done more than all the churches together could do. Christianity respects persons; it holds Mrs. Stowe at a respectable estimate, whilst Tom Jones, who, though hungry for spiritual food, could not

swallow Christ and his gospel, and all his attendant angels and demons, as unredeemably damned. Poor Tom Jones drops into the arms of Spiritualism, and on mature reflection thanks God that he had courage to be true to his doubts. No religion that has a single outlaw through the Eternity can meet the need of man's nature. The "I am holier than thou" spirit manifests in all the best Christian productions. If we could not trace it in Mrs. Stowe's we should doubt her Christianity, but it is there as plain as life. The "vulgar table-tippings," "the vulgar attacks on the Bible," implicate hosts who, without their knowledge or wish, are judged by Mrs. Stowe. Yet the cause of liberal thought advances steadily, and men and women are not so easily frightened by bibles or bulls from Rome, or Massachusetts. God be praised for Spiritualism, that supplies food for the starvelings from Orthodoxy.

We hope we place a fair price upon fame. It has advantages in this life which make up for the lack of material means, but we had rather take our chance with Tom Jones with his honest doubt, than believe with Mrs. Stowe entirely, with the advantages of her fame to boot. This is plain, but it is exactly what we mean. If she endorses all she writes against the "vulgar tippings" and means all she says in favor of Christianity, the world is not likely to be benefitted much for her labors in this direction, although, perhaps, the drowsy Christian world may rub its eyes and wake up to listen to her. If she could but make them realize the truth she so ably enforces, that "the practical spiritualistic belief taught by the Bible" has dropped out of their articles of faith, it would be so much needed work done. We have little hope of her accomplishing much in that direction. The Bible is not believed in to any great extent. In fact, as knowledge "grows from more to more," the "Book of Books" becomes more of an antiquarian study, and men and women learn to question its divine authenticity and dare the consequences. This we believe the proper spirit. What would society be to-day had Puritanism prevailed? It was in the spirit of FREE INQUIRY that Luther went to Worms; in that same spirit all the battles of religious freedom have been fought, and to-day Mrs. Stowe is free to write as she does on Spiritualism under the same spirit. Let her keep back her "vulgar attacks on the Bible." What logic is there in that? The Bible must stand or fall on its own merit. A truth in the Bible is deathless; so it is out of it. A lie in the Bible is not immortal, nor out of it.

Mrs. Stowe is a greater enemy to the Bible than its alleged foes.

They attack it boldly. She defends it in such a manner as to draw attention to its weak points. "Vulgar attacks on the Bible," indeed! The anti-Bible Spiritualist has much logic and strong common-sense on his side, and is not less vulgar than the Bible acceptor. The argument resolves itself into one of evidence. Mrs. Stowe, perhaps, would close the controversy with Christ, Spiritualism through Christ, and so adieu. But the student who yearns for more light will not be satisfied. He wants evidence of truth in or out of the Bible, and in the spirit of free inquiry, holds neither book nor person too sacred for interrogating. Here then is the difference which Mrs. Stowe marks as "vulgar attacks on the Bible," but which leads to all possible progress. Once fear to touch the Bible critically, and the priest holds your conscience and his ancient office secure. We have had a lengthened chapter of priestly rule, or rather, misrule, and multiplied editions of the Bible. Yet the controversy still grows as to the binding character of the Book. Apart from the cramping conceptions born of Mrs. Stowe's creed, there is in her article much scholarship and beautiful testimony in favor of the return of the departed. It is well that a voice in the wilderness of stagnant faith should cry aloud to rouse the Christian sleepers and urge them to the use of their laggard powers. It seemed strange that such a work as Mrs. Stowe has done should have been left undone so long. It needed an authority amongst the churches. No outlaw would have been listened to. What the result will be we are not troubled about. These are small matters. Spiritualism will accomplish its own work, and all instrumentalities necessary, whether they be Stowes or Hardinges, will be duly inspired, and wonder at their own work more than those that watch them.

We are satisfied that a different mode of treatment than that adopted by Mrs. Stowe will be in demand. At first the whole subject was pooh-poohed, pronounced humbug, deception, etc. Next the facts were admitted, and the devil introduced. Now his sable majesty holds the ground with Mrs. Stowe at his side, and we are politely informed that Spiritualism through Jesus Christ is *the* Spiritualism. We wonder if the devil believes it!

MIRACLES, marvels, wonders will be dear to the human race as proofs, presumptively, that men are of more than fleshly make, and as "signs" even vouchsafed to them of there being another world than this in which we live and have to die, — *Mountford.*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIONS AMONG SAVAGES.*

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P., F.R.S., PRESIDENT OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

Even those that consider that man was civilized from the beginning, and look upon savages as the degenerate descendants of much superior parents, must still admit that our ancestors were once mere savages, and may find therefore much interest in this study; but it no doubt appears far more important to those who think, as I do, that the primitive condition of man was one of barbarism, and that the history of the human race has, on the whole, been one of progress.

The religious condition of the lower races of mankind is one of the most difficult, although, at the same time, most interesting portions of my subject. It is most difficult, partly because it is far from easy to communicate with men of a different race on such an abstruse subject; partly because many are reluctant to discuss it; but mainly because, even among those nominally professing the same religion, there are always, in reality, great differences; individuals — as I shall endeavor to show you is also the case with nations — acquiring continual grander, and therefore more correct ideas, as they rise in the scale of civilization. Still, as new religious ideas arise, they do not destroy, but are only superinduced upon the old ones; thus, the religion of the ancestors become the nursery tales of their descendants, and the old Teutonic deities of our forefathers are the giants and demons of our children.

It has hitherto been usual to classify religions either according to the name of the founder, or the objects worshipped. Thus, one division of the lower religions has been into

Fetichism, defined as the worship of material substances.

Sabæism, that of the heavenly bodies, the sun, moon, and stars; and

Heroism, or the deification of men after death.

This and other similar systems are simple, and have certainly some advantage, especially as regards the lower races of men, and the lower forms of religion. They are not, however, really natural

* A portion of a lecture on "Savages," delivered at Liverpool on the 17th September, 1870, to working men and women, under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor Huxley presided at the Lecture.

systems ; there is no real difference between the worship of the sun and that of a rock or lake. No doubt to us the sun seems a grander deity, but of the main facts on which that opinion rests, the savage is entirely ignorant.

Moreover, Heroism is found among races as low in the scale of civilization as either Fetichism (in the above definition, which, however, I do not adopt) or Sabæism, and indeed the three forms of religion indicated above may co-exist in one people, and even in the same individual. The true classification of religions should, as it seems to me, rest, not on the mere object worshipped, but on the nature and character ascribed to the Deity.

It is a much disputed question, into which I will not now enter, whether the lowest races have any religion or not. However this may be, it is at least clear that the religion of the lower savages is at least very unlike than of most advanced races. Indeed, in many respects it is the very opposite. Their deities are evil, not good ; they may be forced into compliance with the wishes of man ; they require bloody, and rejoice even in human, sacrifices ; they are mortal, not immortal ; part of nature, not the creators of the world ; they are to be approached by dances rather than by prayers ; and often approve of vice rather than of what we esteem as virtue. The ideas of religion among the lower races of man are intimately associated with, if indeed they have not originated from, the condition of man during sleep, and especially from dreams. Sleep and death have always been regarded as nearly related to one another. Thus in classical mythology, Somnus, the God of sleep, and Mors, the god of death, were both fabled to have been the children of Nox, the goddess of night. So, also, the savage would naturally look on death as a kind of sleep, and would expect and hope — hoping on even against hope — to see his friend awake from the one as he had often done from the other. Hence probably, one reason for the great importance ascribed to the treatment of the body after death.

But what happens to the spirit during sleep ? The body lies lifeless, and the savage not unnaturally concludes that the spirit has left it. In this he is confirmed by the phenomena of dreams, which consequently to the savage have a reality and an importance which we can scarcely appreciate. During sleep the spirit appears to desert the body, and, as in our dreams, we seem to visit other countries and distant regions, while the body remains as it were lifeless ; the two phenomena were naturally placed side by side, and regarded as the complements one of the other.

Hence the savage considers the events in his dreams as real as those which happen when he is awake, and hence he naturally feels that he has a spirit which can quit the body, — if not when it likes, at least under certain circumstances. Thus, Burton states, that, according to the Jorubans, a Western African tribe, “dreams are not an irregular action and partial activity of the brain, but so many revelations from the spirits of the departed.” So strong, again, was the North American faith in dreams, that on one occasion, when an Indian had dreamt that he was taken captive and tortured, he induced his friends to make a mock-attack upon him, and actually submitted to very considerable suffering, in the hope that he would thus fulfill his dream.

The Greenlanders also believe in the reality of dreams, and think that at night their spirit actually goes hunting, visiting, courting, and so on. It is of course obvious that the body takes no part in these nocturnal adventures, and hence it is natural to conclude that they have a spirit which can quit the body.

Lastly, when they dream of their departed friends or relatives, savages firmly believe that they are visited by the spirits of the dead, and hence believe, not indeed in the immortality of the soul, but in the existence of a spirit which survives, or may survive the body.

Again, savages are seldom ill; their sufferings generally arise from wounds, their deaths are generally violent. As an external injury received, say, in war, causes pain, so when they suffer internally, they attribute it to some enemy within them. Hence, when an Australian, perhaps after too heavy a meal, has his slumbers disturbed, he is at no loss for an explanation, and supposes that he has been attacked by some being whom his companions could not see.

This is well illustrated in the following passage from Captain Wilkes' Voyage: “Sometimes,” he says, “when the Australian is asleep, Koin, as they call this spirit, seizes upon one of them and carries him off. The person seized endeavors in vain to cry out, being almost strangled. At daylight, however, Koin departs, and the man finds himself again safe by his own fireside.” Here it is evident that Koin is a personification of the nightmare.

In other cases, the belief that man possesses a spirit seems to have been suggested by the shadow. Thus among the Feejeans: “Some,” says Mr. Williams, “speak of man as having two spirits. His shadow is called the ‘dark spirit,’ which they say goes to Hades. The

other is his likeness reflected in water or a looking-glass, and is supposed to stay near the place in which a man dies. Probably this doctrine of shadows has to do with the notion of inanimate objects having spirits. I once placed a good-looking native suddenly before a mirror. He stood delighted. 'Now,' said he softly, I can see into the world of spirits.' "

But though spirits are naturally to be dreaded on various accounts, it by no means follows that they should be conceived as necessarily wiser or more powerful than man. Of this our spirit-rappers and table-turners afford us a familiar illustration. So, also, the natives of the Nicobar Islands put up scarecrows round their villages to frighten away hostile spirits. The natives of Kamskatka insult their deities if their wishes are unfulfilled. They even feel a contempt for them: "If Kutka," they say, "had not been stupid, would he have made inaccessible mountains, and too rapid rivers?" The Lapps made images of their gods, putting each in a separate box, on which was written the name of the deity, so that each might know its own box.

The Kyoungtha of Chittagong are Buddhists. Their village temples contain a small stand of bells, and an image of Boodh, which the villagers generally worship morning and evening; "first," as Captain Lewin states, "ringing the bells to let him know that they are there." The Sinto temples of the Sun Goddess in Japan also contain a bell, intended, as Bishop Smith tells us, "to arouse the goddess, and to awaken her attention to the prayers of her worshippers."

Casalis states, that when a Kaffir is on a marauding expedition, he gives utterance to those cries and hisses in which cattle-drivers indulge when they drive a herd before them, thinking in this manner to persuade the poor divinities of the country they are attacking, that he is bringing cattle to their worshippers, instead of coming to take it from them.

Many other illustrations might be given, but these are sufficient to show how low and degraded is the savage conception of the Divine nature. Gradually, however, as the human mind expands, it becomes capable of higher and higher realizations.

I will now describe very shortly the religions of some savage races, beginning with the lowest, which may be called Animism.

The religion of the Australian, if it can be so called, consists of a belief in the existence of ghosts, or spirits, or, at any rate, of evil beings who are not mere men. This belief cannot be said to influ-

ence them by day, but it renders them very unwilling to quit their camp-fire by night, or to sleep near a grave. They have no idea of creation, nor do they use prayers; they have no religious forms, ceremonies, or worship. They do not believe in a supreme Deity, or in the immortality of the soul, nor is morality in any way connected with their religion. An interesting account of the religious condition of the northern natives has been given by a Mrs. Thomson, a Scotchwoman, who was wrecked on that coast, and lived alone with the natives for nearly five years, when she was rescued by an English ship. The Australians all over the continent have an idea that when the blacks die, they turn into whites. Mrs. Thomson herself was taken for the ghost of a woman named Giom, and when she was teased by the children, the men would often say, "Leave her alone, poor thing, she is nothing, only a ghost." This, however, did not prevent a man named Baroto making her his wife, which shows how little is really implied in the statement that the Australians believe in the existence of spirits. In reality, they do no more than believe in the existence of men slightly different from, and somewhat more powerful than, themselves.

FETICHISM.

The Fetichism of the negro is a step in advance, because the influence of religion is much raised in importance. Nevertheless, from one point of view, Fetichism may be regarded as an anti-religion; for the negro believes that by means of the Fetich he can coerce and control the Deity. Indeed, Fetichism is mere witchcraft. We know that all over the world would-be-magicians think that if they can obtain a part of an enemy, or even a bit of his clothing, they thus obtain a control over him. Nay, even the knowledge of the name is supposed to confer a certain power. Hence the importance which savages attach to names. Thus, for instance, the true name of the beautiful Pocohontas, a celebrated Indian chief-tainess, was Matokes; but this name was carefully concealed from the English, lest it should give them a power over her. For the same reason, the Romans carefully concealed the name of the patron saint of their city.

In other cases it was thought sufficient to make an image to represent the original. Thus, even in the eleventh century, and in Europe, some unfortunate Jews were accused of murdering a certain Bishop Eberhard, by making a wax figure to represent him, and then burning it, whereby the bishop died. This, indeed, was a common form of witchcraft.

Now, Fetichism seems a mere extension of this belief. The negro supposes that the possession of a Fetich representing a deity, makes that deity his slave. A Fetich, therefore, differs essentially from an idol. The one is intended to raise man to the contemplation of the Deity; the other, to bring the Deity within the control of man. Aladdin's lamp is a familiar instance of a Fetich; and, indeed, if witchcraft be not confused with religion, Fetichism can hardly be called a religion.

The low religious conceptions of the negroes are well illustrated in the general belief that the Fetich sees with its eyes, as we do; and so literally is it the actual image which he is supposed to see, that, when the negro is about to do anything of which he is ashamed, he hides his Fetich in his waistcloth, so that it may not be able to see what is going on. Fetichism, strictly speaking, has no temples, idols, priests, sacrifices, or prayer. It involves no belief in creation or in a future life, and, *a fortiori*, none in a state of future rewards and punishments; it is entirely independent of morality.

TOTEMISM.

The next stage in religious progress is that which may be called Totemism. The savage does not abandon his belief in Fetichism, from which, indeed, no race of men has yet entirely freed itself, but he superinduces on it a belief in beings of a higher and more mysterious nature. In this stage everything is deified, — stones, rivers, lakes, mountains, the heavenly bodies, even animals and plants. Various theories have been suggested to account for the origin of the deification of such objects. I believe that it arose principally in this way. A chief being named after some tree or animal, say the Black Bear, or the Eagle, his family would naturally take the same name. They would then come to look on the animal after which they were named, first, with interest, then with respect, and, at length with a sort of awe.

If we remember how low is the savage conception of a deity, we shall see that the larger and more powerful animals do, in fact, to a great extent, fulfill his idea.

In Australia, we seem to find the Totem, or, as it is there called, the "Kobong," in the very process of deification. Sir George Grey tells us that each family takes some animal or plant as its sign or "Kobong." No native will intentionally kill or eat his "Kobong," which shows that there is a mysterious feeling connected with it; but we are not told that in Australia the "Kobong" is regarded as

a deity. In America, on the other hand, the Redskins worship their Totem, from which they believe themselves to be actually descended. This is especially the case with nocturnal species, such as the lion and tiger. As the savage, crouching by the side of his camp-fire at night, listens to the cries and howls of the animals prowling round, or watches them stealing like shadows among the trees, what wonder if he weaves mysterious stories about them, and eventually fancies them something more mysterious than mere mortal beings.

The worship of the serpent is very prevalent. Its bite, so trifling in appearance, and yet so deadly, producing fatal effects rapidly, and apparently by no adequate means, suggests to the savage, almost irresistibly, the notion of something divine, according to his notions of divinity. Then there were some lower but powerful considerations, which tended greatly to the development of serpent-worship. The animal is long-lived, and easily kept in confinement; hence the same individual might be preserved for a long time, and easily exhibited at intervals to the multitude. In Guinea, where the sea and the serpent were the principal deities, the priests encouraged the worship of the latter, expressly, as we are told, because offerings presented to the sea were washed away by the waves, which was not the case with those offered to the serpent.

It is somewhat more difficult to understand the deification of inanimate objects. Chapman mentions that the Bushmen in South Africa thought his big wagon was the mother of his small one. Hearne tells us that the North American Indians never hang up two nets together, for fear they should be jealous of one another, and that they prefer a hook which has caught a big fish to fifty which have not been tried. The South Sea Islanders not only believed that their animals had souls, but also that this was the case with inanimate objects. Hence the savage broke the weapons and buried with the dead, so that their souls might accompany that of their master to the land of spirits. Hence, also on one occasion the king of the Koussa Kaffirs, having broken a piece of iron from a stranded anchor, died soon after, upon which the Kaffirs immediately concluded that the anchor was alive and had killed their king. Some such accident probably gave rise to the ancient Mohawk notion, that some great misfortune would befall any one who spoke while crossing Saratoga lake. A strong-minded English-woman, on one occasion, purposely did so; and, after landing, rallied her boatman on his superstition; but I think he had the best of it after all, for he at once replied, that the Great Spirit was merciful, and knew that a white woman could not hold her tongue.

We find, indeed, the worship of lakes and rivers, or traces of it, all over the world. Even our own island is full of sacred wells and springs, and Scotland and Ireland especially abound with legends about water-spirits. I have myself seen a well in Rosshire hung round with the offerings of the peasantry, consisting principally of rags and half-pence.

The worship of upright stones is also very widely distributed. This form of worship has been explained by M. Dulaure as arising from the respect paid to boundary stones. I do not doubt that, in the case of some particular stones, it may have so arisen. The heathen deity, Hermes, or Termes, was evidently of this character, and hence we may explain the peculiar and apparently antagonistic peculiarities attached to him.

"Mercury, or Hermes," says Lempriere, "was the messenger of the gods; he was the patron of travelers and shepherds; he conducted the souls of the dead into the infernal regions, and not only presided over orators, merchants, and declaimers, but was also the god of thieves, pickpockets, and all dishonest persons." He invented letters and the lyre, and was the originator of the arts and sciences. It is difficult, at first, to see the connection between these various offices, characterized as they are by such opposite peculiarities. Yet they all follow from the custom of making boundaries by upright stones. Hence the name of Hermes, or Termes, a boundary or terminus, while the name of the corresponding Roman deity, Mercury, is connected with the word "march," or boundary, whence our title of marquis, meaning originally a person to whom was entrusted the duty of guarding the "march," or neutral territory, which, in the troublous times of old, it was customary to leave between the possessions of different nations.

The marches, not being cultivated, served as grazing grounds; to them came merchants to exchange, on neutral ground, the products of their respective countries; here, also, for the same reason, treaties were negotiated. Here also international games and sports were held. Upright stones were used to indicate places of burial; and, lastly, on them was inscribed laws and decrees, records of remarkable events, and the praises of the deceased.

Hence, Mercury, represented by a plain, upright stone, was the deity of travelers, because he was a land-mark; of shepherds, as presiding over pastures; he conducted the souls of the dead into the infernal regions, because, even in the very early days, upright stones were used as tomb-stones; he was the god of merchants,

because commerce was carried on mainly at the frontiers; and of thieves, out of sarcasm. He was the messenger of the gods, because ambassadors met at the frontiers; and of eloquence, for the same reason. He invented the lyre, and presided over games, because contests in music, etc., were held on neutral ground; and he was said to have invented letters, because inscriptions were engraved on upright pillars.

Stone-worship, however, in its lower phases, has, I think, a different origin, and is merely a form of that indiscriminate worship which characterizes the human mind in one phase of development.

Fire, again, is worshipped all over the world. In ancient times it was far from being so easy to light a fire as it is now that we have lucifer matches and various other appliances for the purpose. In some parts of Tasmania and Australia the natives, if their fires went out, preferred to go long distances to get a fresh spark from another tribe, rather than attempt to light one for themselves.

In somewhat more advanced communities, as, for instance, in some of the North American tribes, and in the familiar instance of Rome, certain individuals were told off, to keep a fire continually burning. Thus would naturally arise the idea that this fire was something sacred and holy. The name of the classical goddess of fire, Vesta, or Hestia, means, literally, a hearth.

The worship of fire naturally reminds us of that of the heavenly bodies, and especially of the sun and moon. When once the idea of religion had arisen, no one can wonder that they should be regarded as deities. To us, indeed, this worship seems to contain much that is grand; and while many writers have refused to believe it possible that man could ever really have worshipped animals and plants, almost all have regarded that of the sun and moon as natural and appropriate.

Yet the sun and moon do not appear to have suggested the idea of divinity to the savage mind by any other process than that already alluded to in the case of animals. The lowest races have never raised their minds to the contemplation of the sun or moon as deities. This worship commences only in the stage above Fetichism, — that is to say, as a form of Totemism; but it reaches its greatest importance at a subsequent stage of religious development. Before quitting Totemism, it may be well to observe that even objects most inappropriate, according to our ideas, have been deified by various races.

Thus, in Central India, the Todas are said to worship a buffalo-

bull, pouring out libations of milk, and offering prayers to it. The Kotas worship two silver plates, which they regard as husband and wife. They have no other deity. The Kinumbas worship stones, trees, and ant-hills. The Toreas, another neighboring hill tribe, worship especially a gold nose-ring, which probably once belonged to one of their women. Many other inanimate objects have also been worshipped; Debrosses mentions an instance of a King of Hearts being made into a deity.

The South Sea Islanders, who represent a distinctly higher phase of civilization than the hill tribes of Hindostan, or the Red Indians of North America, present us also with a higher form of religion. Their deities are conceived as more powerful. In many islands there are traditions of a powerful being who raised the land from below the waters, and in Tonga, until lately, it is said that the very hook was shown with which this was effected; still the deities cannot be regarded as creators, because both earth and water existed before them. Neither was the religion of the South Sea Islanders connected with morality. Their deities were not supposed to reward the good, or to punish the evil. In the Tonga and other islands the common people were not supposed to have souls at all. In Tahiti the natives believed in a future life, and even in the existence of separation between the spirits, some going to a much happier place than others. This, however, was not considered to depend on their conduct during life, but on their rank,—the chiefs going to the happier, the remainder of the people to the less desirable locality.

The Feejeeans believe that, as they die, such will be their condition after death. Moreover, the road to *mbulu*, or heaven, is long and difficult: many souls perish by the way, and no diseased or infirm person could possibly succeed in overcoming all the dangers of the road. Hence, as soon as a man feels the approach of age, he notifies to his children that it is time for him to die. A family consultation is then held, a day appointed, and the grave dug. Mr. Hunt gives a striking description of such a ceremony once witnessed by him. A young man came to him and invited him to attend his mother's funeral, which was just going to take place. Mr. Hunt accepted the invitation, and joined the procession, but was surprised to see no corpse. He asked where the mother was, when the young man pointed out his mother, who, in Mr. Hunt's words, was walking along "as gay and lively as any of those present." When they arrived at the grave, she took an affectionate farewell of her children and friends, and then cheerfully submitted to be strangled.

So general, indeed, was this custom in the Feejee Islands, that in many villages there were literally no old people, all having been put to death; and, if we are shocked at the error which led to such dreadful results, we may at least see something to admire in the firm faith with which they acted up to their religious belief.

It will be observed, that up to this stage, religion is entirely deficient in certain characteristics with which it is generally regarded as intimately associated. The deities are mortal, they are not creators; no importance is attached to true prayers; virtue is not rewarded, nor vice punished; there are no temples, or priests; and lastly, there are no idols.

Up to this stage, indeed, we find the same ideas and beliefs scattered throughout the whole world, among races in the same low stage of mental development.

From this point, however, differences of circumstance, differences of government, differences of character, materially influence the forms of religious belief. Natives of cold climates regard the sun as beneficent, those of the tropics consider him as evil; hunting races worship the moon, agriculturists the sun; again, in free communities, thought is free, and consequently progressive; despots, on the contrary, by a natural instinct, endeavor to strengthen themselves by the support of spiritual terrors, and hence favor a religion of sacrifices and of priests, rather than that of prayer and meditation.

Lastly, the character of the race impresses itself on the religion. Poetry especially exercises an immense influence, as, for instance, has been well shown by Max Muller and Cox to have been the case with the Greeks, the names of the Greek gods reappearing in the earlier Vedic poetry as mere words denoting natural objects. Thus Dyaus in ancient Sanscrit means simply the sky, and the expression, the "sky thunders," meant originally no more than it does with us. The Greeks and Romans, however, personified Dyaus or Zeus; thus they came to regard him as a deity, the god of thunder, the lord of heaven,—and thus built up a whole mythology out of what were at first mere poetical expressions. Time, however, does not permit me to enter on this interesting part of the subject. I trust, however, that what I have said, shows that the opinions of savages as regards religion differ essentially from those prevalent among us. Their deities are scarcely more powerful than themselves; they are evil, not good; they are to be propitiated by sacrifices, not by prayer; they are not creators; they are neither omniscient nor all-powerful;

they neither reward the good nor punish the evil; far from conferring immortality on man, they are not even, in all cases, immortal themselves.

Where the material elements of civilization developed themselves without any corresponding increase of knowledge, as, for instance, in Mexico and Peru, a more correct idea of Divine power, without any corresponding enlightenment as to the Divine nature, led to a religion of terror, which finally became a terrible scourge of humanity.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Gradually, however, an increased acquaintance with the laws of nature enlarged the mind of man. He first supposed that the deity fashioned the earth, raising it out of the water, and preparing it as a dwelling-place for man; and subsequently realized the idea that land and water were alike created by divine power. After regarding spirits as altogether evil, he rose to a belief in good as well as in evil deities, and gradually subordinating the latter to the former, worshipped the good spirits alone as gods, the evil sinking to the level of demons.

From believing only in ghosts, he came gradually to the recognition of the soul; at length uniting this belief with that in a beneficent and just Being, he connected morality with religion, a step the importance of which it is scarcely possible to over-estimate.

Thus we see that as men rise in civilization their religion rises with them; that, far from being antagonistic to religion, without science, true religion is impossible.

The Australians dimly imagine a being, spiteful, malevolent, but weak, and dangerous only in the dark.

The Negro's deity is more powerful, but not less hateful. Invisible, indeed, but subject to pain, mortal like himself, and liable to be made the slave of man by enchantment.

The deities of the South Sea Islanders are some good, some evil; but on the whole, more is to be feared from the latter than to be hoped from the former. They fashioned the land, but are not truly creators, for earth and water existed before them. They do not punish the evil nor reward the good. They watch over the affairs of men: but if, on the one hand, witchcraft has no power over them, neither, on the other, can prayer influence them, — they require to share the crops or the booty of their worshippers.

Thus, then, every increase in science — that is, positive and as-

certained knowledge in science — brings with it an elevation of religion.

Nor is this progress confined to the lower races. Even within the last century, science has purified the religion of Western Europe by rooting out the dark belief in witchcraft, which led to thousands of executions, and hung like a black pall over the Christianity of the middle ages.

Yet, in spite of these immense services which science has confessedly rendered to the cause of religion, there are still many who look on it as hostile to religious truth, forgetting that science is but exact knowledge, and that he who regards it as incompatible with his religion, practically admits that his religion is untenable.

Others, again, maintain that although science and religion cannot indeed be at variance, yet that the teaching of scientific men, or rather of some scientific men, is in open hostility with religion.

What justification is there, however, for this idea? No scientific man, as far as I know, has ever been supposed to have taught anything which he did not himself believe. That surely was their right — nay, their duty; their duty alike to themselves, to you, — nay, to religion also, for nothing could be more fatal to religion than that it should be supposed to require the suppression of truth.

No, the true spirit of faith looks on the progress of science, not with fear, but with hope, knowing that science can influence our religious conceptions for good only.

Whether, then, as some suppose, science is destined profoundly to modify our present religious views, or not, — into which question I do not now wish to enter, — no one ought, on that account, to regard it with apprehension, or with distrust.

Far from it; we must be prepared to accept any conclusions to which the evidence may lead; not in the spirit of resignation or of despair, but in the sure and certain hope that every discovery of science, even if it may conflict with our present opinions, and with convictions we hold dear, will open out to us more and more the majestic grandeur of the universe in which we live, and thus enable us to form nobler, and therefore, truer conceptions of religious truth.

The time, then, has surely now come, when scientific men need no longer stand on the defensive, but may call on the State, which is now making a great effort to establish a national system of education, and has ever shown itself ready to assist in the prosecution of scientific research, — may call on the clergy, who exercise so great

an influence, — no longer to ignore in our elementary and other schools the great discoveries of the last thousand years, but to assist us in making them more generally known to the people of this country; confident that a better acquaintance with the laws which regulate the beautiful world in which we live, would not only diminish the physical evils from which we suffer, and add greatly to the general happiness, but also tend to develop our moral nature, to elevate and purify the whole character of man. — *The Spiritualist.*

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

BY J. H. POWELL.

FAREWELL, farewell, Old Year! with memories sad
 And visions glad,
 Farewell! no vain regrets are mine for you;
 I greet the New:
 The New Year, like a bride in spotless white arrayed;
 The New Year, ripe with promise like a chaste young maid!

Farewell Old Year! I welcome in the New;
 And hopeful, — true
 To Nature, all my plans of life renew:
 Their past review.
 Farewell, Old Year! shake hands: we part as friends;
 The grave is thine; and mine in time to make amends
 For sins committed; mine like you to die.
 But need I sigh,
 With knowledge that the flesh alone is dust,
 And perfect trust
 In God the Great Supreme, who orders all things well,
 And makes my spirit glad, while rings the Old Year's knell?

The leaves lie sere around the naked trees;
 The mournful breeze,
 In honor of the dead a requiem sings;
 But life upsprings,
 And all of beauty, promise, wakes upon the view.
 Farewell, Old Year! a welcome, New Year, unto you!

Time writes upon the brow of youth and age,
 Of fool and sage,
 Sermons that even death cannot efface;
 Years die apace;
 But memories live, and life in knowledge grows
 Immortal, while the years expire in frosts and snows.

The years depart and leave their wealth behind,
To bless mankind.
The miser hoards his gold, and hoarding, dies ;
And mankind sighs.
Old Year, farewell ! good deeds and bad go with the dead ;
All earthly idols man has need enough to dread.

New Year, shake hands ! may your progressive reign,
Like golden grain,
Be precious to the famished ones ; may peace,
With love, increase.
Old Year, farewell ! farewell ! the bells ring in the New !
Old Year, with all your rights and wrongs, adieu ! adieu

THE MEDIUMS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPIRIT-MOTHER'S MESSAGE.

THERE was general silence for about five minutes, whilst these three worthy individuals kept their hands upon the table. At the end of that brief space of time came indications of spirit-power, for the table jumped about with an alacrity worthy a very strong young fawn. Mrs. Bates felt wonderfully self-composed considering, as she could not help thinking, "the 'orrible nature of the movements."

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, turning to Mr. Humphrey, remarked that he thought it best to ascertain the number and names of the spirits present before proceeding to the development of other facts. "Certainly," said Mr. Humphrey, who was disposed to learn all he could, and not at all desirous of being prominent. Of course Mrs. Bates said nothing, but wisely watched and waited.

"How many spirits are there present?" inquired Mr. Forbes, inclining his head towards the table as though that sombre piece of mahogany had ears, and was deaf. The piece of furniture jumped off the ground five times with rapidity. "Five present," said the questioner, more to himself than to the others.

"Will the spirits be so kind as to give us their names?" The table trembled and danced, bringing the color to Mrs. Bates' face, and causing her cap frills to rise perpendicular for a second or two. "Will you have the alphabet?" The table gave three terrific knocks, making Mrs. Bates feel a little terrified, in spite of her assumed composure. Mr. Forbes took from his pocket a card, rolled up and carefully tied with a piece of red ribbon. It con-

tained, in gold, the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Mr. Humphrey watched his operations with eager eyes, wondering much what would come next.

"You see, Mr. Humphrey, this is one of our plans of obtaining communications," he said, and he proceeded to point with his finger to the letter A, then B. When he touched the second letter the table jumped about. Mr. Forbes, with great coolness, and with no evidence of hurry, wrote the letter B on a piece of paper. He then commenced with the letter A again, running over the succeeding letters until he came to R, when the table tumbled about as before. Mr. Forbes wrote down R. So he went on, until these letters, without a mistake, were signalled, —

Bring Margaret to the table.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Humphrey, very much interested in the simple manner of obtaining intelligible sentences.

"Did you not know this plan before?" inquired Mr. Forbes, feeling at the same time very wise at being himself the fortunate possessor of such a secret.

"No, that I did not, but I must expect to learn from you, for I had intimation from the spirits that you would acquaint me with much I do not yet understand."

"But what about Margaret? The spirits say we are to bring her to the table," enjoined Mr. Forbes, taking little heed of Mr. Humphrey's last remark.

"Suppose you fetch her, Mrs. Bates," Mr. Humphrey said, with all the quietness and coolness possible.

"You see, sir," began Mrs. Bates, "the 'orrible spirits was asked to give their names, but 'as not done so."

"Never mind that now, Mrs. Bates, perhaps we shall get all we want in time. You go and ask Margaret to come."

Mrs. Bates rose, declaring that the "'orrible spirits" wanted to "frit" the gal to death, and she left the room, tossing up her head and again disturbing the serenity of her cap-frills. She was not long before she returned, bringing Margaret with her, whose face was uncommonly white, and whose body trembled as though with ague.

Mr. Humphrey observing her, said, "Well, well, Margaret, there is no need for you to be so nervous. You see Mr. Forbes, Mrs. Bates and myself are with you, and nothing alarming can happen without you yourself give way to needless fears!" and he greeted her with such a kindly smile that Mrs. Bates could not help saying, "Keep

close to me, Margy, you knows my nerves is strong, and will do for both of us."

"Ay, keep close to the good housekeeper," came from Mr. Forbes, "She is a strong-nerved woman, and will support you through life." Whether Mr. Forbes meant this ironically or not was not quite clear, but Margy sat down demurely at the table, beside Mrs. Bates.

"Now, kind spirits," recommenced Mr. Forbes, "we have obeyed your instructions." The table jumped about with apparent glee, much frightening Margaret, who, keeping close to the housekeeper, looked very white; but Mrs. Bates, with the affection of a mother, cheered her by telling her not to be "frit," but to take a lesson from her. The housekeeper's kindness was appreciated.

Mr. Forbes put his head down nearly close to the table, and said, "Kind spirits, now what have you to communicate?" and he proceeded to point to the letters of the alphabet once again. This time the words signalled were, —

I am Margaret's mother.

Then the table ambled into the girl's lap, as if it would embrace her. She clung with desperation to the skirts of Mrs. Bates' dress, and felt a throbbing sensation about the region of the heart, but, considering that Mrs. Bates kept telling her to be strong-nerved for the occasion, and not to look "frit," it was not to be wondered at that she kept from fainting away.

"Now, then, young woman," said Mr. Forbes, "be plucky, and don't fear anything; you had better ask your mother to communicate to you."

"Ah! do so, Margaret, and you may obtain something good," added Mr. Humphrey, in a very fatherly tone. After a slight pause, he exclaimed, "Don't look so frightened, and hold so firmly by Mrs. Bates. Nothing can harm you; besides, what can be better than to receive a few kind, loving words from your own mother?"

Mrs. Bates did not know what to say, and as for Margaret, she shed tears as she recollected her mother's death, and the sad circumstances which attended it. It was then the good-natured housekeeper told her to be strong, and not to be *frit*, and listen to the spirits, dispensing with the adjective *'orrible* for the occasion, out of delicacy to Margy's feelings. "Poor dear soul, listen to me. I knows the bitter feelings of losing a mother. Be calm, and try and save your tears till you want summat to do, — then cry to your heart's content, poor gal." These words were spoken by Mrs. Bates with consolatory zest, and Margaret became calm, and wiped her

eyes. By dint of great effort on her own part, and much persuasion on the part of others, the girl was induced to falter out, "Dear spirit of my mother, do you see me and know my feelings, where you are?" The table jumped about freely, signifying an affirmative. Immediately and suddenly Mr. Humphrey's hand trembled. "What can it mean?" he asked. "The spirit wants you to write," replied Mr. Forbes. Mr. Humphrey's hand shook very much, while Mrs. Bates, at his request, placed some writing-paper and a black-lead pencil before him. He seized the pencil and wrote,—

Dear Margaret, I am often with you, and see you when you have little thought of me. Be not afraid to commune with me, I will protect you from all evil influences, and impress you to good. Do, dear child, write to John, and tell him I am often with you. Pray urge upon him the necessity of mending his ways,—tell him from his mother that vice is a sin that God abhors, and he must pray against all immorality."

The medium dropped the pencil, and threw the message to Margaret, who read it to herself with streaming eyes. Mr. Forbes took the writing, and read it aloud.

"'Ow very, very curious an' 'orribly puzzling to a poor dear unscholarly person, to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates, and she proceeded to place her hand on the girl's shoulder, telling her to be strong-nerved, and save her tears until there was nothing else for her to do but to shed them. When Margaret was quite composed, Mr. Humphrey inquired,—

"Well, well, Margaret, this is very wonderful, — who is John?"

"John, sir, is my brother," she answered mildly.

"Pray tell me, was the advice proffered of a nature calculated to suit your brother?"

Margaret held down her head and said, "He is a sad lad, indeed he is?"

"Then it is certain that the spirit wrote under the effect of intelligence. Tell me, is your brother very wicked?"

"O, sir, don't ask me?" exclaimed Margaret, as the tears filled her eyes once again.

"Not if you wish it, Margaret; but I should be gratified beyond measure if you could satisfy my curiosity in the matter, because I am disposed to test the origin of these wonderful phenomena to the very utmost."

"Come, Margey, be a woman, an' tell the truth; tell the truth,

gal, and sheame the devil, an' any other 'orrible thing," interposed the housekeeper.

"Ay, do as the good housekeeper says, shame the devil, and be plucky, young woman," rejoined Mr. Forbes.

"Well," began Margaret, over-ruled, and turning to Mr. Humphrey, "John is given to drinking and fighting, and he cares nothing about religion, and sometimes he swears."

"'Orrible! 'orrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates with eagerness.

"Then it is very self-evident that the agent which forced my hand to write," reasoned Mr. Humphrey, "was possessed of intellect, and must have known the young man to be able to give him such a piece of excellent advice." He then took up the pause:—

"Were you thinking of your brother at the time I was writing?"

"Oh, no, sir; I was thinking of my poor mother, how she lay lingering for months, pining and dying for blessed food."

"Poor dear soul, what 'orrible brutes there is to 'ave let 'er want so."

Mr. Humphrey said he should like, if Mrs. Bates did not mind, to defer anything which might harrow up Margaret's tender feelings until after the *seance*, when he himself should feel pleased to enter fully into the history of sorrows the girl evidently had to recount.

"You see, Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Humphrey, after a due pause, "there is corroborative evidence here in favor of ultra-mundane agencies of an independent intelligent character. Margaret, who knows nothing about spirit existences, sits for the first time at the table, and I, who know nothing about the girl's connections, am compelled to write a message purporting to come from her mother. On inquiry it is discovered that facts bear out the truth of the communication. To account for this on any other than a spiritual basis is to me the greatest difficulty in the world."

"There is no escape from Spiritualism, Mr. Humphrey, if those who investigate it will only allow reason to guide them," added Mr. Forbes, who broke off by saying, "had we not better try if the spirit has anything else to say?"

"Oh, certainly. Margaret, suppose you ask your mother if she would like to communicate further with you?"

"Dear spirit of my mother, will you say something more to me?" inquired the girl with more firmness of tone than she had before commanded.

The table gave three decisive leaps. Mr. Humphrey seized the pencil; in an instant it was guided across the paper, and the singular words written,—

You must save John; he is in danger. Go to him to-morrow, or it will be too late. Farewell! Your mother.

"Good gracious me! what 'orrible thing is about to 'appen? Is the 'angings at Newgate about to end, or is St. Paul's to tumble down?" echoed the housekeeper, tossing up her cap-frills, and looking alarmed.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Forbes, of all this? Do you think there is an absolute necessity for Margaret to pay any attention to the alarming information about her brother?" asked Mr. Humphrey.

"Indeed, I do; I have known very many wonderful things before this come to pass through attending to the advice of the spirits, but they are not always to be relied upon."

"Where does your brother reside? Margaret, tell me; I am disposed to discover whether the spirit is a truthful one or not."

"He lives in London, sir."

"You shall go to London at my expense, the first train to-morrow, and find out all particulars." Margaret blushed gratitude, as her modest eye caught the kind glance of her master.

"A little music would not be amiss, Mr. Humphrey," said Mr. Forbes, "it would diversify the *seance*. Will you try it?"

"Oh, certainly; and Mr. Humphrey sat down to a piano close to him, a very elaborate and antique piece of furniture. Immediately his fingers dropped dexterously upon the keys, and one of Mozart's grand conceptions was rehearsed. Whilst the music was being repeated, Mr. Forbes placed his nose near the top of the table, and said, "Now, kind spirits, keep time." The table at once gracefully took up the key, and moved in beautiful time.

Mrs. Bates exclaimed surprise; Margaret thought it very pleasing and wonderful, but found her thoughts absorbed about the fate of her brother. As for Mr. Humphrey, he was in ecstasies, and deemed the visit of Mr. Forbes to Southampton amply compensated in this one phenomenon. He was a devotee of music, and executed pieces with taste. He saw at a glance that many a pleasant hour could be passed holding *seances* with the aid of music. He ran over several well-known difficult pieces from the best masters, during which the table ambled, and twisted, and danced about as though it had been endowed with life and intellect. Everybody marvelled but Mr. Forbes, — he took it as a matter quite natural, and not deserving of more wonder than the common facts of life. Its novelty and singularity attracted the attention of Mr. Humphrey, causing him to say, —

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, had I been told that my own table could beat time like a baton, and measure the pauses like an artist, I should have deemed the person telling me either a madman or a dreamer."

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes smiled, thinking the matter too simple for marked notice. "You see there are more things under heaven than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"Indeed, there are," said the former, as he proceeded to select another piece for rehearsal. He struck the keys of the piano again, but this time the table would not budge. He stopped,—"How very singular the table does not move; what can be the cause?"

"Oh," said the latter, "the spirits think they have had enough; there is no forcing them. Had you not better leave the piano, and sit at the table again?"

Mr. Humphrey obeyed, a little disappointed at not having his wish gratified, but he smiled, nevertheless, and remarked, "If your mind don't rule these movements, this affords another strong proof that the agencies operating in these phenomena are of an independent, distinct character." He looked in Mr. Forbes' face as he addressed him.

"If my mind could regulate the movements I should obtain very much better manifestations than you have yet seen, Mr. Humphrey."

"How so? what can be more marvellous than a table appearing to comprehend the time of music?"

"Oh! that is very little to admire or marvel at. I am sometimes at *seances* where the tables and sofas rise off the ground, and remain in mid-air for several seconds."

Mrs. Bates shifted nervously in her seat, expressing her conviction that "the 'orrible spirits must be in league with the devil."

Before any one could reply to her, the spirits, disposed to give her a shock for such an ugly assertion, gave evidence of their power by raising Mr. Humphrey's table in mid-air.

Mrs. Bates was almost petrified, her cap-frills rose indignantly, and her strong nerves received a shock she would not be likely to forget. The table had no sooner regained its position on *terra firma*, than the heavy antique piano began to move about with no visible assistance. This was too much for the housekeeper. She shrieked out a few "'orribles," and rushed from the room. Margaret tried to follow, but the poor girl could not, she was so much terrified, but turning very white in the face relapsed into a swoon.

Mr. Humphrey rose and followed the housekeeper, to cheer the girl,

and obtain a little water, with which he speedily returned, and sprinkled over her face. All was confusion and excitement. Margaret came round in a little time, looking very much astonished to find herself with her master, who stood watching her with the tender eye of a father. She had for a time lost all memory of the past, and seemed to come at once into a new sphere. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes sat very unconcerned, thinking it a bore that young women could not be more plucky than to faint and break up interesting circles. After a few seconds Margaret complained about her head aching. Mr. Humphrey called Mrs. Bates, who re-entered the room, very much flushed, saying she would never sit with the " 'orrible spirits again, for her poor nerves could not stand it."

"Come, Mrs. Bates," said her master, in a coaxing tone, "let us have a little of your mesmerism. Margaret's head aches."

The woman lost all thought of herself in an instant. "Poor frightened gal, it is 'orrible an' awful to feel one's 'ead in splinters," and she proceeded to give her a few passes or charms. "Now, Margey, does you feel better? 'as the 'orrible pains gone? 'Ow frit the gal looks, poor door soul." She went behind and putting her hands over Margaret's head slowly and confidently, gave a renewal of passes, which, in a little time, charmed away every feeling of pain.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bates," said Margaret, in a modest tone of voice; and she arose and left the room, followed by the housekeeper, who felt herself important.

"That woman seems a skillful magnetist, Mr. Humphrey," remarked Mr. Forbes, immediately when the two were alone.

"She is, indeed, very successful in relieving pains in the head, rheumatism, or gout, but she has little or no knowledge of the influence she possesses.

"And few have, Mr. Humphrey. It is my opinion that the spirits are in reality the charmers in this matter."

"Do you think so? I was not prepared to accept that idea, but it seems obvious."

"Why look, Mr. Humphrey," said Mr. Forbes, with a knowing expression of the eye, "the spirits appear in characters as various as we do. There are some devoted to one thing and some to another. What is more likely than this: that some curative spirit may guard this woman, and use her as a medium for giving out the *aura* or spiritual magnetism necessary to the cure of certain diseases?"

"It is a good idea, Mr. Forbes, and I shall make it a portion of

my future studies. If your view be a correct one, it will not only account for the curative powers of what is called mesmerism, but give a key to the mysteries of revivalism, and the numberless cases of sudden convictions which cause men to turn from evil and devote their lives to the service of good."

"We are only just entering upon the threshold of spiritual mysteries, Mr. Humphrey;" but to confess the truth, I care little about philosophies, — I like best to see the phenomena."

"But do you not feel a strong disposition to know the cause?"

"No, in faith, not I. I find the more one studies these things the more one may study them. One mystery involves the mind in a hundred others, and so on. I think it far best to make use of the facts, and leave the solution of them to others."

"But, Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Humphrey, "our minds are progressive, and therefore need fresh fields for exploit. Did we rest eternally there might be some philosophy in your mode of treating this subject; but seeing that progress presupposes effort, we are responsible for the way in which we exercise the talents given us by the Almighty."

"I have nothing to say in reply to you, Mr. Humphrey, but I cannot forego my right to look to facts alone, without puzzling my head about the mysteries involved in them."

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, you do surprise me; but there is no accounting for the differences of taste and talent, only by concluding that they are ordained by God, for purposes of his own, which we cannot comprehend. Yet it seems to me that we should lose many, very many, of our scientific discoveries, which are of invaluable benefit to us, did we act in all matters as you do."

"That may be, Mr. Humphrey, but you must allow me my way in this matter," said Mr. Forbes. "If I can throw out a few ideas, and be the means of introducing to your notice a few marvellous facts, you can dive as deep as you like into the sea of mystery, and if you discover any new fish or coralities you will be rewarded for your trouble."

"But you are quite satisfied that the cause of these phenomena is spiritual?"

"Oh, quite. That has been a settled conviction with me for a very long time; but I assure you that I find myself the happier by not mystifying my brain with the thousand mysteries the subject involves." Mr. Jeremiah Forbes spoke earnestly and good-temperedly, and Mr. Humphrey could but admire his manner, although he

felt it to be wrong of him not to deal more with the philosophy of the subject.

It was arranged that Mr. Jeremiah Forbes should make Humphrey Villa his place of residence as long as he felt disposed, and that *seances* should be held occasionally, in order that personal friends and influential persons might have the opportunity of witnessing the manifestations. Mr. Humphrey expressed his satisfaction at all he had witnessed, and was not at all disposed to think he was wrong in looking upon Mr. Forbes as a very wonderful man. Mr. Forbes had no reason to look upon Mr. Humphrey in any other light than that of respect,—so these two worthies sat together conversing upon the great spiritual facts of the age, as the time flew on lightning wings.

CHAPTER IX.

FACTS.

Mr. Humphrey was true to his word,—he allowed Margaret to go to London to see her brother, providing her with money, and giving her permission to stay a week, if she found it convenient to do so. The girl was very anxious, being seriously concerned about her brother's fate, for the spirit-commission had sunk deep into her heart. Mrs. Bates gave her a lengthened string of virtuous maxims, warning her with all the affection of a mother to mind whose company she kept, because London was a very large city, full of 'orrible wickedness and awful young men. Margaret was very grateful, and expressed herself sufficiently strong-nerved to allow herself to take care of herself,—a very equivocal task to be sure. She had been awake nearly the whole night, thinking on the wonderful *seance* she had witnessed, and regretting her weakness in allowing herself to feel terrified and swoon. She did not feel at all disposed to follow in the wake of the housekeeper, and ascribe the mysterious influence to the devil. She believed with all her strength of faith, that her mother's spirit had actually held intercourse with her, and if ever a daughter believed her departed mother had gone to Heaven, she did; therefore Mrs. Bates' idea that the manifestations were of the devil, was, to use that woman's characteristic adjective, horrible indeed. Margaret appeared to be a plain, strong girl, but the composition of her brain was extremely delicate, and her health often at fault. She had tasted much sorrow from her cradle, and had the bitter cup so often at her lips that its nausea almost lost its intensity

of bitterness. Her father died when she was a child in arms, leaving her mother in delicate health, to provide for two children. As years flew by, Margaret's brother, John, grew up into manhood. He was a tall, fine, healthy lad, but very stubborn and much given to company. The mother took in washing, and stood for sixteen or eighteen hours daily (Sundays excepted) at the wash-tub, feebly endeavoring to support herself and two children. She was a woman of earnest, loving disposition, very attentive to religion, and always resigned and prayerful. But John brought trouble upon trouble home to her, seeming himself perfectly callous to her supplications and warnings. He got into prison, enlisted for a soldier, deserted, was once flogged, and afterwards discharged from the service in disgrace. During these several seasons of sorrow the poor mother put her trust in the Lord, and became sick from excess of anxiety. Margaret was now a good-sized girl, and just able to sympathize with her mother, and the affectionate girl did her utmost to console and inspire her with hope. Restless nights and anxious days passed in monotonous succession. The mother was unable to stand at the wash-tub, and Margaret, unaided, did the work for her. Months went by; the good girl washed until her fingers were sore almost to the bone, but she never complained to her mother, who was fast journeying to the tomb. Every thought and wish of the mother seemed anticipated by the daughter, but there was a void in the poor woman's heart, nevertheless. She prayed ardently, with her whole strength of maternal affection, for her son's reformation; but, alas! either her prayers were unheard, or for some wise reason beyond finite comprehension, unanswered. The dying mother yearned to behold her son, in order that she might avail herself of a last opportunity to abjure him in the name of Heaven to improve his life. But even this was denied her.

Her son received a message from his sister, praying him, if he had a spark of love, to hasten to his mother, for she was only a very short season for this life. When John received the message he had just arranged to join some companions at the race-course, and found it more to his selfish interest to take no heed of the epistle. He went one way, and his mother's spirit the other; for at the very moment the reckless John was staking his last shilling on "Red Cap," his long-suffering, faithful, and loving mother, staking her soul upon Jesus, left the life-course to join the innumerable company of the blessed.

Margaret, like a solitary weeping statue by her dead mother's

bed, remained almost motionless until her warm flesh began to chill, as though the chill of death was absorbed by the warmth of life. How long she would have wept in that statue-like position it is impossible to say, had not a kind neighbor entered like a good Samaritan, to aid and comfort her. After her mother's funeral, and the first severe pangs, the orphan, without a kind adviser, save her own honest heart, had to direct her future. Her wicked brother did not even come to the funeral. She went on her knees and prayed that as she had been dutiful to her mother, that mother's spirit might be permitted to guard her. Often, as the years came and went, did the noble girl feel herself within her dear mother's influence, but she never said so to others, because she had a natural timidity to battle against. There was no recourse left for Margaret but to secure a place at service. She was fortunate in meeting Mrs. Bates, whom she had known in former years; and it so happened that the Humphreys were in want of a servant. Nothing could have been more to the purpose. She entered gratefully enough on her term of service, and never was there a more faithful and willing girl. Mrs. Bates liked her. Mr. Humphrey was pleased with her, and Emily and Ada positively loved her, because she was always so willing to assist or serve them in a thousand ways. The truth is, Margaret having experienced the loss of her own mother, could sympathize with the little Misses Humphrey, and she did so in right honest womanly earnest. The orphan girl was deficient in those accomplishments which form the charm of English female life. She knew nothing of the fine arts, nothing of books. Yet she possessed a sensible head and loving heart which, taken for what they are worth, outbalance all the excellencies of culture.

Margaret had thought earnestly over the communications she had received at the table, and the more she thought of them the more thoroughly was she convinced of their spiritual origin. She knew how her mother's affections yearned for her son John, and was logical enough to conclude that nothing could be more likely than that her mother's spirit should still yearn for him. With such feelings she went on her journey.

Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, after Margaret's departure, sat together in the study, discussing various problems, or rather conversing upon them, for Mr. Forbes persisted in not being under the restraint of philosophy, and Mr. Humphrey, to humor him, adopted the plan of asking his advice. They had talked upon all conceivable questions related to the spiritual subject, and Mr.

Humphrey had elicited a tolerably clear notion of the various kinds of mediumship,—all he required was to witness their action for himself, which Mr. Forbes informed him would take a considerable time.

“Never mind the time it takes, I am resolved upon giving the subject the most careful investigation. I have seen enough already to satisfy me that the mysteries of the inner world are more important than those of the outer.”

“And how do you propose to act to convince others of these wonderful things?” inquired Mr. Forbes, with one of his knowing looks.

“I shall first possess myself of a goodly number of facts, then I shall beat the stubborn unbelief of people with them.”

Mr. Forbes smiled. “I fear, Mr. Humphrey, you will have a weary task before you: the skepticism of mankind is like granite, and you know how difficult it is to make an impression in that material. For my part, I think it the easiest and wisest to show experiments, and leave the hard-skulls to find their own convictions.”

“But duty, Mr. Forbes, seems to me to demand that I shall make proselytes. My wife’s spirit has given me a sign, and I feel irresistibly urged to the task. Then again, my conscience and reason take up the argument, and support my intention.”

“There will be no turning you from your purpose, and I am not the man to try, but I must, in friendship, warn you of the danger of placing too much reliance on either spirits or mortals.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE philosophy of the whole universe is involved in my body, and in its various organs and faculties,—in my eyes, ears, lungs, and heart, and ability for action. In the atmosphere of the sun, there can be no great disturbance, but it reports itself in me. And myself, I could not go to New York, probably, but the planet Uranus would have some sense of my journey. And now is it not strange that my body, my old coat of clay, should be so wonderful; and yet that it should be so hard for me to believe in my spiritual relations, and even in the mere possibility of there being either help for me or detriment in the invisible? — *Rev. William Mountford.*

A. J. DAVIS'S RECANTATION.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS who, for more than a score of years has been classed amongst the human marvels — the Poughkeepsie seer and clairvoyant prodigy, and who, by the way, has for years silently permitted himself to be called a medium, and, if we do not mistake, once gatefully accepted several hundred dollars from Spiritualists as a souvenir of their appreciation of his mediumstic and other services, has boldly and unmistakably declared his want of sympathy with nine of the articles ("errors") of belief he assumes to be common to Spiritualists, and challenges us to a reconsideration of the "hurtful" dogmas.

What motives prompted him to this we are not able to judge, and do not mean to misjudge.

Only a short time ago a writer in "The New York World" interviewed Davis, and, if the statement published in "The World" be correct, our once lauded medium, through his wife ignored the term "medium" applied to himself, and recognized "clairvoyance" as the gift through which his spiritual experiences have all along been sifted.

Mediums, "martyrs of the nineteenth century," as Gales Forster has it, your cross is growing heavier. A. J. Davis is no longer with you but against you. If you can keep faith in yourselves after this it is evident that only a man and not a god has strayed from the flinty pathway of mediumship.

Clairvoyance, clear-seeing, or second-sight according to Scotch lexicons is becoming more and more recognized by men of science who have no sympathy with Spiritualism. The man, therefore, who uses the term clairvoyance and ignores that of medium, whatever may be the motive, runs less risk of martyrdom than those who press on under increasing difficulties.

This is, according as it may be considered, either a loss or gain to Davis.

That there are idiosyncracies in human beings not traceable to spirit-action we are not able to deny; but that spirits influence our actions more or less we have not the shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Davis has gone beyond us; he does not believe in spirits holding intercourse with human beings through mortal mediums; but in his own clairvoyant integrity we opine he has not a doubt. He sees spirits and knows more about them than we who are blind to the extra

blessing of second-sight. But we do not forget that Mr. Davis was psychologized or mesmerised by a human operator in the early stages of his career, and that "Nature's Divine Revelations" was published as a contribution from spirits. If he was really, as the book states, psychologized by a mortal, may he not be psychologized by an immortal? After all, it is possible he may still be under the influence or sport of spirits, and made to turn an intellectual somersault for the sake of bitter experience for himself, and stimulus to the lagging faith of others who, as yet, have not suffered the humiliation of recantation.

Charity forbids a denial on our part of Davis's sincerity. This admission involves, somewhat considerably, certain monetary interests. We suppose that our modern Swedenborg will at once stop the sale of his books. He cannot, consistent with true penitence, permit the "hurtful" effects of several of the "errors" he now ignores to damage the sensitive souls of his multitude of readers, which errors are delicately woven into his chapters like patchwork in a quilt. Take them out and the complete work falls into shreds. Will Spiritualism "die out" now that one of its shining stars has shot out of its sky?

We do not here attempt a reply to Davis's nine "errors" seriatim for want of space, but beg to say that "Whatever is Right" is not our gospel, neither do we think it is of the multitude of Spiritualists throughout the world. We are glad to see a protest from Davis or any man against accepting vagaries and immoral teachings under any banner, whether it be spiritual or mundane. A great deal of trash is put forth in the name of Spiritualism. This could not be otherwise in the present "civilized" century; but there is a margin of fact and refinement in Spiritualism which must not be overlooked. In dealing, therefore, with Davis's *nine* "errors" we are ready to join hands, where we see eye to eye. But we must leave the question now, obedient to necessity.

OF the nature of the times, wherein we are living, Spiritualism is evidence, for it finds that the veil is grown thin which separates between us denizens of nature and some of the dwellers in the sphere of spirit; and it shows also that civilized people are, psychically, more sensitive at the present moment than probably they ever have been before. — *Rev. William Mountford.*

PROGRESSIVE DOTTINGS.

LIFE is a continuous series of moving pictures. Nothing is stationary. All things "move on." At home or abroad we learn this self-evident truth and record it accordingly.

Progressive Dottings, as they impress their characters on the mind, break up the monotony of *statu quoism*.

We perform an easy task in photographing the dottings of progress such as present themselves before us. The difficulty is to obtain a full view of the most important, which may be out of the limited range of our vision, nevertheless, at home or abroad, we discover interesting evidences that the world moves.

Called to Providence, R. I., to lecture before the Spiritualist society of that city, we came in contact with stirring realities and felt the better and stronger for the experience. First, we secured the kindly comforts of a home with our fellow-laborer in the progressive vineyard, Prof. J. H. W. Toohey. There, in the atmosphere of books, books, books, some twenty-five hundred, enough to stock a public library, we spent a few days, not reading, but talking, principally on the live topics of the hour. The reader will please consider that we diversified the chit-chat by a brisk walk into town and a visit to Brother Wm. Foster, one of the editors of the "Providence Press," a good medium, and an appreciative and earnest Spiritualist.

The deepened impression we retain after our visit to Brother Toohey is that the Spiritualist cause cannot be said to entirely lack men of profound erudition and legitimate critical acumen whilst he is marshaled in its army of warriors.

We could not even catalogue the authors with whom Brother Toohey keeps long company. We noticed Huxley, Lubbock, Lewes, and numbers of the other leading authors of England, Germany, and France. Works on anthropology, astronomy, chemistry, geology, physiology, theology, and poetry. The mere work of collecting this library must have run through years; but what is that to the arduous work of reading with care such an immense number of books! We handled some of the well-known modern authors, as well as some of the ancient, amongst which was a copy of "The Indian Bible," and in all the books we took from the shelves were lines, marks, and notes, made by the reader. We looked at Toohey, and wondered at his tremendous patience and plodding industry. He is not only richly stored with the best things in science and religion as developed in the works of his favorite authors, but he has that rare

faculty in book-worms of using to his own mental profit what he reads, and not being used by it.

In an age of high-pressure sensationalism like ours, when authors rush into print with books made up mostly of the best things of the representative scientists and literateurs, with their own names on the title-page, it is refreshing to meet with students like Toohey, who take time to read and think, and submit to the authority of historic and ascertained truth.

We hope to see something from Brother Toohey's pen ere long, which will establish his claim to authorship on an enduring basis. He will not hurry because he knows the value of time in the work of investigation and culture.

For five months he occupied the rostrum on which we stood on the twentieth of November, and gave way to the existing society. As in most places where individualism triumphs, Providence has to feel the disintegrating effect of quarrels. But in due time, let us hope the greater good will be gained. This circular dated April 17, 1870, written and circulated by Brother Foster is a progressive dotting we gladly insert:—

SCIENCE AND FREEDOM — PROGRESS AND FRATERNITY.

THE Scientist Association of Providence, has been formed, as its name imports, on the basis of science, which may be defined as the ascertainment of facts and their correlation, resulting in certainties of knowledge, the universality of their application and the sovereignty of Law. The world has heretofore been too much in a fog. Faith has been made the pole star, and this word "faith" has had an uncertain meaning. One section has defined and another denied, authorizing skepticism. We would clear up this doubt and uncertainty.

Man is, and is to be. On this statement hangs the problems of progress. Men are complex in their structure, but homogeneous in their aspirations after truth; in them are united the potentialities of the universe, whose refining forces culminate in intelligence and spiritual individuality. These in their capacities and the scope of their powers, become the interpreters as well as the servants of nature, at once the teacher and the taught. A kindred conception inspired Young to say, —

"Know thyself, O man!
All knowledge centres there."

And in this spirit we come together, hoping to evoke truth, harmonize apparent divergences and put ourselves in a condition to extract from life all its sweets. To this end we meet in conference, looking the facts of life in the face, the realities of which follow us from the cradle to the grave; the more scientific elaboration of which we hope to obtain through properly qualified lecturers.

The Association will meet Sundays at Musical Institute Hall, forenoons at 10 1-2 for conference; afternoons and evenings at the usual hours for lectures.

The members, most of them, regard a "free platform" as essential to progress. All questions considered of importance to humanity are welcome in the conferences.

The "Free Love" element has play in the society. The subject chosen of late was "The Divine Right of Mothers to bear Healthy Children." This, as might be expected, created a rumpus and brought down the satire and extravagant burlesque of the newspapers. In spite of the split caused by the, to us, unwise, because premature, introduction of "The Free Love" question in the conferences of the society, our audiences were excellent and appreciative.

There was much boldness manifested by those who took sides against the marriage institution, — we cannot say wisdom, but may be wrong. We believe in free discussion but not in loose or indelicate moods. There are questions that better suit the private study than the platform, and we feel that to be one. We protest against the miscalled "Free Love" question being saddled on to Spiritualism. Spiritualism does not father it. No one deplores the evils growing out of mismated matches more than we, and we see in Spiritualism a remedy, but cannot, with all the talk we hear of "temperamental adaptation," feel other than disgust at the "variety" system, especially when Spiritualism is charged with its parentage. We doubt not the sincerity of those who openly advocate Free Love, and we willingly admit that they may fail to see other than good to woman by her freedom from monogamy, yet, still, we must in justice to ourselves express our settled conviction that arguments about "temperamental adaptations," and "Whatever is is right," can hardly fail to sanction and even sanctify all kinds of libertinism.

The man who marries a woman should remember that that woman looks to him for life, love, and protection, and he should grow to realize his marital duties more and more. There will occur cases where a disruption of the marriage, on account of its falsity, will occur; but there is no need to inspire men and women with plausible reasons, under the promptings of "temperamental adaptations," or "whatever is is right," to violate the marriage bond. The advocates of license will doubtless pursue the "obnoxious theme," in open justification of their practice. Their course is honest. So far we yield; but selfish gratification, on the amative plane, can afford to be honest, if it be not hindered.

We have spoken thus freely with no desire to hurt any person's feelings, but because we cannot faithfully record our experiences and wink at any subject.

At the time we were inspired to preach Spiritualism at Musical Hall Institute, Father Hecker drew "The Religious Condition of the Country," before an over-full audience at the Opera House. "The Morning Star," Nov. 21, reports the famed New York priest's lecture:—

"There are two conditions to which the population of the country are tending, and those are to Catholicism, or to Rationalism. Protestantism is on an inclined plane, and rapidly descending into unbelief. Protestantism has had a fair field and chance in New England, yet the religion of New England was a positive subversion of that the forefathers proposed. The people of New England have but a weak hold upon the positive truths of Christianity. One third of the native American population of Massachusetts and Connecticut are falling into irreligion. The Protestant churches are not keeping pace with the growth of the country. The Rev. Dr. Bellows, in the "Christian Examiner," was quoted, as showing the great lack of religious enthusiasm in Protestant churches. An article from the "Liberal Christian," throwing discredit upon a certain denomination, (should he call it a church?) was also cited. The progress of Protestantism is the one that goes downward.

"Another quotation declared that no progress had been made in arresting ground from irreligion by Protestantism in the last hundred years. The United States was called a Protestant country, and supposed to be likely to remain so; but we should see. Protestantism in the nineteenth century is a confessed failure. Theodore Beecher, in a book called the "Seven Churches," was represented as saying in substance, that it made little difference over what kind of a church a young minister should settle, if he only made a good living. Certain statistics cited, showing the decline of the Protestant churches in the country, were received with great pleasure by the audience, as seeming to clinch the assertion which followed, that in New England there was a gradual abandonment of the distinctive and fundamental belief of Protestantism. There were left now as the result, but three denominations in New England, and these were Unitarianism, Universalism, and Spiritism. The first has got rid of the divinity of Christ, the second of the Christian hell, and the third of the Christian heaven. What have they left?

"Protestantism was founded upon an exaggerated supernaturalism. Martin Luther, and many since his time, have attacked the Bible, and with their learning, criticism, and exegesis, have left of it only the two covers. We see what the Scriptures amount to when every one interprets them according to his own reason. It is even said that philosophy is freed from revelation. Emerson, the transcendental philosopher of New England, will tell us that religion is but the ejaculation of imagination and weak-minded men. Protestantism, morally, has eliminated the Scriptures; philosophically, raised reason above revelation, and socially, subverted the reasons established by the Bible, allowing priests to marry, and striking blows against the corner-stone of society, the sanctity of marriage, and of these things we are reaping the sword. In Connecticut, one out of eight of Protestant married persons are divorced, and Indiana surpasses Connecticut. By this attack upon the marriage relation, a blow is struck by Protestantism upon the foundations of society; as a consequence there are fewer children, and the Yankee race, who believe themselves the superior race, is running out. Massachusetts owes its

increase of population to its foreigners. Thus we see that Protestantism, in its effects, is a scourge to the human race.

"Having torn down Protestantism, the speaker proceeded to build up Catholicism. No Catholic believes anything not revealed by God. He pins his faith on no man's sleeve, as Protestants do. *They* follow their ministers, who follow their own private judgment. The Infallibility of the Pope was then claimed by the speaker, as a part of divine revelation. If the Protestant claims the right to interpret the Bible by reason, if he has any, — why, if they all claim their infallibility of judgment, can't they grant it to one of us.

"The women of the age have no security except in Catholicism. They grant no divorce. When Henry the Eighth wished the Pope to grant him a divorce from his wife, he refused, although the King threatened that his whole realm should withdraw from the Papal Church. The Pope upheld the right of one woman, though he let a whole nation go. Chastity was sustained by the confessional.

"In conclusion the speaker repeated the statement with which he commenced, that the two prevailing tendencies of the age were, on the one hand, to Rationalism, and on the other, to Romanism. He considered the structure of Protestantism thoroughly undermined, and the future conquering progress of Popery in the United States is undoubtedly assured. The supremacy of Romanism he regarded as the logical result of "The Religious Condition of the Country."

Thus the learned Father finds an argument against Protestantism in the defence of Romanism. He errs in using the word "Spiritism" for Spiritualism, — they are not interchangeable terms. "Spiritism" is of French extraction, and applies to the re-incarnationalists of the school of Kardec. Spiritualism owns Spiritism as its child, a part of itself. Spiritualism, by all our leading writers, is defined as the whole, and not a mere part. It is important for critics to mark this difference.

The Catholic Father defends the dogma of Infallibility and justly sees the weak and inconsistent attitude of Protestant churchism. There is no doubt Romanism and Rationalism are the legitimate religious antipodes. Our voice is for Rationalism, — the Holy Father's for Rome. The day is past for infallible popes, although Father Hecker declares that God dowers the Pope with infallibility. This declaration needs demonstration. How shall we Rationalists obtain it?

WILSON, the murderer of Warden Willard, of the Connecticut State Prison, writes the following letter to Jailor Fenn of Hartford. It is a singular document and one which scientists should preserve and study. Wilson resolved to starve himself to death, but after nine days fasting, changed his mind, under the impulse of "a new idea." He leaves us to discover the idea for ourselves, which is a pity, as we may never be certain that we have got it.

"If you would make an estimate of your probable income for the next year you must not include a fee for the hanging of James Wilson; for that is something you will never get. Not that it would be any pleasure to cheat you out of anticipated profits, but there are those who would consider it a feast to see my neck broken,—but that is a sight no mortal man will ever see. They dare not put me to death without a trial; and if I was fairly tried and condemned, I would never allow any one the satisfaction of seeing me hanged. The Constitution of Connecticut says I must be tried by an impartial jury.

"My jury stated, under oath, that they were not impartial; hence, the verdict, and the sentence based upon it, is null and void. But the ruling of the judge—refusing to allow me to show the provocation that caused the alleged murder—rendered both the verdict and the sentence clearly illegal. My long fast was not broken because I was hungry.—I had passed that place,—but because I got a new idea, and such a one as would never have been born of a full stomach. When a man has fasted nine days, the grossness of his natural condition is worked off; his brain then either gets fuddled, or he sees things with a spiritual clearness beyond the ken of sensual mortals.

"When a man is in full blood and health, with his mind occupied by various thoughts, such as daily occur, he has a restricted vision. One thing may crowd another, particularly if he is in trouble, so that his ideas will get confused, and the object he seeks to attain cannot be successfully attained. But you take a man who has resolved to starve himself to death, and goes for nine days without food, till his body grows weak, and he has passed the point of pain,—nearly a tranquil and self-satisfied condition,—then his intellect becomes clearer; he sees as he never saw before, as men see who draw near to the grave; he has a vision which none can have who are pressed by the burdens of the flesh. As I got into this state,—a state of calm repose,—my mind was brightened, and it was then that an idea I had not before conceived suddenly flashed into being, and I determined not to die.

WE listened on Sunday, Dec. 11, to a discourse at Music Hall from the lips of Thomas Gales Forster, which we think worthily reproduction in letters of gold, if that precious metal could add value to the sterling production of that full hour of intellectual feasting.

We must refer to "The Banner of Light" for a verbatim report, which our space forbids.

The argument was carved out of metaphysics and physics by no "prentice hand."

"THE Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record," says our kind contemporary, "The Banner of Light" for December, "offers an excellent variety of contents, which proclaim the labor of able pens. Mr. J. H. Powell continues to be an industrious worker in its pages, and appears in two or more articles. Prof. Denton has an article on 'Psychometric Readings.' 'Sittings with Mediums' make an interesting paper. 'The Spiritualism of Shakespeare' shows an insight of no common character into the springs of the

great poet's nature. 'The Lyceum Record' is filled with timely and terse notes, and fitly closes a number of a monthly that should fast find its way to a deserved popularity."

"THE Religio Philosophical Journal," which circulates most extensively through the Western, and is looked for with interest in the Eastern states, extracts our article entire, "Sittings with Mediums," and has the following appreciative notice:—

"The Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record," for December, has arrived, and is an excellent number, and should be well sustained. It is edited by J. H. Powell, and published by W. F. Brown & Co., Boston.

AUGUSTINE ON SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

In connection with Augustine I may mention that his friend, Erodus, a bishop in Africa, corresponded with him concerning spirit-manifestations, of the reality of which Erodus was well persuaded from his own experience. Among other instances, he says, "I remember well that Profuturus, Privatus, and Servetus, whom I had known in the monastery here, appeared to me, and talked to me after their decease; and what they told me happened. Was it their souls that appeared to me, or was it some other spirit who assumed their forms?" He also inquires "if the soul on quitting its (mortal) body does not retain a certain subtle body with which it appears, and by means of which it is transported from one spot to another." Augustine, in reply, acknowledges that there is a great distinction to be made between true and false visions, and that he could wish that he had some means of discerning them correctly, and relates a remarkable story in point, which is worth repeating:—

An intimate friend of his, a physician, named Gennadius, well known at Carthage for his great talents and his kindness to the poor, doubted whether there was another life. One day he saw in a dream a young man who said to him, "Follow me." He followed him in spirit, and found himself in a city where he heard most admirable melody. Another time he saw the same young man, who said to him, "Do you know me?" "Very well," answered he. "And whence comes it that you know me?" He related to him what he had shown him in the city whither he had before led him. The young man then asked, "Where is your body now?" "In my bed," he said. "Do you know that now you see nothing with the eyes of your body?" "I know it," answered he. "Well, then, with what eyes do you behold me?" As he hesitated and knew not what to reply, the young man said to him, "In the same way that you see and hear me how that your eyes are shut, and your senses asleep, thus, after your death, you will live, you will see, you will hear,—but with eyes and ears of the spirit; so doubt not there is another life after the present one."

This account was given by Gennadius to St. Augustine, with the remark, "In this manner was all my doubt removed."—*Brevior's "Two Worlds."*

The Lyceum Record.

LOTTIE AND LUCY ; OR LIFE-EPIISODES.

BY LOUISA S. POWELL.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SEARCH.

LUCY wrung her hands in indescribable grief and terror as she reflected on the disastrous situation of Blanche, who never before having been in the woods, was altogether ignorant of the way out. Besides, Lucy remembered that it was strictly forbidden by the owner for persons to enter the woods, and a severe penalty was the risk to delinquents. Every moment the darkness deepened and the atmosphere grew more and more chilly, and Blanche, poor girl! had no extra clothing to defend herself against the chance of cold or rain, for when she left home the sun was radiant and the air warm.

Lucy's first impulse was to go immediately in search for her lost sister, but the knowledge that there were several woods, and the perplexity occasioned in deciding which one to search with reasonable promise of success, caused delay in the execution of the project.

Naturally nervous and timid, under ordinary circumstances Lucy would have shrunk from a visit to the woods at night; but this was no ordinary circumstance; her courage was equal to it, and all nervousness and timidity seemed to vanish, to quote her own words years after, when referring to the sad incident of Blanche's absence, she "felt bold and strong as a lion and would not in her then state, have hesitated to have faced one if necessary, to save her sister."

The only way that seemed feasible to the resolute Lucy was to coax Lottie to accompany her in search of Blanche. But alas! this forlorn hope was soon blown like a bubble, for Lottie could not be found.

"Mother! mother! guide and instruct me," cried Lucy, in tones heavy with agony.

A heavenly feeling made her calm, and she heard with clairaudian ears, her mother's welcome voice:—

"Be calm. Take comfort,—she is protected."

In an instant Lucy realized a placid consolation. She never doubted that sweet, holy voice, and, speaking as it did to her agonized soul, it was doubly dear.

It took but a few moments more for the little woman to instruct

Susie to look well to Ellie, and go to bed, and not be alarmed if she remained away the whole night.

Susie, dear child, betrayed the terror of her soul in her face, lest Lucy, to whom she looked as to a mother, should be lost as well.

"No fear of that," said Lucy, as she provided herself with an additional shawl and placed over her arm. "I shall not go into the woods alone. So don't worry, Susie, but take good care of Ellie, and I shall soon bring Blanche back."

The child promised to be never so good, and to take all possible care of Ellie.

Lucy knew nearly everybody in the village, from Parson Flint to Sandy Dick, the dustman, as he was nick-named. Her prompting was to ask Sandy and other able-bodied men to go in different directions in search of Blanche. This was no sooner suggested than acted upon. The volunteers, lantern in hand, all felt proud to aid Lucy, as well as do an act of kindness to the account of humanity.

The men tried to persuade Lucy to stay behind, but with the valor of a Joan of Arc, she decided to take part in the midnight search.

"If you means that sort o' thing," said Sandy Dick, "I'll be your guide, lassie. Lean on me; your good old dad was one of Sandy's pals, and Sandy would serve the dead man's gals."

Lucy gladly accepted the well-intentioned Sandy for her guide, heedless quite of his strange, uncouth talk, for her whole being was in the task before them.

Mrs. Abbot had not seen Lottie since she questioned her about the lost Blanche. It was a mystery where she could be. Midnight, and Lottie not in bed. The mother hoped and prayed that her daughter had gone in search of Blanche, and expected to see her return from the dutiful task, sorry for her share in causing trouble in the two families.

One by one the men came back, disheartened at the fruitlessness of their search.

Sandy Dick and Lucy returned about five in the morning, weary enough, but, in the case of the latter, not hopeless.

The villagers vowed vengeance on Lottie; but Lucy begged of them not to harm the cruel girl, but to leave her to her own conscience and the retribution of God.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DREAM.

All wondered at Lucy's, to them, inexplicable calmness. They knew how keenly she felt the blow of separation and the pangs of

suspense. They could not understand her, and in conversation together suggested many things.

Sandy Dick, who was "full of the milk of human kindness" ventured, —

"If the poor lassie could be made to cry she would feel better."

"She's too calm, by far," added another.

They forgot that long years of grief and anxiety had dried up the fount of tears. True, she was young in years, but had had more experience in trouble than the oldest woman in the village. She would have given her life to save her sister, but a tear she could not give.

"She is protected," kept floating in her mind. She could not forget it, and her hope grew strong.

Next day she sat silently thinking of her mother. She became drowsy, and giving herself up to the sensation, closed her eyes and soon lost consciousness.

A dream. She thought her mother came and took her by the hand, and in gentle tones said, —

"Come, Lucy, with me. We have a long journey before us. It will take two days and nights. The days will be dark as the nights. There is nothing to fear. Come."

Lucy obeyed, and on they went together. No feeling other than joyous was experienced by the dreamer, for she realized that it was her mother that led her on, — on through the darkness.

The third morn came. "The sun had chased the weeping clouds away." All around was bright and beautiful. It was a strange place to Lucy.

What is it that rivets her attention? Strange, wierd looking people muttering to her in a dead language. There is a rude-fashioned tent. Outside, near the entrance to the tent, is a fire. Two standing poles driven into the ground with a cross bar of iron at the top, from which drops an iron rod, hooked at both ends, on the bottom end of which hangs a cauldron. Something appears to be boiling. It is not food. Six of these strange beings are walking, witch-like, round the fire, dropping something into the cauldron, and muttering an incantation not comprehended by the excited dreamer. Presently, on one side of the tent, she sees a door of coarse rush and thin brush-wood. It opens, and an aged woman steps out. On her head is an old red handkerchief, tied in a peculiar fashion under her chin. Part of her long, black, wiry hair hangs loosely down her back. The other part being tied and twisted

on each side of her brown and wrinkled face. Her gown, like Joseph's coat, is of many colors. An old red cloak loosely thrown upon her shoulders completes her visible apparel. She hobbles with her staff to the cauldron, and, muttering all the time, adds something to its contents, — walks, or rather, limps round the fire a few times, and then looking at Lucy, whom she did not before recognize, whispers loudly, "All is well," and with her long, bony finger points to the inside of the tent.

Lucy looked round for her mother. She was gone. A strange feeling of loneliness subsided in joy when the dreamer entered the tent at bidding of the old woman and beheld Blanche.

"See! see!" cried the strange being, exultantly, "We have protected her. Despised and insulted as we are by the house-dwellers, we have rescued from the jaws of death one of their pet lambs, and we will restore it to its fold. Go; depart in peace, and I will bring you news on the third day. Go; we will not harm a hair of her head. To us she is precious as a jewel." The speaker pointed to the door.

Lucy did not move; she felt as if she were fastened to the floor. Oh, why could she not carry her sister out of that queer place? With that thought she made an effort to raise Blanche in her arms, who lay on a straw pallet, in a sleep like death; but the effort woke her, and with a wild cry she sprang from the chair.

It was some time before Lucy recovered her wonted calmness. She did not then for a time realize fully or recall her dream. But at length all was clear. The last words of that singular old woman, telling her to be patient and wait, that on the third day she would bring news of Blanche, dwelt with her. And Lucy prayed for patience, and found it still a trouble to wait.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO QUESTION

BY MEMBERS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

MERCANTILE HALL, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1870.

TEMPLE GROUP. The subjects considered were "The Letter-Carrier," "Christian Spiritualists," "The Golden Rule," and "The Pleasures of the Sick-room."

LIBERTY GROUP. "What Improvements can be Made in the Lyceum," was the subject of an essay.

UNION GROUP. "Compensation," and "A Question" were treated upon.

SHORE GROUP. What is truth, and how can we best manifest it?

By Nellie Chubbuck.—Truth is right in all its forms. It is opposite to error. To be truthful we must be natural. Nature never tells a lie. If we are in sympathy with nature, we shall manifest truth.

By Belle Bacon.—Truth is the key to all happiness. We can best manifest it by a straight-forward march through life.

By Carrie Shelhamer.—Truth is that part of our nature which makes us always wish to be honest, and shrink from all kinds of deception. We can best manifest it by dealing justly with all, and deceiving none. Let us always keep guard over our lips, so that nothing but the truth shall issue from them.

By Florence Thayer.—Truth is mighty. We can manifest it by a well-ordered life and truthful conversation.

By Maria Adams.—By living natural lives. In trying to promote the happiness of others. By so doing, we shall find that we have an object in life; and that in making others happy, we are enjoying the life which God has given us. Thus shall we manifest truth.

By Dora J. White.—Truth is the honesty of the heart. It is the sure way to an upright life, and the stepping-stone to all happiness. If we live in a truthful manner, we can manifest it no better.

MOUNTAIN GROUP. Where is God?

By Frederica Teel.—

“In the sun, the moon, the sky;
On the mountains wild and high;
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain;
In the little birds that sing,—
God is seen in everything.”

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—The London correspondent of the “Chicago Journal” writes:—

“Noticing a reference to a prediction by an ancient French prophet, said to be found in a work by Chevalier de Chatelain, published some years ago, I have taken the trouble to consult it to-day. The particular prediction referred to is in these words: ‘When the *Second Empire* shall have been established at Paris, it will last for eighteen years, less one quarter, not a single day longer.’ Mark the singular fulfillment. Louis Napoleon claimed supreme power, though not yet the title of Emperor, on the second day of December, 1852, and on the second day of September, 1870, exactly ‘eighteen years, less one quarter, not a day longer,’ he was a prisoner of war, and his dynasty at an end. This is one of the most remarkable coincidences on record, for the prophecy has not been cooked up for the occasion, but was printed in black and white years ago.”

FALLING LEAVES.

BY WORDSWORTH.

THAT way look, my infant; lo,
 What a pretty baby-show !
 See the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall !
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly; one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or fairy hither tending,
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.

But the kitten, — how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
 First at one, and then its fellow,
 Just as light, and just as yellow !
 There are many now; now one :
 Now they stop, and there are none.
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire !
 With a tiger-leap half-way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again.
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjuror;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd,
 Over-happy to be proud,
 Over-wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure ?

'Tis a pretty baby-treat;
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet.
 Here for neither babe nor me
 Other playmate can I see.
 Of the countless living things
 That with stir of feet and wings,
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade),

And with busy revelings,
 Chirp, and song, and murmurings,
 Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale so little a place,
 Multitudes are swept away,
 Never more to breathe the day :
 Some are sleeping; some in bands
 Traveled into distant lands .
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighborhood ;
 And among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,
 Bluecap, with his colors bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree ;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out ;
 Hung, head pointing towards the ground ;
 Fluttered, perched ; into a round
 Bound himself, and then unbound ?
 Lithest, gaudiest harlequin !
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen !
 Light of heart, and light of limb,
 What is now become of him ?
 Lambs that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime, —
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighboring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain ;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky severe and pure :
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy ;
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near ?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gayety ?

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD is a new and very attractive candidate for public favor, appearing under the editorial auspices of J. H. Powell, whose reputation as a Spiritualistic writer is well and widely known. This monthly is published in Boston, by W. F. Brown & Co., who have done their part in giving it a neat and striking typographical dress. Its contents are such as "The Spiritualism of Dickens," "William Blake," by Howitt, "The Mediums," by J. H. Powell, "Progressive Dottings," "Lyceum Record," and a story by Louisa S. Powell. It promises to be a popular publication in the field of Spiritualism, in which all sincere workers are welcome, and cannot be without their high reward. Success to the new enterprise. — *Banner of Light*, Oct. 15, 1870.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD is the title of a new monthly, edited by J. H. Powell, and published by W. F. Brown & Co., 50 Bromfield Street. Its title indicates its purpose, which is to advocate and discuss the claims of Spiritualism before the public. This, the first number, contains an article going to show that Dickens was a Spiritualist; a memorial of William Blake, by William Howitt; the first chapters of a serial novel, in which the hero is put through an exhausting process of Spiritual manifestations, and which promises to be as entertaining as Howitt's autobiography; an account of seances, with several distinguished mediums who can play the accordeon without touching the keys, and make a broom jump over the table by just looking at it; and in addition, a very complete compendium of current news concerning the doings of the Spiritualistic organization. — *Boston Post*, Oct. 10.

SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD, — J. H. Powell, editor. We have here the first number of a new magazine which has just been commenced in this city. It looks well, for it is handsomely printed, and it probably will be considered good reading by all

who are interested in "mediums," for there is not much else in it than what relates to this peculiar people, — hence we fail, perhaps to appreciate its merits. The editor, however, notwithstanding his flights of fancy, has had experience in this work-day world, and, when off his hobby, is practical, liberal, and sensible. We notice that his motto — which we rather approve of — is "Life, and its Issues," and this suggests the idea of something useful, sensible, and real, instead of what is fanciful, improbable, and Spiritual. The terms of the "Spiritual Monthly," are \$1.50 per year; single copies 15 cents. Published by W. F. Brown & Co., 50 Bromfield Street. — *Boston Investigator*, Oct. 12.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY, published in Boston, J. H. Powell, editor, is a new claimant for public patronage. We have perused the number before us, and found much to interest and awaken thought. It is well and ably edited. \$1.50 a year. — *Cape Ann Advertiser*, Oct. 14.

October brings us the initial number of a new publication, entitled THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY. Good paper, clear type, and an attractive table of contents, will insure it a welcome among Spiritualists. It is edited by J. H. Powell, and published by W. F. Brown & Co. — *The Commonwealth*, Oct. 15.

A NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. A few weeks ago we received from the publishers, W. F. Brown & Co., the prospectus of a Spiritual Monthly. We have now before us a specimen copy of the magazine, edited by Mr. J. H. Powell. It is a handsome monthly publication of forty-eight pages, quite stylish in appearance, and is filled with original matter. From the editor's varied experiences, and his well-known industry, he is peculiarly fitted for a work of this kind. We wish him eminent success. "The Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record is only \$1.50 per year. Cheap enough. — *American Spiritualist*, Oct. 22.